# NEW MASSES

September 4, 1945 15¢ In Canada 20¢


## ARE WE HEADING FOR WORLD WAR III?

*JOHN STUART and*

*FREDERICK V. FIELD*

# BATTLE FOR JOBS

## 15+15: NM'S EMERGENCY PLAN

## X-RAY OF THE MURRAY JOB BILL

*by HOWARD WHITE*

## OUTLOOK FOR WHITE COLLAR WORKERS

*by RICHARD LEWIS*

# BETWEEN OURSELVES

HERE at NEW MASSES we are working in our spare time on a special snare to keep Joe North in reach for appropriate lengths of time. Joe is now off on a needed and earned vacation where he can make up in some small part to Susie, Danny and the Muffin for that long four months Joe was abroad. Three weeks will hardly fill Susie's demand that since Joe had been away four months he should stay home four months to make up for it, but we imagine it will help.

At least we got John Stuart back and, to judge from appearances, in the pink of condition. We haven't inquired just what sport it was that gave John that rosy glow, but we strongly suspect that he devoted a few evenings to cutting up some rugs. John did, however, give us a glimpse of what it was like to be a foreign editor off in the woods, many miles from a teletype machine during the days of the atomic bomb, the entry of the Soviets into the Far Eastern war, and the surrender negotiations. Not restful, said John. Long debates, with everyone dragging out his college physics, about whether the future lay between the neutron and the proton or not (we personally thought it was now the positron), whether this would produce a qualitative change in the war. No sooner these fine speculations started than the Soviet Union took matters right out of peoples' mouths and produced a qualitative change of its own. This was too much for Stuart, who rushed for a phone booth and for hours tried to get through to New York, eager to abandon pine trees, dirt paths and moonlight on the lake. But he finally remained, in a state of suspended animation for the period of his allotted stay. It's strange and good, says Stuart, to be walking upright after ducking shells so long.

AS WE hit the stands this week Labor Day is almost upon us. That day has usually been a sort of complement to labor's fighting day, May 1, spent in the fashion of family holidays, with big group picnics, and river outings, as a well earned extra day of leisure for the hands that turn the wheels. This year it will be different. For the leisure that is on labor's mind now is a long one, without pay, and this Labor Day will be restless, held in the shadow of big rallies and mass meetings to insure that another Labor Day will roll around with the cupboard full enough for other picnics.

THOSE very human people who have been straining their eyes to find some of the "good Germans" around whom the remaking of a democratic Germany can grow, and who know they must be found if the Nazi germ is ever to be thoroughly exterminated, should shorten their telescopes and look at the editors and readers of the newsletter, *Germany Today*, whose fifth issue came to our desk this week. For these are Germans who understand the problem of the German tragedy in all of its complexity and human meaning. These are people who know Nazis without armbands or party cards, who fought Nazism from the beginning. They are trade unionists, teachers, artists, writers, journalists who could fill the desperate need for honest professionals in the critical period of reeducation. We are sure NM readers share our indignation that such wise and loyal democrats as these are still not permitted to return to Germany (see a letter in NEW MASSES of August 28, "Germany Is Their Home"), while our occupation forces complain that they have to use doubtful officials because there is no one else with know-how. Those wishing to get in touch with *Germany Today* can do so by writing to its editor, Albert Norden, 805 Broadway, New York 7.

AMONG our contributors this week: Richard Lewis is the acting secretary-treasurer of the United Office and Professional Workers-CIO; The Rev. William H. Melish, a regular NM columnist, is Associate Rector, Church of the Holy Trinity (Episcopalian), Brooklyn. Jack Lasker is a merchant seaman just in from his first run to the Soviet Union; Frederick V. Field, one of our editors, is chairman of the Council for Pan American Democracy.

V. S.


**NEW MASSES**
ESTABLISHED 1911





15 + 15 . . . . . 3
White Collar Blues Richard Lewis . . . . . 4
Shore Leave in Odessa Jack Lasker . . . . 6
Confetti and Bells But... William H. Melish . 9
X-Ray of the Job Bill Howard White . . . . 10
What Should Henry Do? Mary Thomas . . . 13
Gropper's Cartoon . . . . . 15
Are We Heading for World War III? Frederick V. Field and John Stuart . . . . . 16
Editorial Comment . . . . . 18
Readers' Forum . . . . . 21
Russian Literature II Tamara Motyleva . . . 23
Book Reviews: The Scandal, by Pedro Antonio Alarcon: Isidor Schneider; Home to India, by Santha Rama Rao; Asia for Asiatics? by Robert S. Ward; The Peoples of Malaysia, by Fay-Cooper Cole: Kumar Goshal; A Street in Bronzeville, by Gwendolyn Brooks: Alfred Kreymborg; New Chum, by John Masefield: Anne Kyle; Barington, by Edward Tatum Wallace: Meridel Le Sueur; Brief Review: Victoria Through the Looking Glass, by Becker Lennon . . . . . 25
A Warrior's Scratchpad . . . . . 31



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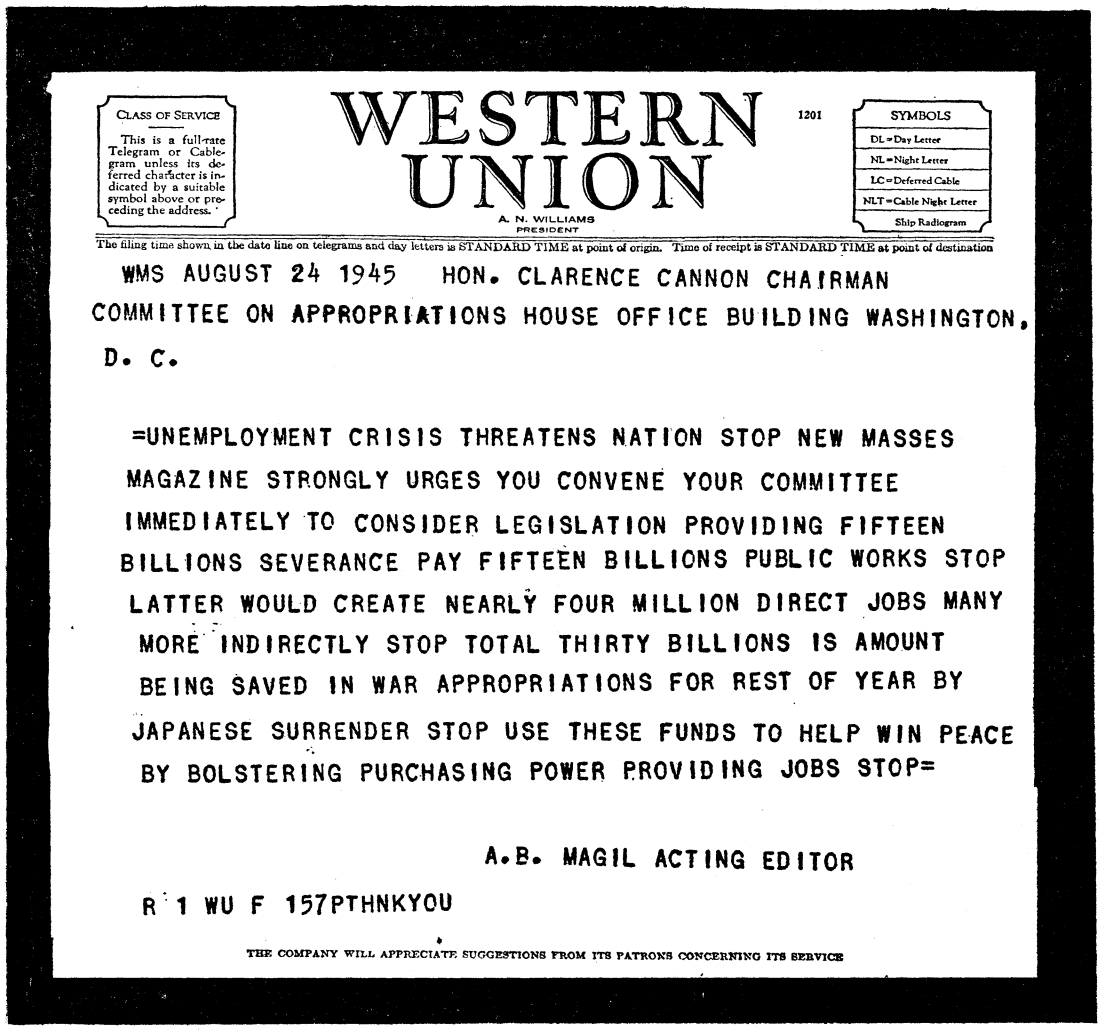

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=UNEMPLOYMENT CRISIS THREATENS NATION STOP NEW MASSES MAGAZINE STRONGLY URGES YOU CONVENE YOUR COMMITTEE IMMEDIATELY TO CONSIDER LEGISLATION PROVIDING FIFTEEN BILLIONS SEVERANCE PAY FIFTEEN BILLIONS PUBLIC WORKS STOP LATTER WOULD CREATE NEARLY FOUR MILLION DIRECT JOBS MANY MORE INDIRECTLY STOP TOTAL THIRTY BILLIONS IS AMOUNT BEING SAVED IN WAR APPROPRIATIONS FOR REST OF YEAR BY JAPANESE SURRENDER STOP USE THESE FUNDS TO HELP WIN PEACE BY BOLSTERING PURCHASING POWER PROVIDING JOBS STOP=

A.B. MAGIL ACTING EDITOR

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THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

READ the above telegram and wire or write a similar message of your own.

America is rapidly skidding into a ditch. Big business planned it that way. The corporations enter the post-war period with reserves of $20,000,000,000. This is on top of fabulous wartime profits which in 1944 reached the record-breaking total of ten billions after taxes and other deductions. *They* can afford mass unemployment. The people can't.

The big boys have persuaded the Truman administration to "let nature take its course" in the matter of reconversion and jobs. That is why the director of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, John W. Snyder, is quite unconcerned about the prospect he himself paints of 8,000,000 unemployed before next spring—probably a conservative estimate.

Purchasing power is the seed-corn of our economy. It is being rapidly depleted. All sections of the population except the very rich will suffer. NM's proposals to Representative Cannon are of course only a partial program. See the box on page 10 for additional proposals.

Petitions, demonstrations, mass delegations to Congressmen, community conferences will generate the power that can break through big business opposition and bureaucratic complacence. Get behind the demand for $15,000,000,000 plus $15,000,000,000 to help put all America back to work.

*Let us beat depression as we beat the Axis.*

# WHITE COLLAR BLUES

## By RICHARD LEWIS

WHILE the bright showers of confetti, torn newspaper and ticker tape were flooding America's streets in celebration of victory over Japan, millions of pay envelopes were being stuffed with little slips of pink paper reading, "Effective blank date your services are no longer required."

Reconversion cutbacks were on. Within a few days layoffs were being tabulated in the millions. The impact was severe enough not only to send millions of war workers home without work but also to result in layoffs, somewhat less severe, of workers in civilian industries. Uncertainty and fear arose in the minds of workers whose jobs were not immediately threatened. What would happen to their pay with millions of unemployed on the labor market?

In the general uncertainty and fear the white collar workers fully share. If anything, they are a little more jittery, as security and status were major factors in their choice of white collar jobs in the first place. Financially they are ill-prepared to meet any extended unemployment, since they were able to save little, if anything, out of their inadequate wartime earnings. And the older white collar people recall their prolonged unemployment and the drastic cuts of the post-1929 depression.

Obviously, the white collar and professional workers cannot expect big business, even its more "progressive" sections, to fight for full employment and higher living standards. They must look to themselves and to the labor movement, which has consistently fought for a program of providing jobs and higher living standards for all Americans. The services and professions, in which the bulk of the salaried employes work, are dependent on the general level of the national economy for their activity. They tend to contract more sharply than basic or consumer industries in periods of depression. You can cut out your doctor or dentist and you certainly don't make bank deposits when you're out of work, but you still have to buy food and clothing, even if the amount and quality are lower.

Conversely, the greatest opportunities for the services and professions are created in an economy of full employment and abundance. The war provided unparalleled opportunities to America's scientists, professionals and technical workers for creative work and fundamental research. The war years brought a host of new discoveries and inventions, the most sensational of which was the splitting of the atom. Joblessness and declining production would mean that these talents of the nation's professionals would be largely unused.

The white collar workers in industrial plants are experiencing the same severe layoffs as the production workers. At the Pressed Steel Car Co. Chicago plant, cutbacks in tank production brought a uniform sixty percent cut in the plant and the office. A few white collar departments are sometimes spared. In the Buffalo office of Curtiss Wright, the plants and offices were completely shut down, but clerks needed to take inventory and technicians needed for work on peacetime products were kept. Other salaried employes, particularly those working on production records, received layoff slips. As a payroll clerk in a communications equipment plant put it: "On Monday I make up payrolls for the plant workers who get laid off and on Tuesday I make up my own final pay envelope."

The white collar workers in federal employment also face drastic cuts, with projected reduction in government payrolls from 3,000,000 to less than 1,000,000.

The bulk of America's clerical and professional workers are employed in the service fields — insurance, banking, publishing, recreation, health and welfare agencies, business and professional services—industries which were faced with labor or material shortages during the war and could expand considerably during the peace. However, unless the mounting unemployment and falling purchasing power are quickly halted, these industries will contract instead of expand.

The reports now coming in on the effects of the earlier V-E Day cutbacks verify this prediction. Retail and amusement industries employing large numbers of white collar employes are already reacting to the drop in employment. Sales fell off sharply in Detroit and Michigan cities following the recent cutbacks. The *Film Daily* of June 11 reports that "business (movie attendance) was off approximately twenty-five percent in St. Louis . . . because of curtailment and suspension of war materials manufacturing."

"Sales of insurance in the Buffalo, N. Y. area," according to the *National Underwriter* of June 15, 1945, "appear to have sagged in the latter part of May because of war industries cutbacks." The insurance business, which is a sensitive reflector of the rise and fall of wage and salary income, cannot escape widespread lapses and surrenders if unemployment and wage depressions continue. At the bottom of the 1932 depression, lapses totaled $28,000,000 as against only $8,000,000 in 1943 and surrender totals were $14,000,000 in contrast to $4,000,000 for the same years.

Contraction of the so-called white-collar industries will likely mean unemployment on an even larger scale than will be experienced by industrial workers. Among the returning war veterans will be some 2,000,000 white collar workers. In addition, many thousands of white collar workers who went into production jobs during the war want to go back to their old jobs.

In a recent survey by the New York State Labor Department, which showed that eighty-two percent of all women now working want to continue after the war, sixteen percent said they wanted to change jobs. Most of them wanted and were trained for office work, professional or semi-professional jobs.

Two groups to whom the war provided new job opportunities in clerical and professional fields—women and Negroes—are being severely hit by lay-

offs and downgrading. The retention and expansion of the newly won job rights of these two groups, and particularly of the Negro workers, are key issues in the fight for broader job opportunities for all white collar workers. During the war women got their first chance to work as bank tellers, insurance agents, engineering aides and in many other "restricted" occupations. In addition, many jobs in which women could break through only occasionally were opened wide to them during the war labor shortages. Secretaries who for years did all the work for editors managed to get promotions to editorial jobs. Women scientists and technicians who had virtually no opportunities to practice outside of college laboratories were welcomed in industrial plants. A sharp increase in unemployment means a reversal of these opportunities. Women are already being downgraded. They will be displaced, not by the men returning from the war or from other jobs, but by the contracting job opportunities.

The barriers against Negro workers in white collar jobs—and to a somewhat lesser extent against Jews and other minority groups—were notorious before the war. Although the Negro people make up ten percent of America's population, they held less than one percent of its clerical and professional jobs and most of these in Negro owned firms or in Negro communities. During the war many Negro workers were hired and trained for white collar jobs in government service and were able to get some clerical and professional jobs in private industry. There are no available figures on the amount of expansion, but one good index is the growth of the CIO United Office and Professional Workers' Negro membership, which increased over 500 percent during the war years while the union's total membership rose a little over 200 percent. These Negro white collar workers, like those in production jobs, are down at the bottom of seniority lists and will be among the first to be laid off.

The white collar unions must put up a determined fight against job discrimination on racial, religious or sex lines. A permanent FEPC will be of great help, but these rights must be fought for on the office level, too.

The earnings of white collar workers have begun to drop. Salaries and wages have been in a steady decline since V-E Day through elimination of overtime pay, downgrading, halting of merit and progression increases and similar methods. And NWLB policies in recent months have encouraged this wage-cutting drive. During the war, white collar

Pen sketches by Edith Miller.

salary structures had overcome the severe cuts of the depression years, although salary increases are still insufficient to meet rising living costs; moreover, the rise in white collar earnings was less than that of any other section of the population.

Even with most white collar workers securing some increases in their salaries during the war, at least 2,000,000 white collar workers earned less than $26 per week. Now salary rates are in danger of being again reduced to even less than 1929 levels.

As part of labor's fight to insure greater purchasing power to American workers, the white collar workers must fight not only to retain but to increase the salaries they got during the war.

To solve the problems of the white collar workers the general program of the CIO for reconversion will have to be realized: the raising of wages, the passage of the Murray full employment bill, the establishment of the Pepper sixty-five-cent minimum wage, etc. About 2,000,000 white collar workers at present earn below sixty-five cents an hour. The organized white collar workers must solve their problems by relying more upon themselves, but they must also join in labor's general battle for jobs and higher pay to strengthen the fight for their own security and the improvement of their living standards. The inclusion of employes of non-profit enterprises in social legislation is a special concern for office and professional workers, many of whom are in that category.

Meeting the needs of white collar workers also requires special measures to cope with their peculiar situation. If the white collar worker is to buy his share of the things this country will have to produce to achieve 60,000,000 jobs, more drastic measures than moderate wage increases are imperative to raise their purchasing power. Consequently the collective bargaining program for which the UOPWA will work includes: (1) General wage increases to the total of a fifty percent rise over the figures of 1941; (2) A shortened work week; (3) Minimum salaries of thirty dollars a week for a thirty-five-hour week; (4) Fair classifications of the jobs performed by white collar workers, with proper systems of promotion, automatic and merit increases; (5) Better job protection and adequate severance pay; (6) The inclusion in contracts of such benefits as insurance and increased vacations with pay.

Special problems arise out of the reconversion crisis descending on us with such speed which involve the very jobs of the workers in these fields. Insurance agents, for example, may face a sharp rise in lapses in insurance which will double the pressure on the individual agent at the very moment he will be working under the most adverse conditions. Insurance agents have a particular stake in the success of the progressive program to minimize the general crisis of cutbacks and layoffs and need to insure themselves from managerial pressure. Social service workers likewise face an unprecedented increase in case loads from the negligible planning for the current emergency and must also put up a special fight to win proper compensation for their work and reasonable working conditions. Moreover, thousands of trained social workers have left the field for better pay elsewhere; wage increases become imperative to insure an adequate number of workers as well as to provide decent pay for those who have remained on their jobs.

To accomplish these things is a matter not only of setting up the requisite organizational apparatus within the white collar unions. The growth of the white collar unions becomes an imperative for this period. Professional organizations and associations also need to be drawn closer to the trade union movement to solve their common problems. Through those powerful instruments of organized labor—collective bargaining and political action—the white collar workers can wage an effective battle for jobs and higher living standards for themselves and all Americans.

# SHORE LEAVE IN ODESSA

## By JACK LASKER

Victory and Liberty ships were unloading when we pulled into Odessa harbor a week after V-E Day with a lend-lease cargo of industrial equipment and food. The stevedores, mostly Bessarabians, came aboard and began to work the cargo—some were women, some Red Army veterans. The port had been totally destroyed, but it was now working hard. On the docks I saw crates of American goods piled high. The stevedores were slow discharging the cargo and had put a few cranes out of commission by unskilled handling—a matter of which some of the men on my ship were critical—but the experienced stevedores had been absorbed by the Red Army, and the port was now being operated by an inexperienced work gang.

The next day I went ashore for the first time. I felt good all over as my feet touched Soviet soil. I headed for the gate and saw American-made trucks carrying cargo from my ship. Hardy American jeeps sped by. On the white walls of the port buildings—some of which were in ruins—I saw slogans: "GLORY TO COMRADE STALIN," "LONG LIVE THE MIGHTY SOVIET UNION THAT SAVED CIVILIZATION IN EUROPE AND WON THE VICTORY OVER THE FASCIST INVADER," and others.

Outside the customs house which adjoins the sentry gate stood a brightly colored bulletin board which listed the names and records of the best stevedores. "LONG LIVE THE HEROES OF SOCIALIST LABOR WHO FIGHT THE BATTLE OF PRODUCTION," said one slogan. Nearby a group of laborers were intently poring over the columns of *Pravda* and *Bolshevik Banner* posted on bulletin boards.

At the gate I presented my seaman's papers. The friendly guard said "Okey dokey." Outside I walked up the cobblestoned streets and two flights of stone stairs and I was in Odessa itself.

Gutted and bullet-ridden buildings testified to Odessa's ordeal. Neat piles of limestone blocks, of which Odessa's buildings are constructed, were on the sidewalk adjoining wrecked buildings. Rumanian and German prisoners were clearing away crumbled masonry. The Pushkin Museum, where Russia's great poet worked, was in ruins. However, the opera house, one of the Soviet Union's most beautiful buildings, had been de-mined and saved by the Red Army. On Pastyera Street I noticed a ruined limestone building whose fire-escape had remained unscathed amid the general destruction. Atop the first-story facade a sculptured stone head looked out upon the street, its features contorted in agony. It was as though the sculptor, foreseeing Odessa's trial by fire, had chiseled it into these cold features.

Odessa had escaped the total destruction of a Sevastopol or Novorossisk. As I walked along its wide streets lined with fragrant acacia and chestnut trees I sometimes forgot that war had not long ago engulfed this beautiful city on the Black Sea. Rooks cawed in the tree tops. Blue swallows whirled along the sidewalks, then darted away. Loudspeakers high on corner lamp poles and in the parks poured forth Viennese waltzes, operatic arias and symphonic music from the local radio station, now rebuilt: walking to music was a buoyant thing.

Soldiers and militiamen of both sexes —some bearing tommyguns and rifles —walked the city's streets. These husky, serious, often crippled warriors had stood against and turned back the Nazi tide. Many wore medals for the defense of Odessa, Stalingrad and Sevastopol. Some wore the Order of the Red Star.

I stepped into a government-operated food shop. Customers were buying, among other things, American foodstuffs. On the shelves I saw Swift's "Prem," Kraft's cheese in large cans, Oscar Mayer's "Pork and Sausage" and Armour's "Treat"; also dehydrated eggs in various colored boxes. There were fresh eggs too. Price lists were conspicuously posted.

I was curious to know how the people had lived during the occupation. I went to the International Club (VOKS) the following day and met the manager, Gregory Medvinsky, a veteran of Stalingrad and other battles who had been wounded many times. He gladly answered my questions in good English. The Rumanians, he said, had liquidated all Soviet institutions when they took over in October 1941. They instituted a reign of terror against Jews, Communists and Partisans. During the two-and-a-half-year occupation they slaughtered more than 250,000 persons in the Odessa area.

Rumanian businessmen had imported many commodities, including such luxury goods as silk stockings, from Rumania and told the people, "You can become capitalists. We have nothing against it." Speculation, bribery and corruption were rife. By these means the Rumanians tried to develop a corps of supporters among the population and had had some success. A few collaborators lived well, but the general standard of living was very low.

When the Red Army liberated Odessa in April 1944, the government allowed privately owned shops to remain open to help provide for the people's needs. However, the government opened up stores in competition. Mr. Medvinsky remarked that the high prices I found in a government-operated jewelry shop acted as an inflation safety valve where people could spend hoarded rubles. Prices of necessities under the rationing system were low.

Russians hoped for a large harvest this fall, he continued, which would provide a greater abundance of commodities in the government stores at lowered prices and would put privately owned food and other shops out of business.

I remarked that this sounded like the NEP (New Economic Policy) period of the twenties. It was, he said, but the big difference was that now—unlike then—there was a collective farm base to turn to.

I asked about the complaints of some Americans that militiamen had stopped them and asked their female companions for their identification cards, and sometimes took the girl away. Medvinsky explained that during the occupation prostitution had been revived and the Soviet authorities were making sure that its last vestiges were being eliminated. It should not be thought, he continued, that the municipal authorities object to Soviet girls speaking to and enjoying the company of Americans.

In fact the International Club held dances Saturday nights for foreign merchant ship officers and Tuesday nights for crew members. The hostesses were English-speaking university students. They knew the names of many states and often could mimic the accents found there. A few knew more American songs than the Americans themselves,

and sang them with relish. I happened to hum a fragment from one of *North Star's* songs. Tanya, who had recently been transferred from the VOKS Archangel club where she had entertained American seamen for four years, listened attentively.

"I know that," she said. "It's from *Severnaya Zvezda—North Star.* It played here. It was very popular. Do you know the English words?" I knew a few and wrote them down for her. I asked which other American films she had recently seen. She named *The Life of Thomas A. Edison, Song of Russia, Hurricane, Sun Valley Serenade, Thief of Baghdad* and Kipling's *Jungle.* In turn, I named the fine Soviet films that I had seen in America. I asked if she were acquainted with American literature.

"Oh yes," she said. "Steinbeck, Dreiser, Upton Sinclair and Richard Wright. I've read them all. I first got acquainted with Richard Wright through an article of his in *International Literature* a few years ago. I became very interested in him. Months later, I learned he had written *Native Son.* I wanted so much to get it. Finally I met a seaman in Archangel who had it and he gave it to me. I liked it very much. Do you have anything else by him?" I told her I had *Black Boy.* She became very excited. She turned to another hostess and said, "He's got *Black Boy, Black Boy* by Richard Wright!" Next day I presented the book to her, together with a copy of the NEW MASSES' review of the book. I felt she ought to know.


**Winnie's Brand.**

THE International Club sponsored visits to the House of Science and the Archaelogical Museum to which all seamen were invited. At the Museum I saw pottery and toilet articles retrieved from the sites of ancient Greek settlements in South Russia, one of which, Odessus, became present-day Odessa. Some of the rarest had been removed to Central Asia for safekeeping when Odessa was evacuated. Others, looted by the Rumanians, had recently been returned.

In the House of Science we had a talk with the rector—a woman. She told us about the projects for the reconstruction of the city. Numerous factories had been restored and machine building plants had exceeded their annual program. A group of architects were surveying the damage and were to make a report in June, outlining the reconstruction plans.

I asked about the catacombs where, during the occupation, thousands of Partisans lived by day and sallied forth by night using rifles and tommy-guns brought in by Slovak deserters, stolen, or purchased on the black market. She said that the tunnels had been left by quarrying operations for porous limestone. In these tunnels the dauntless Odessans had resisted in more wars than one.

One day a dozen seamen attended an outing to Arcadia Beach, also sponsored by the International Club. We went in couples with girls from the university. I got to talking with May, whose husband, a major in the Red Army, had been away four years. Her pretty face was subdued.

"Thinking of your husband?" I asked.

"Yes." A moment later: "I'm also thinking of the picnic my three brothers and I had here in Arcadia just before the war. Now two of them are gone!" Her face was sad. "I must always be busy," she continued. "Otherwise I think too much."

"The whole world owes the Red Army a debt," I said.

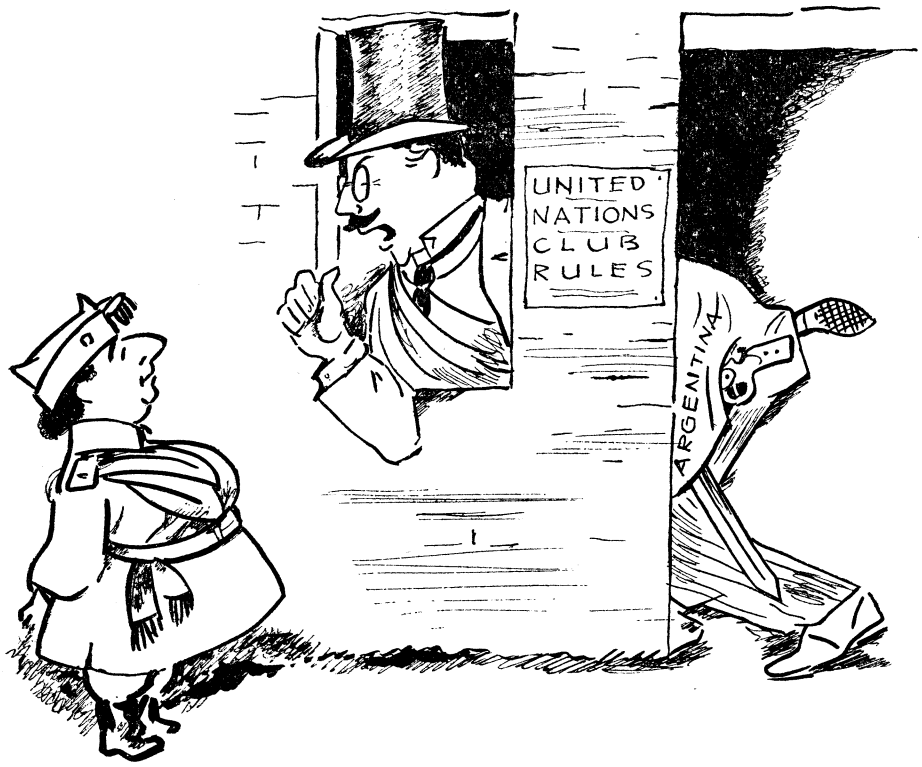
"We will never forget what they have done," she said earnestly. "We will never forget our heroes."

I could think of nothing to comfort her. Another seaman broke in on us. They chattered idly. When May started laughing there was something strained and faintly hysterical in her voice.

Walking the streets I learned what the war had done to Odessa's children. Thirteen-year-old Zhora showed me the way to the bazaar. I happened to ask if his father and mother were working. He looked unutterably sad and lowered his head. I understood.

Everything imaginable was being sold at the bazaar. City people mixed with peasants buying and selling shoes, clothes, food—items over and above those available through the rationing system. I bought some postcards for myself and some candy for Zhora. In return, he offered me a postcard.

It was time to part. We shook hands;




**"You really ought to join, you meet such interesting people."**

I said "goodby, comrade." He held on a long time. His loneliness and longing for affection were all too evident. Finally, we parted. I looked back at him once and our eyes met. I suddenly realized that there must be millions of Zhoras throughout the Soviet Union.

I MET Shura near the opera house where I was waiting for *Carmen* to begin. In his early teens, he spryly hopped about on his one leg and crutch, grinning widely. I gave him some raisins and spoke to him in my limited Russian. A few days later I met him again near the "Musical Bar," playing with Genya and Tolya and I bought "bonbons" for all of them. Shura wanted to give me something in return. He borrowed a coin from Genya and gave it to me.

With the inside of his right ankle Tolya was kicking something that looked like a hockey puck into the air and repeating the process when it came down. The point of the game is to keep the puck in the air as long as possible. Shura with his one good leg wasn't fazed. He borrowed Genya's puck. Holding his balance on his one good leg, he threw it into the air and socked it with uplifted crutch. Finally, it fell to the ground. He picked it up and playfully threw it at Genya. Expecting retaliation, he replaced his crutch and ran swiftly away, grinning. Genya with his two whole legs couldn't catch him.

Youngsters hungry for sweets and gum approach foreign seamen and offer stamps or kopek coins for these items. If necessary, they will offer good rubles. If the seaman says no go, they will yield gracefully, seldom persisting, as do the famished children of Italy.

Once I took ashore with me a package of cherry drops and distributed them to a group of children. I gave one to each. One of the boys came back for a second helping. A bystander scolded him and he shrank back abashed.

A twelve-year-old showed me some stamps and asked for a few cigarettes in return. We traded. Another handed me a few kopek coins. I looked at them. They were of low denominations. I already had more than I wanted. I put out my hand to return them, thanking him.

"Keep them," he said. "For you." I felt in my pockets for something to give him in return. "It's all right," he said. "It's a gift."

I looked again at the coins, showing great interest so he would know I appreciated this gift. Another boyish hand reached over and plumped more coins into my palm, then another hand, and yet another.

"Now I'm a capitalist," I said.

"You're not a capitalist," grinned one of the boys. "You're a seaman."

I walked along Feldman Boulevard overlooking the port. I got to talking with Vassily, who was eleven. He said he was taking his final tests of the term. The tests came every other day, and on the intervening days he went to the opera and had lately seen *Tosca*, *Traviata* and *Rigoletto*. "*Tosca*," he said thoughtfully, "was very good."

A bystander joined the conversation. Vassily mentioned he had a package of American chewing gun. The man expressed interest. Vassily broke the package open and gave him a stick of gum. The man removed the wrapping and scrutinized the gum.

"Very interesting," he said. He put it in his mouth, and chewed it gingerly.

"Very good," he added a moment later. He offered Vassily a few rubles for it. Vassily turned them down with a look of reproach.

One day I passed a group of twenty boys and girls of pre-school age, escorted by a maternal looking woman. A girl was carrying a doll, a boy a wooden rifle and another a toy pistol. Several were singing. Three or four had their arms around each other. I found myself following them. A few eyed me quizzically.

"*Americanetz*," observed a childish voice. He probably knew from my clothes.

MY LAST day in Odessa I stepped into the government-operated "Musical Bar" to have supper. I noticed three Soviet flight officers with a Negro American seaman at the table next to mine. One of them had his arm around the seaman's shoulders. I wondered how they were making themselves understood. I joined them. We shook hands. Henry, the seaman, was a ship's cook.

Then one of the officers took my right hand and extended it towards Henry, and placed Henry's hand in mine. The officer's hands clasped ours as though to cement the tie.

"This is good," he said. "We must all be friends."

Liberty expired at midnight. I walked slowly down the Potemkin steps where in 1905 the Czar's troops had fired on the revolutionary Odessa workers and sailors of the battleship *Potemkin*. I remembered Eisenstein's stirring movie. Looking up, I saw atop the stairs the weathered statue of Odessa's first governor. His bronze arm extends seaward in a gesture of friendship and welcome to the peoples beyond.

The thought occurred to me that during my brief stay I had experienced in full measure the warm welcome promised by a leading Odessan of another day.

# CONFETTI AND BELLS BUT....

A FEW days ago I watched the giant *Queen Elizabeth* steam past the Statue of Liberty. Fifteen thousand troops jammed her decks. Each time the raucous siren bellowed in answer to some saluting harbor craft, a yell went up like in the ninth inning at the Yankee Stadium or at the winning touchdown in the Rose Bowl. Flags fluttered from the gaily-decorated piers, bands played, and ferries waited to transship the troops to nearby deployment centers. The most casual spectator could not repress a feeling of excitement. Other great ships came up the bay—Sweden's largest liner, two of Italy's crack vessels, a new square-funneled French diesel motorship, and America's largest liner, the grotesque *West Point*. Band, flags, salutes, cheers and laughter. The boys were coming home!

The vast majority of these soldiers want to get home and resume a normal life. Before Pearl Harbor they were civilians and now civilians they want to be again. They have their ideas and ambitions. They have their pride. There is nothing in their make-up or in their experience that in any way essentially segregates them from other Americans. Only they have been away a long time, they have shared a disciplined group experience, becoming part and parcel of a vast action melodrama, and have been places and plumbed levels of emotion other than those known to their home-folks. Psychological gaps do exist which are not easy to bridge, but these are highly individual in form and quite unpredictable beforehand either by the GI's themselves or by their closest friends.

A country farmer boy comes back an experienced member of a scientific age, with mechanical skills undreamed-of in the village store. Another joins his wife and child after a four-year absence during which he has idealized them beyond all human recognition. Another, married on the eve of sailing overseas, begins civilian life with a virtually unknown woman. An office clerk earning thirty dollars a week, who was propelled upward in the Air Corps to become a Lieutenant Colonel, finds his wartime skills wholly unrelated to peacetime life and his old job the best he can obtain. A bombardier after the tension of long shuttle-flights is grateful for the safety but appalled at the boredom of hometown life. An infantryman back from Italy will not accept again the segregated patterns of his native Mississippi. A boy who saw violence and threw all moral conventions to the wind comes back to middle-class America. Who can detail these many areas of conflict, save to stress how personal they are, and how in almost every instance both the returning individual and the receiving community are equally involved? It is not the problem of the veteran but rather the mutual recreation of healthy and constructive relationships.

It is obvious to every thinking person that the availability of job opportunities is the real crux to the mass problem of veteran assimilation. If jobs are available, many personality adjustments will be made with relative ease. If they are not, then the personality adjustments become virtually insoluble. That is why it is so incumbent upon the nation to make full employment its major objective. Should the hard-headed advocates of "free enterprise" sell the general public their current glowing propaganda of unlimited consumer needs so that the investigative, correlative, planning and financing functions of government are disregarded or destroyed, the people lose their chief protective agency. Government has a role to play in charting and stimulating full employment. Otherwise destructive competition between veteran and war worker, Negro and white, native-born and alien, Jew and Gentile becomes almost a defensive necessity.

I was interested in hearing Mikhail Terasev, Soviet trade union delegate at San Francisco, speak of the USSR's program for utilizing its manpower as a basic national concern. Then he went on to mention personal problems of veterans and war workers and said that Soviet trade unions were establishing committees and appointing personnel for personal counseling in domestic, marital and other problems of post-war individual adjustment. The emphasis was first on jobs and then on personal problems. With us altogether too much talk has been the other way around. The cart is before the horse. The work of the Veterans' Administration and the supplementation by trade union, church and other counseling services cannot supplant or correct an inadequate job program. The adequate job program, however, will still require the personal understanding and implementation.

Those who have participated in the mass movement of the war with its clear-cut objectives need above all in civilian life some similar sense of dynamic group purpose. Students of personality maladjustments and disorders—whether they be slight or acute—recognize that the best therapy for the individual is participation in some group working for a useful social end on a democratic basis. Here is a major challenge to all political action groups and clubs to offer the returning serviceman a dynamic opportunity for group activity in the democratic cause. Such a harmonious working relationship with other individuals and for society as a whole can provide the individual with the basis for mental adjustment and personal satisfaction—that elusive thing we call happiness. May it enrich all home-comings.

Dinnerstein.

# X-RAY OF THE JOB BILL

## By HOWARD WHITE

A good many people talk and write about the Murray-Patman Full Employment Bill. It is a magic phrase in the labor press. It can accomplish this and accomplish that. There is no denying that the bill, on which hearings opened last week before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, is a major first step toward securing postwar jobs at adequate take-home pay. The reconversion crisis makes its speedy enactment all the more necessary. At the same time it should be noted that the bill is no panacea for the nation's economic ills, that it has serious defects in need of correction, and that with its passage there must also be placed on the statute books a program of legislation to meet the human aspects of reconversion.

The chief merit of the Full Employment Bill is its declaration that every employable person has a right to gainful employment and its establishment of machinery for forecasting economic trends by which the President is to prepare a "National Budget" not only for routine federal expenditures, but also for the recommendation of federal appropriations considered necessary to meet any anticipated failure of private enterprise to provide enough jobs.

The bill's chief shortcoming is that it fails to come sufficiently to grips with the key difficulties involved in achieving and maintaining the pledged goal of full production and full employment. Even a cursory reading of the bill indicates that its whole purpose is to give private enterprise every conceivable opportunity to make good by providing jobs. Every step taken by the government is to be weighed and tested against the requirement that the channels of private enterprise are to be utilized first before the government may use its own resources. In effect, the bill actually presents the danger that it will impede existing government powers through its insistence that government intervention be limited to specified steps taken only after private enterprise has had its chance and has proved inadequate.

For example, under the bill the President is charged with making recommendations in his National Budget for "encouraging such increased non-federal investment and expenditure, particularly investment and expenditure which will promote increased employment opportunities by private enterprise, as will prevent such deficiency to the greatest possible extent." In addition the White House is instructed that among the recommendations it is to make are those involving "banking and currency, monopoly and competition, wages and working conditions, foreign trade and investment, agriculture, taxation, social security, the development of natural resources, and such other matters as may directly or indirectly affect the level of non-federal investment and expenditure."

Only to the extent that the President concludes that all these inducements to private enterprise are still insufficient to provide a full employment volume of production, as the language of the bill puts it, is he to recommend government aid and economic activity through public works and other federal investment and expenditure programs. The bill emphasizes once again the green light that is given to private enterprise by cautioning that "such program shall be designed to contribute to the national wealth and well-being and to stimulate additional non-federal investment and expenditure." When public works projects are initiated, the President is required, except for special circumstances, to have the actual construction done by private concerns working on public contracts.

If the budget estimates by government statisticians and economists indicate that more money is available for investment than is needed for full employment, the country is considered to be in an inflationary situation. It then becomes the President's duty to recommend specific anti-inflation controls and reduction of investments so that excess purchasing power may be drained off to the level required for a full employment volume of production.

The National Budget and the President's recommendations for specific legislation are to be submitted to Congress at the beginning of each regular session. A Joint Congressional Committee composed of chairmen and ranking minority members of important Senate and House Committees is to hold hearings on the budget and prepare its own report, which is then to form the guide for the usual Congressional committees which must deal with the specific legislation connected with the budget.

A final section on "Interpretation" specifies that the bill does not authorize government operation of plants or facilities and does not disturb the existing Congressional procedures in regard to appropriations.

**IN ADDITION to the Full Employment Bill, the CIO is urging as a means of alleviating suffering, bolstering purchasing power and helping provide jobs immediate passage by Congress of the twenty-five dollars for twenty-six weeks unemployment insurance bill, the permanent Fair Employment Practice Committee measure, the Pepper sixty-five-cent-an-hour minimum wage bill, the Wagner-Ellender housing bill, the Wagner-Murray-Dingell social security bill, the amendments to liberalize the GI Bill of Rights, and tax relief for low income groups.**

**Supplementary action by state and city governments is also important.**

**And for white collar workers there are needed such additional measures as are suggested by Richard Lewis in his article on page 4.**

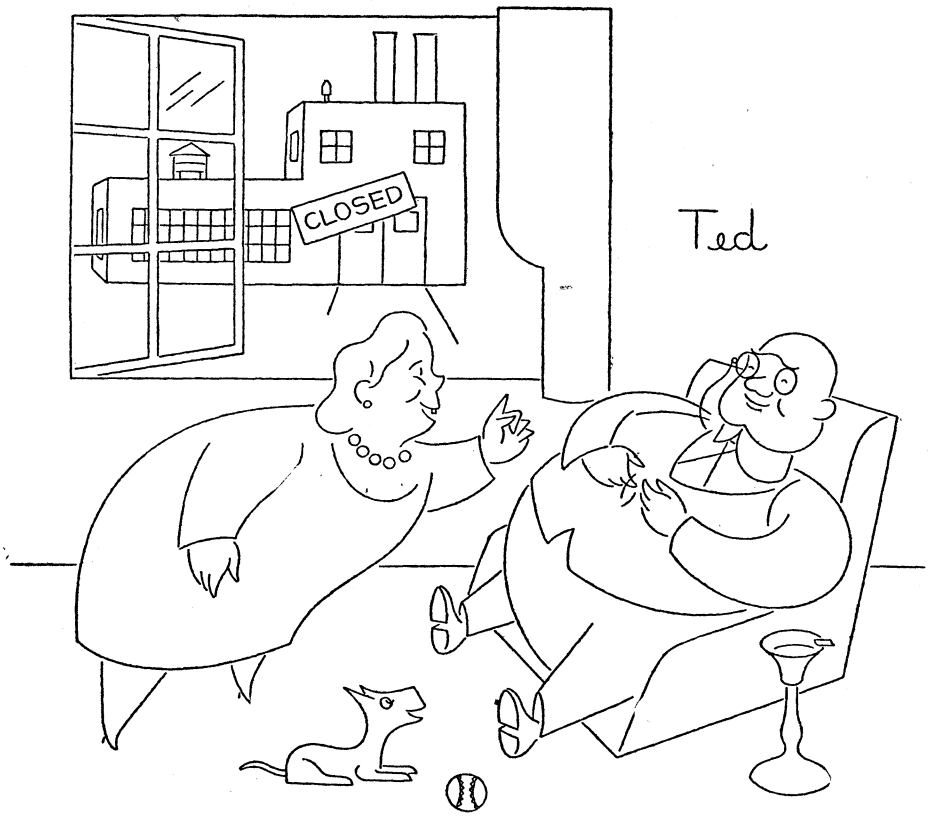
Even so brief an analysis of the bill indicates how limited are its objectives and how absurd are the attacks that have been leveled against it. Not only does the bill emphasize time and again that its purpose is to "stimulate increased employment opportunities by private enterprise," but government spending is limited to federal public works and pump priming, under the theory that the employment effect of every dollar of government expenditure is multiplied through its power of inducing additional private investment expenditure, thus creating more jobs in private enterprise.

The bill thus takes the investment approach toward the problem of achieving full production and full employment. Only by reading into the bill can

one find the view that the way to full production is to raise the mass purchasing power of the nation's consumers. Although there is a statement that the President is to make specific recommendations in regard to "wages and working conditions," this is far from an unequivocal recognition of the fact that the theory of full employment through the spending and investment approach has always run aground on the shoals of business eagerness to cut wages, smash unions and reduce fixed labor costs. What the individual businessman sees as a way of reducing his costs has a disastrous effect upon the prosperity of the economic system under capitalism, for the decline in mass purchasing power it represents dries up the markets which alone can consume the products capitalism produces.

The standard against which the Murray-Patman bill must be judged therefore is the extent to which it pledges the full powers of the government behind a guarantee that there will be jobs for all and the help it will be in achieving a national economic program that will provide sufficient purchasing power to maintain a high level of production. Seen in this light the bill, limited as it is, warrants the broadest support for its major principle that there must be immediate authorization and financing of large-scale federal public works. Moreover, no program of full production and employment can succeed unless there is in existence a planning agency which is equipped to undertake the forecasting studies and economic analyses required to understand the state of the national economy. Those who support the bill must insist, however, that it be amended so as to make it clear to even the most stubborn reactionary that the government accepts completely and unequivocally its responsibility of guaranteeing actual productive jobs at a living wage for the nation's workers.

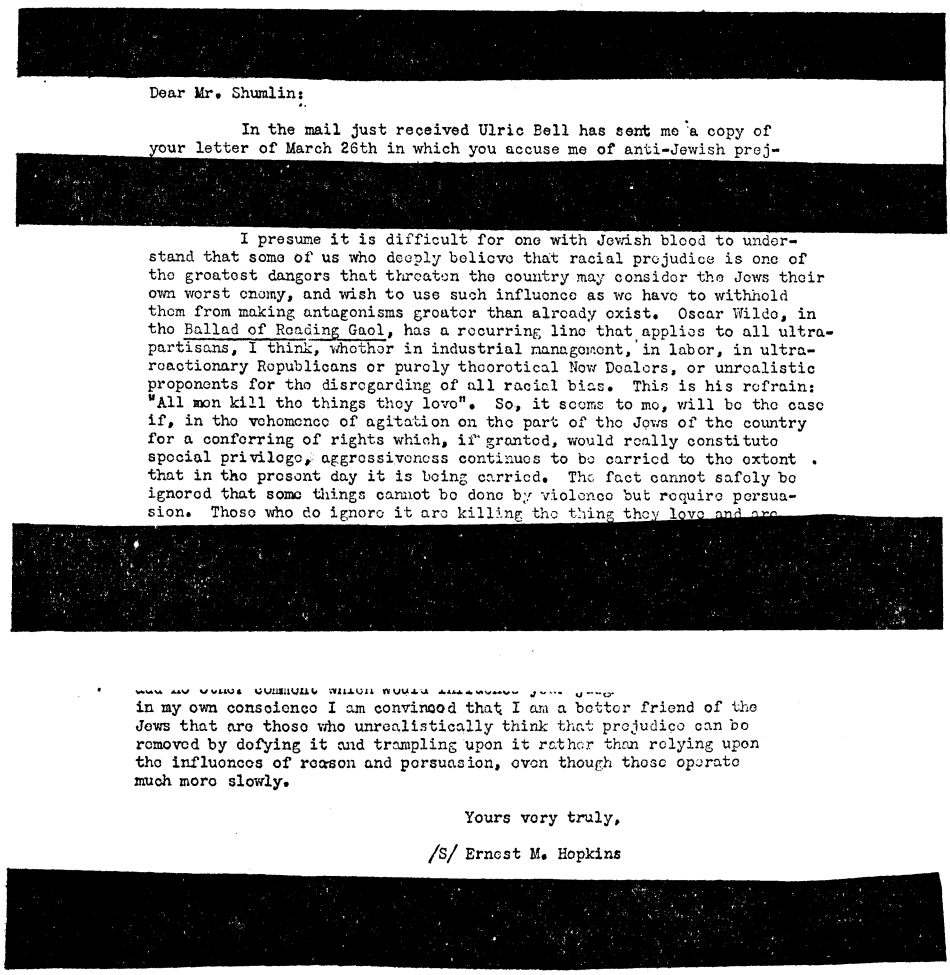
Support for the Murray-Patman bill therefore must go hand in hand with a drive to strengthen its provisions, defeat amendments that would weaken it, and parallel it with a full-fledged program of human and industrial reconversion and postwar expansion. The Full Employment bill must be part of an arsenal of economic and legal weapons utilized by Congress in a sincere effort to recover the ground which its own fumbling and irresponsibility has lost. The immediate problems of reconversion must be met, for example, by passage of the emergency unemployment insurance bill granting benefits up to twenty-five dollars a week for a period of twenty-six weeks. The Pepper bill for a sixty-five-cent-an-hour minimum wage must be passed. There must be sympathetic consideration by industry and the government of annual wage plans to raise the standard of living of the nation's consumers. The GI Bill of Rights should be strengthened and improved. A permanent and adequately financed Fair Employment Practice Committee must also be immediately established as part of the guarantee of the right to work to all, regardless of race, creed or political belief.




**"Now that your employes are laid off, you need a vacation too."**

SENATORS KILGORE and Pepper and more than two dozen other Senators recently proposed a fifteen-point legislative program for reconversion and the postwar period. This entire program is indispensable for giving bone and muscle to the right-to-work pledge of the Full Employment bill. Among the measures called for by the liberal bloc of Congressmen are specific proposals for broadening social security and health programs, promotion of a high wage level, expansion of foreign trade, establishment of a broad national housing and slum clearance program, federal help to agriculture and small business, restrictions upon monopolies and cartels, the guarantee of a high level of scientific research, and help to veterans as part of a successful national full employment program.

The federal government has three great economic powers which it must be made to utilize in meeting national emergencies. It has the power to spend; it has the power to tax, and it has the power to regulate. These powers, along with its supplementary powers of eminent domain and the right to requisition property when necessary in the public interest, are broad enough to implement its promise that it will, in cooperation with business, provide enough jobs to produce full employment. The present language of the Murray-Patman bill, however, fails to pledge these enormous government powers in an unlimited manner. The pledge that is actually given is that the government will "stimulate and encourage" private enterprise to attack the unemployment problem. The government's powers are held in reserve as a last resort. The bill arbitrarily places limitations upon existing powers by promising that it will use its spending powers primarily, and then only with the reservation that the government will not compete with private enterprise and will not disturb business confidence. Powers frequently utilized by the New Deal are thus curbed. Under the language of the bill prohibiting "the



Dear Mr. Shumlin:

In the mail just received Ulric Bell has sent me a copy of your letter of March 26th in which you accuse me of anti-Jewish prej-

I presume it is difficult for one with Jewish blood to understand that some of us who deeply believe that racial prejudice is one of the greatest dangers that threaten the country may consider the Jews their own worst enemy, and wish to use such influence as we have to withhold them from making antagonisms greater than already exist. Oscar Wilde, in the Ballad of Reading Gaol, has a recurring line that applies to all ultra-partisans, I think, whether in industrial management, in labor, in ultra-reactionary Republicans or purely theoretical New Dealers, or unrealistic proponents for the disregarding of all racial bias. This is his refrain: "All men kill the things they love". So, it seems to me, will be the case if, in the vehemence of agitation on the part of the Jews of the country for a conferring of rights which, if granted, would really constitute special privilege, aggressiveness continues to be carried to the extent that in the present day it is being carried. The fact cannot safely be ignored that some things cannot be done by violence but require persuasion. Those who do ignore it are killing the thing they love and are

in my own conscience I am convinced that I am a better friend of the Jews that are those who unrealistically think that prejudice can be removed by defying it and trampling upon it rather than relying upon the influences of reason and persuasion, even though these operate much more slowly.

Yours very truly,

/S/ Ernest M. Hopkins

**The storm of indignation stirred up over the cold-blooded statement made by President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth College that Dartmouth practices "proportionate selection" (which is a nice way of phrasing the standard device of that college for "keeping down" the number of Jews who may be admitted) has among other things forced a little extra paper work on the college's clerical staff. Above are excerpts from an official mimeographed "explanation" of Dartmouth's policy. Mr. Hopkins has refused to join a committee to abolish intolerance and discrimination and has openly defended the "quota" policy as a means of limiting Dartmouth's Jewish students. The document includes Mr. Hopkins' letter of fuller explanation to Mr. Herman Shumlin, a polished exhibit averring that the Jews would "kill the things they love," that the Jews brought Hitler to Germany by dominating the professions, quoting Stephen Robert's *House That Hitler Built* to the effect that the German medical profession had been subjected to "systematic seizure" by the Jews, that the "barrister's room in any Berlin court was a Jewish club," and that "while the Jews claimed that this predominance was due to their natural ability, the Aryans attributed it mostly to illicit Jewish combinations and influence." Of course, he avers, some of the foremost benefactors of Dartmouth College are Jews, and some of his best friends too are Jews.**

**It is interesting that Dartmouth College has to mimeograph such a statement as this, no doubt to counter a flood of protests that cannot be handled in the usual secretarial routine. And it is good that our state of understanding should be such that these protests flood Dartmouth. It may take many protests, however, to alter what is a longtime practice in American professional institutions. For President Hopkins is only a more forthright defender of an undemocratic practice which is embedded in most comparable institutions. But for the moment he is a symbol and a deserved target for all those who want to wipe out the barriers to the full utilization of America's human material in her professional life.**

operation of plants, factories, or other productive facilities by the federal government," further projects such as the Tennessee Valley Authority would be banned as areas of government enterprise. This prohibition upon an existing government power should be stricken from the bill.

The economic problem that the country faces is fully as serious as any war. The clause banning public operation of plants could readily be used by monopolists to justify scrapping war plants at their discretion. The staggering difficulties of achieving full production and full employment in the capitalistic system can only be met if the resources of national wealth represented in such gigantic monuments to American productive capacity as the Willow Run or Glenn L. Martin plants are rapidly put to work making goods and providing employment for the nation's workers. Without full utilization of all our productive capacity, it is an idle dream under capitalism to hope to maintain and increase our wartime annual national income of $200,000,000,000 when our pre-war national income fluctuated between eighty-five and ninety billion dollars.

Passage of the Full Employment bill and of the corollary measures required to give it backbone will defeat the plans of monopolists to build up a huge army of unemployed. The restrictive production and pricing policies followed by monopolies and cartels pose a grave threat to the success of any program of full production and full employment for they inevitably mean a higher cost of living for the nation's consumers and fewer jobs for the nation's workers. Unless policies to encourage and strengthen truly enterprising small businessmen and to weaken the destructive features of monopoly capitalism are immediately taken, both production and employment will be deliberately pounded down by the monopolists to levels below those which could be readily achieved. The Murray-Patman bill to some extent recognizes this danger by providing that steps are to be taken to "assure that monopolistic practices with respect to prices, production, or distribution, or other monopolistic practices will not interfere with the achievement of the purposes" of the act. Essential therefore to the success of the full employment program is vigorous enforcement of the anti-cartel and anti-trust laws.

Progressives must also insist that the bill provide that the planning agency which is to be created be set up on a statutory basis with full representation in actual policy making given to organized labor, agriculture, small businessmen, veterans and other groups vitally concerned in the success of the full employment program. The CIO has long advocated such an over-all planning board which could evolve a comprehensive program for the nation as well as component programs for individual industries to facilitate their reconversion to peacetime production and their continued operation at full capacity. Industry councils, composed also of labor, government, management and other interested groups should likewise be established in the great basic and mass production industries to devise methods for promoting productive efficiency and facilitating the achievement of full peacetime production in an expanding economy of plenty.

# WHAT SHOULD HENRY DO?

**By MARY THOMAS**

At this moment, I feel depressed, a little sad, and a great deal frightened—the way you do when you suddenly learn from your doctor that the small pain you have been treating for months with mild doses of aspirin is a deeply rooted disease that needs radium treatment. I have just spent three hours talking to a youngish, quiet man, whose first name is Henry and whose last name we'll omit.

Henry is a white collar worker. As of the day after V-J Day, Henry is unemployed.

Henry lives in the Bronx, way out in the Bronx, where there are trees and lots of small houses with small lawns and backyards turned into Victory Gardens and scattered large apartments with courtyards into which the sun can reach. It's nice for kids way out there.

The apartment Henry lives in is very pleasant. There's room for a family to spread around, for each member of it to have privacy. There are even two bathrooms. One family could be very happy in it. But Henry's household is made up of three families—Henry and his wife and their seven-year-old daughter, Henry's sister-in-law, whose husband is overseas, and her small son of five or six, and Henry's mother-in-law, who is supported by contributions from her children. I didn't know all this until after Henry had led me through the apartment, down a long, winding hallway that went past six or seven rooms, and invited me to sit in a fine, big, blue leather chair in the last room at the end of the hall. Henry smiled slightly, but his eyes didn't smile. He covered the small room with a gesture and said, "This is where I live. This is my part of the house. My little girl has a room down the hall—the small room. It used to be a maid's room, I guess."

Just to start him off—and myself, too, I guess—I asked him whether he'd heard a radio commentator a couple of days ago say, "many people have worked very hard during the war. They have been earning good pay and putting aside a good deal of it. Many of them will welcome a rest. They'll be happy to have a vacation and can easily get by on their savings until reconversion really gets under way." Anyway, that was the gist of it.

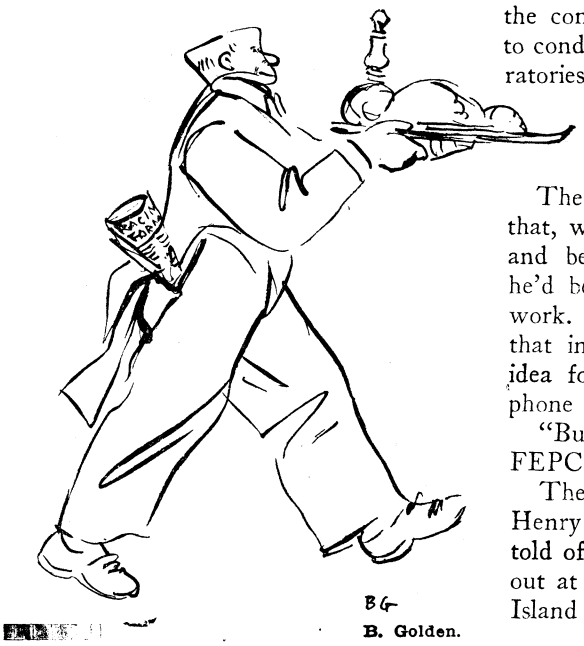
Henry smiled. "Well," he said in that very quiet, very patient voice of his, "I can't say I have any savings. I have a few War Bonds. Not many. You can't buy very many out of your Army pay. They won't last long, if we start cashing them in. This suit, now—I've had it since 1939." He held up a foot, "I haven't bought any shoes in four years. This pair I got when I was in the Army. Had them dyed when I got out."

Henry was in the Army for a little over a year. He was stationed in Texas in a sanitation unit. When he was released, he was advised to take advantage of the education provisions in the GI Bill of Rights and go back to college and get his doctor's degree.

It might have worked out. Considering their set-up, with all of them living together in that big apartment and sharing expenses, and her mother at home to take care of the little girl, Henry's wife was willing to go on working as she'd done since his induction. She made $126 a month as an ediphone operator and clerk. With that and the subsistence allotment Henry would have got from the government while he went to school, they might have worked it out.

"But I couldn't see the sense of that," Henry said. "I have a B.S. and three years of graduate work—and those three extra years never helped me to make any more money."

Before he was drafted, Henry had worked for eleven years in the laboratory of a hospital. He was a technician and made clinical tests. He earned a trifle more than $100 a month.



B. Golden.

So Henry decided not to go back to college. He also decided not to take advantage of another provision in the GI Bill of Rights—the one entitling him to get back his old job.

"I didn't want to go back to the way it was in 1939. I think most veterans—except, maybe, the ones who had executive jobs or something good like that—feel the same way. They feel it ought to be better, now. Besides," he added, "I visited the lab, when I got out. There was a Negro woman doing my old job. I'd have put her out of work—probably the first professional job she'd ever had."

Henry registered with the placement bureau of the Veterans Administration. He was sent out on several interviews. The interviewers were very pleasant and made him fill out applications. At each place he was told he'd be called in a few days.

The most pleasant interview Henry had was with the personnel manager of Whitaker, Clark and Daniels, one of the three most important pigment companies in this country. That was a fine interview.

The personnel manager was very impressed. He liked Henry. He liked his background. He liked his understanding of the job that was being discussed. He even made a joke about the size of the pension Henry would be getting after twenty years of faithful service to the company. He was personally going to conduct Henry on a tour of the laboratories in which he would be working. Then, he asked Henry his religion and Henry answered that he was Jewish.

The interview ended very soon after that, with Henry being led to the door and being assured and reassured that he'd be called in a few days to go to work. At the door, Henry suggested that in that case, it might be a good idea for him to leave his address and phone number.

"But that was before we had a State FEPC law," Henry said.

The Veterans Administration sent Henry to the Red Cross. There he was told of a job for a laboratory technician out at Stapleton, Staten Island. Staten Island is a bit far from the Bronx, so

Henry said he would prefer something in New York. There wasn't anything in the Red Cross files.

The Veterans Administration sent Henry to the YMCA. There he was told there was a job out at Stapleton, Staten Island—the same job—and he could try there if he liked. They didn't promise anything, however, because the job had been on their files for over a year and they weren't sure it was still open.

THROUGH the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers-CIO, Henry heard about some jobs at a plant on William Street. He went down there. But Henry had no machine skills, so the only job open for him was as an elevator operator at twenty-eight dollars a week. It was a war plant and Henry had to prove his citizenship. He offered his discharge papers. But the regulations called for a birth certificate. It took a day for Henry to get his birth certificate. When he got back to William Street, the job was filled.

Finally, Henry took a job in a small laboratory as a research worker. The salary was forty dollars a week.

"That happened a lot during the war," Henry said. "There were plenty of jobs for scientific workers—jobs like that one. Lots of small companies that made big money from war contracts, evaded some of their taxes by investing in small research laboratories. Now that the war's over, most of those labs have shut down. Of course, whatever knowledge was accumulated belongs to the companies."

While Henry worked there, through his union—the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians-CIO—he heard of a laboratory job open at a small machine products plant in Brooklyn. He applied for that job and got it. It was better than the one he had. It paid fifty-seven dollars a week.

This was a small plant, but it was organized. The shop committee was very active. There was only one woman working in the laboratory. She was foreign-born. Her schooling and qualifications were as good, if not better, than those of the workers with the highest ratings. On several occasions—once, specifically, when the management asked her a series of stupid questions that any high school chemistry student could have answered—the shop committee went to bat for her.

"There were a few people in the laboratory, though," Henry said, "who sided with the management in discriminating against her."

I wondered what the point of that was—but I got it in a minute. On the day after V-J Day, Henry was fired. So was this woman. So were all the people on the shop committee. There was no discussion of seniority or ratings with the committee or with the union. The management just called them all together and told them they were through. Henry got a small amount of severance pay, because he hung around and battled for it. The others were too dazed to put up a fight right then. They haven't got it yet.

"I don't know that we can charge them with anti-union discrimination," Henry said quietly. "It's just funny, when you see who was fired and who was kept on."

Of course, Henry has applied to the United States Employment Service. He found sympathy, but no job. There is nothing on the files calling for his skills. He was told to come back around the middle of September.

Which is tough, because Henry's wife isn't working any more. She got sick five months ago and had to leave her job. And there aren't any savings. You can't save much out of fifty-seven dollars a week, when food bills come to about thirty dollars and you have rent and doctor's bills and a child going to school.

"We haven't bought anything but necessities for years," Henry said. "We haven't even had a chance to buy any furniture since the year we were married—1932—when we bought the things in this room and a few other things, for about $100."

Then he corrected himself with a quiet smile. "I'm wrong. We bought that chair you're sitting in. My wife bought it for me—as a present when I got out of the Army. She thought I deserved it—to have something comfortable to sit in, when I read, or study."

SO I'M depressed. It isn't only Henry's story that depresses me. It isn't just this one picture of the run-around, the passing-of-the-buck, the callous using of the talented and skilled and the callous discarding of them when they're no longer needed. After all, Henry is not exactly typical. He's been getting a bum deal for a long time and he understands why. He's a good union member and knows what needs to be done.

Unfortunately, the majority of the white collar workers in this country are not like Henry. Too many of them are still finicky and, when it comes to a showdown, inclined to identify themselves with management—as though there were some mystical bond between people who don't dirty their hands at their work. The old "American dream" of from office boy to bank president is still operating.

Even in the war plants where cutbacks have taken place, the majority of the white collar workers aren't terribly excited, yet. They're bewildered and vaguely apprehensive. They sit at their desks, making out dismissal notices and taking inventory and doing the painful business of administering the closing down of the plants. They work fewer hours and, as a result, get less pay. That makes them a little concerned about how they will continue to pay for the homes they've bought on the installment plan during the war—encouraged, of course, by enterprising real estate men who recognized the sales possibilities of nice, neat "developments" near the war plants.

Women, who'd been planning on not working after the war, are changing their plans. They feel they ought to wait and see what happens to their husbands, many of whom are also office workers. They've had to revise their ideas about what they'll buy with their cashed-in war bonds. Originally, they'd earmarked them for things like school for their children, or new radios, cars and refrigerators. Now they don't know. Now they think they'd better wait and see. They know that this myth about war workers' savings is just that—a myth. Not all of them are ready to admit, however, that this was because they weren't organized.

But how do you get white collar workers to see how they have been used, to see it clearly the way Henry does? What does it take to get them scared enough to make them not only get on the right side of the fence, but to recognize that there is a fence in the first place?

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## FREE ENTERPRISE FACES THE PEACE CRISIS

**Clare Boothe Loose, Congresswoman: "Congress should most certainly be called back into session just as soon as my fall fittings are finished at Hattie Carnegie."**

**New York Daily Noose: "The Soviet Union has no unemployment crisis. We have. Isn't it obvious that it's another Stalinist plot to overthrow the American way of life? And besides—why doesn't Russia declare war on Japan?"**

E. M.


CHIANG
CHINA
JAP


CHIANG
CHINA
JAP
GROPPER

# Door to Disaster in Asia

## By FREDERICK V. FIELD

ONLY the military phase of the war has been completed in the Far East. The political, social and economic objectives have still to be won. They will be won only if the American people, along with their allies, fight for them.

A dangerous situation continues to take shape across the Pacific. And the foreign policy of the American government is deeply implicated in it. We need to keep our eyes glued on the events. Not in order simply to observe the scene but in order to act upon it and change it. If we continue to permit things to go on as they are, we shall find ourselves and the world involved in another chain of events leading to war.

# ARE WE HEADING

Too many people forget the "incident" of Sept. 19, 1931 or the "incident" of July 7, 1937. The appeasers looked upon them as insignificant outbreaks which man's innate good will (including that of the Japanese rulers) would quickly bring under control. They also looked upon them as welcome checks against the spread of too much democracy. It took many years for the democratic forces to become strong enough to defeat these pro-fascist appeasers; it has taken millions of lives to pay for reaction's policies.

What is happening in China today is not so different from those "incidents" which touched off the war we are today trying to liquidate. We see forming before our eyes a new coalition of reactionary, pro-fascist forces. The Kuomintang dictatorship, which for the last five years has at best taken a passive attitude toward the war and at worst a treacherous one, is one element in that coalition. It is trying to buttress its weak position by incorporating the Chinese quisling puppets in its plans. Chiang Kai-shek has made a direct and public appeal to the Japanese troops in China to work with his clique against the democratic forces of China.

These events in China cannot be isolated from those taking place in Japan. Chiang's defiance of the democratic will of the Chinese people is only surpassed by the outrageous attempt of Japan's fascist rulers to disregard the meaning of defeat. A new cabinet, composed exclusively of war criminals and headed by a fanatic fascist, attempts to maintain the status quo within Japan. The eight-year war against China is still unrecognized as a war. The Japanese commander-in-chief in China has the gall to notify General MacArthur that Japanese forces are still encountering obstacles in their holy crusade to bring peace and tranquility to Eastern Asia. He pleads to MacArthur for help. Well, why shouldn't he? He is already getting it from Chiang Kai-shek and from US Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley.

The Japanese ruling class knows this game backward and forward. They have tried it before and succeeded. The Restoration Period in the third quarter of the last century was basically the upsurge of bourgeois democracy against feudalism. That upsurge threatened the power of the feudal lords, the military and the bureaucracy. By offering a phony constitution, by taking over the role of the new bourgeoisie themselves, by elevating the Emperor to the position of a religious deity as well as a political front, and by other demagogic tricks they succeeded in truncating the revolution and preventing any basic alteration in class relationships.

The same class group in Japan is trying to do the same thing over again, this time by escaping the social, economic and political repercussions of defeat. That's why they surrendered before their armies and their industries were destroyed.

It was foreseen that the Japanese rulers would try to do this. It was not foreseen, or foreseen by too few, that the Japanese fascists would get so much help and encouragement from abroad. And when I say abroad, I mean the United States and Britain as well as China. What is the meaning of Britain's frenzied race for Hong Kong, which it left so unheroically after Pearl Harbor, if not to give the green light to reaction throughout the Far East? What other meaning can be gathered from the American subsidy of Chiang Kai-shek's utterly discredited clique of pro-fascist feudalists? Churchill, Grew and Chiang Kai-shek scream for a new reactionary coalition of forces in the Far East. And who in their respective government circles is raising his little finger to oppose them?

Fortunately there are massive democratic forces in this picture, among which the Chinese Communists and their armies and the Soviet Union are the greatest. There are also the American and British people. But so far it must be said that the latter are raising their voices in whispers.

This is no time to whisper. This is the moment to cry out. This is the moment to demonstrate for what we want in mass action. The stakes are the future security of ourselves and our children. The tremendous triumph of the Allied arms can yet be lost in the politics of the peace. A series of weak and discredited groups—the Kuomintang dictatorship, the Japanese rulers, the American and British appeasers—are trying desperately to reform the ranks of reaction. Armed with American lend-lease supplies and counselled by anti-democratic diplomats, State Department and Foreign Office fossils, they can provoke civil war in China, and they can work for a new anti-Soviet bloc.

What immediate action can Americans take?

1. Demand the immediate abandonment of American military support of the Kuomintang dictatorship.
2. Demand support of all groups in China genuinely working for unity and democracy.
3. Demand the recall of US Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley.
4. Demand the immediate adoption of a democratic policy toward China, jointly agreed upon and executed by the United States, the Soviet Union and Britain.
5. Demand the speedy completion of the defeat of Japanese fascism by the adoption of uncompromising anti-fascist measures and policies on the part of the occupation authorities.

# Asking for Trouble in Europe

## By JOHN STUART

IF IN China the abysmal course of American policy is preparing the soil for another downpour of fire and blood, Mr. Byrnes' recent ultimatum to Bulgaria can result in nothing less. His and Mr. Bevins *diktats* not only place hypocrisy on new levels of grandeur but within the hard facts of the unfolding Balkan renaissance they call for civil war. Think of it. Sofia's Fatherland Front, consisting of the four major anti-fascist parties, was compelled to call off its election out of an obvious desire to prevent a split in Allied ranks. The election itself, had not London and Washington intervened to stop it, would have been the first in which the enemies of fascism were given the opportunity to cleanse the country of the semi-feudalism that has tortured its existence for decades on end. Bulgaria is making its liberation mean something; it is distributing land; it is making short shrift of the war criminals; it is revising its social structure to conform with a more modern and fruitful way of life; it is in essence, at long last, becoming an independent nation free of the blight of foreign control and of a jackbooted inner bureaucracy. Jefferson would have welcomed this trend of affairs, but Mr. Byrnes does not because Bulgarian election procedure differs from that of Mr. Byrnes' poll-tax state of South Carolina.

Mr. Bevin says "me too." And in his nodding his head in unison with Mr. Byrnes we witness the entrancing example of the Social Democrat performing with elan and pleasure alongside the conservative southern Democrat. At the heart of Mr. Bevin's Churchillian grievance against the Bulgars—and the Rumanians and Hungarians as well—is that they have not followed a "competitive" election procedure, that is, competitive for the fascists as well as for the democrats. In Bevin's estimation this is "totalitarianism"—or what Mr. Attlee would call, aping Churchill, "police rule." The Social Democrats in the Labor hierarchy, not unlike the French bourbons, seem never to learn. If anti-fascist parties unite in a common front—as they should have in Germany to stop Hitler—it is nothing short of scandalous. It is better in the Bevin outlook that there be dozens of opposing groups than for the people's parties to unite in one formation. It is better that there be a protracted political struggle among those who have essentially broad common aims than to construct a wall of unity against the host of internal enemies who desire nothing more than the chance to infiltrate and engulf the competitors.

The new and enormously significant phenomenon in a large part of Europe is that there is a drive for united political action such as Bulgaria's Fatherland Front represents. And it is, of course, the summit of hypocrisy for Bevin to excoriate Bulgaria while British policy in India remains what it is, while British bayonets in alliance with the royalists and fascists pin down the Greek electorate. It is strange that Bevin will not use British diplomatic and economic power to bring an end to Franco fascism, yet in countries that are rapidly eliminating their own Franco counterparts, Bevin wields the big stick of withholding diplomatic recognition. And it is strange, too, that Mr. Byrnes addresses the Bulgars with such conviction when in Chungking, which his ambassador pats on the head six times daily, there hasn't been an election or the semblance of democratic procedure in years.

No, there is much more to this sudden Byrnes-Bevin zeal over the way the Bulgarians vote. For years now the Balkans have been the center of imperialist power politics. But the times have changed. The war years have taught Yugoslavs and Hungarians, Rumanians and Bulgars, Albanians and Greeks that they can no longer tolerate imperialist intervention that has cost them so much in life and treasure. They have learned and are still learning that their salvation lies not in power blocs but in friendship with all the Allies on terms of equality; not in the landlords who were nothing but real estate agents for interests abroad; not in a backward agrarian economy but in rapid industrialization. This is the new stage of historical development in the Balkans, and those who oppose it, no matter the camouflage, are introducing all the travail of civil war.

If Mr. Bevin insists on echoing Mr. Byrnes, he will gain nothing from it in the long run. It is foolish even for a Labor minister to believe that he can play the imperialist game with any greater success than the artful Mr. Eden or Mr. Churchill. British Labor leadership lies not in mimicking the missionaries of American monopoly, for in no time it will find that every ounce of advantage will cost a pound of flesh. Mr. Bevin had best concentrate on the meaning of the vote which brought him and his colleagues into power and the risk that world labor runs if, under the blandishments of the Tories, he follows the path of Ramsay MacDonald. When Anthony Eden can without reservation praise Mr. Bevin's speech on foreign policy, then the younger and more far-seeing Labor MP's and the rank and file had better take it as a warning that not even their domestic program with all its promises can survive reactionary conduct of Britain's foreign affairs.

Toward Mr. Byrnes there must be an unending tide of pressure to stop repetition of the Bulgarian fiasco at which he displayed such a deft hand. He must know that others know that while he addresses Bulgaria he is also providing tinder for anti-Soviet fires. Even the none too perceptive columnist Lowell Mellett, one of President Roosevelt's former secretaries, could see (New York *Post*, August 23) that Mr. Byrnes' note to Bulgaria "was intended for Moscow as much as for Sofia." A policy of intervention to prevent the eradication of fascism violates not only the sovereign right of peoples to create their own democratic institutions but it plants the seed of conflict, in the beginning the quiet almost invisible kind, that finally breaks out into the explosion of war. If Mr. Byrnes does not know that yet, then he must be told in no uncertain terms. Let the thunder of protest roar.

# FOR WORLD WAR III?

# NM SPOTLIGHT

## Cutbacks for Negroes

As THE swelling tide of jobless men and women flows out of the factories, what about the Negro worker? During the war Negroes made considerable gains that held the promise of overcoming their submerged position in American economic and political life. The efforts of organized labor and the Negro people themselves, together with the aid given by the Roosevelt administration through the Fair Employment Practice Committee, broke down many of the Jim Crow barriers in employment.

The closing days of the war found 1,500,000 Negroes working in war industries, many employed at jobs requiring special skills and at wage rates that had been previously denied them.

Negroes, who were in most cases the last to be hired, are today, with the sharp curtailment of production, the first to be laid off. Unless special measures are taken, they will also be the last to be rehired after reconversion and will also be downgraded and have their pay cut in greater proportion than whites. This threatened loss of the gains achieved during the war menaces all of us. Karl Marx's wise observation during our Civil War to the effect that labor in a white skin can never be free so long as labor in a black skin is in chains holds good with equal force today.

The struggle against discriminatory treatment of Negroes during the critical reconversion period is therefore a law of self-preservation for the entire labor movement. We believe action is required along three lines:

1. Passage by Congress of the bill for a permanent FEPC, as well as of such measures as the Pepper sixty-five-cent-an-hour minimum wage bill and the anti-poll tax bill.

2. Special efforts by unions to prevent discriminatory firing, rehiring and downgrading. This ought to include modification of seniority rules wherever necessary.

3. Cooperation between unions and Negro organizations, as well as other public-spirited groups, locally and on a state and national scale in order to enlist the broadest participation in the fight against making the Negro the main victim of the reconversion crisis.

## The Vet Wants a Job

IN THE course of the next twelve months some 7,000,000 veterans who saved the nation and the world from disaster will return home. Their assignment to banish fascist military power from the earth has been carried out with honor. But the home-front assignment to create a peacetime full employment economy is still to be fulfilled. In fact, in the next months the returning veterans will find from five to ten million unemployed—some of them ex-servicemen—seeking jobs. And if big business has its way, there will continue to be many unemployed in the years to come.

Much has been written about adjusting the veterans to civilian life. But as a letter from an ex-serviceman in our "Readers' Forum" points out, the core of the veteran's problem is economic. Will he have a job? And will that job, if he has it, provide him and his family with a decent livelihood? The fundamental way to guarantee employment to veterans is of course to guarantee it to all Americans able and willing to work. Specific immediate measures, however, are required. For one thing, the administration should take whatever action is necessary to remove the doubts created by Selective Service Director Hershey's statement that when Congress officially terminates hostilities, veterans will lose the guarantee of their right to their former jobs embodied in the Selective Service Act.

Some form of adequate demobilization pay is also essential. R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers-CIO, has proposed demobilization pay ranging from $1,000 to $2,500, depending on length and character of service. In last week's NEW MASSES Robert Raven, a veteran of the Spanish war, advocated a soldier-civilian differential plan, based on the difference between the serviceman's pay and what he would have earned in his occupation as a civilian. The author of the letter in our "Readers' Forum" this week suggests fifty dollars to sixty dollars a week for twelve to fifteen months after discharge.

Reactionaries like Representative Rankin are seeking to deflect the veterans' quest for jobs by creating friction with organized labor, as they did after the last war. They are proposing super-seniority, whereby veterans would get new jobs now held by other workers. The trade unions, especially those of the CIO, at the very beginning of the war wisely included in their agreements with employers full protection of the seniority rights of their members in the armed forces. They are, however, opposed to the demagogic demand for super-seniority, which would place on the workers, rather than the employers and the government, the responsibility of providing new employment for those ex-servicemen who do not have old jobs to return to. The labor and progressive forces in our country need to champion far more vigorously than in the past the just demands of the veterans if a dangerous schism between those who built the guns and those who used them is to be avoided.

## That Free Speech

**HOW about some free speech in the USA? How about a note to our own War Department on its cancellation of a broadcast on job discrimination as it affects returning Negro veterans? The script is the property of the War Department, thus killing all other possibilities of its presentation. It was written as part of the popular "Assignment Home" series, the first of which won the Peabody Award, highest honor in radio. How about it, Mr. Stimson?**

## U. S.: Pennypincher?

IT IS worse than stupid for the administration to discontinue lend-lease at the very moment when we need our factories running full blast. As part of an adequate reconversion program, pro-

duction for countries abroad badly in need of our assistance would have been of immense aid here. Now these countries will be forced to punch another hole in their belts while thousands of American workers filling lend-lease contracts are tossed out to hunt for jobs. This is but another example of how an ill-considered move in the foreign sphere has its serious repercussions at home. The British Labor government, hardest hit by the termination of lend-lease, will have to do some fast thinking over the "reward" doled out to it for collaborating with Secretary of State Byrnes' ultimatum to Bulgaria. Their "reward" is to come hat in hand to American bankers for the credits and loans Britain must have to keep her domestic economy going. They can hardly get what they need from the Export-Import Bank with its severely limited capitalization.

In its broadest implications, ending lend-lease operations represents a big squeeze by American business to bring the British competitor to its knees in the impending struggle for markets. London is being told that unless it opens its empire to the American commercial traveler, it will be pushed against the wall. None of this empire preference stuff; none of this nationalization of industry; none of this sterling bloc business because if you persist in this kind of foreign trade, dear British brethren, we shall put the screws on you. Small wonder then that Churchill practically swallowed his cigar when the President announced that lend-lease was finished. So the grand rivalry plunges ahead again on all cylinders and in the process the United States is making more enemies than friends abroad.

## America's Colony

PRESIDENT TRUMAN's opinion, as expressed to the press last week by Gov. Rexford Guy Tugwell, that the war record of the Puerto Rican people should now be rewarded by giving them the opportunity to decide their relations with the United States, deserves applause. Self-determination for our Caribbean colony is long overdue. That right should be granted immediately and under the most favorable circumstances possible.

However, the trouble with the President's position, judging from the clear implications of Tugwell's remarks, is that a plebiscite is proposed under the most unfavorable possible circumstances. The Tydings-Pinero Bill (S1002), which has been examined by the Council for Pan-American Democracy, is

## Dewey's Devious Game

ONCE again the American political scene is dominated by the struggle between the Roosevelt and Hooverite policies in handling unemployment. On the one hand are those who side with the late FDR in emphasizing government responsibility for securing the economic well-being of its citizens. On the other are those who in the name of "free enterprise" insist that government secure only the profits of big business.

Inevitably, the issue is projected into the municipal elections taking place throughout the nation; first, because these elections are themselves preliminary rounds for the 1946 congressional and state balloting; and second, because the cities have an important role to play in reconversion, particularly as regards public works.

The election campaign in New York City is a case in point. In the main, the Roosevelt forces in that campaign are behind Gen. William O'Dwyer, Democratic-American Labor Party-Veterans Party nominee. Without attempting at this time to evaluate O'Dwyer's strengths and weaknesses, it can be said that he is an exponent of the late President's philosophy and, as such, is backed by all sections of the labor movement, with the single exception of the reactionary Dubinskyite Social Democratic machine. He has taken a stand for the Murray Full Employment bill and has demanded that Governor Dewey call a special legislative session to give more aid to the veterans and to provide additional funds for public works.

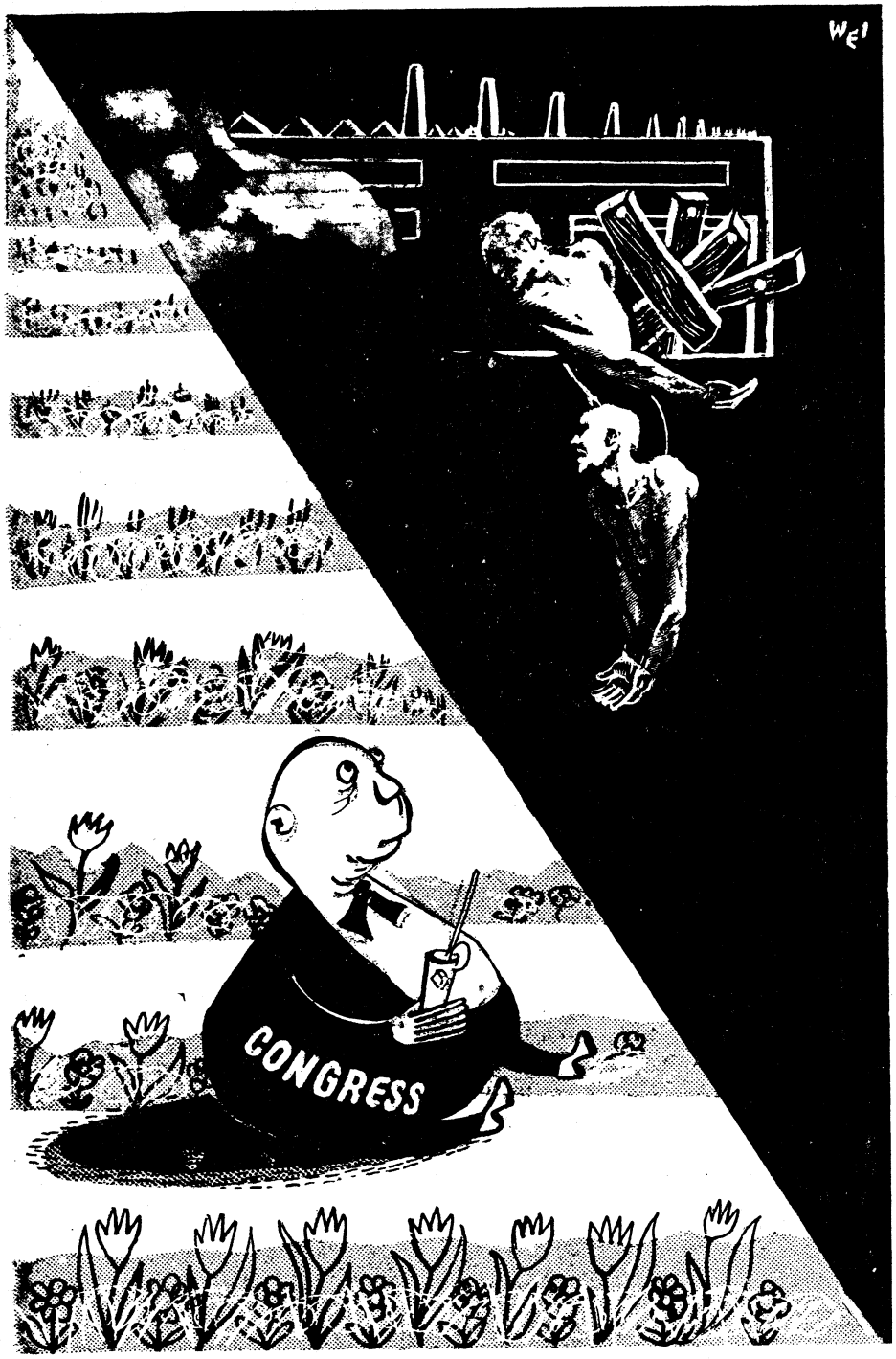
O'Dwyer's election would strengthen the labor-democratic forces in the state and would best assure that the city would go ahead with the gigantic public works program outlined by Mayor LaGuardia—a plan that not only would supply jobs but would also greatly advance the city's social welfare facilities. This would be particularly true if O'Dwyer received a large share of his vote on the ALP ticket.

O'Dwyer's major opponent, Judge Jonah Goldstein, a Tammany Democrat, was handpicked by Governor Dewey in an effort to overcome the hostile attitude toward him among the progressive Jewish population engendered by the unsavory character of the Dewey campaign last year. Besides being the GOP nominee, Goldstein is also the candidate of Dubinsky's Liberal Party. Irrespective of Goldstein's own promises, he represents the reactionary GOP-Liberal Party coalition in state politics and his candidacy is designed to strengthen it for 1946.

Dewey's attitude toward the central issue of the day, reconversion, was recently expressed in the report of his Secretary of Commerce, M. P. Catherwood. It was unadorned "prosperity-around-the-corner" propaganda with an insistence upon "private enterprise" as the sole means of achieving that "prosperity."

Mayor LaGuardia, for his own political reasons, has projected a third ticket into the field, a "No Deal" ticket headed by City Council President Newbold Morris, a Republican. In the main the backers of this ticket are liberal and other anti-Dewey Republicans, as well as nonpartisan "good government" elements, who are chiefly interested in "economy." A middle-class ticket, divorced from labor and backed by many who are quite conservative in their thinking, it can scarcely be depended upon to reflect progressive influences with any degree of consistency. Besides, no one seriously believes it can win.

New York voters can best advance the cause of progress in the city, state and nation this November by voting for the O'Dwyer ticket on the American Labor Party line, by reelecting the two Communist Councilmen, Benjamin J. Davis, Jr., and Peter V. Cacchione, and by supporting the ALP candidates for the City Council.




**"Brother, can you spare some time?"**

fraudulent. It provides three alternatives on which the Puerto Ricans are to vote, and not one of them constitutes genuine independence. One of the alternatives is statehood, a second dominion status, and the third goes under the name of independence. The Council says of the latter:

" 'Independence,' as defined in the bill, is a mockery of real independence. It gives the United States permanent monopoly over Puerto Rican trade and economy. It commits Puerto Rico to a perpetual military alliance with the United States, under which its soldiers would be obliged to fight in any future war in which the United States might be engaged, even if such a war were, from Puerto Rico's point of view, unjust."

The Puerto Rican Pro-Independence Congress, which is leading the struggle for freedom in the island, has condemned the Tydings-Pinero bill. The only real solution of the Puerto Rican problem is to grant its people genuine independence, providing at the same time the economic guarantees required by all small nations if independence is to have any real meaning.

## Here and There

LEGAL realization of the United Nations was brought closer by the unanimous parliamentary approval of the San Francisco Charter by Great Britain, the last of the "Big Five" to ratify. The United Nations will assume official existence with ratification by the majority of the remaining signatory nations.

• Bilbo's reelection campaign redeclares the Civil War. Its planks include a fight against FEPC, anti-poll tax measures "and other 'anti' legislation introduced by the Yankees."

• Down in South Africa his brother white supremacist, Oscar Pirow, leader of the fascist New Order Party, redeclares the German war against the Soviet Union and regrets that the Western powers don't seem to be likely to join.

• Bilbo's and Pirow's Argentine brethren appear to be uneasy, too. A "liberal," Armando G. Antille, has been given a post in the Peron cabinet in an obvious maneuver to stabilize that reeling regime.

• Reconversion at the expense of working mothers is part of the program of the richest state of the world's richest nation. The New York State government is disbanding its far from adequate wartime nursery network.

• Yugoslav democracy is imitating Soviet democracy in one respect—the liquidation of illiteracy. It has initiated an extensive system of adult education and eliminated all fees and charges which previously restricted mass education.

• Dr. Irving Langmuir, one of a group of American scientists who recently attended a scientific congress at Moscow, predicts that the United States and the Soviet Union will jointly lead the world in scientific progress and calls for American-Soviet cooperation toward that end.

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### OBVIOUSLY UNEMPLOYABLE

**"Younger men and women, who had newspaper training under the Germans until they were discovered to be anti-Nazi, are as much of a problem as the older people. Owing to their training they have no sense of objectivity whatever in their reporting. Their stories invariably are 'angled' on anti-Nazi lines."**

**—Charles E. Egan in The New York "Times."**

# READERS' FORUM

## It's Labor's Veteran Problem, Too

TO NEW MASSES: I am a veteran of this war, twice wounded in action, returned to the States on account of physical disability. Before I entered military service I was an active trade unionist. For these reasons I feel that I have a right to comment on your article in the July 14 issue by Saul Wellman entitled "The GI Comes Home." After reading the article I was again impressed with the fact that apparently there has been no serious thinking in the progressive movement regarding veterans' problems. Wellman as usual paints a not unpleasant picture, but he glosses over, omits or fails to emphasize the most important questions.

The pressing problems of the veteran are not psychological ones as the capitalist press would have one believe but are economic—the problem of getting reestablished in civilian life or of just getting established, in the case of the veteran who went into the armed forces directly from school. What is involved? Principally, deciding upon the kind of employment desired, finding a job and getting it. Included too are other major items such as reestablishing the home, acquiring skills, tools and equipment in a hurry, getting new clothes, etc.

To meet these problems what does the veteran need most? Obviously economic security. Obviously capitalist society will not guarantee economic security to 14,000,000 of its masses even though they are veterans of a patriotic war. But progressives ought to raise the necessary demands. Our nation is rich enough to be able to give the guarantee and the progressive movement ought to demand that veterans be enabled to reestablish themselves. The demands must be loud and for specific measures. Up to now there has been much gilded glitter and glad-handed welcome, but the ex-soldier just discharged still is bewildered and without aid except on how to fill out forms and comply with red tape.

What specific measures will most help the veteran? First, a measure to provide a temporary cushion of security: mustering-out pay of $50 to $60 per week for twelve or fifteen months after discharge, with an initial lump sum large enough to buy civilian clothes and to cover other extraordinary expenses the new veteran faces. The capitalists say this will encourage idlers and waste but they say the same of all measures for security for the people. The other benefits of the GI Bill must be liberalized so that they become possibilities instead of material for newspaper stories that rarely happen.

The attitude of organized labor toward veterans must change. So far the labor movement has seemed to consider that the soldier becomes a worker only when he puts on his working clothes, and that no action is required. All the burden is placed on the veteran and little consideration is given his problems. Yet the new veteran has many obstacles to overcome. His old skills are rusty. He has had no recent work experience. He has little knowledge of fields of employment. His home probably has been broken up. He meets a labor movement which regards him not as one of its own but as a rival for a job. The labor movement seems to fear the veteran; seems to fear the unpredictable political tendencies of the veteran.

But the veterans will constitute a sizable proportion of the working class and they can be organized for progress only if the labor movement ceases to fear them, ceases to regard them as rivals and takes them into the ranks of the unions and fights for their veterans' rights.

"Veterans' benefits" or "preference" are unfortunate terms. Veterans do not want grants and favors which will make of them a favored group. Veterans are not entitled to be raised above the level of the rest of the people. They do not desire to be. Veterans are entitled to be raised *up* to the level of others. Progressives seem hesitant in demanding that veterans get a fair break. Progressives have told me that veterans should not receive substantial mustering out pay because (echoing the capitalists) idleness would be encouraged. Progressives have told me that other workers would resent any substantial special considerations for veterans. Bosh. The whole people desire that veterans not be penalized economically on account of their military service. Only in implementing this desire of the people and the rights of veterans can veterans be integrated into the labor movement and be a force for progress. So far the only national policy of action in the labor movement on veterans' problems has been against the interests of the returned veteran who held a permanent job.

Let us have loud, unified progressive demands for adequate mustering out pay, liberalized education and loan provisions, including vocational training. Let us have an end to the organized workers' fear of having ex-soldiers at their sides. Let the labor movement welcome veterans with real help in finding jobs and not merely by setting up committees to advise on the GI Bill. Let there now be, if necessary, some self-sacrifice on the part of the "home front soldier." Only when all these are accomplished can all work together toward the goals of labor and the progressive movement.

Study the policies of the Soviet Union with regard to veterans.

A SOLDIER.

San Francisco.

## Why Only Five Million?

TO NEW MASSES: Over here we are saying "Three Down and One to Go!" We have defeated the three Axis powers—now as soon as we defeat the War Department we'll be able to go home! All kidding aside, this is a very serious problem. The War Department will do a lot of talking but will bog down when it comes to getting the men home. The War Department "public relations staff" (read propaganda staff) has been built into a large and efficient organization. It will flood all channels with innumerable "reasons" why the Army can't release men faster, why more men are needed here, there, and everywhere.

Present War Department pronouncements state they plan to release 5,000,000 men "within a year." That sounds very impressive, but it really isn't. There are 8,000,000 in the Army now. That raises the question of the remaining 3,000,000. How long do they expect to keep them in? And whatinell are they going to do with so many men a year from now? Then, why should it be 5,000,000 men "within a year"? Why not within six months? Or three months? Administratively the job can be done—by cutting some of the Army red tape. I've been in Army personnel work for over two years, so I know whereof I speak. Shipping presents no real problem. There are thousands and thousands of sea-going landing craft that can be pressed into service; they were good enough to carry the troops to enemy beaches and they should be good enough to take them home.

Building an organization the size of this Army created a lot of vested interests that never existed before. These interests must have a large Army to survive. This group will strive *actively* by all possible means to keep the Army as large as possible for as long as possible. It has been said many a time that the American GI was fighting to go home. Well, this is the pay-off! Getting screwed around on this issue will cause more resentment than anything else possibly could.

You'll have to pardon my long harangue on discharges. But that, after all, is *the* most important thing in life to us right now. Too, I think it is a very important political problem. This "semi"-professional military clique must be smashed and smashed quickly. If they are allowed to entrench themselves in a large peacetime Army they will have a great political effect on the future of the US. I think, too, there is another reason they will hold people in the Army as long as possible. By so doing they can create more sentiment in favor of postwar conscription—an issue on which its proponents practically conceded

defeat a few weeks ago. At present they estimate they need 400,000 men to occupy Germany and twice that number for Japan—figures that seem ridiculously large to me.

Woe betide any politician or group that states or even intimates that the GI's should be kept in the Army longer for "economic" reasons—to lessen the number of unemployed or any such thing. It will be political suicide and this is as it should be. We haven't been in the Army so that we can now be held in "till conditions get better" or anything of the sort. We want out, and quickly!

If Congress doesn't get on the ball to speed up the present Army program I'll expect you to get after them. Incidentally, I think that any political group that takes up this issue will make a lot of friends.

G.I.

Germany.

## David McKelvy White

TO NEW MASSES: "Dave is dead."

The words came over the phone, entered my ears but somehow failed to impress themselves on my brain. The thought of Dave White being dead was too fantastic. We'd ridden down from Peekskill the night before, chatting all the way. At Grand Central my wife and I walked him to the shuttle and waved a cheery goodby. "See you Friday," he'd said as he walked toward the turnstile. He carried a light suitcase in one hand and it seemed to bend his shoulders forward more than usual. We turned and went out into the street.

Now a voice was telling us David McKelvy White had died less than twenty-four hours later. Somehow we just felt it couldn't be. There are others who knew Dave longer and better than I. The boys who fought alongside him in Spain, those who worked with him in the Communist Party. I knew him only as a friend, for but a few months, and I can speak of him only as I knew him. His deeds speak for how he lived; they need no explanations.

David was a rare individual, though he would be the first to deny it. Perhaps that was his most outstanding characteristic, modesty. In many conversations about the recent historic events, he never spoke of his own part in helping to bring them about. He was an indefatigable worker, often working through the night on an article or answering his voluminous correspondence from vets in every part of the globe. The day before his death he spent the entire afternoon indoors answering mail, while the rest of us swam in the pool or sun-bathed. One of his few relaxations was to sit at the piano and play anything from Stephen Foster to Scriabin. Although a sensitive pianist, David waved away any compliments. He insisted his playing was just his way of resting and wasn't intended to be taken seriously.

David was a frequent contributor to NEW MASSES and part of that last train ride was spent reading and discussing several of the articles in a recent issue.

There are many things I intended to say about him, but somehow the words won't come.

"Dave is dead." Salud, companero.

GILBERT LAURENCE.

New York.

## Wanted: A Theater

TO NEW MASSES: The subject matter of Sala Staw's letter (NM, August 7) was of very great interest inasmuch as I thought that actors were a thing of the past. Here is a town of around 15,000 and even the *mention* of the theater is unknown. Three movies—and the announcements give only the scantiest of information of why one should waste the time going: the names of some actors and a title that says "nothin"—take it or leave it. Usually, after, I have the feeling that I should have left it. I have a list of plays which I would go to see; but they don't come—when they do come I have often failed to read the daily paper and missed them. I hope to live to see the theater back. Few indeed are the "plays" that have left me as cold as does the cinema.

DON D. STURGIS.

Annapolis, Md.

## Action Note

TO NEW MASSES: In your Aug. 7, 1945 issue, I noticed an article by Rev. William H. Melish, about what is happening to our natural beautiful waters of Lake George.

Now, I am a member of a hiking club of Philadelphia which uses this ground and also contributes financially to the New York Reforestation Committee to support this beautiful site. Maybe I can be of some help through this hiking club. Will you please send me the Rev. William H. Melish's address?

MRS. MAE KERR.

Garrett Hill, Pa.

## Author and the Elephant

TO NEW MASSES: When an elephant stands still it moves. It oscillates toward the rear. This pachydermal phenomenon, well known to students of human as well as animal life, was brought home to me by personal observation at the Cirque D'Hiver, the Paris circus, in the early thirties.

A Spanish novelist, popular for his sawdust stories, made a speech from the top of an elephant. It was a gala evening in his honor. During the first half of the performance, the dark-haired, well-rounded author was manipulating a giant fountain pen in a ringside seat. He was autographing copies of his latest book, which obliging ushers hawked in the aisles while acrobats, trapezists, clowns, trained horses and lions did their stunts. At the intermission, he disappeared. A few minutes later he swayed into the ring, wavering some fifteen feet high, on a huge elephant. An attendant patiently prodded the beast and its burden forward. In his right hand, the novelist clutched what might have been the manuscript of a many-paged novel. His left hand was living a life of its own, groping with some intensity for a grip on the hide. It was one of those cocktail ideas of the thirties, of how an author should mix with the masses, come to life on top of an elephant.

Arrived at center stage, the elephant stopped, and the guest of honor began to read in a rapid monotone, barely distinguishable, a long speech from notes in his right hand. Meanwhile, his left hand kept on working up and down the hide for a solid hold. Unable to manipulate the notes with the hand that held them, unwilling to give up scratching for a grip with the other, our author, as he finished a page, got rid of it by a careless flip, allowing it to flutter to the sawdust like an expended white bird.

That was how I noticed that the elephant, which appeared to be standing still, was actually in motion. An irregular pattern of discarded white pages began to form around the circumference which the elephant's heaving haunches covered. The speech, being what it was, allowed me to concentrate on the elephant's hindquarters. Yes, it was obvious. This huge hide which was not moving if you watched the speaker, was actually swaying gently in the rear like a tree in a still but not motionless night.

When anyone speaks of eternity, the author and the elephant are clearly outlined in my mind. I seem still to be witnessing the eternal length of that speech, with the white pages fluttering down, and the elephant standing still, and in motion, backward. This memory has been growing sharper the past months during the discussion of the dissolution of the Communist Party.

Personally, I have been bothered for years about the relationship between our organization and other natural phenomena—stars, elephants, people—all the infinite variety of animate and inanimate life that is subject to the second law of thermodynamics. It seemed that nothing in the universe stood still, except our organizational strength. Now we are beginning to realize that we didn't stand still, either. While we moved back and forth within a narrow numerical range, and did many noble things, mind you, we now face the scientific fact that when you do not move forward you move backward. We have many differences from an elephant, and I don't pretend to know myself the moral of this story, yet. I do know that when we disintegrate we do it the way stars do, giving off matchless energy.

We now approach the basic elements of our decision. Perhaps like other elemental things that grow out of human and inhuman need, we will build around the iron core of our tradition, shake off the circus speakers who move backward as they stand still, calculate our strength, even if pared down to bedrock, by the millions with whom we are actually in motion, and give up trying to be a shapeless putty, poked by every finger of every capitalist nightmare.

WALTER LOWENFELS.

Philadelphia.

# RUSSIAN LITERATURE II

**By TAMARA MOTYLEVA**

(*This is the second of two articles.*)

SOME European historians of literature include Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky and Gorky among the naturalists. But such a view rests upon a confused perception of Western critics who are inclined to label as naturalistic all types of writing that are free from artificiality and conventionality and close to everyday life. It is true that Russian writers did anticipate the development of realism in Western literature. In *The Tales of Belkin, The Official's Coat* and *Dead Souls* there are already elements that present a new development in European literature, not only in respect to subject matter but also in respect to artistic treatment. These elements found further development in the works of the "natural school," which firmly established itself with the publication of Goncharov's *A Common Story* and the first part of Turgenev's *A Sportsman's Sketches* (1847) some ten years before the appearance of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*.

European critics have frequently commented on the consistent realism displayed in the esthetic views and in the writing of great Russian authors. Maupassant wrote of Turgenev that "he had the most progressive views on literature, rejecting obsolete forms of the novel with their combination of drama and erudition and demanding that novels reproduce 'life' and nothing but life, without any intrigues and tangled adventures." It must be remembered what a sharp struggle was waged in nineteenth-century French literature. Maupassant denounced all false pathos and all survivals of romanticism. Knowing this, we can appreciate his praise of Turgenev, his elder contemporary in whom he recognized a comrade-in-arms in the struggle against "obsolete" literary forms.

Everything that can be considered as exerting a positive influence on the development of European literature after Balzac: the broadening of its subject matter and its democratization; frankness in depicting the negative aspects of life; the enriching of its means of portraying life; great flexibility in its esthetic use of everyday details; the resolute determination to introduce the colloquial into literature; all this was in harmony with the character of Russian realism and made its appearance quite independent of European literature (in some cases, even earlier than in the latter). But in Europe all the achievements just enumerated were accompanied by tendencies diminishing the intellectual content of literature and leading to a passive reproduction of life. In Russian literature they were linked with the active development of realism.

For the first time European literature voiced its sentiments on the eyesores of bourgeois life. But even in Zola's works —and still more in those of his followers—this tendency led to a coarsening of art, to its involuntary submission to a social reality which it could not accept.

Russian realism never shrank from depicting the gloomy aspects of reality, as may be evidenced by citing such works as Uspensky's *Morals of Rasteryaeva Ulitsa*, Ostrovsky's *The Storm*, Tolstoy's *Resurrection* and Gorky's *The Lower Depths*. In Czarist Russia there was brutality and terror enough in life to ensure this. The specific nature of Russian life with its monstrous, barbaric oppression on the one hand and powerful, constantly increasing popular protest against this oppression on the other, prompted writers to frankness in exposing social evils. This frankness differed in principle, however, from the frankness of European naturalism. In rising up against social evils, Russian writers could rely in one way or another on the support of the people. In Europe the ties that bound even such a sincere democrat as Zola with the masses were highly unreliable and problematic. It was quite natural that in comparison with European naturalism Russian realism could better maintain a distance between art itself and the repulsive reality which it depicted. It made the prosaicness of ordinary life fit subject matter for art and did this with utter fearlessness, never allowing itself to descend to the level of this prosaicness.

In speaking of the people in Turgenev's novels, the French novelist and critic Paul Bourget says: "Yes, these are precisely the characters which are demanded by the novel of observation [i.e., the modern realistic novel—T. M.]—people without any striking traits—ordinary, common individuals. . . . And yet not a single one of them leaves an impression of absolute failure in life as in Flaubert's *l'Education Sentimentale*. Even when they meet with reverses in everything they undertake, they still retain an untapped source of inner strength. . . . All of Turgenev's characters succeed in preserving this inner poetry. In the final reckoning, we realize that they have lived their own lives and not lives prescribed for them from without. This keeps them from reaching the depths of hopelessness reached by Frederick Morot or Delaurier." Bourget explains this aspect of Turgenev's characters by the fact that their creator "was never an advocate of pure art," never experienced the esthete's "terror in the face of reality," was always bound with close ties "to the heart of this whole people."

THE existence in the Russian people of forces actively opposing oppression, the vital contact between these forces and Russian writers, enabled Russian realism to perceive and depict "rays of light in the kingdom of darkness"—glimpses of the future discernible in the present. Even when a hero in Russian literature opposes the brutality of the existing system passively and not actively, simply by the trend of his thoughts and feelings, when his protest is a vague and only partly conscious one—even then in many cases this hero taken from real life lends Russian literature a special poetic strength.

In depicting everyday life from the "neutrality" of a naturalistic point of view, European writers (beginning with Flaubert) often came to pessimistic conclusions or led their readers to them. They created a feeling of hopelessness and utter frustration. The leading exponents of Russian literature were all characterized by an interest in the future and in the opportunities that lay

before man. It is worth while citing, in this connection, Thomas Mann's remarks on Gogol:

"The depths of bitterness and pain whence the humor of *Dead Souls* stems are truly immeasurable. But the remarkable thing is that the author's devotion to his people is reflected in this book not only in despairing humor and satire. It emerges at times as something positive, arising from the inner recesses of the soul—as love. Yes, love for mother Russia, a love that is full of faith, is heard time and again in this book like a solemn hymn. It is this love which underlies the bitterness and the pain. At the moments when it breaks through we feel that it justifies and even clarifies the most pointed and brutal satire." Thomas Mann is aware that the existence of a positive factor in Russian satire rests upon deep objective foundations: "Unfortunate Russia? Fortunate, fortunate Russia—because with all her poverty and hopelessness she was inwardly aware that she was beautiful and worthy to be loved. . . ."

The Swiss critic Mathieu has the following to say of classical Russian literature: "Russian realism, beside which the realism of European literature seems pale, serves the loftiest of ideals. . . . No other literature has exposed the seamy sides of life with such ruthlessness and such force: in no other literature is there such a powerful expression of the will and determination to cleanse life of this filth."

Thus different, foreign critics and writers almost unanimously voice their convictions that Russian realism, despite its trenchant indictments, is not only a critical realism but in its very implications is based on something affirmative.

All this brings us back to our thesis that close ties bind classical Russian realism with the socialist realism of Gorky.

Both Gorky's ruthless veracity in disclosing the horrors of social contradictions and his inspired, radiant vision of Man with a capital M, of the final triumph of "joyous, human life"—all of this, though perhaps only in the form of separate elements, was to be found in classical Russian realism. Those characteristics of Russian literature which most strongly impress European readers have been most completely expressed in Gorky's writings, in socialist realism.

THE foreign reader of the second half of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century was not always able to explain correctly the true historical and social purport of Russian literature. The books of Russian writers, with their vast gallery of character portraits, did, however, greatly influence the foreign reader. They sharpened his critical faculty, confronted him with vital problems and inspired doubt in the accepted foundations of philistine morals. Russian literature therefore played an objectively progressive role in Europe. It strengthened the feeling of protest and the desire for a renewal of life that lay latent in European readers without their being aware of it. At the same time it gave added power to the protest and desire for renewal expressed in European literature. It infected foreign writers with its humanistic pathos and simultaneously helped find artistic means of expressing this pathos. Not a single writer in the world in this period could get along without the experience of Russian literature if he wished to write on a subject of vital social moment or to probe deeply into a character's inner world.

The first Russian writer to gain fame abroad and, more than that, to exert influence over the artistic development of European writers, was Turgenev. When George Sand wrote him: "Teacher, we must all study in your school," she paid sincere tribute to the international significance of his work. Among the French writers of his generation—the circle formed by Merimee, Flaubert, Goncourt, Daudet and Zola —Turgenev was accepted as an authority to whom they read their manuscripts, whose advice they sought and whose opinions were seriously reckoned with. Turgenev exerted a marked influence on the development of the young Maupassant: the Russian writer's example strengthened Maupassant's attention to and sympathy for the lower classes. French critics agree that Turgenev turned Maupassant away from the doctrine of "pure art."

Turgenev's influence was also felt by his German contemporaries (Auerbach, for instance), but its effects were circumscribed by the fact that German literature was going through a period of protracted stagnation during the second half of the nineteenth century. On the other hand, Turgenev's novels offered the young Scandinavian literature a vital stimulus towards realistic, ethically-minded work. K. Tiander, an investigator of Scandinavian literature, had every reason to assume that the character of Elene from Turgenev's novel *On the Eve,* which drew the attention of Danish and Norwegian writers to the problem of the emancipation of women, indirectly influenced Ibsen in creating his *A Doll's House.*

Dostoyevsky's work also attracted much attention in Europe. Foreign criticism of him is almost more voluminous than Russian. Contradictory tendencies may be observed in Europe's reaction to Dostoyevsky. The more thoughtful of the foreign critics could not but see that the alarming and painful searchings of his heroes were dangerously rebellious, while being at the same time highly humanistic. It is that which J. Middleton Murry had in mind when he asserted that Dostoyevsky was a force exerting immeasurable influence on the thought and spirit of English literature, and that Dostoyevsky's greatest achievement was his courageous depiction of man's spiritual rebellion against a system of life making the suffering of small beings inevitable. It was this same aspect that E. J. Simmons, author of one of the latest American monographs on Dostoyevsky, had in view when he said that Dostoyevsky's main characteristic was his lifelong search for freedom —moral and spiritual; that in the keenness of his dissatisfaction with the world in which he lived Dostoyevsky may have been even more radical than the revolutionaries of his time; that Dostoyevsky's novels were nobler than he himself and would live longer than his religious and social views.

And, indeed, even with many of the best writers connected with the decadence (Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Oscar Wilde) Dostoyevsky's influence was to be observed primarily in their sympathy with the humiliated and the downtrodden, in their humanistic protest against life's cruelties. All twentieth century European masters of the psychological genre—from Charles Louis Philippe to Stefan Zweig and Hemingway—went through the school of this great Russian novelist.

Tolstoy's international significance is no less extensive. His works even more directly than those of Dostoyevsky brought the European reader to a sense of "the falseness of the foundation upon which all modern civilization is built" (Stefan Zweig), to a sense of the impoverishment and fundamental injustice of a social system based on the oppression of man by man.

The powerful impression created by Tolstoy's works on his European contemporaries may be seen from Maupassant's words upon reading *The Death of Ivan Ilyich;* "I see that all my labors were for nothing: that all my many volumes are worthless."

The literary and critical works of Romain Rolland represent an example of Tolstoy's profound influence on the

**Lithograph by Disraeli Masurovsky.**

progressive literature and esthetic thought of Europe. This influence is felt in Rolland's *The People's Theater* and extends throughout all his works. In his old age the great French writer said: "I have continued Tolstoy's severe criticism of the society and art of the privileged."

The well known novelist Marcel Prevost testifies: "Practically no book written by modern French novelists and dramatists would be just what it is if not for Tolstoy." Anatole France said: "As an epic writer, Tolstoy is our common teacher. . . . Tolstoy is a great lesson."

The great English writers of the twentieth century, such as Hardy, Butler, Galsworthy, and especially Bernard Shaw, who raised their voices against the lies and hypocrisy of the defenders of private property, were indisputably influenced by Tolstoy. So were the authors of those epic works of the new European literature portraying the development of human personality in its contact with society (*Buddenbrooks* by Thomas Mann, *Jean Christophe,* by Romain Rolland, *Les Thibaults* by Roger Martin du Gard). So were the authors of books attempting to reproduce realistically the everyday incidents of war. So were, finally, the most outstanding of the modern European historical novels.

The works of Gorky open an absolutely new page in the development of world literature. Important manifestations of realism and nationalism in twentieth-century world literature are linked with his name and his influence. Some of the greatest European writers of our day worked in close friendship and literary intercourse with him. Henri Barbusse, one of his followers and collaborators in the struggle against fascist barbarism, wrote, "In our day Gorky is a torch lighting new paths for the whole world.

Martin Andersen Nexo, another outstanding anti-fascist writer, who has tried to follow Gorky in embodying the struggle of the proletariat, defines his teacher's significance as follows: "Maxim Gorky is more than a remarkable artist—he is the living embodiment of his epoch. Through him millions of people, the whole of oppressed humanity, has acquired a voice, never again to be silenced." Upton Sinclair recalls that in his youth Maxim Gorky's books exerted a tremendous influence on the development of his personality.

Gorky's figure, Gorky's example repeatedly rises before all the writers of our day who are striving to express oppressed mankind's will to liberation. Many writers in Europe remembered and strove to carry out Gorky's behest: "The world wants books that lash the vileness of fascism."

Today the interest of the West in Russian literature has increased: this may be seen not only in the huge British and American editions of *War and Peace,* but also in new editions appearing in foreign languages of the works of Turgenev, Dostoyevsky, Chekhov, Gorky and modern Soviet writers. Russian literature is recognized by progressive people in the West as a force that helps wage the fight against obscurantism and oppression on behalf of the freedom and dignity of man.

## A Koestler of the 1860's

THE SCANDAL, *by Pedro Antonio Alarcon. Translated by Philip H. Riley and Hubert James Tunney. Knopf. $2.50.*

JUST what led the publishers to reissue this old novel? It lacks the prestige of a classic and it was not even a very popular or important book in its time. Writers on Spanish literature agree that it is a minor performance. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, generally conceded to be our best authority, curtly dismisses it, saying of its author, "Like M. Bourget he found 'salvation,' lost much of his art and, in his more elaborate novels (of which *The Scandal* was one), became tedious."

For myself I find this judgment rather on the severe side. Certainly *The Scandal* is a thoroughly unimportant novel. But the author skillful in managing a complicated plot, keeps his readers sufficiently in suspense to exempt him from the accusation of tedium. More-

over, he has considerable eloquence and his psychological insights and his entertaining mixture of romantic attitudes and realistic understanding add liveliness to the story.

This said, all is said. None of these qualities are so applied as to shape out a major work. Rather they cover up a puerility hard to condone in a mind so keen and a talent so expert. And, put together, they come to far too little to justify republication of the book during a paper shortage. Since the explanation is obviously not to be found on literary grounds, we must look elsewhere.

The explanation is to be seen in the resurgence of the same force that gave it birth, the neo-Catholic reaction. In the 1870's in Spain that force was strong. It was marked by the recantation of many famous former "radicals," among them Alarcon. The literary fruit of Alarcon's radicalism had been the delightful *Three Cornered Hat.* This remains his one first-rate book and undisputed classic of Spanish literature. He was never to equal it.

The literary fruit of Alarcon's renegacy was a series of novels dedicated to the glory of the Church and, in particular, of the Jesuit Order. Of these *The Scandal* is, perhaps, the best, though decidedly unworthy of the author of *The Three Cornered Hat.* The Spanish reading public turned away from him in his renegade phase and Alarcon stopped writing to devote himself to politics as a champion of the monarchy and the Church.

Apparently, the neo-Catholic reaction of today, rummaging among its literary properties, has decided on an attempt to revive *The Scandal* for whatever can be realized on Alarcon's prestige and on the book's own propaganda value in a period of disturbance and uncertainty. It may have an appeal to the mentally distressed, for it is a fictionalized promise of spiritual peace and even carnal happiness. Its hero, after renouncing wealth, title and a beautiful woman, has the beautiful woman restored to him by way of an ingenious plot surprise.

What makes the book particularly interesting to us, however, is its anticipations of a pattern that has since become fixed in renegade books. The spiritual identity of a Koestler and an Alarcon is balanced by an identity of method and direction in their books.

Reason is always the ally of progress. Having turned reactionary, reason became the enemy to Alarcon just as it has become the enemy to Koestler. Alarcon attacks it, again and again, playing on its limitations and its defeats just as Koestler plays upon them. For Alarcon the path away from reason leads to "God," who is pictured as a rapturous infinity which it is an ineffable happiness to dive into. The "consciousness" in which Koestler would have us submerge ourselves is the modern renegade version of the same thing.

Still more startling is the similarity in the approach. Both in *Darkness At Noon* and in *Arrival and Departure* the hero is presented in a state of hysteria. In both he is disentangled from his neurotic coils by a confession. *In Darkness at Noon* the confession is in the form of a long prosecutor's examination; in *Arrival and Departure* it is in the form of an outpouring to a psychoanalyst. In *The Scandal* the hero is introduced in a hysterical frenzy and more than half the book is literally a confession—a long confession to a Jesuit priest. The warning should be introduced here that psychoanalysis has been abandoned by Koestler. Being a science and therefore one of the structures of reason, Mr. Koestler has repudiated it. He has turned instead to Yoga for his infinite pool of consciousness.

*The Scandal* is stirring no literary ripples here. If it adds any readers to *The Three Cornered Hat* it may somewhat atone for its publication. As an illustration of the common type and the common futility of renegades from human progress, it may add another something to the atonement.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

## Books on Asia

HOME TO INDIA, *by Santha Rama Rao. Harper. $2.50.*
ASIA FOR ASIATICS? *by Robert S. Ward. University of Chicago Press. $3.*
THE PEOPLES OF MALAYSIA, *by Fay-Cooper Cole. Van Nostrand. $4.*

AT THE age of six Santha Rama Rao was taken to England by her parents. After ten years of schooling abroad she returned to India in 1939, and left for the United States in 1941. In this smoothly written book Miss Rao tells the story of the two years she spent in her native land where she found herself almost a stranger. During these two years she gradually lost her impatience with the traditional customs and manners practiced by her orthodox grandparents, and came to realize that her grandmother, for example, "was as much a stranger to her changing country as I was."

Although Miss Rao developed a general understanding of the social economic and political forces remaking

India, she remained more of an observer than a participant, and her political outlook remained immature. Through family connections she met Nehru, Mme. Naidu and other great leaders; but these personalities fail to come alive in her book, the only exception being her penetrating portrait of the poet Tagore. The young intellectual Indians in her book also remain one dimensional. Miss Rao has done better by the villagers and simple workers and artisans she came in contact with during her travels in India. Despite these shortcomings, *Home to India* is a delightful book, unpretentious and sincere.

ROBERT S. WARD, American consul, was stationed in Hong Kong when the British governor of the Crown Colony surrendered to the Japanese after only eighteen days of resistance. He was held by the Japanese for six months and returned to the United States on the *Gripsholm*. Later he was reassigned to China.

Observing the Japanese conquerors in action in Hong Kong, and checking his observations there against Japanese activities in other conquered territories, Mr. Ward found a definite pattern, which he outlines as follows: "The Japanese enter a newly won territory with four aims: (1) defense; (2) exploitation of the territory for further aggression; (3) assimilation politically and economically into a Pan-Asian system controlled by Japan; and (4) use of the area as a base for further progress in assimilation."

The author of *Asia for Asiatics?* also found that the Japanese were, by shrewd propaganda, laying the foundations for another war in case of present defeat. Playing up the suffering and exploitation of the colonial peoples of Asia at the hands of the European imperialist powers, pretending to support them in their struggle for political freedom, and projecting "the political struggle in Asia beyond the issue of the present war," future bases for conflict were laid. Mr. Ward concludes that "if the political course we follow at the close of the war is such as to bring the peoples of Asia to believe that the Japanese were not deceiving them . . . we shall have walked into the trap, and will have lost a battle of incalculable proportions, even though we have utterly defeated the armies and navies of Japan." Though his presentation is somewhat over-simplified, the author is fundamentally sound in his conclusion that there should be "an international trusteeship for colonial peoples in a form acceptable both to the colonial powers and to those peoples themselves," so that "the nations of Asia that are not now wholly autonomous might come to full independence along a solid path of adequate education and a firm economy."

Charles Nakata

"IN THE postwar period of reconstruction that must follow this conflict," writes the author of *The Peoples of Malaysia*, "decisions will be made that will affect the lives and happiness of millions in the Orient and, perhaps, the peace of the world for generations to come. Decisions based solely on the economic welfare or territorial ambitions of colonizing powers will lead only to other conflicts. It is not enough to have good intentions toward the 80,000,000 inhabitants of this area. A lasting peace must be based on an understanding of the customs, beliefs and ambitions of numerous peoples and tribes that make up the population of the Southeastern Orient—people whose outlook on life is very different from ours."

Fay-Cooper Cole, who spent five and a half years in various parts of Malaysia, has packed a good deal of information into this book about the lives, customs and manners of the peoples of the Philippines, the Netherlands Indies, Borneo, British Malaya and many of the South Pacific Islands. The author's intentions are commendable, and the book is of undoubted value to students of ethnology; but the lack of any basic analysis of the roots of the prevalent customs and manners, and the brevity of the history of these countries make it doubtful whether it will bring the desired understanding to the lay reader. It is, perhaps, in an attempt to be fair to both sides that the author has made statements not founded on fact, falling for some of the customary arguments advanced by imperialist powers. It is *not* true, for example, that "the natives have failed to take advantage of the educational facilities offered and that they are not interested in governmental and business positions." And the statement that "should Great Britain decide to return control of the Peninsula to the Malay,

they still would owe protection to the millions of Chinese" who are now there, reminds one of the oft-repeated argument that the British have to remain in India "to protect the minorities."

But all readers will agree with the author that "If in the postwar settlement adequate assurances are given that the native peoples will be afforded every opportunity to progress in education and self-government; if they are assured that, like the Filipinos, they will become independent or free members of a larger commonwealth, the formula for a lasting peace probably can be found." The book has an excellent bibliography and three helpful appendices.

KUMAR GOSHAL.

## Notable New Poet

A STREET IN BRONZEVILLE, *by Gwendolyn Brooks. Harper. $2.*

"A STREET IN BRONZEVILLE" is one of the most remarkable first volumes of poetry issued in many a year; it is original, dynamic and compelling. Its youthful author, Gwendolyn Brooks, was born in Topeka, Kansas, and now lives in Chicago. The street she reveals is the old Black Belt with its fascinating figures and shadows, and ranges from the utmost tragedy to the comic and the spectacular. The poet handles her varied characters with a perfect eye and ear wedded to an art forthright in power and subtle in unerring psychology. It is amazing that a being so youthful should possess the technical skill of a mature performer, together with a delightful inventiveness, and that she is able to regard her people objectively in the face of every temptation to plead a cause in which she is deeply involved.

Here the commonplaces of daily existence, whether black or white, are set to accurate cadences. *Kitchenette Building* opens:

*We are things of dry hours and the involuntary plan,*
*Grayed in, and gray. "Dreams" makes a giddy sound, not strong*
*Like "rent," "feeding a wife," "satisfying a man."*

The poem closes with ghastly humor:

*We wonder. But not well! not for a minute!*
*Since Number Five is out of the bathroom now,*
*We think of lukewarm water, hope to get in it.*

The resignation of a mother who gives in to abortions is unforgettable, along with the maladjustment of lovers in duos or triangles. The realistic study of a hunchback girl dreaming of heaven, of the girl who'd like to be bad for a change, of the patent leather man who looks good to a Calumet chick, of a preacher who would like to enjoy the flesh once if he dared, of the independent Don Juan no girl can lure from his freedom—each of these has its pithy substance and balanced drive. Royal language and harmonies pursue the Sunday career of Satin-Legs Smith who "designs his reign, that no performance be plain or vain," and blunt stanzas raise a Negro hero in the image of Dorie Miller:

*(In a Southern city a white man said*
*Indeed, I'd rather be dead;*
*Indeed, I'd rather be shot in the head*
*Or ridden to waste on the back of of a flood*
*Than saved by the drop of a black man's blood.)*

Tall pride and small vanities run through both sexes, and to the Queen of the Blues who wanted the dirty men to tip their hats to her, and to Pearl May Lee who lost her lover to a white girl until

*You paid for your dinner, Sammy boy,*
*And you din't pay with money.*
*You paid with your hide and my heart, Sammy boy,*
*For your taste of pink and white honey.*

Sammy's end is implied, rather than stated, or left to the imagination, always a potent instrument. The volume closes with a series of ten sonnets in assonance which are among the finest contributions any poet has made to war poetry. Tragic irony, with the poignant accent falling on the right syllable, runs through various keys of simple experience and also touches the only personal note in the entire volume with its reference to an absent soldier. "My you." There is also a mystical reference to the Creator, a profoundly subtle address from the young who are "brightly ready to believe," and a forthright challenge in the coda of "God works in a mysterious way":

*If Thou be more than hate or atmosphere*
***Step forth in splendor, mortify our wolves.***
*Or we assume a sovereignty ourselves.*

I read *A Street in Bronzeville* in one excited sitting and warmly recommend that all readers dash to the nearest bookstore and add to the circulation of a rare event in poetry and the humanities.

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

## Sea Minus Salt

NEW CHUM, *by John Masefield. Macmillan. $2.50.*

FOR an exciting yarn of the sea and the men who sailed it before the turn of the century, don't go to *New Chum*. But if you are an admirer of Masefield, this autobiographical flashback to his sailing days may interest you. He was a boy of thirteen when he began his first term as an apprentice or "new chum" on the merchant training ship *HMS Conway*, and the book is virtually an hour-by-hour account of it. Masefield's reminiscences are amazing in their detail. By the end of the first day (almost half way through the book) he recollects: "At last, I was snug abed; my first day aboard was over. It had been the longest and the strangest day I had ever known, with much in it intensely interesting; much, delightful, but nearly all of it bewildering, incomprehensible. . . . But it was an odd world; I was off my feet; and felt lost."

Unfortunately this bewilderment and lostness is shared by the reader. A sailing enthusiast, such as one sometimes unhappily finds as a dinner partner, may enjoy a story told in such specialized gear-and-rigging language, though even he may find himself up the mizzen and looking for escape.

Nevertheless some of Masefield's own charm, something of the warmth of his personality, and his love of beauty and of things well done, shines through. Describing the tug taking him to shore and home, he writes: "In the pitch darkness, we drew near the lights of the stage and slackened for coming alongside. I love watching the skill of men; I have for years watched the skill of men who handle tugs, and ferries, and bring them alongside piers just as gently as though the ships were made of eggshell. We all watched the skill of our tugmen, who, in the darkness, crept to a berth and stopped at invisible marks by a sense which none of us had."

On the whole, however, the book, disappointingly, lacks vigor. The profuse use of dots and dashes for sailors' language, the allusion to songs never sung, pales the color of events, and distills the salt from the sea.

ANNE KYLE.

## A Lost Time

BARINGTON, *by Edward Tatum Wallace. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.*

THIS is a book of the Venture Press, a new department of Simon & Schuster designed to bring out "firsts" of literary distinction. If *Barington* is an example it is a "venture" to be supported. There should be a place for such unorthodox publications, often damned as "slight," but which contain nuclei, in both form and content, that are rich in promise and for which in the past there has been little place in publishing. Such books may help to break down the iron-bound concepts of what a book must be.

*Barington* has all the spontaneity of a notebook. It is the author's very personal recollection of the village of his youth, around 1900, when the sparking was still done in the buggy and the town hall was the village hardware shop. The nostalgia of the dying village permeates the book. Bart Tatum, the genial uncle who runs the barber shop, dies just as the tide of industrial America floods in upon the village and the hand-made tool, the axe, the shovels, give way to the Sears Roebuck mail order catalogue where you get earth augurs, "cats" and machine-made lace. Sometimes Mr. Wallace annotates the peculiar mores of the village like an anthropologist, digging bit by bit down into the humus of memory, placing side by side the relics of the past; and the frozen words of a lost time melted in the warm air of his longing; and he heard them all.

There is a sound place for this kind of root material, not too much doctored and tampered with to make a "slick" book; and I believe there will be readers grateful for this kind of honest, homespun, undoped reporting of the things of memory and imagination.

MERIDEL LE SUEUR.

## Brief Review

VICTORIA THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS: *The Life of Lewis Carroll, by Becker Lennon. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.*

How did it happen that the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, parson, mathematician and Oxford don, created that wonderful, imaginative world of the white Rabbit, the Red Queen, the Jabberwocky, and the Walrus and the carpenter? Mrs. Lennon's biography attempts an answer in mainly psychoanalytic terms. She gathers her evidence from Carroll's own published writings, his letters and the testimonies of his contmporaries, as these reflect Dodgson-Carroll's conditionings, frustrations and relationships. Here her scholarship is beyond reproach.

The author acknowledges that literature is not created in a vacuum, that it is the result of internal development within an environmental structure. But Mrs. Lennon's assumptions and generalizations concerning the Victorian period are not enough. Furthermore, her Freudian interpretation frequently descends to the mechanical. The book is further marred by a phony *"entre nous"* with her presumably sophisticated readers, leading to such strained passages as "the hope of making logic square with common sense, of finding some coherent relation between the ideal platonic chair, the non-existent Berkeleyan chair and the upholstered armchair on which he barked his shins."

## Worth Noting

WHAT is said to be the first union contract negotiated by a music school was signed recently by the Metropolitan Music School at 111 West 88th Street, New York. Paid vacations and a sick leave provision are among the clauses. The contract was with the Music Teachers' chapter of the Teachers' Union. Another New York music school, The Neighborhood Music School at 2914 Cooper Avenue, the Bronx, is following suit and a contract is under negotiation.

LUDMILLA PAVLICHENKO, Hero of the Soviet Union, whose sniping ended the careers of hundreds of Nazis, has just graduated with honors in the history course at Kiev University that the German invasion had interrupted. Her diploma project was a study of the role of the Ukrainian political leader, Bogdan Khmelnitsky.

THE Book-of-the-Month Club selection for November will be *Days and Nights* by the Soviet writer Konstantin Simonov, whose play *The Russian People* was produced in New York two years ago. The novel deals with events of the siege of Stalingrad.

A COLLECTION of the war year writings of Louis Aragon, French Communist writer and underground leader, is soon to be issued by Duell, Sloan & Pearce. The collection is edited by Hannah Josephson and Malcolm Cowley.

# A WARRIOR'S SCRATCHPAD

*The following is a letter received by Moses Soyer, NM's art critic, from a soldier in the Philippines.*

DEAR MOSES: Your letter of July 10 received today and you are a pretty swell guy, I would judge, by the thoughtfulness of me in your letter. You helped to encourage me and I promise you I'm not giving up. I've been trying to keep my wounded fingers in trim by making drawings of Filipino fishermen, kids and women and I've noticed that I'm gradually getting back that loose and free handling of the line in my line drawings; the stumps of those fingers I lost in combat still hurt a little, but they are okay.

It means everything in the world to me to go home some day and continue drawing and painting, like I used to. Since I've done some drawing, I noticed that it isn't so much the physical handicap, but the mental, that changes one's style and outlook. How you handle the pen, regardless of handicap, has more to do with your feelings about things.

Here are a few things that happened to me while mopping up Jap snipers here. One day I was keeping my eyes and ears wide open while stepping off in tall wild jungle grasses; it was a spot heavy with coconut trees and banana groves—also Jap foxholes and pill boxes. There were Jap snipers in the trees and all over the place, shooting plenty, too, while I searched foliage and ground for them. I suddenly came across a dead Jap on the ground in the tall grass. A hole through his helmet and a trickle of blood on his forehead, and he smelled. What a smell! I can't describe it, wow! In combat I tried, yeh I tried to carry a small scratchpad in my front fatigue pocket and a small bottle of ink in my rifle belt, and a fountain pen. Well, I got down on my knees until my head was well below the grass level—it was like looking through prison bars—and pushed the grass to one side, making an opening so I could see and study the features of the dead Jap. His skin was a whitish yellow color and the cheeks hollow and in shadow. He wore dirty earthen colored clothes and imitation grass in the netting of his helmet. He had a rope around his waist that was used to keep him tied to the center of the coconut grove clearing. His rifle was there, too—so what! Well, just as I made one nervous, shaky line on the paper, zing and snip! a Jap sniper's bullet whistled through the air only two feet from my head and landed in the trunk of a tree. The bullet ripped a large hunk of bark from the trunk and made a deep hole in it. I was frozen flat on my stomach to the ground, with scratchpad and pen in my left hand and rifle in my right, and as I lay there searching through the trees for the sniper, I automatically put my scratchpad in my pocket and it was then that I decided that drawing lines and battle lines just don't mix. Since that day, I've made only mental drawings on the scratchpad of my mind. It was a moment when the pen was *not* mightier than the sword, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

WE ARE organizing an art group here. On the first night we had some art discussion and the organizer asked me to say something. I said, "Friends, paint life and the problems of life, of people in life. Stick with the people, paint the people. Paint your problems and theirs and keep your feet on the ground, the good common ground. Your function as real artists is to express the life of the people, in terms of your beliefs, your feelings, any color, line and form . . ." and while I was saying this I was thinking in the back of my mind about the time I painted an old street corner and a clam stand, a stone yard and an ex-soldier digging into a garbage can; I was thinking of a jobless guy and an ex-pug I had painted in civilian life, and many other things I had seen, and by the looks of some of those in the group, you'd think I was standing on a soap box.

Eugene Karlin.

Joe Jones, Gropper, Marsh, Kent and the three Soyer brothers are still my idea of good solid painters, and no one can change that. If and when I come home and things don't go right, I'm going to express myself as I did in civilian life and to hell with people who label me a "proletarian" painter.

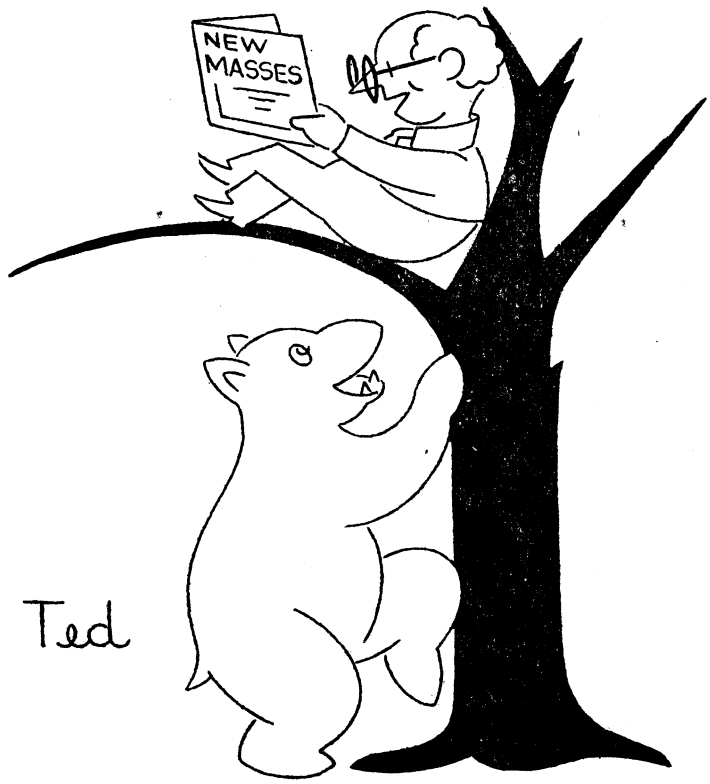
I used to wet my paper with coffee or orange juice on maneuvers in Louisiana—I liked the wet wash effect in my drawings—and in New Guinea I even extracted water from a bamboo stalk. I received two tiny booklets while on maneuvers, one with reproductions in color of Cezannes and Van Gogh things, so now I read about Cezanne and Van Gogh in my pup tent.

I'M ON C.O. tonight, so I thought I'd write to you and it has been good for me to think and discuss art, color and drawing—I need much of this; I'm sick and tired of talking war, death, blood, guns, home and Japs. My one concern today is that my two fingers heal fast and that I can go home to draw people, paint people once again as if nothing happened to me. I don't mind telling you that fighting for swell fellows like you artists is a pleasure—for you are a part of that thing and substance they call America, and the progress of art. I have great respect for you, Moses, a man who stands up for art and culture, and hope some day to pass through New York and pay you a personal visit. Here's hoping!? The best to you.

Always, "Pal,"

JIMMY.

Philippine Islands.

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