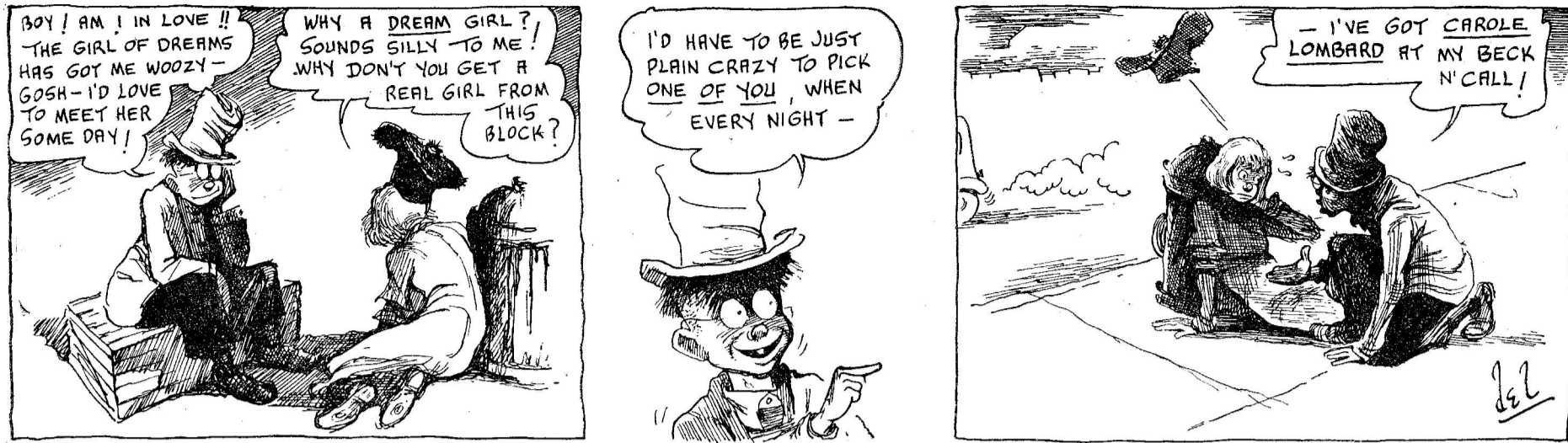


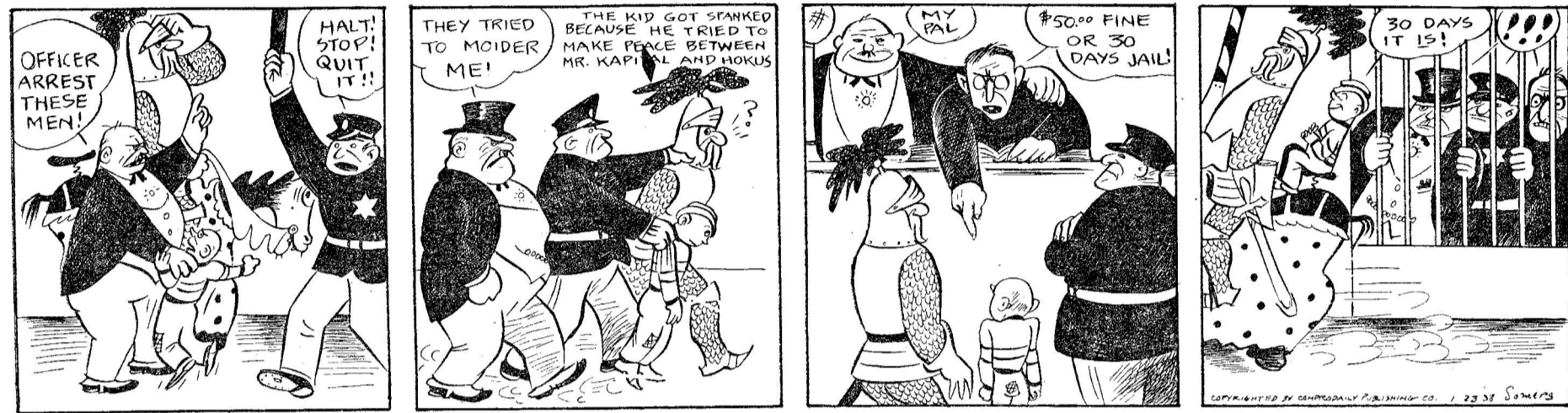
LITTLE LEFTY

by Del



SIR HOKUS POKUS

by Somers



MEET THE MONK

by Coleman



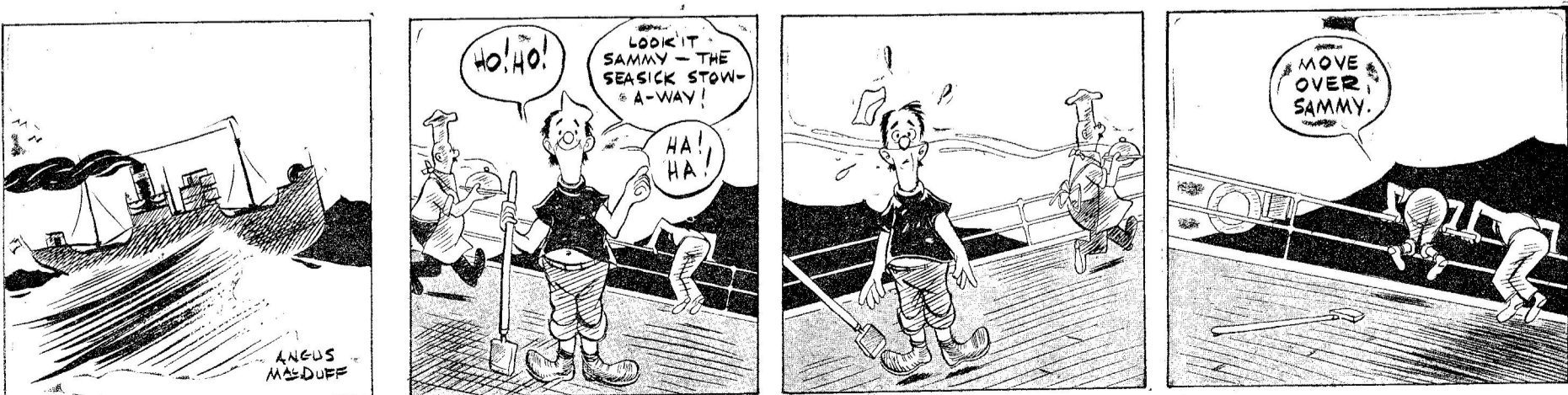
TEX TRAVIS

by Richards



BARNACLE AND THE FINK

by MacDuff

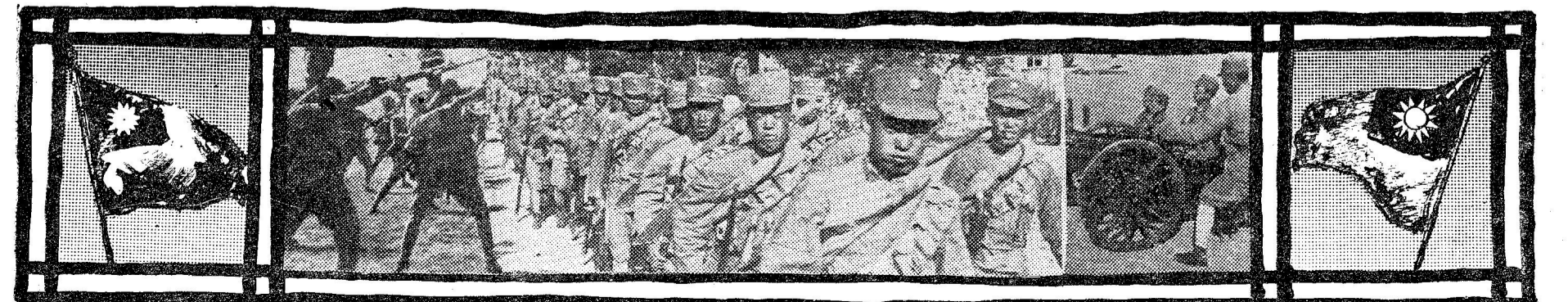
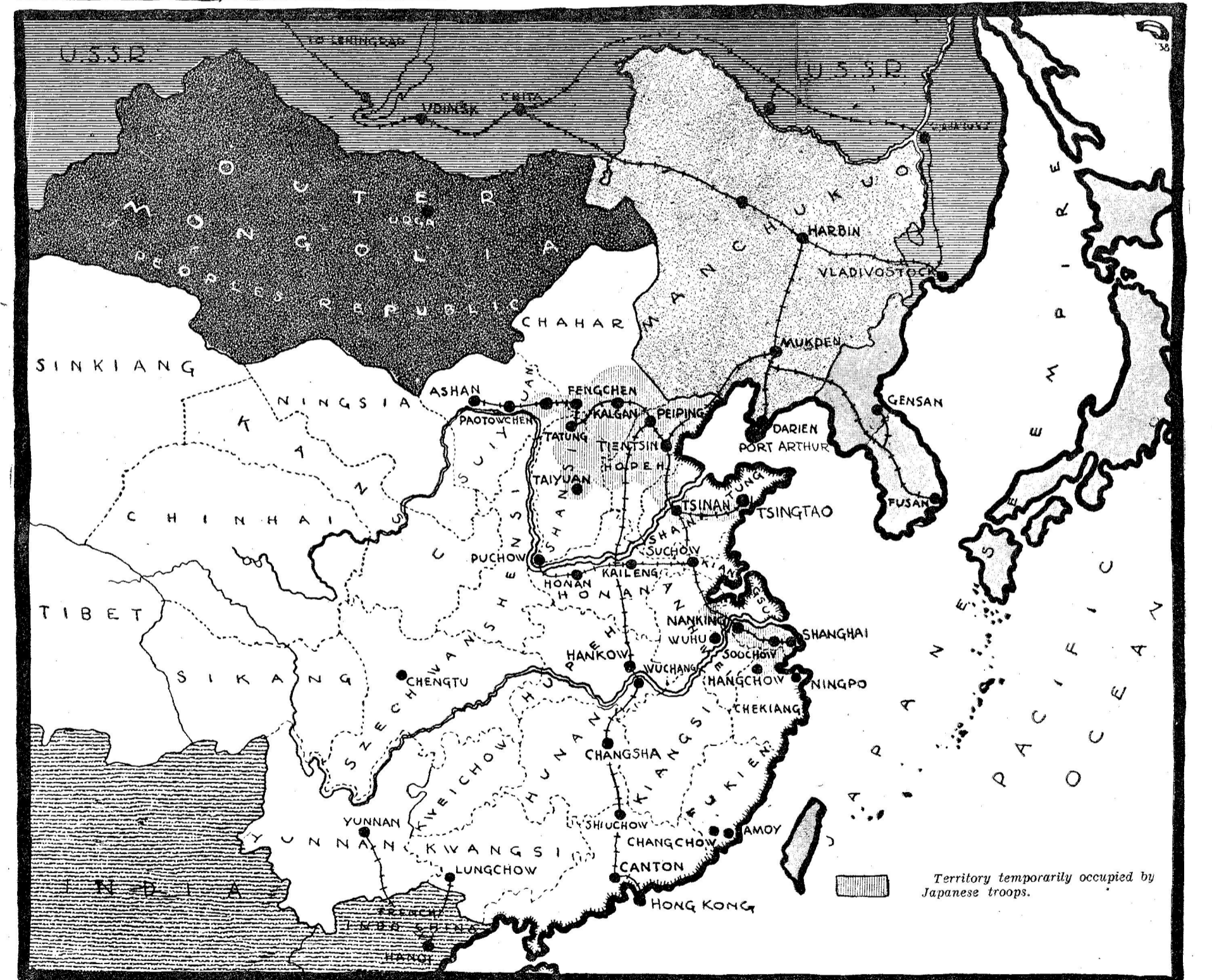


The Daily People's World

MAGAZINE

JANUARY 29, 1938

SECTION TWO



MAP AND DECORATIONS BY HARRY BONNEILL

Uncle Ollie On Trial

a short story by JACK CONROY

IT IS a terrible shaming to a man to be forced to panhandle the stem of a strange city where the people hurry by with hard, averted faces. If it's winter, the wind pierces your clothing with a keener lance; and if it's summer, the sun tries to melt you with his searing, contemptuous stare. A man's feet get to shuffling, and his head sinks low on his chest; he feels like a kicked, cuffed, and hungry dog looking for a hole to crawl in and pull in after him. I have battered the stem only once in my life and I swore then I'd never try again. I'd starve and die in a muddy ditch first.

I knew that my Uncle Ollie, proud that he had never yet worn any man's collar nor run at the beck and call of a boss on "public works," felt like two cents worth of salt left out in the rain as he trotted from door to door trying to peddle his muskmelons. We had been at it since early morning, and so far we'd sold only a measly half dozen. Uncle Ollie had started out at a dime apiece, plenty cheap for anybody who liked fresh, sweet, juicy, country-grown melons right off the vine, so he said. But it was getting late summer—indeed, it was early autumn—and truck growers far off in the Imperial Valley in California had long since taken the edge off city folks' appetite for muskmelons.

As the sun mounted higher, Uncle Ollie cut his price down to a nickel apiece and even two for a nickel. But nobody seemed to be interested in muskmelons this late in the season. I drove the truck along slowly as Uncle Ollie passed from door to door, wearing out his shoe leather in vain. I wanted him to let me spell him awhile, since his dogs must be barking with fatigue. We had not as yet made a dent in the heap.

"No, Teddy," he said firmly. "You ain't a-gonna scandalize yourself for an old fool like me that ain't got no pride left in his gizzard—or oughtn't to. I know how it makes a man feel like a hound dog caught suckin' eggs. Besides, you gotta watch them lungs sharp and get 'em to pumpin' right again."

WHEN I had fled the city with my lungs shot from working in the dust of a cement plant, I had figured on the fresh air of the farm doing me a heap of good. Here I was back in a small caliber city peddling muskmelons with Uncle Ollie. He had depended upon the muskmelons for his cash money this year. It is true that a farmer may raise some of his food; but he needs like all get-out to have a few coppers to jingle in his jeans. Farms are not nearly so self-contained as they were fifty years ago. There are a lot of things you have to buy; things it's hard to do without.

I kept my eyes fixed rigidly in the street ahead, not relishing the despair and even frenzy growing on Uncle Ollie's face at each successive refusal. I was astonished when he called: "Whoa! Whoa, son! Whoa! Looks like a sale here. Looks like a whoppin' big sale sure's you're alive!"

I jammed on the brakes, but the car slid ahead fifteen feet before

I managed to stop it by turning a front wheel against the curb. The brake bands were worn to a slick and ineffectual nub, but Uncle Ollie just couldn't spare the cash money to have them fixed up. If he sold the muskmelons, of which there were several more truckloads at home, he could get around to doing a lot of little things that needed attention the worst way.

I backed up to where Uncle Ollie stood. He was fidgeting from one foot to the other and looked excited. Just then a stout man with scanty hair poked his red face from the door of the duplex bungalow Uncle Ollie had visited last.

"Bring in a coupla dozen, sport," the man said thickly, waving his arms in gestures of urgent invitation. "He'p me, son, he'p me!" Uncle Ollie muttered, and we both leaped for the rear end gate and began pawing for the choicest of our load. A fit of coughing struck me, and I had to double awhile. My chest burned and tears streamed from my eyes.

WE appeared at the door and were ushered inside by the stout man, who slapped us fraternally on the back as we deposited our burdens on a davenport already littered with empty glasses and bottles. The shades were drawn, and only the sickly rays of a ceiling bulb lighted

the room. From darkened recesses of the apartment's interior rushed the sour odor of vomit and alcohol. A radio raucously shouted: "What do I care how much it may storm? I've got my love to keep me warm."

"Last o' Mohicans," explained our customer gravely. "Other boys gone bye-bye. Couldn't take it. Well, how much is't sport? Make it easy on y'self!" He fumbled with an amply stuffed billfold.

"Dollar and half, friend," said Uncle Ollie boldly, but he shot me a sheepish albeit defiant glance that seemed to say: "Well, he's just throwing it away, anyhow."

"Cheap at half the price, brother! Cheap at half the price!" boomed our host. "Jeesus! Ain't got no change! Tell you what'll be fair and square. Take two dollars and a drink on me. How's 'at?"

"Thank you, neighbor," said Uncle Ollie, "but I ain't much of a hand for speerits. Goes straight to my head."

"Okay, brother, just take back your durned melons and roll your little hoop away from my door," said the man aggressively. "Anybody refuses a drink with me, I ain't got no use for. No, sirree!"

"Well, a little snort, then, neighbor," said Uncle Ollie soothingly, "but it really don't mix with business, y' know."

"Devil you cackle!" grumbled the drunk. "I been mixin' 'em

fer nigh onto thutty years, and I'm still feisty as a Shanghai rooster on a frosty mornin'. Tell me!" He poured out half a tumbler of bourbon.

"There! There! Whoa!" begged Uncle Ollie. But he downed the drink gingerly with deep shudders and the hint of a retch. I polished off my slug with more alacrity. And enjoyment, too. It always eased the pain in my chest.

EVEN have to have a license to peddle your own muskmelons," Uncle Ollie snorted several hours later, after our encounter with a motorcycle cop. "Never seen the beat or equal in all my born days. That young marshal was mighty nice, though. I guess it's jist his duty."

"He told us either to buy a license or quit selling and leave town," I reminded him, trying too late to stop for a red light. I looked around apprehensively, but nobody bothered us. Those brakes had caused the sweat to break out on me several times before.

"Well, it looks like the muskmelon business is purty near played out," Uncle Ollie said. "Reckon I ought to've raised some other cash crop. Tomatoes, mebbe, and took 'em to the cannery at Rushville. No peddling about that. They pay you spot down on the barrel head."

Before long we were out where the houses scattering and the traffic not so heavy. Then it happened. It was a lot like one of those bad dreams where you try your best to stop going toward something or into something, but you're borne irresistibly on. I saw the big black limousine all right, and it had the right of way on a through street intersecting the one we were taking out of town. I tried to jam the brake pedals through the floor board, but the truck glided ahead and crashed into the side of the big car.

(Continued on Page 9)



"Here's an ice cream cone, little lady and I'm sorry we hurt you . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE BARKER

JUNIOR AMERICA

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO—

Junior America
50 East 134 Street
New York City

Johnny McGee and Mary Morrow Conducted by

GELO BRINGS SUN TO THE SOUTH

Story by ERIC LUCAS

Picture by MARY MORROW



(Last week we spoke of our horseback trip through part of the pitiful black belt—the Black Belt where children of the poor share-croppers, farmhands and tenant-farmers grow more scrawny while the landowners and crop dealers grow more plump. Into this oppressed South came a tall, young Negro, known to some as Gelo, and to others, as Angelo Herndon. . . .)

PART TWO

THERE'S only one thing that I'm really afraid of, and that's speaking to a large group of people," Angelo Herndon laughed in his boyish way. Then he spoke on more seriously: "I guess there's one other thing I'm afraid of, too, and that's the day when I can no longer be in the front line trenches of labor in the war against the rich robbers of us poor folk."

Looking at Gelo, you'd never dream that he'd gone through frightful experiences. At 19, Gelo was working from morn to night miles deep in a Kentucky coal mine. Besides fighting for a bare living, Gelo spent his hours fighting to make things less miserable for his comrades. He knew the white and Negro worker could do nothing alone. United, they could do anything!

It was not easy to organize the poor Southern folk. The powerful landlords and dealers in crops and their Ku-Klux-Klan and sheriffs and courts and police were satisfied with things as they were. And why not? They were getting all

gangs and the blackest dungeon of Fulton Towers . . .

But each time he was let go Gelo was more firmly set on victory. "I cannot rest," he said, "there is too much work to be done—too few to do it—too little time . . . All that has happened to me thus far has been for me a sort of training in the revolutionary struggle, a kind of opening to life, as I must live it."

Nor did Gelo fight alone. The Communist Party, of which Angelo was a valiant part, the International Labor Defense and the other many thousands of Gelo's comrades lent their voice, strength and money to free the South.

ON a hot day in July of 1932, one thousand starving black and white workers gathered outside the Atlanta Courthouse uniting their voices in the cry for food. The high city officials were stricken with dumb fear! They were forced to surrender \$6,000.00 of relief money for this united army of workers!

Then the rich men of Atlanta bent their brows. "We must not let the blacks and whites unite again! Who is their leader—Angelo Herndon! Get him!" Gelo was arrested, flung into jail, tried and sentenced to 18 to 20 years on the chain-gang. At once the world of workers rose up in violent protest. For more than three years they fought his case, held mass meetings, drew up petitions, gathered money, sent their best lawyers to defend their comrade, Angelo.

And once again the united efforts of the black and white workers of office, farm and factory achieved victory. The highest court held the vicious Georgia law unconstitutional. Gelo was freed!

His rich torturers pounded their desks in rage. The combined workers of the South had tasted of their united strength. The Tenant Farmer Union, Sharecroppers Union and other united forces grew and still grow stronger than ever before. . . .

But before we close our story, there is one more thing to tell: when, after 26 months in a dungeon, Angelo was released on bail and came North, someone said: "Angelo, don't go back for trial. Run away. If the highest court don't set you free, they will kill you on the chain-gang."

ANGELO HERNDON smiled the smile of hope that is the heritage of each and every worker of the world and said:

"No, brother, there is no running away for me. If I run away and you run away and everybody else who loves freedom and truth runs away, who will be left to fight the good battle? I know who I am and where I am going. I have my eyes open. Therefore I am not afraid. For I would rather die like a man than live like a dog. The great wonder of it all is that I am not alone in this. Throughout the world, in every land, millions upon millions of men and women are ready to lay down their lives for those things I hold most dear. Death itself is not the greatest tragedy that can possibly happen to a man, rather, the greatest tragedy is to live and to keep silent in the face of injustice and oppression."

that they needed—and more! In the face of this threatening gang, Gelo pitched in and helped build the Tenant-Farmers' Union, the Share-Croppers' Union, the Unemployment Council, and the coal-miners' union . . .

"We warn you, nigger, quit causin' trouble for us," they said, "clear out and stay out—or else . . ."

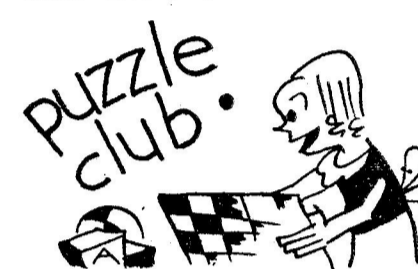
GELO smiled. "Much as I don't like your company, Sheriff, I'm afraid I'm needed hereabouts—and hereabouts I stay."

The fight opened. Angelo was arrested on every trumped-up charge—from shooting women to vagrancy. He was beaten by sheriff and police, cursed by Southern judges, warned and driven by lynch-mobs, tortured in death cells, sentenced to chain

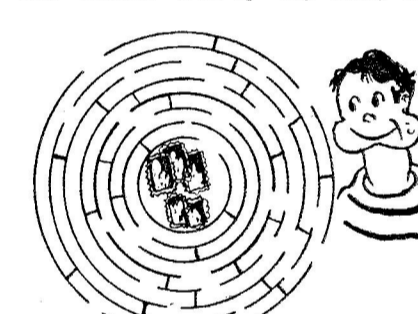


WHILE strolling through the Public Library the other day we came across some swell books. In case you'd like to read one or two, here are the titles:

- A Jungle Picnic, by Clifford Webb (Frederick Warne & Co.).
- Blue Bonnets for Lucinda, by Frances Clarke Sayers (Viking Press).
- Roundabout, by Alice Dalgliesh (Macmillan Co.).
- The Teacup Whale, by Lydia Gibson (Farrar and Rhinehart).
- Cowboy Tommy's Roundup, by Sanford Tousey (Doubleday Doran Co.).



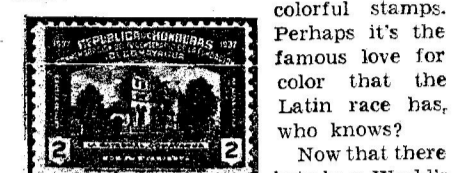
HERE is a maze puzzle; Pepe says it's a long time since we had one. Take your pencil and draw a line from outside the circle to the center where there are some stamps. If you can do this without crossing any lines, Pepe



thinks you're pretty good. If you aren't a member yet send in the answer and get five stamps and a membership card in the Junior America Puzzle Club.



HONDURAS recently issued a set of colorful stamps. This week we illustrate the two centavos value. South and Central America can always be counted on to come through with many colorful stamps. Perhaps it's the famous love for the color that the Latin race has, who knows?



Now that there is to be a World's Fair in New York, keep your eye open for a slogan cancellation advertising it. It ought to be out soon now, as the slogan cancel announcing the Chicago World's Fair was out 'way ahead of the Fair's opening.

Always keep your eyes peeled for something strange or unusual in the philatelic line. The other day we received a letter mailed in New York City with a "Three Star Cancel," the first we've ever seen.



Here is what it looks like, so watch out for it.

ODDS & ENDS. All bank checks and financial documents must bear this stamp in Guatemala. It is very clear and comes in many colors and values. We've seen ten values so far, with practically the whole rainbow represented in colors.

If you have any strange stamp that you'd like explained, send it in.

If you aren't a member of the Stamp Club, write in now for a membership card and some stamps. Be sure to state whether or not you want to correspond with other Stamp Club members.

STAMPS
FREE—Six different British and Canada Jubilees, 2 King Edward and 100 mixed stamps to approved applicants. Open Saturday and Sunday afternoon 2 P.M. for private selling and exchange.
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DRAWING BY LESTER BAXTER, BELFAST, IRELAND

Let's Talk It Over

The mailbag indicates that our readers have launched a campaign of their own—to double the Women's Page

By MARY MACK

I AM pretty used to receiving a lot of mail—particularly when there's a contest on. But, I'm not used to getting so many letters with so much meat in them. Frankly, I'll have something to chew on for a mighty long time, thanks to you folks.

All the letters were turned over to a committee here who had the hard task of picking the winner. So if you didn't get the prize, don't blame me. The letters were all so swell I'm sorry there were not more prizes. And I'm indeed proud to present the winner in our "Women's Page Inventory Contest":

DEAR MARY MACK:

There's nothing on the Women's Page which is not interesting. The *Child Psychology Board* is always good to read. Your column reaches to the depths of one's heart with its facts about the working class, while *Miss Flynn's* column always makes you hopeful, realizing that something is being done to better our conditions the world over.

Comrade Kitty should be given more space. The *Take a Tip* column is both interesting and helpful with its various recipes and household hints.

The Women's Page is probably lonesome. I'd like to see it have a comrade facing it—I mean *double the Women's Page*.

Write more about the silk stockings boycott. I was teased and called fanatic by some of my friends for not wearing silk stockings. Imagine how good I felt when I read about others doing the same. Your column on "Boys Boycott Girls Who Refuse to Boycott Japanese Silk Stockings" made me feel grand.

Why not write stories about heroines—not necessarily popular ones but about other fighters, such as pickets—plain, ordinary working girls whose brave deeds and great sacrifices pass unnoticed.

I'd also like to know more about women at work in the U.S.S.R., the organization of the Chinese women, and the fighting women of Spain, so that they may inspire us and reassure us that we are not alone in our struggle.

DIANE.

Honorable Mention Letter

Burlingame, California.

DEAR MARY MACK:

My home is the dearest spot on earth to me and I realize that much of its happiness and comfort depends upon me. A woman must know about cooking in order to feed her family properly. A mother can never know enough about child guidance and every woman is interested in styles.

We have instances where wives of union men buy scab made goods to save a few cents. Our woman's page could educate housewives to a better understanding of labor's problems and make a place for us in the great labor movement.

ADELE DEWITT.

Wants Personal Column

Harlan, Iowa.

DEAR MARY MACK:

The most interesting feature of a woman's page is a personal problem column. Also, if you would give up another column to personal letters from women—brief letters with opportunity for exchange of their handwork or craft, it would be marvelously helpful. Nothing is so dear to a woman's heart as an opportunity to express herself in a personal letter.

MRS. E. S. CULLUMS.

Paging Comrade Kitty

New York, N. Y.

DEAR WOMAN'S EDITOR:

There are a great many struggling housewives and mothers who need some practical suggestions for their wardrobes. Not exactly dressmaking instruction but things like how to adjust a pattern to fit a figure that is not quite normal in certain places, how to make older children's clothes over to fit younger ones, how a wife with two or three little girls who can get along with only one pattern for the three different ages, etc. Don't you think your paper ought to consider their needs and bring some help?

MRS. Z. B.

Unfortunately, our limited space keeps us from reproducing more. However, I want to thank all our readers for the excellent letters which revealed a deep and sincere interest in our Women's Page.

Live and Learn

At meetings 'for women only' a lot can be learned about the problems of America's feminine population

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

THE recruiting trip which I made from January 2nd to January 11th, my first in eleven years, was experimental and successful. It was arranged especially for women, by the National Women's Commission. The local committees followed instructions faithfully to appeal to women exclusively. In Milwaukee, they addressed a letter "to our men comrades" which is a gem. It said, "For months you have had in the back of your mind the idea how good it would be if your wife could attend a meeting some evening—free of household cares and babies. Well, the evening is coming and you might as well begin to arrange for it."

The same spirit was manifest in Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Chicago. As a result, many friends, sympathizers, new members and women relatives of Party members assembled to greet me. No attempt was made to arrange mass meetings. The meetings were all in attractive smaller halls, and an informal and intimate atmosphere created. In all but two places, women were chairmen. The average attendance was about 150.



Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

attendance was about 150.

Everywhere the women were representative of the new membership in our Party and woman's new relations to labor unions. I met women from steel, auto and packing house auxiliaries; needle trades; offices; social workers; teachers; domestic workers and housewives; mothers of young children who rarely get to meetings; mothers of boys in Spain; doctors; a woman lawyer; a bacteriologist; nurses; in fact, our meetings were a cross-section of America's feminine population. I was glad to see Negro women at all the meetings. I met women who had belonged to the I.W.W. and Socialist Party, women who belong to trade unions, Y.W.C.A., churches, peace societies, Parent-Teachers groups, all members of the Communist Party.

Of course, men were not excluded and there were the faithful few at each meeting. I'm sure they learned a great deal, from the composition of the meetings and the eager questions. I've heard scores of chairmen say about questions, "And now we come to the best part of the meeting." This was literally true of these women's meetings. I kept all the questions and will use them later here. Some were general—about religion, married women workers, the woman's Charter. Many were about the U.S.S.R. Mother Elmor, who has just returned from the Soviet Union, will soon take a trip to answer all these questions in her own inimitable, lively way. I urge all local committees to get busy at once for the date assigned to your city.

It is important not only to recruit. To keep our new members interested and active requires patient, sympathetic, continuous efforts. Our Women's Commission is equal to the task. I am happy to have met them in these six cities and hope to know all the others elsewhere very soon. I learned a great deal.

Take a Tip

Mrs. Zarsa Bosworth sent in some more tips on how to stretch a slim weekly food budget.

If you have a pound of meat for meat loaf, meat cakes or meat balls, mix it with a few left-over boiled potatoes, mashed or run through the meat chopper; then proceed as usual. The flavor of your dish will be just as nice as ever and you will find that you have a larger meat loaf, more meat cakes or meat balls out of the portion of meat than you otherwise would have had.

When making sandwiches of hard-boiled eggs, mash the eggs with a fork and add a little milk—just enough to make it like a thick paste. Prepared in this way, an egg will smear easier and cover more bread than if the egg is sliced. Since prices on eggs are still high, some housewives may like to know that cracked eggs can be used for soft as well as hard boiling, if wrapped individually in waxed paper and twisted tightly at each end so that none of the white will escape.

Understanding Your Child

MY CHILD is so wilful. He won't do anything I tell him to. What shall I do with him?"

Jimmy is three and a half. He is healthy and lovable. But it just seems sometimes that there are no limits he doesn't go to, to have his own way.

"Sometimes he will lie on the floor and kick and scream until I just don't know what to do. Sometimes I think all he needs is a good spanking. Yes, and I have spanked him. But it doesn't do any good. I don't know what to do."

This is the story the nursery school teacher hears almost daily. And what is the answer?

During the third year something new seems to happen to the child. He isn't a baby any more. He is trying out the world about him and especially the people in it. He soon discovers he can get approval for certain types of behavior and disapproval for others. He likes the punishment. Or at least, though he protests it, he misbehaves until he gets it.

The nursery school teacher has learned that it is normal for the three-year-old to be perverse. The stubbornness, the trying out of the adults, the nasty baby habits are a part of the three-year-old's behavior. But because it is normal at three is no reason to suppose it will be normal later or even that it will persist beyond three or four or five. It will not necessarily. Particularly not if the parents and teachers behave towards the child as adults. True, it is hard to put up with this behavior over long periods. Sometimes this is necessary.

But in terms of safety and social considerations sometimes the behavior must be stopped. It is best stopped when the adults do not become involved emotionally. If they feel like raging and get furious with the child, they are reacting in terms of their own perverseness and not in terms of the needs of the child.

You may feel like spanking the child but you are not helping if you give in to this feeling. It is always best to consider your own reaction before punishing a child.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY BOARD.

COMRADE KITTY

By Mississippi Johnson and Elizabeth



"So, I AM wearing lisle stockings," Abby tells Kitty, "what more do you want?" "Listen," Kitty says, "I'm not saying those aren't fine. Anyway, what I wanted to tell you was that I saw some wonderful woven lisle hose, quite heavy . . . in the most wonderful sports colors. They are half hose, with a ribbing of elastic to keep them up. Positively the best-looking things I've seen for sports wear. For anybody who wears suits and sweaters and walking shoes and clothes like that, they are wonderful." Abby nods, "Wait a minute," Kitty says, "they are cheap, too! Cheaper than the stockings you have on. You ought to get a pair of green ones. They'd look nice with that green sweater and those heavy walking shoes you just bought. And another thing, don't forget to ask for union made—no matter what kind of lisle you buy."

The Council Lines Up



Left to right: Baldwin, Vlodeck, Quill, Hollander, and Belous—they fight Tammany.

A STORMY three-hour session of the New York City Council had just ended and I met an old gentleman in the corridor who had been watching the proceedings from a privileged point of vantage on the floor. When he spoke to me I recognized him as a member of the old Board of Aldermen, a spokesman for Tammany Hall during the James J. Walker regime.

When I asked him what he thought of the Council he admitted with ill-concealed sadness that things were not what they used to be.

"There's dynamite in that Council," the old gentleman said, and I had to agree with him.

"Yes, there is," I told him, "and your colleagues are sitting on it."

Tammany men have sat for decades in the old Board of Aldermen, leading the Regular Democrats, who have always been in a majority and have had their way foisting reactionary legislation upon the city and building their machine on the basis of corrupt political patronage. But it is different today, thanks to the proportional representative system of councilmanic elections. Six American Labor Party Councilmen now sit in the chamber and they have rallied around them on the basis of a progressive municipal program three Republicans, two Fusionists, two Independent Democrats and Council President Newbold Morris, 14 in all, a majority of the body.

This anti-Tammany majority—14 to 13—has the possibility of growing during the next two years, but even as it stands today it is dynamite under the crumbling Tammany mill of patronage and corrupt politics. The anti-Tammany side of the house would be stronger with one or more Communist councilmen in the seats, but the bloc as a whole is operating against reaction both organizationally and politically along the lines of a People's Front policy. No wonder the eyes of the nation are on this little band of progressive councilmen. They are trail-blazers making history in municipal government.

It is always a hard day for the Regular Democrats when the Council meets. Their attempts to sabotage by parliamentary trickery and court orders the action of the progressive majority to organize the body and get down

The eyes of the nation are on New York City where a little band of progressive councilmen are swinging into action

by HARRY RAYMOND

to legislative work has been met effectively by men of the Labor Party and the able progressive Republican, Joseph Clark Baldwin, Robert K. Straus, Fusionist, and President Morris.

There is always an uneasy stirring on the right side of the chamber when B. Charney Vlodeck, Laborite and Majority Leader, speaking softly like a school master, heaps intelligent sarcasm on the men of Tammany.

Councilman John Cashmore, Brooklyn, self-styled Majority Leader with only 13 votes, has a habit of pointing to the American flag and insisting he is fighting for it when he is really battling for patronage for the Democratic organization.

He is answered sharply by Laborite Councilman Michael J. Quill, International President of the Transport Workers Union, who advises Mr. Cashmore with lilting Kerry accent that "the flag belongs to the working people because the working people first raised it."

THE Tammany Councilmen try to muzzle Quill when he speaks sharply about their wrong doings. But he does not yield, for he is fighting for organization so the Laborites can open the battle for a real labor relations law for the city, for a housing program, for cheaper milk.

Tammany also learned something about court injunctions from the Labor delegation when Mr. Cashmore secured a writ from Justice John E. McGeehan, machine Democrat, enjoining the Council from unseating Mr. Cashmore from the post of vice-chairman.

"I come from a labor organization and I know what injunctions are," Councilman Louis J. Hollander, Amalgamated Clothing Workers Joint Board manager, tells the hard-pressed Democrats. "Nevertheless, injunctions did not destroy labor. I don't think this injunction will stop my work as a councilman

in this chamber. You come into my office and I'll show you 5,000 of these papers. They never scared me and this one will not stop me from voting or acting as I please."

On every principle issue raised in the Council so far the Tammany bloc had taken a beating but they desperately refuse to concede defeat. Tactics of the Democrats are rough-house tactics. Councilman Joseph E. Kinsley generally leads the Democrats when in a tough spot by loud shouting.

BALDWIN, the most able progressive not in the Labor caucus, is greatly feared by the Tammanyites. A Republican by designation, Baldwin is a one-man minority in a Democratic Board of Aldermen during the Walker days and he knows how to fight Tammany. He is an admirer of the French People's Front and the best ally the Laborites have on the floor of the Council. He always takes Kinsley to task in a thorough manner.

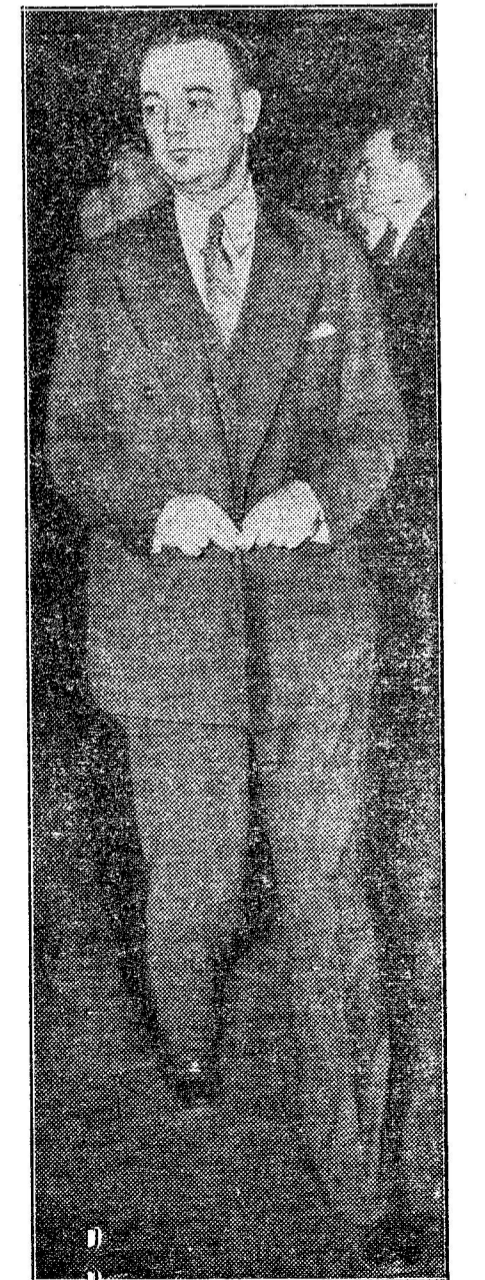
Blood of the Democrats was boiling when Baldwin, with thumbs stuck characteristically through his vest, strode down the center aisle and politely ridiculed Mr. Kinsley for his support of Judge McGeehan.

"I've sat in legislative bodies for ten years," he tells Kinsley, who boasts of his knowledge of law. "This is the first time I can find an incident where a legislative body called the courts to organize it. I don't care whether this is contempt of court or contempt of Tammany Hall, we're going to fight this out. Every record of this particular judge shows he is an organization man. If that be libelous make the most of it."

AS the Labor Party bloc swings into action it grows in stature every day. It is working out its program on the basis of the immediate needs of the people. Its first big legislative battle will be fought on the issue of a

billion-dollar nousing program for the city. It will introduce a much-needed Municipal Labor Relations Law to protect the right of workers to organize into unions and strike. If it will face these problems squarely and fearlessly as it did the question of organization of the Council; if the Laborites pay special attention to legislation to protect the Negro people in Harlem and improve unemployment relief, the American Labor Party will gain strength and rally around it larger forces of progressives for an effective People's Front city government.

Yes, there is dynamite in the City Council and the gentlemen from Tammany are sitting on it.



Tammany's John Cashmore—he waves the flag.

'Don't Scab at the Polls'

by JOEL FAITH

Seattle

DON'T scab at the polls!" Thousands of Seattle citizens are making that their battle cry this month as the eyes of the nation turn to the municipal elections in a city that has become a concentration point of the employers' drive against the CIO and the progressive labor movement.

Seattle, dominated politically at the present time by Mayor John Dore and Dave Beck, Seattle reactionary A. F. of L. leader, is due (overdue would be a better word) for a house cleaning. Sentiment here is high against Dore in the coming mayoralty elections and the rank and file of labor is presenting a solid front behind the only progressive in the field—Lieutenant-Governor Victor Meyers.

Behind Meyers will be massed the people of Seattle. All the progressive organizations, including the powerful Washington Commonwealth Federation are swinging behind his candidacy.

Meyers is an amazing figure in politics. Seven years ago he was the best-known orchestra leader in the Northwest and proprietor of the Club Victor, a leading Seattle night club.

Just as a publicity stunt for his orchestra, he ran for mayor of Seattle in 1932. He was the joke candidate, clowning so successfully that many of his stunts were reported in the press throughout the nation.

His picture, dressed in a Mahatma Gandhi costume, leading a goat and smoking a cigar, was printed in almost every newspaper in the world. He set out to be a clown—for publicity's sake—and succeeded.

WHEN he ran for Lieutenant-Governor in 1932, he was deadly serious, however, and swept the state. In 1936, when he ran for his second term, he was opposed by Governor Martin's political machine, but he received, at that primary, more votes than any candidate for any office ever received in the history of the state.

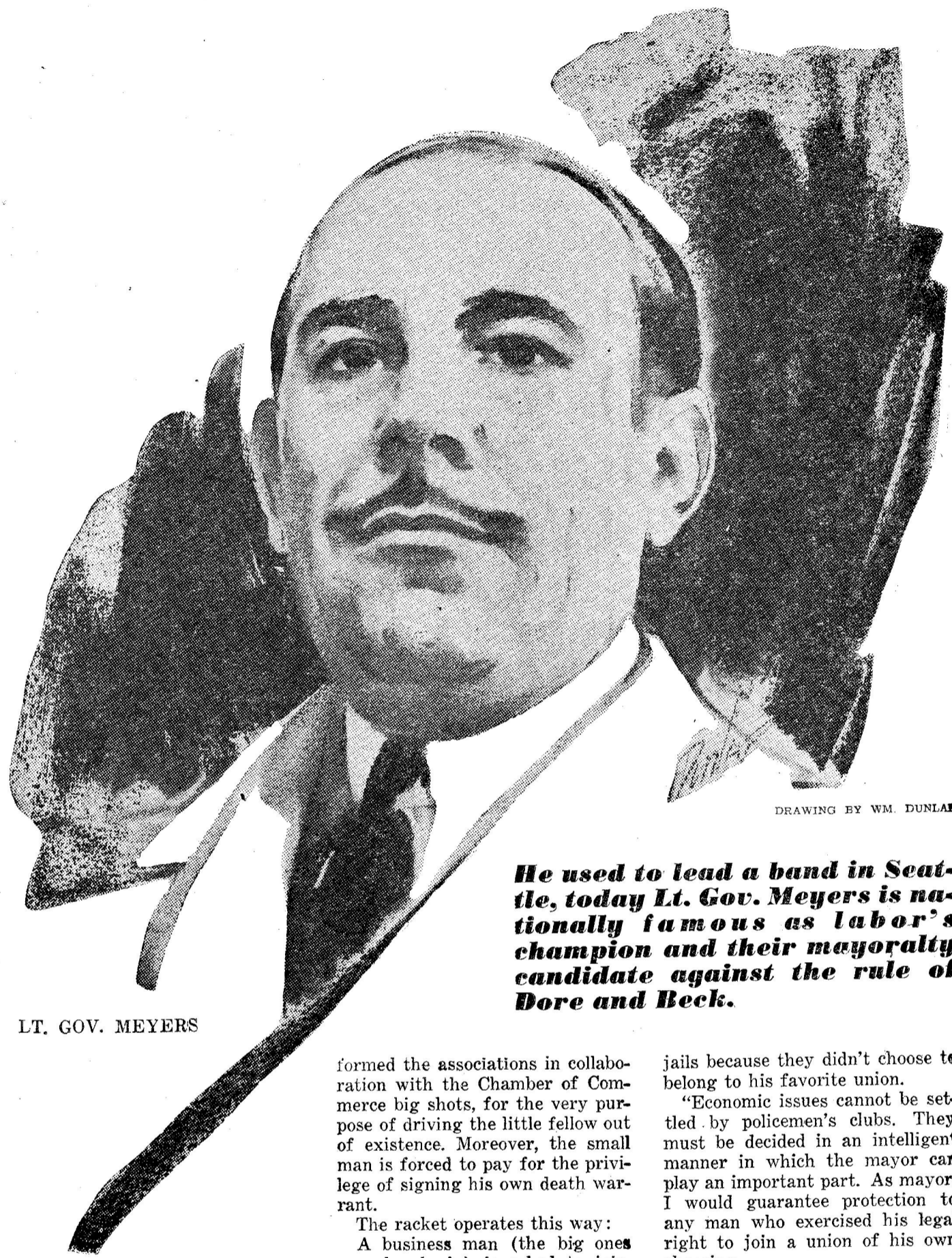
He was opposed bitterly by the Martin machine because he aided every move for progressive legislation at the sessions of the legislature. As President of the Senate, he became swiftly a master of parliamentary law and ruled the Senate with a firm, but liberal hand.

His efforts in behalf of labor, for old-age pensions and for the underprivileged have won him a place as the most progressive public official in the state. He is generally considered Washington's leading New Dealer.

Meyers is running on a true people's platform. He said in a preamble to the program:

"We live in a swiftly-changing America. The economic royalists are waging a terrible combat against people such as you and I—millions of us. The few are trying to destroy the inherent, democratic rights of the many: the right to work, the right to shelter and to food, the right to prosperity, happiness and security.

"Only those public officials who can recognize the dangerous possibilities of the Wall Street sit-down strike, the threatening rise in unemployment, the ever widening



DRAWING BY WM. DUNLAP

He used to lead a band in Seattle, today Lt. Gov. Meyers is nationally famous as labor's champion and their mayoralty candidate against the rule of Dore and Beck.

LT. GOV. MEYERS

climb of high prices—only those who have the courage to fight against these evils and all the other ills of reaction, are entitled to hold public office anywhere in the United States today.

"Seattle must have the benefits of the New Deal program—benefits denied us by the present administration."

MEYERS is basing his main attack against the racketeering in Seattle. This is a city which needs the services of a Thomas Dewey, for the racketeers, masking as "Protective Associations," have muscled in on every part of Seattle's business life.

These protective associations have all been launched by Beck. A teamster goon is generally the "secretary" of the association. Business men are forced into these associations and are forced to pay from two to five per cent of their gross incomes for the privilege of doing business here.

The small business man is particularly hard hit, for Beck has

formed the associations in collaboration with the Chamber of Commerce big shots, for the very purpose of driving the little fellow out of existence. Moreover, the small man is forced to pay for the privilege of signing his own death warrant.

The racket operates this way: A business man (the big ones are already in) is asked to join. If he refuses, his place is picketed by Beck's goons. If he joins, restrictions, such as closing at six o'clock and on Sundays, are imposed upon him so that he is forced out of business. These restrictions he must live up to, even though he does employ union help.

The result is fatal and it has tended to place the control of business in Seattle into fewer and fewer hands. "Back in New York," said Mary Heaton Vorse while she was visiting here recently, "such racketeers have been sent to Sing Sing by Dewey. In Seattle they join the Chamber of Commerce."

VICTOR MEYERS has two other excellent planks in his platform. He insists that the mayor's office should be used to help bring labor unity and says unequivocally that the Wagner Act must be upheld in Seattle.

"The present mayor," he says, "has interfered in the inner workings of unions. The mayor has broken picket lines and threatened to send people to morgues and to

jails because they didn't choose to belong to his favorite union.

"Economic issues cannot be settled by policemen's clubs. They must be decided in an intelligent manner in which the mayor can play an important part. As mayor, I would guarantee protection to any man who exercised his legal right to join a union of his own choosing.

"At present, the Wagner Act is the supreme law of the land. Until such time as we have something better, I pledge myself to its rigid enforcement in Seattle."

He speaks this way on the need for labor unity:

"As a member of the American Federation of Labor for 21 years, I know the problems of labor. As mayor, when there are jurisdictional disputes, I will work vigorously to bring the two factions of labor together.

"As a member of organized labor, and as an experienced public official interested in the welfare of the common man, I know that a unified labor movement can help to stave off the growing depression and bring happiness to all citizens."

Meyers also has a healthy outlook towards the unemployment problem:

"We are only beginning to feel the weight of the current slack in business," he says. "In a few weeks' time unemployment will be our most acute social and economic

(Continued on Page 9)



Dixon's "Life in the Day of a Hackie," in last week's issue, won many bouquets from the young California artist, especially from the cab drivers who called it "the real stuff." We're planning a series of the same type by Dixon, dealing with Mr. and Mrs. America on the job.

The stacks of letters received by Mary Mack every day is an indication of the popularity of the magazine woman's page of which she is editor. Mary, who wrote the article "Unknown Mothers," appearing on Page 5, has a drawl that came direct from Atlanta, Ga. She has been in charge of the page for two years and her list of readers include plenty of masculine as well as feminine fans.

A couple of years ago William Randolph Hearst was secretly offering a prize for the head of Joel Faith, whose article "Don't Scab at the Polls," appears on Page 4. Joel at that time was telling some embarrassing (to Mr. Hearst) truths about Willie's connections with Warner Brothers and Hollywood went wild over it.

Harry Raymond, a native of the Keystone state, is city hall reporter for the New York Daily Worker and has been covering activities of Father Knickerbocker's council. An ace journalist, Harry numbers among his national scoops the uncovering of the Franco spy ring in the United States.

Other contributors include Harry Gannes, author of "When China Unites," and co-author of "Spain in Revolt"; J. B. S. Haldane, one of England's leading scientists and Jack Conroy, author of "The Disinherited," whose first Uncle Ollie story appeared in an early issue of the magazine.

Citizens of the middle-west will receive the magazine each Saturday, starting, appropriately enough with Abraham Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12. That issue will contain special articles on the Great Emancipator and other features of interest to the Great Plains and Mississippi Valley industrial region.

The front cover map of China was drawn for the magazine by Harry Bonnell. A staff artist, Bonnell is a veteran of the U. S. Air Service and originally hailed from the Dakota prairies where he punched longhorns to earn tuition for a Chicago art school.

The Unknown Mothers

(Continued from Page 5)

are forced to make long, exhausting trips and must spend hours waiting in line for their turn. Naturally they are discouraged from seeking medical aid and advice.

Provision, too, should be made for expectant mothers who must continue working as long as possible in order to earn their daily bread. For instance, clinics should be open evenings, to take care of their special problems.

Certainly a direct attack must be made on the problem of providing adequate medical and nursing supervision, continuing throughout the prenatal and post-natal periods. Such care would conserve lives not only of the mothers but also of many thousands of the newborn and those who die before birth.

In 1935 the number of maternal deaths due to pregnancy and childbirth was 14,296; the number of stillbirths for the same

'Don't Scab At the Polls'

(Continued from Page 4)

problem. More than eight million people were out of work in the United States on the first of September, according to figures compiled by the American Federation of Labor. By February first, at the rate Big Business is laying off men in this city and all others, there will be about 12 million people out of work.

"The economic royalists who are fighting President Roosevelt are on a sit-down strike. And we can't escape it here, just because Wall Street is on the other side of the continent.

UNEMPLOYMENT is another thing we can't play ostrich about.

"The work relief program has brought cheap jibes and sneers from the reactionaries—but the fact remains that WPA projects provided work for jobless, desperate people and made it possible for them to take care of their families and to maintain the dignity of American citizens.

"During my administration as mayor I shall strive to see that no one shall starve in our city and I will fight for the continuation and enlargement of the work relief program."

LABOR, both A. F. of L. and CIO unions, are expected to support Meyers. Already he has received the endorsement of his own union, the Musicians'. Beck's friends made efforts to block the endorsement, but Meyers swept through.

The largest A. F. of L. union on the Pacific Coast, the Building Service Employees, is now voting to determine its choice for the campaign. Balloting so far showed Meyers at least 10 to 1 ahead of his nearest opponent. The union has 7,000 members.

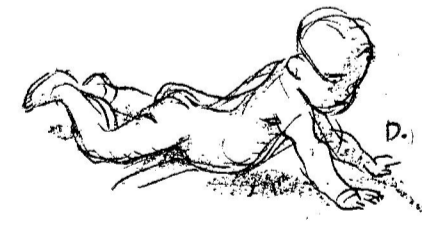
Dore was endorsed by Seattle's reactionary Central Labor Council. The endorsement was railroaded through the Council over the strenuous objection of delegates from the Metal Trades and the Building Service Employees.

Jess Fletcher, president of the Building Service Employees and one of the outstanding progressives in the Northwest labor movement, led the opposition against the endorsement of Dore.

Tempers are at white heat in trade union circles regarding the methods used to secure the Central Labor Council endorsement.

Dore has been so utterly a stooge of Beck's; he has used the police department as a goon squad; he has thumbed his nose at the Wagner Act; he has been so pro-Beck, pro-employer and so anti-union that the harried A. F. of L. rank and file will surely vote against him at the primaries, Feb. 21.

year, 77,110; the number of babies dying in the first month of life as the result of causes arising during pregnancy or at the time of delivery, 56,262. This means

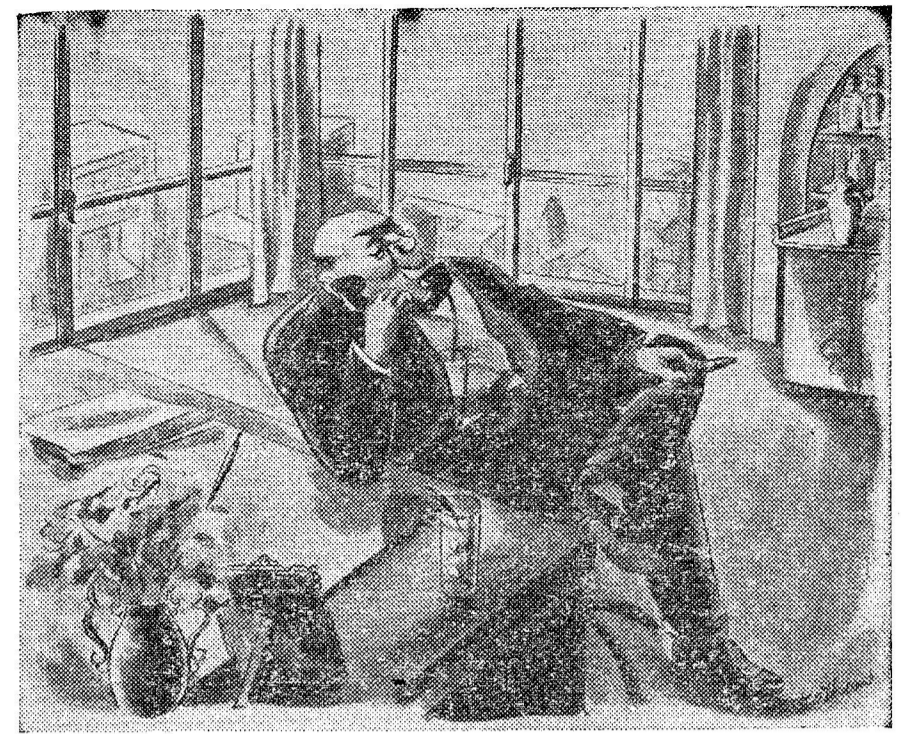


147,677 deaths from causes associated with maternal conditions for the single year of 1935.

This tremendous loss of life takes on greater significance in contrast to the steadily declining birth rate and clearly emphasizes the need for action!

Our fight must not only be for a national department of health, coordinating and leading state departments of health, but also for a broad health program that will really improve the physical status of the masses. It must include all the major factors that have to do with the people's health and the financing of such a national health program can be provided for by taxing the rich.

There is a wide mass sentiment to serve as the basis for a strong people's health movement. And they can win a thorough-going program in protection of the health of themselves and their loved ones if they will put behind it the full force of their powerful trade unions, fraternal and other mass organizations!



THELMA KATHAR

"... and then I says 'there are strikes and there are strikes but what I can't stand is a sit-down...'"

Uncle Ollie On Trial

(Continued from Page 2)

Thinking glass, a woman screaming, a little girl crying and an angry man in an expensive-looking tweed suit yelling at us from behind his long black cigar, puffing like a steamboat stack.

A motorcycle cop appeared from somewhere, and one of the first things he did was to sniff my breath. Then he examined Uncle Ollie in the same way. His eyes gleamed with triumph, and my heart sank as I remembered the drinks our best customer's hospitality had forced upon us. The little girl's knee was bleeding a little, and her sobbing mother was on her knees stanching the trickle with a cobweb of cambric.

WELL, Mr. Wilcox," the judge said sternly, "you look like an honest and hard-working farmer, and I don't want to make it too hard on you, but you must know that you endangered the life of that dear little lady as well as her father's, her mother's and your own. Gasoline and alcohol don't mix."

I wondered at the judge's oratorical manner, since the court was almost deserted, until I noticed the microphone sitting on the bench before him. The court proceedings were being broadcasted.

"I wasn't drunk," began Uncle Ollie, when the judge asked him to speak louder, come closer and talk across the microphone, not into it.

"I wasn't drunk, mister," Uncle Ollie began anew. "Nor was my nephew, Teddy. It was only the old brakes. The car kinda slipped up on us by comin' out from behind that billboard."

The judge pulled back the mike and spoke across it with well-modulated cadences: "Mr. Featherstone's car, according to the officer's testimony, was on the through highway. The right of way was his. And if your brakes don't work you are criminally negligent. Don't you say, of course, that you had no money to get them adjusted. I may say that I myself was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth. As a boy I knew privation and hunger. I sympathize with your financial problem, of course, but it was your bounden duty as a law-abiding citizen to leave off driving your truck until you were financially able to make it fit for the road and not a menace to life and limb of innocent children."

During this long speech Mr. Featherstone came in with his wife and little girl. The little girl was dressed up cute in a blue silk dress, and had a blue ribbon tied in her flaxen curls. One of her chubby knees was encased with a neat bandage.

"Mr. Featherstone, this man and his nephew, who was driving the truck, are, of course, guilty before the law. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilcox appears to be an honest and hard-working farmer. I suggest that justice in this case be tempered with mercy."

"Your honor," said Mr. Featherstone, as the judge shoved the mike toward him.

"It has always been my policy to practice the Golden Rule. In other words, I strive to practice the teachings of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, seven days in the week and not merely on the Sabbath. I want to see Mr. Wilcox absolved of all blame and cost. Freely I forgive him."

"Mr. Featherstone," said his honor, pulling the mike back to his side, "it gives me keen pleasure to hear such words spoken in my court. It recalls the words of the immortal poet:

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It jalleth as the gentle rain from heaven,
It blesses him that gives and him that takes..."

But there the judge grew uncertain, and shifted his tone from dramatic to semi-jocular:

"I suggest only one thing before releasing Mr. Wilcox. Mr. Wilcox, this dear little lady has an apology due her from you and your nephew. I think an apology accompanied by an icecream cone would be graciously accepted. How about it, little lady? Would you like a nice big ice cream cone?"

"Ooh, yeth thir," lisped the tot, as her father held her hastily and awkwardly up to the mike thrust toward her by his honor.

At this I was seized by such a mingling of shame and rage that I coughed and coughed and kept on coughing.

Uncle Ollie and I came back with the cone, and Uncle Ollie asked to make the presentation speech, since I might cough and spoil the effect over the air. His honor agreed.

"Here's an ice cream cone, little lady, and I'm sorry we hurt you," said Uncle Ollie, proffering the dripping sweet.

"Frank you, mither," said the tot, after some paternal nudging.

WELL, judge," said Mr. Featherstone, the broadcasting period now being over. "I think this broadcasting of court proceedings is a marvelous thing. It gives the lay citizen some idea of how justice is dispensed. Don't you get a lot of public response from it?"

"Oh, quite a lot! Yes, quite a good deal. We get many letters complimenting us. Of course, some soreheads complain that it humiliates some people, especially when we have to cut off in the middle of a case just when the evidence may be going against a defendant who may later be found innocent. But the soreheads are always with us, and we don't pay them any mind."

"You telling me? I got a bunch of 'em on strike over at my cannery in Rushville. Just at the busiest season, too. They know how to catch you when the wool's tight; that's when they take advantage of you."

"Well, Mr. Featherstone, Mr. Wilcox here can testify as to what sort of spirit you have. Can't you, now, Mr. Wilcox?"

"Yes sir," said Uncle Ollie. "Can we go now?"

"Yes, but try to keep out of trouble. Get your brakes fixed. You don't meet a man like Mr. Featherstone every day. You might not get off so easy next time."

"First time I was ever on the air," said Uncle Ollie in what he meant to be a joking voice, as we descended the court house steps. I turned my head away from his pain-twisted face and the sight of the big tear rolling off his nose.

BUSY AS A BEE

MAN is not only a social animal but a producing animal. Some animals, for example, many monkeys, wild cattle, and even fish which swim in shoals, are social, but do not produce. Others, like the spider with its web and the caddis-worm with its house, are constructive, but not social.

Some animals are constructive at one time and social at another, like swallows, which build their nests in pairs, but migrate in flights of many thousands.

There are, however, a few insects which practice social production, including the division of labor. These include ants, wasps, bees and termites. During the 19th century they were studied as individuals or small groups by naturalists such as Favre and Lord Avebury.

A good deal was discovered about their senses and powers. But no one knew how they communicated, and some people even held mystical ideas about a single soul shared by a whole bee-hive or ants' nest.

NOW you don't know much about an individual man or woman till you know about the sort of society to which they belong. Just the same is true of bees. Many people had kept glass-fronted bee-hives, but the first men to study one thoroughly was von Frisch, now professor of zoology in Munich, and his colleague Rosch.

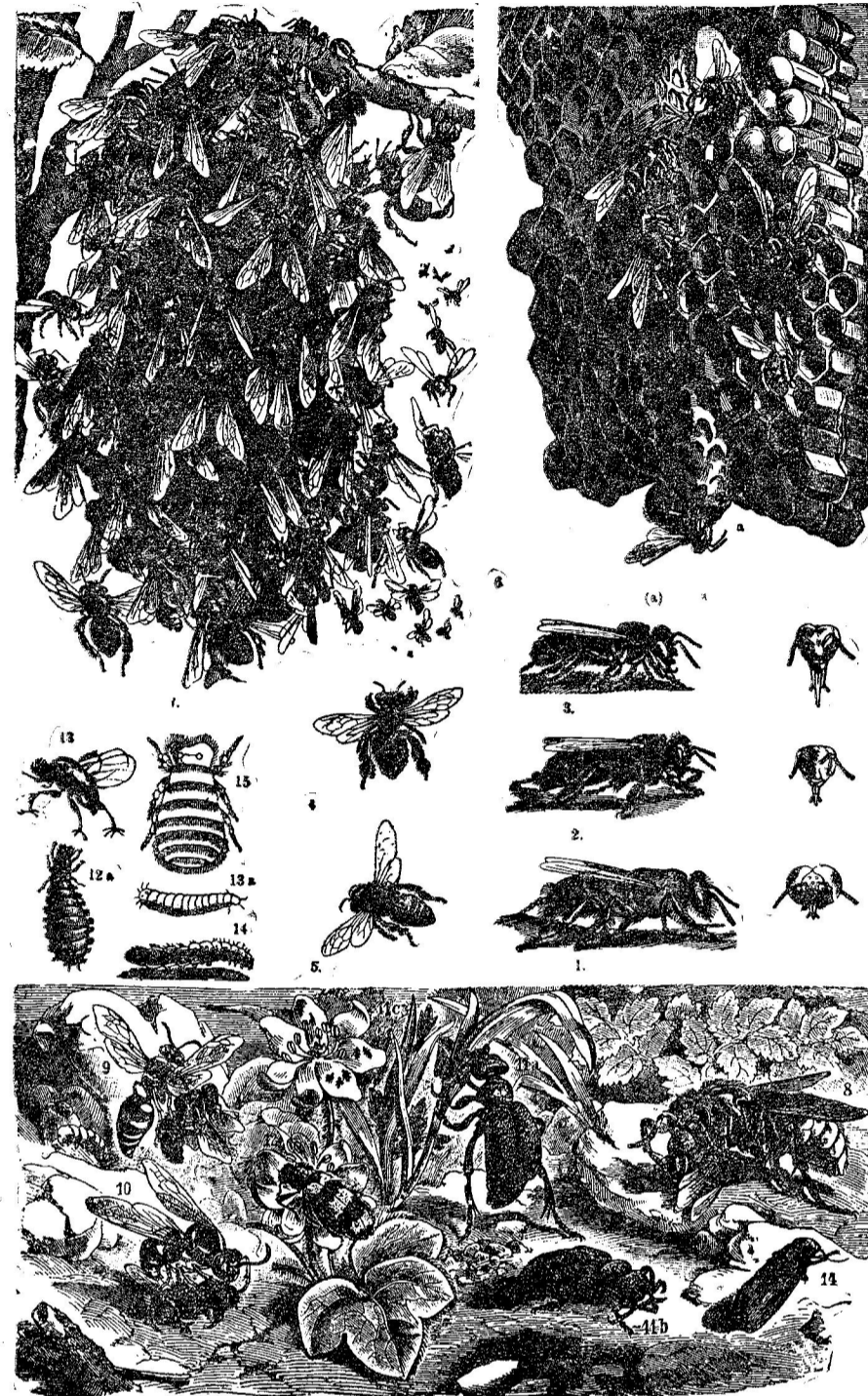
A beehive contains a queen, who is an egg-laying female, and a lot of workers, who are females, but do not normally lay eggs. And during the summer young queens, who may found new hives or replace the old queen, are produced, along with males called drones to mate with the young females. So a beehive is really a very large family, with its mother.

Von Frisch had the great and simple idea of marking every bee in a small hive with spots of paint on its back. The first marked bees were killed by their comrades because they had a foreign smell. So von Frisch smeared them with honey, so that by the time they had been licked dry they had the smell of their own hive.

As soon as even a few bees were marked he made a dreadful discovery. The bee had been held up as a model of constant work. He found that while there was always some work going on, each individual spent a great deal of time sitting on the honey comb and apparently gossiping with friends. Then he gradually worked out the life-history of a bee.

THE queen lays an egg in one of the cells of the honeycomb. Those cells prepared as nurseries do not contain honey, but a special food made largely from pollen. According to the quality of the food a worker or a fertile female is produced.

A grub hatches out of the egg.



- | | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Drone | 7. A swarm; 8-15, bee | 12. 12a. Bee beetle and larva |
| 2. queen | 9. Bee wolf | 13. 13a. Bee fly and larva |
| 3. Worker | 10. Wasp | 14. 14a. Wax moth and larva |
| 4. Italian bee | 11a. Male; 11b. female and larvae | 15. Bee louse, enlarged. |
| 5. Egyptian bee | | |
| 6. Comb, open and closed cells, (a) queen bee | | |

A famous British scientist points out that tiny insects can run a well-ordered society

by J. B. S. HALDANE

It first eats the food store, and is later fed by the young workers, and finally hardens into a chrysalis.

The young worker emerges from this fully grown, and is immediately given a drink of honey by a comrade. Within half-an-hour it is at work cleaning out its nursery cell, and other cells of the comb.

Its next duty is nursing. At first it merely sits on brood cells and keeps them warm. Next it feeds the grub, its younger sisters, with pollen and honey. Finally it feeds them with fluid from a pair of spe-

cial glands, as a female mammal feeds her young with milk.

At the end of the nursing period it makes its first trial flight, and then takes part in general indoor work. Honey and pollen are taken over from the bees which have gathered them, and stored in the comb. New comb is built with wax from special glands which act at this time.

Needless to say there is no private property, either in food or wax. Nor are there class or even craft distinctions. The difference between workers, queens and drones is fixed at "birth," like

that of the human sexes. And the drones, who do not work, are massacred when they have done their one duty of mating.

DURING this time some more trial flights are made, and dead bees and rubbish are taken out of the nest. Then follow several days of sentry duty at the door. Some sentries are very fierce and attack wasps and foreigners. Others seem to be pacifists.

At about three weeks old the bees begin visiting flowers and bringing home honey and pollen. So far there has been no specialization, each bee taking various jobs in turn. Later they specialize, each bee visiting one particular type of flower, and usually gathering either honey or pollen, but not both.

By experiments on feeding the honey and pollen gatherers, von Frisch not only tested their senses of color, form, taste and smell, but discovered three words in their language. Two of these words are dances, and one is a smell.

If a bee finds a lot of honey in a flower, she executes a special dance on the comb when she gets home. Other bees join in, and each in turn smells the dancer with its feelers.

Those which have specialized on the same flower, say stock or cherry, recognize the scent and fly out in all directions. The more honey has been found the longer the dance lasts, and the more other bees go out. A different dance is used as a signal by pollen-gatherers.

A BEE which finds a large store can also open a gland on its back which lets out a sweet smell and acts as a general call to all bees from the same hive flying near. If a layer of varnish is put over this opening it cannot call its friends.

Probably future research will disclose more "words," and we may discover how the builders cooperate to make the comb, and how it is decided that the hive needs some young queens. Or perhaps our next step will be with the language of ants or wasps.

It is sometimes said that bees are unprogressive because they are communists. This would be a fair criticism if individualistic insects were progressive. But dragonflies do not do differential calculus, nor do beetles make sculpture.

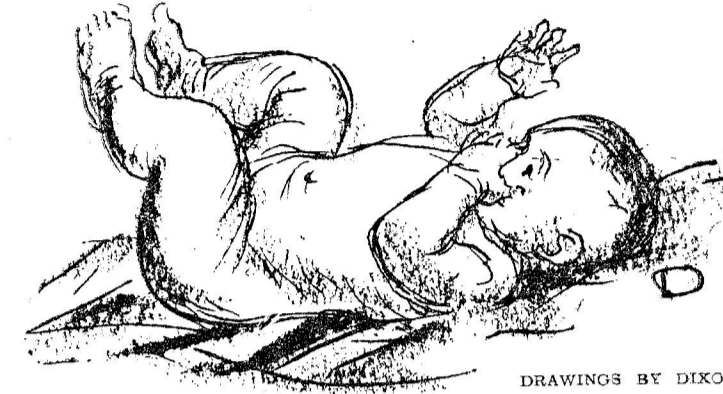
Social insects progress slowly because their brains are small and their societies limited. Bees from different hives never cooperate and sometimes fight.

But even in their communist society the bees are not mere machines with no individual character. This is particularly shown by their behavior as sentries. And although the worker is worn out after five or six weeks' work in summer, it has had a varied life, including many different kinds of work and a good deal of leisure.

The Unknown Mothers

In a land of 'women and children go first' traditions, thousands of mothers and newborn babies are not given a fighting chance

by MARY MACK



DRAWINGS BY DIXON



MY mother died at childbirth and when I look at a set of statistics called: **MATERNAL DEATHS WHICH COULD HAVE BEEN PREVENTED**—then the figures become something more than just cold print. I know that her death, too, is listed somewhere among all those numbers. Another death which could have been prevented and prevented along with it would have been all the sorrow and pain and loneliness which becomes the lot of a motherless child.

Is it any wonder that I am bitter—and who wouldn't be?—when I read such figures like these:

Maternal Deaths Estimated Preventable: New York City, 65.8%;



Sometimes a doctor arrives in time

Philadelphia, 56.7%; Alabama (Birmingham and Jefferson County) 78.7%; seven cities on the Pacific Coast, 68%. All needless, preventable deaths. Each one leaving sorrow and tragedy in its wake.

My mother had planned to have her baby at home. We were poor, lived in three small, crowded rooms, and there was no money for hospitalization. I was only seven then—but there are a lot of things I still remember.

I remember my brother and me being sent away suddenly "to spend a few days with our cousins." I remember my father coming for us, just as suddenly, in the deep of the night, and his heart-rending sobs.

"I want to see my kids. They're all I've got now. All I've got now," he kept repeating over and over.

And I remember how my brother and I were frightened almost out of our wits. We had never seen our father cry before and we were not told what had happened.

It was later—quite a bit later—when someone explained to me

what had really occurred that night. I was told how my young mother and my little new-born sister had both died. And I saw the little, unused flannel garments my mother had so painstakingly made.

But mine is just one of the thousands of similar tragedies which occur in these United States each year.

Imagine a town, say the size of Scranton, Pennsylvania, or, if you'd rather, the size of Springfield, Massachusetts. Have the whole town's population going about its business when suddenly something snuffs out the life of every single person. Everyone of those 150,000 people which would make up a town about the size of Scranton or Springfield, dead!

Imagine, too, the horror and indignation of the nation. The whole country would be aroused with the determination to wipe out this monster, this ruthless destroyer of lives!

And yet, that 150,000 represents the approximate number of deaths each year—right here in these United States—of mothers and babies in the first month of life from causes associated with maternal conditions.

THE problem of maternal care and care of the newborn is certainly a matter of grave concern. No matter what method of statistical procedure is used to assign cause to maternal deaths, the United States has the highest maternity death rate than any other "civilized" nation. And this high maternal mortality rate is shockingly inconsistent with our medical advancement.

I have before me a map issued by the U. S. Department of Labor, showing, by use of color, the maternal mortality rates throughout the States. Purple signifies eighty or more mothers' deaths due to puerperal causes per 10,000 live births. And how truly does the map reveal that maternal mortality among Negro women in the South averages 50% to 300% higher than that of white women. The purple color stains almost the whole state of Carolina, about three-fourths of Florida, nearly all of Georgia and sweeps into Alabama, Arkansas and Louisiana, concentrating around the mud flats of the lower Mississippi River.

And in the cities where the population is concentrated, the need of medical facilities for the people is appalling. Take Atlanta as a typical Southern city. Grady is her charity hospital. Its building for whites is a far cry from modern science. I happen to know Grady Hospital and its long waiting lines and its so-called modern technique. I had a friend who died there, a young, blonde-haired, blue-eyed mill girl whom at first they didn't want to treat because she was "supposed to have been a red."

But as lacking as its facilities are for white people, this lack is magnified a hundredfold in the old, dilapidated buildings in which they treat the segregated Negro population.

OUT in the rural sections doctors have to be "imported" from town. The trip to city hospitals over rough roads is hazardous and hospitalization so expensive that the majority of

farm women receive no medical care, even before or after childbirth. They comprise most of the 60 per cent of women who still experience childbirth at home—often without even a doctor in attendance.

Sometimes a midwife arrives in time. Sometimes there's only a kindly and bewildered neighbor.

That's why the map reveals big blotches of purple on such states too like Arizona, New Mexico, Montana, Wyoming. . . . More deaths that could have been prevented. Prevented by establish-



We were sent suddenly to our cousins.

ing prenatal clinics and efficiently supervised hospitals through Federal aid. By establishing rural health centers with maternity clinics.

In the cities, too, more clinics are needed. Long waiting lines for medical attention should be abolished. Maternity clinics should be located in regard to the population they serve and should be adequately staffed and timed.

LARGE cities, like New York, Chicago and San Francisco, have sections where poverty-stricken racial minorities are concentrated. And here clinics are seldom located. Often, these poor workers, some unable to speak English fluently, remain unaware that there is a health center in some distant part of the city where they may seek medical aid.

In the urban areas, 40 per cent of the women who died in childbirth (compared to 60 per cent of the rural women) were found to have had no prenatal examination. This is due primarily to the fact that in the big cities, where clinics are few and far between, women

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Women spend hours waiting in line for their turn

BEHIND THE NEW NAVY PROGRAM

THE air is rent with the babble of tongues arguing the question of a bigger navy. This discussion, we must keep in mind, proceeds to the accompaniment of the clang of steel and the machine-gun rapidity of riveting in the navy yards of the world, as the fascist powers set the pace in a world naval arms race.

While in a great measure the present phase of the naval arms race has its continuity with the Washington naval arms treaty of 1922, which was torn up by the Japanese in London in 1936, the primary factors involved are the following:

(1) Japan's aggression in the Far East, and its determination to win naval hegemony of the Pacific.

(2) Nazi Germany's giant naval rearmament on a scale to equal its land and air rearmament.

(3) Mussolini's determination to make the Mediterranean an exclusively Italian ocean by solidifying his conquest of East Africa, extending his influence in the Near East, working for a fascist victory in Spain to thwart Britain in the Western Mediterranean; and for these aims Italian fascism has accelerated its naval building program at this time.

Where does the United States fit into this picture?

PERHAPS we can touch the very point at issue on the question of increased American naval proposals by examining the arguments made in the first public debate to take place on the question since Roosevelt's recommendation. Participants were Senator David I. Walsh, Democrat of Massachusetts, chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, and Senator Gerald P. Nye, Republican, one of the authors of the "Neutrality" act.

Strangely enough, though the Senators formally seemed to be arguing against each other, they actually were supplementing one another.

Senator Walsh insisted: "We must now plan a navy that will not merely be useful in the event we are forced into war—it must be a navy that in war is strong enough to destroy the enemy."

Thus, Senator Walsh argued for an increased navy without regard to efforts to preserve world peace. He favored a bigger navy to meet the contingency of war, and proposes a navy gigantic enough to overcome the warships of a likely enemy power.

As an answer to the demand of the American people for peace, Senator Walsh emphatically declared:

"I am firmly convinced that the realities of today in the world at large admit ONLY one construction, namely, that a strong and adequate national defense is the best, and perhaps the ONLY assurance of peace."

By this means, with a sweeping gesture of big navy jingoism, Senator Walsh shies away from the basic question: the fact that collective action of the peace-desiring powers, if made effective, would do away with the arguments of the "necessity" of a bigger navy.

In fact, William Randolph Hearst, admittedly the agent of the fascist triple alliance in the United States, is the worst enemy of collective measures of the United States with France, Great Britain, and the Soviet to attain world peace. And as an integral part of this reactionary, war-inciting argument, Dirty Willie proposes that the United States take the lead in a naval arms construction program.

SENATOR NYE, who evaluates "neutrality" and "isolation" as panaceas for peace, actually is in fundamental agreement with Senator Walsh on the chief issue—the excluding of the cooperation of the United States with the other nations to insure world peace.

Rejecting the fundamental obstacle to an increase in the naval budget of the United States, Senator Nye hadn't a leg to stand on when he argued against a bigger navy program. Therefore, he had to erroneously attribute the stimulus for a rise in naval construction to (a) the official naval bureaucracy, and (b) the machinations of the munitions trusts.

There is no denying that the high naval officers always favor a bigger and bigger navy, and

that the munitions manufacturers profit handsomely therefrom.

But to cover one's eyes to the major stimulus for naval construction today—the existing wars (Spain and China), the fascist ferocious drive for naval arms supremacy to reshuffle the world's boundaries is to confuse the issue and to prevent the American people from seeing and utilizing the means which can defeat jingoist demands for an enlarged naval construction project.

In his recent speech on the question of war, ex-President Herbert Hoover, the most rabid of naval construction Presidents, an imperialist par excellence, put down as his first proposal for "peace" this gem:

"The greatest assurance from aggression against us is preparedness for defense."

A bigger navy and a bigger army is the Liberty League's spokesman's answer to the American people's insistence on the preservation of peace.

With the demand for a bigger army and navy, Hoover insisted:

"We must preserve our neutrality."

By "neutrality," Mr. Hoover made it clear, that he meant the U. S. should stand aside and do nothing to hamper the connivings and barbarities of the aggressor fascist powers in their plottings to plunge the entire world in war.

OUT of this proposal to meet the demands of the American people for peace, the insistence of a bigger navy is the logical corollary.

Isolation and a bigger armaments force are as much the reverse sides of a medal as fascism and war are twins.

William Randolph Hearst, in fact, when President Roosevelt urged the "quarantining" of the aggressor nations by the collaboration of the peace-loving powers, replied that instead of becoming involved in what he called "entangling alliances," the U. S. should "say it with battle-ships!"

When President Roosevelt's Chicago speech for collective peace action was not fully implemented so that Japan and the other fascist powers were confronted with united peace-wishing nations, the step of increased naval armaments became the order of the day in administration circles.

And herein were bound up varied and sometimes conflicting motives and interests.

Those who most persistently and adamantly fought President Roosevelt's collective peace proposals were the first to attempt to take advantage of his recommendations for increased naval construction.

The Hearsts, the Hoovers and the other big navy men seize upon any proposal for an increased navy to defeat the chief measure Roosevelt recommends to achieve peace, namely, collective action of those powers who desire peace.

An approach to the question of President Roosevelt's proposals for an increased navy, therefore, must take into account the chief factors and forces involved.

COMMUNISTS have been and are the most consistent and ardent opponents of huge armaments.

The Soviet Union proposed to the entire world complete reduction of armaments, and when this was refused it proffered a program of partial disarmament. This too was rejected.

With the advent of Hitler and the initiation of the gigantic armament race of the two fascist powers, Germany and Italy, the world arms situation took on the aspect of the war-inciting powers leading the drive for war preparations. Then when the fascist triple war alliance was formed, the naval race was begun by the fascist war-mongers in real and dangerous earnest.

The attitude of the Communists in the various countries towards the question of armaments considered and took into account the basic world situation of fascist war provocation, the actual wars, and the class relations within the particular countries.

For example: In Britain, where the Tory friends of Hitler and love-letter writes to Mussolini inaugurated a monster \$7,500,000,000 arms-building program, the Communist Party of Great



Illustrated by FRED ELLIS

The American people consider the answer to the proposals for a bigger army and navy in the light of the fight for peace throughout the world

by **HARRY GANNES**

Britain severely criticized the Labor Party leadership for allowing itself to be drawn into approving the rearmament schemes of the British economic royalists.

The British Communists pointed out that the Tories: (1) were not participating in the movement for collective peace action, (2) that they were encouraging the fascists, and (3) that armaments in the hands of the Chamberlains would NOT help the cause of peace.

The attitude of the Communists in Britain would be modified by objective conditions if the Labor Party were in power, supported by a broad People's Front anti-fascist movement, with Britain collaborating with other peace-desiring nations.

Under those circumstances, a gigantic program of the Tory nature would not be required; and if some arms appropriations became necessary, they would be voted on these general conditions, (a) that they be not controlled by the Tory agents of fascism; (b) that they be paid for by the rich; (c) that they be not used for imperialist oppression.

IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA and France, where the governments have a mutual assistance pact with the Soviet Union, a peace instrument that has tremendously hampered Hitler's war scheme, arms appropriations are voted by the anti-fascists on the general grounds enumerated above.

What is the situation in the United States? Certainly no effective means have yet been undertaken actually to realize collective peace action with other powers. President Roosevelt has made a splendid declaration towards this end; but it has not become a living reality.

The American navy is under the control of the most reactionary big navy leaguers, and its highest commanding staff is intertwined with the very economic royalists who reject President Roosevelt's peace proposals.

The people have virtually no control over the American navy, and increased naval appropriations would serve chiefly to strengthen the hands of the reactionary groups which dominate in the armed forces of our country.

The cost of the naval arms increase, furthermore, would come out of the general social budget at a time when the people are suffering the effects of an economic recession severely intensified by the sabotage of big capital. Here it is not a question of merely repeating old slogans of "Relief not Battleships," "Schools not Guns." Counterposing the demand for adequate and wider relief for the masses to the question of arms appropriations would not bring out the central point, that arms are not necessary if collective peace action be achieved, and that whatever action is taken with regard to armaments the people demand the right to social insurance and security of all kinds.

Whatever the costs of adequate social security, and armaments that are forced on the people, make the rich pay.

THE foes of collective action of the U. S., France, Great Britain and the Soviet Union for peace cannot deny that the collaboration of these nations would make the cry for increased armaments superfluous.

The objective of collective action is peace.

Japan, and its allies in the fascist war triangle, are only too keenly conscious of the fact that the combined effectiveness of the existing power of the democratic capitalist nations and the Soviet Union, if considered collectively is sufficient now to block any world war moves of the fascist war-instigators and to guarantee peace. Concerted measures by these powers would negate the arms race of the fascist dictators. Separate, isolated action of Britain, France and the United States, stimulates the arms-building program and provides ammunition (metaphorically and actually) to the jingoists and the reactionaries.

The Soviet Union, observing fascist Italy filling the Mediterranean with its pirate battleships, and Hitler trying to lock up the Baltic while Japan is trying to make the Western Pacific, the Sea of Japan and the Sea of Okhotsk into Japanese lakes, has entered into a gigantic naval building program in order to strengthen the defensive forces of Socialism and relative forces of world peace.

In the United States the gravest danger of a big naval armaments program is that it will feed the plans of the isolationists and the jingoists.

THE specific antidote to the proposals for more battleships, gunboats, bombing planes and submarines as a "cure" for the war danger is the immediate realization of collective action for peace.

It is here where the honest pacifists who preach isolation as the cure-all themselves fall into the trap of the big navy men. America can be isolated and saved from war, say the jingoist isolationists, only by a steel ring of gigantic battleships. Isolation, of whatever kind, is grist to the big navy mill.

In the last analysis, then, the people's answer to the proposals for increased armaments (while carefully distinguishing the aims and motives of the various groups which advocate varying bigger navy programs) should be:

(1) Peace can be obtained and insured by collective action of the peace-desiring powers.

(2) The first consideration in all government appropriations is to "balance the human" budget and make the rich pay for it.

(3) If collective action cannot be immediately secured and President Roosevelt's recommendations are adopted by Congress (against the advice of the people) the burden for the increased naval armaments should be placed on the pocket-books of the wealthy.

(4) In every consideration of the navy and other armed forces of this country the question must be raised: Who controls the weapons of war? Have reactionary and fascist-minded officers got the upper hand in the army and navy?

American can be kept out of war not by increased navies nor its inseparable political counterpart, isolation, but by this country closely collaborating with France, Britain and the Soviet Union to KEEP WAR OUT OF THE WORLD.