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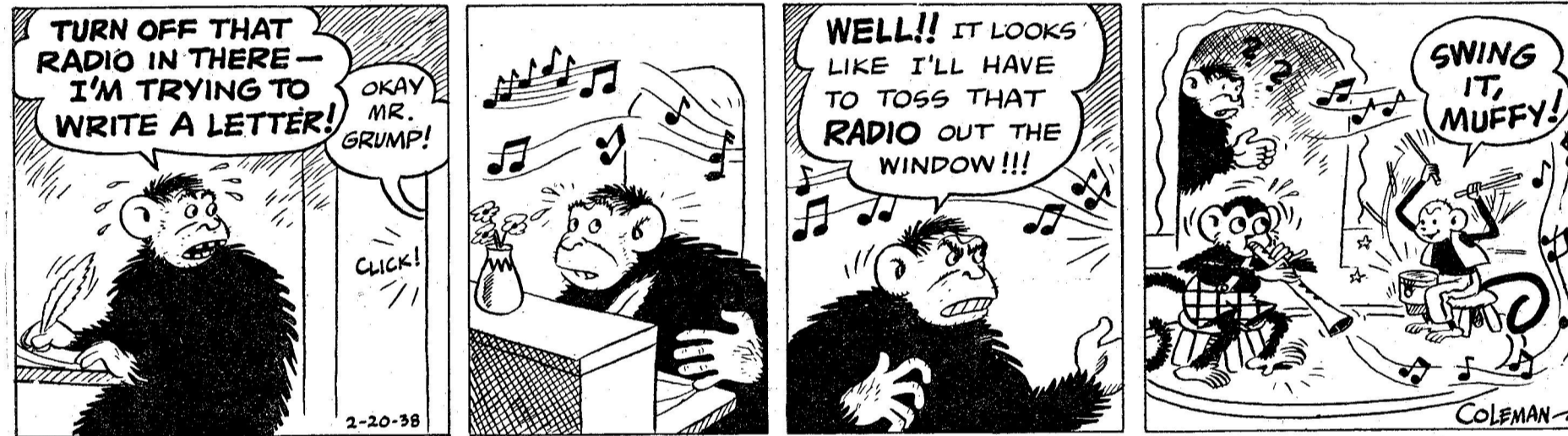
SIR HOKUS POKUS

by Somers



MUFFY THE MONK

by Coleman



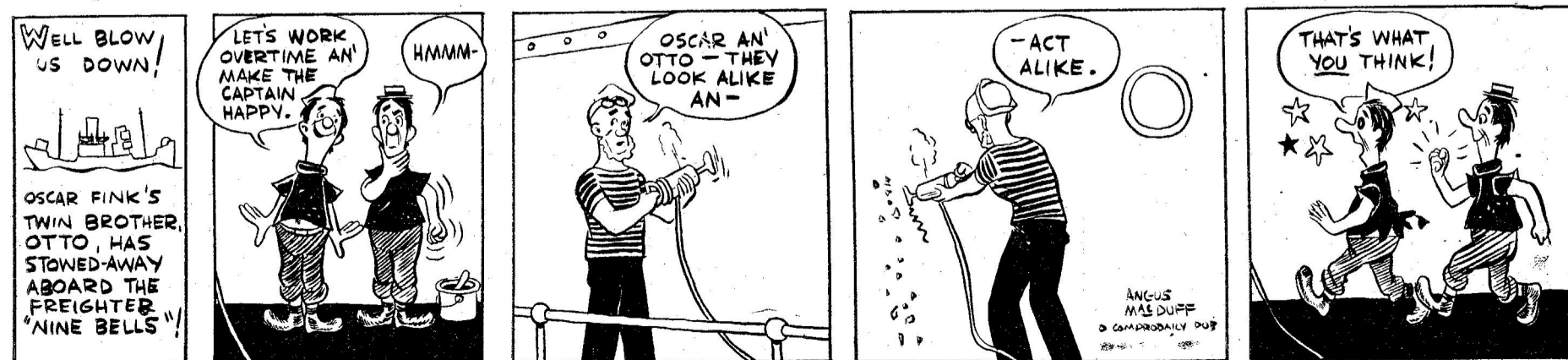
TEX TRAVIS

by Richards



BARNACLE AND THE FINK

by MacDuff



MAGAZINE

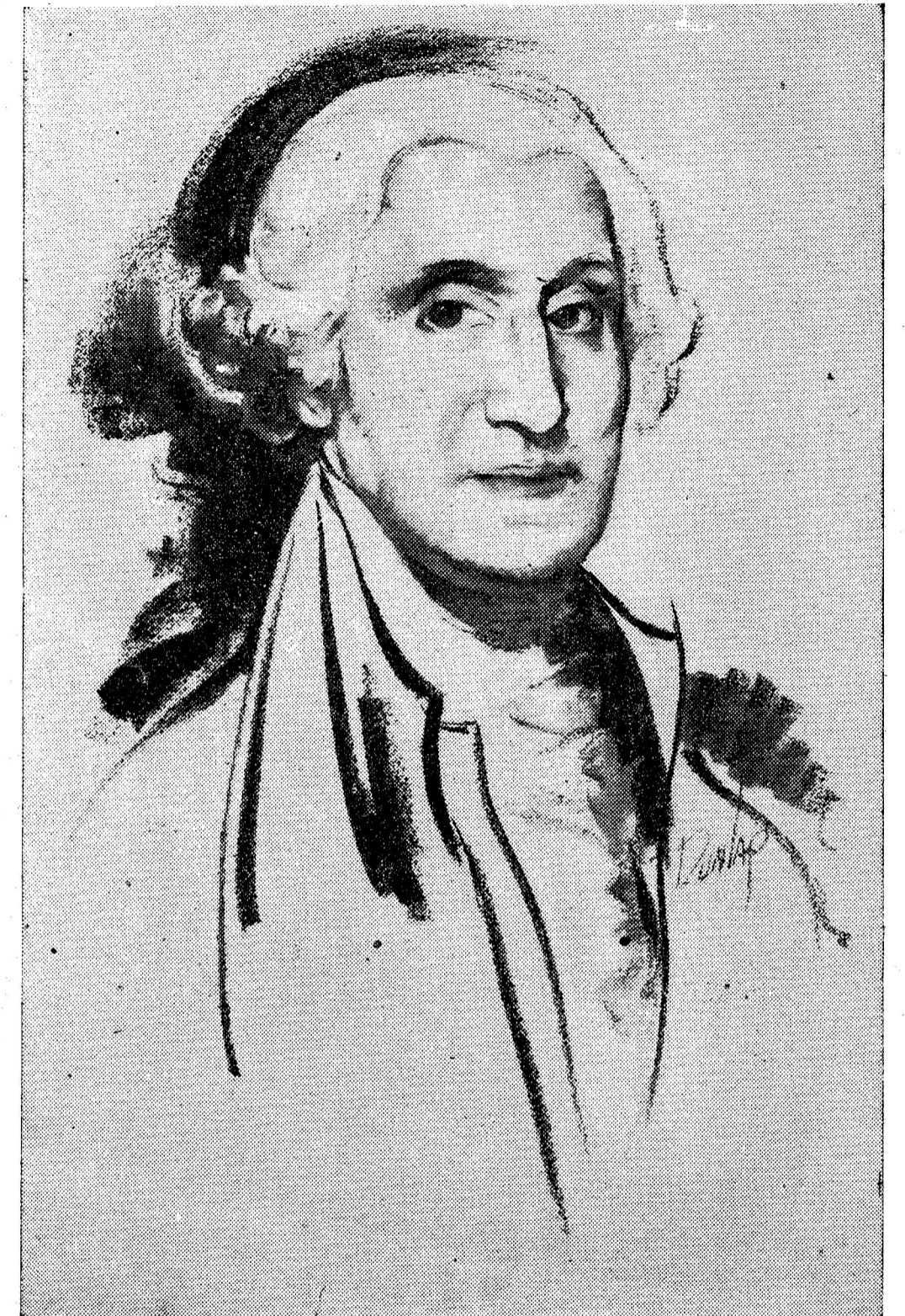
FEBRUARY 19, 1938

IN TWO SECTIONS, SECTION 2

by PAUL CROSBIE

George Washington would have been proud of the Americans fighting for democracy in Spain

He Led a People's Army



DRAWING BY DUNLAP

IN THE foreground of that great revolutionary struggle for life, liberty and happiness that marks the beginning of the history of the United States of America stands the heroic figure of George Washington—heroic in stature (six feet four inches) as well as in leadership. In an earlier day, Parson Weems with his goody-goody stories did much to obscure the nature of the man who led ragged colonials first against the Indians and later against the British. But the greatest distorters have been the D.A.R. and the Tories of today who have cast the hero of Valley Forge in the role of the great aristocrat and the father of the policy of American isolation.

Washington was an aristocrat, a large landed proprietor, an owner of slaves, but these facts must not be permitted to dim the fact that it was his revolutionary fervor that gives him a high place in man's struggle for a better life. Karl Marx in the resolution adopted by the British Workmen's Alliance designated the war of 1776 as a struggle to free the middle class from the domination of feudalism. At the beginning, George Washington sided with the established order, the lawful government of King George III, but a reading of Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" convinced him that the well-being even of such landed proprietors as he was threatened by the increasing demands of the British ruling class. Once won to the cause of revolution, he was single-hearted during its duration. Hearst and the Tories of 1938 quote his warning against entangling alliances as an injunction against the people of the United States having any part in world affairs. But Washington himself was no isolationist.

The great democrat, Thomas Jefferson, pointed that out in recording a conversation he had with Washington December 27, 1792.

"... he observed to me," Jefferson wrote, "that he thought it was time to endeavor to effect a stricter connection with France. He went into the circumstance of dissatisfaction between Spain and Great Britain and us, and observed there was no nation on whom we could rely, at all

times, but France. (I was very much pleased with the tone of this observation. It was the very doctrine which had been my polar star. ...)

When he was at the head of the revolutionary forces he sent Benjamin Franklin to France in a successful mission for aid, and to the end of his term of office as President of the United States, he was alert to safeguard the interests of the infant country by utilizing the conflicting interests of the European powers.

It is of utmost importance for the progressives of today to remember that the army of 1776 was a people's army. The comfortable burghers of New York, Boston and Philadelphia were mostly Tories. They were supporters of the "law and order" of the King. They raised against Washington the cry of "Atheist," "subverter of order," "rabble rouser," etc., cries that were shouted in the House of Commons, the same cries that today are shouted by the same people against the labor movement and even against President Roosevelt.

It was the people, the farmers, artisans and laborers, supported by the intellectuals of the day, the Paines, Franklins, Adams, etc., who furnished the material from which Washington had to build his army. That he was a dynamic leader is proved by history. Out of similar materials as those from which the army of Loyalist Spain is built, he built the army that drove the forces of proud England into the sea. But just as the army of Spain has had the help of loyal volunteers from foreign lands so did the army of Washington.

Lovers of liberty from every land in Europe offered their services. It was the genius of Baron von Steuben who brought discipline and order into the motley forces of irregulars. It is his genius that today is the foundation of the American military establishment. From far off Poland came Kosciusko and a group of supporters, from France Lafayette and a large contingent. Just as in Spain today, the International Brigade of 1776 represented every land. (Continued on Page 9)

To Honor and Cherish

a short story
by JIM GORDAN



"she was a knockout that night at the dance in Frisco"

THEY looked more like scared sheep than celery field strikers. Most of them were Mexicans, and they huddled in small groups, talking in low monotones.

"Those guys need a shot in the arm," said Ross.

"They better get it quick, or that strike's going to fold like a paper hat," answered Larkins.

"Think we could help?"

Larkins looked at the kid like he was crazy. "You speak Spanish?"

"No, but—"

"No buts about it. You try talking English to a guy that don't understand it. All we can do is stand here like two old women."

Larkins spit toward three cops standing on the edge of the field. Fine thing for an organizer to keep his hands in his pockets. Hell, if they were longshoremen, he'd have the whole bunch solid in ten minutes. Nice place to bring the kid, too. He wanted to be a field organizer. Now he was going to see his first strike fall apart.

HE'D just about decided to go out and try sign language, when the girl came. She walked up to a group, talked a minute in fast Mexican, and when she started to the next crew they tagged right along after her. As fast as she could cover the rough, plowed ground, she brought order out of the chaos.

Ross grabbed Larkin's arm. "Say, I think I know that girl."

"I doubt it. If you do, don't let it worry you. Just watch her."

She had the Mexicans welded together. The pickets were moving around with a little fight in them, like they were picketing something instead of walking on eggs.

"See how she starts them talking. That's the way. It's their strike," Larkins said.

The kid wasn't paying much attention. He kept looking at the girl. Suddenly his face lit up and he turned around all excited. "I get it now. I met her at a dance in Frisco."

Larkins caught hold of his shoulder. "Dummy up!"

HE dropped his voice. "But I did. She didn't have on overalls then. She was a knockout."

"All right. You met her at a dance. So what? She can dance if she feels like it. If you keep spilling your face, somebody's going to want to know why she's down here."

"Sorry. She sure is a knockout, though. That night she had on a black dress."

Larkins looked disgusted. "Maybe you'd like to write her a love letter."

"What's biting you? You're making a lot of fuss over nothing."

"I'm not making half the fuss there's going to be around here in a minute. Two of those cops left right after she started talking. If they bring a squad back, this strike will go up like a balloon."

"Can't they hold the celery patch?"

Larkins shook his head. "Against a few, yes, but not a lot. They've never struck before. Anyway, there's only a handful of them."

Ross puffed out his chest. "That's where we come in."

"God, you've got a lot to learn!" He pointed down the dusty road to some cars. There were ten in the loaded to the top with gangster deputies. The cars drove right up to the picket line.

Ross whistled. "They didn't bring a squad. They brought an army."

THE police got out of the cars, shouldering their shotguns and getting the tear gas ready. Four cops to every picket with guns and gas for good measure. The leader stepped up to the picket line. He

was a fat man, with a Hitler mustache, like a rained-on-rat.

"Where's that agitator?" he asked.

"Que? Que pasa? No sabe."

The leader's face turned red. "You never savvy a damn thing you don't want to." He turned to his army. "Go in and get the girl. To hell with the rest of them. They're small change."

The Mexicans stood together for a minute, then slowly began to fall back. They couldn't get what it was all about, and it's pretty hard to look down the barrel of a shotgun when you've only got your two hands. A few of them stood around her, but the police pushed them away like chaff in a strong wind. They grabbed the girl and started back to the cars.

Larkins clenched and unclenched his big hands. He turned to say something else to Ross, but the kid wasn't there. He looked toward the cars and saw him walking toward the group that had the girl. He caught him and jerked him around. "Where are you going, you fool?"

The kids eyes had a wild look. "Turn me loose. I'm going to get some of those deputies!"

HE held on to him hard. "That's not the way. You can't help her by getting yourself thrown in the clink."

Ross was fighting now. "Lemme go, or I'll kill you, too."

Larkins threw him on the ground and pinned him there. The kid fought and cursed, but he just sat on him until they drove the girl away. When they were out of sight, he let him up.

Ross dusted himself off, before saying anything. When he finally spoke, his voice was bitter and still mad. "We're a couple of fine men. That girl gets arrested while we just stand around and look."

Larkins was cool. "I suppose we were going to whip twenty cops a piece?"

"We could have done something."

"Yeah. Get ourselves in the stir. That wouldn't do anybody any good. As it is we can go to the I.L.D. and get her out. This dead hero business reads all right in books, but it doesn't hold up very well in the trenches. She's been in jail before and may be in again: They've bought a lot of brains on the other side. We've got to use ours over here."

Ross had calmed down some and was beginning to look sheepish. "Your Excellency, you see, even our children have come to welcome you."

Corky caught his breath. "But..."

"My dear young friends," continued the Mayor, "you will just have to save your

Larkins rolled a cigarette and lit it. "I'll admit it hurts when you know them. You see, I know her too. She's my wife."



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BONNELL

JUNIOR AMERICA

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO: Junior American, 50 East 13th Street, New York City. Conducted by Johnny McGee and Mary Morrow

CORKY FIGHTS CITY HALL

Story by ERIC LUCAS

Picture by MARY MORROW

In all of crowded Metro City, the best hill for sleigh riding was High Street. But Snoot, the cop, wouldn't let Kate or Corky or their gang use it, even though the gang told Snoot, "Why not make it a play street?" In answer Snoot says: "Go fight City Hall." Corky and the Gang snap back: "Okay, we will. . . . At City Hall the Mayor's secretary listens to the gang then says: "His honor, the Mayor is not interested in sleigh riding. Good day. . . ."

Part Two

THE gang was stunned. Kate tapped her toe. "Maybe the Mayor ain't," she said, "but we are!"

The secretary leaped up to his feet. "I asked you to scam, didn't I?"

The gang backed towards the door just as it swung open and a dapper looking fellow dressed up like a clothing store dummy popped in. All abeam, the secretary leaped to attention. "Ah, good morning, Mayor, good morning."

PRANCING around at the Mayor's heels was some sort of foreign diplomat. He was a short fellow with a forked beard spiked straight out at you, and below, a neat round belly balanced on two dainty legs.

The Mayor swung crisply to the children. "Ah, my chickadees, welcome. "Your Excellency, you see, even our children have come to welcome you."

Corky caught his breath. "But..."

"My dear young friends," continued the Mayor, "you will just have to save your

Larkins rolled a cigarette and lit it. "I'll admit it hurts when you know them. You see, I know her too. She's my wife."



welcome for our official reception this afternoon at the park . . . there you will all be my personal guests." He patted a couple of them on the head and before Corky could open his mouth he had hustled the prancing diplomat into his office and hissed a warning to his secretary to "get rid of the kids and be quick about it."

THAT afternoon, sitting on City Hall steps, Corky and his gang didn't feel at all like the jaunty, blaring brass band.

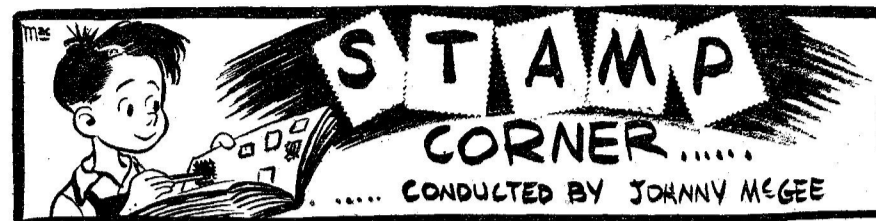
"Fellow citizens and friends," began the Mayor beaming at the voters, newspapermen, movie cameras and the fellow with the beard.

Corky's brows became one straight line. "It's a cinch the Mayor don't mean us!" he said glumly. "Chickadees, my young friends, baloney! C'mon guys, might as well go take our sleds and build a bonfire!"

"Oh yeah," interrupted Kate, smiling sweetly, "s'pose I told you I got a stunt to get us on High Street pretty quick! That is . . . if you fellers had the guts!"

Corky leaped to his feet. "Say—wadya mean 'if'?"

WHEN five minutes later a dozen or so boys and girls pushed through the crowd and up to the front of the speakers' platform, the Mayor became



INDIA recently issued a colorful set of stamps showing different stages of mail transportation. This week we illustrate the six annas value, showing a steamship.

The International Benjamin Franklin Society and the Lincoln Fellowship of New York are starting a campaign to change some of our current coins. They feel that Lincoln should be shifted from the penny to the nickel, and that Benjamin Franklin should appear on the penny. While we are on the subject of coins:



Senator Augustine Lonergan, of Connecticut introduced a resolution to the Senate last month, proposing the issuance of 25,000 commemorative half dollars in honor of the 300th anniversary of the founding of the New Haven Colony, which now is part of Connecticut.

A friend of ours got a registered letter from Spanish Morocco the other day, on closely examining the hand-written number on the registration seal, he found that they were in German script, with a crossed seven. Who said Franco wasn't

getting aid from his cut-throat friends? It looks like they took over his post-office!

Another swell slogan cancel arrived recently from Ireland, a rare one, too, since



Ireland seldom uses slogans. This slogan seems to be urging the Irish farmers towards a bigger wheat crop.

ODDS AND ENDS

MEYER SHAPIRO of New York City, sent in this unusual stamp. He says it came from the back of a check which was routed through the Norwegian Credit Bank, so it must be



stamp. It is in a light brown shade. Do you belong to the Junior America Stamp and Correspondence Club? If not send in for a membership card now and don't forget to state whether or not you wish to correspond with other members.

GOOD BOOKS

IF you are tired of reading the same old books, here are some new books.

What have you been reading lately? If you've not read the following books yet you ought to go to your public library and try to get them, as they're very interesting:

- Tory House Mystery, by Eleanor Wheeler (Smith and Hass Co.).
- In the Saddle With Uncle Bill, by Will James (Scribners).
- The Wonderful Garden, by E. Nesbit (Coward McCann Co.).

The Good Master, by Kate Seredy (Viking Press).

Rainbow In The Sky, by Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt Brace).

The House of Many Tongues, by Fjeril Hess (MacMillan).

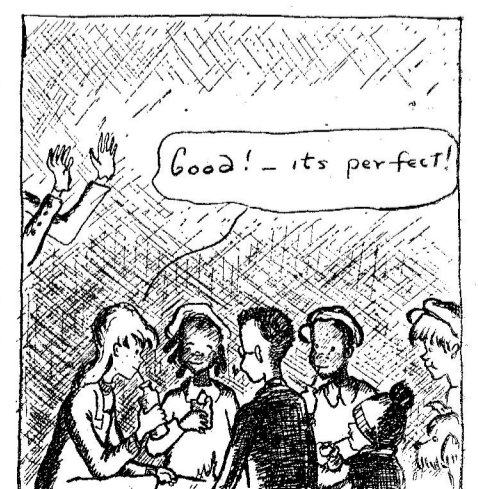
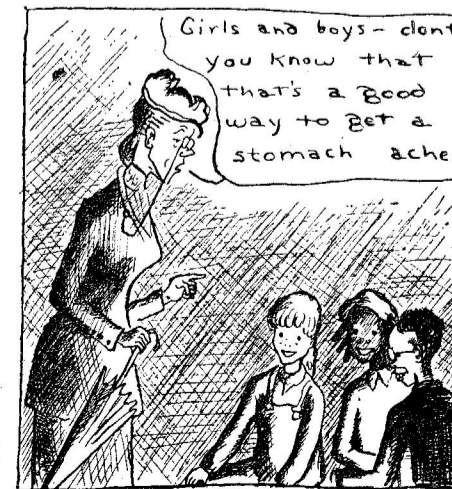
Marauders of the Sea, by N. C. Wyeth (Putnam's Sons).

Steve Merrill, Engineer, by William Heyliger (Appleton-Century Co.).

Racing the Seas, by Walter and Olson (Farrar & Rinehart).

MOLLY McGUIRE

by Ida Bailey



Let's Talk it Over

Boycotting Japanese goods means not only keeping Japan out of China but 'Storm Troopers' out of America

BY MARY MACK

TODAY'S column is again devoted to the Japanese boycott and for a mighty special reason. Today we are going to answer some issues raised by the executive board of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers, who have recently gone on record unanimously supporting the boycott of Japanese manufactured goods but not of Japanese raw materials turned into manufactured goods in this country.

According to a statement issued by their president, Emil Rieve, the Board feels that: (1) a boycott on stockings made of Japanese silk would do more harm to the American hosiery workers than it could do good to the Chinese people; (2) the boycott will encourage the use of non-union stockings; (3) silk will be substituted for materials made in fascist countries; and (4) the boycott will affect the Chinese production of raw silk.

The Board also claims that the average

pair of silk stockings selling at 85 cents contains only about 10 cents worth of silk and that in order to harm Japan 10 cents worth, we are hurting our own industry 75 cents worth.

Well, I don't really know how much silk goes into a pair of stockings, but I do know that it is estimated that about \$50,000,000 worth of Japanese silk is used here each year in hosiery alone. That this huge sum only represents three-fourths of the silk imported from Japan. That this is more than ten times the amount of the combined seven items next in volume imported from Japan. That a boycott of only manufactured goods without including raw silk would certainly be ineffective.

The problem of the boycott, as reflected in the boycott of silk stockings is not the problem of the hosiery workers alone. It is also the responsibility of the entire labor movement.

Already CIO and A. F. of L. unions have gone on record supporting the boycott. Labor recognizes that the boycott is a blow struck against war and for peace. A blow struck against fascism and therefore for trade unionism. A blow struck to protect all workers against the horrors of another war and their families against the raids of Storm Troopers right here in America. And the entire labor movement will fight to see that the hosiery workers keep their jobs, that they do not shoulder the sacrifices alone!

It is admitted that 60 per cent of the hosiery machines now in operation can be used for lisle. An authoritative study just completed reveals that the remaining 40 per cent of hosiery knitting machines can be diverted from silk to rayon "with some delay and technical difficulties."

The American Federation of Hosiery Workers should bring pressure on the employers to adjust their machines to silk substitutes. If there are some slight dislocations in the silk and hosiery manufacturing while getting readjusted, any such unemployment should not be great in volume or lasting. On the other hand, women will continue to wear stockings and to replace the raw silk usually imported from Japan by rayon or cotton substitutes produced in America, there would be a substantial increase in output here as well as employment.

This brings us to the third point raised. Germany's total exports of cotton and lisle hosiery to this country in 1937 were just one-third of one per cent of the amount made in the United States. Recently, the amount imported is even less because of the rise in the output by American factories. Lisle stockings marked "Made in Spain" come from Loyalist territory.

(About China's production of silk: in normal times only about 4 per cent of America's approximate \$102,000,000 worth of silk imports comes from China. At present, no Chinese silk is available due to the Japanese occupation of Chinese ports.)

For those who love their families, who believe in justice and humanity, there is only one course to pursue. **BOYCOTT ALL JAPANESE GOODS. GIVE NO AID TO FASCIST INVADERS!**

But if you have any other questions concerning the boycott, I'll be glad to help you. Write to Mary Mack, Women's Page Editor, 35 E. 12th St., New York, N. Y.



Mary Mack

Collective Security

If the house next door to you caught on fire, you wouldn't say 'Let it burn down, my house is safe'

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

A WOMAN reader asks the difference between "isolation" and "collective security" as a foreign policy; which will keep us out of war and bring peace to the world. There is no more important question. It requires thinking in modern terms. One hundred years ago America was physically isolated. The Atlantic and Pacific separated her by thousands of miles from Europe and Asia. It took months to cross them. There were no cables, no radios, no submarines, no airplanes. News was old before it arrived. Our political and industrial contacts were limited, before machine production. It was natural then to advocate isolation—that we mind our business and Europe and Asia do the same.

Today the situation is entirely changed. Such a policy is as antiquated as the stage coach or spinning wheel fit for a museum. Commerce, business relations, treaties, compel us to live on an international stage.

The oceans have shrunk to little ponds, skimmed over quickly by fast ships and sky planes. The massacres in China and Spain this morning are on our evening broadcast. Isolation is over. Our present "neutrality" policy is not isolation, but mercenary evasion. It stops the sale of munitions to warring countries, but allows them to buy and transport the raw materials. "Cash and Carry neutrality" profits by war. Japan and Italy take full advantage. We aid them to assault Spain and China.

Are we as a nation so blind to danger? Will we sell fuel to feed the fires of war until the blaze devours us too? We do not say, "Let the house next door burn down. My house is safe!" A fire department is collective security. We do not say, "My neighbor's children have smallpox, but it's no concern of mine!" A Board of Health is collective security. Fascism is a greater menace today than fire or disease. It spreads, like a plague, by military aggression. It must be quarantined, stamped out.

Collective security means all peaceful, democratic nations unite to cut off aggressor nations from trade or credit; refuse to sell to or buy from them. This will be an active peace policy. It will halt their brutal raids. It means to sell arms and war supplies to nations defending themselves from fascist invasion.

Robert Raven, brave Lincoln Brigade veteran, eyes blasted out, legs shattered in Spain, sounds tragic warning:

"It's all very well to talk about better homes and better education and better jobs. But what use are all of these things if they're going to be destroyed by war. What good is it to build model homes, if they're to be devastated by bombs. What's the sense in planning to raise a family, if in a few years we are to see our children murdered by fascism, like the children of Spain. Before anything else, we must win the right to live—we must stop the threat of war."

Next week we will discuss what women can do to "stop the threat of war."

Understanding Your Child

A MOTHER has written in asking: "What sort of books shall I get for my child? What is your opinion of fairy tales? How can I influence his reading to bring him up as a conscious anti-fascist?"

Don't feel that, because your child may like Mother Goose fairy tales and folk stories, he can not later become a good member of the working class. These stories have an important place in his life and it would be unwise to have them omitted. Children need a certain amount of fantasy. Indeed, for some years at least, they live largely in their own imaginative world—and it would be definitely limiting their personalities to exclude or curtail this. The Soviet Union today is using fairy tales for young children.

Get your child the Wanda Gag fairy book, which is mostly simple folk tales of proletarian subjects. But as he grows older, do not limit his reading. If you have little money to spend, use your library branch where you will probably get excellent help. Ask there, also, for stories of working people. But don't get disappointed if for a good number of years he shows little inclination or interest in this background. Sometimes this interest comes later than we might expect.

The real interest arises through the child's sympathetic relations with people plus his intelligent understanding of his place. This may be fostered, but not foisted upon him. He will learn from asking questions about what he sees going on around him, rather than by being talked to.

If there comes a time when he seems to fight against your ideas for no good reason, that is merely a normal breaking away from his dependence upon you and a struggle to establish himself. Be careful not to antagonize him; let him feel, rather, that he is discovering the world himself.

We will shortly publish in this space a list of books with our comments, which may be secured at various workers' bookshops. Watch for it.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY BOARD.



Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

COMRADE KITTY

By Mississippi Johnson and Elizabeth



"My goodness," Kitty says briskly, "what's the matter with you anyway? Sitting around like that doesn't butter any parsnips." Abby nods vaguely. "I know," she says, "but I don't really care for parsnips anyway. So why should I butter them?"



"Literal, too, eh?" Kitty asks, "that's a bad sign. Wouldn't by any chance be that red-headed guy, would it now?" Abby nods again. "Oh you," she says, "you've got eyes in the back of your head. Kitty laughs: "Sure I have . . . when it comes to romance."



"Cheer up. When this red-head sees you in that bolero suit he'll notice you." Abby is sad. "Not him," she says, "he doesn't notice clothes. He likes girls with character. And I guess I just haven't got enough. How do you go about getting a fine character?"



"Why, you poor kid," Kitty says, still laughing, "you have as much character as anybody. I tell you what, though. Go out and rustle up some subscriptions for a real newspaper, like this one. I understand it's a sure fire way to build a fine character."

With Blood and Iron

by HARU MATSUI

IT was six o'clock in the morning of December 15, 1937. The streets of Tokio were frozen and a cold wind pierced the morning air. The city lay silent under the gray sky and the day's life had not begun.

But more than 400 metropolitan police had been secretly mobilized for the biggest mass raid ever organized in Japan. Small groups of six uniformed men, houses allotted them in the carefully planned attack. In Tokio, alone, 109 peaceful citizens were dragged from their homes and put behind iron bars. In all Japan the raid netted 372 prisoners.

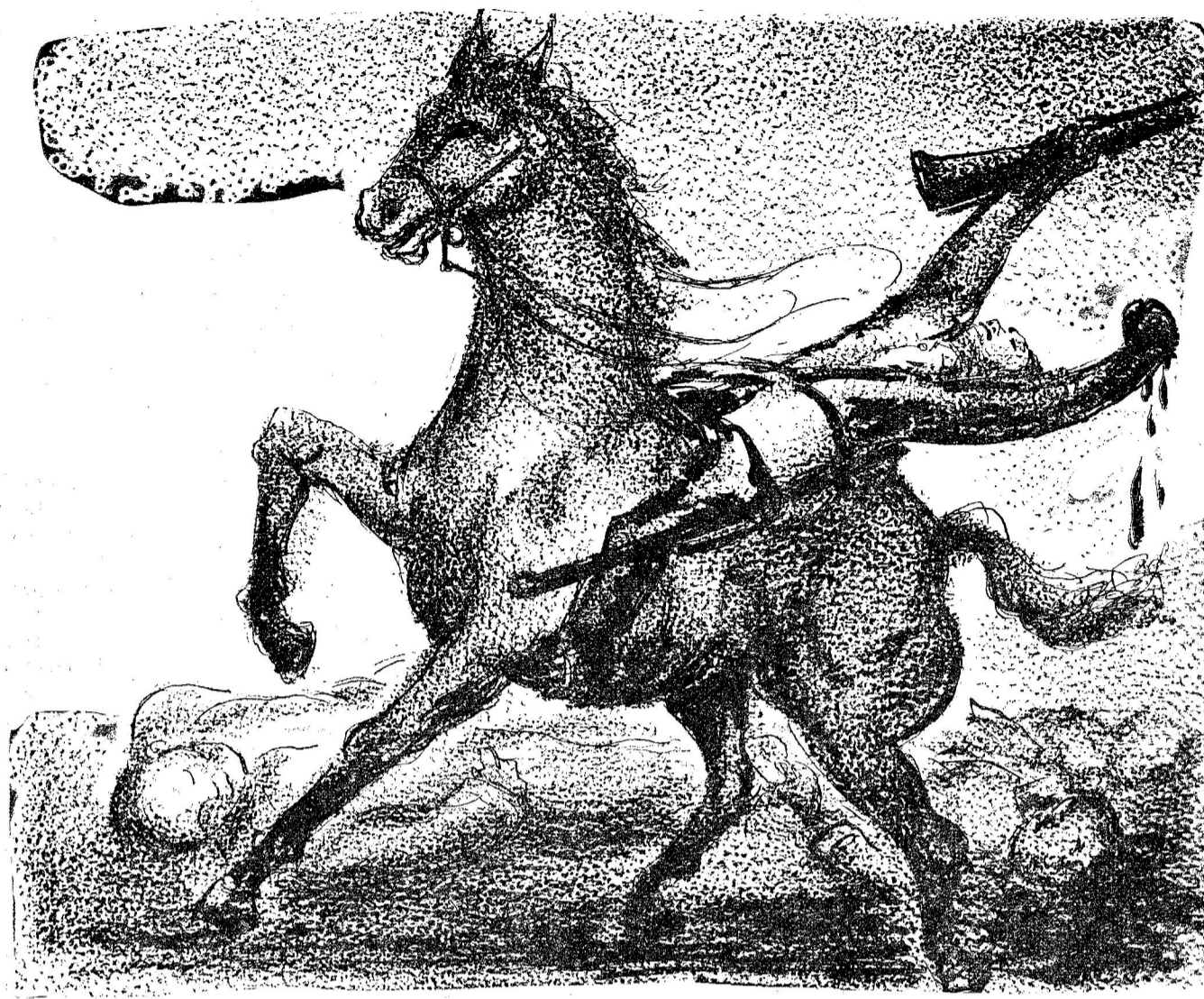
Much has been said about Japan's national unity in support of the criminal war in China. But despite noisy claims about "solid unity" of the masses behind the militarists, the recent wholesale arrest of 372 popular leaders tells what is really happening inside the country.

Home Minister Admiral Suetsugu made the following statement when the news of the mass arrests were released to the press on December 22, 1937:

"At the time when Japan is fighting against the communist menace in China, those who do not support Japan's holy war must be punished by the most severe measures. We are determined not only to suppress dangerous thoughts, but to exterminate and uproot them from the earth. At the same time we must strengthen anti-communist international pacts more than ever."

ADMIRAL SUETSUGU was appointed Home Minister on December 13. Two days later the mass arrests were made. This was not mere coincidence. Admiral Suetsugu is openly the foremost fascist leader in Japan. Convinced that the Chinese Government would never accept Japan's peace terms and realizing that Japan will have to wage a protracted war, the Konoye government replaced the former Home Minister, Baba, with the cold-blooded fascist Admiral. Only a policy of blood and iron will enslave the people.

The charge made against the 372 prominent citizens was that they were impeding Japan's war



ILLUSTRATED BY THE JAPANESE ARTIST ISHIOGAKI

Flailing clubs and brutal torture fail to stop thousands of brave Japanese in their fight against war

against China by fostering "the people's front." They are blamed for campaigning for more relief to the needy families of soldiers at the front in China and demanding full payment of wages to the boys on the firing line. This campaign, said the police, was conducted under "instructions from the Communist International."

Baroness Shizue Ishimoto, who had also been taken during the mass raid, told the press that none of those arrested were Communists. Some of them may be called "Pinks," she said. They are intelligent people who are interested in social progress.

The Baroness was kept for two weeks in an unheated cell and finally released, but under strict orders not to leave Tokio. She told an American correspondent that "the war is costing huge sums of money. The people will be further impoverished." In her opinion, the raid was not motivated by any "Communist plot," but as a warning to all pacifists and labor people against the day when the soldiers would return to face misery and hunger.

SUETSUGU denounced liberalism as the "hot house" of Communism and branded all liberals and progressives as "Reds." Japan's "holy war" in China means the crushing of culture, progress and democracy in Japan.

The 372 arrested include outstanding social critics, economists, writers, former professors, labor leaders and lawyers beside two popular members of parliament and 31 prefecture, city and ward representatives. The rest were workers in munition plants, in the transportation industries, printers and farmers.

Since 1923, wholesale arrests have been made every year so that today there are about 7,000 political prisoners in Japan. They face the daily torture of a prison system that dates back to the darkness of the middle ages.

An English writer, Freda Utey, admiring the heroism of the Japanese people, once said: "Heroism there is in Japan—not the heroism of the Swashbuckling Samurai, but the heroism of Radicals and labor leaders who brave the horrors of torture in the police cells in their struggle to improve the miserable lot of the workers and the peasantry; the heroism of young factory girls whose homes are hundreds of miles away and who yet go on the streets to defy the tyranny of the employers in whose barracks they live; the heroism of Japan's few liberals, like the veteran Ozaki, who all his life has been threatened by 'patriotic' assassins and by the authorities, and yet continues to oppose Japan's militarists and the oppressors of her people."

THOSE arrested are the heroic people who dared to say what millions of their brothers and sisters feel, even though it means torture and death. They have spoken for the silent population which has suffered desperately and been oppressed, yet who have not the strength and courage to voice their protest.

This wholesale arrest of the popular labor leaders, the finest minds, the best writers, was a great shock to the public. Even the reactionary newspapers, the mouthpieces of the military government, could not ignore the public sentiment, and instead of branding them as "criminals" and

"offenders," expressed a warm sympathy toward the arrested. It is no wonder that the fascist magazine, Nippon, decried the lack of national unity, lamenting that there was too little sense of emergency among the Japanese people.

Miyako Shimbun, one of the leading papers in Tokio, reports (December 22): "On December 15, a police squad raided the house of Yoshitaro Omori, former assistant professor at the Tokio Imperial University and an outstanding figure in Japanese public life. The aged father of this writer received the police with the utmost calm. Omori came down the stairs and greeted the police, 'I am ready. The time which I expected has finally come.' Leaving behind him his father, wife and 13-year old son, he was taken away through the icy streets."

STRICT orders were immediately issued not only forbidding the printing of articles written by the arrested writers in any magazines and papers, but even articles discussing their arrest. The special New Year numbers of the leading magazines in Japan could not appear on the market on time because they had to change their entire edition to meet these orders.

Kanju Kato, president of the Proletarian Party and chairman of the All-Japanese National Council of Labor Unions, who made an extended speaking tour in U. S. A. in 1935, is the leading figure among those arrested on December 15. He has been a well known labor leader since 1919, when he led a general strike of newspapers in Tokio. He led the strike of the steel workers in 1920, in the

(Continued on Page 9)



Happy and Healthy

by MARY STEELE

Moscow

ASKED Marusa to take me to the nursery the next time she brought her child there. Marusa works as a book-keeper in a large furniture store in Moscow. She is 26, good-looking, and has an air of poise and freedom about her one often sees in young Soviet mothers. Having



Mothers and children alike benefit by the modern nurseries of the Soviet Union where the latest methods known to modern science assure health and happiness

a baby did not mean being condemned to domestic drudgery, and a narrow, isolated existence spent a baby did not mean being condemned to domestic drudgery, and a narrow, isolated existence spent month in and month out with a child at home.

The endless grind of buying and preparing food for the baby, of taking him out into the air four and five hours a day was not destined for her. She loved her child, who was now already two years old, and she felt she could not give the boy the best of her personality if she continued to remain at home, shut off from the broad social influences gained by working in a Soviet establishment, with its organized political, cultural and social life. "It's too boring," she told me when her baby was only three months old. "I want to go to work. I much prefer it to staying at home."

This is the typical attitude of Soviet women.

When the time came, Marusa put her child in the neighborhood *crèche* (nursery). The child was in his crawling stage. I saw Marusa often and asked about her little Volodya.

"Oh, he's fine! He loves it there. When I come to fetch him at five o'clock he looks so happy that it seems a pity to disturb him. The nurse tells me that he likes his little companions. They are all put in a large crib, covered with oil-cloth and there they play and crawl to their hearts' content."

From time to time Marusa would tell me all about the nursery. "It's a fairyland. I could never, in fact no other mother could ever give her child the advantages it gets in a child-collective, in the nursery."

TIME passed, and Marusa invited me to a party she was having for her two-year-old. She had been working, taking part in the meetings of her store organization, and taking a course in

administration. I asked her if I could go with her and see the place where her Volodya spent his days.

She got permission from the director of the nursery to have me come and visit the place. I met Marusa at 7:30 in the morning. Volodya was all dressed up. He was rosy and plump, with a smile on his little face. We walked about two blocks when Volodya pointed out his nursery. It was a large, two-story building, formerly a palace, on *Ulitsa Kropotkina*. As we entered the building I saw several other mothers bringing their children for the day. These women looked bright, attractively dressed, most of them young.

We entered the reception room. Here the children were undressed completely, their clothes put away in individual lockers. From this room they went to the various age-groups. A nurse gave them bath-ropes and socks. Another nurse distributed thermometers to the mothers. A thermometer was put under Volodya's arm. His temperature normal, the nurse brought him to his room where a third nurse, his group *nyanya*, removed his bathrobe and socks and dressed him in a lovely, yellow flannel blouse, blue trousers and a large apron whose large pocket contained a clean handkerchief. Marusa kissed Volodya goodbye and returned home to have her breakfast. It was 8 A.M. She did not have to be at work until 10.

I remained. I was given a white smock which covered all my clothes and a white kerchief to cover my hair. In this outfit I was per-

mitted into the room where Volodya's group of two-year-olds were playing about.

What a beautiful place and what wonderful toys! There were dolls, toys, bears, balls, toy monkeys, dogs, and horses on which several children were gaily rocking; besides, there were a large number of miniature pots and pans with which several of the children were playing "house." In a little ante-room was a miniature street car large enough to seat a dozen children, six on each side. The children climbed up and down the two steps which let into it, sat down and looked happily out of the glassless windows. Some made sounds to indicate they were riding.

Two nurses and one assistant took care of 15 children. Aunt Liza washed the hands and faces of the children in her care, and each child stepped off the box which enabled him to reach the wash-stand and walked over to a large cylinder-like rack about the height of the children, containing a number of indented compartments. The compartments each had a shelf on which lay a bib and beneath which hung a towel.

On the wall of each shelf was a picture—a horse or a dog, a red block or a blue ball. As the child stepped off the box he walked over to the rack; the pictures aided him in recalling his own compartment. He then removed the towel from the hook and dried his hands and face. Aunt Liza saw to it that the child hung his towel back in its place until the child had become habituated to doing it himself.

By 8:30 A.M., the assistant came in with a huge bowl of cereal and

applesauce. The children in the group scampered over to the four low tables, each seating four youngsters. "Get your bibs," said Aunt Liza to those who so eagerly took places at the tables. The children got up and joined the others who were finding their guide-pictures and taking their bibs. Aunt Liza kept a watchful eye on them. Their bibs on, the children once again eagerly seated themselves at the tables.

THEY were served large bowls of cereal. They watched each other eat, and themselves ate to their hearts' content. What a beautiful sight to see these tiny people seated at the table—and without any fuss or coaxing—eating their breakfast!

The children arrived in a little park where they all went for the sand pile. For two hours they were busily engaged in the park and then, at 12 o'clock, they returned for lunch. At this point I had to leave for duties awaiting me. I thanked the director of the nursery and told her we have nothing like this for workers' children back home.

"I am sorry you cannot stay to see the children asleep in the open-air sleeping porches," she said.

As I went out I passed a large pavilion with a large number of tiny beds. This is how the child is reared under a Soviet system. This is how a woman can have genuine freedom from the household drudgery of bringing up children in an individual household.

Communal nurseries are only one of the wonderful advantages women enjoy under a Soviet system where the Constitution guarantees women complete political, economic and social equality.



A few weeks ago we received a rather timid letter and a manuscript from a young fellow out in the heart of the Rockies. The bashful contributor wanted to know if the article would be of interest. After we had read the first page, we knew it was one of those little gems all editors pray for: a simple, well-told description of farm life along the Great Divide, minus literary frills but full of home-spun thrills.

We know that there are many such articles as "Colorado Journey" waiting to be written. Whether it's the Rockies or the Florida swamplands, such "Americana" is always needed and we assure you the editors as well as the readers always welcome it. Folks naturally like to know whether the grass is green or faded on the other side of the hill and few of us can take 2,000-mile excursions to find out.

All this is an open invitation to all writers, young, old, experienced and inexperienced to tell us about their homeland and what goes on there. You can do it in an article, short story or poem. Just give us a picture of your side streets or prairies and we'll guarantee it a careful consideration.

A lot of water has flowed down the creeks around Valley Forge since Washington and his half-frozen army encamped along the Pennsylvania hills. In commemorating his birthday this week, we have the good fortune of presenting one of the descendants of those hardy revolutionary troops, Paul Crosbie, who did the article on the Father of His Country. Crosbie comes from an old-time American family and is something of a military man himself, having served as a lieutenant in the A.E.F. He is a member of his American Legion post in New York City.

One of America's leading women antifascists is pretty little Haru Matsui who contributed the article "With Blood and Iron" this week. Born of wealthy parents in Tokio, Haru wasn't satisfied with the life there and came to America to study. It wasn't long until she became active in student organizations and now is a lecturer and writer whose services are always in demand.

A California writer, Jim Gordan, contributed this week's short story... George Morris, author of the article on page seven, is a former Detroit journalist who exposed the Black Legion in that city...

He Led a People's Army

(Continued from Page 1)

An outstanding feature of the day was the successful fight for unity. In this Washington had the assistance of orators like Patrick Henry, of leaders and diplomats like Franklin and the greatest pamphleteer and slogan writer Thomas Paine. Many of these slogans still ring in the land, especially on the picket line: "In union there is strength," "United we stand, divided we fall."

In the difficult task of achieving unity, Washington was opposed not only in words but in deeds. The Conway cabal was a "Liberty League" plot against him, and the treason of Benedict Arnold a blow at the heart of the people. Behind the lines the big merchants and bankers profiteered at the expense of the people, and after the war lost no time in consolidating their gains, ably assisted by that enemy of the people, Alexander Hamilton.

That after the war, Washington fell increasingly under the spell of Hamilton and his Tory friends, that he turned against the demand of his soldiers for land while at the same time accepting for himself large grants from the public domain does not obscure the fact that in a great historic epoch he organized, disciplined and led the forces of progress. The title of "Father of His Country" was rightfully won and fittingly bestowed by a grateful citizenry.

Boss Tom's Throne

(Continued from Page 5)

Murray is a functionary in the purchasing department of the city, and of course a friend and well-wisher (if not actually an official) of the Ready-Mixed Concrete Co. To this inquiry, the City Manager carelessly replied that Murray often came home to Kansas City on week-ends to visit his family, and thus earned his measly salary of six thousand dollars or so annually. It would be a grievous disservice to the taxpayers to dismiss Murray just because he was holding down another job.

Murray is still drawing both salaries. Just recently state officials announced a "purge" of old age pension rolls, it being suspected that some "unworthy" aged people might have wormed onto the lists. Some of the indigent aged are drawing as high as \$13 a month! Economy is the watchword!

The Union Station Massacre on June 17, 1933, in which three police officers, a Federal officer, and a Federal prisoner, Frank Nash, were mowed down and slain by machine guns as they were entering the Kansas City station started an ever-widening ripple of revolt against the dictatorship. The Federal grand jury discovered that police officials had given orders to hush up the whole thing. Officers were instructed to lay off, and to remember that loyalty to Boss Pendergast came before obligations in other quarters. It was Boss Tom's wish that the affair be shushed, and shushed it was insofar as Kansas City or Jackson County officials were concerned.

In addition to noting the remarkable inefficiency and indifference of the local police in their investigation of the massacre, the grand jury charged that:

"Criminal mobs and racketeers exist here composed wholly of men who permanently live in Kansas City. We have proved beyond question of reasonable doubt that they have close connections with men of similar character living in

other cities where it is known they are harbored criminals of the worst type. "Fusion" movements against Pendergast in Kansas City have so far been pathetically futile, for they have been dominated by Republicans with no labor or progressive participation. It's been a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

But the Pendergast seismograph has apprehensively vibrated to record a tremendous earthquake in the East. Mighty Tammany has fallen. A dread phrase is winging its way around the ears of the wardheelers and strongarm men.

American Labor Party! Progressive bloc! People's Front!

"Pendergast is slipping," is heard on every hand. Governor Stark, pitchforked into the governorship by the Boss's hand, is gathering enough courage to "sass" his political creator. Washington officials are said to be of the opinion that the Pendergast machine has been riding on the coat-tails of Roosevelt popularity, and there has been some coolness on the part of the national administration. Pendergast, in retaliation, has endorsed for re-election Bennett Champ Clark, senior Senator who has opposed the New Deal on many of its proposals and achievements.

Worst of all, the CIO is busy as a swarm of bees around Kansas City, where union organizers for a long time either piped a mighty soft tune or were liquidated by the machine's highly efficient Gestapo.

The investigations of the vote frauds continue. The CIO and other progressive forces are showing people who have been apathetic under the dictatorship that Achilles Pendergast after all has a vulnerable heel. They're determined to make him look like the heel that he is. Tammany had his American Labor Party, so why can't Missouri's citizens profit by its example? Even conservative soothsayers predict that they may, to the sorrow and ruin of King Thomas of Kansas City, a monarch whose throne is wobbling precariously.

From City and Farm

(Continued from Page 7)

lar night school classes and special branch classes function in hundreds of places. In addition, schools for higher training in six-month courses have been established by the Central Committee.

Young, active members with initiative are trained for responsible posts and fitted to be leaders.

OF MOST important interest to American progressives is the fact that the Party's machinery for training its members is at the same time a machinery for training Communists to be efficient and informed in whatever field they are engaged in. The Party has no classes on "pure Communist" subjects. In line with its Marxist-Leninist understanding, the Party directs all its educational work to be closely related to the practical tasks of today as they are met in the many spheres of the Party's work. This explains why Communists so often stand out among those with whom they associate. The Party trains and encourages them to do so.

Supplementing the educational network is a literature publishing machinery that turns out millions of pamphlets, books, magazines, posters and similar material to answer every question that may interest a worker or a forward-looking person.

The fact is that today a progressive person who may want to take up a course in a labor subject or obtain literature relating to labor, can with few exceptions (several union schools) do so only by coming to a Communist-directed bookshop or school.

Indeed a rich, cultural movement involving thousands of people, many foremost in the art, literary and theatrical world, has grown up under the close guidance of the Communist Party. This even the Party's enemies admit.

Old, dirty and poorly-furnished headquarters and meeting halls of the Communist Party have given way to neatly arranged halls, reading and classrooms which are centers of a busy and interesting life.

REACTIONARIES find it ever harder to ridicule the Communist Party. The Party is fast learning how to make its program understood by the masses and make it flow from the best traditions of the American people. The old, dull sectarian ways are dying out. Thanks to Trotskyists and Lovestonettes who absorbed them, the "Junatic fringe"—

BOOKS

By Jack Conroy

WILLIAM FAULKNER deserves a place among those literary practitioners who have effectively punctured the romantic traditions of the Old South, bringing to light the smell of decay and death which the sweet scent of jessamine and magnolia cannot hide. It did not matter much that his scope has been relatively small—violence, incest, idiocy, abnormality and horror forever dominant—such books as *The Sound and the Fury*, *As I Lay Dying*, and even *Sanctuary* (though admittedly written hastily as a potboiler) possessed undoubted validity as serious commentaries on certain aspects of Southern life. Along with Grace Lumpkin, Myra Page, Erskine Caldwell, Fiedler Burke and a few others, he presented in his best work a valuable antidote to the idyllic pictures of such sentimentalists as Ellen Glasgow and Stark Young. This is said, naturally, without considering the differences in treatment and subject matter. Faulkner's pathological specimens and Grace Lumpkin's fighting mill workers are not cut from the same cloth.



WILLIAM FAULKNER

Faulkner's latest volume, *The Unvanquished* (Random House: \$2.50), will scarcely add to his reputation. It is, in fact, an adventure-spiced bouillabaisse harvested from the *Saturday Evening Post* and other periodicals where the separate parts have been printed. To make the mixture slab and good, some doctoring has been necessary, but the author has contrived to make the narrative flow smoothly enough except in the spots where it is impeded by the author's stylistic hijinks. Somehow the ensemble reminds this reviewer of the Civil War romances of Randall Parrish. Most of *The Unvanquished* has to do with the deprecations of the damn Yankees and the unconquerable spirit of the Sartoris family, old friends to regular readers of Faulkner. Granny, indomitable and domineering crone, is a sort of blue-blooded Tug Boat Annie, and the fighting Sartoris shake down tiny derringers from their sleeves, shooting to kill.

All the old Faulkner is not lost, it is true, but unfortunately for the reader, the residue is composed of his worst traits. It takes a tough and devoted Faulkner enthusiast to pursue some of the lengthy sentences through their turgid convolutions, and by the time he has reached the end he has forgotten what the beginning was about. There is a stampede of enigmatic Negroes toward a mythical Jordan, and the fair Drusilla delivers long speeches sounding like imitations of the more eloquent passages of Mrs. Sigourney culled from "A Fireside Garland of Choice Verse and Prose."

C. A. Millsbaugh's *Men Are Not Stars* (Doubleday, Doran: \$2.50) is an impressive novel about a blustering, egotistical Irish artist and his family, fated to spend their days in the shadow of the genius they all confidently believed he possessed. Stubbornness and arrogance were about all Daniel O'Riordan had to sustain him, for he was far from being a great painter. Mr. Millsbaugh's account of the family's troubles, their humiliations, their infrequent moments of exultation when a windfall came their way, is a convincing and moving one. It may not be autobiographical, but the narrator, one of the artist's young sons, relates the tale with such an air of reality that one is inclined to believe the story is in some part the author's own. At any rate, it is interesting to contrast the spontaneity and irresistible charm of Mr. Millsbaugh's first novel (and second book) with the labored effects and creaking mechanism of Faulkner's thirteenth volume. Some authors manage to retain their creative virility and fire through many pages, but there is an ineffable charm about well-written first novels over which the authors have unmistakably labored long, earnestly and lovingly.

With Blood And Iron

(Continued from Page 3)

copper mines in 1925, steel and mine strikes in 1927.

Meanwhile, working conditions have gone from bad to worse. The war has brought only increased taxes, higher prices, lower wages, long working hours, for the people.

The agrarian population is literally on the verge of complete starvation. Desperate peasant families are compelled to sell their daughters into brothels and textile mills.

Just before the present war began an immense wave of strikes and peasant demonstrations reached the highest peak ever recorded in the history of Japan. Is it possible that the people of Japan have changed overnight into docile creatures who wholeheartedly support the war which only brings them more misery and enslavement? Mass raids and arrests prove that this is not so and following the arrest of the 372, another raid was conducted at dawn on Feb. 1, 1938. This time thirty professors and prominent writers were arrested.

As long as misery, poverty, hunger and suppression haunt the land of Japan, "dangerous thoughts" cannot and will not be exterminated.

"We'll Open the Mills"

New Bedford, Mass.

PRIESTS and ministers, city officials, trade union leaders, workers—weavers, loom-fixers, spinners, waitresses, barbers, bartenders—believe that the desperate condition of this city's textile industry can be relieved, not by wage-cuts and introduction of sweat-shop conditions but by opening certain of the closed mills under the supervision of the Works Progress Administration.

New Bedford, famous whaling center of other years, today has a population of approximately 113,000 persons with almost every nationality under the sun represented among them—English, French-Canadian, Portuguese, Irish, Polish. The majority of the population is Catholic.

Textile is New Bedford's major—and almost only—industry. Today, less than 5,000 persons out of normal 20,000 are employed in the mills.

As a result of this "tragic" situation—the worst in the city's history—various plans and schemes are being concocted by various persons and groups "in the interest of the community."

Most of these committees—particularly those sponsored by Mayor Carney—may have the interest of "a community" at heart, but quite definitely not the interest of the workers who constitute the majority in the community of New Bedford.

TODAY the workers of New Bedford are taking their direction not from Mayor Carney, Fred Steele and other "agents" of the mill-owners, but from the recent pronouncements of President Roosevelt and John L. Lewis.

"I am opposed to wage reductions because the markets of American industry depend on the purchasing power of our working population. And if we want to restore prosperity, we must increase, not decrease, that purchasing power," President Roosevelt recently said and from these words the workers of New Bedford and other industrial centers drew renewed courage and determination to resist the wage-cutting program of the mill-owners and the Manufacturers Association.

Again, the words of John L. Lewis brought encouragement to the New Bedford workers in their plight and indicated an alternative to wage-cuts and unemployment: "Labor in America will fight and resist wage reductions to the bitter end." "Unless an immediate order is made by the administration to the WPA to open its rolls and put at least 3,000,000 people to work, there will be dire suffering in the nation."

Numerous and intricate committees and sub-committees have been established by city officials. These committees, for the most part, have assumed impressive form and promulgated inspiring and professedly altruistic programs from time to time.

THE main committee of the numerous committees sponsored by Mayor Carney—the one surviving all the others is called the Industrial Development

How New England citizens are fighting to reopen the idle factories and start the looms clattering again

by **FRANK O'FLAHERTY**



ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE BARKER

Legion. Alderman Francis Murray is its chairman. Its program is typical of all those which preceded it.

It might be summed up like this: Let's all put our shoulders to the wheel to save New Bedford's textile industry. Our mills are closing down, working part time, because of lack of business. We must attract business to New Bedford's textile mills. We must attract new and diversified industries to our city. How can this be done? It's very simple. We must take steps to make it possible for industries to "operate profitably" in New Bedford.

How such ideal and attractive

conditions can be achieved is also simple. The mill workers, most of whom are not working in the mills or anywhere today, must agree to accept wage-cuts. Or, if that is a bit too crude, they will be given an opportunity to contribute ten per cent of their wages to the corporation in order to ensure its continued operation.

The workers of New Bedford are not that gullible. And today they are already prescribing treatment for New Bedford's moribund industry. They are drawing inspiration and encouragement from the words of President Roosevelt and John L. Lewis.

MANY prominent individuals and organizations, as well as mill workers themselves, are rallying around the campaign initiated by the Textile Workers Organizing Committee to open the Taber Mill immediately as a WPA project.

If this campaign is successful—and its advocates are confident that it will be—it would mean that over 700 workers thrown out of employment when the mill closed down would be given an opportunity to return to their customary jobs as weavers, spinners, loom fixers, second-hands and even agents. The latter, however, probably would be called supervisors under WPA.

A Roman Catholic priest to whom I talked felt that such a plan was correct. He didn't approve of men with years of training and experience in a particular line of work being forced "to go to work in cemeteries, digging holes and shoveling snow."

HE recently spoke from the altar recommending support of the campaign to re-open the Taber mills as a WPA project and urged his parishioners to sign the petition to that effect being circulated by the TWOC at the present time. Over 2,000 signatures have been secured and many more are expected.

Tony England, sub-director of the TWOC in New Bedford, and initiator of the move to open the Taber plant by the WPA doesn't agree with those who think that the way out is through "wage cuts" and "contributions."

"I am against such a policy," he explained. "We have an unemployment problem and we must solve it, but not by spreading the misery or by going back into the mills under sweat-shop conditions."

During the height of the wage-cut and "contribution" epidemic, which has not yet been completely checked, one employer, whose mill came under New England's jurisdiction, argued that in view of the fact that all the other employers were reducing wages, the CIO should allow him to do likewise. He concluded his exhortation, England said, by quoting the ancient adage—"When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

ENGLAND asked, simply: "If all the other employers were giving wage increases at the present time would you still like to do as the Romans do?" He didn't have to wait for an answer and no wage-cut was imposed.

Opening the Taber Mill as a WPA project, England felt, was the best thing that could be done immediately to alleviate the unemployment situation. Passage of the Wages and Hours Bill and the Schwellenbach-Allen Bill is also urgently necessary, he stated.

The majority of New Bedford's population—sees no valid reason why the mills should remain with looms silent. The mills in New Bedford are in good condition; there are thousands of workers, now unemployed, capable of running them efficiently and with useful purpose. Soon they expect to see the lights aglow in the Taber mill, and hear the clatter of its 1800 looms—a WPA project.

Boss Tom's Throne

Long perched at the top of a ring of vice and corruption in Kansas City, Tom Pendergast is on the way out, Missouri citizens say

by **JACK CONROY**

Kansas City.

IF YOU speak to a Missourian about Tammany Hall, you are apt to hear a supercilious snort. "Tammany, shucks!" he'll say, "You ain't got nothin', podner. Tammany braves are pantywaists compared to Boss Tom Pendergast's legions."

It is true that Boss Tom has been riding high, wide and handsome in Missouri for some time now. Only recently have troubling doubts and fears been circulating about the modest two-story brick building on Main Street in Kansas City where the Grand Sachem holds court. Nominally headquarters of the Jackson County Democratic Club, a shabby, barn-like room at the head of a flight of stairs has functioned as the unofficial capitol of the state. It resembles somewhat an Odd Fellows or Masons lodge hall in a small town, cuspidors are scattered about, and the air is blue with smoke from fifty cent cigars and lowly Missouri meershaum corn-cob pipes. The high and low, the rich and poor, come here to pay allegiance to King Tom and to ask him for favors.

From the wall frowns down a large photograph of ex-Senator James Reed, husband of the proprietor of the Nelly Don Dress Co., one of Missouri's most abominable sweatshops. Every time a CIO organizer approaches the plant (and they have been approaching it with remarkable persistence), Jim, implacable sentinel of the American people's liberties, cries out in alarm. Boss Tom and Jim are buddies of long standing.

Within an inner office of the wigwam sits Thomas J. Pendergast, son of a poor teamster, risen to the eminence of dictator of Missouri. He is a cartoonist's dream, the perfect personification of a political boss as envisioned by Opper, Fitzpatrick or Ellis. Even the silk hat and spats. The heavy-jowled fuhrer insists that visitors get right down to business, for with him time is money.

BOSS Tom came to Kansas City in the early eighties as a lad of 20 or so to function as bouncer and general handy man around his brother Jim's saloon. Kansas City was wild and woolly in those days. The city had been the scene of much border violence and restlessness during the Civil War. Missouri bushwhackers had sallied across into Kansas for the dual purpose of acquiring loot and aiding the cause of the South. Kansas jayhawkers returned the visits, and the territory was in a constant state of turmoil and terror. When Tom Pendergast arrived the sprawling town was just growing up from its frontier era, full of unregenerated bushwhackers, crooks, sharpers, prostitutes and tinhorn sports of all varieties. Knives and shooting irons were favorite implements for emphasizing points of argument when words appeared to be inadequate.

By the political technique then centering about the saloon, James built up a formidable machine before he cashed in his chips and turned it over to Tom. Tom was more ambitious, resourceful, and energetic. He perfected his machine until it reached out after the national democratic victory of 1932 to control the entire state. It has named Senators, Congressmen, Governors. In Kansas City opposition became a futile gesture, since the machine counted only the votes it wanted to count.

Killings and bloodshed were ordinary features of each election. So efficient was Pendergast in "getting out the vote" that in 1936 268,000 voters were placed on the registration lists out of a total population of 415,000. This is almost 65 per cent of all the people, yet the estimate has been that only 60 per cent are over 21 years of age. In more than one ward, more votes than there were men, women and children living there have been polled.

Gambling resorts, slot machines (even in corner grocery stores),

bawdy houses with their inmates hawking their wares like newsboys on the doorsteps—all these enterprises flourished openly.

THE wife of a Baptist preacher made bold to call on the Grand Sachem for the purpose of protesting against such iniquities. Tom told her that morals should be taught in the home and not by law. Subsequently, the would-be reformer was subjected to so many threats and annoyances that she found it necessary to leave town. Sure, there are gambling joints, said Tom, and the poor man's got just as much right to a little pleasure gambling as the rich have in their swanky clubs. The Boss is a great one to see the poor man's side of it. I'm for the working man first, last, and always, he'll say.

Two of the machine's most profitable sources of revenue among innumerable petty rackets and levies have been the Ready-Mixed Concrete Co. and the Pendergast Liquor Co.

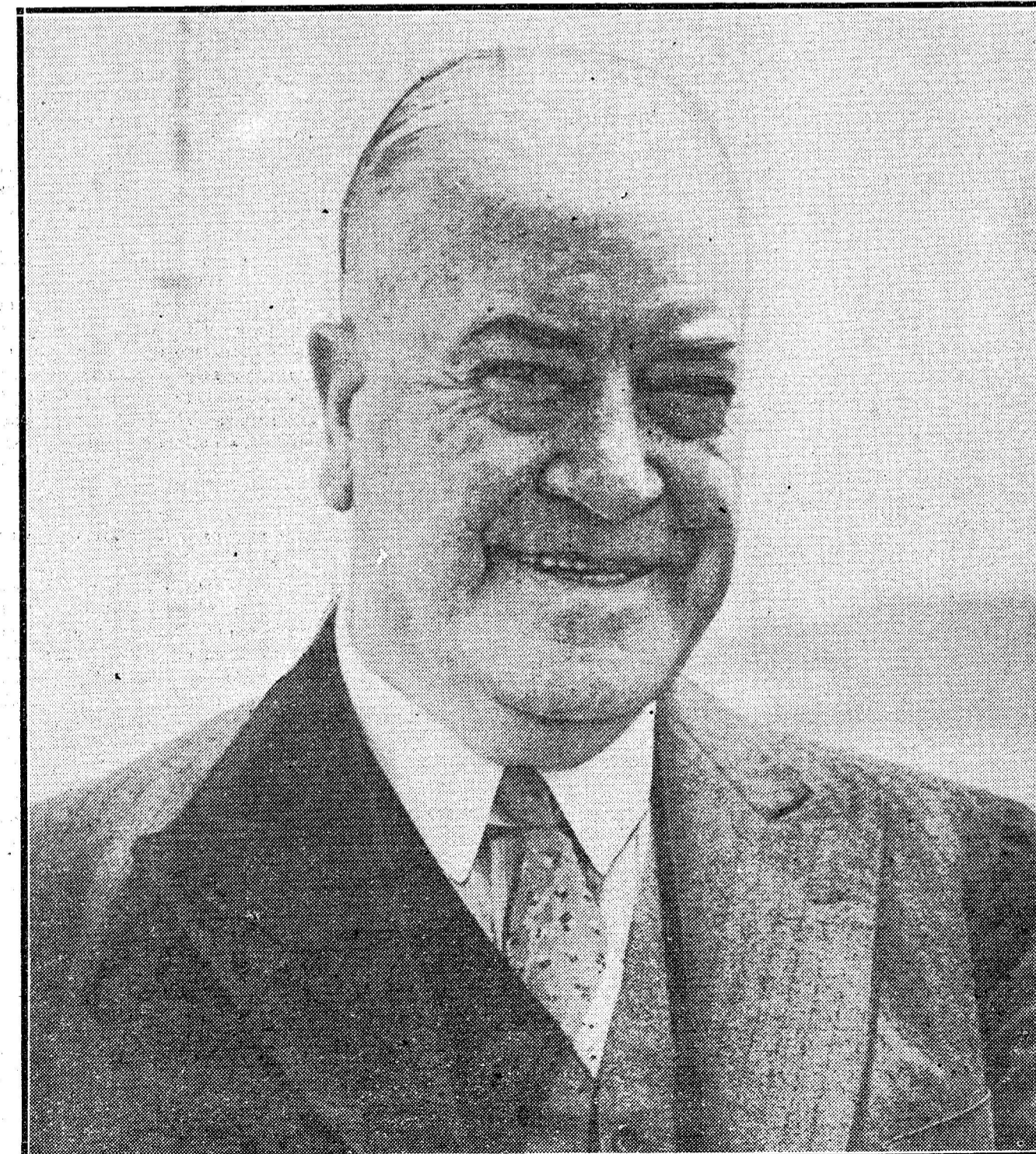
There are many ways in which a contractor can be annoyed by a dictatorship in charge of all the legal processes. There are ordinances, usually disregarded, that may be invoked, or there can be untoward accidents to equipment or property. The police can never find anything out in such cases. It pays to use Ready-Mixed Concrete,

even at an unreasonable price, for then you know you'll get in no trouble with the law. As a consequence, all the public buildings and almost all the smaller jobs around Kansas City are built with Ready-Mixed.

Suppose you're a tavern keeper. There are a lot of laws about taverns, lots of fool regulations about closing, serving, what you can sell, how you sell it, and so on. A Pendergast Liquor Co. salesman calls on you. You give him a big order, and everything is hunky-dory. You don't need to worry about piddling violations of the law now and then. But if you don't take quite a large order, well, you'd better toe the chalk line and like as not that won't save you. So why take chances, even though it is rotten liquor at a higher price?

THOUGH shaken by federal investigations of vote frauds and the impudence of the CIO, the Pendergast machine has plenty of fight and arrogance left. As late as last summer, one of the few Republicans in the Kansas City city council (an "opposition" member or two can safely be spared just for the looks of it) arose to inquire why Matthew S. Murray, a Pendergast wheelhorse, was still drawing a fat salary from the city while engaged as state W.P.A. Administrator in Jefferson City.

(Continued on Page 9)



"Boss Tom is a cartoonist's dream"

Loyalist Spain

by JOHN GROTH



ILLUSTRATED BY DIXON

Thousands gather to honor
their party and to help weld
the progressive forces of America

by GEORGE MORRIS

From City and Farm

THE country is boiling with interest in many questions which, until recent years, received little attention from the average American. The people are talking of adding some new rights to those already listed in the Constitution and Declaration of Independence—the right to a job, to a decent living standard, to a guarantee of leisure time, protection against lynching, protection against the sabotage of the sixty families. They are beginning to talk of what this country could do if it joined hands with other democracies to halt fascism.

A new progressive alignment is seen in the great organizing sweep of the CIO, in the victories of Labor's Non-Partisan League at the polls and in the progressive elements backing the New Deal.

In the midst of this new growth of the progressive forces the Communist Party has been able to record unprecedented success. In the period between Sept. 1, 1937, and Feb. 1, 1938, it took in 22,000 new members. In practically every one of its thirty-four districts gains were registered and in scores of towns which until recently never heard of the Communists, branches cropped up.

TO MARK its gains, a Party Builders Congress was called to begin in New York Feb. 18, and end on the eve of Washington's birthday at Madison Square Garden.

Through the Congress the Party plans to speak to America and show that its recent gains mean that there will be a stronger progressive influence upon the affairs of the country. The Party functions as a generating force that strives to move and guide ever-larger masses of the people. Its lines which stretch to numerous

organizations, shops and communities, carry an ever wider influence in almost every sphere of life. Therefore, no progressive-minded person can ignore this development.

The truth of the above is apparent in the composition of the 22,000 who took the Communist pledge and received membership cards. More than 50 per cent of the total, or a large majority of those eligible, are members of unions. Approximately 15 per cent are Negroes. Thirty-two per cent are women. Large gains came in those spots where successful Communist leadership meant benefits to the people. Thousands came from the steel, mining, auto and other important industrial regions.

Several thousand of that number are holders of office in unions or other labor, fraternal or civic organizations where they belong. Thousands of them are the type that stand out among workers, people with initiative and courage.

The latest growth of the Communist Party truly marks a rise of a strong organization in the South. Certain states, as Alabama, Texas, Florida, Oklahoma, have each recruited hundreds of members—members who defied lynchers, jim-crow laws and an actual ban against the Party. People don't just drift into an organization under such circumstances; it takes a strong will and courage to do so. The Party in the South is no longer of several isolated fraternal groups and scattered individuals. Today it embraces several thousand members, many of whom are key individuals—the sort of persons who by their own persistence and ceaseless activity keep an organization going against great difficulties and odds. These people are a kernel in the new and progressive South.

RED-SCARE artists will find much to ponder over in the result of the Communist Party's recent membership drive. The increase came despite unprecedented press, radio, film and political campaigning aiming to convince the American people that the reds are a menace. Nearly 9,000 of the new members joined in New York where they had the "benefit" of the anti-Communist barrage in the leading and more skillfully handled metropolitan newspapers.

The bulk of New York's recruits joined during the election campaign when Tammany candidate's Jeremiah T. Mahoney's supporters banked all they had on an anti-Communist scare. A "witch-hunt" legislative investigation of Communist activities in Massachusetts did not stop an increase of 50 per cent in the Party's membership there. The same story is told in every district.

A test of vitality in the 22,000 new Communists is in the fact that about half of their number are 35 or younger and that about one-third are women. A large number of the women are from industry, as well as from union auxiliaries and housewife organizations. The large number of women is testimony to the fact that the Party plays an increased part in the life of the family and in the struggle for those things which are close to home.

The Party Builders Congress will reflect the Party's advance. The delegates, coming from almost all the 48 states, were elected on the basis of their part in the membership recruiting. Few will come with less than a dozen new members to their personal credit. Certain of the delegates recruited as many as 50 and 75 members during the drive.

THE several hundred delegates are coming to give actual proof, from their own experience, that it has become easy to bring American people into the ranks of the Communist Party. They are coming to New York to show that the number that the Party recruited was only a fraction of what it could judge from its influence and the activity of its members. As a rule, those coming as delegates are not district or county leaders of the Communist Party. Most of them are just "good mixers" among the workers, the sort that get around, with eyes always open and application cards always in their pockets. They are the hard pluggers who give a solid bottom to an organization.

The Congress will reveal the new life that has developed in the Communist Party organization. In contrast to the not very distant past, when branch meetings were dull and little more than a weekly check on finances, literature and work assignment, today a large percentage of the branches have become a center of political and cultural interest. The members are active in all sorts of organizations and look forward to the branch meeting when they could tell of the progress of their activity and where they could consult on their problems.

Further evidence of the Communist Party's part in the great progressive front is its vast educational network. The Party has recently been very hard pressed for more educational facilities because of the great influx of new forces who must be educated on the Party's principles just as fast as they come in. Regional schools, with one or two month course have been set up in several localities, taking in students from a number of states. Week-end courses, regu-

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