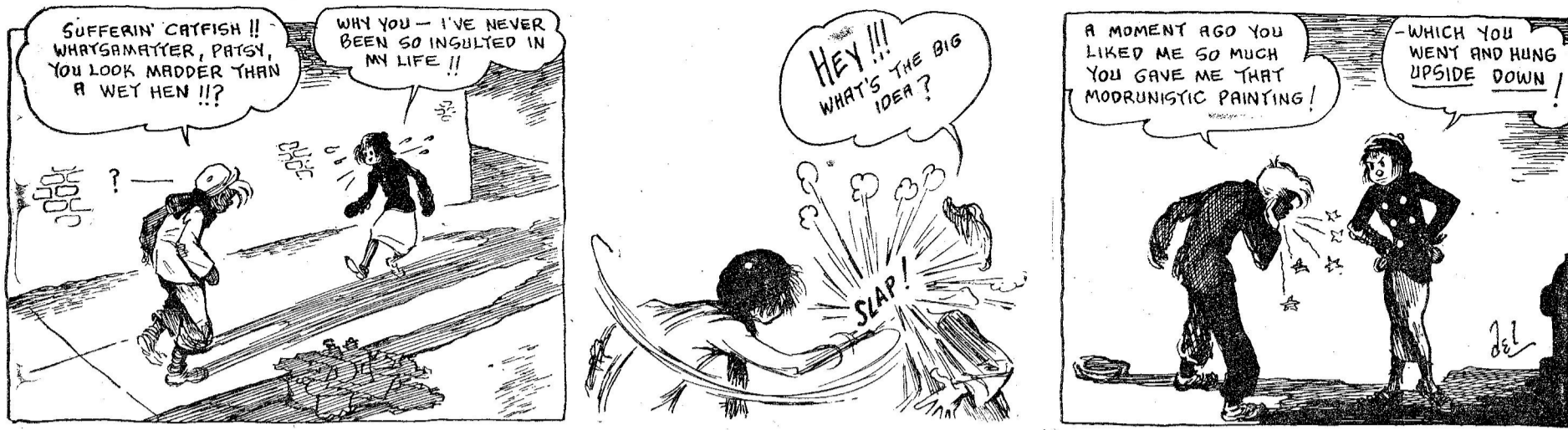


LITTLE LEFTY

by DeL



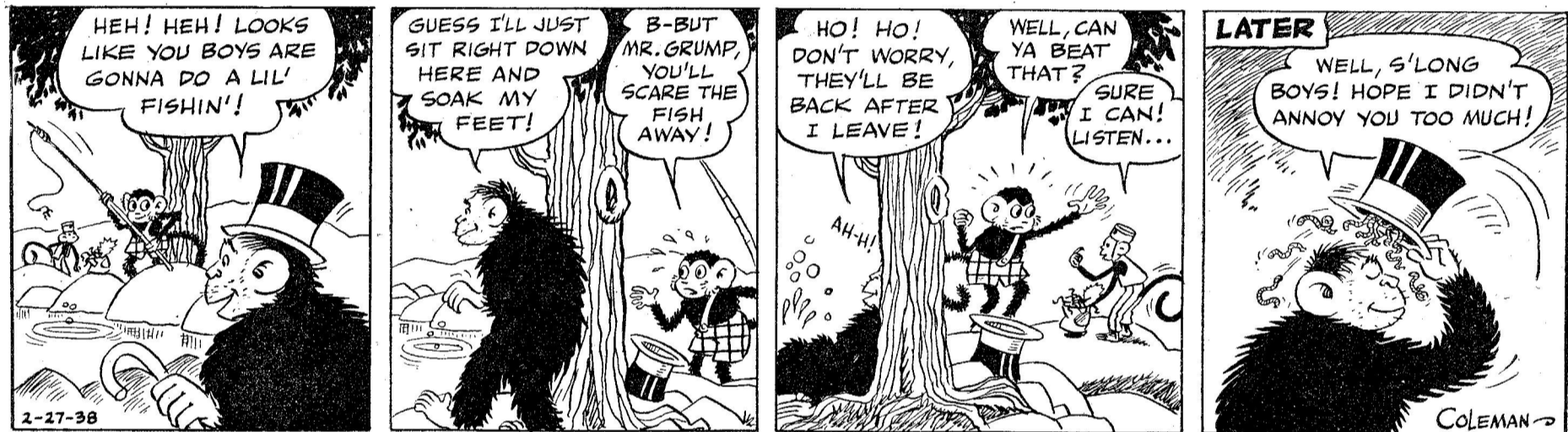
SIR HOKUS POKUS

by Somers



MUFFY THE MONK

by Coleman



TEX TRAVIS

by Richards



BARNACLE AND THE FINK

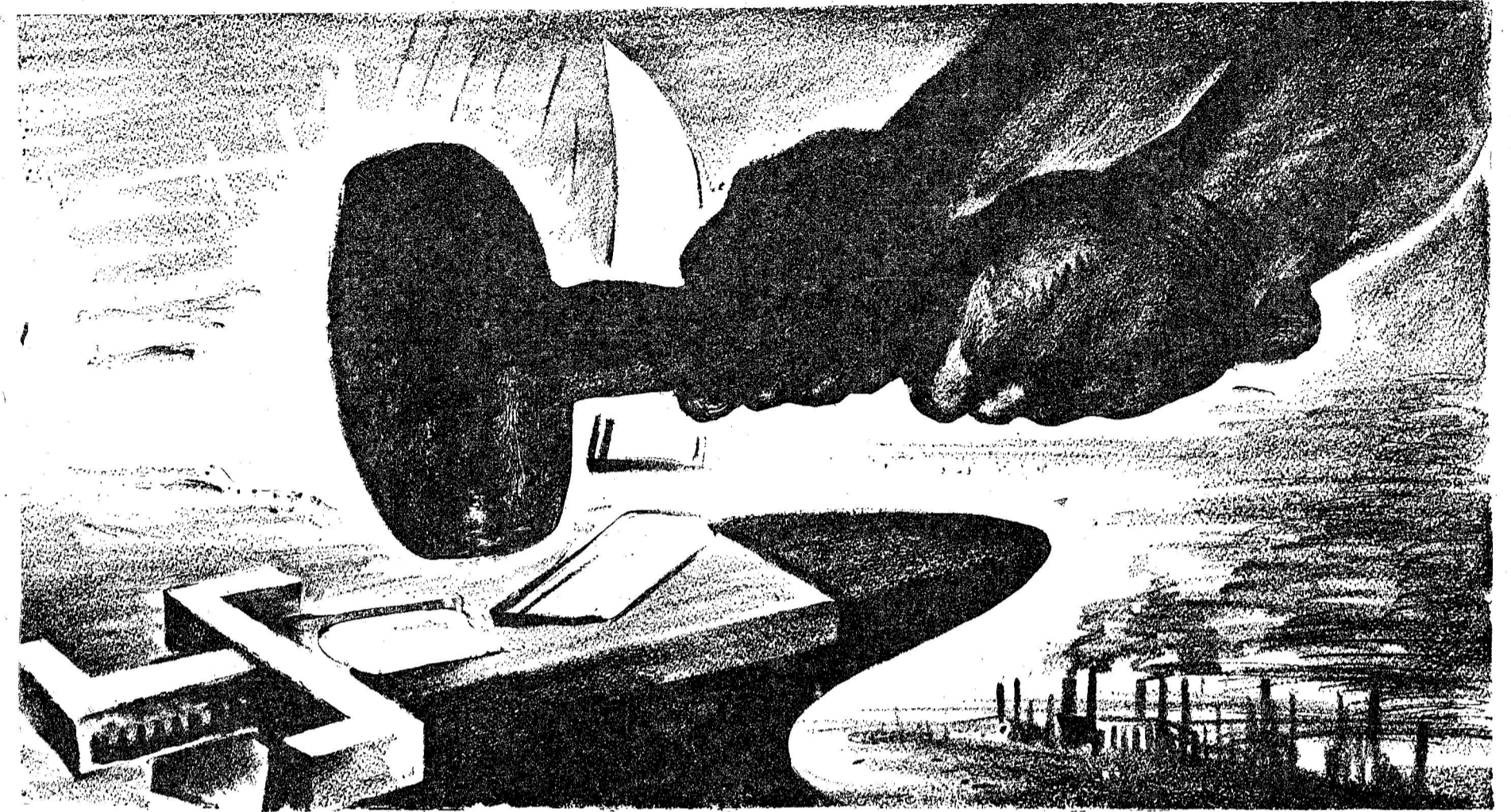
by MacDuff



The Daily People's World
MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 26, 1938

SECTION TWO



ILLUSTRATED BY FRED ELLIS

WORLD PEACE AND YOUR UNION

by Harry Gannes

ON THE great issue of peace, it can be said with full conviction: as labor goes so goes the nation.

The grave threats of a new world war have more poignant meaning for labor than for any other section of the population. Labor pays the highest tolls in all wars.

American labor is particularly strategically situated today with regard to the struggle for peace. Better organized than ever before in the most decisive industries, more active and expressive politically than ever before, mighty labor can make its voice heard. Its will can thwart the war-mongers.

What road will American labor take in the fight for peace?

Will labor fall into the swamps of isolation, to be there entrapped while the fascist war-instigators plunge the world into a new slaughter?

Or will labor follow the road it has followed in national politics, in its economic struggles—towards a more progressive outlook, fighting against reaction and all its works, particularly against the war threat of the world's arch reactionaries, the fascist powers?

When the issues were not as crystal clear as they are today, when the threats of a new world holocaust were not as ominous as they are now with Hitler seizing Austria, with Mussolini conniving with the British Tories, and with Japan thereby inspired to greater depredations in China, some trade unions were misled into the dangerous trap of isolationism instead of collaboration for world peace.

The entangling errors of the so-called "peace" resolutions of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee and the Auto Workers Union Executive Committee were seen in time by organized labor. But with the convocation of the United Mine Workers convention recently in Washington the trend against isolationism was turned.

A resolution condemning the fascist ag-

gressors as the war-inciters was adopted by the representatives of 600,000 miners. The miners clearly laid the basis for rallying labor against the fascist dictators, the destroyers of peace.

Though the miners' resolution had not completely expressed the need for collective action of the democratic nations to attain world peace, it was a break from the trap of isolation of the previous resolutions of the S.W.O.C. and the Auto Workers Union executive. The miners rejected the demagogic Ludlow amendment.

If we can say, as labor goes so goes the nation on peace, it can with equal truth and forcefulness be stated that as the miners go so goes organized labor.

American labor is beginning to be alarmed by the fact that all its great organizational, economic and political gains at home would be swept away by the blast of another world war.

Labor wants peace.

Labor is ready to struggle with its giant power for peace.

Labor cooperating internationally to attain world peace, is realizing in the United States that it must bring its powerful pressure to bear in favor of a correct peace policy of the government.

And American labor is beginning to realize that the peace policy enunciated by President Roosevelt on October 5th in Chicago echoes labor's needs in the fight for peace.

Especially now, since the economic royalists who are the enemies of organized labor have turned their strongest stream of venom against the President's peace policy are the American workers beginning to see that their peace interests as well as their economic interests lie on the opposite side of the isolation-

ist fence of the Hearsts, Vandenberg, Ham Fishes and other Liberty Leaguers.

And when the foes of President Roosevelt's peace policy try to advance their fascist-assisting policies under the smokescreen of attack against President Roosevelt's naval program, let American labor heed these wise words of Earl Browder:

"A big navy is no substitute for a peace policy. America would be much better protected by a positive peace policy of collective security than by a big navy. The reason why some people think we need a big navy is because we have no peace policy. Roosevelt has indicated one, but it has not yet been established as an effective policy."

In the CIO, the United Mine Workers of America and its President, John L. Lewis, through their convention resolution on peace stand in the foreground pointing in the correct general direction to achieve peace. The American Federation of Labor Executive Council, through its official organ, American Federation, appreciating the uppermost question in mind of all the people in these days of fascist provocations, declared in its February issue:

"We realize that unless the democratically governed people stand together refusing to sell arms and munitions or to make loans to any country violating international peace and law, the other countries whose interests lie in aggression and arbitrary rule, will make common cause with Japan and protests of individual countries will be useless."

Certainly one can only conclude from the above that some form of cooperative action to impede the aggressor powers is urgently necessary.

Labor, by standing together on the issue of peace and urging the condemnation of the aggressor powers, as the United Mine Workers of America has done, can lead the nation in advancing a step further in mobilizing the American people for a policy that will bring peace to the world and to the United States.

He Had a Witness

a short story

by EMMETT GOWEN

THE sun fell in a pattern of bar squares on the greasy concrete floor. Behind still more bars of the cell, the filthy sink and toilet bowl, the bunk springs crawling with vermin, the mattress stained with the blood of some unknown prisoner shot in being arrested, the hard little stool on which he sat.

Three times a day they gave him a little slop to eat. It had turned his stomach inside him into a little knot of hard and sickened aversion.

There was the sick feeling always there, the indescribably horrible feeling that he might never again see Annie Mae, his wife, never again little Nancy, his

them wherever they were. He sang, low:

*"Sing now, sweet I.L.D.,
Comin' for to put up my bail."*

"Go on, don't stop," Pete said.

"Hit make me sick, try to sing," James said. "Man, how would you feel if they was going to kill you?"

"Man, hush that kind of talk," Pete said.

"I feel it, sho," James said. "They going take me out of here and lynch me."

THEIR eyes rolled, Pete's and Jep's, standing in the jail-house corridor holding onto

be turned loose.' He tell big-belly man to read them dice. Big-belly man say, 'Seven, jedge,' he say. Judge say, 'Seven months on the state farm.' Pete—he didn't want to throw them dice. Judge say, 'Throw 'em, or you won't never get out of jail.' So Pete—man, he's the luckiest boy I ever see—he throw just little Joe. Just got four months."

OFF somewhere James could hear cars running and sometimes a horn squawk faintly. But mostly it was quiet. It gave a man a feeling like being locked up here and the whole world moved off somewhere else. When you heard a horn blow, or a train

James said. "It a living society. It a keep pore innocent cotton hands out of jail society. Annie Mae, she tell you all about it when you give her my word."

"Man, I might join that kind of a society," Jep said.

"And don't never forget me, and what they do to me," James said. They stiffened, listening.

"What that?" Pete whispered. "That that old key," Jep whispered.

THEY ran quickly, silently down the corridor, for they had been told not to talk to prisoners arrested for organizing. Peaches' voice, booming, filled the jail with terror.

"You two little ones come on out," the voice said.

Pete and Jep walked quickly past James' cell door. They looked cowed and frightened. James spoke quickly, softly, and they heard what he said, although they were out of sight down the corridor before he finished:

"This the way they treat my people. Tell Annie Mae if I die I die to break the kind of justice my people get."

"Shut your trap, Ware!" Peaches shouted.

"You taking them away so they won't be no witnesses when you hand me over to them lynchers," James said, his voice loud, distinct, defiant.

Then Peaches came to the door, enormous, slow, ponderous, dressed in clean khaki. He said, inflectionlessly:

"Will you shut up, or do you want I should shut you up?"

James didn't say anything.

"Here, Horse," Peaches said to a deputy, who was not within James' range of vision, "take them little ones around to the other side of the cell-block and lock 'em in for a while. This red might spile their minds."

THEY stretched of snow had been ripped to ribbons. Clumps of fur and chips of bone were stirred with earth and blood. Two thick tracks lead to what had been a litter of wild hogs.

Both boys looked to each other. "Timber wolves!" gasped Abe. "An' they're headin' to yore farm."

"Land o' Goshen, they'll be a-raidin' our chicks an' cow!"

Like an explosion of knees and elbows the two boys scrambled up the hill in a flurry of flying snow. As they ran Abe Lincoln swung his flint lock from over his shoulder, plucked the corn-cob cork out of the powder horn with his teeth, and dumped the black stuff into the muzzle of his gun.

"Mister Peaches," James said, "they can lynch me, but that don't stop me from organizing." For the words came out of deep vision, the words of an identical vision in many revolutionaries about to die: "My memory will organize my people."

Peaches took the black-jack out of his back pocket. He hefted it, throwing it up from his hand a few inches and catching it. But James felt only astonishment at the depths of human brutality, and then not even that, for a thing you have known all along is not astonishing.

"But, by God," Peaches said, "I can stop your fuss."

James stood up from the stool. He stood close to the bars, close to the sheriff, standing a little side-wise to keep his arm in the sling from touching the bars. He could smell Peaches' beer-stinking breath.

"You low-down white man," he said with a profound distinctness.

(Continued on Page 9)



daughter. The feeling was in his chest, the sick writhing sensation, the horror calling upon all a man's strength to keep the choking lump in his throat from becoming a craven pleading for mercy, or a scream of horror.

The bruises from the kicks didn't hurt any more. Only his arm, swelling, numb, hurt if he bumped any part of it, or if a fly so much as lit on the skin of his hand. The bullet was still in there. He had a fever, too. But James had quit begging for a doctor. Gangrene had set in, but there wouldn't be much time, now, for it to develop.

THE two boys who were there for vagrancy (waiting for the wagon to come and take them to do free slave labor in stripes for the state) would try to cheer him up. Almost as in a dream, he realized that they had come now and were standing in front of his cell.

He put down the worn-out magazine.

"Come on, Union, give us a little mo' singing," Pete said.

"Ah, leave him be, he don't feel like no singing," Jep said.

"Man, I don't feel like no singing," James Ware said.

"Singing cheer you up," Pete said.

"Don't fool with him: he feel bad," Jep said.

James sat looking lovingly at them, the two little boys not quite grown, who understood nothing, but sang and wanted song to ease

"Peaches took the black-jack out of his back pocket and hefted it..."

ILLUSTRATED BY DIXON

the bars, looking in where he sat in a cell on a stool.

"Who going do it?" Jep asked.

"Ah, they might not," Pete said.

"I don't know why they ain't come yet. But any minute they going to come. I know it. I know it here."

He patted his chest with his good hand.

"Maybe not," Pete said.

"Boy, they ain't no stopping them, nowhere. They wild crazy. How that old Judge Cavendish sentence you boys? Tell me."

"We done told you," Jep said.

"Tell me again," James said.

"In the co't house," Jep said.

"Say, 'Who got dice?' Big-belly man give him the dice. He say, 'Now hand them to them boys, I ain't had a pair of dice in my hand since I hit the sawdust trail in the Billy Sunday tabernacle in Memphis.' He say, 'Roll them bones for your sentences.'"

"Me—I throwed a seven. I say, 'Look, jedge, a natural. I win to

whistle, you felt better. The world was still here.

"Listen, Jep," James said. "Come they take me out of here, it won't be no coming back for me. So when you-all gets out, go find my wife and tell her something for me. Her name Annie Mae. Works on the Goodlow plantation. Tell her never hesitate. Tell her that what I want her to do to keep my memory. Tell her the union will help set our people free."

"What it mean—never hesitate?"

"She'll know what it mean. And tell her I say build the International Labor Defense."

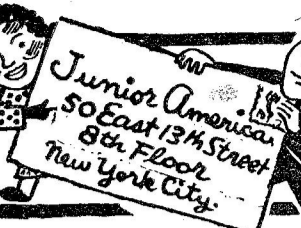
"What that?" Pete asked.

"Man, you so ign'ant," Jep said. "That a burying society."

"Ain't no burying society,"

JUNIOR AMERICA

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO



Conducted by Johnny McGee and Mary Morrow



Abe Lincoln Marks a Trail

Story by ERIC LUCAS

Picture by MARY MORROW

(A day with Abe Lincoln the boy)
PART ONE

THE forest was muffled in white. Crooked black lines of sumac and sycamore and hickory tree cut sharp patterns in the snow.

Now two pairs of moccasins made hollows through the knoll.

"But my pappy, he ought t'know what he's talkin' 'bout."

The other, wrapped in homespun and buckskin and topped with a coon-skin cap, jammed his frozen fingers into his pockets. "Narthin' so holy-like 'bout yore pappy Abe,—he kin be wrong as anybody else."

"Mean t'say way to get rid o' warts ain't to make as many knots in a string as 'ye've warts an' bury it under a tree?"

Young Abe grinned to his angry ears. "Sound's t'me like the way t' git rid of the string."

"Aw. Jest like you, allus disputin'."

They walked on in silence. Clouds of vapor trailed their wake.

Suddenly both boys halted in their tracks.

Both boys looked to each other. "Timber wolves!" gasped Abe. "An' they're headin' to yore farm."

"Land o' Goshen, they'll be a-raidin' our chicks an' cow!"

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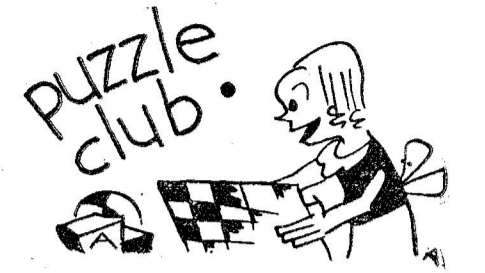
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(Continued on Page 9)



If you belong to any sort of club (sport, social, stamp, or just plain get-together club) and would like to have more members, send in some information about your club to "Club News," care of this page. There might be some readers of the Junior America Page in your neighborhood that don't know of your club.

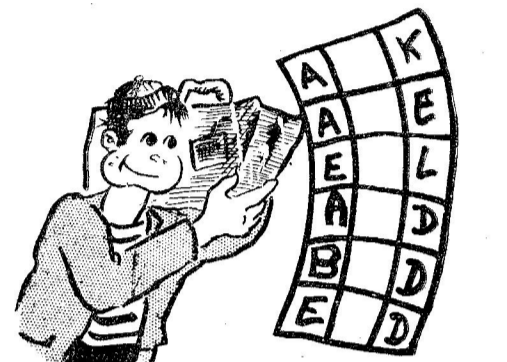
Any girl that collects stamps and lives in Brooklyn, and would like to join a club meeting each week, write to Edythe Silverman, 6-8 Nass Walk, Brooklyn, and she will tell you the next meeting place. Be sure to send her a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

NEW PUZZLE CLUB MEMBERS
CAL: Philip Deranja. WEST VIRGINIA: Dorothy Rendulick. OHIO: Myron Goodman, Thomas Maceuch. MICH: Tilda Ritman. MASS: Alfreda Maleska.

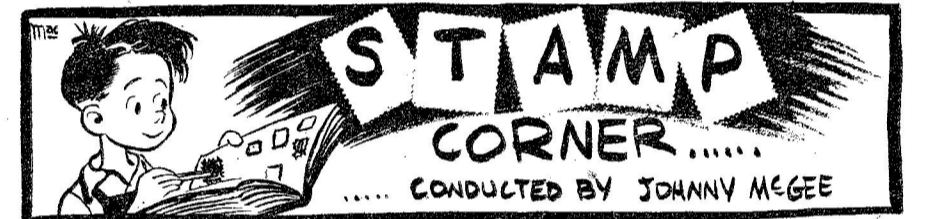
Teacher: What does "D.C." stand for, after the city of Washington?
Bobby: I guess it means "de Capital."
—John Theofanis, New York City.

Why do the whistles always blow for a fire?
They don't blow for a fire, they blow for water, the fire is always there.
—Lawrence Maranzani, Boston, Mass.

After shipping out through the Union Hall, Pepe is on his way to a foreign country. To find the hidden country, form three-letter-words across, and the country will appear down the center.



If you are not a member of the Junior America Puzzle Club, you can join by sending in the answer to this puzzle: a penny postal card will do.



AMERICAN EXPORT LINES
JAN 27 1938
POSTED ON THE HIGH SEAS
PURSER S.S. EXCAVATION
Paquebot Mail from the EXPORT STEAMSHIP LINE
U S A to Europe and Africa
This letter carried on the high seas by ship canceling

JOHNNY MCGEE
50 East 13 St
New York City
U S A

Most stamp collectors like to collect interesting "covers," or envelopes that tell a story. Well, this week we illustrate a cover that was mailed from a ship while on the ocean. Lots of large ships have post-offices on board and they cancel all mail sent by passengers or mail that came too late to be cancelled at the post-office in port. These covers are known as "Merchant-Marine" covers and form an inter-

esting addition to anyone's collection. Would you like to have one addressed to you from a ship in a foreign land? Well, just send a mint (unused) three-cent stamp to the Stamp Corner, and we'll see that one gets to you. If you aren't a member of the Stamp Club, write in now for a membership card; please mention whether or not you want to correspond with other Stamp Club members.

by Ida Bailey

MOLLY MCGUIRE



Let's Talk It Over

One reader reveals she used to be like Nora until her husband made her understand what unionism really means

By MARY MACK

THIS column is written quite far in advance so that, for example, it can reach the Midwest and Pacific Coast on time. But already, from the depths of the mail bag, interesting letters are making their appearance in answer to Julius' problem which we published here week before last.

Julius, you remember, wrote in asking how to explain unionism to his wife Nora; how to keep her from buying scab goods, and how to make her stop nagging him for spending the evenings at meetings.

The committee, who is to select the best answer, has all the letters, and we expect to announce the prize winner next week. Meanwhile, we're reproducing a few of those swell letters received:

Dear Mary Mack:

I feel sure that I can help Julius because I also was in the same position as his wife.

You see, Miss Mack, to begin with, I also like Nora, complained and quarreled with my husband because he is very active in his union and other organizations. I also didn't like to hear lectures and go to meetings for fear I'd be bored stiff because I didn't know what they were all about.

My husband then started taking me to different affairs given by the union and other clubs, and through those I made plenty of friends so that when I do go out now, I feel right at home. I began bringing home pamphlets that would interest the average housewife, also books in novel form such as Mike Gold's *Jews Without Money* and Grace Lumpkin's *Our Daily Bread*.

I also didn't realize what a strike meant. I did the same as Nora—going into a place where workers are picketing because the store happened to be nearby. But I realized, when my husband was on strike, how some other woman must have suffered when I did those things. That woke me up completely.

Now I am a member of the Furriers Dramatic Group and I find it so interesting that we now take turns in watching our two-year-old son so that I can attend my meetings. We have lately agreed that I am going to join the *Women's Progressive Council*. I can't describe our happiness now in going together and having the same interests.

MRS. ETHEL MORGAN.

Here's another letter which we feel gets right down to the root of the problem. And this reader addressed it directly to: DEAR JULIUS:

The problem of a couple having trouble because one understands and is active in unions and the progressive movement while the other "can't see it," is a fairly common one but, fortunately, it isn't a headache that can't be cured.

The cure is possible if you recognize the fact that the conflict exists between you and Nora together and not just in Nora alone. It takes two to make a fight. The thing you didn't know or admit is that besides your side of it, Nora has hers and Nora is correct, also, in a way. She married you for love and home-life, fifty-fifty; and here you are handing her a 100 per cent union diet and expect her to like it! The "unconvinced side" has to be educated and given the chance to develop, just as you and I and Mary Mack were. You have to go to Nora and tell her that while you don't feel your faith in unions is wrong, you are man enough to admit that as Nora's mate and lover you've been unfair.

Start "courting" Nora again. Anyone like Nora who "helps troubled neighbors" is worth it. And would you feel your own activity netted you much if you lost Nora's love and made a union hater out of her?

B. CARYL.

It's too bad our space limitation keeps us from going on with more of these splendid answers. All of the letters received, however, will be forwarded to Julius.

Meanwhile, if you haven't already written your solution to the problem, you are still eligible for the prize offered if you'll mail your letters immediately to Mary Mack, Women's Editor, 35 E. 12th Street, New York, N. Y.

Fighting for Peace

Women thruout the world are mobilizing against fascism—the death and destruction it brings upon their loved ones

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

MOTHERS, more than all others want peace. There may be a few idle, childless women of the rich, who love to strut around in war-time fancy uniforms. They do not have to fight, to give loved ones to danger or pay the bills. Their fortunes are increased by war. They are the only ones who profit by war. Hence their enthusiasm. But the vast majority of women want peace and are beginning to say so. Recently the Cause and Cure of War Conference, representing eleven national organizations, seven million women, came out for collective action of the peace loving nations to guarantee world peace.

The National League of Women Voters adopted a similar program. The League for Peace and Democracy at its recent splendid Congress in Pittsburgh initiated a Woman's Peace Week, the first week in March.

Let us all cooperate to effectively dedicate this week that the demands of women will be heard. There should be anti-silk boycott demonstrations, special appeals should be made for Spanish children and Chinese relief. The O'Connell Bill to amend our present hypocritical Neutrality Act, will stop American business buying from and selling to Japan or any other treaty-violating, aggressor nation. Jerry O'Connell, the fighting Congressman from Montana, wants us to stop helping fascist invaders destroy democratic nations. Let us give this bill our enthusiastic support. If lively effective committees are set up, it is suggested they be continued to arrange peace parades and meetings on Mothers' Day in May, for the same purposes.



Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

President Roosevelt said in his now famous Chicago speech "that 90 per cent of the people of the world want peace." Surely it is unthinkable that in the twentieth century the other 10 per cent will be allowed to pull us all into a world war. Mothers, who went through the pangs of childbirth, mothers who love their children, have fed them, nursed them, taught them, raised them to maturity, cannot calmly accept the possibility of a world war to slaughter them wholesale by gas, machine guns and bombs from the sky. To save our children from death and destruction, to save civilization for them, means women must fight now for peace and for democracy. No doctrine is more cowardly or menacing than "the inevitability of war," mouthed by statesmen, editors, and so-called economists.

We women repudiate it and will combat it. It is on a par with the old superstition of "infant damnation." Write to your congressman and senators, tell them your demands for a collective security program. They have their ears to the ground to hear the voices from back home.

We can reach the hearts and minds of women. I spoke the other day to fifty middle-aged Italian women, supposed to be "Fascists." When I told them of what is happening to women and children in Spain, they cried and said "Shame!" They applauded vigorously when I said, "All women want peace." They asked me to come again. We must reach women like these, bring them together, break down barriers, tell them of the fight for peace.

Peace Week in March is our chance!

Take a Tip

Economy Fashion Note: If you like to wear a skull cap, the kids about town tell me that you can take just any old hat, rip off the crown, turn it inside out, turn up the edge and presto! . . . you've got a new bonnet . . . and if you like skating, put a colored pom-pom on top of your cap and get anklets to match.

Attention Mamas! If you've got a baby, and you're a busy mother, eliminate dirty bib washing to taking some of your cold cream tissues, attaching them to a string with a clip, tying same around the little bouncer's neck and keep ripping 'em off as he finishes each course. (My little Bosco, aged five months, tells me they're easier on his chin, too!)

RAVELLE.

Understanding Your Child

JUNIOR'S mother confided to a neighbor, "It isn't that Junior dislikes food or isn't hungry, but at the dinner table he's fidgety and eats little and looks around and is frightened so easily."

"Did you threaten him about eating?" asked the neighbor. "No! He always ate well."

"Why don't you watch carefully to see whether it's only at the dinner table and what at the table seems to bother him most?"

So mother watched Junior carefully at dinner that night. He seemed to be as restless as he had been for the past few weeks. She noticed that he always seemed to look toward the dining room door which happened also to be the entrance to the apartment. After supper she continued watching Junior. He made no fuss about going to bed, in fact, he seemed quite glad.

Finally, mother said, "Junior, I noticed tonight that you were watching the door very carefully. Why?"

Junior became suddenly tense and fearful and burst into tears. "I'm afraid he'll come and take me away."

"Who will take you away?" asked the astonished mother. "The man you told me about," was Junior's reply. Only then did his mother recall that several weeks ago while impatient with Junior, she had told him that if he did not behave himself, a man would come and take him away to a home.

He felt safe in school and he felt safe on the street because no one watched his behavior but once he got home, he didn't feel safe until the day was over and he in bed out of the way of possible misbehavior.

This is one of many examples of how fear associated with one thing can show itself in other aspects of a child's life. There are some fears which are part of the natural development of life such as fear of darkness but adding unnecessary ones can only lead to the destruction of a child's happiness and feeling of security in his home.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY BOARD.

KITTY AND ABBY

By Mississippi Johnson and Elizabeth



"Well chickadee," Kitty says to Abby, "how are you getting along with that new boy friend . . . the red-headed one, or was he the one with black hair? I can't seem to remember. But he's the one who likes girls with character . . . Isn't he?"



"Yeah, yeah," Abby says mournfully. "He's the one all right. I took your advice about how to build my character. I told him I was going to try to get subscriptions to this paper. But it didn't seem to cut an awful lot of ice."



"Well . . . I didn't mean you should do it that way. I just meant if you went about doing a few good things you'd automatically build your character," Kitty tells her. "What did he say anyway? Didn't he think it was a good idea?"



"Oh," Abby sighs, "I don't know what he thinks. He just laughed when I told him. He said he could think up something better than that himself. He said I ought to read the papers myself and then try to sell them to other people."

The Mavericks Unite

by ADAM LAPIN

Washington.

WHEN 40 Congressional mavericks pull together in a common cause and form a united bloc of liberal and progressive representatives, that makes a first class political event despite the absence of newspaper fanfares.

As Maury Maverick, leader of the band of 40 fighters for democracy explains, the term maverick comes from the unbranded cattle that roamed around on the property of Samuel Augustus Maverick, land owner, land speculator and signer of the Texas declaration of independence.

Since then if you were in public life and had some guts and independence and weren't a machine politician you were liable to be called a maverick. Usually mavericks were thought of as those who stood off from the herd and fought alone.

Mavericks have stood out in Congress during the past few years. They have championed causes which were considered unpopular in the best circles. They have objected when it was not easy to object. They have attacked reaction. They have spoken up for democracy.

There is of course Maury Maverick (he dropped a cumbersome Fontaine as his first name early in life), descendant of the Sam Maverick who gave his name to the unbranded cattle, and of many other Mavericks from colonial days up. He fought for the President's court reform proposals until the bitter end, and still carries on the struggle against the autocracy of the Supreme Court.

John T. Bernard's courageous "I Object" when Congress was rushing through the notorious "neutrality" resolution on Spain, barring aid to the democratically elected government, rang around the world.

There is John M. Coffee who has advocated a Federal bureau of fine arts and has sought to protect the people from the Sulphur Sulphaniar and other quack medicines and food which daily menace life and limb.

And there are other real progressives—men who were elected because they supported the New Deal and have stood by their campaign pledges—at least 40, as a matter of fact.

BUT what is happening today in Congress is something new. The mavericks have banded together. They are an organization.

They meet regularly every Wednesday night in a cafeteria near the Capitol. They have elected officers, Maverick for chairman, and Thomas R. Amlie, Wisconsin Progressive, as secretary. They have set up committees. Members receive communications informing them of decisions of the group. Formal statements in the name of the group have been issued.

An excellent program on the urgent problems facing the American people has been adopted, and was presented to President Roosevelt a few days ago.

In other words, there now exists



Maury Maverick of Texas

Led by Maury Maverick, Washington's progressive Congressmen get together to fight for a people's program

in Congress a group which can be relied to press for liberal legislation and oppose reactionary measures as an organized body. It can push for the President's program when others grow tired and yield to the pressure of big business. It will of course maintain cordial relations with the administration leadership in the House, but it will fight for its own program, and for the President's program too, probably more vigorously than any other group.

BEFORE the new bloc was formed, there were at least three progressive groups in the House. There were the Minnesota Farmer-Laborites, the Wisconsin Progressives and New Deal Democrats grouped around Maverick. All these groups were loosely knit and rarely worked as organized units.

Some months ago Maverick initiated a series of weekly meetings of progressive Congressmen. At first these meetings were highly informal, and consisted mainly of general discussions, usually with an invited speaker, and never touched on definite action.

Slowly, through the medium of this group, the various progressive

eration who have taken the same stand for repeal of the capital gains and corporate surplus taxes as that adopted by the N.A.M. and the United States Chamber of Commerce.

What is more, the bloc is almost certain to grow as a result of the 1938 elections. Labor, led by Labor's Non-Partisan League, is preparing to put a bitter and determined fight to elect progressives and oust those who reneged on their election promises.

Extremely important is the fact that the bloc swings into action with an effective and tested leadership. Of course it would have been very helpful indeed if it could have been formed some months. Perhaps the group could have supplied the extra push that was needed to put over the wages and hours bill. But the first year of the 75th session has at least shown who's who in Congress.

It has amply demonstrated who is willing to stand up and fight and is willing blithely to ignore election promises when big business cracks the whip. All of the members of the group have stood up under pressure. Their record has been good.

And they have among them Congressmen whose integrity and ability is unquestioned. As chairman, Maverick is easily one of the outstanding men in Congress. Short, stubby, informal, he is quick on his feet. He is an excellent floor leader. He is highly thought of, and has become a national figure.

Frequently a news story will
(Continued on Page 9)



"He fought for court reform . . ."



Trusts on the Air

by HY KRAVIF

A COUPLE of weeks ago the national president of the United Office & Professional Workers of America delivered a radio talk which covered several Eastern cities. His subject was "Labor Relations in the Life Insurance Companies" whose workers the union is organizing.

Station WTIC in Hartford, Connecticut, however, refused to broadcast this speech. It is owned by the Travelers Insurance Co. in that city! In fact, the last three letters in WTIC's call name derive from the company's title.

Such instances of radio censorship and suppression are not unusual. Investigators for the American Civil Liberties Union in a report made last year established at least 70 cases of suppression or censorship on the air since 1930.

As S. E. Frost, Jr., pointed out in his recent book, *Is American Radio Democratic?* station owners "though subject to certain regulatory provisions, are, within broad areas, absolute dictators as to station policy and practice."

NOW, as a radio fan for the last 15 years, I can remember when one did not hear so much of suppression and censorship on the air.

Those, however, were the days before the big time sponsor came along. Before radio broadcasting became a big business with a gross income estimated at about 130 million dollars last year.

Radio broadcasting is a peculiar set-up. There is a limit to the number of broadcasting licenses that the Federal Communications Commission can issue since there are only ninety frequencies or channels available. In this country there are some 685 broadcasters on these ninety channels.

About a third of all the stations in the country are affiliated with the big three networks of radio—National Broadcasting Company, Columbia Broadcasting System and the Mutual System. NBC and CBS actually own or control only a couple of dozen stations themselves. Mutual does not itself control any stations as it is "cooperative."

BUT this does not begin to tell the story. For in radio, "it is not number [of stations] but transmitting power and desirability of the wave lengths that counts," as Ruth Brinze points out in her book *Not To Be Broadcast*.

And here is where the monopolistic role of the big three radio chains is most apparent. For out of a total transmission power in this country of 2,634,000 watts,

network broadcasters have over ninety per cent.

Here is the line up:

NBC (red and blue networks), 1,686,100 watts; CBS, 644,900 watts; Mutual, 690,200 watts.

The rest of the nation's stations, the "independents," together have a combined transmission power of only 186,600 watts.

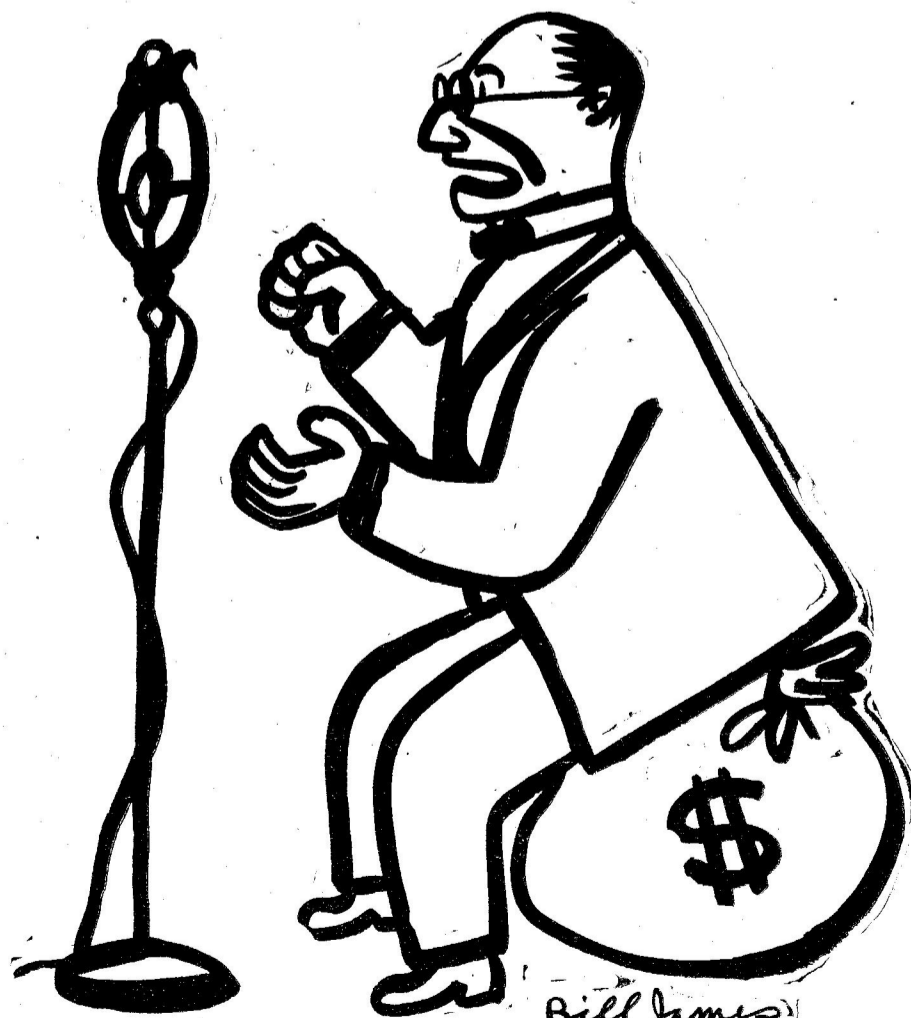
AS A result we have a certain standardization in programs.

But worse is the character of many of these programs. Such anti-labor commentators as Boake Carter, for example, and many, many others. Moreover, as Prof. Frost also points out, American radio is in fact, if not in theory, actually built around advertising. "Programs are designed almost wholly to meet the needs of advertisers" rather than the public.

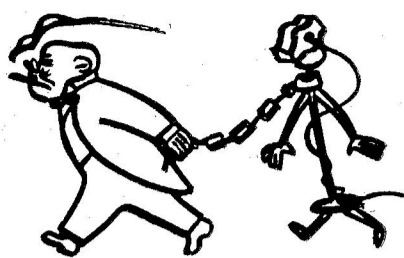
The profit-greedy chains are only too eager to acquiesce in this if not to foster this situation. For those who run the chains are of like reactionary mind with the sponsors.

All of which brings us to the

Behind the watts and dials three big monopolies dictate the destiny of the radio industry



ILLUSTRATED BY BILL JAMES



COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM is dominated by the Paley family and its relatives together with the banking houses of Brown Bros. & Harriman, W. E. Hutton & Co. and Lehman Bros. CBS is profitable enough to have paid its president, William Paley, a salary of \$236,000 in 1936.

Interestingly enough, Paley's brother-in-law, Dr. Leon Levy, who is a stockholder and director in CBS was, while managing director of the chain's Philadelphia outlet, WCAU, also head of an NBC outlet in the same city, Westinghouse's KYW!

Another NBC-CBS link may be mentioned even though it seems an indirect one. On the CBS board of directors sits Herbert Bayard Swope, former executive editor of the late *New York World*. He happens to be a brother of president Gerard Swope of General Electric which helped set up RCA in the first place.

AS FOR the *Mutual System*, it is enough to mention that its president is business manager of the ultra-reactionary *Chicago Tribune*. One of Mutual's important affiliates is the country's most powerful station, WLW of Cincinnati, owned by Powel Crosley, Jr. Crosley was recently subject of charges by Federal Communications Commissioner Payne. Payne wrote Crosley of "the monopoly you hold of the unusual power of 500,000 watts" which Crosley had obtained "under the guise of an experimental license in the interest of science."

What happened was that when WLW asked for and secured its boost from 50,000 watts to ten times as many, it immediately raised the price of its radio advertising by 50% and continued to collect substantial profits for over three years with the additional power with which it was supposed to be experimenting "in the interest of science!"

Such then is the character of our three leading networks. They are today profitable big businesses—monopolies.

I again want to quote Prof. Frost, who is an associate of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education and cannot—so far as I know—be accused of being a "radical."

The answer to his own question *Is American Radio Democratic?* is, in his own words: "At present the United States does not have a democratically administered radio. . . . A democratic radio must make private profit subordinate to the interests and welfare of the public it serves. To effect this, radio must be controlled by the people."

Radio is today not controlled by the people. The fight of the people against the radio broadcasting monopoly would seem to be part of their fight against monopolists in this country generally.

The World's Fastest Human

THE world's fastest human," Columbia University's Ben Johnson, pushed a pile of photographs off his bed, made himself comfortable and declared that "he gets a great kick out of running."

Holder of several world's records, twice unanimously elected captain of the Columbia track team, the short Negro speed demon gives spectators more than a "kick" when he blazes through the short distances.

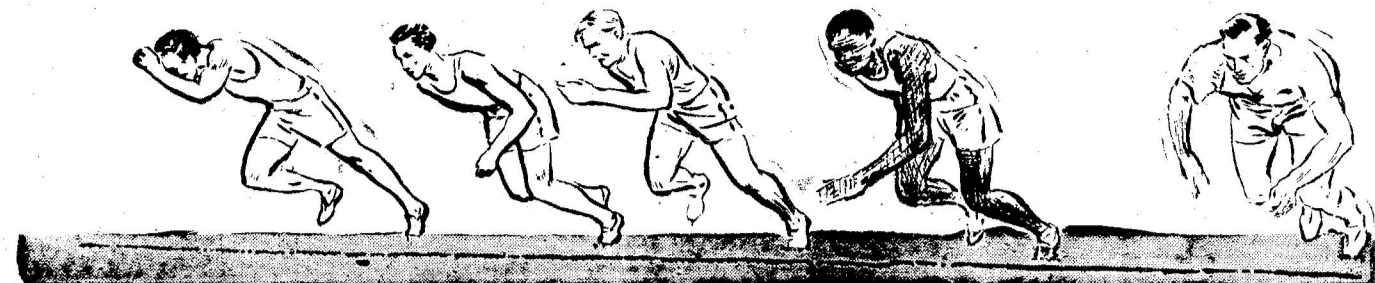
Ben holds the hundred yard dash record jointly with Jesse Owens and Frank Wyckoff. Recently he topped the world's mark for the 60 yard distance with a race of six seconds flat. What's more, he not only established a new record, but tied and broke the old one before doing his fastest time. A few days later he tied the 40 yard dash time of 4.4 seconds, and also lays claim to the 100 meters mark which was taken away from Jesse Owens.

JOHNSON started running way back when he attended high school in Plymouth, Pennsylvania, and now, in his senior year at Columbia, he doesn't know when he'll stop.

"There's no telling what I'll do when the term is over," he said, gazing fondly around at the various tokens of his years at college which litter up his room in Hartley Hall. Ben plans to go into journalism, preferably advertising, and may take a post-graduate course at the Pulitzer School of Journalism.

No matter what he does, there will be no more running in a Columbia uniform after this year for the lad who appears to spectators as little more than a streak when he goes into action. Three years is all they allow a varsity man. If Johnson continues to run the New York Curb Exchange will be his next alma-mater.

Life is no bed of roses for athletes, Ben said, glancing ruefully at an open text-book. But being in training helps keep his marks up to the high level at which they've been ever since he started grade school. There's no running



ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE BARKER

An interview with Ben Johnson, Negro captain of one of the nation's best track teams

by ROY PARKER

around at night so all the studying gets more than done.

"A broad education is helpful to any man, and everyone who gets a chance to go to college, providing he is capable of making the grade, shouldn't give up the chance if he can help it," he declared.

BEING on the track team has given me a chance to broaden my education vastly," he declared emphatically. "Last summer we toured Europe and even just getting some of the spirit of competition helps a lot."

He smiled embarrassedly when asked to disclose the way he felt about being known as the "fastest human in the world."

"I don't know—I guess you might say that it's nice to know that you've accomplished something. I guess my mother and friends back in Plymouth are proudest of all. Mother is my most loyal rooter." So are thousands of enthusiastic track fans.

Johnson hasn't had an easy time. His father died when he was young, leaving his mother to take care of Ben. She looked after the small trucking business which his father had carried on in the small Pennsylvania mining town and scraped up enough to send Ben to college.

HE CAN'T tell you how he does it if you want to know the secret of that amazing speed.

"I just run," he explained. "I don't think of anything but the business at hand, and try to get up to top speed as fast as possible."

Speed isn't the word for what Johnson gets up to. Ask the stop watches he's bucked. His close friends expect him to hold every record from the 40 yards to the 220 before he leaves Columbia.

In addition to breaking all these records and keeping up in his studies, Johnson also does his bit towards earning his college education. Waiting on tables at the Faculty Club helps somewhat. Last year Ben had an N.Y.A. job.

He likes running. And he thinks everyone should go out for athletics.

Ben hasn't met up with any discrimination because of his color while at Columbia or in any of the track meets he's been in. That doesn't mean that Ben isn't opposed to Jim Crow.

"A man should be judged by his ability, not anything else," he declared quietly.

The same slim youngster who thrilled thousands with his speed at the Millrose Games in Madison Square Garden, in Boston, again in New York and abroad, looked at his watch and then followed the example set by a friend of his in the room . . . dug into his studies.



In response to our recent plea for Americana, Ben Burns of the Chicago Record staff contributed the "Swing Your Partner" article on Page Eight. How about other readers following his example?

Other contributors: Harry Gannes is author of "When China Unites" . . . Adam Lavin is our Washington correspondent. . . . Hy Kravif is the author of numerous articles on scientific subjects. . . . T. H. Wintringham, who has written several books on military subjects, was for a time commander of the British section of the International Brigade in Spain. . . . Ellen McGrath is a well-known Seattle newspaperwoman. . . . Elizabeth Gurley Flynn ranks with Mother Jones as one of America's most famous woman labor leaders . . . her column is a weekly feature of our magazine. . . . Roy Parker is a New York sports writer.

Coming features include: a series on Henry Ford by Lawrence Emery; Negroes in aviation; a special article on American women and their fight for peace and democracy; the story of Buffalo Bill by Howard Rushmore and a number of short stories and Americana from the nation's crossroads.

Fred Ellis, veteran cartoonist and artist, was born in Chicago and worked on NEW MAJORITY, VOICE OF LABOR and other newspapers as chief cartoonist. He spent six years in the Soviet Union upon invitation from PRAVDA and other papers there to join their staffs, and is now living in New York City, where his work is appearing in many papers and magazines.

He Had a Witness

(Continued from Page 2)

"Do you think that you can scare me, that you can shut me up even here—now?"

"Why you—you—"

"Do you think," he asked, his voice even and distinct, "that you can scare me out of calling you a dirty, low-down rotten crook, the lowest dog in the world?"

PEACHES' voice came out of his mouth awhile after it had gaped open, a gaped hole in his beefy, veined face. It came out high and shrill, an amazed squeal of outrage:

"Horse! Horse! Come 'ere! Quick!"

James heard Horse running on the concrete, the keys jingling.

"You might kill me," James said in the same, easy, conversational tone, "but your dirty, low-down kind can't scare me. No more," he added, faintly emphatic.

Peaches was breathing hard, wheezing. "Horse, you take the keys. You in charge," he said.

Peaches' beefy face had paled, which gave it a tinge as if in a blue light. He gave no other sign of hearing James, as he stood there sticking his big belly out to see the belt from which he detached the keys, fumbling with the snap, with the blackjack also in his hand.

"But before I go," Peaches said, "I'm going to tend to this —. I'll teach him

some respect, if it's the last thing I ever do."

"Respect you, you swine," James said. "Keep him covered with your gun while I go in there," Peaches said.

JAMES just stood there. He watched Peaches' bulk through the door, shouldering it open a little wider, with the deputy jumping around in the corridor to keep the aim of the gun clear of Peaches. With unconcern, he saw the blackjack raise. The crash of it hitting his skull was blinding. Then he was on his knees, still conscious, the dull thudding blows on his shoulders, his neck, the violent kick in the groin which made him fall flat. He fell carefully, to keep his arm in the rag sling from touching the floor. The floor felt cool to his cheek. Vaguely, dreamily, he saw the blood that was running out of his nose making tiny splashes close to his eyes. He thought that the kicks did not hurt so much: it was only that his body, entirely beyond his volition shrank and quivered and recoiled and reflexed. But his mind was totally unconcerned, except to wonder why he had deliberately provoked the sadist.

The two boys, Jep and Pete. To teach them absolute courage, two to take his place. And he even felt a little triumphant, that Peaches had fallen into his trap and played the game.

The Mavericks Unite

(Continued from Page 3)

speak of a dairy bloc in Congress, of a corn bloc, of a farm bloc. These blocs come and go. Most of the time they are the products of sectional interest which crops up when some particular bill reaches the floor, and then disappears.

Unlike these blocs, the Progressive group is not based on sectionalism interest, but on a program which has clearly emerged from the needs of the people. As a matter of fact, there are members of the group from every section of the country, from the East, from the mid-West, from the West Coast and from the farm-belt and from the West Coast. And the program which has been drafted by this geographically diverse group is a national program.

Its first point is passage of a wages and hours bill. Next comes a "simple, direct farm bill which will assure the American farmer prices at least equal to his cost of production." This, significantly, is what farmers' organizations throughout the country have been asking, and it is part of the program of the Farmers Union.

THE tax program of the group is probably the best popular tax program that has yet been drafted. It is based "on the principle of taxation according to ability to pay, low taxation on consuming power and active, competi-

tive business and high taxation on speculation, idle wealth and monopoly."

Specifically, the tax program calls for retention and strengthening of the capital gains and corporate surplus taxes, increase of estate and gift taxes, removal of tax exempt privileges, and opposes a Federal sales tax.

Other points on the program call for work on WPA for all able-bodied unemployed, for a vast public works program, for a national land use program, for nationalization of the Federal reserve system, extension of the social security program, development and enactment of a plan for increasing and regularizing industrial production and for a simplified system of government credit agencies.

A weakness of the group is that it has not yet taken up a position for a peace policy of collective action as outlined by President Roosevelt at Chicago when he urged that fascist aggressor nations be "quarantined" through joint boycotts and other economic measures on the part of the democratic countries.

BUT the drums are rolling, and it is time to start. It is time for the mavericks of America to assemble on the steps of the Capitol.

Now at last the drums have rolled in the halls of Congress. The mavericks have assembled. They are ready to act for the common cause of the millions whom they were elected to represent.

"SWING YOUR PAHTNER" By Ben Burns



OZARK AMERICANA

DRAWING BY JAMES DUGAN

SATURDAY nights in the back country of the Ozarks down in western Arkansas are square dance nights.

Here amid the tall pines that grow on the rolling mountains and in the muddy valleys like in a Land of Telephone Poles, the night before the Sabbath is a big night.

That's a lot to the boys who start following the saw mills for a dollar a day about the time they get their first ten-gallon hat. It's a lot to the older men who work on their rocky farms all year 'round with a skinny mule team that constantly needs urging.

To the "wimen-folk" the square dance means the only chance to get away from chores. Sunday is a busy day for them, too.

These Arkansas hill people—they don't like to be called "hill billies"—have learned to take their squares seriously. It is a tradition by now—just like the story that these people are descendants of Daniel Boone's pioneers in Tennessee and Kentucky. In Texas they'll tell you the road southwest in later years used to hit a fork near the state border. Those who couldn't read the sign, "To Texas," stayed in Western Arkansas.

To these people the square dance is truly native—a folk tradition.

I GOT an invitation to a square dance at Clyde Twillington's one Saturday night. The road to Clyde's goes out of Mena (advertised on local license plates as "The Home of Lum and Abner") on a rough gravel covered state highway. After a stretch of this "good" road, there's six miles of "side" road to follow—at least what's called a "side" road.

It winds in and out the countryside like some untamed Ozark creek. The ditches continually stare up threateningly from both sides. Suddenly the road comes off a hill and dips down into a two-foot-deep stream without warning. It hits an unexpected detour and goes dodging through trees and brush. The lights on the old Chevie truck a group of us are riding do not help much in penetrating the pitch dark surroundings. Only when the music is heard

going strong in Clyde's house is the tension relieved.

In the dull glow of the truck's lights, you can see the patched shingle roof hanging over the log cabin that is called home by Clyde. For all this home consists of is a log cabin with mud plastered over the cracks to keep the wind out. The shadow of the privy is seen in the light from the house. A few steps from the entrance is a rickety old well.

You can hear the square dance caller outside the house:

"Chase that rabbit, chase that squirrel,
Chase that girl around in a whirl."

Inside the music is going strong. There's a "gee-tar," a mandolin, and a fiddle. Square dance trios don't call them violins.

THIS is the Arkansas model of "The Big Apple." Get an eyeful of Red Tate going through the variations of the Butterfly Whirl and you get the idea. In the single room where there is barely enough room for a "Circle Eight," Red gets more swing in his squares than a Harlem Lindy Hopper.

And the others are not far behind him. Legs fly in and out the circle like mad locomotive pistons. Some swing their ladies with a hopping step while others prefer to shuffle. The ladies invariably look bored. Round and round goes the circle as the dancers sweat, shout, grunt, have a swell time.

The caller shouts:
"Ladies bow and the gents bow-wow,
If that ain't huggin', show me how."

Looking around at the setting for this Saturday night good time in Clyde's sends a shiver down sensitive spines. Three walls are papered with the Mena Weekly Star and thin pages from Sears catalogs. A wide fireplace filling with burning pine logs takes the place of the fourth wall. The few pieces of furniture are shoved over in a corner. There's a wobbly table, a broken-down rocking chair whose rocking days are over and a crude wooden bed.

They pay little attention to the dust that comes down from the roof vibrating with the swing of the dancers. Smiles cover their lined faces as they enjoy the dance from the sidelines, beating time with the music.

From the caller comes the crisp shout:

"Four little gents to the center
A right hand cross and how do you do,
Back to the left and how are you?"

Half a square lasts about half an hour. It's a long grind but these Arkansas folk never tire in squares. The "gents" seem to generate their energy from the "rot gut"—the more they drink the sprightlier are their steps.

The caller tells the story with:
"Do-c-do around your left-hand lady,
Back around your own sweet baby."

I GOT to meet old Clyde Twillington between halves. Clyde was a hundred per cent American—born and bred for 65 years in the wilds of the Ozarks. Like all the other farmers in this section he wore a pair of patched "Monkey Ward" (Montgomery-Ward) overalls to the Saturday night square. He was a grizzled fellow with a quizzical look in his eye.

Clyde was a model of these square-dancing people. It was only in his later years that he came to Western Arkansas from the flats of the Mississippi. It was there that most of his years were spent share-cropping. He worked cotton for years till one day he just "upped" and came west to buy a rocky farm that sold for a couple of dollars an acre.

He was just tired of being cheated by his boss, as he put it.

It was Clyde who told me about the plantation owners' "budget balancing" scheme for sharecroppers. He was one of those croppers who work on a credit system down South—buying what they need from the plantation store and getting it checked against their earnings at the end of the year. His boss—who did all the "book figuring"—invariably found credit

(whatever share of the crop the contract called for) balanced exactly with debit (what a cropper bought during the year).

Clyde thought he'd fool the boss one year. He just held out a bale of cotton that the boss didn't know anything about. Clyde sat down with the boss to watch him figuring even though he couldn't figure anything on his own. It didn't take the boss long to finish up with the usual result.

"Wal, Clyde, guess we're just about all even ag'in this year. You don't owe me nuthin' and I don't owe you nuthin'."

"That's swell," chimes in Clyde. "You see I just plum ferget about a bale of cotton I still got down in the barn."

The boss turned a couple of colors. But it didn't take him long to figure out "budget balancing." He quickly piped up:

"Now what do you want to do thet fur? Now I'll have to figure this stuff all over to get the figures even ag'in."

THAT'S what brought Clyde out here to Western Arkansas to raise scrub tomatoes and maybe a couple of other garden vegetables in the rocky hills he called his farm. When things got bad he might get a day or two over at the Blue Mountain sawmills. Life was tough but there was always Saturday night squares.

If you saw Clyde do-c-do, you'd get the idea. No sooner did the caller shout, "Pahtners to your places," than Clyde would get him a "woman" and get ready to "swing."

Round and round he would go for half an hour of "Butterfly Whirls" or "Cowboy Loops." And then he wasn't winded with the last:

"Treat 'em all alike if it takes all night;
"You'll get home in the broad day light."

That was Clyde Twillington, sharecropper, dirt farmer and square dancer. And Clyde was Arkansas.

What Next in Spain?

THE war in Spain is like a Spanish river. For what seems an interminable time it is a feature of the landscape only; then the snows melt somewhere a long way away, and your river becomes, at an hour's warning, a torrent flooding and changing the landscape, breaking rocks, roads, bridges.

This war has been a feature of Europe's landscape for more than eighteen months now. But, in 1938, the snows will melt in Spain, and victory for the people of Spain is likely to sweep away many landmarks, outside Spain's borders as well as within them.

Victory for the Spanish Republic

A world-famous military expert outlines some of the things that may happen in Spain this spring

by T. H. WINTRINGHAM

800,000 against 500,000, but as a smaller proportion.

Franco's preponderance in equipment and artillery reduces the proportion still further. The important thing is that the People's Front is stronger than Fascism, though only slightly in actual fighting power. Its success in the

fire for four months, has had to be "dismounted" in order to find troops to throw away capturing snow and rocks near—but not too near—Teruel.

All the same, he must try an offensive, at all costs. Because only by attack and surprise can he hope to win successes. It is impossible to judge where Franco will try his luck. But it is possible to say where he will not do so: no surprise, no hope of any success in attack, can be found on the central front round Madrid, where the Republican defenses are now adequate to any strain.

His easiest "victory" might be in the far south, at Almeria. A drive along the coast to take this town would mean nothing strategically, for the mountains shut the coast off from the interior.

Meanwhile, the Republic will be preparing—or if he continues to delay, carrying out—new operations on the Teruel model: surprise seizure of some point that he must waste his strength in trying to retake, either for strategic reasons or for motives of military vanity. Motives of the latter sort dominate the Fascist mind.

THERE are a dozen objectives that the Republicans might aim at: the most ambitious would be to cut the Aragon front off from easy lateral communication with Franco's forces that face towards Madrid. Or it might be to cut into the very narrow corridor near Badajoz (only 50 miles wide) that connect the northern half of Franco's territory with the southern. An advance of 18 miles to the railway north of Zafra would "throttle" this neck.

But operations of this size may still be beyond the Republic's effective strength. A smaller, more

concentrated "push" at Cordoba, Talavera, Toledo, Sigüenza, or Huesca, or half a dozen other towns is more likely. None of these towns is of decisive strategic importance, though capture of the second or third would seriously embarrass the communications of Franco's centre army. But the capture of any of them or the capture of positions very seriously threatening them would inevitably lead Franco to a wasteful (because predictable) counter-offensive.

And then? After a few more failures, with perhaps one cheap victory, the whole structure of Franco-Fascism will be strained to breaking-point. It depends for its cohesion on success: only a real hope of victory can hold together Nazis and Blackshirts.

A RECENT sign of the coming break-up of Franco's medley; the facts surrounding the surrender of Colonel Rey.

After Rey's surrender the wireless general, Quiapo de Llano, has called him "an unworthy chief, a traitor guilty of the worst crime a soldier can commit," because he ceased fighting. Actually, all Rey's men were wounded or sick with starvation, fatigue, and shortage of water. To fight on would have been to waste lives uselessly.

But two things stand out; the morale of the old Spanish army is not so high as it used to be. There was a time when it fought in defense, even uselessly, to the last man and the last cartridge. Second, many "decent solid professionals" among Franco's Spanish officers will resent bitterly the slanders of a drunken "political general," whose only battle-field is a broadcasting studio—slanders against the honor of a man who carried on desperate street fighting for weeks after his force was surrounded.

Others will resent the conspicuous slowness of Italian troops in moving to Rey's rescue.

From such incidents will come, I believe, in 1938, the melting of Spain's snows.



"let's forget Teruel, old pals . . ."

lic, defeat for Franco, Mussolini and Hitler, during the present year, are as near certain as anything can be in war. For Franco needs, in order to keep going, a continual series of successful battles; or, more accurately, he needs to win at least two out of three of his engagements. He can no longer do so.

He cannot—whatever help is given him by Mussolini and Hitler—do more in 1938 than score a few indecisive and cheap successes, while suffering serious defeats. And the reason for this is a simple one: the Republic is stronger in effective military force than the Fascists.

THE Republic's military force now consists of about 800,000 men well equipped with machine-guns, though insufficiently equipped with artillery, tanks, and 'planes. Franco has effectives of about 500,000. Franco has more artillery, tanks and 'planes than the Republic, his artillery is of better quality, and his equipment for infantry and machine-gunners is better. But his 'planes are not so good; and 'planes matter more than anything else, except machine-guns.

The Republic's infantry and machine-gunners are now fairly well trained. They are still very short of boots, warm clothes, movable field kitchens, and other necessary equipment. Because of these facts the Republic's effective strength cannot be reckoned as

two battles proved this fact.

The lessons of Teruel will dominate the future course of the war. In trying to estimate the probabilities of this future, we have first to answer two questions that depend more on European politics than on the military and political position in Spain.

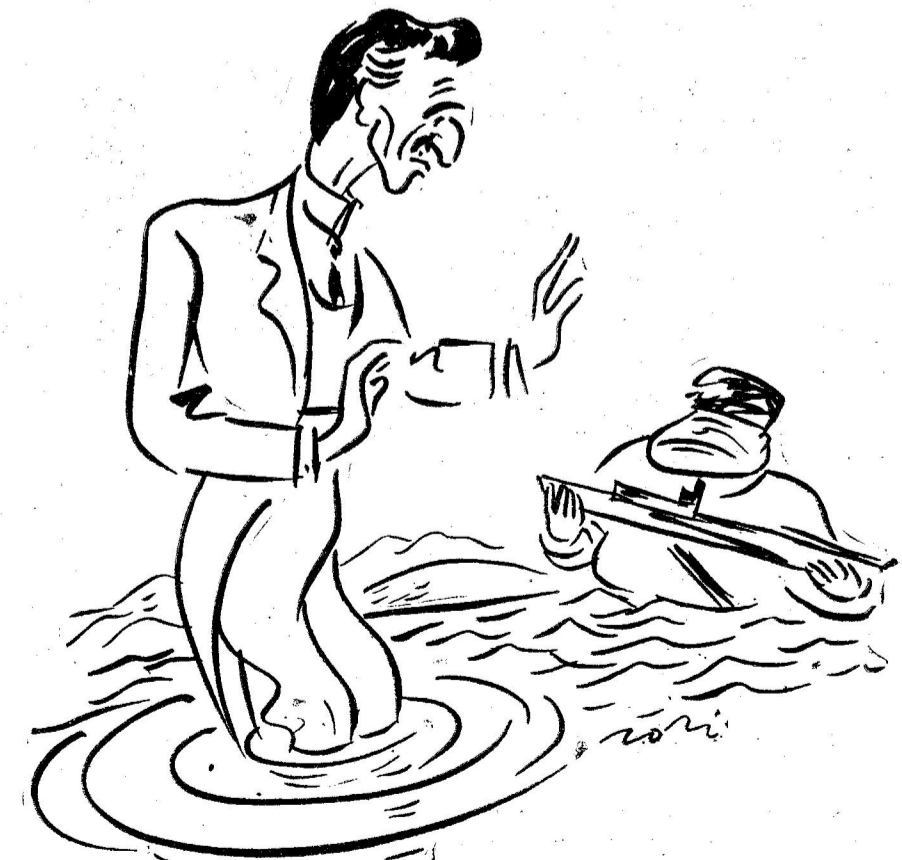
The first is: will the present balance of forces, giving the Republicans a superiority (limited by certain conditions, but effective on the Teruel model), be reversed by a great addition to Franco's strength of foreign divisions and 'planes?

"Non-intervention" will not prevent this. But Hitler will risk no divisions in Spain, for fear of a defeat or check that would prove to all Europe that his army is no more invincible than his aeroplanes, which are outclassed in performance by those opposed to them.

And Mussolini, with large forces tied up in Abyssinia and North Africa, can ill spare many divisions for Spain.

THE other "background" question is: Can Italian and German submarines starve the Republic to death? Only by a new campaign of piracy on a grand scale, sinking anything that floats, at sight. This, surely, the British and other peoples will not permit.

With the balance of force on the Republican side, what is likely to happen next? Franco's long-promised offensive, that has hung



Mr. Chamberlain: "His Majesty's government is perturbed"

On Top of the World

Explorer Stefansson tells of a new breed of North Pole pioneers

by ELLEN McGRATH



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BONNELL

of the success of socialism in at least one field that American newspaper owners would not publish it.

"The Soviet Union looks to the Arctic today as the United States once looked to the West. It is to them the unknown empire with marvelous possibilities. Once the United States, too, was a pioneering nation—up until, say, 1900. Today we don't develop a frontier, like Alaska or Northern Canada, unless we find precious metals—gold, silver, platinum or radium.

"It has been demonstrated that Canada can grow wheat within the Arctic Circle. But she doesn't develop it because she has too much wheat already. It would bring the price down. In the Soviet Union they follow up each advance in the Arctic. Nobody worries about profit because they produce for use. Under capitalism, agricultural and husbandry pioneering seems over. Under socialism it is just beginning."

Dr. Stefansson told how twenty Soviet volunteers applied for every position in the Arctic. More than 300 Soviet planes are in operation within the Arctic at all times, the noted explorer said and some air bases have now grown into cities with a population of 14,000.

THE London Times reported in 1936 that their correspondent found some twenty ships flying the British flag loading lumber in the harbor of Igarka, some of them for destinations in remote parts of the British Empire. That is besides the vessels of other countries. Think of that, in four years alone.

"One of the great needs of the Soviet Arctic is salt for the fish industry. They have found salt about 400 miles north of the Arctic Circle. They say they are going to build a town up there. And they probably will, for the Soviet government has thus far carried out all plans which they have announced for the Arctic. Sometimes they are a little behind schedule, and we hear all about that in our newspapers. But usually they are on time, which does not make such a popular news story."

The Soviet Union has broken all records in carrying goods by plane. For instance, when they discovered a nickel mine in the Arctic, immediate development was desired. To build the railroad simultaneously at various points, instead of building slowly from the river, they used airplanes for freighting, even carrying railroad ties and heavy machinery by plane.

"The Soviet Union has established schools throughout the Arctic. The United States has done better than Canada by establishing governmental schools to supplement the missions in Alaska. But nothing so far compares with the Soviet Arctic school system. One difference is that the Soviets conduct schools in native languages.



For instance, books for the Eskimos of Northeast Siberia are printed in the Eskimo language at Moscow. Thus Eskimos are able to study in their own language. In Alaska we compel the Eskimos to study in English. If you give an Eskimo a book in his own language he will learn more in a year than he would in ten years if the book were in Russian or English. The teaching of Russian to Eskimos, I understand, begins in about the fourth year of school."

THE experiences of an explorer often die with him, Dr. Stefansson says, and his research fails to benefit mankind. Canada financed his last Arctic expedition, a costly journey, but only a third of the scientific results has yet been published. When explorers return from an expedition, in a capitalist country they are in many cases forced to secure jobs at once. In the Soviet Union the work of an expedition is not considered finished until all results are published.

So there is a constant stream of scientific publications on the Arctic coming now from the Soviet Union. Many works on the Arctic are also being translated into Russian. Four of Dr. Stefansson's books have been translated. The first were issued in 10,000 copies but recently they have increased the edition to 25,000—their present minimum editions. The average edition of a book on the Arctic in the United States is probably around 3,000.

"The Polar Sea is the Mediterranean of future civilization," Dr. Stefansson says. "The North Pole is not the end of the earth. It is the middle of the 'Civilized' world, in the sense that it is surrounded by the North Temperate Zone. The Polar Sea is too small to be called an ocean.

"The Polar Mediterranean is already more easily crossable by the nations which surround it than the old World Mediterranean was when the Carthaginians and Romans fought their ancient wars."

Mother Jones had one great faith—"the future is in labor's strong, rough hands."

by ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

SHE was standing on a platform at the corner of 148th Street and 3rd Avenue, the Bronx, in the Fall of 1908, giving the "city folks" the devil! We didn't do enough to help the miners of the West; we didn't care about the struggle our Mexican brothers were making against Diaz; we were white-livered rabbits, who never put our feet on Mother Earth, Mother Jones said.

Her description of the bullpens where the miners were herded by the Federal troops, of the bloodshed and cruelty, were so vivid that for the only time in my life, I fainted. I was with my husband and James Connelly, great Irish leader, who at that time lived nearby.

The speaker stopped in the midst of a fiery appeal. "Take the poor child out and get her some water!" she said and went on with her speech. That was Mother Jones.

A year or so later in Chicago, I was a delegate from Local No. 85, International Workers of the World to the Rudovitz Defense Committee. The Czar's government demanded the return of a Jewish exile on the pretext of a



"a tiny, very clean little old lady"

DRAWING BY WILLIAM DUNLAP

"Lead the Way"

"ritual murder." The liberals and labor movement rallied to his defense. When Mother Jones came to a meeting she needed but to say, like Jesus, "Follow me," and men, women and children marched all over the country, for rights, for freedom, for bread.

MARY HEATON VORSE describes Mother Jones as a "tiny, very clean little old lady in a black silk basque with a lavender vest and lace around the neck, a bonnet on her snow-white hair. She hadn't changed her style of dress in twenty years!" It sounds like Whistler's mother. But Mother Jones was not a quiet calm old lady, sitting with hands folded contemplating the past.

She was at the Headquarters of the 1919 Steel Strike in Pittsburgh, between speaking trips to Michigan, Illinois, and Ohio.

She breathed anger, defiance and fearlessness wherever she went among the workers for over sixty years.

MOTHER JONES was born Mary Harris in Cork, Ireland, in 1830, of rebel stock. Her family immigrated here and Mary married an iron molder. They lived in Memphis, Tennessee, had four children and Mary Harris Jones might have lived and died, a happy wife and mother, unknown to us today, but for a ghastly tragedy.

Her husband and children all died in a yellow fever epidemic in 1867. The union buried them. Alone, stranded and desolate, she went to Chicago.

She did dress-making for the rich, who lived in magnificent homes along the Lake Shore Drive. As she sewed, she saw the jobless and hungry along the frozen lake front in winter, and poor mothers lugging babies there in summer for a breath of air.

Her sympathy and indignation over poverty grew. After the Chicago fire, she attended meetings of the Knights of Labor in their scorched old building and became a member. From 1880 on, she was a restless labor pilgrim, traveling from strike to strike, agitating, organizing, encouraging and comforting. She was put out of hotels. Families who housed her in company towns were dispossessed.

Yet, she organized "women's armies," with mops, brooms and dishpans.

"God, it's the old mother with her army of wild women!" the bosses would groan.

Mother Jones spoke in the open fields when halls were closed. She waded through Kelly Creek, West Virginia, to escape gunmen and organized a union on the other side. Tried for violating an injunction, she called the judge a scab and proved it to him!

She got a job in a mill to get inside information about child labor and in 1903, she led an army of child slaves from the textile mills of Kensington, Pennsylvania, to Oyster Bay, Long Island.

Mother Jones was a grand old fighter with a warm gentle heart and words of courage and love for all who toiled. But she had a sharp tongue for scabs, gunmen and parasites, male and female. She was a pioneer of women's auxiliaries.

In Walsenberg, Colorado, a young officer of the militia in escorting her to jail said, "Madam, will you take my arm?"

She answered, "Young man, I'm not a madam, I'm Mother Jones. The government can't take my life and you can't take my arm. But you can take my suitcase!"

WHEN a woman in an Eastern meeting objected that they couldn't aid the miners in winning free speech because women had no vote, Mother Jones made a characteristic reply:

"I'm not anti to anything which will bring freedom to my class. But I've never had a vote and I've raised the devil all over the country! You don't need a vote to raise the devil. You need convictions and a voice!"

That she was an expert is evident from what happened in Greensburg, Pa. A group of women pickets, with babies in their

arms were arrested and sentenced thirty days.

When they were jailed, Mother Jones advised the women: "You sing the whole night long. Say you're singing to the babies."

Complaints came in from all around the jail.

"Those women howl like cats!" one businessman said.

"That's no way to speak of mothers who are singing lullabies to their babies!" Mother Jones indignantly replied.

And the women sang their way out of jail in five days, to the relief of a sleepless town.

AT A Congressional investigation, she answered a query as to her home: "Sometimes I'm in Washington, then in Pennsylvania, Arizona, Texas, Minnesota, Colorado. My address is like my shoes. It travels with me. I abide where there is a fight against wrong."

She made mistakes of course, but usually they were because she trusted certain labor leaders too much. When she was a very old lady, Mother Jones warned the rank and file of leaders who put their own interest ahead of labor. To the end, she stoutly affirmed her faith: "The future is in labor's strong, rough hands."

She died in 1930, at the ripe old age of 100, at the home of Terrence V. Powderly, who back in the 80's had been the Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor. She was buried in Mt. Olive Cemetery, Illinois, surrounded by the graves of miners.

In death, as in life, Mother Jones is with "her boys."

DR. STEFANSSON seemed to feel that the Soviet Union's accomplishments in the Far North were so fine and so thrilling as to offer such indisputable proof