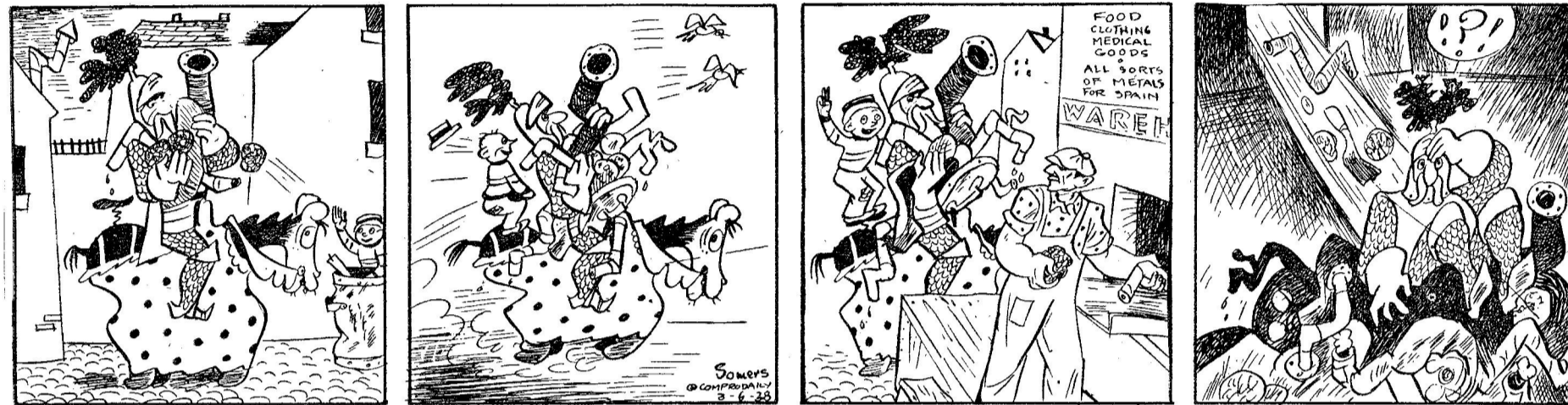


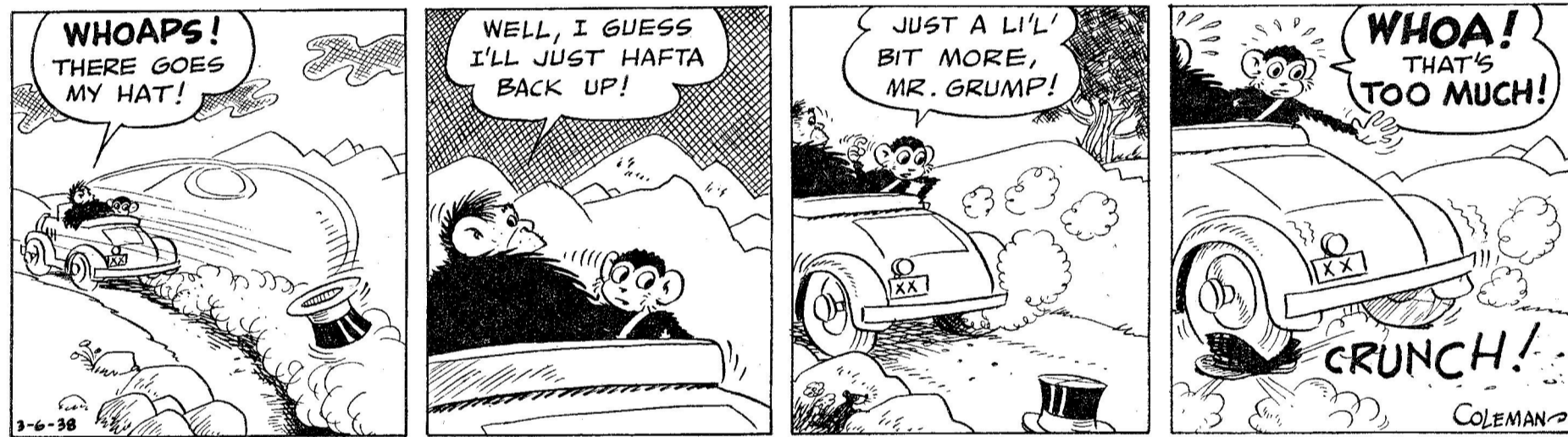
SIR HOKUS POKUS

by Somers



MUFFY THE MONK

by Coleman



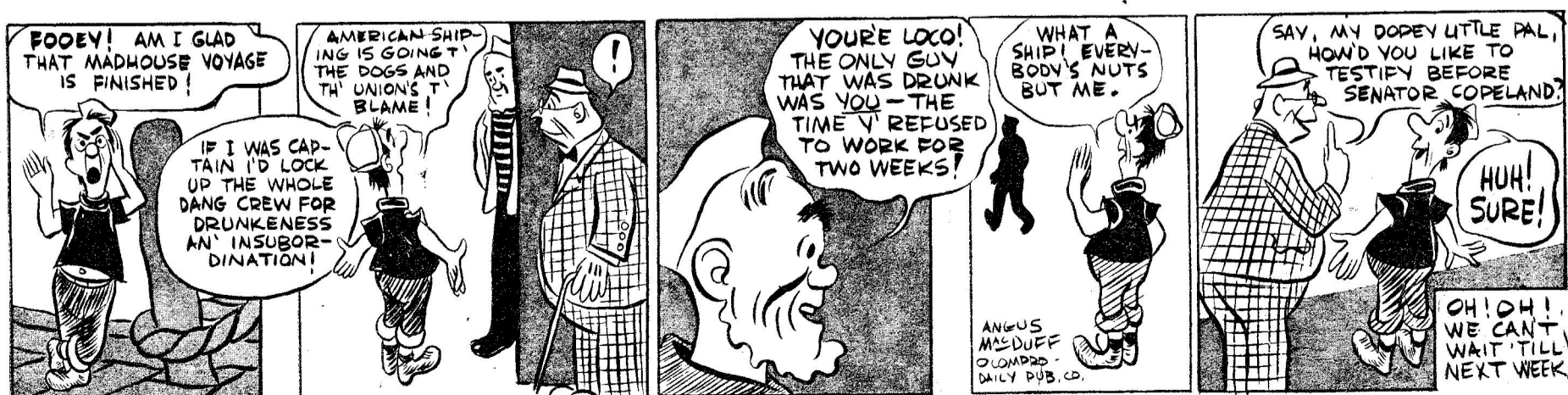
TEX TRAVIS

by Richards



BARNACLE AND THE FINK

by MacDuff



MAGAZINE

MARCH 5, 1938

IN TWO SECTIONS, SECTION 2

20 YEARS OF THE RED ARMY



**E**NTERING the Tsarist army used to be like serving a term of imprisonment. The young worker or peasant who was drafted felt he was going to hard labor. You could tell that by the songs they sang—sad, melancholy tunes.

I remember that time quite vividly. My first experience—but not the last—came at the hands of one of the typical non-commissioned officers.

It happened as I was drawing a pail of water: I was an orderly at the time, and I accidentally spilled water on my boots and trousers. On the way back to the barracks, the officer stopped me and asked me for a match. I gave him my box but they were damp and wouldn't strike. Suddenly, without saying a word, he hit me in the face and knocked me down. Bewildered, I wiped the blood from my face.

The incident didn't end there. At mess the officer called me over. "Jump," he bellowed, and he used a horse-whip to beat me until I dropped from exhaustion. Then he beat me again and then told me to march to the stables and take my turn at duty.

Later I discovered the reason from other soldiers. I had not been sufficiently civil in answering him.

Illness in the army in those days was very great. Despite the fact that it was peacetime and only the healthiest young men were recruited, the death-rate between 1900-1910 was five and three-tenths per cent of the whole rank and file.

Official statistics of the time—which were inaccurate—show that every year about 7,000 soldiers contracted tuberculosis and 50,000 venereal diseases.

They were very careful in selecting recruits in those days. It wasn't wise to give rifles into the hands of some people. The inhabitants of Turkestan, the nomad people of the steppes near the Caspian Sea, the non-Russians of the North and Siberia, were absolutely free from military service. They were oppressed people. The tsarist colonizers were afraid to give them weapons. There were no Uzbeks, Turkmens, Tajiks in the army in those days.

In 1918 there was a big change. I remember a story Lenin told at the All-Russian Congress of Soviets in 1918. He told how he had heard an old Finnish woman in the train tell how she no longer feared men with rifles.

"The other day," she said, "I met a man with a rifle in the forest. I thought he would seize all the wood I had gathered and steal it. But he didn't. Instead of taking away the brushwood, he stopped and helped me gather some more."

Lenin told this story to illustrate that now there is no need to fear the man with the rifle, because he defends the working people and will be ruthless in crushing the domination of the exploiters. For the first time in history, elements have entered the army who are guided by the idea of the struggle to liberate the exploited.

The Red Army man—the man with the rifle—has always been, and is now, a loyal son of his people fulfilling his duty. That is the strength

of the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army, a strength that has been mightily increased by its close, indissoluble contact with the people. The strength of the Red Army is built up also on feelings of internationalism. This feeling is strong throughout the entire army. The soldiers understand the bonds that bind them to the workers of other lands; their high level of political understanding, their revolutionary vigilance and ruthlessness to the enemies of Socialism is based on their boundless loyalty to the cause of Lenin and Stalin.

Innumerable examples can be cited of the feeling of the Soviet people for their Red Army. During the enlisting of the new members in the 1937 contingent in one district of Moscow alone, 17 applications were handed to the Commission from parents whose sons had not been accepted into the Red Army by the Commission for family or health reasons.

"We have raised our sons for the Red Army," they stated. "We give our word that our sons will never begrudge their lives for their fatherland." They insisted that the Commission re-examine the cases.

Our Red Army possesses not only the latest types of tanks, guns and airplanes, but also splendid study classes, laboratories, clubs and libraries.

By taking any unit as an example, one can see what an excellent school our Red Army is. Take a regiment of a cavalry division: every day the Lenin Corner (reading room) of this regiment receives 15 copies of the newspapers. This includes the "Pravda," "Izvestia," "Komsomolskaya Pravda," "Rabochaya Moskva." They also get dozens of magazines and periodicals.

The army library is famous. Among the books there are more than 3,000 novels and light fiction, 5,000 volumes of social and economic literature, 3,000 military books and 2,000 books on chemistry, physics, geography and general educational subjects.

The Red Army man is a voracious reader. It would be practically impossible to find a soldier in any military unit of the Soviet Union who had not read something of the works of Pushkin, Gogol, Leon Tolstoi, Maxim Gorki. All the barracks of this regiment have radios. There are also pianos, accordions, guitars, phonographs, sets of chess, draughts, dominoes and billiard tables. Red Army men can study sculpture, singing, drawing and music. During 1937, the regiment organized 30 excursions to the Museum of the Revolution.

Article 138 of the Constitution of the U.S.S.R. reads: "Citizens serving in the Red Army have the right to elect and be elected on equal terms with all other citizens."

Hundreds and thousands of Red Army men and commanders carry out responsible functions of the State. In the units of the Moscow military area alone, 3,086 Red Army men of territorial units were elected to the village Soviets.

# Dippy and the Red Sox

a short story

by JOHN MAKEPEACE

SAY, Charlie, you been watchin' them Red Sox burnin' up the bush leagues. Remember a pitcher they had about eight seasons back, a big guy who used to curl his arm around his neck every time he shot the fast one in? Sure you remember, you must! It wasn't more than eight seasons back. You can't? You don't remember Dippy Doan? Oh, you never seen him, your folks never took you? They ain't bringin' kids up the same no more. When I was fifteen, my old man use to . . . But you heard of him, didn't you? Plenty?

You heard how he won the Series an' then went on a bat an' got kicked out of organized ball? That's what they all say. Well, let me set you right.

What's he got to do with the Red Sox? Everything, buddy, everything! Let me give it to you. Let me tell you about Dippy Doan, the greatest southpaw ever elbowed 'em in there, and how come the Red Sox are burning up the semi-pros.

Maybe you don't remember how it was that season. The Champs come back from the West with the Series in the bag. They have a 3-2 lead in games with Dippy coming up to pitch the sixth. Gabby has the Chief all worn out in the closing drive an' he pitches him in two games already, so he has to depend on a rookie righthander by the name of Rawson. It looks like a cinch for the Champs.

But we don't reckon with Mrs. Doan. Sure there was a Mrs. Doan. For just three months. That was the whole trouble.

THE day starts out calm and quiet, like any other day, like there wasn't no Series at all. Dippy don't get up until nine o'clock, and then he sticks close to his room just like John, the trainer, tells him to the night before on the train.

So Dippy sticks to the house while the missus rings up for breakfast. Then comes the deluge. Cherchez la femme, they call it. Around ten o'clock Mrs. Doan gets an itch she's got to change some bonnets she buys the day before. But she has other work to do, such as having her finger-nails polished up, so she deputizes Dippy.

Now Dippy is a number one grade A elbow, but he ain't no tourists' guide to the big town. He lives strictly between the hotel and the ball park, and off-seasons he spends on a peanut factory some place near Wineshee, Ark. So he gets tangled up with the street numbers and winds up on the short end, looking up at a lamp-post which says Thirty-fourth Street. Right then and there he is behind the eight ball, only he does not know it. Not only does he not move north rapidly, but he begins strolling west along the street.

Ahead of him he sees some commotion, so he moves closer. Then all of a sudden a kid steps up to him with a whoop, drags out a piece of wrapping paper and invites him to write an autograph. Dippy is an obliging guy, so he in-



"Dippy hauled over the railing"

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE BARKER

scribes it. But when he looks up, a couple more kids are rallying round, and in a minute Dippy is the nucleus of a seething mob, the way the papers said.

NO, I don't know what is a nucleus, but Dippy sure was it. Because right after he puts down the hat-boxes on the sidewalk and is signing his name for a rosy-cheeked little sweetheart from Plattsburg, N. Y., six cops barge in with clubs swinging and head for the middle, which is Dippy. Being a peaceable guy, he makes a grab for the hat-boxes, thinking to make a quick getaway. The coppers have other notions, and soon Dippy gets likewise. In fact, Dippy gets good and mad when he sees the hat-boxes trampled underfoot by the Cos-sacks, and madder when sees his little friend from Plattsburg rudely conked by a Billy. Enough is enough, he figures, and he puts up his hands and plows in.

In less time than you would take to say Jacob Robinson, Dippy is out like a light, with a lump the size of a duck's egg growing behind his left ear. He is so far out when they shove him in the wagon that he does not observe his fellow passengers, two of whom wear sandwich boards front and back with such words as "Unfair to Organized Labor" and similar ideas. Nor can he understand for some time that he picked the Blue Robin stores to stop in front of, which is a gilt-edged invitation to the cops on guard on account there is a strike and a ruling against mass picketing.

The cops try hard to pound this into Dippy's brain, inside and out. "You are a lousy agitator," they say, and they slug him. Once Dippy tries telling them he is Dippy Doan, the southpaw, but the boys in blue only laugh and say they are Ty Cobb and Matty and The Babe, and then the three of them slug him again.

ALL this afternoon Dippy fraternizes with the two agitators and he finds out that they not only wear sandwich boards and make strikes but also have wives and kids whom they take up to the ball park when they have the dough, which is not often. Not only this, but he finds out that one of these agitators has got the

very ball which Dippy has poled into the stands for a home run last season. He promises the guy he will inscribe this ball for him with some appropriate sentiment. The more he speaks with these boys the worse he hates the coppers, who continue the workouts until the evening, when they decide they have exercised enough, and take the agitators and Dippy into the courtroom.

Dippy is now able to prove, to the judge who he is, and the cops are much horrified, especially the one who had a fin on today's game and has just learned that Gabby's boys stole it 4-2. The judge dismisses Dippy and Dippy is about to step outside when he notices that the two agitators are not dismissed. He asks about it, and the judge tells him they are lousy agitators. This puzzles Dippy, because all afternoon the coppers tell him he is a lousy agitator, too, so whatever happens to him should happen to them. The judge thinks maybe Dippy is touched in the head, and tries to shoo him out, but Dippy will not go, saying it seems to him like a raw deal, as a matter of fact, it reminds him of a couple of umpires he could mention. He cannot make the judge understand this, however, so he squats down with his friends and announces he is staying until they come out with him.

This gets a great cheer from the crowd which jams the room, so the judge raps for order. In the end they call John and Mrs. Doan and Eb Taney, the third-base coach, but Dippy refuses to budge unless his pals go along. John pleads for mercy and the crowd laughs and the coppers join in too because they have got paychecks bet on the Champs. Then come Major Flugel, a stuffed kind of gent who signs the payroll for the Champs. Before he comes in the coppers hide the agitators, which Dippy cannot understand, but after the Flugel has whispered in the judge's ear, the court announces that the two will be dismissed also.

SO DIPPY ain't through yet. He won't go unless the agitators go along. John takes them too, and they get free medical attention together with Dippy, over whom the sawbones works until three o'clock in the morning. Then John rushes him back to the hotel, the agitators going along. Dippy has got a single-track mind, John tells him. Dippy says he sure has and will not go to sleep until the agitators sleep in the same room, which they do, although John has to stand at the door all night and keep a hand over Mrs. Doan's mouth.

Around noon John wakes Dippy, who explains that he cannot pitch this afternoon without his two friends and their wives and kids sitting in the grand boxes behind first base. John has no comeback, so he sends telegrams on account of the agitators have no phones, and Dippy sends his car to pick up the families. Out at the ball park he settles them in the box and inscribes the baseball which one of them brings along from the mantel-piece at home, and then he goes out and pitches a two-hit game to clean up the Series.

When the game is over Dippy strolls over to the box to ask how it is he doing. Only when he arrives there he finds no agitators but only Major Flugel, with a lot more stuffed gents around him.

Dippy turns to John reproachful-like and asks where are his friends. Flugel throws in a crack about agitators and John quickly winds up for a long spiel about how this is the Flugel's box and all the others are sold out, so they put the agitators in until Dippy went away and then yanked them.

This makes Dippy indignant, but the Flugel is dumb and pays no attention. Then all of a sudden there is excitement behind the box, and

(Continued on Page 9)

# JUNIOR AMERICA

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO—  
 Junior America  
 50 East 34th Street  
 8th Floor  
 New York City  
 Conducted by Johnny McGee and Mary Morrow



DUTCH INDIES stamps usually are very colorful. Recently the pictorial 10c value was changed to the illustrated type, showing the Queen of the Netherlands.

Costa Rica joins Newfoundland in issuing a new stamp depicting a fish. It is the tuna, seen on one of a set of stamps issued for a National Food show.

Did you know that we had a "philatelic" town in the United States? Out in Arkansas there is a town called "Stamps"



PHYLLIS SHELLEY, of Forest Hills, New York, sent in this stamp to be identified. Well, it's really not a stamp but a cut-square from an early Italian postal card.

Have you any queer stamps in your collection that trouble you? Send them in for the Odds and Ends Dept.

If you are not a member of the stamp club yet how about sending in for a membership card. Let us know whether or not you want to correspond with other members.

NEWS  
 Mary Morrow, our co-editor, is undergoing a delicate operation this week. Here's hoping that she'll be out of the hospital and off the "sick list" real soon.

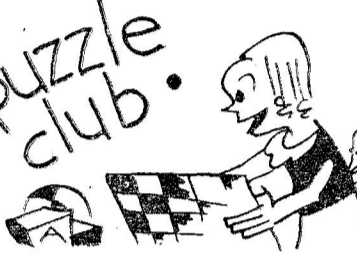
STAMPS  
 21 Different stamps from Soviet Russia Catalogue value of 33c for approval applicants who send 6c in stamps for postage. New Loyalist issues, Airmails, and other interesting stamps will be sent "On Approval". Two references please.  
 LARCHMONT STAMP CO.  
 Box 252 Larchmont, N. Y. (Adv.)



By SYLVIA SPECTOR, Age 10, N. Y. C.

The sky above is faintest blue,  
 When I enjoy a country view;  
 The grass below is glittering green,  
 And now and then a bird is seen.  
 A little farm-house here and there,  
 With white clouds drifting in the air.

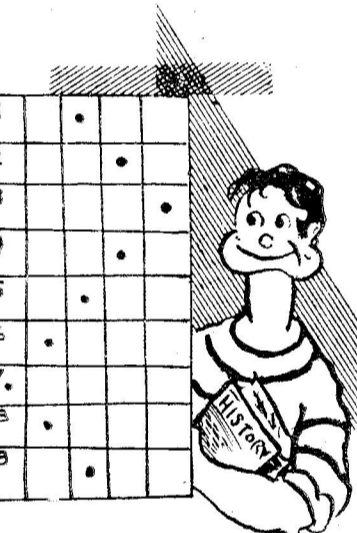
The city has its parks and streets,  
 It's scrapers, huge and gray;  
 Its multitudes, like swarms of bees,  
 That drive the peace away.  
 Which do you like, of either view?  
 I like the country best, don't you?



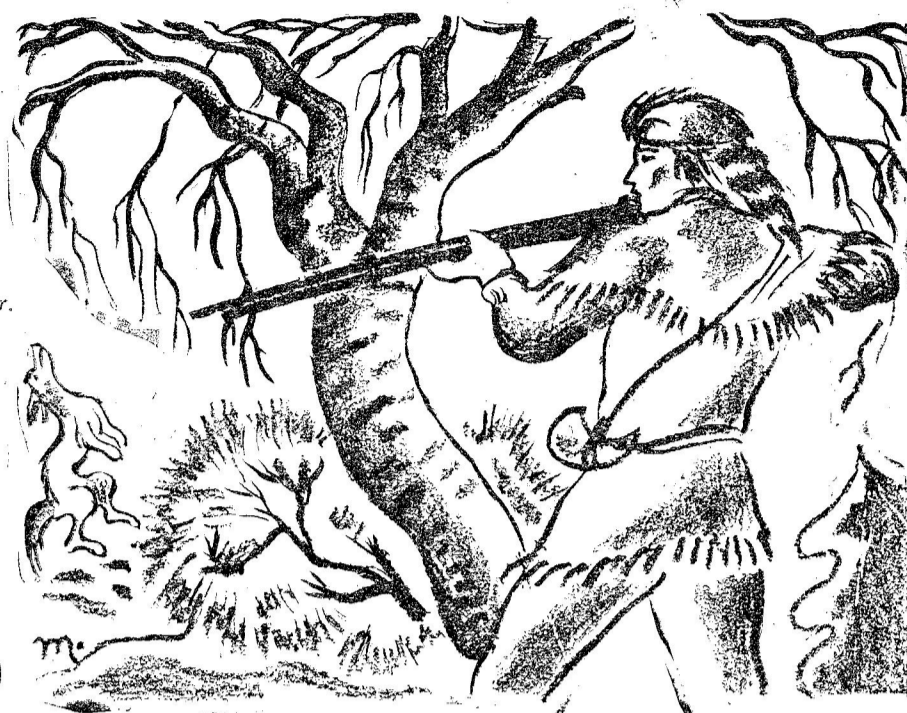
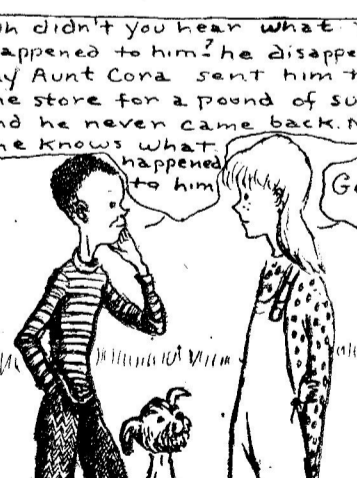
ZIZ-ZAG puzzles are swell, according to Pepe, so he offers one to his readers this week.

If you fill in the correct definitions across the name of a famous Revolutionary hero will be spelled out in the dotted squares.

If you are not a member of the Junior America Puzzle Club, send in the solution for a membership card. (a penny postal-card will do).



MOLLY MCGUIRE by Ida Bailey



## Abe Lincoln Marks a Trail

Story by ERIC LUCAS Picture by MARY MORROW

(Young Abe Lincoln, returning with Tom Taylor's boy from school some nine miles off in the Indiana wilderness, comes across the trail of two timber wolves who've raided a den of wild hogs. The wolf tracks lead on to Tom Taylor's farm. The boys make a bee-line for the farm as Lincoln leads his fine lock gun. At this half-built farm are a lot of chicks and a cow in a fenced enclosure. The two wolves leap this fence and are interrupted in their carnage by a shout from the boys . . .)

"How 'bout some corn bread an' a bit o' pork?" She smiled toward Abe. "Yer grown" so dern ganglin' must take yer maw a-plenty ' feed ye."

Abe laughed. "Aye, an' the bigger I git the more o' me they is to work. Guess I'd ruther be a little one like yer boy here."

ABE looked down the long muzzle of his gun. He yanked the trigger—the flint hammer jammed! One wolf had bounded over the fence and, with long, low strides, headed for the wood. The other wolf backed 'way for his leap.

From over the hill, axe in hand, a breathless Tom Taylor, wide-eyed, stopped.

Abe pulled the hammer back again, aimed and fired! The second wolf never rose for its leap . . .

Now the two boys and the man hurried to the enclosure as Sally Taylor, gripping her iron skillet, bottled out of the pole-shed and waded through the snow where the rest gathered.

Tom Taylor tightened his fists. "Three chicks killed—an' after I brung 'em through wilderness near t'ousand mile." He walked to the carcass of the wolf and spat. "If it ain't the ague or milk-sick or malaria or fire or flood,—it's wolf raid." He slung the wolf carcass over his shoulder, then turned to Abe. "Ye've earned her skin, m'lad, might as well collect the bounty at the county court house."

SALLY TAYLOR pulled her shawl over her head. "Good ye boys come long when ye did," then almost in terror, "might never have no milk or cheese or butter or chicks or aigs — no more."

They all ducked into the pole-shed.

Abe shambled over to the open fire. "My pappy recons like you. O'n'y my mammy an' me thinks diff'unt." He looked up sharply. "I likes larnin', Mr. Taylor, guess I'll never let off likin' it nuther." Out here in Indiana, Mr. Taylor, they jest ain't no kind of slavery!" Then he grinned. "Least not up at Lincoln farm." Now he smiled and slung his long gun over his shoulder.

THEN he waxed farewell and took long strides across the snow, his gaunt legs bent at the knees, a wolf skin hitched over his back, his gun spiked up passed his ear.

Sally Taylor leaned down for a load of cord wood. Her boy and his pappy moved over to the door. "Strange lad, that Abe, jest is an' ain't part of us pore folk." And Tom Taylor added: "Honest an' straight as a hick'ry rod; good worker too—" he paused, "but I jest can't foller his way o' thinkin'."

And as they talked, young Abe Lincoln, not far off made his way through the wilderness . . .

MEDICAL AID IN SPAIN by Herman Rosenthal 11 Yrs., Chattanooga, Tenn.



## Let's Talk it Over

Our readers decide that nine times out of ten the husband is to blame if his wife isn't union-conscious too

BY MARY MACK

TODAY'S COLUMN is dedicated to you, Julius, because you've raised a very important problem, which certainly needs answering. And letters from my readers reveal that there are plenty of others who are asking the same question.

I think that love should certainly be the dominating factor in every marriage and home. Now you love your wife, Julius. You state it very plainly in your letter to me and you indicate it again, by noticing how kind and considerate she is to neighbors, how perfectly she takes care of all your physical needs. And Nora loves you, too, Julius. Otherwise, she wouldn't be wanting you around in the evenings. Any wife, these days, can find plenty of diversion if she is not interested in her husband. But Nora indicates that her happiness means being with you.

Another important factor in a happy marriage is common interests. This is something which you haven't got, and that's why you've come to me with your problem. This is why you feel that you can't go on living as you are now.



Mary Mack

From the hundreds of letters I received in answer to your problem printed in this column recently, it was interesting to note, Julius, that there was only one with a dissenting opinion. The rest agreed—and you may not like this—that you were probably the one to blame. To blame, that is, because you let Nora, your wife, grow so far away from you in interests and sympathy. You were too engrossed in your union activities, too busy rushing around to meetings—and Nora probably had to stay home because the baby was small and babies need attention. (But, Julius, so do wives.)

You'd get home late, tired. Nora'd probably be asleep. In the morning, you'd gulp your coffee down with one eye fastened on the clock. Not much time for conversation with Nora—to tell her your plans and the things happening around you.

The first thing you must do, Julius, is to make friends with Nora—real friends. One to whom you confide all your little victories, all your little worries. And this isn't easy to do. It takes patience and effort and sincerity. It took years to get Nora in the state of mind she is today. It'll also take a while to get her to understand your way. But you can do it, Julius, and the reason why I'm so confident is because of that love you have for her and the love she has for you.

Ida M., whose letter has been judged the winner of the prize we offered for the best answer, gives some concrete suggestions. Unfortunately space does not allow me to print all of her letter.

"1. Find the proper time when you can sit with your wife together quietly and tell her about your shop. The people who work with you. What you think of them. Tell her about their character. And about your boss. What conditions he would like you to work under. And gradually ask her opinion. Tell her next about the union which is trying to better your working conditions and get more wages for you so you can make a better living. This is near to her and will interest her as it touches her directly.

"2. Try and sit home some nights with her. Get her confidence by your action. Just telling her that you love her is not enough.

"3. As to enjoyments: Do not take her to a meeting where for a new person it is boring. Take her to some entertainment in the progressive movement, places where she can enjoy herself, as to a concert, dance or a show of social character.

"4. Literature: There are such nice novels, pamphlets and all sorts of easy reading for women with which she can interest herself, and from which she can get a real working-class education."

I'm mailing all the letters to you, Julius, because I feel sure they will prove of tremendous aid. And after a few months have passed, I want you to write again and let us know what success you've had.

Meanwhile, if any of our readers have problems which they would like discussed in this column, simply send a letter to Mary Mack, Woman's Page Editor, 35 E. 12 St., New York.

## A Big Difference

It's Judy O'Labor we're concerned with. The boss' missus is mighty well taken care of already

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

JUDY O'GRADY and the Colonel's lady are sisters under the skin!" said Kipling. Are they? Judy doubts it. She is a worker, the other an idler. They live in different houses, wear different clothes; eat different food, have different sized families. Inside the skin, one is weary and worn from overwork, childbearing and worry. The other is well fed, rested and secure. One works, the other plays. One toils, the other enjoys. No sisterhood is here, especially if Judy's skin happens to be black!

Now comes the Women's Party advocating in America an "Equal Rights" amendment for Judy O'Labor and the boss' missus. Is it any wonder some of us Judy's inelegantly remark, "Oh, yeah?" Equal rights are splendid. We are all for it. But, we ask, how come that Senator



Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

### Understanding Your Child

SEVERAL answers have come to the mother who is worried about her eleven-year-old girl because she is not interested in the labor movement. We quote parts from two of them.

"It is quite rash to believe that an eleven-year-old child will grow up to be a fascist merely because she shows slight sympathy with the workers' movement. Children pass through various stages of interest, influenced by home and outside environment, constitutional make-up, and biological development.

"My advice to the mother would be to stop imposing new viewpoints upon her child. She should contrive to have socially-minded children of class-conscious parents become friends with her daughter; have her join the I.W.O. juniors. These things can be managed on the child's own desire for social companionship as evinced by her joining the scouts. Every youngster enjoys the movies. The mother should take her child to see socially progressive pictures. Children love picnics; unions and other progressives have glorious picnics and outings.

"By constantly surrounding her child with progressive influences based on the child's own age, interests, and understanding, the mother can watch a new orientation developing in her daughter's outlook, and will soon find herself besieged with questions showing a more enlightened interest."

Another parent writes: "A child eleven years of age may even display antagonism to the working class, due to the fact that the teachings of the public schools are autocratic. In addition the child of this age has usually been unfortunate in having a teacher who is not in sympathy with the working class. But as the child grows older her state of mind will undoubtedly change. Joining the Girl Scouts is only the result of craving to do what her friends do.

"Her parents should pursue a firmer and stricter stand and explain to her that they are not in a position to provide the things her friends are provided with and which they (the parents) consider as luxuries. My advice is strictness of parents toward the child in a sensible way. This will bring good results."

Have other parents tried these methods? If so what success did you have? Is strictness practical in such cases? Write us more on this problem, which is so vital to the progressive parent.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY BOARD

### KITTY AND ABBY

By Mississippi Johnson and Elizabeth



"What's the matter with me?" Abby wants to know, but Kitty interrupts her before she can continue. "Well, now," Kitty says, "it would take me some time to tell you all about it." Abby pushes her, "Shut your face!" she says, "and try to listen to me."

"I have a real problem on my hands. Hands is right! It's about my finger-nails. I was an usher at that big meeting the other night. I showed a man to a seat, she right seat, too, and I was as nice as pie to him, and what do you think he said?"



"Thanks, I suppose," Kitty says. Abby groans. "Stop your nonsense," she says. "He asked me why I put that terrible stuff on my nails. Meaning my red nail polish. What's wrong with it?"

"Yeah," Kitty says, "I hear that story too. I guess there isn't much we can do, except point out that factories in the Soviet Union have special places where women workers can get manicures."

### Take a Tip

Bread Griddlecakes

1 1/2 cups bread crumbs 2 beaten eggs  
1/2 teaspoon salt 4 teaspoons baking powder  
1 1/2 cups scalded milk 1/2 cup flour  
2 tablespoons melted shortening  
Soak crumbs in the milk until crumbs are very soft. Add the well-beaten eggs and the melted shortening. Sift dry ingredients and combine the mixture. Bake on a hot griddle. And for that oh so good last flavor, try butter or margarine and brown sugar!

ANNIE.

We invite our readers to send in their own pet time-saving device or favorite recipe for this corner. Address your letters to the Woman's Page, 35 E. 12th St., New York.

# The Dearborn Spider

Detroit.

Beginning a series of articles, on a gaunt, illiterate old man who is trying to weave his web of fascism in America

by LAWRENCE EMERY

WHAT kind of a man is Henry Ford? He has been one of the most talked about, most written about, most wondered about man in America for a quarter of a century. A popular myth has been built up about the man and his works, a myth that has been bought and paid for with good hard Ford cash. From time to time Henry has engaged "writing men" like Samuel Crowther, his "official biographer," to grind out fat books filled with the "philosophy" and the "homely common sense" of Henry Ford. Other "writing men," like the indescribably reactionary Malcolm Bingay, high priest of the "Detroit Free Press," have turned out, over the years, inspired pieces about the great god Ford.

Other books, unfriendly to the "kindly old man" of Dearborn, have been promptly suppressed by the power of the Ford dollar. One of these, written by Dean Marquis, who for years was in Ford's employ, is reported to have been bought up by Ford agents as fast as it rolled off the presses:

THE Ford myth runs something like this: Henry, born in poverty on a tiny Michigan farm, through thrift and hard work and decent living, rose to be one of the world's richest men and greatest industrialists. His factories are models of streamlined efficiency, his working conditions the best in the world, his wages the highest ever paid. He gave the poor man a car he could afford, thereby advancing civilization. He is kind, gentle, wise, a great inventor, a great thinker.

He is against Wall Street, against the bankers, against war—and therefore a great defender of the common people. He uses his incredible wealth today to perfect modern machinery in order to lighten the toil of humanity and is therefore one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. So runs the popular conception of this typical poor American boy who made good.

Today at 75 he is still vigorous, still takes an active part in the Ford Motor Company which sprawls all over the world. He has never been spoiled by his wealth. He loves nature, loves the little birds, takes long walks in the country, goes to the square dances which he has resurrected, in short, lives the simple, modest, homely life based on the good, solid, substantial values of small town America.

HENRY himself has said: "I want to live a life. Money means nothing to me. . . . I do not want the things money can buy. I want to live a life. The trouble with people is that they do not think. I want to do things and say things which will make them think."

A pretty picture. All of it painted in with good, thick strokes of the brush. But as false and deceptive and lying as the oratory of a Tammany politician.

It will be shown in these articles that Henry Ford is the exact opposite of what the world has been made to believe him to be. His factories are hell-holes of torture for the men who slave in them. His wages today as considerably lower than the wages in auto plants organized by the United Auto Workers Union. His rise to riches and power is a story of betrayal of those who made it possible for him to get there, a story of vindictive cruelty and unscrupulousness which wrecked and ruined thousands of lives.

He is narrow-minded, absolutely intolerant, bigoted to an extreme degree. He is incredibly ignorant; in fact, it will be shown that as late as 1919 he was semi-literate, and read with such difficulty that he would not trust himself to read aloud in open court, preferring to be labelled illiterate. It will be shown that this "inventive genius" is so ignorant of the elementary principles of mechanics, engineering and chemistry that even schoolboys have laughed at his fantastic, impossible schemes.

THIS business "genius" is so inept in business matters that he once brought the Ford Motor Company to the verge of collapse, and was saved only because of the virtual monopoly the company enjoyed at the time, and because he finally abandoned his own ideas and adopted the advice of others.

He believes seriously in reincarnation. His mind is so cluttered with odds and ends of half-understood ideas that a widely-known newspaper commentator who recently spent a day with him admitted privately: "A day with him had me on the ropes. He talks so disconnectedly that it is impossible to understand him half the time. I don't know what he was talking about."

His hatred of the Jews is the hatred of a fanatic. Although he was once compelled by the power of law and the pressure of boycott to "apologize" for a two-year public campaign of anti-Semitism, he has continued to give financial support to anti-Semitic movements.

Ford the pacifist is Ford the war profiteer. Ford, director of that most amazing of crack-pot adventures, the sailing of the Peace Ship, is the same Ford who not only made millions in war contracts, but gained a million dollars of publicity by pledging to return to the government every cent of profit made in manufacturing war materials. To this day he has not returned a cent.

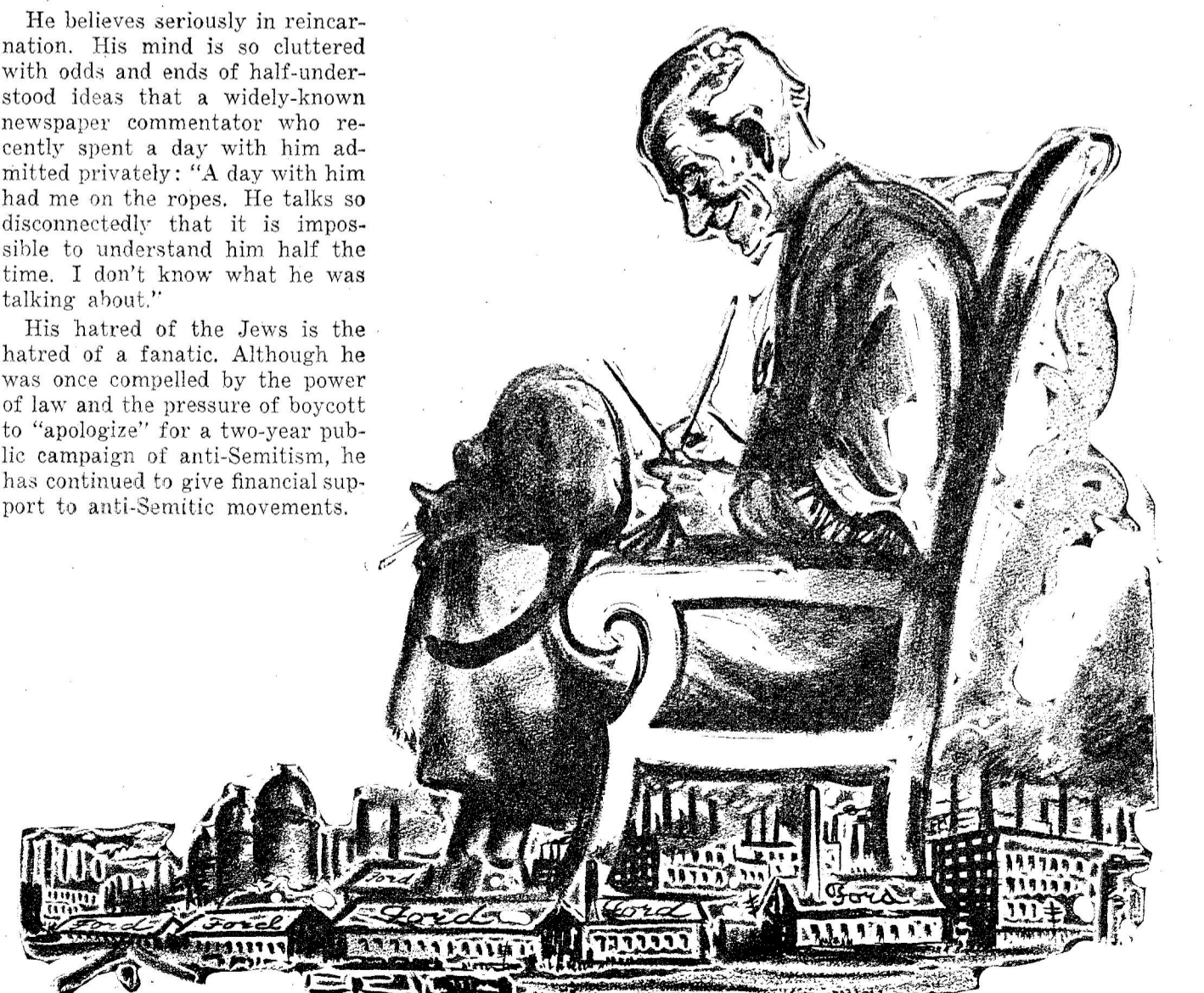
FORD, as a man of little learning and many prejudices, hates everything he cannot understand. He hates literature, hates education, hates art, hates culture, hates all that is new, or different, or modern. Above all, he hates anything that goes counter to his own preconceived notion of how the world should be managed in accordance with Ford "ideals," of which we will have more to say later. Of education he has said: "We read to escape thinking. Reading has become a dope habit. . . . Book sickness is the modern ailment. . . . A man may be very learned but very useless. . . . All the world needs for the guidance of its life could be written on two pages of a child's copy-book." It is not hard to imagine this man conducting a book-burning à la Hitler if he ever gets the chance.

Ford believes with Hitler that the place of the woman is in the home, in the kitchen, in the maternity ward giving birth to strong politicians occupying high offices.

sions to work hard, and to go to war if called upon. ("There is going to be another war," Ford has said. "And the United States ought to get into it at the beginning and clean them all up.") Woman must be the "home-maker."

THE woman at work is a wasted woman, a woman out of place and not properly fixed in Henry's scheme of things where every human being under his control must work to produce useful things, and must live a life that permits the maximum of effort. "The great majority of women who work," says Henry, "do so in order to buy fancy clothes. Not the clothes they need, not necessary, decency and tastefulness of covering, but extravagance of decoration. Whatever their labor may contribute, the use they make of their wages is to encourage a number of non-essential industries that cater to cheap tastes, and thus they destroy by their money what they might create with their labor." Into the kitchen with them!

Henry Ford is one of the most dangerous men in America. He is opposed to everything that spells progress and advancement for the masses of the people. He supports every reactionary force. He finances Hitler and the Japanese militarists. The Black Legion was spawned in his back yard. The Knights of Dearborn, a combination of Ku Klux Klan, Black Legion and gangsters, flourishes under his benign protection. Through his chief lieutenant, the ex-gob and ex-pug Harry Bennett, his power extends from the lowest depths of the underworld to city officials, to judges, to newspaper editors, to civic leaders, to churchmen, to corrupt politicians occupying high offices.



ILLUSTRATED BY ERRO ELLIS

# Little Spanish Town

by EDWIN ROLFE

Albacete, Spain.

THE political commissar awkwardly scraped his chair back, rose, faced the 100-odd people in the large dining room, proposed the following toast:

"To the people of Spain"—and he lifted his glass of vino—"the people who defended Madrid a year ago, the people who fought on all the fronts, the people who fight here not only for themselves, but for the people of the whole world!"

And he tossed off the glass of wine as if it were a jigger of scotch. Cheers, clapping of hands, shouts of *Viva! Bravo! Hip-Hip-Hurray!*

The room was bone-freezing cold. Once it had been the stable of the estate of \_\_\_\_\_, to whom all of \_\_\_\_\_ belonged. Cold air swept through crevices, through half-open doors, through vents in the heavy wooden window shutters. And outside it was snowing—a heavy snow, strange to "sunny Spain"—a snow which, when we measured it the following morning, blanketed the fields and hills surrounding Villa Paz in six inches of white.

The mayor of the nearest town sat opposite me at the long table, covered with a cloth for the first time this evening in honor of the holiday. At his right sat Major Dr. Irving Busch, commander of all the American hospitals in Spain, exchanging jests with his neighbors. At the three long tables placed at right angles to the main table were seated the nurses, ambulance drivers, technicians—the entire personnel of the American hospital, and as many from neighboring English and American hospitals who were able and willing to brave the snowstorm.

AS the applause slowly died away after the political commissar's toast, one of the patients, now acting as interpreter and chairman, rose to translate. For some strange reason he failed to include the last phrase of the toast: "The people who fight here not only for themselves, but for the people of the whole world."

One of the American patients rose to his feet, indignant:

"He left out the most important Hungerdunger," he shouted.

Dr. Friedman looked at him blankly.

"What?" he said. "Say that again."

"You wouldn't understand," said the wounded American. "You don't know your Marx."

Dr. Friedman looked pained until another American reassured him:

"He means the Marx Brothers, not Carlos Marx."

The dinner progressed slowly, constantly interrupted by songs, short speeches and by the translations to Spanish. The French volunteers, gathered at the table, had their own translator, who served for the Germans as well—they had, most of them, been exiled in France during the years following Hitler's assumption of power. Our lone Albanian didn't need a translator; he is one of the most accomplished linguists.



ILLUSTRATED BY DIXON

"There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding . . ."

The chairman called on Dr. Busch. Before he could speak every voice in the room took up

the strains of the "Hymno de Riego," the national anthem of Republican Spain. We rose to our

feet with the music and lifted our clenched fists in the republican salute, singing.

Before the applause died down, a little Frenchman jumped to his feet, shouted *La Marseillaise*. And the whole room rose with him as we sang. When the anthem was over, the little Frenchman remained standing for an additional moment to say, "Merci, Camarades." Then he too sat down to dig into the main dish of the evening; roast pork (for the first time in eight months), mashed potatoes and peas.

CHAIRMAN JIM explained and we applauded, and then Chairman Jim introduced Dr. Friedman, Commander at Villa Paz. "Here," said Dr. Friedman, "our celebration of this new year is something profound and authentic. We are not being duped, as is done at home, with an evening of gayety whose purpose is to fill us with new hopes in order to make us forget the unrealized hopes of the year before, the broken promises of the year just ended. We are not listening to promises that the next year's advent will see broken as well. We celebrate because we ourselves are the ones who create and nourish our hopes; we ourselves make the promises and we ourselves achieve, and will continue to achieve, such deeds as the past year of offensives, culminating with Teruel."

There followed the final scraping of chairs as, with the Americans leading, we rose to sing "The Star Spangled Banner." Everyone stood at attention, though the French and Spanish comrades did not know the tune nor the words. Yet they remained at attention, too, with their hands clenched like ours at their temples in the Spanish Republican Salute, as we crescendo'd into the finale:

"O say does that star-spangled banner still wave

"O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

As we sat down, we felt strangely proud of our anthem, but the question of its final words was disturbingly deep in our minds.

An Englishman asked, timidly: "What'll we sing?"

"Too bad you can't sing your own anthem," said an American, acting deadpan. "God Save the King!" he added grinning.

"Why don't you change the words?" another American asked.

Before he got his answer out of his mouth an English captain interrupted:

"I still can't forget that you bloody Americans spilled all that tea in Boston Harbor," he said.

"We didn't intend that you forget it," said Dr. Friedman.

"And we," continued the English captain, "without good British tea for eight months!"

BUT the dispute was silenced when both English and Americans joined together in a medley of old songs: "Tipperary," "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding," "Pack Up Your Troubles," and a host of others, winding up with an immediately appropriate version of "Over There," which ended with the words:

"And we won't go back  
Till it's over over there!"

## BOOKS

By Jack Conroy

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL approached his task of editing *CRITICAL OPINION IN AMERICA* (Harper & Bros.: \$3.25), "essays illustrating the status, methods and problems of criticism in the United States since the war," with the discreet intention of including the work of only those critics "who have not simplified their work or nullified their critical authority by depending on extraneous apologies or the heated pressure of their cause." This timidity (or tact, if you wish) makes for pretty dull reading in most of the pieces, which, in the aggregate, comprise a weird assortment.

An example: Paul Elmer More, discoursing on "How to Read *Lycidas*," iconoclastically allows: "There is no more painful reading in English literature than these apologies for free divorce and regicide which occupied the greatest genius of the age between *Lycidas* and *Paradise Lost*."

The lay reader is apt to leave this tic's hornbook with a head roaring with double-jointed words and a heart despairing for the emergence of any coherent body of literary criticism in the United States. But articles by Malcolm Cowley, Robert Cantwell and a few others serve to raise the level of the contents measurably.

AMERICA likes pictures. Everybody, everywhere likes pictures, and even the statisticians are trying to enliven their charts with cute little robots, lightning bolts, cogwheels and sheaves of wheat. The rising state of picture magazines cater profitably to this appetite. *DEATH IN THE MAKING*, by Robert Capa (Covid-Friede: \$2.50), a camera record of the Spanish Civil War (Fascist Intervention War is more accurate), conveys the pathos and heroism of the Loyalist cause more strikingly than the most eloquent words. Part of the pictures were made by Gerda Taro, who met her death beneath a fascist tank at Brunete. Raw recruits being transformed into a seasoned army, fascist death raining from the skies on quiet villages and schools with no soldiers within miles, the populace made homeless by war—all the incidents of war in and behind the fighting lines are related in human terms.

AS pretty a passel of unadmirable characters as you could shake a stick at, nearly every one of them shallow and tabloid-minded, somehow achieve reality in Mary Jane Ward's second novel, *THE WAX APPLE* (E. P. Dutton & Co.: \$2.50). They are members of two families occupying a duplex flat on a Chicago street named after a forgotten alderman in a shabby-genteel neighborhood. The Scherers live above and own the house, the Lundmarks occupy the lower half. Each family holds the other somewhat in the contempt engendered by twenty years of trying intimacy. What "stings" the book is the author's delicate portrayal of what prolonged idleness can do to young people whose bright dreams gradually leak away. There is an honest hopelessness about this story of people who never get on the relief rolls, managing to hold the ragged shreds of their respectability around them until every resource is exhausted.

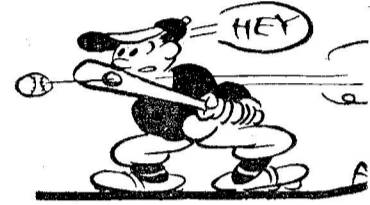
ROBERT FORSYTHE recently posed the query: "What do the puny people get out of their money and their passing fame that can recompense them for the failure of their lives?" Frazier a "puny person," but he is one who realizes that he has done some unimportant work in the past (such as puffing the Prince of Wales, later King Edward and Mr. Wallis Simpson). As an ace reporter, he has been almost everywhere. His dispatches from General Graves' Army of Occupation in Siberia in 1919 undoubtedly helped to terminate that unsavory episode, and he was on the spot in other places when the people's aspirations for freedom burst into flame. He learned to sympathize with them. A season with the fleshpots of Hearst almost ruined him; then he became sick at his stomach and retired to the cold, invigorating air of his Canadian ranch. With proper humility, he admits his education is far from complete. His book is well worth reading as another proof that while Hearst may hold men of conscience and talent for a while, they must finally break free or die creatively.

## Dippy and the Red Sox

(Continued from Page 2)

Dippy sees one of the agitators is being given the bum's rush by six ushers as he tries to sneak in to see Dippy. Also the wives and kids are being hustled out of the park. With one jump Dippy is over the box and scattering the special cops like duckpins. John closes his mouth and makes a grab for Dippy. Dippy swings his left and John goes down, followed rapidly by Eb Taney and two of Gabby's boys who just like to mix in. This about cleans up the opposition, and Dippy looks around at the two dozen special cops who gather round waiting for orders.

The Flugel also takes a look and gets encouraged, so he steps up and shakes a fist in Dippy's face. "You'll pay for this, my good fellow," shouts the gent who



has just cleared two hundred thousand berries at the gate and all because of Dippy. "You'll never pitch again!"

It is at this same moment that the agitator grabs Dippy's arm and points to the Flugel. "Dippy," he says, "this here is the guy who owns the Blue Robin stores!"

Dippy looks over the Flugel's fist and his red face, which is now getting purple. The Flugel looks too old, too soft to hit, thinks Dippy regretfully. So he just speaks up quietly, "\_\_\_\_\_."

The Flugel gets white now, shading off into grey. He swallows once or twice like he couldn't breathe enough, then he

## OUR WOMEN PIONEERS

(Continued from Page 5)

rooted prejudice concerning women's rights in the North.

SUSAN turned to the working women for support. She organized the Workingwomen's Association. The National Labor Union incorporated many of the women's demands into its own program. But the independent organized labor movement was just evolving and it could not help the women to overcome the opposition to the right of women to vote. Leaders of the women's movement in the 19th century correctly identified the women's movement with the fight of the Negro people for freedom.

After the Civil War, the women leaders should have continued to lean on the rapidly rising working class which had the most progressive program and on the progressive Negro people and the poor whites whose interests were in the direction of those of the workers. Had Susan continued to help organize the working women she would have created a bulwark of support for the women's movement. Too much reliance was placed on constitutional amendment by the work of individuals and insufficient upon mass activity by the women themselves.

The heroic activity of Susan and other women leaders of the 19th century did open the door to new trades for women, to the professions and to educational opportunities not enjoyed by women before. These women were the ones who crashed the old tradition that women should not speak in public. Through unmatched determination and bitter struggle they broke the ground for us women of the 20th century to sow and to reap further gains. They were the pioneers of the suffrage movement that finally gave women the 19th Amendment to the U. S. Constitution, the right to vote, in 1920.

Since their day, millions of women came into industry. Many tens of thousands came into the great organized labor movement of today. Women have won some gains in their economic status. But these gains are now being jeopardized. Three-tenths of all women who work are in personal services where the wages are lowest and unemployment hits first. Negro women are the greatest sufferers. Op-

waves to the special cops and whispers, "Take him away."

Dippy laughs like this was a great joke, and then he puts his arm through the agitator's, turns around and walks through the crowd, followed by the other one and the two families. They notice specially that the two cops do not make a move. Dippy walks through the grandstand gate and is never seen again.

Certainly I know, I said, there was a hook-up between Dippy and these here Red Sox which could take over the Champs today, only the Champs are afraid to play them even in Spring exhibitions. It was a funny thing about Dippy, but he kind of saw Red after that. Maybe it was the cops pounding it in to him that day, like they say you mustn't call a kid a crook on account it will grow up and be one. Anyway, he didn't seem to mind when they framed that phony decision and had him banned out of organized ball. He just laughed. He was having too good a time, Dippy said, right where he was, which was back home on his peanut factory, having agitator kids come down in the spring to play ball with him!

Yeah, sure that's it! It was Dippy taught the big guy on the Sox to rear back and hide that pill till he's ready to shoot it. And he's training more like him, dozens of 'em. He says he's going to organize a league of his own and beat Flugel at his own game.

How do I know all this? That's easy. Remember the two strikers? I was one of 'em. Sure, and the pitcher on the Sox is my oldest kid. The young one is coming up next year to play short.

Is that the right time? Jeez, I got to go, I'm late already. I got to meet up with Dippy downtown. He's got an idea he's going to start a union for ball-players. He says they play the game, he don't see why they shouldn't run it.

opportunities in the professions and educational opportunities for women are wanting. The "Equal Rights" amendment to the U. S. Constitution sponsored by the Woman's Party would result in destroying minimum wage laws and limiting of hours of work for women. It could bar the enactment of laws that would protect the jobs of working mothers.

AT this time when the greatest need exists for women to work more than ever before against the attacks on their living standards, the "Equal Rights" amendment, in its present wording, does not serve the interests of the women who work. Such an act would play into the hands of the reactionaries, the foes of social and labor legislation, who try to halt activity of the workers for special laws to maintain and improve their standards which they won through trade union organization.

The Women's Charter embodies the principle of protective legislation and stands for concerted action by trade unions and women's organizations for equal rights for women.

A living monument to the brave American women, the pioneer fighters for equal rights for women, would be a united movement for equal rights for women, embracing trade unions and women's organizations, based on the principle of protective legislation for women. In the first place it is necessary that women struggle for their most basic rights, namely, the rights that lead towards economic independence. A weakening of the economic rights, means that there exists the possibility to divert women of all other rights and obstructs their efforts to abolish those laws that discriminate against women. Protective legislation is an essential part of the equal rights movement for women.

A united movement for equal rights for women will help to stay the hand of reaction that is stretching out to strangle economically weakest sections of the population. Let us look to the position that Nazism has forced upon women. Let it be a lesson. Let us hasten to fortify the strength of women through a unified movement to prevent it from happening here.



In answer to our demand for magazine "Americans" several readers throughout the country sent in articles dealing with their neck of the woods. The Arkansas square-dance story by Ben Burns last week is an example of what we'd like to have regularly and to both reader and editor material such as that is always popular.

Not to be outdone by Arkansas, Ernest Pendrell of Philadelphia reminds us that the City of Brotherly Love has democratic traditions by the bucketful and to prove it sent in an article that will appear next week. He's unearthed some interesting facts which most of us probably missed in our high school history books.

We made an appeal some time ago for short, short stories with a fast adventure background. We still need them and hope that our fiction writers and readers will come through with some lively 1,500-word yarns for future issues.

Marsial Budenny, author of "20 Years of the Red Army," is one of the most popular figures in the Soviet Union. A brilliant and dashing cavalry leader during the long struggle against invading armies after the war, Budenny has the respect and admiration of every Red Armyman, woman and child in the land for which he fought so well.

In the spring many reader's thoughts turn to Florida, where husky young men are warming up for another major league baseball season. Right now, with sixteen teams swinging into action down in Dixie, John Makepeace's story of "Dippy Doan and the Red Sox" is not only timely but right over the heart of the plate. Even if you're not a fan, you'll like John's exciting yarn.

Lawrence Emery, prominent labor journalist, has been covering Detroit for many moons and is well qualified to present the new and don't miss the second article next week. We'll guarantee the Flivver King won't be pleased with Mr. Emery's efforts, but we're sure you will be.

Edwin Rolfe, well-known American journalist, sent us the "Spanish Town" article direct from Albacete, where he is quartered with the International Brigade. Other dispatches from his pen will appear in future issues of the magazine.

Herbert Steiner, New York pilot, is a personal friend of Paul Williams and hit upon the idea of doing an article on the Negro flier while talking shop with him at Floyd Bennett field. "Bailing Out" will be followed in a few weeks by another aviation piece, "How Safe Is Flying?"

Pedro Perez is a Puerto Rican, active in the labor movement there. . . . Joseph Starobin is a well-known figure in New York City youth movements.

Steve Barker, who illustrated "Dippy and the Red Sox" is a native of San Francisco. Although he's been a commercial artist most of his life, Steve has spent plenty of time on West Coast ships and has seen wide stretches of Pacific waters through the well-known porthole.

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# YOUNG PILGRIMS of 1938

By Joseph Starobin

HERE were plenty of places for young people to go in those days when Horace Greeley offered his historic advice: "Go West, young man, go West."

Ambitious young men and women could take up the trail westward, carving out of the democratic frontier their chance for useful and creative lives. Yes, it was tough to bridle the forests and restrain the rivers, but the spirit of young people was still tougher.

There were, in those days, opportunities to stake a homestead where the plains rose to meet the hills. To till the fertile soil, to produce wheat and corn and hogs that fed the enormous appetites of this and other lands.

Towns settled down at the junction of rushing rivers. Oil wells, grain elevators and smoke-stacks lifted prayers and rejoicing to the blue skies.

With the towns came the schools and the government itself in the famous Land Grant Act of 1863, offered free land for the establishment of educational institutions. Schools and colleges blossomed where previously the buffalo roamed. Young men and women studied the arts and sciences and with this knowledge returned home to introduce into what had been the pasture of savages, a new and marvelous industrial civilization.

A new world grew up, overnight it seemed: a world of hope and peace and promise, upon whose threshold the word OPPORTUNITY was written in large letters.

Of course, this is not the whole story.

MILLIONS of immigrants came to American shores from famine-swept Ireland, from Bismarcked Germany, from France after the defeat of the magnificent Commune. Conditions on the seaboard towns were ugly and disappointing.

Great strikes of protest frequently swept the land and even in those days, there was evidence of injustice in the new Canaan.

Nevertheless, after a few years of struggle, after learning the tongue, and the passwords of the new democracy, young men and women could unite their fortunes, hitching their wagons to the rising star of American prosperity, and find meaning for their lives.

That American dream ended in the horrible nightmare of the World War. After that nightmare, things have never been the same.

THE depression since 1929 revealed to everyone what many wise people had learned a generation and more earlier. It re-

PHOTOS BY  
PETERS,  
STAFF  
PHOTOGRAPHER



Above:  
Recent Youth  
Congress Held in  
East; at Left, Mrs.  
Roosevelt Being Given  
Flowers After Speaking  
At the Congress

**From the fields,  
factories and schools  
America's youth come to  
demand peace and security**

vealed that capitalism in the United States is no longer on the upswing, but on the downgrade. No longer expanding, but, contrariwise: contracting and declining.

Therefore, millions of young men and women who studied for jobs and opportunities find these not merely denied to themselves, but to their fathers and older brothers.

Millions of rural youth have seen the dust storms, droughts and the banks inherit the farmsteads which their fathers and forefathers made fruitful by toil and sweat.

Despite the fact that their ancestors were freed from slavery after a bitter Civil War, there are millions of Negro young people who find barriers against them in the industries and the professions.

Opportunity is gone with the wind. It is only the memory of that faded American dream that persists like the odor of the rose after the flower has withered.

IN other countries, a similar situation drove the youth to blind despair. They became the camp followers of new pied-pipers who have led them, in fascist Germany and Italy, not to security and hope, but to degeneration and to war.

But the spirit of young people is tough and will not be destroyed. Some new Horace Greeley was necessary to show the road, to point the path. Young people, in

increasing numbers, have found that new advice, not from the deceitful lips of treacherous Hitlers, but from out of their own intelligence and own resources.

They have found a new Horace Greeley among themselves. From within their own ranks, there are new leaders who know the questions and the answers to the questions.

Young people in the CIO unions, built in the last two years, have learned the modern magic of organization and unity.

Youth in the schools and colleges have come to understand that their knowledge will never be put to use unless they are organized.

The Negro youth, the young people on the farms, the second and third generations of the foreign-born, have come to realize the power of their organized determination.

Young people today want a chance for creative endeavor. They want chances for marriage, for security, for family life.

They have always, in every generation, wanted these things.

THE crystallized advice of the new Horace Greeleys proclaims: Give us jobs and education! And above all, give us peace!

The American Youth Congress, an organization which such differ-

ent groups as the Epworth League and the Steel Workers Organizing Committee have endorsed, is calling this new caravan, this youth crusade to the Capitol of the United States.

Several thousand young people from every corner of the land are expected to assemble in front of the legislative halls to let their voice be heard.

The whole week of March 7-12 has been set aside for hearings on the American Youth Act, the new charter of opportunity.

In addition, the Pilgrimage demands the passage of the Nye-Kvale Bill against the militarization of the schools; the Bernard Bill favoring the civilian control of the C.C.C. camps; the Harrison-Fletcher Bill against the curtailment of educational facilities for the Negro youth; the Schwelbach-Allen resolution for the expansion of WPA.

Above all, the Pilgrimage will echo the cry for expanded appropriations for the National Youth Administration and oppose the Shephard-Hill industrial mobilization plans.

Special emphasis is placed on visits to Congressmen and Senators from various states in order to get their backing for these youth demands.

Young America has found itself. Listen: the youth will have its say!

# Our Women Pioneers

by MARGARET COWL

IN the horrible slavery and humiliation of the Negro people, American women began to see an image of their own degraded position. Thus it was that out of the soil of the struggle against slavery the movement for their own freedom grew.

Up to the Civil War, many American laws were still based on the English Common Law with its private property basis. And so here in America, the hand that rocked the cradle—the mother—had no voice in the education of her children. To the father alone the children of a marriage belonged. He had the right not only to will away from the mother her living children but even those unborn.

The earnings of a wife belonged to her husband. Women were subjected to creeds, rules, and discipline made for her by the man. And they had no redress in the courts—no legal right to sue.

Non-profit enterprises like church duties and household duties were left to the women. Wives, sisters and mothers decorated the meeting hall, planned the bazaars and washed the dishes but they were silent in voting meetings. They were only expected to conduct themselves as dolls, stuffed with emptiness, with a delicacy and a virtue proscribed by men.

Any quest for knowledge was believed to be a moral calamity. A mother did not need to know of higher mathematics to count the number of her children.

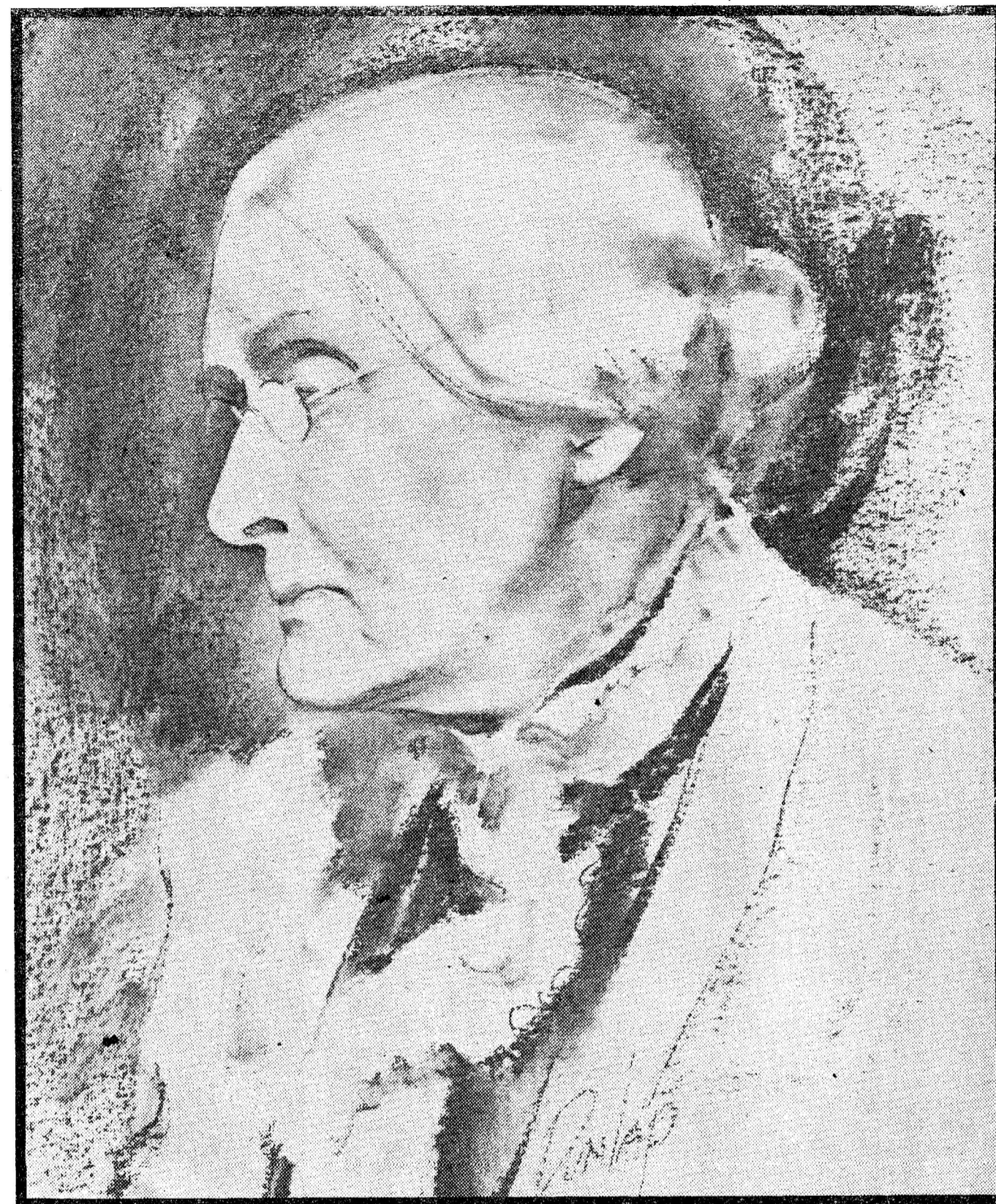
THE Female Anti-Slavery society, active in the abolitionist movement, was also an expression of resentment against women's degraded status.

Sojourner Truth and Harriet Tubman, brave Negro women who were active leaders in the struggle against the enslavement of their people were considered real heroines by the women fighters in the Abolitionist movement.

The path of progress was a rocky one in those days as often the case today. At the Woman's Anti-Slavery Convention, where Lucretia Mott was the main speaker, mobs organized by the anti-abolitionists threw stones into the meeting halls and scattered vitriol among the audience in an attempt to frighten them. But the women remained calm and delivered the speeches on the boycott of slave goods. They ridiculed the talk that Noah's curse, authorized by God, descended upon the Negro people and enslaved them.

In 1856, Susan B. Anthony, who came as a delegate to the New York Teachers convention in Binghamton, threw a bombshell into that meeting by presenting a resolution condemning the discrimination against Negro teachers and Negro children in the public schools.

Public indignation against Susan Anthony was aroused by anti-abolitionists and because she dared to speak at a meeting against slavery, her effigy was burned in the Syracuse public square. At one meeting Frederick Douglass sat on the platform with a loaded revolver in hand, while she and Lucretia Mott made their speeches for the freedom of the Negroes.



Susan B. Anthony

PORTRAIT BY WM. DONLAP

**They blazed a trail many decades ago for the progressive women of today**

WHEN President Lincoln issued the Proclamation of Emancipation, the Women's Loyal League, with Susan and Elizabeth Cady Stanton as its chief officers, sent the President a paper declaring their support:

"Our special thanks are due to you, that by your proclamation 2,000,000 women are freed from the foulest bondage humanity ever suffered. Slavery for man is bad enough, but the refinements of cruelty must ever fall on the mothers of the oppressed race, defrauded of all the rights of family relation and violated in the most holy instincts of their nature. A mother's life is bound up in that of her child. But the slave mother in her degradation rejoices not in the future promise of her daughter, for she knows by experience what her sad fate must be.

"By your act, the family . . . has been restored to millions of humble homes around whose altars coming generations shall magnify and bless the name of Abraham Lincoln. . . . We now ask you to finish the work by declaring that no where under our flag shall the

motherhood of any race plead in vain for justice and protection. So long as one slave breathes in this Republic, we drag the chair with him. . . ."

The women adopted their first Women's Bill of Rights, patterned after the Declaration of Independence, at a convention in 1848 at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in spite of deep-rooted prejudices.

To advocate women's rights was to be a person without moral standards and beyond the pale of religion. A believer in women's rights was an anti-Christ and a Devil's agent. It was sedition against God to advocate the right for women to vote. It would destroy the sanctity of the home. The tune sang by the press was one of ridicule, satire and sarcasm. Women's rights conventions were called "Hen Conventions" and women leaders were described as "masculine women."

AFTER the Civil War it was necessary to give the millions of Negro people and the poor whites in the South the vote now embodied in

the 15th Amendment in order to completely defeat reaction in that area. The women carried on a vigorous campaign for suffrage to the Negro people. Particularly, Susan B. Anthony was very active in this campaign.

The 14th Amendment was originally drafted to give the right to vote to all persons who are American citizens. But the second part of that amendment, which gave the basis for apportionment of representatives in Congress, had the word "male" written in. This not only excluded the Negro women but inferred support to the state constitutions that denied all women the right to vote.

The request of the women to strike out the word "male" was not supported even by the progressive men who were the most ardent advocates of equal rights for women. They were afraid that they would lose much support for the progressive movement for national unity which was of prime importance at that time, to completely defeat the former slave power of the South. There still existed deep-

(Continued on Page 9)

# Bailing Out

Leaping for life from a wrecked plane was only an incident in the exciting life of

Paul Williams, Negro Pilot

by HERBERT STEINER

SECONDS to death, wings snapping under stress, a plane beyond control hurling earthwards. Centrifugal force whirling a human out of the plane when the safety catch was released, the upward jerk and the billowing white fabric blossomed forth checking the headlong descent as the chute opened.

I felt as if I were in the cockpit of that wrecked plane when Lieutenant Paul Williams, aeronautical engineer and pilot described the incident to me recently. The Negro birdman has a modest but effective way of telling such stories and with 3,000 flying hours to his credit, you can bet he's telling it straight from the shoulder.

Williams, who spent several months flying for the Loyalist Air Force in Spain, is the only Negro flyer who ever attained the rank of Lieutenant, Junior Grade, in the U. S. Navy. But learning the game hasn't been easy, Paul told me.

"With discrimination as it is, the role of the Negro is a hard one, especially in aviation. There are comparatively few Negro pilots in the United States, but, as few as there are, there are none that fly the passenger planes; there are none in any of the four forms of the United States Air Service: The Army, Navy, Marine and Coast Guard."

PAUL was born in Youngstown, Ohio in 1909. His family had migrated from New England to Pennsylvania and thence to Ohio. Getting his background from him was hard and it was only after continually plying him with question after question that he finally loosened up and I was able to piece the facts together.

"We're Navy people," he said, "my great-great grandfather saw service in the Navy during the War of 1812 and my grandfather was with the Union Naval Forces during the Civil War. An ancestor of ours participated in the capture of the traitor Benedict Arnold."

At the age of sixteen Paul stood around a meadow near his home that was used as a flying field. After helping Alton Parker repair a ship that crashed, he was offered the opportunity of learning to fly with him at a bargain price of one hundred dollars.

He met opposition from his folks who had wanted him to become a doctor, but Paul's heart lay elsewhere, and after graduating from Rayen High School, Youngstown, he enrolled at Carnegie Tech. Help from home ceased and he worked in the round-house of the Pittsburgh railroad yards as a "hostler" chugging over the engines.

AFTER leaving Carnegie Tech, he continued his studies at the Ohio School of Aeronautical Engineers also in Youngstown. It was at this time (1928) that he designed his first ship for a commercial company. It was the

Airmaster monoplane for the Ohio Aero Co.

When asked how the pilots felt towards him he answered, "They did not discriminate in any way. They're a swell bunch and as a matter of fact the white airmen were my constant associates; they were friendly and respected me." He was the only Negro pilot at the airports in Ohio.

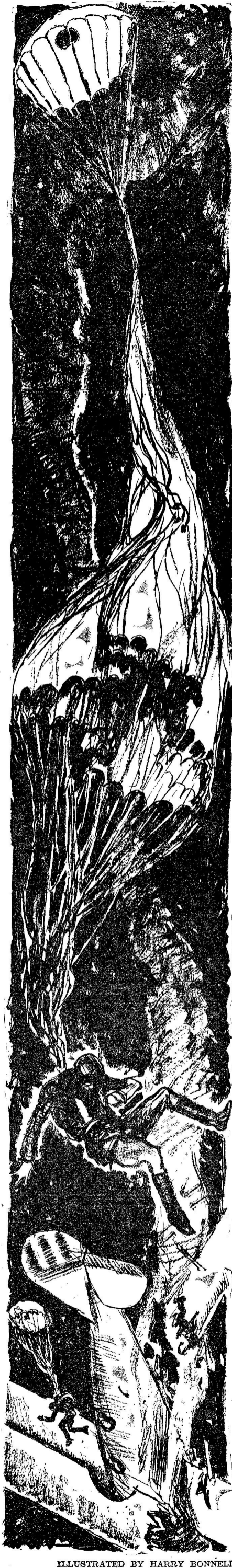
Bill Martin, Phil Wick Jr., Eddie Heveiner and Paul formed a company to produce a light drive bomber that could be entered in government competition. Although they had a ship that performed excellently and one that they felt measured up to the standards of the accepted plane they had no chance against the major companies who were grabbing up the gravy as it is called.

"These few large firms have the pull," Paul said, "and the smaller fry to this very day cannot break through the ring. These companies control and split the contracts among themselves and because of this, it is likely that aviation has been held back considerably. More progress could be made if the small air-craft company and its staff of aeronautical designers and inventors were given a chance to put their talents to work. The small company lives and dies a quick death . . . it takes money to experiment."

HE ONCE made eight hundred dollars for a month's work, putting an airplane through its paces. Although this sounds like a considerable sum of money, it isn't very much considering the risk that a test pilot undergoes; power-diving and spinning to earth in a plane that has never been flown or tested before; never knowing whether the pilot will be alive to tell the tale.

There were many times in his early years that he had accidents or near accidents. To a commercial test pilot aeronautics is a dangerous existence, but their work makes aviation safe for the flyer and the passenger. Paul has participated in relief flood's in his home state of Ohio, and has also flown from the Cleveland airport to drop supplies and food to the inhabitant's of Kelly's Island (Lake Erie) a camp in Northern Canada when these people were completely isolated because of the ice.

Congressman Oscar De Priest of Chicago recommended him to the Navy at a board meeting; Admiral Moffatt put up a fight for his appointment. Paul Williams' engineering training was equivalent to the course given at the Academy (Annapolis) but his commission as a civilian appointee in Naval aeronautics carried the bar and a half on his sleeve with an anchor, without the star of a commissioned officer. The Mister title (or Lieutenant Junior Class) was a dubious one, and was not a



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BONNELL

permanent one. Because of his rank he could not eat with or fraternize with the enlisted men, and also because of his rank, he could not eat with the commissioned officers.

AFTER leaving the service, he was appointed as an instructor in aeronautics to the CCC boys at Patterson Field in Dayton. These boys were trained in the mechanics of aviation, and rebuilt army planes that would ordinarily have been scrapped.

It was about this time that he started to build his second plane; the WX21 which was completed September 1936. (The "W" stood for Williams and the "X" for experimental . . . the 21 was the twenty-first design that he had worked on.) All his free time was spent at a three car garage which he had rented and from his meager earnings as a project instructor, supplemented by a loan from a benefactor, he managed to build the plane at a fraction of the cost of his first one. General Robbins and General Pratt interceded on his behalf, and he was granted the use of the Wright Field Wind Tunnels for experimental purposes. This was a great help that saved thousands of dollars.

IT WAS last year that Jimmy Peck came in. Jimmy although only 26 had an equally exciting time of it, and had literally drummed his way into aeronautics, as a drummer and a member of the American Federation of Musicians, Pittsburgh Local No. 471. Jimmy writes on the "human element in flying" for Aero-Digest, and Sportsman Pilot. Lack of space does not permit going into his history at the present time.

Both Jim and Paul had been in Pittsburgh at the same time; knew the same people; but never met until the Queen Mary set sail taking them to Spain, where both spent several months flying for the Loyalist air force. Today they are staunch buddies, inseparable. Both are members of the Friends of Abraham Lincoln Brigade and they participated in the parade at Washington, D. C., when the veterans paid tribute to the Great Emancipator.

Paul took out a photograph of thirty smiling Spanish children and displayed it proudly. "Those are my kids," he said smiling. "When I first arrived at the air-base, they gathered around me and we made friends right away. I sort of adopted them."

It is difficult to put into words the tone of his voice when speaking about the bombardment at Barcelona, "I couldn't sleep, I kept tossing and turning and thinking that my kids were in it. I seemed to feel their out-raised arms. I know the bewilderment that takes place during a bombardment. There is so much noise that you don't hear a thing; you see buildings that stood straight and sound crumbling; you don't know what to do; you throw yourself on the ground and hug the earth. There's nothing that you can do, you can only hope that you're not next. A bomb explodes near you, you're not hurt . . . the earth slides away and you feel yourself slipping and sliding into the hole made by one of Hitler's assassins. I felt that bombardment more when I was safe and sound over here, for I know that those kids were thinking of me, I know that some of them were. . ."

# Caribbean Brothers

San Juan

PUERTO RICAN dock workers are marching forward to one of the most significant labor victories yet won in the Caribbean area. Greatest among the possibilities of this movement is the formation of a long-needed people's front against colonial, economic and political oppression.

Strike preparation by the U.T.M. (Union of Marine Workers) throughout the fall months and organizational work by the N.M.U. (National Maritime Union) of the clerks and checkers into the CIO affiliate, the I.L.W. (International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union) culminated on January third when the shipping corporations refused to consider the demands proposed by the workers involved.

Fighting to do away with wage scales such as 32c per regular hour for loading of ordinary cargo, having raised demands of 75c per hour instead, as well as similar increases all along the line, the stevedores went out in complete solidarity over the entire island on the first of last month in a strike movement which actually is making for the rejuvenation and reshaping of the whole Puerto Rican labor movement, as well as all the social and economic relationships following in its wake.

The surprise and consternation of the steamship corporations at the powerlessness of the A. F. of L. bureaucracy this time to achieve any sell-out in the time-dishonored way was only equalled by their vicious falsehoods and statements in the local press as to the issues involved. This tactic availing nothing, they then drew into their holes and by a policy of intransigence tied a strangle knot around the country's economic neck.

Puerto Rican steamship bosses are the colonial office-boys of concern tied in directly with the sixty families which spearhead the at-

Down in Puerto Rico a democratic front is growing following the successful strike of the dockworkers there

by PEDRO PEREZ

Borinquen crew into another Algic frame-up.

Strikebreakers in the form of peons from the country were brought to the Porto Rico Line dock in San Juan to load cucumbers under a heavy police guard. The sub-machine guns secured a year back by General "Palm Sunday" Winship for his Colonel "I didn't see it happen" Orbeta were in evidence. Federal dicks, Federal Attorney A. Cecil Snyder who prosecuted Don Pedro Albizu Campos and steamship company officials stood by. This dodge failed when the Borinquen crew refused to permit the cucumbers to be loaded on the vessel by scabs on the justifiable grounds that such cargo meant danger to passengers, crew and vessel both at port and on the high seas.

National Maritime Union representative Frederick Myers, on leaving the Borinquen shortly afterwards was mobbed by frustrated cucumbers growers. Thrown to the ground in the melee, Myers called for ships' crew and strikers who rushed to his assistance to return to their posts so as not to allow themselves to be provoked into violence. In this way the most critical moment was passed, and the strikers' reputation for peacefulness was successfully maintained.

As the strike continued, increased sympathy developed among small business men and the general public over the entire island. This sympathy could have been greater yet had the strike committee adopted a more reasonable attitude from the beginning towards the needs of the cucumber grow-

NEVERTHELESS, we do not have to look far for the reason. Solidarity among the CIO and A. F. of L. rank and file spelled invincible UNITY. And unity achieved has jolted the A. F. of L. bureaucracy and racketeers down to their very heels. President Rubio Salinas and the officials of the U.T.M. remained in office as the representatives of an A. F. of L. union, whose rank and file membership had almost unanimously, before the beginning of the strike, signed application blanks pledging the conversion of the union into a CIO affiliate. Fighting desperately to continue his rule, Salinas became super-leftist, caused adoption of unreasonable policies to an extent, sent communications to government officials and issued statements to the press which, because of their wordiness, tended to confuse the issues at stake and delay their solution.

Cables protesting the Myers incident sent to Washington and New York caused the national administration to bring Winship into line, made him adopt a more reasonable attitude. Through the efforts of Fred Myers and Cesar Andren, an arbitration agreement was achieved whereby the stevedores went back to work this past Thursday 10th at noon with a raise of 25 per cent in all basic scales while their full demands were to be considered by a board of three impartial arbitrators, with any award to be retroactive. A 25 per cent raise, it must be emphasized, has already been won. Strikers' militancy and solidarity practically guarantee the awarding of almost a 50 per cent increase. The corporations' books

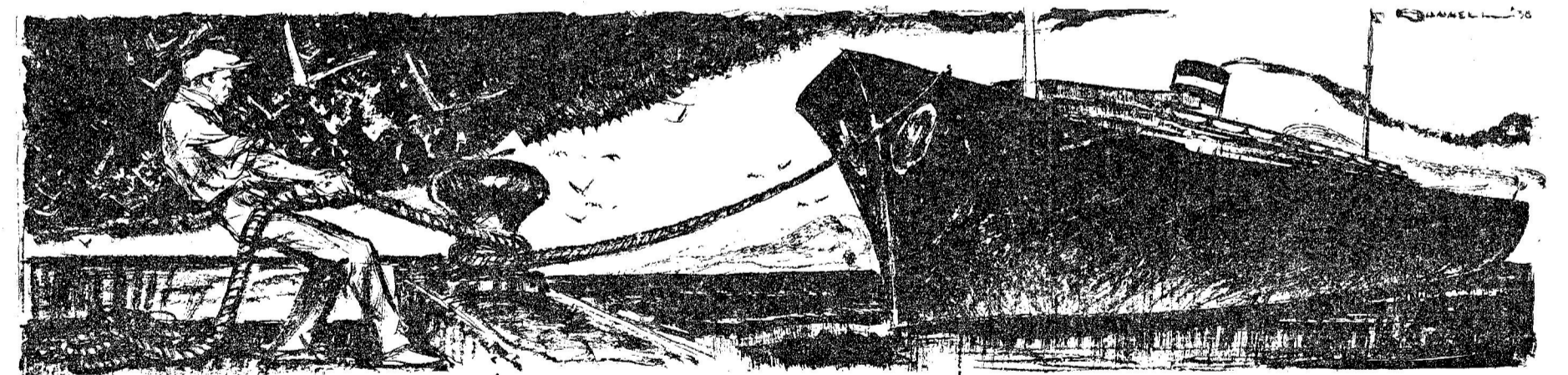
manifestations of Puerto Rican political life. The re-trial in Ponce of eleven nationalists accused of killing policeman Loyola on Palm Sunday last has just ended in a speedy acquittal, and this when their first trial dragged on for three months and a half, with the attorneys of the defense subjected to every dubious trick of a colonial-imperial courtroom.

THE three appointees made by Winship to the arbitration board for the settlement of the strike are impartial considering the conditions—and surprisingly so. The insular legislature opened yesterday, and the first bill proposed was one asking for the nationalization of the docks. In the preamble to the bill especial notice was taken of the stranglehold steamship monopolies have on this insular nation. And, finally, new attention given the workers' problems in the local press in complete change to the policy pursued even six months ago would be confounding indeed if the reasons were not so plain.

The morale of the Puerto Rican workers has improved. They have made a start to shake off their colonial inferiority complex. They see, through further organization, the obtaining of more satisfactory and complete political expression in the drive for economic betterment.

Almost overnight the phony labor leaders are standing exposed. Honest internationalist sentiment is growing. From the United States came Winship and the corporations; but from the same nation has come Frederick Myers and workers' solidarity. Puerto Rican toilers are seeing in their alliance with their American brothers a more certain road to ECONOMIC as well political freedom.

AND what lies ahead? Now, more than ever, must all worthy labor organizations be on their guard, strengthen their



ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BONNELL

Puerto Rican dock workers are marching forward to new victories

tack on Roosevelt's progressivism in the United States. Great support has been shown by the crews of American ships touching at the island.

SADDENED by the increasingly successful momentum being gained by the peaceful strike movement daily, the shipping companies resorted to provocative measures on the morning of Thursday, January twenty-seventh, when they followed up Governor Blanton Winship's threat of "settle the strike in forty-eight hours OR ELSE"—the else being, among other things, strikebreakers imported from the Virgin Islands by an attempt to nail the S. S.

ers to ship their perishable produce.

These growers for the most part are composed of small middle-class elements who, in turn, suffer from the predatory banks which charge interests of 8 per cent; these growers are also at the mercy of the steamship companies which get monopoly rates considerably in excess of those elsewhere through the workings of the West Indies Conference, and these same growers are, in addition, bled by the fertilizer trusts. By refusing to load the cucumbers, the strike committee threw these middle-class farmers into the camp of their mutual enemy, the shipping monopolies who glibly use them to pull their chestnuts out of the fire.

will not bear investigating. One of the vessels of the Porto Rico Line alone is rumored to have netted around a million last year; and the Ripley Steamship Corporation and its associates were shown by a news item in the local press to have netted last year nearly four million.

The frantic scurrings of the "politicos" of various shades in their haste to realign themselves is, in addition to being amusing, very indicative. Mass pressure from below calls the tune the reactionary political representatives and sugar corporation stooges must whistle. Since the first of the year, more liberal and democratic policies are to be noted in various

discipline against tricks by the fascist-minded corporations in their attempt to sabotage the present gains and further awards from the arbitration board.

Important campaigns lie ahead in basic industries where the workers look for industrial organization. The new confidence and enthusiasm must be maintained and utilized. Care and adequate preparation are vital. The eyes of the island are focused on the CIO. The workers want the CIO. For the moment, however, we must concentrate all our energies on the steering of the present strike on the docks through to the triumphant victory which concessions already won indicate is in our grasp.