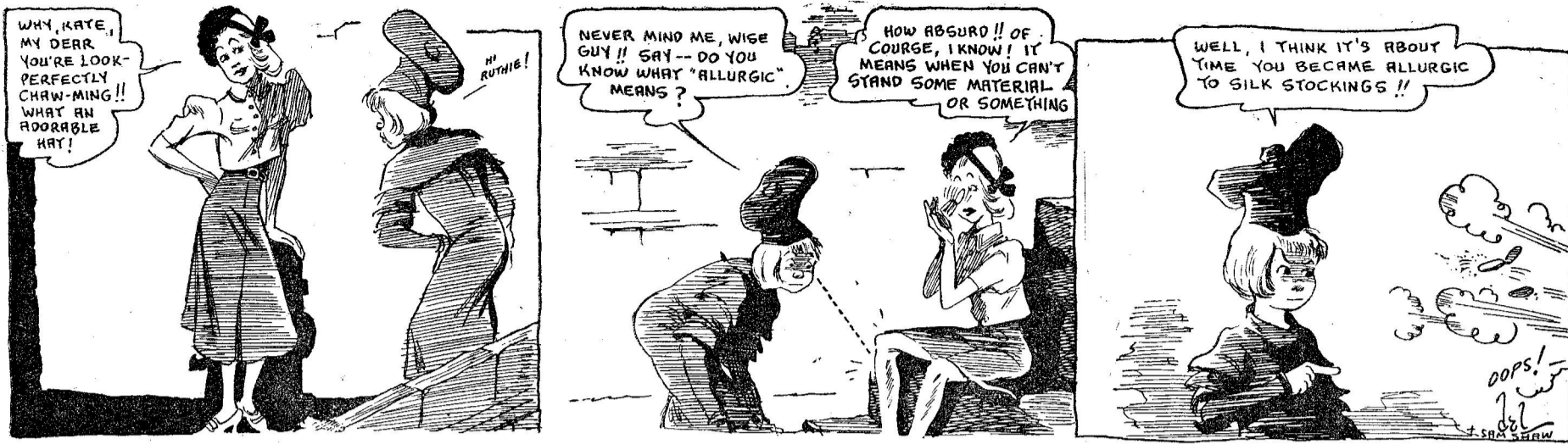


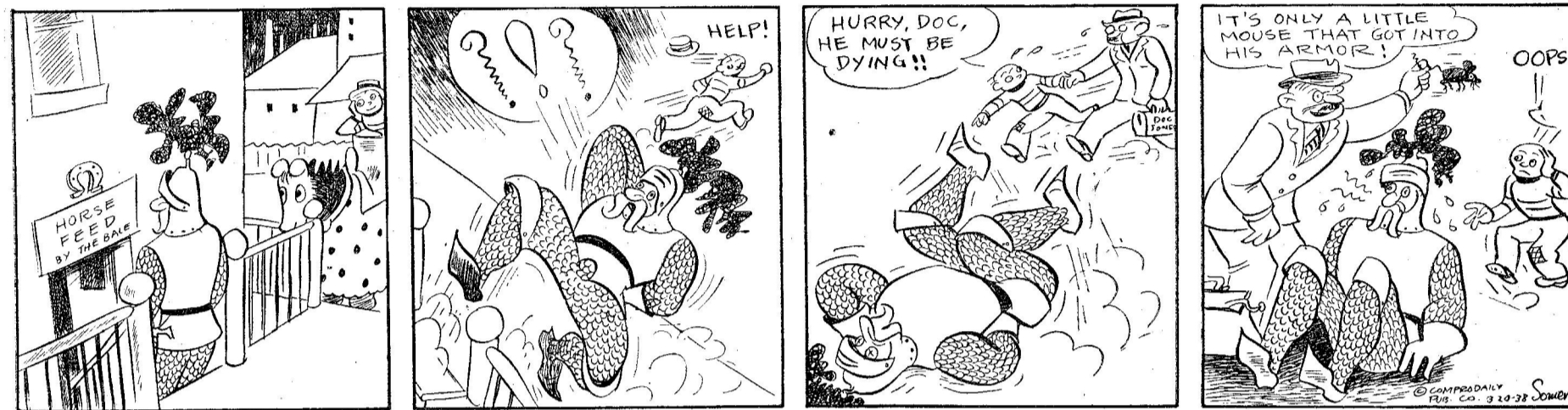
LITTLE LEFTY

by Del



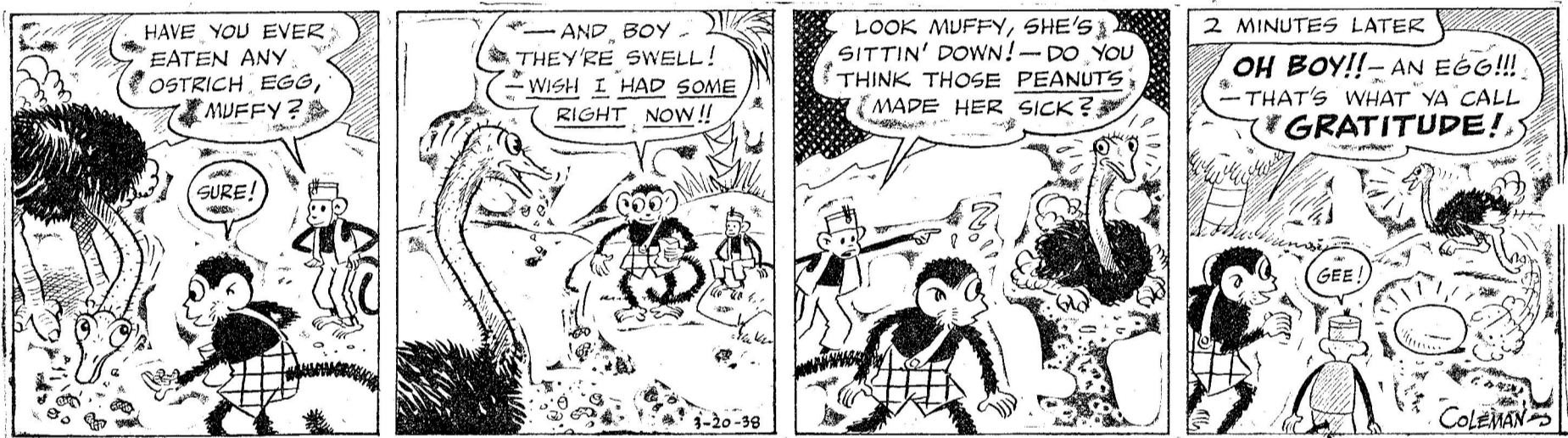
SIR HOKUS POKUS

by Somers



MUFFY THE MONK

by Coleman



TEX TRAVIS

by Richards



BARNACLE AND THE FINK

by MacDuff



MAGAZINE

MARCH 19, 1938

IN TWO SECTIONS, SECTION 2



A LETTER FROM CHINA

by CHOU-TUNG LIN

Chengchow, Honan. THE train was traveling northwards, to the front, along China's internal railway line, the Hankow-Peiping R. R. The first stop before the front is at Chengchow, a large city on the Lunghai road towards which the Japanese generals are now striving. The front is still a long way off, but everywhere one feels the breath of war.

Here, near the front line, spring sowing has begun in the fields. The peasants are finishing their work on the flat fields. The wooden seeding machines furrow the soft yellow earth, very slowly, as if they are afraid of losing the seeds. Not far away between the neatly laid out graves of the graveyard the soldiers are undergoing machine gun training. A little further away, beside an earthen wall which encircles the large village, a detachment is situated, perhaps a unit of new recruits, or possibly partisans. The short uniformed commander is reading out the roll-call. On the landscape of this one-time peaceful countryside new things have appeared: the fields are full of training trenches, and every day, leaving their work, the inhabitants wend their way to these trenches for military training.

In Chengchow proper one is struck with the outwardly peaceful normal life, regular train service according to schedule and busy trade. One is reminded of the war by the soldiers marching through the streets, and by the huge patriotic posters. The population is undergoing military training. Beginning with last week all members of the railwaymen's union have commenced training. Shooting ranges and air-raid shelters have been set up in many parts of the city.

Military training for the population is not only undertaken in the towns, but also in the villages. Practically every village has its own self-defense detachment. Several large partisan detachments have been established to the north of Chengchow. Armed volunteer detachments are being organized, under the leadership of the military center.

Honan Province has always been known for its numerous secret societies, peasants' and other organizations. From here came the widely known "Red Spear" and "Big Swords" societies. As soon as the Japanese invaded Honan, all these secret and semi-secret organizations began to unite and took up arms in an organized manner against the invaders.

It is characteristic that even after the capture by the Japanese of several districts in the northernmost parts of Honan, the sections of this society did not cease their work, but continued to operate behind the Japanese lines, destroying Japanese transport and prosecuting Chinese traitors.

One evening we met a group of youths from the Tsinghua district situated on the northern bank of the Hwanhe river. With a feeling of burning hatred towards the Japanese imperialists, these youths recounted that in the district a detachment of 1,600 volunteers, one body-guard and one detachment of national self-defense, a "Union of Red Spears," and four partisan detachments have been formed. Practically the whole of the adult population of the district is enrolled in the anti-Japanese society and fighting units.

They are all learning to handle arms. The first partisan detachment consisting of 600 armed fighters, after being trained, left for the neighboring Taisin mountains. The second detachment of 800 fighters are now quartered in the district center. The third detachment of 600 fighters is situated at the Yamiao temple and is undergoing a course in shooting, prior to going into the mountains. Military training after their regular work. Extensive agitation work is being carried on in the district. Teachers, students and army officers are continually explaining to the population the significance of the national liberation war.

Be it in the northern or the southern parts of the province, everywhere the population is preparing for defense, assisting the front as much as they can. The most peace-loving peasants are taking to arms. Honan is a brilliant example of the universal hatred towards the enemy, the general rise of the great people in defense of their land, homes and children, in defense of their independence.

'The Worms Are Turning'

a short story by
SIDNEY SHELDON

IN 1929 John A. Mann shook it off philosophically. Mr. Wilson had called him into the office, presented the issue squarely, though perhaps a little gravely, John thought but he didn't hedge. He let him have it straight from the shoulder. John liked that, even though it meant a five-dollar cut. After all, there was the depression. And when Eileen raged and said Wilson exploited him, considering the hours he was putting in, John shrugged and reflected there was no use explaining to her it was the depression.

It was clear sailing for John until 1932. Then, again, Mr. Wilson put it to him squarely, just as he had three years ago. "John," he said, his eyes skimming over John's head and resting adoringly on the exquisite Goya original he had picked up for a song in Paris, "you'll have to take a cut."

John didn't flick an eyelash. He knew Mr. Wilson needed his support in this new emergency and he wasn't going to let him down.

"You know me, John," Mr. Wilson continued, "I'm always frank. I've had to get rid of twenty-five per cent of the staff since 1929, but I want to be as fair as possible to you. Shall we say," he screwed up his brow thoughtfully, "the same as last time. Just five dollars?"

JOHN felt his knees quivering. Five dollars! That cut him down to twenty-five! He didn't see how he was going to have a baby—rather how Eileen was!—and pay doctor's bills and hospital. And there was still rent and insurance, and the bank account beginning to thin out and everything sky-rocketing. . . .

"John, what's the matter?" Mr. Wilson was bent over the desk peering at him. "You're not taking this thing too hard?" John pulled himself together.

"Oh, no, Mr. Wilson," he said. "I know what the firm's going through these days. We'll just have to tighten our belts, I guess. We're all in this together."

In 1933 Eileen had her baby and John became the father of a seven-pound baby. Parenthood inflated his spirits but it had the opposite effect on his bank statement. Rents went up that year and so did milk and drug products. Eileen skipped and John skimped, yet they found themselves sinking deeper and deeper in debt. Slowly, the thrill of parenthood was settling to its economic level. Even the ledger of Wilson and Co. was beginning to lose its charms for John, these days. Fading images danced across the pages—sullen, taunting. Once, a sallow, anemic John Jr. thumbed his nose at him right from accounts receivable. He couldn't think. Eileen's complaints kept ringing in his ears all day.

"Sure, we pull our belts in! But the baby can't! Tell Wilson that! If he were losing money, it would be different. But—" Suddenly, her eyes lit up. She bent toward him whispering, as though the very walls might have ears. . . .

IT was a challenge! Though for a man of John's character snooping was distasteful, when he thought of Eileen and of Baby John, he decided there was some moral justification anyway. He would do it!

In Hanson's file under S he found many items: shipments, sales, shop lists, but he dug on until he reached statements. His heart pounded as he drew out a manila folder marked "STATEMENT (DUPLICATE) OF ASSETS UP TO DATE

FROM JANUARY 1933—BUSINESS RESEARCH INSTITUTE ANALYSIS ATTACHED, CONFIDENTIAL." The "confidential" had John worried for one brief moment. It was like peeping through a keyhole. But having gotten this far, there was no turning back. Hurriedly, his fingers trembling as he turned the sheets, John found the column he was looking for—NET ASSETS! He read it once! He read it twice! He even read it three times! Hastily, he rechecked the figures to make certain there was no error. No—that was it. He thought of Eileen and quickly copied the figure on a slip of paper. Then he thumbed through a few more pages to the BUSINESS RESEARCH INSTITUTE ANALYSIS—CONFIDENTIAL. He read and read, studying every word. Some sentences, underlined in red ink, he jotted down. And when he had finished his task, he carefully replaced the folder in the file, put on his hat and coat and left the office. At home, he piled into bed, drew the covers over his head, and thought and thought. . . .

DURING the ensuing weeks, while John lay in bed thinking or adding up long figures in a little book, Eileen mullied about the house morosely. Then, one day, a letter arrived from the office. John sprang out of bed.

"For good—this time," he said. And promptly marched out of the house without so much as a nod to Baby John—something he had never overlooked before. After he had gone, Eileen read the letter and her face went hard. John had been fired. She breathed a curse and threw the letter into the garbage pail. And try as she might, she was curt and impatient with Baby John all that day.

It was late when John returned home. Eileen was dozing on the kitchen chair. John came in and awakened her. "Where have you been?" Eileen asked. "I was so worried." John's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "You remember I was thinking, Eileen? Well, I'm through now. I thought it out." Eileen looked at him curiously. But John just smiled.

"Let's go to bed, darling," he said. "We can talk there." John Jr. didn't utter a sound that night. Nothing interrupted the earnest discourse of John and his wife. The house was silent except for their low murmurs. At dawn, John turned on his side and fell asleep. But Eileen lay awake, her eyes wide open. . . .

IN the past few years many things had confounded Mr. Wilson and upset his treasured opinions. But now, as he stared at the trim little figure of his ex-employee John, he was flabbergasted! Was he hearing things? By God, what had happened to John?

John moved a step closer to the desk. He realized, rather suddenly, he was not afraid.

"I want a better answer than that, Mr. Wilson," he said firmly.

"There isn't any!" Mr. Wilson belated. "It's an economy move. We're

losing money. John, you used to understand me!"

"You mean, I used to let you exploit me, Mr. Wilson!" He glowed. It was good to get that word in. Eileen would be proud of him now. "I thought I was helping the firm. But I found the firm doesn't need any help. It's doing all right!"

"That's a lie! I'll get the accounts and prove it to you!"

John smiled. He was prepared for this moment.

"Which accounts, Mr. Wilson?"

"Our statement!"

"The confidential one? With the Business Research Institute Analysis attached?"

"Damn you John! I'll have you thrown out of here!"

John moved a step closer and spoke fast.

ACCORDING to those reports you realized a total profit of one million, six hundred forty-eight thousand, nine hundred seventy-five dollars and sixteen cents. That was done by decreasing your cost of production and increasing your sales price. Specifically, hours of work increased, salaries went down and thirty-five per cent of the staff was fired. As a result, Mr. Wilson, you are earning even more in this depression than in times of prosperity. Thirty-four per cent more to be exact, judging by the year 1929. So that actually you are getting fabulously rich while your employees are getting poorer and poorer. Are my figures correct, Mr. Wilson?"

Mr. Wilson glared.

"Now I see it! You caused all this union trouble. You distributed copies of that confidential statement inside the plant—didn't you?"

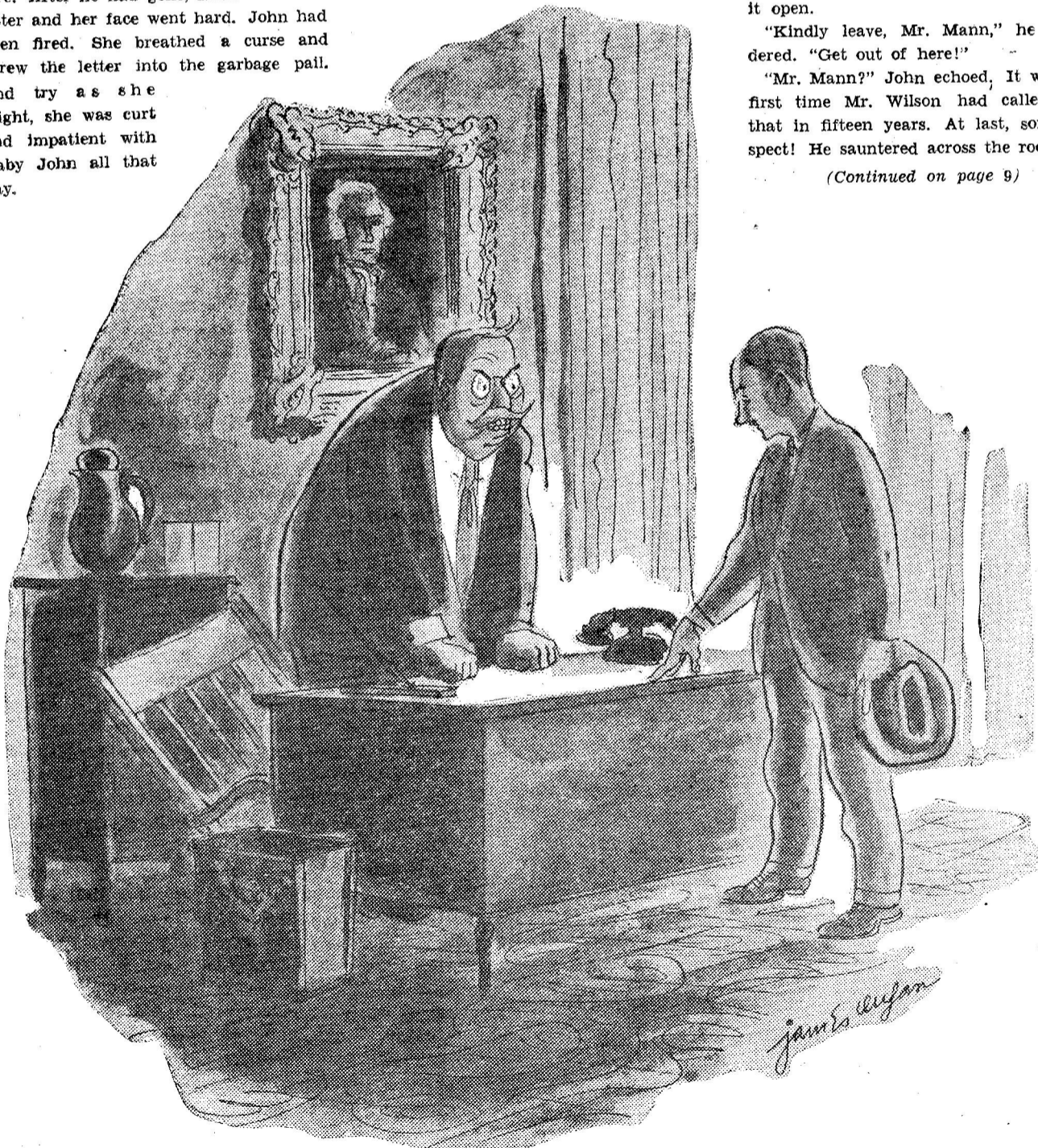
"Yes, sir. And it worked like a charm," John admitted, simply. "The employees are flocking to the union. Last week we received a charter—CIO!"

Mr. Wilson ran to the door and flung it open.

"Kindly leave, Mr. Mann," he thundered. "Get out of here!"

"Mr. Mann?" John echoed. It was the first time Mr. Wilson had called him that in fifteen years. At last, some respect! He sauntered across the room, his

(Continued on page 9)

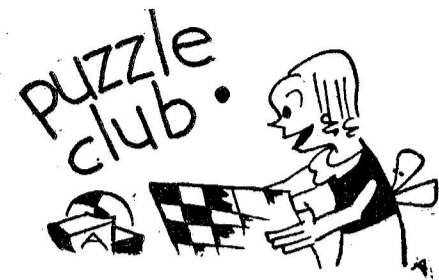


"John moved a step closer to the desk"

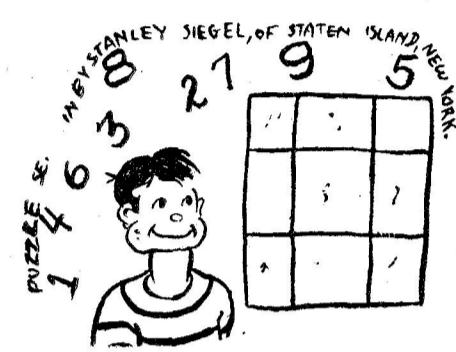
ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DUGAN

JUNIOR AMERICA

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO—
Junior America
50 East 13th Street
New York City
Conducted by
Johnny McGee
and
Mary Morrow



IF YOU like arithmetic, try this puzzle. Pepe says that if you take the numbers one to nine, and place them in the correct boxes, they will then add up to eighteen, when each column is read down.



A reader sent in this puzzle. How about you? If you're not a member of the Junior America Puzzle Club, send in the answer to this puzzle and get a membership card. (Send the answer on a penny postal, that'll be O. K.)



THEY, THE BUILDERS—

By VIVIAN SILVERMAN,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Clank, clank!
Pick against rock as they go past.
They make the roads!
The spattering sound of hot metal,
And a great white span of steel they
have stretched.
They have given you bridges.
The dim sound of lumber and grinding
of brick on brick.
Out of nowhere appears a structure
The builders have built homes.
Down in the deep hot south are the
orange trees.
In the north the canneries where they
work
They have given us food
Amid the buzzing whir of machines
Hands work.
They have made the clothes.
America be proud of them!
Lift every voice in praise!
For they are the workers, the toilers,
The builders of nations!

In a few weeks we expect to have an "all-readers-issue." In other words the entire Junior America Page will be made up of contributions from readers. Send in that poem you've wanted to write, that drawing, that "laff" or that puzzle. Do it NOW so that it will be in time for this special issue.

Be sure to write your name and address clearly, and give your age.

MOLLY McGUIRE



WINGED HEELS

By ERIC LUCAS

WHEN the smoke clears after the starter's gun goes off, you'd swear Glenn was shot clean out of the muzzle. One hundred and sixty pounds of greased lightning—a human whippet. . . .

Within recent years no trackman in the world has ever broken more records and "finish" tapes than Glenn Cunningham. A mile in 4 minutes and 4 4/10 seconds. No one in the history of "track" has so steadily kept this surprising lead.

When I saw Glenn Cunningham at his locker up at N. Y. U., he was dressing for his regular daily workout. Tall, slight,



To my Friends
of Junior America
Glenn Cunningham

with intent face, serious green-brown eyes, thin lips, narrow mouth. . . the man with streamlined build. . . .

GLENN, I asked, "when did you first become interested in running?"

"Always liked running. Back at Elk-art High, that's in my home town in Kansas, I ran. Then for the U. of Kansas I was trackman, too." By Glenn's sharp accent there was no mistaking that he hailed from the West. "We were poor folk back home. Family of eight kids. I was somewhere in the middle."

"Do you like any sport outside of track?"

"Gosh, I like 'em all." He smiled quickly. "Track's tops with me though. . . ."

"Got any hobbies?"

"Letter writing," he snapped back, pulling his shirt over his head. "Keepin' my folks and friends back home flooded with mail."

"Will you tell our readers something about the art of running?"

"You bet," he answered in his crisp way. "There's a mistaken notion that track work is simple. That's wrong. There's as much technique, headwork and skill as in football. Starting, taking the turns, position—all studies in themselves. Running," he added, "is probably the oldest sport on record. For one, the Ancient Greeks knew its value in body building."

"What advice would you give a boy or girl who wanted to go in for track work?"

"Regular in habits—can't even begin to be any good if you don't get plenty sleep, eat regular, cut out cigarettes, coffee, and don't let up on training."

"That's all swell," I said, "but don't you think there should be more government aid in supplying free gyms, tracks and instructors for boys and girls?"

"By all means. Physical education must be made available for all children—regardless of their families' income. The government should see to that. A few

school teams and clubs aren't half enough."

WHAT do you think of the broad program of the Soviet Union in supplying all its children with the free means of physical development?"

"Splendid! All countries should adopt this broad program for the proper development of its children."

I asked him his opinion on discrimination in the field of sports.

Color, race or nationality play no part in the world of sports. Amongst Negro trackmen we have top-notch men like Jesse Owens in broad jump, Cornelius Johnson in high jump, Ben Johnson, the 60-yard sprinter from Columbia, Jim Herbert, 600-yard trackman of N.Y.U., Johnny Albritton and Meadows. . . .

"In boxing, we have Joe Louis, Hank Armstrong and John Henry Lewis. . . ."

"Football—Ed Williams of N. Y. U., Kenny Washington of U.C.L.A., Brud Holland of Cornell. . . ."

"And in Baseball—Satchell Paige, the crack pitcher. . . . You might quote me in saying I'm dead set 'gainst any discrimination in sports, and I'm just as



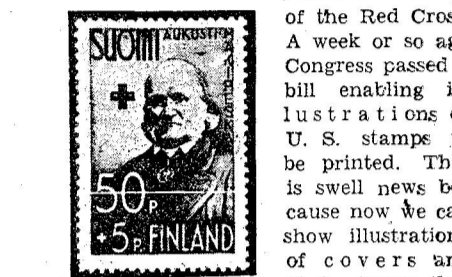
set against any country that practices discrimination."

NOW this 28-year-old star trackman told me of his present work at N.Y.U. preparing for his Ph. D. in Physical Education, and how he planned to further and broaden the sphere of physical education to include the underprivileged children as well as the privileged. And then Glenn Cunningham took long strides to the door of the locker room, and following him, I said: "Glenn, I want to thank you for our readers. I'm sure they're all 100 per cent with you."

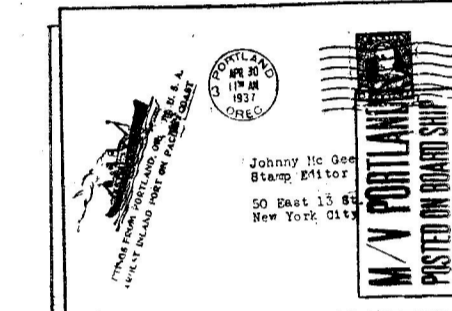
Glenn opened the door, turned and snapped one of his fast smiles and said: "And you can say for me that I'm just 100 per cent with 'em too. . . ."



FINLAND issued a swell set of Red-Cross stamps recently. We illustrate this week the 50 penni value. It has the portrait of one of the first Finnish founders of the Red Cross. A week or so ago Congress passed a bill enabling illustrations of U. S. stamps to be printed. This is swell news because now we can show illustrations of covers and U. S. stamps that we couldn't before. A while back we had a column on "covers" mailed on board ship. Well, here's one from the Motor Vessel "Portland," cancelled with a



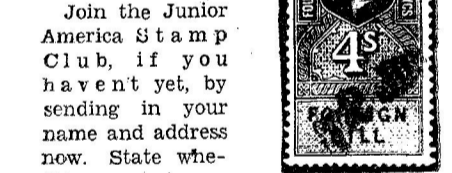
Canadian stamp at an American city: Portland Oregon. If you'd like to have a "cover" from a ship mailed to you, just send in a mint (unused) 3 cent stamp and you'll get one.



ODDS AND ENDS
THOSE of you who like to collect British Colonial and British stamps will be interested in this revenue stamp which comes in a bright green shade.

It is used on bills, checks, etc., going to foreign countries.

Join the Junior America Stamp Club, if you haven't yet, by sending in your name and address now. State whether or not you wish to correspond with other members.



NEW STAMP CLUB MEMBERS
AUSTRALIA: Mavis Browning, Kenneth McNulty, Miss E. Browning. OREGON: Nadine Schatz, H.L. Serge Loren, Herbert Stevens, Miles Zaisko, Julius Bely, Bernard Bely. KANSAS: Gerald Moss. WEST VIRGINIA: Albert Powell, Sam Ross, Steve Kutnok, Jr. RHODE ISLAND: Leon Kondl. NEW JERSEY: Paul Hise, E. Maschia, Gabriel Katz. WASH.: Eileen Carmichael. CALIF.: Earl Jesseman, Richard Deia Santina, Cora Linfield, Wayne Gross, Selma Larson, James Allen Reese, Marvin Chadriver, Carlweil Roeder. MINN.: James Johnston. PENN.: Nelson Eisenhardt, Samuel Shoben, David Epstein. OHIO: E. Ballen, Billy Miblich, Jack James, Steve Kovach, A. J. Ritzel, Myron Goodman. NEW YORK: Isidore Weissman, Sylvester Gurofsky, Kenneth Wolfson, Jack Axelrod, Joe Braziller, William Zell, Philip Lincoln, Dorothy Axelrod, Melvin Cohen, Murray Gersinkowitz, Dennis De Marco, Adrian Solomon, Edward Sarina, Max Schulman, Claire Axelrod, Sophie Axelrod, Jerome Cohen, Irwin Klarreich.

by Ida Bailey



Let's Talk it Over

There is something we all can do to stop the mutilating of Chinese women by the Japanese invaders

BY MARY MACK

I HARDLY feel like writing a column today. I find it difficult to sit here in the peaceful sanctum of my office, placidly typing away. Though everything is quiet—the stillness only broken by elevator noises at regular intervals from the region of the hall—every drop of blood is churning away inside of me. You see, I've just read an account of the treatment accorded Chinese women in the territory occupied by Japanese militarists.

Today, the Nanking University Hospital, an American mission institution, is crowded with women and girls seeking medical aid for venereal diseases—a result of the wholesale rapings by Japanese soldiers, the aftermath of the Japanese conquest of China's former capital.

Hundreds of Chinese mothers are begging the doctors there to perform abortions on their daughters, facing motherhood as a result of having been

ravished by the fascist Japanese, according to reports from hospital physicians.

The hospital authorities, who are American, have refused to perform these illegal operations on the ground of medical ethics, and, in consequence, the tortured Chinese are resorting to primitive methods which are jeopardizing the lives of these unfortunate victims of the Japanese conquest.

The same conditions prevail at Hangchow and Soochow, two other cities where foreign missionaries reported attacks by the Japanese soldiers.

Other missionaries, in a signed report, told of the widespread rapings of women in the occupied areas. Of Japanese soldiers breaking into houses, refugees and mission property and making off with the girls and women. Rapings were reported even on mission property. Girls as young as eleven and twelve suffered as well as women over fifty and mothers of large families, according to the statement. Missionaries who have been able to remain at their posts to care for the sick, homeless, hungry, wounded and terror-stricken men, women and children, have witnessed untold horrors and have experienced repeated insults and threats of death. They reported that it was impossible for them to keep the Japanese soldiers away from helpless children, and especially from the women.

Multiply this story of horror triple-fold and you see reflected the suffering of the helpless Ethiopians, the loyal Spanish people—in other lands invaded by the fascists. Is it any wonder that justice-loving people throughout the world are coming to the aid of the people in Spain, of the people in China, and refuse to recognize the "conquest" of Ethiopia? Is it any wonder that we want to take every measure to "quarantine" fascism, to keep it from spreading to our own shores? Is it too much to ask that we refuse the Japanese boycott; that we refuse to buy anything MADE IN JAPAN or OF Japanese material—not even one pair of flimsy stockings; that we do not send our dimes and quarters and half-a-dollars to help pay for a Japanese war against the Chinese people.

I hope my readers will forgive me for not turning this column over to a new problem today, as I promised last week. I've delayed publishing Fanny's problem until next week, not because I think it isn't important, for it is, but because her problem is the problem of only a few, while the problem of the Chinese women is the problem of a nation.

Also, I want to tell you all about the swell letter I received from Julius. "Please thank your readers," he writes, "for their revealing letters. You've made me see things in an altogether different light. I feel sure that soon I'll be able to write you better news."

Meanwhile, if this column can be of assistance to any reader, don't hesitate to drop a line to Mary Mack, Women's Page Editor, 35 E. 12th St., N. Y.



Mary Mack

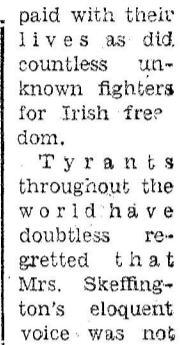
'Caed Mille Faelte'

Hannah Skeffington, an untiring fighter for the people of all lands, can be called a Pasionaria of Ireland

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

THE home of an Irish widow was raided in Dublin, Ireland, on May 1st, 1916, by the same British military party which had brutally murdered her husband a few days before. She and her small son were held at rifle point for hours, while her home was sacked and wrecked. Afterwards, one of the officers regretted publicly "that they had not shot Mrs. Skeffington while they were about it!"

Her husband, T. Sheehy Skeffington, fighting pacifist and anti-militarist, and two other Irish editors, were shot in the back as they crossed Portobello Barracks prison yard. Without trial or court martial, they were murdered by Captain Colthurst of the British army. An inquiring commission later questioned his sanity, so he escaped punishment. This was during the historic Easter uprising in which an Irish republic was proclaimed. James Connolly, Pearce, Plunkett, and other heroes



Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

paid with their lives as did countless unknown fighters for Irish freedom. Tyrants throughout the world have doubtless regretted that Mrs. Skeffington's eloquent voice was not stifled then.

Out of her deep grief she said bravely on her first trip to America: "I am willing to give my husband up on the altar of sacrifice, for I know his death will speak trumpet-tongued against the system that slew him."

Mrs. Hannah Sheehy Skeffington is in America again on her fifth speaking tour to our shores. For twenty-two years she has consecrated her time, her energy, her pen, her splendid mind to the fight for a real united worker's republic in Ireland and throughout the world. But at the time this column appears, she will be speaking in San Francisco and vicinity. Western readers, be sure to hear and greet her. In the name of American working women, especially those of Irish extraction, we extend to Mrs. Skeffington "Caed Mille Faelte"—which in Irish means a hundred thousand welcomes.

Treasurer of the Irish Women's Spanish Relief Committee, she says, "The only Irish in Spain today are with the International Brigade fighting for a Republican Spain, as they fight for a Republican Ireland. O'Duffy is back discredited for his support of Franco."

She is outspoken in her criticism of the new Irish Constitution, which labor fights as making for Fascism in Ireland. Irish women particularly oppose it because it has omitted the guarantee of equal citizenship to women which was written into the original draft by the hand of James Connolly. Mrs. Skeffington speaks with great pride of the fact that Ireland granted equal rights to women four years before suffrage in the U. S. and a year before the Russian Revolution, when Lenin wrote it into the law of the land for women there. Irish women are fighting vigorously to retain their rights, against a fascist exclusion of women from industry and politics.

Hannah Skeffington is a brave, intelligent untiring fighter for the people in all lands. She is a Pasionaria of Ireland. Welcome her everywhere.

Take a Tip

Mrs. Zarsa Bosworth writes: "Here's a trick which I have found very helpful to keep my weekly allowance within its limitations: Once a week I serve a soup dinner. A substantial home-made soup of which the members of my family can eat to their heart's content."

KALE SOUP
Boil some soup bones for stock. Cube two medium sized potatoes and boil separately. Melt 2 level tablespoonfuls of butter, put 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, stir in the stock from the bones and the water from the potatoes gradually; adding water until about three quarts of liquid. Pear off the wrinkled leaves from the stalks of one pound of kale. Wash thoroughly and run it through the meat chopper. Put it into the soup and bring it just to a thorough boil. Add the cubed, boiled potatoes and salt to taste. Serve with hot corn muffins. This makes about 8 to 9 plates.

Understanding Your Child

SIXTEEN-year-old David sits in the psychologist's office twisting his cap miserably. The school and his parents have sent him there because he is failing badly, he is nervous, moody, and shows no interest in any social activity. The tests show he has good intelligence, unusual ability to use his hands and to plan and figure out practical problems.

"Well, what about it, David?"
"Aw, I don't like that stuff. Seems like I just can't put my mind on it."
"Now, if it were building locomotives instead of bookkeeping and stenography—" But the sudden gleam in the boy's eyes answered the psychologist. The doctor went on, "You know, that's what I like too. I have a shop in my basement at home. Want to see it some time?"

Then David opened up and bit by bit his story came out. He never was allowed to play at carpentry, electricity, etc., and whenever he expressed an ambition to learn a trade "when I grow up" he was discouraged. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson drilled it into him from his earliest years that he was to become a white collar worker, maybe a professional man.

"No indeed, my boy is going to do the kind of work that will give him advantages." Social prestige is what Mrs. Johnson blindly meant. And so David grew up to look down upon manual work and to stifle his real desire. No wonder he was nervous from trying to force himself into a pattern against his grain.

In our capitalistic society absurd and artificial values are put upon various kinds of work. Forcing children into certain occupations cripples their characters. Study the child's aptitudes and ability; let him get satisfaction in his work. Teach him to see the importance and dignity of manual work. And show him how to work for a society in which class snobbery has no place.

CHILD ADVISORY BOARD.

KITTY AND ABBY

By Mississippi Johnson and Elizabeth



"My, my," Kitty says looking up from her newspaper, "fashion writers are silly people. Here's Lady Tush-Lush or something or Abingdon Square telling us just what's what in women's clothes. Listen to this one."



"Tell me quick so I can run right out and blow my \$1.50 on a little number from Chanel. Don't tell me it's ermine tails around the hem. I just can't bear it. Me . . . I'm sick of ermine and mink." Kitty laughs.



"It seems black and white is the news this Spring! Why, my goodness, there isn't a working girl in the country who hasn't been wearing black and white season in and season out. Probably it's fashionable now to look like a working girl. Like Joan Crawford."



"You know . . . up from the masses in genteel poverty. Neat black relieved by a touch of white. Naturally, everyone sees immediately that she is a 'superior' type." Abby sighs, "for my money she is," she says. "I'm talking about her pictures!" Kitty answers.

"Our Right to Work"

The CIO and Workers Alliance are making that their slogan

South Bend, Ind., set an example for labor all over the United States.



ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BONNELL

A phrase invented by the employers to keep men 'from work' has now become a fighting slogan for the millions of jobless

by ADAM LAPIN

DURING the steel strike of last spring Tom Girdler and his boys were all bluster and speeches and newspaper columns about the right to work. Today they are afflicted by a strange death-like silence on their favorite subject.

For the Girdler boys the right to work was a glib phrase. It was strikebreaking with a moral purpose. It was a smart publicity stunt.

They didn't know that they started something that will ring in their ears for a long time to come. They didn't know the workers of America would hold them to account. They didn't know there would be a day of reckoning.

Today the steel mills of Youngstown, Johnstown and Canton are dark again. There are less workers at their jobs now throughout the industry than at the height of the strike. The tipples of many coal mines are deserted. The auto factories are working at a fraction of capacity.

But the vigilantes aren't storming the heavens with expensive newspaper ads demanding the right to work. And Dorothy Thompson isn't bursting blood vessels over a hundred editorial pages. And the Ohio tree surgeon isn't sending out the soldiers to make Tom Girdler give his workers jobs.

NOW when the right to work means something more than the right to scab, now when 3,000,000 workers have been thrown out of their jobs by big business, now when the right to work means bread and butter and clothing and shelter, it has taken that arch enemy of Girdlerism, John L. Lewis, to proclaim it.

"We hear much in some of the metropolitan newspapers and from the lecturers on the public platform representing special interests in the country of the 'right to work.'" Lewis told Girdler off a few months ago.

"All right, give our people the right to work," he declared. "Let them work when they want to work, not merely when Walter Chrysler or Henry Ford want to use their services."

"There is something that this congress can do. It can cease milling around and do some thinking about how Americans are going to be protected in their right to work. There is something the labor organizations in this country can do. They can organize themselves and become articulate and demand the right to work."

THE experiences of the past few years have made workers, extremely conscious of the gravity of the unemployment problem.

All workers remember the 1929 crisis. Everywhere in mills and mining and factory towns you hear stories of those days, of weeks and months and years on relief, of mills that shut down and left a whole town destitute, of other mills that gave workers a day or two of work every couple of weeks.

And all this time, dividend payments didn't stop. In the worst depression years, \$21,000,000,000 in dividends were paid out to stockholders. That's pretty substantial unemployment insurance for you.

Finally factories reopened. A worker's family had just begun to get its head slightly above water. Then again layoffs. Shut-downs.

And again dividends do not stop with pay-checks. Large corporations like General Motors have surpluses of hundreds of millions of dollars. And yet they lay hundreds of thousands of workers off.

So there are 3,000,000 more unemployed now than there were last October. And in the banks there are more than \$1,300,000,000 of idle capital which could put these workers and many more back at their jobs.

THE CIO has taken the lead in acting on the unemployment problem. But in many cases A. F. of L. and Railroad Brotherhood unions have also been quick to act.

Together with that veteran of unemployed struggles, the Workers Alliance, and Labor's Non-Partisan League, you have a pretty powerful combination that has begun to exert itself locally as well as nationally.

On the whole these groups have been acting in concert. They have been urging passage of the Schwelienbach-Allen resolution which would give WPA jobs to all unemployed who are able to work.

They have been pushing for larger WPA appropriations and for adequate direct relief. One particularly sore point has been the Woodrum amendment which has hamstringed WPA during the past year by limiting monthly expenditures to 12 equal grants, and thus stopping speedy relief in emergencies.

It is to the existence of an alliance between these groups that we can trace at least in large measure the fact that the \$250,000,000 deficiency appropriation asked for by the President passed so quickly in both houses, with Republicans making loud-mouthed anti-New Deal speeches and blaming everything on the President but still voting for the relief grant.

LOCALLY results have been equally important. Red tape in certifying workers has been largely cut out. In many towns, it is reported, workers will go directly to the CIO or the unemployment committee, as the case may be, and ask for relief. They feel that with an organization behind them they will get action.

In every CIO union unemployment committees have been set up. Where there are city-wide councils and state-wide councils, there are also unemployment committees for the entire set-up. These committees register unemployed workers. They fight at relief stations and at WPA headquarters for aid.

Everywhere there has been cooperation between the CIO, the Workers Alliance and A. F. of L. unions. The Los Angeles Industrial Union Council reports that it has gotten WPA jobs for many A. F. of L. members and for a number of company union men.

Significantly, the city of Buffalo sent CIO director High Thompson to Washington to represent it in asking for larger WPA appropriations. The CIO, and the labor movement as a whole, has gained prestige as it has transcended narrow trade union barriers and begun to grapple

with the larger problem of unemployment.

CIO and Workers Alliance leaders have also begun to work out more fundamental programs which will go beyond the immediate need of providing enough relief. Chairman Philip Murray of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee has proposed a \$5,000,000 housing program. This, he feels, would put thousands of men back to work in steel, in the building trades, in many other industries.

David Lasser, president of the Workers Alliance, has included this proposal in an even larger program for a five-year program of vast public works including flood control projects, schools, hospital and municipal sewage plants.

CIO leaders are particularly proud of a letter which they received recently from South Bend, Ind. This letter reports that the CIO, mostly in the auto union, has gained 2,000 members during the past few weeks.

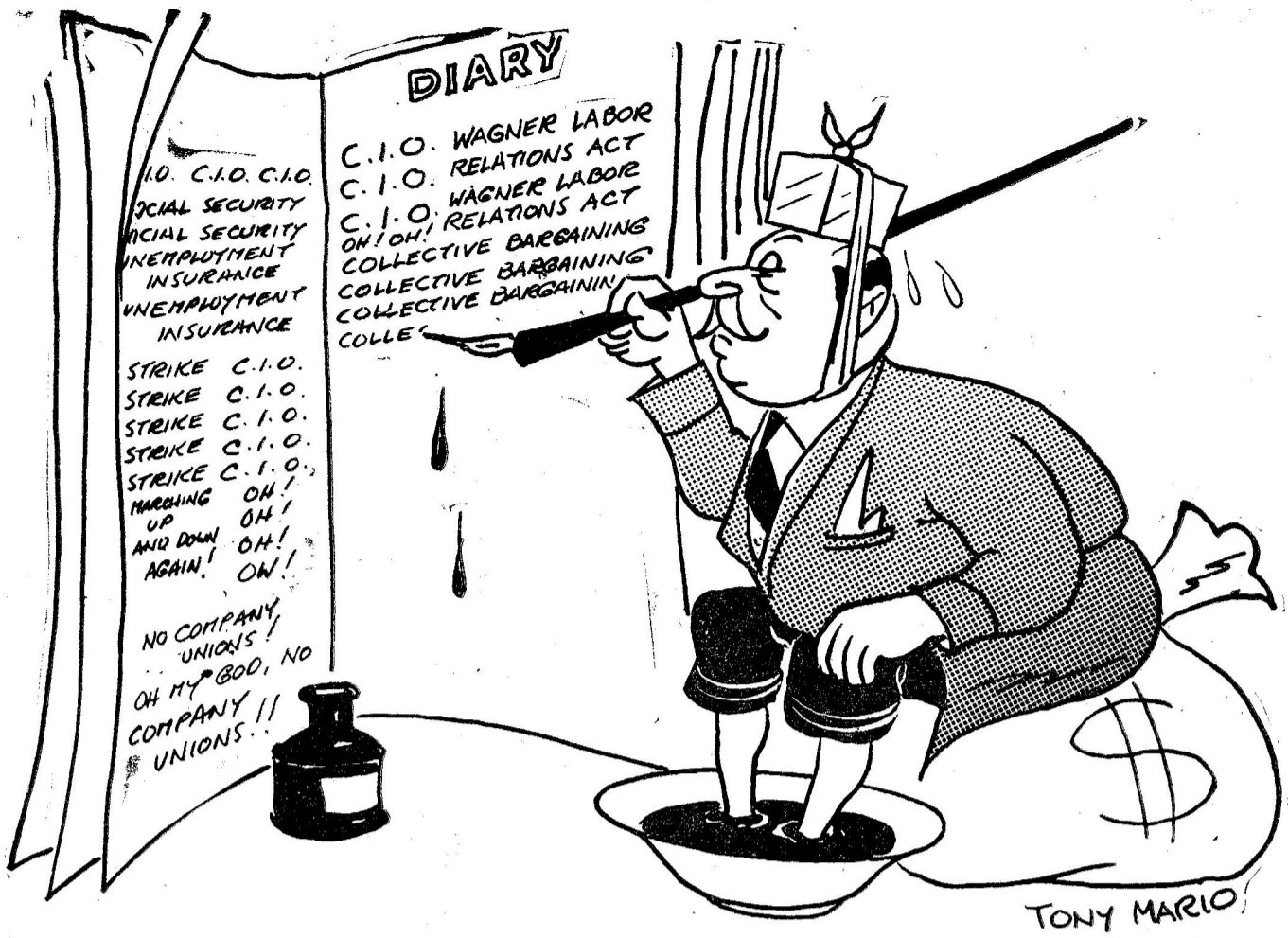
Consider what this means. During a time of acute unemployment in the auto industry, the union has actually grown. This is something new in American labor annals.

Of course the severe business recession has checked the rapid union gains of the past two years. But the new CIO unions in steel and auto and electric have held up surprisingly well. Unemployed members have continued to be active while dues have been in most cases suspended. Even the newest and most inexperienced locals have held together. To this extent at least, one of the objectives of big business in precipitating large-scale layoffs has been unsuccessful.

What is increasingly apparent is an organized and concerted effort by the labor movement to cope with unemployment. At present this will take the shape of fighting for emergency measures that will take care of the millions of new jobs.

But in good times and bad, you can be pretty sure that the trade unions are going to fight for security and a living wage the whole year round. They are going to press for higher wages and shorter hours. They are going to urge the passage of a wages and hours bill which will increase national purchasing power. They are going to support large scale housing and public works programs.

Tom Girdler sure started something with that right to work.



"Worry, worry, toil and trouble"

DIARY OF A BOSS

by JOHN LOCKNER

Dear Diary:

About that conference we had at a fancy New York hotel. Cocktails and pretzels. Then dinner, then talk. Five outfits, two from each. One firm was already struck, and they were wild. Tearing their hair. The rest of us were next on the list.

It was the first strike this firm had experienced in 20 years. "Christ," one said, "some of our employees have been with us twenty, twenty-five years. Every damn one of them out to a man. Why, in the old days we hired a gang of thugs, and the thing was over in no time. It won't work now! The Wagner Act kills our company unions! We don't know what to do. The other day I walked over to one of my oldest men—on the picket line—I know him for twenty years. 'Sure,' he tells me, 'we've had unions before, but this time it seems different. Lots of new blood. Maybe they will get us something this time.' To me, he says it, I walked away boiling."

We all laughed at this outburst. Worry lines all over his face. Hand constantly running through his hair.

"Don't laugh," he said. "You think it's a joke. Wait! You're next. They've already got the men lined up in your place." He pointed at us, "and the rest of you are right after them. I know. I got it from the inside. And the worst of it is, the so and so union leaders are honest!" (As he went on, glad to let his venom out, he succeeded in jarring us out of a skeptical complacency as to the vigor, the strength, of this sweeping union movement. Our bodies tightened. We began to show nervousness, hurried lighting of cigarettes and cigars, bending over the table to be sure and catch his every word.)

"You can't buy them off! What the devil can I do, starve them out now, at the beginning of the season?"

Wednesday

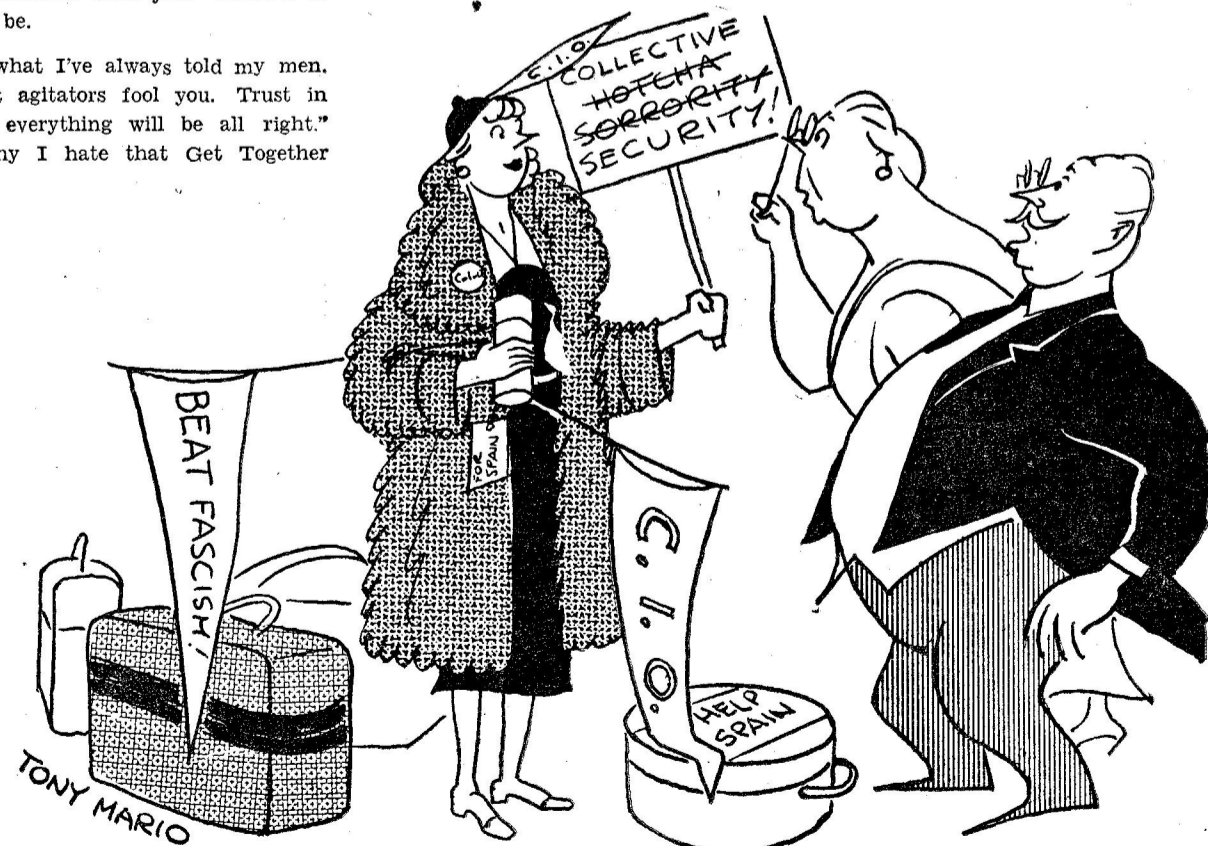
Dear Diary:

Great news D.D. I went through today like a big kid. Happy days ahead, and am I raring to go! I was slapping everybody on the back. The whole of-

rice. And walked through the factory with a glad smile all day. Hello to Number 120. How's the wife to No. 246. It's about time your wife showed some results, hope it's a boy to No. 640. I was their best pal.

Life is sweet D.D. You want to know what happened? William Green broke off negotiations so that the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. can get together! Boy, how I hate that get-together stuff. It's poison. And was I worried. I dunno, Bill Green certainly comes through every time. He knows his p's and q's. So now, instead of Get Together, the word is Split. And I don't mean banana split. I like words like that—Reds, Foreigners, Split. Make them fight among themselves. Make them hate each other, and distrust each other. Why? Simple. Because when they're divided, we can threaten, speed up, slice rates, oh, all kinds of nice things. And they have nobody and no organization to turn to in defense! single-handed, we mow 'em down. Because if one should so much as make a murmur—he's fired! That makes the others grateful for their jobs—which is as it should be.

That's what I've always told my men. "Don't let agitators fool you. Trust in Me, and everything will be all right." That's why I hate that Get Together stuff.



"I have a daughter, going on nineteen"

The perturbed pen of a boss tells all to 'D.D.'

follow that you must raise prices accordingly. Because there's lots of room between your cost and your price—enough to absorb plenty of increased cost, if absolutely necessary. But do you look to your cost to tell you whether or not to raise prices? Don't you dare! Look to the market, the orders on your desk! And strike while the iron is hot! But always remember to tell your customers you were forced to raise prices due to increased costs."

Saturday

Dear Diary:

The C.I.O. should have my troubles. I have a daughter, going on nineteen. She goes to school, college. I hardly see her. That didn't bother me so much because I figured she was busy going out with boys, parties, you know. That's all right. After all, what do you send a girl to college for? To pick up culture, so she can get a man from a better class. Let her learn a little about Literature, a little Music, even Art. It means something. There's nothing a business man likes so much as to doze off in his chair listening to his wife tell their friends about Art and Literature. So

Friday

Dear Diary:

Maybe you don't know it D.D., but business is bad. Last year was a good one for us. You couldn't produce enough goods. And prices! It's very scientific. Every morning we would check over the orders on hand, adding the new ones to the pile. And if they made a total of four weeks' production, bang! we immediately notified all customers, we were forced to announce that beginning the first of next month, prices would be so many per cent higher. You know, very sympathetic, like it hurt you more than it hurt them.

It's an old trick D.D. My father taught it to me. "My boy," he would say, "to be a successful business man, you must learn one thing—never be fooled into thinking that cost determines price. Cost is something you add on to, when you can. But your final price depends on

how much the market wants to buy your product. In other words, if times are not so good, and due to some unforeseen circumstance you should have to raise wages five per cent, (he said it that time all right. The C.I.O. is nothing but one long unforeseen circumstance), it does not I've been paying her tuition innocently knowing she was getting an education.

Well she is. Last night I noticed in her room a magazine. I ran through the pages. Fight for peace, against war, for freedom of thought, against fascism, for all kinds of things and against all kinds of things.

I got sore. What does she want with all this for and against business?

No sooner did I say something to her about it than she gave me a lecture about Right and Wrong, Good and Bad, peace and war, students' rights, a just society. Not just words, mind you, but Fight for this, do that, join, organize.

'The Worms Are Turning'

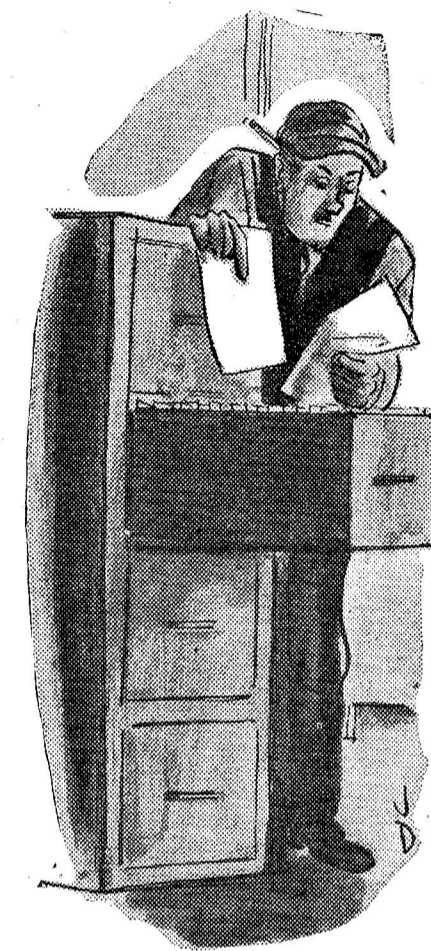
(Continued from Page 2)

step light and sure. At the threshold, he turned.

"Mr. Wilson stared at him stupidly. What do you want to know for?"

"Well," John said, "one day I got into bed, drew the covers over my head and stayed there until I had done some tall thinking. It changed my whole life. I thought, maybe, if you—"

"In my day, Mr. Mann," Wilson broke in, wryly, "a wise man didn't strain himself thinking. He kept his mouth shut



and his nose to the grindstone. And he got along."

John studied the burly figure of Mr. Wilson for a brief moment.

"In your day," he said, "yes. But the worms are turning, Mr. Wilson. The worms are turning."

Then he sauntered out dropping a leaflet on the desk of Mr. Wilson's private secretary, and every desk he passed on his way through the office to the elevators. . . .

'For Amusement Only—'

(Continued from Page 8)

ties of producing motion pictures from a labor viewpoint to counteract the numerous anti-labor films produced. Unfortunately for America, the Council brought in a negative answer based on the assurance by Will Hays, president of the Producers and Distributors Association, that it "is the interest, desire and purpose of the motion picture producers of America to cooperate with the trade union movement to present fairly and accurately the activities and the activities of the wage earner without prejudice and in the light of helping to uplift the great family of human toil."

How many times has Hays double-crossed the union-man since that day?

What am I trying to say is that the time is ripe for the C.I.O. to begin taking a hand in the promotion and production of labor films; and that in this work it should make full use of the only progressive independent movie studio in the country, Frontier Films of New York, whose "China Strikes Back," "Heart of Spain," "The Wave," "Sunnyside," "Black Legion" have all made labor movie history.

BOOKS

Reviewed by Jack Conroy

C. DAY LEWIS, one of the young English writers who are injecting new life into the moribund body of British literature, has written in *Starting Point* (Harper: \$2.50) not only an exceptionally astute psychological novel but an eminently readable one. The obscurities and symbolism that becloud much of the poet's work are absent. Four room-mates at Oxford are discovered indulging in "bull sessions" much as the student in "bull sessions" in Iowa or in any other college do. Anthony is the son of a wealthy landowner, but he is of an inquiring turn of mind. John, a socialist, at last went the way of so many who are torn between social conscience and the instinct for self-protection. Theodore, mercilessly gaffly, is the scourge of self-abasing Henry, a nonentity who often serves as the foil for his more brilliant comrades' wit.

"Conversion" novels are no oddity; it is only when the conversion is to Marxism that the artistic sensibilities of some critics are wounded. *Starting Point* is a "conversion" novel of such subtle quality that it is hard to see how any reasonable critic can condemn the author's disposition of Anthony. At the end, Anthony has his doubts resolved, his mind set toward a clear goal. He was bound to the workers "by the steel cable of action, the firmaments of belief. . . . He had seen them working with the furious diligence of beavers, the unobtrusive patience of the mole. Whether their hands were grained with coal dust, marked with occupational scars, or pallid from the stagnant air of offices—it was these hands . . . which would guide a new world struggling out of the womb."

SPAIN figures in the publishers' lists a great deal these days. Though not comparable to Elliot Paul's *Life and Death of a Spanish Town*, Nancy Johnstone's *Hotel in Spain* (Longmans: \$2.50) relates some interesting marginal incidents of the fascist rebellion.

Nancy and Archie Johnstone were Fleet Street journalists when they decided upon a hotel in Spain mostly as a lark and an escape from ennui. They decided upon Tossa, an unspoiled village near Barcelona, but off the beaten track of tourists. They put into operation effective measures to disbar or discourage uncongenial guests, and got along famously and profitably until the war broke out. Along came a British destroyer to evacuate subjects of the crown, but the Johnstones had learned to love their village and inn, and refused to go. They were soon astounded to read in the British Tory press harrowing atrocity stories of their own placid region—how the "red" government was slaughtering the innocents and making

life a hell on earth. Hardened newspaper folks though they were, this experience gave them a new appreciation of the venality of the yellow press. At the latest report, the Casa Johnstone is reviving a bit, and is now the hangout of foreign correspondents and such visiting authors as W. H. Auden.

POETRY has always been a problem child to the publishers. Few volumes sell more than two or three hundred copies, and more than one has enjoyed a gross sale of a dozen. In prosperous times some of the houses issue a poetry title or two as an altruistic gesture to the Arts, but in slack periods detective thrillers are more comforting and libations to Art too much a luxury. Nevertheless, determined poets will contrive to be heard, if they have to devise their own vehicles or resort to Spartan simplicity in format. Albert E. Clements, a young poet who has been published in *Poetry*, *New Masses* and other periodicals, has assembled an impressive collection in *Documents and Dainties* (Mimeograph Press: \$1.00). Even the "dainties" in this neatly mimeographed sheaf are indicative of a strong and resourceful talent, and most of the "documents" are sharply reasoned and effectively acid. Joe Hoffman's *Let Them Eat Cake* (B. C. Haglund: 25c) is from the press of the cowman printer who has brought out several pamphlets of working class verse. Hoffman's poems have the immediacy and fervor of a strike leaflet or a labor manifesto and a considerable amount of technical skill to boot.

JACK O'CONNOR'S *Boom Town* (Knopf: \$2.50) is offered as a realistic interpretation of the old West, and there is some measure or validity in this claim. The tin-horn gambler, the prostitute, the rough and ready prospector, the stage-coach robbers—all are familiar types of Western fiction, but O'Connor has explored a bit farther than their fights and amours. B. Traven's *Treasure of Sierra Madre*, brought out a few years ago, is much more satisfactory as a sociological adventure novel dealing with men who are warped and conditioned by discovery of treasures in the earth and conflict over them. Nevertheless, *Boom Town* offers evidence of a keen eye and an alert mind, and as an interest-arresting narrative it can hold its own with any of its genre.



New Jersey mothers, particularly in Paterson, hailed Mary Mack's article on nurseries last week with delight. We're wondering if other mothers throughout the country aren't conducting similar fights for their children. Why not write in and tell us about it?

At the same time, we welcome your ideas on humorous articles. What's happening in your community that would give other readers a laugh? Editors find humor is always popular, but scarce, and we'd like to have any and all contributions along these lines from your neck of the woods.

Sidney Sheldon, who takes time off from his work as a radio writer to pound out some mighty nice short stories, is guest of honor on our fiction page this week. . . . Alan Calmer, whose book, "Labor Agitator," was published by International Publishers last year, lives in New York City. . . . David Platt is a well-known movie critic.

Coming next week: a full-page review of "The People's Front," by Earl Browder. This latest book by the general secretary of the Communist Party will be reviewed by Clarence Hathaway.

Also on tap: "Hollywood Stars Aid Spain," a short story of love and drama aboard a transcontinental airliner, by Howard Rushmore, "Alaska's Fishermen," by Lowell Wakefield, and a number of other articles we think you'll enjoy.

Dixon, who did the drawing for Page One, is a native of California. He did sports cartooning for a number of papers in San Francisco and for some time was a baseball writer on other papers in the West. He is now living in New York City, where his illustrations are appearing in leading magazines and newspapers.

• The tourist map of Europe is changing. Almost half its area is the Soviet Union, vast new travel land replete with all the scenic vistas and treasures of art and history common to more familiar countries but made more absorbing when seen against their background of intensive and unprecedented social, economic and cultural change. Fit Moscow and Leningrad, those busy hubs of Soviet enterprise, into your European plans. With more time available, consider exciting surveys of the Volga Valley, the Caucasus Mountain region, the Black Sea Riviera, Sunny Crimea and colorful Ukraine's rejuvenated cities of Kiev, Kharkov and Odessa. Season's high point: the All-Union Agricultural Exposition, opening Moscow Aug. 1.

All travel agents are equipped to give full information about many suggested itineraries in the U. S. S. R. at basic daily rates of \$5 per day third class, \$8 tourist class and \$15 first including hotels, meals, sightseeing by car, all transportation on tour and services of guide-interpreters. Write Intourist for illustrated booklet and large tourist map of the U. S. S. R. No. 16.



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'For Amusement Only'

THE movie literally sneezed itself into the public eye. The first strip of film ever made in the U. S. was produced by Thomas Edison in 1894 and was called "Fred Ott's Sneeze." The picture consisted of nothing but Ott sitting at his desk as someone sneaked up behind him and shook a pepper box. The "Sneeze" was followed shortly afterward by "The Kiss." This was a 50-foot strip of film in which actor John Rice planted a kiss gently but firmly on the lips of actress May Irwin. It was the sensation of the hour. The purity bugs of their time were outraged. They called for police intervention and referred to the first movie clinch as a "lyric of the stockyards." It was the beginning of sex in the movies.

Much water has flowed under bridges of America since the era of the "Sneeze" and the "Kiss": The Panic of 1893, the Populist movement, the Pullman strike led by Eugene Debs, the Spanish American War, the Panic of 1907, the World War, the 1929 crisis, the defeat of Landon.

But today the movies, with the exception of a few progressive films like "Zola" and "They Wont Forget" are still turning out hundreds of miles of film month after month with illuminating titles like "Love in a Bungalow" and "I Met My Love Again."

Talk to the producers and they will insist that the major function of the film is to amuse the people, give them a moment's release from the cares of the day. In their judgment "any groups that want to use films to propagate deliberate ideas of religion, society, politics, economics were free to get a camera and go to work."

But the history of the film shows that up until recently the movies were violently anti-labor and anti-liberal and on stated occasions stopped at nothing to spread inflammatory prop-

The history of America's movies shows that entertainment is not the only goal of the Hollywood Moguls

by DAVID PLATT

aganda for liberal and reactionary causes.

For example, in 1896 the movies were diapers, but even so they were old enough to support William McKinley, a corporation man, against William Jennings Bryan who was running on the Populist Ticket being supported by a large section of the population. One of the first successful films ever made was that of McKinley walking across a lawn and being greeted by friends. At the premiere performance of this document in New York in October, 1896, the National Committee of the Republican Party and its exhibitors couldn't assist that obscure bicycle repair man at Great Falls, Montana, who asked: "If it is possible, send me a film of Bryan before Nov. 3rd. It would not be safe for me to show McKinley's here until after election." The reactionaries worked well. As a result not a single Bryan film was ever attempted.

Later, during the Spanish American War, the films turned out the cheapest kind of drivel to further the aims of the war makers. One such film was publicized as an educational film of value because it "inspires us to see how bravely our soldier boys drive the Spaniards from their position and shoot them down as they try to escape." Another one showed a "file of Spanish soldiers lining up a bunch of Cubans against a blank wall and firing volley after volley." The title of the picture read: "Flash of rifles and drifting smoke make a very striking picture."

The films were particularly active in the Boxer Rebellion in Peking, May, 1900. That year is the date of the first anti-Chinese pictures. The producers followed these with a number of comedies, one of which had as its climax, a Chinese laundryman getting caught in a sausage machine and coming out as a string of dead

rats. And they're still at it. See last year's "Foreign Devils" and Boris Karloff in his latest thriller.

In 1905 the films made a movie of what they thought was "the greatest international event of the 20th century." No, not the Russian Revolution of 1905, but the "world-shaking" visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to New York. Ever hear of him? What did the films think of the Russian Revolution? One such film showed the "streets of St. Petersburg before the Revolution, the Nevski-Prospect, the Winter Palace and other places in the capital associated with the tragic events of the terrible Red Sunday" and then went on to comment: "It requires but little imagination as one views the scenes to picture a Father Gapon leading his hordes of irreconcilables or to detect amid the crowds the anarchist bomb-laden going forth on his work of vengeance."

The entire reign of Theodore Roosevelt was glorified in the movies to a point of nausea. In the 1910's the films fought bitterly against the Suffragette movement in pictures like: "Motherhood or Politics" and a "Day in the Life of a Suffragette"; against the militant labor movement in films like "A Bun and a Bomb" and "General Strike" both of which appeared at a time when five million people were unemployed in the U. S. A.

But it was during the World War that the movies came out with the full force of their reactionary propaganda. In 1913 appeared "Gontram, Apostle of Peace" which ridiculed pacifism. A few months later Universal issued "Sons of a Soldier" which carried the Primrose Family through several generations of war. Curiously enough the close of the film found them battling in the United States-Japanese War of 1920. In 1915 "Battle Cry of Peace" was released to the public. This was a picturization of Hudson Maxim's preparedness tract "Defenseless Peace" in which the author suggested that America was wide open for invasion from abroad. It was later discovered that Maxim was heavily invested in munitions stock and was financially interested in drawing America into war. The great majority of the pre-

1917 films were pro-allied. One or two pro-German. Such was Wilson's definition of neutrality. In 1918 the Committee for Public Information was set up, one of whose jobs was to handle the propaganda angle of the movie to the satisfaction of the munitions manufacturers. The German atrocity films of that year bearing titles like "Kaiser-Beast of Berlin," "Prussian Cur," "Hun Within" are too well known to be discussed here.

In February 1917, the czarist regime was overthrown by the might of the Russian people. The films were sympathetic to that event because it was evident to every one that the czars helplessness before Germany was becoming dangerous to Allied success. But after the workers and peasants under the leadership of Lenin and the Bolshevik Party took power, the films began their campaign against the Soviets. The American Government first sent 30 miles of pro-allied celluloid into Russia in an attempt to influence the Russian masses against the Revolution. When that failed the films began to manufacture the most blood-curdling lies about the Soviet Government.

CAME the post-war reaction of 1919 in the U. S. and the great Steel campaign lead by William Z. Foster, followed by the notorious Palmer Raids against the labor movement. All this had its repercussion in numerous anti-labor films that saw the light in 1919-1920. "Bolshevism on Trial" appeared in April 1919. Its themes: "This thing which is clawing at the throat of nations today." In short, militant labor.

And so on down the years. In 1929 the boom went boom-boom. But the movies true to form held the viewpoint of the Tories on the origin of the crisis. Films appeared which tried to prove that unemployment was the result of either too much machinery, heartless bosses, lack of rugged individualism, red agitation and Mother O'Leary's dead cow. Remember Washington Merry-go-round, Gabriel Over the White House, Red Salute, Riffruff, No Greater Glory, Black Fury, Heroes for Sale, Golden Harvest, Mad Game.

It is true—the times have changed. There has been a big swing to the left on the part of the American people. The films, to a certain extent have changed too. Today it can be said that films like Fury, Dead End and Zola are more numerous than ones like Riffruff and Red Salute. No one will deny that the absence of reactionary films in the past two years or so has been due to the tremendous growth of the labor and anti-fascist movement.

THE producers lie when they say they give the public what it wants. Did the public ask for "Riffruff" and the "Siege of Alcazar"? Did the movie-goers of 1896 ask for William McKinley? Most of them voted for Bryan. The films have served Morgan and Rockefeller. Today we have the power to make them serve labor. If they won't do it, we can take a lesson from 1922. In that year the Denver Convention of the A. F. of L. instructed its Executive Council to investigate the possibil-

(Continued on Page 9)

Scenes from the outstanding picture "The Wave," a recent progressive film.



'Salute and Goose-Step'
A former member of the German army, who escaped and joined the Loyalists in Spain, tells of brutal military life under the Swastika by ALFRED GOTTISWALD

THIS is a story of what goes on behind the scenes of the German army—how they "train" their soldiers, and of the mad torture system they use to "keep discipline."

I was attached to the fourth company of machine gunners of the 31st infantry regiment. There they incorporated me with the group of future machine gunners of the air. I was there only a short time when I got my first glimpse of the punishment exercise, a horrible torture, which is meted out to soldiers.

One of the soldiers had saluted an officer from a distance of only three footsteps instead of five footsteps, as is the rule. He was immediately ordered into the courtyard. Accompanied by a lieutenant and a sub-officer, he was forced to appear in country uniform with his knapsack (in the punishment case, the obligatory weight is twenty-five pounds), his gun, etc.

During the whole exercise the soldier had to keep his gas mask on. He was pushed through the barrack's courtyard by the two officers and made to execute the most difficult maneuvers. This one, for instance, was repeated every few minutes: "Lie down. Stand up. Walk."

When the soldier was on the verge of collapse from sheer exhaustion, they gave him a chance to walk for only a few minutes and then began again: "Lie down. Stand up. Walk."

In the following months I was given the same treatment every day. I used to wonder if my mother ever knew and hoped she was spared that agony.

I WAS in the heat of the second of April when I was sent to the air forces. I was glad to leave the infantry, for I did not realize I was going from bad to worse.

The school "KR" of the air army was at Rudolstadt in Thuringer. Here future aviators came from every part of the Reich to learn the technique of motors. There are courses for mere soldiers with special courses for officers. Men are especially chosen for this school but not better

treated. The "training" is as hard there as anywhere else.

For example, here are a few instances which are not at all the exception but the rule:

Corporal "W." declared that according to his point of view, Sergeant Schleicher did not amount to much. This was overheard and a report was made to the head of the company. "W." was put into jail for five days.

After he was freed, "W." denounced some of Schleicher's acts in order to defend himself. As a result he received five more days in jail for the captain declared that if "W." knew of these things he should have denounced Schleicher earlier. Schleicher, of course, was never punished.

When asked about the German soldiers'

attitude, Sergeant Raederer said: "Complaints? In principle, they do not exist. If, by some chance, someone does get to finish a statement of complaint, I will see to it that it does not happen again."

Our entire company was obliged during 15 days to go through punishment exercises under the direction of Raederer. He got a special delight of making us clean the closets and the floors with a tiny brush. And he was very proud of his special joke which he called "The Fancy Ball."

Then the whole company was ordered to be dressed in country uniforms, five minutes later we had to reappear again in sack-cloth, then in town uniform, then in sport uniform, then in country uni-

form again. We were obliged to do this for three hours without a stop. And each time he inspected our uniforms to see if they were complete and whether we had changed our underwear each time as is the rule.

Excitedly, the sadist Raederer would exclaim: "I shall make you crazy before I finish."

And the next day it had become a reality: the aviator Oehmigen, after a nervous crisis, was sent to the hospital in an insane state.

Because of this mad training, there are more and more suicides in the army. One of my best friends, a soldier, witnessed five. In the Schweidnitz garrison, a soldier killed himself with his own bayonet. At Plauen, three soldiers hung themselves and another committed suicide with a revolver.

But the most horrible case I saw myself at Rudolstadt at the 193rd regiment of infantry.

A CORPORAL called for some soldiers. The last soldier did not come up fast enough, according to the corporal's fancy. He ordered him to come up the four floors again and again, faster and faster. The soldier went up and down the stairs, five times, eight times, twelve times, sixteen times. But even that wasn't enough for the corporal. He ordered him to come up again. When the soldier came to the fourth floor up for the seventeenth time, he ran to the window and jumped out. They found him dead on the ground below.

Sub-lieutenant Pohle is known as a specialist in such training. He is a violent man and under his direction of these punishment exercises many of the soldiers would faint dead away. And each time, Pohle would say: "This is not enough in the air army—I like the flogging."

A young soldier who had believed seriously in the Nazi ideology was scandalized. He left his place saying: "Such things are not conformed to the national socialist spirit." He was placed under arrest immediately and sent to a "discipline company" at Koenigsbrueck. We never heard of him since that time.

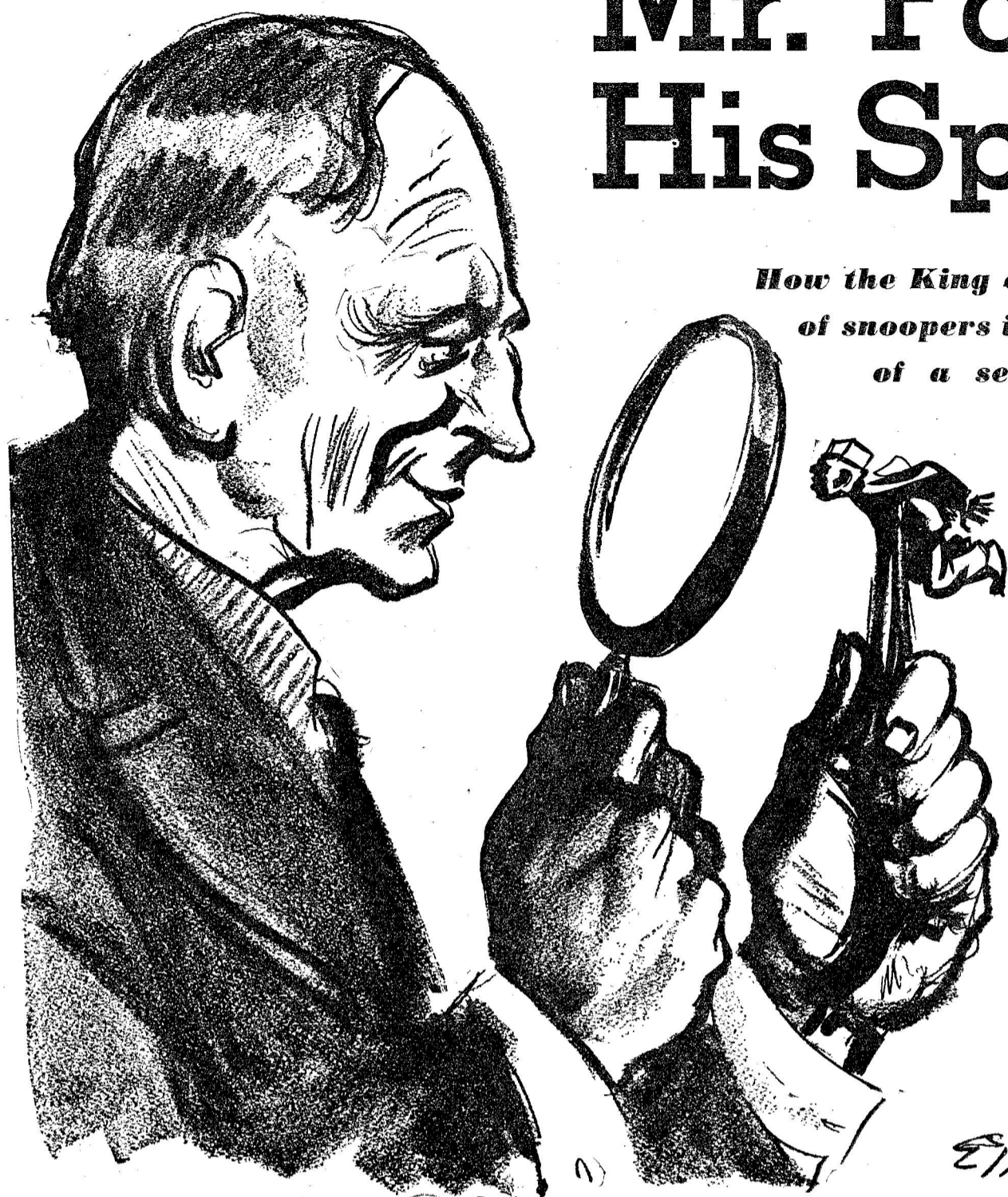


Von Blomberg, left, "purged" by Hitler and Goering

Mr. Ford and His Spies

by LAWRENCE EMERY

How the King of Dearborn trains his gang of snoopers is told in this third article of a series on Henry Ford



ILLUSTRATED BY FRED ELLIS

HENRY FORD has utter and complete contempt for working men and women. They are ignorant, stupid, fit only to man his machines and grind out Ford parts and Ford profits. Ford himself is a superior being, destined with the aid of the power of a billion dollars to lead them from their wasteful, misspent lives into the true path of righteousness—charted by Henry himself.

Ford once said: "The average worker above all wants a job in which he does not have to think. To some types of mind thought is absolutely appalling."

He is quite willing, even eager, to do their thinking for them. One of his official biographers asked him once what he thought of industrial democracy. He didn't know what the words meant.

"I mean just what we have in government," explained the biographer. "We run our government as a democracy. Is it possible to do the same thing with industry?"

Mr. Ford said, "No," with great firmness. "The average employe in the average industry is not ready for participation in the management. An industry must be more or less of an autocracy."

SO IT was as an autocrat that Ford announced a minimum \$5 a day wage in 1914—in exchange for the right to think for his workers. The raise was given in the form of a "profit-sharing" plan. To share in the profits a man had to "qualify," and to qualify he had to sell his soul to Mr. Ford.

He was put first on probation for six months to see if his work satisfied the foreman. If he passed this, then he had

to be morally fit for the increase. A "sociology department" was established to handle the moral end. Scores of "investigators" were set on the trail of Ford Workers.

This was really the beginning of the present Ford Service Department. Ford has a mania for spies and detectives and stoolpigeons and snoopers. He has always maintained armies of them. The sociology department investigators were to see that Ford workers lived according to the rigid Ford pattern: work, then eat and sleep in order to work again.

The snoopers trailed the men, followed them at night, went into their homes. Was he married? Did he live with his wife? Did he clothe his children properly? What school did they go to? Did he have a good reputation with his neighbors? Was his wife's reputation good? Did he drink? smoke? gamble? stay out late at night? Did he owe money? What were his religious and political affiliations?

All this and much more was taken down in careful detail, filed away on index cards. Then the snoopers trailed him some more to see if he had told the truth, to make sure that he was spending his money "constructively." Any slip up anywhere, and the Ford worker was through. He not only lost his bonus, but his job as well.

A NICE lady who wrote an authorized description of this super-snoop department had this to say: "They teach the employe hygienic living and how to buy food. While teaching him how to earn money they also teach him how to spend it. . . . There is another rule on which the cornerstone of right living must be laid—an employe, if it be thought justifiable, is required to pro-

duce his marriage license. No recognition is given socialism or free love. An important ruling of the Ford Motor Company in 1913 covers such questions."

Special consideration was given the workers not born here. "The foreigners," the nice lady goes on, "are taught cleanliness, table manners, courtesy in public places and also, they are instructed in gardening."

"This department is the child of Mr. Ford's brain and is dear to his heart." Such edifying results as the case of a young Macedonian who "learned the Constitution of the United States verbatim in four days" were held aloft boastfully.

BUT the "ignorant, unthinking workers" were ungrateful as well. They took to the Ford morality reluctantly, if at all. Most of them would smoke, and many would go out at night and drink beer, and the card indexes bore scorching descriptions of what others would do. They took to practicing little deceptions, and more snoopers had to be hired. Most difficult, as Henry said, was "to break up the evil custom among many of the foreign workers of taking in boarders—of regarding their homes as something to make money out of rather than as a place to live."

The sociology department was abandoned, with great sadness, in 1921. It somehow couldn't be made to work. Whether it solved the labor turnover we don't know; Henry says they don't keep figures on it any more.

But Henry's fame as a modern industrial hero had been trumpeted from coast to coast with millions of dollars of free publicity, and Henry had had the time of his life with his gangs of snoop-

ers prying into every detail of the private life of every worker on the excuse that they had to be morally fit for a \$5 minimum wage which was really not a \$5 minimum at all, but a phoney "bonus" system.

But Ford didn't abandon his original notion of how his workers must live. He would return to this problem later, and there would be no "paternalism," as Ford called it, in his next program of moral salvation of his "ignorant, unthinking, disconsolate workers." They would conform to his rigid pattern, or else.

MEANWHILE, solution of a bigger problem taxed the "genius" of Henry Ford. A war was going on. Henry knew exactly what was back of it. He told Madame Rosika Schwimmer, a lady pacifist: "I know who's keeping the war going. The International Jews. I have the proof here," and he patted his coat pocket significantly. "Facts."

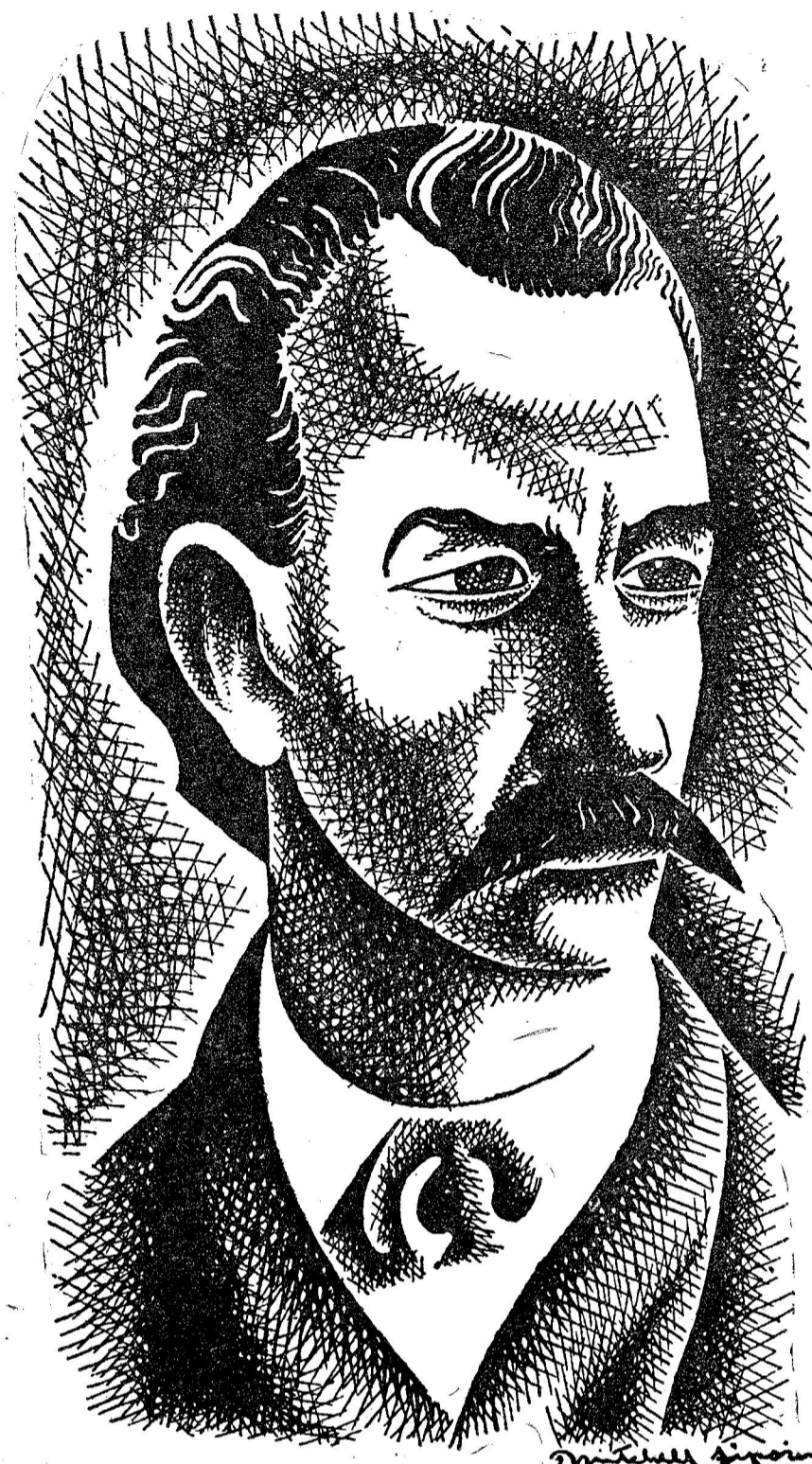
Henry never produced his facts, but he went forth to put a stop to this "international Jewish conspiracy" to destroy the world and the Ford fortune. In New York he gave extended interviews and issued reams of statements about the plan to establish a neutral commission of "continuous mediation" in Europe. The theory was that if such a body of conciliation existed, one of the warring powers would sooner or later take advantage of it. The press laughed at his notions, ridiculed his venture.

He rushed back to New York, chartered a ship, "Oscar II," and announced that he would take a neutral commission to Europe himself. He would have "the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." He sent out invitations to prominent Americans to serve on the commission.

Immediately the Ford headquarters began to swarm with nuts, cranks, freaks and crack-pots of every description. The place was a bedlam of confusion, bewilderment and turmoil. Everybody connected with the venture issued conflicting and contradictory statements to the press. Jane Adams, John Wanamaker, Thomas Edison, Chief Justice Hughes, David Starr Jordan, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell of Labrador, ex-President Taft—all found it necessary to make indignant statements to the press emphatically denying any connection with the Ford circus, or that they had encouraged Ford in any way.

THE ship was not allowed to land in England, finally wound up in Oslo, Norway. The meeting arranged to greet news reporters ended in an uproar. Representatives of the Ford Motor Company who had gone along finally succeeded in barricading Mr. Ford in a hotel room, prevented his issuing any more statements. They eventually were able to spirit Henry away from his conglomerate peace commission, back to America, back to the safe confines of Dearborn, Michigan, where he withdrew to nurse his wounds and to reflect on his disillusionment and to live down his reputation of being Crack-pot Number 1 of the World.

Remembering Paris



DRAWING BY MITCHELL SIPORIN

Albert Parsons, born in Montgomery, Ala., of pioneer stock; one of America's first Socialists; for years led the struggle for eight-hour day in Chicago; framed in Haymarket "bombing" and hanged November 11, 1887, with Spies, Fischer, Engel; last words as trap fell, "let the voice of the people be heard."

by ALAN CALMER

FOLLOWING the 1870 elections, in which they received a heavy vote, the Chicago Socialist observed a time of rejoicing. They were speeding ahead; they felt that nothing could halt their progress. The political boom had given new life to their movement: it was serving as the best means of spreading their propaganda. Thanks to their success at the polls, Socialism was losing its alien character, was growing deep in the American grain.

For Albert Parsons and his comrades, time was now measured by the span between elections. With each new electoral campaign, the principles of Socialism were spread over a wider area; with each rally more members were recruited into the party. In Chicago, which was now heart and center of the radical movement on this side of the Atlantic, the Socialists marched from one flashing success to another.

The most spectacular event of the period was a "monster rally" held on a Saturday evening during March, 1879, in commemoration of the Paris Commune. "The grand anniversary of the dawn of

liberty in 1871," as it was called, took place just after the party convention had nominated Dr. Ernest Schmidt—a distinguished physician, known as an old associate of Karl Marx, and one of the most popular men in Chicago—for mayor. The Socialists secured the huge Industrial Exposition building on the Lake Front for this affair, in spite of the protests of the Stock Exchange and the Board of Trade. Weeks of preparation, closely linked with the spring city elections, brought out the largest crowd in local labor history.

AS EARLY as six o'clock, the streets neighboring on the auditorium were crowded with men and women. By eight, the building was jammed; every inch of space on the main floor, galleries, platforms and stage was taken. At least forty thousand people packed into the building, while perhaps sixty thousand more waited for hours trying to get in. The building was decorated with flags of all nations and banners of all trades.

Running the entire length of the south

WHAT WAS THE PARIS COMMUNE?

The first working class government in the history of the world, the Paris Commune, was organized on March 18, 1871 and after seventy-two epoch making days it succumbed heroically under the hail of bullets of the Versailles counter-revolution. After the Franco-Prussian War, in which the French army of Napoleon the Third had been defeated by the Prussians, the working class of Paris took over the government from which Napoleon the Third had abdicated. Helped by the Prussians who had just defeated them, the counter-revolutionary government of Thiers, set up in Versailles, finally succeeded in overthrowing the government of the Paris Commune, on May 18, 1871. The Commune served as a valuable source of inspiration and guidance to the leaders of the Russian Revolution.

wall were numerous legends "All for One and One for All," and "No rights with Duties and no Duties without Rights." An elaborate program had been carefully arranged, but there was no room for the acrobatic feats and dancing, and too many people to hear the speeches.

Meanwhile the Lehr und Wehr Verein, and other defense corps, including the Bohemian Sharpshooters and the Irish Labor Guards, formed on the Milwaukee Ave. viaduct and, in columns of four, with guns on shoulders, bayonets glittering, marched to the hall to the tune of the "Marseillaise." They were supposed to give a drilling exhibition, but this part of the program had to be abandoned also; so they stacked their guns and went on police duty, ejecting trouble-makers, to the beating of drums, as fast as they entered.

THE meeting was carried over to Sunday. Tom Morgan, who now captained the entire Chicago section of the Socialist Labor Party, made a brief address. "We are celebrating the anniversary of the Commune," he said, "because our brethren fought for the same principles that we are fighting for today. There is no reason, however, why we shall not succeed in our present con-

test. Our forefathers, in 1776, fought for the same end as the Socialists now, but they were not denounced as thieves, murderers and scoundrels by a capitalist press."

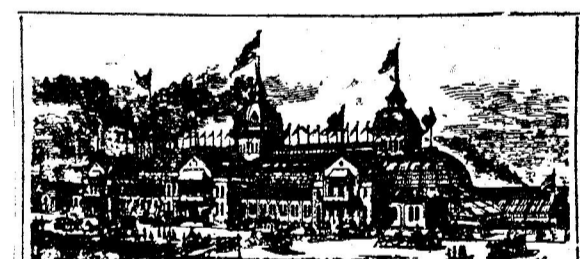
He was putting it mildly. The "Hession press," as the Socialists called the Chicago Tribune and other papers, reached new lows in the write-ups of the meeting, which was headlined as the "Grand Carousal of the Communists." It called the thousands of people who attended the festival "Prowling Wantons," "Unsavoury Humanity," "Offscouring of the Slums," "Lowbrowed Villains," "Prostitutes," "Steaming Moccocrats."

Parsons also spoke on Sunday. "All the French and German Communists wanted during the dark days of '48 and '71," he said, "was to establish a self-governing Republic, wherein the working classes—the masses—would partake of the civilization which their industry and skill had created. And for this they received the abuse of the capitalist press of the whole world. The Socialist Labor party has the same object in view now that the Paris Commune had then. . . . The vital question is, shall Capital continue to rule Labor or shall Labor govern Capital? We mean to place Labor in power."

The excitable McAuliffe then did some eagle-oring for about an hour—and over four thousand dollars was raised to convert the Arbeiter-Zeitung, a party paper, in to a daily.

What a spectacle the meeting was to the old-timers, the pioneers who had brought Socialism to Chicago. They were beside themselves with happiness. They wanted to jump up and roar, to wave their hands wildly, to hug each other, to communicate their great joy. Surges of applause from the vast audience swept through their bodies, the blood rising to their brains. The atmosphere of the place was feverish, buoyant, the excited faces of the comrades flushed with an embracing warmth and exhilaration.

(The above article is a section of Alan Calmer's book "Labor Agitator: the Story of Albert Parsons" issued last year by International Publishers.)



Grand Anniversary!

In commemoration of the **DAWN OF LIBERTY** in 1848 and 1871.

Exposition Building, Lake Front, on Saturday Eve., March 22d, 1878

The Festival will be given under the auspices of the **SOCIALISTIC LABOR PARTY,** and participated in by the **Trades Unions, the Lehr- & Wehr-Verein, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.**

Speeches will be made in different languages. **SEVERAL EXCELLENT ORCHESTRAS.**

The **LEHR- UND WEHR-VEREIN** OF CHICAGO (Instructive and Protective Club) will give a grand **DRILLING EXHIBITION.**

Proper arrangements have been made for all kinds of refreshments and seats. Order will be promptly maintained.

TICKETS, bought in Advance, 25 Cts. For Gent and Ladies. At the building, 50 Cts. (The proceeds of the Festival will be used to defray election expenses of the spring campaign and for publishing the "Arbeiter-Zeitung" as a daily paper.)

PARIS COMMUNE ANNIVERSARY MEETING

Original handbill advertising Commune meeting