

December
1938

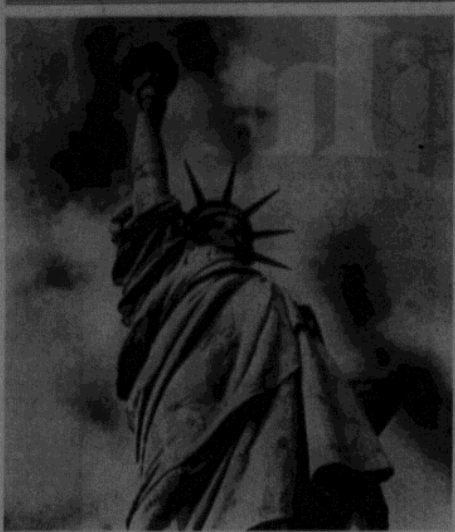
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December 1938, THE FIGHT

With the Readers

PREDICTING the news from Germany:

BERLIN, Dec. 25, 1938.—The story of a young Jewish teacher, his hands and feet nailed to a huge wooden swastika, stabbed and left to die on a hill near the city, underlines the recent anti-Semitic outbreaks throughout Germany and Austria.

The victim's name could not be learned, but he was said to have been involved in anti-Nazi activities. According to the reports he was well known in the city by the nickname of "King of the Jews." A mock crown made of thorns had been tightly pressed on his head by his tormentors.

It is said that the teacher was placed under arrest last night on the accusation of the Nazi teachers' organization, several members of which accused him of agitating for the overthrow of Hitler by the intention of making himself dictator of a Jewish-ruled state. He was taken to police headquarters, where, it is alleged, he refused to answer questions as to his political aims. Police officials were inclined to let the man go as a harmless crank, but a mob of Nazis, evidently well organized, demanded that he be "punished." He was taken to the hill, staggering under the weight of the monster swastika. (According to one account, a Negro who was passing was forced to carry the swastika.)

Before leaving, the rioters divided among themselves the victim's clothing. A crude board nailed to the swastika bore the inscription: KING OF THE JEWS.

VIENNA, Dec. 25, 1938.—All Jewish children under two years of age will be put to death, it was announced here today.

The stern decree was made necessary for the "stability of the German Reich" by a wave of "Jewish anti-Germanism," authorities explained. For the past several weeks fantastic rumors have been spreading among the Jewish population of a "King of the Jews" who would be born when a bright star appeared at a certain point in the sky. Hysteria reached the bursting point when last night an apparently "new" star was discerned.

A search was on today for three persons "from the East," who allegedly mentioned disturbance by circulating the rumors. They are said to have led a demonstration in the streets, shouting: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The slogans were denounced in Nazi quarters as "Catholic-Jewish-Bolshevik propaganda."

MUNICH, Dec. 25, 1938.—A novel celebration has been devised here for the Nazi Christmas, which is to be dignified in the high Hitler Amphitheater. A number of Catholics have been rounded up and, it is understood, will provide the "entertainment" for tonight's gathering.

NUREMBERG, Dec. 25, 1938.—Adolf Hitler told a vast throng of cheering Nazis that he would not rest until the German minority in Alsace-Lorraine was liberated from "intolerable persecution."

Present as Herr Hitler's personal guests were Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain of Great Britain and Premier Edouard Daladier of France. Chamberlain said the visit was merely a "token of good will in the Christmas spirit."

M. Daladier smiled agreement.



Gregory and Patrick Hemingway and Michael Allen present gifts for the Spanish children to the Relief Ship captain

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CHARLES PRESTON, Acting Editor

The Fight For Peace and Democracy, published monthly by the National Executive Committee of the American League for Peace and Democracy, 268 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Chairman, Harry F. Ward Vice-Chairman, Robert Morris Laverie, Mrs. Victor L. Berger, Treasurer, Margaret Fench, Secretarial Staff: Acting Executive, Russell Thayer, Membership, Steve Nelson, Youth, Regina Rakoczy, Women, Dorothy McConnell, Trade Union, A. E. Edwards, Publications and Publicity, Frances Fink, Sew's copies, 10 cents. Yearly subscription, \$1.00. Six-month subscription, 55 cents. Canada and Foreign, \$1.50 a year. Reentered as Second Class Matter December 21, 1937, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

The Contributors

RICHARD BROWNE hails from Kansas City, Missouri. Before going to Spain he was a prominent active in maritime labor organization. With the Loyalists he was a machine-gunner, Fourth Company, Abraham Lincoln Brigade. At present he is an organizer for the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in the Middle West.

CHARLES RECHT is a member of the Committee on International Law of the National Lawyers Guild. He has contributed frequently to our pages and to other publications.

C. S. BECKER lives in Cincinnati, Ohio. His *Jeff Brewster's Body* is the first outward story we have covered. The manuscript was a little more than four times our usual length, but there was not one extra word, and we felt it was so good that it would be an attraction of unusual rank to send it back.

CHET LA MORE, who illustrates Becker's story, is a native of the South who is now living in New York.

KARL ROSS knows the Austrian situation equally as well as the emigre whom he interviewed. Incidentally, Ross tells us that friends of Austria should be on the lookout for a Nazi "trial" of former Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg in the near future. There is a need for organization in America to protect the interests of Austrian victims of the Nazi invasion. Karl Ross has also brought to our attention the case of several Austrians who volunteered to fight with the Spanish Loyalists, were wounded, and are now stranded in Paris.

FLORA STROSSE, who lives in Philadelphia, has contributed her talented writing to THE FIGHT on previous occasions.

CHARLES BATEMAN'S work is widely known.

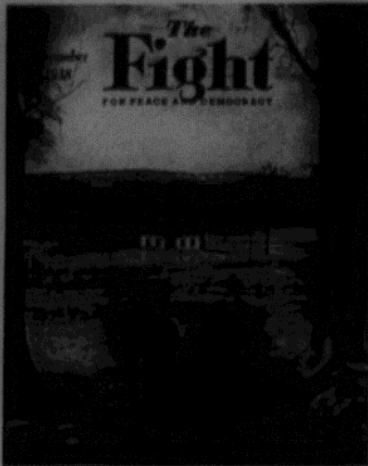
JOHN HEARTFIELD is the world's foremost exponent of the art of political photomontage. For some time we have enjoyed Heartfield's biting photographic cartoons in *The Falls-Illestrest*, a political magazine published in Prague. Week in and week out Heartfield's powerful compositions lashed at war, at Fascism, at Hitler—and fought for Democracy. But shortly after the Munich Agreement we opened a copy of the publication, turned to Heartfield's page—and saw a shapeless, indistinguishable mass. The Heartfield picture had been blotted out. . . . It is reported that efforts are being made to bring John Heartfield to the United States. We hope from the bottom of our hearts that they are successful. America likes pictures, America likes Democracy, and we are sure America would like Heartfield's work. The country would be his. . . . We reproduce the pictures here by courtesy of the A. C. A. Gallery, New York City.

AUGUSTA V. JACKSON, lives in Richmond, Virginia. She has contributed to *The Crisis*.

THE picture on page 22 is a Restellfilm Administration photograph by Mylan.

THIS seems to be the place to thank our other contributors, those who are bringing in subscriptions in connection with our Special Book Offer.

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- **ONE-FIFTH OF MANKIND**, by Anna Louise Strong. A stirring brand-new story of China's great defense struggle, by an American who is a recognized authority on Far Eastern affairs.
- **SCHOOL FOR BARBARIANS**, by Erika Mann. Just out. The ominous story of goose-stepping, straight-jacketed German youth under the Nazi regime.

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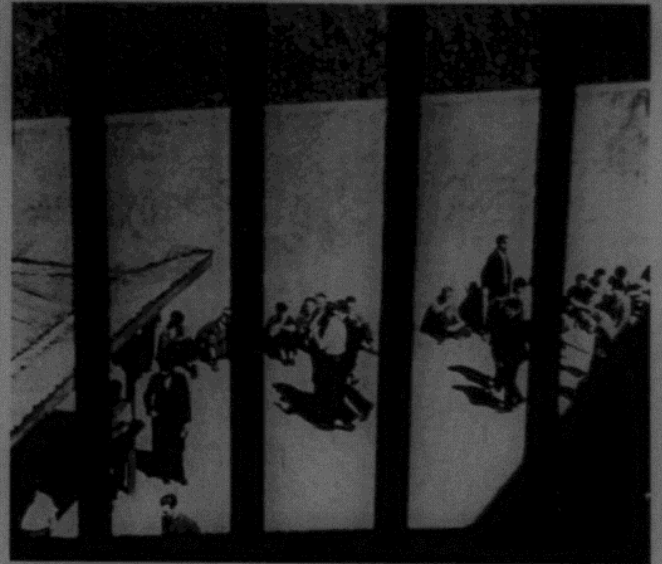
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December 1938, **THE FIGHT**

The Fight
FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY
December, 1938



At left, Richard Browne on his arrival in New York. Above, the Fascist jail at Bilbao

In Franco's Prison

An Abraham Lincoln volunteer tells the stirring narrative of his capture by the Rebels and months of imprisonment in Fascist Spain . . . Now he's free and home, but he thinks of the other Americans who are still held in the jails of Franco

By Richard Browne

I'M HOME now! The things I relate here seem to have happened long ago in a different world. A world where one section of mankind was organized for the express purpose of taking away the freedom of another section.

You have all read of the "Fascist drive to the sea," no doubt; well, it was in the fourth day of this action that I was taken. In the course of the action, we had been forced to withdraw from Belchite until we found ourselves on this morning in a position just outside of Hija. At around 4:30 A.M., we were given the order to withdraw by any means possible. I was able to get on the kitchen truck of the Eleventh Brigade. We tore down the road towards the town of Alcanese. We could see a fire in the direction of Alcanese, which we took to be an ammunition dump that had been touched off as we retreated. After a short distance, the driver turned off the road at the site of an estate, to pick up the kitchen utensils. We drove into the court and

stopped. Some of us (three Americans and four Germans) got off, for the purpose of loading the utensils. The driver, apparently believing that we were still on and thinking that there wasn't time to load anything, shot out of the drive and left us.

We Americans decided to go along with the Germans, one of whom had a map. We set out across country towards Alcanese. As we walked we heard the reports of rifles coming from the direction of the town. Fearing that the Fascists had taken the

town. Fearing that the Fascists had taken the

THE FIGHT, December 1938



Captured Loyalists being taken back through the lines of the Fascists

town, we Americans turned back. (We later learned that the Germans had walked right into the Fascists and were captured.)

Busting a Tank

When we again came in sight of the road we saw a truck standing on it, and about 150 feet away a man lying on the ground. I ran over to him and stooped down and found that he was dead. When I looked up, I was staring into the guns of a small tank. I threw my hands up and ran towards it, hoping that the driver wouldn't fire, but I could see that he was trying to center his guns on me. I tried to take cover by dropping at the base of the road (this road was a built-up affair and much higher than the surrounding land), but this afforded no protection, for the angle wasn't steep enough to keep his guns off me. I scrambled aside and managed to get on the road and behind him. As he tried to swing the tank around to get me in range again, I made a jump for the back of the tank (these tanks have no guns in the rear). The one thing that I could find to hang on to was the exhaust pipe. It was terribly hot but I hung on. Now that I look back I can see some humor in the situation, me on top hanging on for dear life and he inside trying for all he was worth to shake me off, but at the time there wasn't a laugh in me. He did everything but make the tank stand on its head, but no radio rider could have done a better job than I did.

I don't know how long I had been riding the thing—it seemed an hour or more, but was probably a matter of seconds—when an International Brigade ambulance came down the road headed towards Alcázar. Upon sight of me it stopped and the fellows in it just sat with their mouths open. I dropped from the tank and jumped on the ambulance along with one of the other fellows who was with me who had managed to find cover when he saw the tank. (The third fellow we saw again in prison. The tank had "picked him up.") We screamed for the driver to get the hell out of there. We raced down the road, hoping that we

would make it to a slight dip ahead of us which would give us cover, before the tank could turn its fire on us; the ambulance had stopped right beside the tank, preventing it from turning for a moment. We made this slight hill all right, but at the bottom of it we ran into an Italian motorized unit and were taken anyway.

After our capture we were loaded on trucks and taken to a town whose name I don't know, which I guessed to be about thirty miles from the point of our capture. Here we marched to a church and lined up inside to await our fate, along with about four hundred other prisoners. They took the officers, first tried them, then marched them from the church in military formation. This was the last we saw or heard of them, except for some shots which we judged to be their execution.

Prisoners of Franco

Next they separated the Internationals from the Spanish prisoners, herded us down to the opposite end of the church. We thought that we were done for and wondered when our turn would come. We were kept this way until evening, when we were marched along with the Spaniards outside and were made to attend a meeting of the Fascists. The Italian soldiers gathered around and sang.

I wish to say here that all the time we were in the hands of the Italians, the common soldiers treated us very well, even going as far as giving us cigarettes. Some of them asked us questions as to conditions on the other side. On the whole they seemed to be indifferent to the war. The officers, of course, were something else again.

That night we slept in an open field—one of the most miserable nights of my life. It was rather cold and few of us had any blankets. The next morning, which by the way happened to be Sunday, all the Spaniards were put on trucks and taken away. Since all the trucks that we could see had been used to transport the Spanish, we thought for sure that we were not going to be moved but kept there and executed. Later in the day we were interviewed by a high officer, who tried to gain

information as to the general conditions behind government lines, morale, supplies, etc. After the interview, trucks drove up and we were taken on a trip that lasted two days and nights and ended at a railroad terminal. We were placed in box cars which were our homes for the next four days.

The People's Salute

While we were living in the box cars we were visited every day by the people of the town, who brought us water and cigarettes. Once in a while we would get the People's Front salute from some individual who would execute it when he got a chance—scratching the side of his head with the salute. In the course of the trip to Bilbao and our stay in Spain, we were to see much of this.

We were moved from here to Bilbao in the box cars in which we had been staying. The prisoners in Bilbao were mainly Asturians and Basques who, in spite of everything that the Fascists had done to them, still maintained their morale and belief that the Spanish government would yet be successful in driving the Fascists from Spain.

We were moved from Bilbao to Burgos by train, a trip of a few hours. We arrived at Burgos in the afternoon. They took us in trucks about fifteen miles to the prison, which was at one time the palace of a king who is famous for his part in driving the Moors out of Spain, and later a monastery.

The entrance to the courtyard is an arch, along the top of which is a carving of the king mounted on a horse beneath whose feet lie prostrate and begging Moors. A bit of irony here, we thought.

The quarters of the Internationals in the prison consisted of the second and third floors on one side of the building. There were around seven hundred of us all told. About 550 were actually Internationals and the rest people who had migrated to Spain years ago, long before the war, and were being held as International Brigade members by the Fascists with the intention of trading them for members of their own army who were captured by the Government forces.

(Continued on page 26)

December 1938, THE FIGHT

One-Armed Neutrality

The Neutrality legislation has been harmful to our friends, helpful to the enemies of Democracy, and damaging to our prestige. "Reform it altogether!"

By
Charles Recht

TO KEEP us, as they hoped, out of "the European and Asiatic mess," our isolationist-minded fellow-citizens, conservative, clerical and liberal, clamored for a cure-all legislative caveat. The resulting so-called "neutrality legislation" has come to place our country in a position of unprecedented embarrassment. Despite all historical precedents, the isolationists were hopeful that they would create a magic circle that would keep us as isolated as though we were farther away from the embattled scenes than H. G. Wells' Martians. That the results could have been foretold, now gives us but poor consolation. *The consequences have been harmful to our friends, helpful to enemies of Democracy and damaging to our own prestige.* Instead of a clear-cut embargo on aggressor nations, we enacted "neutrality legislation" which has had the very opposite effect.

The bill of costs which world Democracy, including our own, could charge up against our nominal Neutrality Acts would be very impressive. The detailed items could be gathered only if we could make a full compilation of shipments to the Fascists of war materials which the Neutrality Acts, curiously, forbid us to ship to the democracies.

Mules and Guns

Let us consider, for instance, the "non-military" exports. Even our modern motorized armies march on their stomach. Where a civilian population is maintained on a mere subsistence basis in a country which is on a military footing, it takes no great acumen to suspect that large shipments of wheat, cereals and clothing are not intended for kindergarten classes.

Take the innocent mule. Quite recently, Germany imported from this country a shipload of



American trade with Franco. General Motors cars at Deserto

mules. While our lethargic quadruped still has its agricultural and mining uses, technology has been constantly retiring it from that employment, until it has come to earn its new modern rank: the army mule. There is nothing in our neutrality legislation to stigmatize it as an instrument of war. Yet it can haul successfully lighter artillery, munitions and equipment. That, however, may not be the reason why Swastikaland, on the eve of general mobilization, evidenced such a hunger for these guiltless beasts—and we obligingly sent them a shipload.

These, however, are illustrations of but trifling importance. There is probably no surviving democracy to which our "neutrality" legislation and our illogical policy have not been of distinct disservice.

Spain heads the list. We had a Treaty of Friendship and General Relations with that country, signed at Madrid in 1902. International decisions and usage had established for centuries the fact that a friendly government should be allowed freely to

purchase arms and munitions abroad. Furthermore, Spain was entitled to "most favored nation" treatment under our prior commitments to her. Yet, because she was being invaded by two Fascist powers, we, presumably out of deference to and fear of the Fascist governments, failed to live up to our contractual obligations. It is safe to predict, therefore, that the role we have played in Spain's critical hour of need will never be a source of pride to coming generations. In one instance, we generously published the information of an indirect purchase of planes by the Spanish Government—to the aid and comfort, as it proved, of the Rebels and Fascists. At the same time, we have indirectly permitted the export of war materials to Italy and Germany who are waging a war of invasion against the young Spanish Republic. A day spent in the port of Lis-

bon will convince any but the purblind that the many German freighters brazenly mock the so-called Non-Intervention Committee. Any native of Madeira could tell the State Department that the planes that had been unloaded there were not for the purpose of dusting worms off the grapes.

America and Spain

But breaches by indirection need hardly be stressed, when our tragic conduct toward the Spanish Republic is by now a commonplace. Finally, when some of our own Americans gave up their lives in the cause of Democracy in Spain, they died with the stigma of having violated a rule established by our highly scrupulous State Department. And those American survivors who gave limbs and fortunes for a people's just cause, are detained on their return and sent to Ellis Island for deportation.

We did a bit better by China. The sins of commission in this case are not as great as those of omission. It is a curious piece of shortsightedness in state policy which has operated as a substantial contribution by us to the armament of Japan. It contrasts very sharply with the pronouncement of Mr. Roosevelt, in January, 1933, while still President-Elect:

I have long been in favor of the imposition of an embargo on arms to belligerent nations, especially to nations which are guilty of making an attack on other nations . . . that is, against aggressor nations.

We continued to supply arms, munitions and raw material to Japan not only when she openly announced her plans of aggression, but during and after her conquest of Manchukuo and even after she had invaded China proper and made no secret about future aggressions against peaceful nations. At the

(Continued on page 24)

THE FIGHT, December 1938

Part One of a story of the South, of a miracle that happened fifty years ago to an ordinary young man... A story with a message for today... A story so true to life that you too, putting your chin in your hand and thinking, will believe

Jeff Brewster's Body

By C. S. Becker

ILLUSTRATED BY CHET LA MORE



THIS IS the story of a miracle... A miracle, you know, is something that can't happen—at least something that never happens to us. Or to anyone we know. Anyway, that is what people say.

But this is the story of a miracle that did happen. And it happened right here in our own country and in the lifetime of some of us.

It is a story that you may find hard to believe. But I ask only that you listen to it, and that you put your chin in your hand and think about it a little while after you have heard it... I believe, because I saw the eyes of the old man who told it to me.

He was an old Negro—so old that I don't think he himself knew how old he really was. He remembered that he was already a man at the plow when the Civil War came.

He was poor, of course. He sat on the rough log step at the opening of the small gray shack that he called his "house." All around us the brown fields, newly planted, were swallowed up by the night. The only things that came to our eyes out of the darkness were the tiny specks of light that shone from the cabins scattered here and there on the flat land. They looked like stars that had fallen down to the earth. The lamp in our own cabin was out, for everyone inside was asleep. We could hear their steady breathing. The old man's dark wrinkled face was almost invisible in the pitchy blackness. Except for the rim of white hair around his bald skull and the flashing whites of his eyes, he seemed to be part of the itself.

"Brewster," he said, and I thought I could make out the lines of his old forehead creasing up. His voice, coming out of the gloom, was low, but rich and alive like a young man's. "He was name Brewster."

But I cannot tell you the story in the old Negro's own words. I must tell it to you in my own.

JEFF BREWSTER was an ordinary young man, living in quite an ordinary small Mississippi town not far from the Gulf. He had sandy hair,

pale brown eyes and a very white skin, of which he was extremely proud. You could never have found Jeff Brewster lying out naked or half-naked in his back yard or on the beach, to tan his body under the sun as so many white people do today. Jeff Brewster, for reasons that he could scarcely put into words, had a curious aversion to anything light brown or tan. Particularly, he hated "light niggers," and he had trained his eyes to catch even the slightest shade of difference between the pure white (like himself) and the not quite (like Ozzey Meadows).

Ozzey was the "nigger" who had talked back to the white boss at the plantation commissary where he bought his supplies of cornmeal, fatback and coal-oil. Ozzey had been thinking for some time that the white boss was cheating him on the books, and one fine evening, when he felt he couldn't stand it any longer, he up and said so. Right to the white boss's face.

When Jeff Brewster came home late that night, with his hair rumpled, his face flushed and his boots muddy, he found his wife Hattie sitting up for him—waiting to give him his coffee. She asked no questions; she was quite accustomed to having Jeff come in this way any hour of the night. Sometimes, indeed, he was gone even for a day or two. She had learned to be patient, even when her husband returned with the unmistakable odors on his breath, as he usually did. If he was in a good mood he spoke to her. Otherwise he would pour the hot coffee down his throat and grant himself off to bed without a word.

On this occasion he seemed quite willing to talk. Whereupon Hattie, setting the cup before him on the table, obediently shot him a questioning look.

"Ridin'," he said briefly, sniffing at the coffee. Hattie knew what "ridin'" meant. Jeff had a delicate way of speaking when he chose.

Hattie sat down at the table opposite him.

"Who?" she said.

"Old Whitley's nigger, Ozzey Meadows." Jeff sipped the steaming drink. "Said the old man was cheating him on the books."

Hattie smiled, ever so faintly.

"Well, was he?"

Jeff frowned, setting down the cup.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Guess the nigger was mad or a-drinkin' plenty, or he wouldn't 'a' said it." Hattie looked at her husband slyly. "He's a good nigger, 'peared to me like."

Jeff poured the last of the coffee into his mouth and wiped his lips with the edge of his cuff.

"Called the old man a liar," he yawned sleepily, pushing away the dishes.

Hattie took up the dishes.

"Hurt him bad?" she asked, from the sink.

Jeff snorted.

"Can't hurt a nigger. Can't no more hurt a nigger; thin yuh can a stick o' wood."

He wiped the sweat from his forehead with his sleeve and got up heavily from the chair.

Hattie, smiling to the sink, wanted to talk, but when she turned about Jeff was already staggering through the doorway into the bedroom.

JEFF BREWSTER worked most of the time in a cotton-buyer's office, though in the off season, when most of the cotton had moved out of the warehouses to the mills up north or to the ports, he often found a little extra money doing odd clerking jobs on the plantations. His father had been a small planter, had been ruined by the War, had never forgiven the people of the North for "meddlin' with the niggers"—and Jeff, the son, carried on the feud



in his own way. For one thing, he never passed up a chance to take part in an expedition against some black cropper who had forgotten, for the moment, that he had a "place"—that it wasn't his "place," for example, to question the figures that his boss put down in the account book.

Whenever he rode off on these midnight adventures, Jeff Brewster had the feeling that the spirit of the Rebellion was still alive in his blood, though it was now almost twenty-five years since Lee had surrendered his sword at Appomattox Courthouse, and the War itself was becoming a hazy memory.

Jeff found a particular joy in these expeditions because they gave him a sense of "getting even" with the North. Not for freeing the slave; no, Jeff knew very well with a smirk that the black man was not "free"; but for daring to pass a law saying that he was! And any black or tan nigger who took that law seriously, Jeff thought, had better have a pretty tough hide on his back.

ON THE morning after the flogging of Ozzey Meadows Jeff Brewster, the ordinary young man, awoke in the ordinary way, washed and dressed as usual, ate an ordinary breakfast, gave his wife an ordinary kiss, and walked off to work down the same familiar ordinary streets.

He was not the same familiar ordinary man, however, for neither was he sad, he was in an ordinary kind of mood. The shops and houses he saw were those he had seen many times before. The people he met were the same, and greeted him as they had always done, with the same words. He walked up the steps into the cotton-buyer's office and hung his cap on the peg where he was in the habit of hanging it. There was nothing out of the ordinary.

He worked all morning testing and grading the incoming cotton, with his quick eyes and expert fingers. As usual, when he got hungry about noon-time he took out his sandwich box and ate. Then he went back to work. In the late afternoon his employer came into the shed where he was working and asked him a few questions about the cotton.

The questions were answered. All this had happened before.

Jeff was not surprised when, just before quitting-time, a message came from Cass Whitley, asking him to come down to the house. There was nothing unusual about that. He sent the porter around to tell his wife that he would not be home to supper, put on his cap, and walked slowly the half-mile to Planter Whitley's house near the edge of the town. It was a hot and dusty afternoon and Jeff felt the sweat coming out on his forehead and around the back of his neck—but then it was an afternoon like many other afternoons. He thought pleasantly of the nice cool mint julep that he would soon put to his parched mouth. Cass Whitley always served mint julep.

At the big Whitley mansion Jeff found the usual crowd. There were roughly a dozen men scattered about in the dim smoke-filled room. Most of them were the young fellows with whom he had "ridden" the night before. That was to be expected. Cass Whitley greeted him with a friendly slap on the shoulder; Old Man Whitley, coming out of a corner where he had been talking vigorously to Jim Platt, the sheriff's deputy, did the same. Soon, with a cool mint julep trickling down his throat, Jeff Brewster felt quite at home in the mild hubbub that stirred through the richly furnished room.

The supper was excellent. No one could ever say that the Whitleys were not generous to their friends, that they did not return a favor for one received. Jeff filled his stomach with several kinds of meat—besides other delicacies—his head with several kinds of wine, and his lungs with the smoke of several expensive cigars kindly furnished by the host of Whitley Manor. The room began to spin. Everyone was talking at once. Eating. Talking. Laughing louder and louder. Hardly anyone listened. Everyone wanted to talk. Only old Whitley and his son, smiling at opposite ends of the long table, seemed to keep their heads about them. The

rest, waxing hotter and redder with every new course, spilling the wine down their throats or down their waistcoats, yelling, swearing, waving their arms, laughing at jokes before they were half told and beginning others in the middle, seemed to have lost their heads altogether.

What were they talking about, these happy feasting gentlemen with their tongues so loosened by good feeding and good drinking?

IT WOULD not be easy to give a whole answer, for their talk, spreading out like a vast river upon its delta, followed a hundred different courses, winding and weaving and straying and forever intertwining. Like the water courses of a delta, these currents of talk were naturally not very deep. There was no main channel. But finally, when all other topics had been exhausted, when the last story was told and the worst joke sent limping home, the conversation turned to the events of the night before. It was as if everyone had wanted to save this topic for the last, like a precious bit of dessert to top off both the meal and the evening. No longer did the talk spread fan-wise in many directions. The restless overflow of words had become one channel. Over it, like a twisting cloud, was the smoke of many expensive cigars.

As before, they were all talking and yelling at the same time, though now all the talking and yelling and laughing flowed toward one subject: the flogging of Ozzey Meadows. Everyone felt that he had to tell about his share in that exciting "ride." By this time every brain in the room, litred up by the spirit of alcohol, was floating around without its body, so it didn't matter that hardly anyone listened to the other. It really wasn't necessary to listen, for all the stories were alike. Young Whitley had lashed the nigger four times; Pete Yokley had lashed him six. The nigger had cried out at first, when Foxy Hyle was swinging the whip; under Jeff's blows, toward the end, he had only moaned. Tom Rawlly had kicked him when he



lay on the ground; Jeff's cousin Phil, who had taken too many swigs from the bottle and fallen asleep under a tree right in the middle of the excitement, hadn't. That's about all the difference there was.

But suddenly, without warning, a little dispute arose which quickly jarred this jolly company into two separate camps. It began when Foxy Hyle, the hardware clerk, counted up the blows which Orey Meadows had received on his back from the several members of the expedition, and announced that the total was thirty-seven. Immediately the air was filled with flying numbers, then with shouts of approval and denial. Since everyone had to add his own score to the scores of everyone else who had taken part in the affair to get the reckoning, each person had the difficult and confusing task of doing three things at one time: collecting the other scores, adding them up in his head with his own, and giving out his own score to the others as they requested it. This was no easy single one of them was balancing a bottle of wine in his head at the same time—not to mention the nifty juleps.

"No—thirty-six!" shouted red-faced Tom Rawley.

"Thirty-nine!" yelled Pete Yokely, waving his arms.

THE DISAGREEMENT, it appeared, rested upon two disputed points. First—were they to count the first stroke, which everyone admitted, was rather light and had been brought down on the nigger's back by Young Whitley to sort of feel out the weight of the whip, just as a batter tries his bat by swinging it short through the air before he steps up to the plate. Cass Whitley and some others, including Foxy Hyle, thought they oughtn't to count that one. The rest, with Pete

Yokely, insisted that the nigger had cried out and that the blow, light as it was, had left its mark and therefore certainly ought to count.

Second, there was the question of Clyde Bridson. Clyde hadn't been able to come to the party because his wife was having a baby. Had Clyde lashed Orey four times—or five? Pete kept yelling that it was five. He had been standing right next to him so he ought to know. On the other hand, Foxy was sure it was four. He remembered seeing four bullets of spit at the bread loaf of a man-siple near his feet while Clyde was swinging the whip one for each stroke. He remembered it distinctly.

Old Man Whitley, who had not said very much up to this point, offered to settle the question by asking Bridson about it in the morning. This suggestion, made with the best of intentions, only succeeded in angering both Pete and Foxy, who, immediately forgetting their dispute, turned on the old man together and reproached him bitterly for casting doubt on the word of gentlemen who were at the same time his guests.

Into this delicate situation stepped Jim Platt, the sheriff's deputy, who had a great reputation as a peacemaker.

"What's the difference, boys?" he boomed good-naturally. "Suppose it was thirty-six—or thirty-seven—or thirty-nine. What's the difference?" But alas, these remarks, also made with the best of intentions, only added fuel to the fire. Or, to be exact, they were only so many more matches tossed into additional containers of alcohol. Several of the gentlemen who had almost begun to doze under the loads they were carrying, suddenly awoke to the seriousness of the situation. The

room blazed with dispute—on a new tack.

"The difference is—" cried Jake Landry above the tumult—"are yuh aimin' to put the nigger away fuh good—or jes' slice him up a bit fuh teachin'! Yuh can't mis the two!"

"That's it!"

"Right!"

"That's sure the point!"

Cries came in approval from all parts of the room.

"I seen 'em put away with thirty-six—" the sheriff's deputy shouted back angrily, throwing out his arm as if to turn back the tide of argument—"I seen 'em walk back on the' own hind legs with fifty!"

"Then the' is a difference!"

"You say it y'will!"

"Tornin' back on his own word!"

"I says the' ain't no difference 'tween thirty-six an' thirty-nine—yuh heard me say that!" The sheriff's deputy pounded on the table. "Thirty-nine won't kill a nigger that thirty-six can't kill—is that true, boys?"

Some of the boys shouted, "Yes!" An equal number flung their "No!" right into the deputy's teeth.

"I seen one sure enough dead at forty—that was livin' like hell at thirty-eight!" cried Pete.

"How you know he was livin' like hell at thirty-eight?" Jim Platt challenged, sneering.

"How I know! Nigger cryin' an' moanin' like livin' hell—how I know!"

"Yuh mighty certain that there nigger weren't foolin' in forty?" the sheriff's deputy drawled, leaning back in his chair.

EVERYBODY thought that was a good one. They laughed long and loud. Except Pete, who considered

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Two or three thought that they also ought to consider the matter of "intention." In other words, was the nigger being taken out for "teachin'"—or was he "bein' teachin'?" But the majority ruled that in their experience



that the joke was on him; and Jeff, who, because his head was whirling, didn't catch the joke at all.

Jim Platt's pleasantry had the effect of cooling off the blaze that his own remarks had fanned up just a little while before. The uproar was that the whole question was settled with the kindest of feelings on all sides. Loud apologies were made and compromises came in from every direction, a toast being drunk to each point as it was settled. Concerning Orey Meadows, it was finally decided that "about thirty-seven or thirty-eight." When this settlement was formally announced by Old Man Whitley they shook hands all around, with solemn avowals that there would arise no such difference of opinion on the next occasion.

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the intention didn't make for any noticeable difference between the blows for a nigger who was being "taught" and those for a nigger to whose education was being applied the last finishing touches.

There was still the thorny problem of Pete's nigger, who had been livin' like hell at thirty-eight and sure enough dead at forty. Pete wouldn't back down on it. He insisted—firmly, but politely. He had been there and he had seen it happen. He furnished the details. The sheriff's deputy and other doubters, won over not so much by the merits of the case as by the unusually sweet tone of Pete's persuasion, finally gave in. That might happen in a case or two, they said—but wasn't it also true that in many instances it was hard to tell just what had killed the nigger: the beating—or the burning afterwards. Pete, not to be outdone in courtesy, agreed; yes, that was possible; it wasn't easy sometimes to tell a nigger stunned from a nigger dead.

JEFF BREWSTER slumped in a chair with his legs stretched out before him, listened as long as he was able to the endless flurry of words that floated down about his head. But his head was floating too; he found it difficult to bring his head and the words together. Once or twice he dozed off, but awakened with a start when the talk suddenly boomed loud as some contested "point" found a solution. His contribution to the search for truth which agitated this gentle company consisted chiefly of the reminder—made several times and in several versions during the course of the evening—that under the question of "teachin'" you had to remember that a nigger could take a handsome lot more than a white man before giving up the ghost, because God in His infinite wisdom and foresight, creating each according to his place, made the white man and the black man different—if, indeed, God had made the black man, which you couldn't prove at all.

A little before eleven o'clock, without ceremony, Jeff lifted his body clum-

sily from the chair, waved a feeble goodnight to his hosts and the rest of the company, tucked up his cap on the hall—where he was slapped on the back once more by Old Man Whitley, who showed him to the door—and walked out into the night.

On the street he stopped for a moment, listening to the confused murmuring of voices inside the house. Then he jerked his cap more firmly onto his head and started home.

Jeff was not in a particularly gay mood, as he had been an hour or two before. In fact, his head ached and the inside of his mouth felt burnt and sour. He lurched slightly as he walked, recalling loudly in his mind bits of disconnected conversation from the evening's bedlam. Words were roaring through his head from every direction, louder than the screech and rattle of the carriage wheels that occasionally spun past him over the uneven roadway.

All this, you must remember, was nothing new in the life of Jeff Brewster. He would indeed have resented bitterly any suggestion that it was. Many a drab day of his life he had rounded off in this fashion. In the morning, on waking, he would try to remember exactly how he had found his way home. Over the coffee, he would ask his wife what time she had left him in.

He could not know, of course, as he lurched stiffly down the dead streets on this particular night, that when the next sun rose upon him he would not be in his own bed at all; nor would he, over the coffee and rolls, be asking the question that his wife could never answer.

JEFFS way led partly through a corner of the Negro section—"Nigger-town"—and then through the



streets of the main town. It was on one of the dark streets of the Negro quarter, not far from the lumberyards that served as a boundary between the two sections, that the first strange thing happened.

Two old Negroes, smoking corn-cobs, were sitting out near the walk on a small pile of bricks. Jeff, picking his way with difficulty over the rocks and caked mud, saw them from a short distance, but vaguely. As he approached, the two figures seemed suddenly to loom up hugely. The legs of one seemed to be bloking the path.

"Make way, black boy!" Jeff threw out his arm full length against the shadows, lost his balance, and almost toppled onto the pile of bricks.

The two old Negroes smiled, holding their pipes in hand.

"Git along, brotha!" one of them said, shooing him off with a slow flick of his wrist.

Jeff scarcely heard the words, but distinctly he saw the two black faces looking up openly at his—and the faces were smiling. He couldn't be mistaken about it; the white teeth were showing, the cheeks were lumped up and wrinkling under the four eyes that peered out merrily at him from their narrow slits. Jeff, moving clumsily but deliberately, likewise only half awake, fixed his eyes on the two dark figures while his hand started groping among the bricks.

The smiles died out on the faces of the old darkies. They jumped up and hurried away in the direction of the shacks. The last Jeff saw of them was the trowns on their surprised, half-turned faces as they disappeared into the darkness. He tossed his brick aimlessly into the path they had taken, cursed a bit, and lumbered on down the street.

All this had happened in a flash—

in much less time than it takes to tell, as they say.

Was there any meaning to it? Even a sober and a smarter Jeff would scarcely have looked for some special meaning to explain the incident. It only proved to Jeff—a proof was needed—that you couldn't trust a "nigger"; the loss of them would put a knife in your back if they thought they could get away with it. Jeff thought gratefully at the bricks; perhaps the two blacks had meant to knife him and had laughed just to egg him on. What was it they had in their hands? He was sure he saw something in their hands as they ran off—something long and dark and slender, like—

"Where yuh goin', bo?"

JEFF looked up. He was in the lumber-yard. Great piles of lumber rose up on all sides, black like charred skeletons with the broken bits sticking out.

A man with a lantern was loping toward him from the watchman's shack.

"Only me, Mr. Foster," Jeff called out. "Jes' curtin' through."

The watchman came on, stomping the ground hard with his short leg. He ignored the greeting.

"Where yuh headed, bo?" He held the lantern out, the better to see Jeff's face.

Jeff blinked angrily under the glare. He didn't like being called "bo" by old Foster. What was the old fellow up to?

(Continued on page 29)



THE MARTIAN invasion was repulsed—with attendant rains of publicity for Orson Welles' new play, H. G. Wells' new book, Universal's new film and the Columbia Broadcasting System's new headline. Now it might be well to mention another skirmish in which a much more dangerous invader also was routed.

I refer to the wave of public disapproval which favored WHOM, Jersey City, to cancel its pro-Mussolini broadcasts in Italian and compelled WHN, New York, to do the same with its *House of Spain* which glorified Franco six times a week. A Federal Communications Commission spanking brought on by thousands of complainants from listeners, was necessary to make WHOM change its policy. After that, one editorial by Leonard Carlson of the New York Post was enough to frighten WHN into a promise of good behavior.

It is interesting to note that stations which have accepted or winked at Fascist programs are today sinking deep and deeper into debt and obscurity. The fact that the manager of one of them—WOV—recently received an award from the Dante Alighieri Society at the behest of *Il Duce* hasn't helped matters a bit.

On the other hand, stations like WMCA and WEVD, New York, which have adopted a consistently liberal attitude, are booming despite network competition. The former reported luxurious new headquarters last spring and WEVD did likewise on Armistice Day. The dedication, which also celebrated the fact that the station now has a full evening schedule, featured a number of famous artists in exile.

All of which reminds me that several months ago the German-American Bund tried to buy time from Donald Flamm, president of WMCA. He agreed—on the single condition that some American anti-Fascist organization would be allowed by an equal amount of time on a Berlin station!

After getting all that off my chest, I'd like to cast one more backward glance at those Martians. In my opinion the hoax proved:

1. That a great number of us still live in the days of witchcraft.
2. That the Czech crisis made an indelible impression on us all.
3. That most listeners are bored by what they usually hear and even tune out the ubiquitous Charlie McCarthy. And that they have schooled themselves not to listen to commercial announcements. That's why they missed the reiterated statements that the program was a dramatization.
4. That newspapers overlapped the story outrageously in their efforts to make the radio look ridiculous (Dorothy Thompson to the contrary notwithstanding).
5. That the Federal Communications Commission will use this as well as the Mae West incident and its recent disapproval of Eugene O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon* as an excuse for more government control.

6. That in all the hullabaloo no one noticed that *The War of the Worlds* was a fine anti-Fascist preaching. The scene between the fleeing professor and the artilleryman hit a new high for air drama.

7. That despite the kidding a valuable lesson has been learned which may, in the future, prevent some dangerous denagogue from using the American radio as was done in Austria during the Nazi *putsch* in which Dollfus was murdered, and as it now being done by Hitler and Mussolini. (The latter, by the way, announces that no recordings of music written or played by Jews shall ever be

RADIO

Driving the invaders back to Mars . . . The dark side of the radio industry . . . Gossip

broadcast over his new super-shortwave station.)
8. That, according to my observation, children were much less deeply affected by the broadcast than were their elders. They thought *The War of the Worlds* was a good show but little different from the blood-and-thunder serials to which they listen every night. This may indicate that the next generation will stop believing every word that is spoken on the air—just as their parents have stopped giving much credence to newspapers.

Air Conditions

IN THE event that you subsequently do use the idea and in connection with such use claim that you received the idea from some source other than me, your word in that matter will be final.

That is a sentence in a form letter through which writers endeavoring to sell ideas for scripts to the Young & Rubicam advertising agency of New York must sign all their rights away in advance.

"I hereby waive and release any and all claims against you for compensation for any use, or alleged use, that you may make of such material. . . ."

That's the way a letter to Blackett-Sample-Hammett agency must be phrased.

No wonder members of the Radio Writers Guild go up on their hind legs and howled about the situation during their recent annual meeting. Speakers declared that such unwarranted waiver clauses (used by practically all stations and agencies) were driving writers out of the broadcasting field and into other realms of authorship. And committees



were set up to work out some satisfactory solution for the unpleasant problem.

It seems that N.B.C. is a good training-school for Fascists. Ernest Katz, its former shortwave program director, has gone on to fresher fields and is now propagandizing for the Nazis in South Africa. Katz was forced to resign from N.B.C. last summer because of the pressure of public opinion.

Which reminds me for some reason that N.B.C. finally has hired a "news analyst" to compete with Columbia's H. Y. Kaltenborn. And guess who? It's Dr. Stanley High, who prospects for Mosaic Gold in the Satepact. Heywood Brown characterized High as follows in a recent issue of *The New Republic*:

The good doctor and I live within a stone's throw of each other. Indeed, we've tried to . . . He works for the *Saturday Evening Post*. He knows all the answers.

Around the Dial

"THE CHAUVINISTIC Swing!" Hughes Panassié, French swing critic, believes that four of America's six best band leaders are Negroes. But he wasn't allowed to express that belief when he appeared on the air as Benny Goodman's guest.

The F.C.C.'s monopoly investigation is still shrouded in mystery. Washington gossip columnists are completely at a loss, also, as to what is going on inside the commission itself. It is even hinted in some quarters that all seven commissioners are on the verge of resigning. . . .

Rumor has it that a new magazine called *Listeners Digest* and devoted to reprints of the most important addresses broadcast each month, will be out soon. If properly handled, this should make fascinating reading in the same class with the books by H. Y. Kaltenborn and Julianus Strel describing their coverage of the Czech crisis. . . .

And this is probably the place to mention that Robert Kingley's radio column in *Tar*, the new magazine published by the Theater Arts Committee, sparkles with the same merit that characterizes the magazine as a whole. *Tar*, it seems to me, should be required reading. . . .

Some of my readers have accused me of devoting too much attention to New York radio stations. Well, one reason is that it's devilish hard to keep in touch with goings-on outside the Metropolis unless one travels a lot, which I don't. The other is that radio really centers in New York, Washington and Hollywood these days, just as the movies do, and that stations throughout the country mesh on that basis. Of course there are plenty of exceptions, such as the fact that WLW, Cincinnati, interferes with the reception of WOR, Newark, even in the state of New Jersey; and WNYC, New York, has to go off the air at sundown so that it won't interfere with WCCO, Minneapolis. The latter mixup is particularly unfortunate since WNYC is doing a fine job as the country's only municipally-owned station and should be given more leeway in the evening, even at the expense of the huge WCCO clear-channel transmitter. . . .

WJZ's *Town Meeting of the Air* has resumed its weekly schedule, which should be cause for rejoicing. Subjects for discussion this fall include the Munich Pact, cooperation for world peace, the meaning of free speech and the Van Zeeland Peace Plan. . . .

Liberty! Equality! Fraternity! The French government has imposed strict censorship on all news broadcasts.

—GEORGE SCOTT

December 1938, THE FIGHT

KING VIDOR made *The Citadel* in England for M.G.M. with a British cast. Based on A. J. Cronin's popular novel, the picture takes us into the mining areas of Wales. It shows us a young doctor's "adventures" as mine union physician; his struggle with conservative and stingy "factory" doctors and backward individuals among the miners themselves—this in itself is a commentary on the conditions of the Welsh depressed areas—who resent his independent researches into the occupational diseases of silicosis and tuberculosis.

Young Dr. Manson (Robert Donat) and his bride (Rosalind Russell) then go to London, where he starves—until he gets involved with a group of cynical doctors who are engaged in fashionable and profitable practice. This brings riches, but unhappiness and the death of the Doctor's best friend at the hand of one of these quacks. He is jolted back to his senses and back to battle, this time against the British Medical Union (the British counterpart of our own American Medical Association—Dr. Fishbein and his friends won't like this film).

You will see from the summary of the story that *The Citadel* has many of the elements that made *Arrowsmith* and *Pastor* such fine films. Those plus King Vidor's contribution will undoubtedly make this the best English-speaking film of the year, and Director Vidor's best picture in his long career.

Those who have seen *Vidor* represented only by *Stella Dallas* and *Texas Rangers* will be surprised to learn that he is really one of America's finest directors. But if you can recall *The Big Parade* (1927), *The Crowd* (1928) and *Street Scene* (1931), you'll agree with me. Vidor is not only a pioneer American movie-maker with a social point of view, but he (like his friend Charles Chaplin) is a humanitarian—with all the good and bad things that the term implies. Vidor's unsuccessful panacea for the depression, *Our Daily Bread*, was nevertheless an important picture if only for the fact that it revealed Vidor as a sincere artist who was interested in human values and social ideas.

The implications of King Vidor's new film are broad and true—as far as they go. Above all, *The Citadel* abounds in human and dramatic values.



Scene from "The Citadel," based on A. J. Cronin's popular novel and produced in England by King Vidor for M.G.M.

THE FIGHT, December 1938

MOVIES

An excellent picture of miners and medicine . . . Hitler's girl-friend pays us a visit

The Welsh miners and mining towns are real and horribly pathetic in their rotten setting—they are vivid because the sequence is endowed with passion, warmth and drama. And we must single out Emlyn Williams' (actor and author of *Night Must Fall*) full-bodied portrayal of the sympathetic union official. I don't remember any other commercially produced film that has pictured working people with such dignity and honesty.

The large cast responds beautifully to Vidor's direction. Robert Donat turns in the best job of his film career and it appears that Rosalind Russell had to go outside of Hollywood to find herself. The scene in which Donat proposes to Miss Russell is magnificent for its charm and simplicity.

A Nazi Saleswoman

IN THE effort to use the Olympic Games as Nazi propaganda, Hitler commissioned his favorite movie actress-turned producer, Leni Riefenstahl, to produce a super film record of the event. It has been reported that the picture was photographed from every conceivable angle, with every conceivable lens and with every available camera-speed. Franlein Riefenstahl has spent almost two years in editing the film. And it is said to be a great success—with Hitler. The Nazi, through Tobis

(and don't let them tell you that Tobis is a Dutch firm) have been peddling this "super" documentary film in France, without much success. They also failed to get to first base in England. Now Hitler evidently intends to use sea-animal and thus he writes his saleswoman, Leni, to the U. S. A. She of course denies everything, claiming that she is here to visit some friends and to study production methods in Hollywood. Well, there's what Mussolini, Jr. tried last year. But he got the cold shoulder and went home to be spanked by the *Duce*. What method? Leni will use is not known as we go to press. But it is evident that the Nazis and their friends will try to palm her Fascist propaganda off as art. Undoubtedly Riefenstahl will meet with even less success than her Italian friend.

Current Pictures

MEN WITH WINGS (Paramount): When this film was first announced as a history of aviation with a message of pacifism, the movie tycoons and the War Department objected. The final result is a completely muddled plot without a dramatic line, full of comely-letcher clichés. All that is left consists of a few spectacular flying sequences and a dog-fight. The photography in technicolor is fine, but there is nothing that couldn't have been just as interesting or as good-looking or as spectacular in black and white. After all, what is the use of technicolor if it adds nothing to the film?

Ballerina (Directed by Jean Benoit Levy, who will be remembered for his *Le Maternelle*, this is a fine and sensitive picture built around the ballet of the Paris Opera. Like most of Levy's films the story is about children—and this is about children in the ballet school. In theme it is almost like *Le Maternelle*, since it tells the story of an intense little student who attaches herself to the Ballerina. When the Ballerina gives up her dancing for marriage the kid gets furious. The psychological insight of the direction adds to this film's qualities. Of special interest to dancers.

The Singing Blacksmith (Collective): A more or less conventional story, this Jewish-language film has some fine acting and a splendid production. This is the second film by the new producing unit known as Collective Producers, who have raised the Jewish film to a new high. With superimposed titles in English.

Young Dr. Killder (M.G.M.): A quiet little film about an intern who does not wish to follow in his father's footsteps. The production is unpretentious and surprisingly sincere. Recommended.

Wild Innocence (Ken Hall): An interesting picture about an Australian kangaroo, Chut, who emerges from the bush to become the heavyweight boxing sensation of the Continent. The scenes taken in native haunts are the best in the picture. There are terrifying shots of a Kuala bear, a fight between Chut and a cobra, and hundreds of leaping kangaroos, wild-eyed and full of innocence and charm.

Films of interest just released and to come: Ankinio's *Professor Mamlock*, the Soviet version of Friedrich Wolf's famous anti-Nazi play, directed by a young refugee, who was an assistant to G. W. Pabst and who worked with progressive theater groups in Los Angeles and New York; *Pygmalion*, the British version of the famous Shaw play, to be released here by M.G.M.; and finally Metro's *The Great Waltz*, the first American picture by Julien Duvivier, the great French director who is responsible for *Carnet Du Bal*.

—PETER ELLIS

13



A gas festival in the old, true Vienna of music and culture

News of Austria

By Karl Ross

"GIVE ME four years—and I shall make Germany the happiest country in the world!" So said Adolf Hitler when he seized power in Germany in 1933. When occupying Austria, the Nazis said: "Bavaria required sixty-two years to get perfectly united with the Reich; Austria will need only sixty-two days!"

Everybody knows how happy the German people, driven to the verge of a new World War, feel at

this moment. What about the people of Austria?

Now that about four times the limit set by the Nazis has passed, it may be interesting to learn whether the "return" of the Austrian people to the Reich has been successfully completed. Let us ask an Austrian émigré who came to the United States after the *Anschluss*, and who is in constant touch with his homeland.

"Austria has not 'returned' to Germany!" he

says. "Our country has never been a part of the Reich. In the course of her centuries of development, Austria wrote her own history, developed her own culture, gathered her own traditions. Remember that when Hitler turned his troops loose, a plebiscite was being organized by the Schuschnigg government that would have proved to the world that the majority of the Austrian people were in favor of national independence."

December 1938, THE FIGHT

An interview with an Austrian émigré who came to the United States after the "Anschluss," and who is in constant touch with his homeland. . . . The picture of a people uniting against foreign invaders for national independence, in spite of coldly calculated demagoguery and savage terror

"The unification, however, was surely advantageous from the economic point of view?" we ask.

"Not for Austria. Hitler's 'plebiscite' which was supposed to 'legalize' the occupation hadn't even been announced, when Berlin's economic dictators stretched out their hands for the reserves of gold and other values accumulated in our National Bank. When our currency was adjusted to that of Germany, it became apparent that prices in Austria had been much lower than in the so-called 'Old Reich.' So the currency accommodation caused a sharp rise in prices, in spite of all edicts and prohibitions. For example: cucumbers cost now seventy pennings, while last year we bought them for only about thirty-five. Often, there is a lack of necessary foodstuffs, potatoes for instance. Of course people object to that, and I have heard of shopping women who swung their empty bags, crying ironically the Nazi slogan: 'One People—One Empire—One Leader!'"

"What about the wages—have they, at least, been adjusted to the higher prices?"

Wages Go Down

"Not at all. In many factories, wages were cut when Nazi supporters were given the promised jobs. But the workers resisted: in several cases, they went on strike (although strikes are sternly forbidden under the Nazi régime). And in a few localities they succeeded in maintaining or even improving their wages. At other places they offered passive resistance by diminishing their working efficiency. 'As the wages—so the labor' was their motto."

"But what about unemployment? The number of unemployed must have decreased."

"There seems to be no essential increase in employment, although there is prosperity in the armament industry and thousands are working in road-building. As for the jobless who are sent to the 'Old Reich' to do 'service on the land,' they are often in a worse situation than before; they sometimes prefer to lose their relief rather than go to Germany. But there is no recourse against deportation: early in the morning they are torn out of their beds and taken to the station. In the streets, in the parks of the suburbs, in the flats, young workers are caught and carried to the next shipping-place. Often they are not even given a chance to say goodbye to their families."

"Read these letters from people who, voluntarily or otherwise, went to the old German territory: 'We are treated like galley-slaves. . . . The *une-pai moral* we get for dinner is so bad that we cannot eat it—even with the greatest hunger! . . . They insult us at every turn: *Austrian swine—Jerkbones*—and so on. They are always threatening to send us to a *small village* (the ill-famed concentration camp of Dachau).'"

"Is it true that Hitler was very successful with the Austrian youth?"

"He was, to a certain extent. The Nazis indeed succeeded in winning influence over a part of Austrian youth. Cold-bloodedly the Nazis misled them, appealing to their romantic desires. Listen to a song that the Hitler Youth are singing now in Austria too:

Following the call of the flag and the drum,
No one gets weary, everyone will come,
Leaving the Fuehrer not in the least—
Let's laugh, companions, our death is a feast!"

Thus the recreations of youth are, in combination with military drills and exercises, unnoticeably transformed into physical and mental preparation for war.

Sons Against Fathers

"The young people are being intentionally estranged from their homes and families. The régime tries to drive a wedge between these blinded ones and the others who oppose the dictatorship. Knowing that the majority of the Austrian people are against them, the Nazis lay special stress upon winning the youth. So they set youth against adults, children against parents. They even call upon the youth to spy on their own people, and I know cases where remarks dropped in the intimate circle of the family were denounced by minors to the authorities."

"Isn't there any resistance among the youth themselves?"

"There is. Disappointment is great among those who hoped to get positions after Hitler's arrival; now, they are taken as unskilled workers to 'service on the land' or road-building. The Prussian mili-

tary drill and arrogant behavior of the German officials have aroused indignation and defiance. Accordingly, propaganda weeks for the Hitler Youth were arranged by the authorities. But the results weren't satisfactory for the Nazis; again and again the time had to be extended, and even then the results were such that they were never published."

"Do the Austrians think there will be war?"

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God and Potatoes

"Here is an example from our locality: some S. A. men (storm-troopers) came on a truck and forced the peasants to dig up their potatoes and to load them on the truck. Instead of money, the S. A. leaders handed some 'receipts' to the peasants, saying the potatoes were considered as 'settlement for taxes due.'"

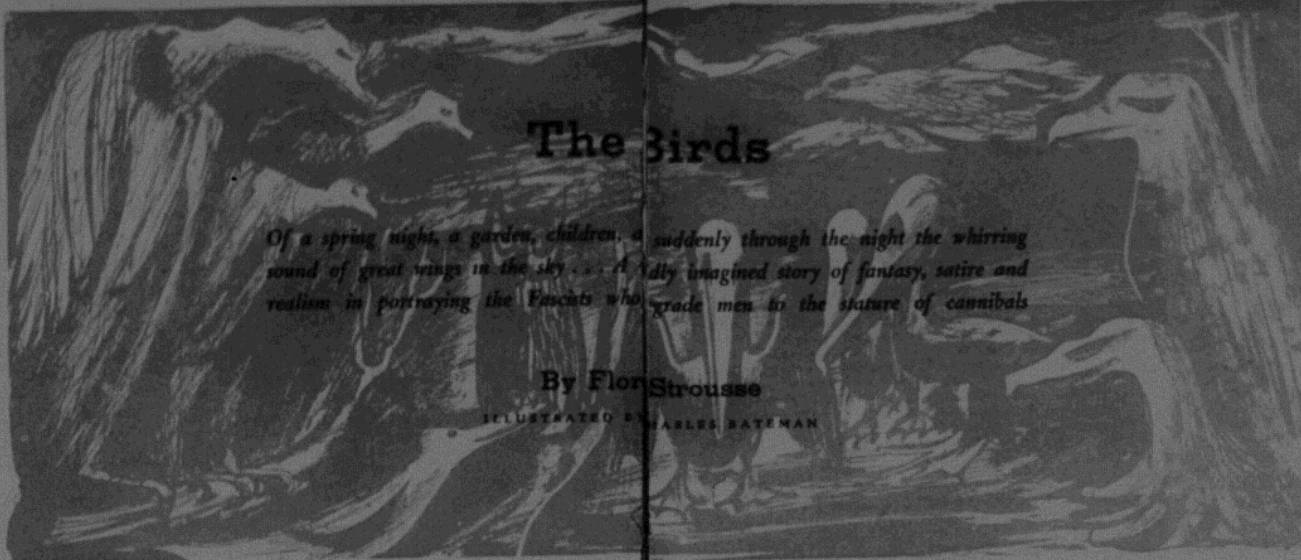
"Often, peasants are forced to grow hemp, oil plants and other crops essential for war production; prices, of course, are fixed by governmental directors. To break down the passive resistance of the country people during the harvest, S. A. men, Nazi students and other 'reliable' people were installed as 'crop-helpers.'"

(Continued on page 10)

Vienna today — Jews forced to scrub the streets as a Nazi "joke"



THE FIGHT, December 1938



The Birds

Of a spring night, a garden, children, a suddenly through the night the whirring sound of great wings in the sky... A wily imagined story of fantasy, satire and realism in portraying the Fascists who grade men to the stature of cannibals

By Florence Strousse

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BATEMAN

IT SEEMED so touchingly loyal for the tulips to come up again. High time to plant new bulbs, but somehow I did not look forward to spring. For seasons do not matter much any more. Time has become almost static. A continuation of pauses when pain reminds me that it is quite impossible to adjust my spirit to the ever-recurrent tragedies in our world. So I did not buy new bulbs for the garden. Loyal little tulips, dwarfed from their long process of pushing through the earth, once again pierced through in defiance of neglect. Red, yellow, and one reminiscent of Flanders' fields. God, I will not think of it! Crouching there, three tight-lipped tulips, until sun's friendly fingers lured them to frilled-cup heights. Frost came then, a sudden convulsive spasm of cold, which changed my poor flowers to the color of their mother's breast. March winds caught them up and brown crisp petals were scattered to earth again. Four loyal flowers, wrenched from the garden, and so like those across the sea. Torn from the warm protection of their homes, now seeking for a spot on earth to fasten tangled threads of roots. But now, to sleep.

Tonight it is spring. Soon there will be many flowers splashing the fields with color, heralding the approach of a new life. Today I saw a robin. Sleek and high-eyed, his head cocked sideways, and viewing me as some monstrous challenge. Where should the nest be placed that none could reach it? How high above the heads of great moving figures should twigs be carefully woven? Soft down from a feather trembled softly on the grass. The robin eyed it. That downy flake would surely add real comfort to a round scooped nest. But how could he tell, that head-cocked robin, if I, great moving thing, might not start with cruel intention? Or know if it would be my joy to reach and crush sheer blue of shells between my thumb and forefinger? Where build a home beyond the forces of destruction? Where indeed?

But listen, little bird, you need not fear me. Go build your nest in the rutted eaves extending from the porch. Build low that I may see the smooth blue ovals crack, and watch with pleasure scrawny necks reach up, cavern-mouthed and ludicrous, pecking with you for worms. I tiptoed carefully across the green of lawn's soft carpet, to the walk. Small bits of gravel flew in agitated surprise against my high flexed shoes. The robin flew away. I do not blame him for a lack of trust. There is no tree now high enough, no roof deep-rutted, to hold the home of bird or man from those who would destroy.

Through sun-drenched skies, bombs whistle without warning in freakish storms that rain great mounds of steel. From blue and cloudless dome this monstrous mass descends to flatten out men,

women, children, and scatter them into a crimsoned pulpy mess of human flesh. And all the while great birds fly on, their wings stretched taut, their song a whirling cry no other birds have known. And nests of man, those square brick places where he lives, are blown to bits.

So, little robin, if you have fear of me, know then that I too fear a span of wings that slackens only when their death is dealt. There is no place to build, and you are right to pause. Forget the plans for eggs and young, for then you will not start up in the night in wonder for their safety. My children are still out. But what of it, they're safe, will soon be home. Now I must sleep, I must.

"Now I lay me—" What childish nonsense this? "Down to sleep." Sleep, sleep. If I only could, "I pray the Lord—" The who? No, no! God has nothing whatever to do with this. Never let it be said that He has a part in the monstrous greed and stupidity that is called man. Man, feeding the great bellies of birds with metal forged in hell, to have the creatures vomit death upon his fellow-man. Man! Fashioning a folklore that proclaims creation in the image of God. And God is Love. "My soul to keep—" Soul. A word gone out since others were invented. Peace to the soul of man. What antiquated slogan this? You must eat or be eaten. That's the stuff with a punch! Soft winds blow back my curtains. And yet it's warm in here. Stifling! Too many covers. "If I should die before I wake." Die. Before I wake, after I wake. Oh—what the hell!

The children move downstairs. Home and safe. Surely now I can go to sleep. We are far away from bombs and no great menace hovers in the skies.

Sleep, my children, sleep little robin. No bombs, no wings. No—

BUT SUDDENLY through the night a whirring sound. Yet birds don't whir their wings. They flap them. Flap. Faster and faster, great black clouds of flashing birds pour over the roof to settle in my garden. They must not stay. It is my garden and I'll call that they should leave at once. At once. But suddenly my voice is gone and I with it, floating softly on the night, and slowly downward to the ground. Now I wait silent and afraid, crouching behind a mass of shrubbery to see what they will do.

First come the vultures, voices raised in sharp commanding tones, and after them, a great triangle of hawks in military formation. And then the shrikes, those little birds whose slanting eyes peer craftily above beaks curved to steel-like strength. Song-birds follow in the shadows of their leaders' wings, trying to whir their own in manner of the mighty. But failing in the task they sense, above the thunderous symphony, the sun; and raise small voices in welcoming of spring. The vultures frown, the hawks his sharp command in protest of this melody. And in one brief moment cheerful tones are turned into a swelling roar that grows high and louder, the even pulsing beat of martial tempo. Metallic-chanted, mighty-hearted, and wings whit on and on. Martial-chanted, mighty mounting Swelling, roaring, beating, metal music swells until the tin throats are almost burst in two. My own throat aches with effort to speak. I must tell them to go, these strangers in my garden. Must tell them—But cannot utter a word. Maybe it I could

have a drink of water. Creep into the kitchen, turn on the faucet—I cannot rise—I—

Now they are settled. A great semicircle of birds in front of the house. Three of the mightiest sit higher than the others. The vulture and the hawk are close together, intent in friendly whispering. And the shrike, his eyes are bland, a deft observer, even though he does not share all confidences. But what's this now, the hawk gets up, feet planted far apart, to proudly curl those claws deep into the earth. Tossing his great head he folds one wing over his expansive chest.

"Patriots!" The hawk flashes a wide friendly smile. "Birds are better who fly high. In the strength of wing we shall find salvation. Reptiles cannot fly. Neither can they claw."

Here a younger hawk whispers to their leader, "Careful. You know our friend the vulture is a triple touch."

The leader nods, and sotto voce to his friend, "He is sensitive about his feet." Winking slyly: "Any dolt knows we all descend from reptiles. But no use letting the rabble in on it. Our friend the vulture seems determined to divert attention from his own feet by calling attention to the other bird's. Oh well, maybe we'll have to use it sometime ourselves. I'll be tactful." Turning to the gathering again, "In the strength of flight, there is power of the gods." Then he flashes a conciliatory smile at the vulture. "After all, claws are not so very important. We must conquer the heavens with our wings. The skies are but a short distance from us here. We must have worms in every hole—ermine in every nest—and we will pluck the stars to—give light in the night." Here he looks

around to see what sort of impression the speech is making. A group of black-fronted hawks nudge the parrots.

"Worms in every hole, ermine in every nest, and a star to light up the night," the parrots chant. "But there is a sudden stir in the gathering when a delegation of cardinals step up.

"It was, please," says their spokesman. "Our group is against star-plucking. It seems just a little—howing tactfully—a little irregular—or shall we say—blasphemous." Then ruffling his plumage obsequiously—"Mightn't we compromise with—let us say—electric lights—or—"

The hawk interrupts, trying to control the fury evoked by criticism. "Although we do not want to alienate your strong and powerful group," he says smoothly, "you must remember that the word 'compromise' is not included in the plan of gods. Star-plucking is none too good for my people, and we shall not be stopped by your mystical attitude."

Quite unruffled by his leader's rebuke the cardinal speaks again, "It is difficult for us to deny the right to extol." He sighs deeply. "Is it not the function of birds to sing?"

"It is the function of birds to croak and claw," shouts the hawk. "To croak and claw." He pierces the earth until the soft rich soil below flies spinning and, "Now, do you understand?"

"We understand." The cardinals back away, their beaks set into lines of assumed indifference.

"I thought you would." Now their leader turns to the assembly, bellowing, "What is the function of birds?"

Hawks nudge the parrots again and the drowsy birds chant stupidly, "To cloak and crawl," until

obviously provoked by beaks in the rear, they make a hasty correction, "To croak and claw."

"And now," the hawk turns to his vulture friend, "I give you our beloved ally, the one who stood aside while we brought our black-feathered friends into the folds of night."

THE VULTURE rises quickly, and a bunch of feathers falls into one of his eyes. Immediately an attendant slicks it back while his leader stands silent, one wing extended in rigid salute. He speaks, and his voice fills with magnetic charm. "You whose destiny is so irrevocably linked with our own—" he looks mournfully toward the hawk—"can realize the poisonous perils of all the foul parasites that call themselves birds. It is true that in height is their might, and let it be our eternal mission to scourge the web-footed creatures from the earth and skies. Let there be none left to contaminate our glorious race, even until the last of them has perished." He turns to a forlorn group of pelicans huddled together in the corner of my garden. They are carefully guarded by great brown-trimmed vultures. "We have with us the scum of all bird-dom. Bring forth the pelicans." The terrified creatures are prodded to the center of the gathering. "Look at them," roars the vulture, "Look at their feet. Reptiles!" He roars with laughter at the cowering, ludicrous figures before them. "And those beaks!" Suddenly the vulture turns to the crowd, his voice intimate and confidential: "What do they use those beaks for, do you know?" Silence. "Not to fight with, I assure you. The pelican has no strength in his wing, no fight in his beak, but, in that great jaw this scum of the universe carries off live birds, boards nests and eggs. They are trying to deny us the right to live—these—these reptiles."

An owl speaks up. "According to our knowledge," he says reasonably, "the pelican carries fish for his young in that beak."

"Fish!" bellows the vulture. "Don't listen to these stupid intellectuals. Read from my book!" A plump brown front steps up, holding the vulture's bible under his wing.

"I quote from our leader," he says reverently, then reads, "Pelicans are decadent. They are the scum of bird-dom. They have webbed feet, weak wings and a beak in which to hide worms, eggs and feathers. They are liars to all that is necessary for birds' existence. Pelicans must be driven from the earth."

"News to me." An aged owl scratches his head reflectively.

"Silence," bellows the vulture. "I will tolerate no subversive intellectual linguists. These creatures must go!"

(Continued on page 26)

Books

The Lights Go Out

LEADS OF THE PRESS, by George Seldes; 408 pages; Julian Messner, Inc., \$3.00.

A PEOPLE that wants to be free must arm itself with a free press." George Seldes concludes his most recent researches into the condition of the American press on this note, but it is equally pertinent as the place from which he began his investigation.

Newspapermen and the public have seen the roll of free and independent papers become smaller and smaller as one after another has joined the ranks of the "commercials"—as Seldes describes those newspapers which have permitted advertisers or the publishers' own "class consciousness" to betray their public responsibility. The Baltimore Sun is well past the meridian; the "light has failed" in the offices of the Scripps-Howard newspapers; the St. Louis Post-Dispatch has turned around and is going the other way; and the Stern papers are fighting a losing battle with the advertisers.

The New York Times, which Seldes holds to be the foremost paper in the United States, is still the barometer of the condition of the press, just as it was when Walter Lippmann and Charles Meitz examined it for *The New Republic* several years ago. "The Times not only influences its million readers but many more millions through newspapers which follow its policies. The New York Times today is approaching the *London Times* as a national institution. The truer this statement becomes the more pessimistic must be our judgment of American journalism."

We are taken by the hand and guided across the moat of anonymity that surrounds the castles of the press lords and into the castles, and if there are any closet skeletons to be seen, we see them. In addition to the press lords, George Seldes also introduces us to the "servants of the lords," the foreign correspondents, the Washington "galley slaves" and the columnists, and of course that lowliest servant of all, the reporter or working newspaperman.

This book is a smashing indictment not only of the American press but of

the conditions which make it possible for a small group of men to win so much power, and to use it in their own interest rather than in the interest of the public.

While the publishers have pretty much the best of it at the present time, the feudal landscape Seldes paints is not altogether serene. The people have learned—in their experience with William Randolph Hearst—that they can boycott newspapers that are very bad. And labor is learning that it also is a power, and its press is growing and threatening to wipe away the cobwebs the press lords have spun around the minds of newspaper readers.

Perhaps it is appropriate that essays which were suppressed somewhere before should appear in such a book, and *Key* is so represented. (THE FACTS is represented by one or two parts that did appear, notably the piece on "The Case of General Carney.")

—FRANK B. BLUMENFELD

Facts for Progressives

LABOR FACT BOOK: IV, prepared by Labor Research Association; 223 pages; International Publishers; \$1.00.

THAT STURDY, hard-hitting and tireless ally of everything genuinely progressive in American life, the Labor Research Association, has again come forward with brass-tack answers to hundreds of vital questions of the day. Like its predecessors—whose value, however, increases rather than diminishes with time—the fourth edition of the *Labor Fact Book* is far more than a humdrum collection of facts, figures and "data." It is the best example known to me, and doubtless to thousands of its users everywhere, of the dynamic organization of knowledge around a central theme; that of our democratic traditions, of civil and political rights, and the interests of all who must work for a living.

The material presented, in admirably compact form, and with constant emphasis on the need for intelligent social action, covers nine major topics. We begin with an analysis of the past three years of "recovery and crisis" in the United States, and end with a survey of the swiftly developing forces

of war and Fascism throughout the world. In between, supported by a wealth of carefully checked facts, are chapters dealing with: the political and economic trends of American labor, including trade union activities and strikes, social conditions, unemployment and relief; agriculture and farmers, civil rights, American Fascist trends; and "Labor Abroad," emphasizing conditions in the Fascist bloc of Italy, Japan, and Germany. In this last-named section, as well as in the chapter on "War Begins," the urgent need for democratic unity is brought out.

Altogether, this modest-looking volume is a weapon—a weapon forged in the heat of conflict against reaction, barbarism, insecurity and war; designed to fit the hands and brains of all fighters for what is best not only in American life but in human life everywhere. Never was such a book more sorely needed than now, when the Fascist International is bending every effort to confuse, paralyze, undermine and poison the incalculable potential strength of the world's masses.

A final note, by way of criticism and suggestion. In the next edition of this work (as also in the smaller *Arsenal of Facts*) there should be included

sections dealing with American minority groups other than the Negro and the Jew. Close to fifty nationalities are represented in the American social complex, and much of interest may be said of the American Indians, Mexicans, Japanese, Poles, Italians and Irish. Also, we should have more material dealing with our national and natural resources, basic to our progress; and a special chapter on propaganda—press, radio, theatre and cinema.

—HAROLD WARD

The World for Youth

WINDOWS ON THE WORLD, by Kenneth Miller Gould; 421 pages; Stackpole Sons; \$3.00.

TEXTBOOKS are apt to be dull, uninspiring records of facts and dates. Mr. Gould has written no such textbook. Instead he has written an intelligent account of contemporary conditions, and he has written it with such simplicity and imagination as to make it exciting reading—which young people find too often only in the sports pages or the comic strips.

He has done precisely what the title implies. He has opened windows on the world we live in, that the young people of America may look out and realize their task in remaking it. The author, who is one of the editors of *Scholastic*, writes with clarity and a wealth of anecdotes about subjects that are either neglected in most textbooks or are treated with obscure dullness.

The book is divided into five parts: The World We Live In, How We Got That Way, Breakdown, Battle of the Systems, and It's Up to You. The last is an inspiring call to action to the future citizens of America. While the book is primarily designed for young people of high school age, there is no reason why adults cannot read it with a great deal of profit and enjoyment. Certainly it would make an ideal text for an adult education class in contemporary problems.

To the teacher who is eager to find supplementary material to ease out the unrealistic contents of most textbooks in the social sciences, *Windows on the World* should prove invaluable. Included are excellent surveys of current

matters such as the C.I.O.-A.F. of L. controversy; competent treatment of neutrality versus isolationism as a road to peace; even an adequate discussion of such words as Communism, capitalism, Marxism, and Fascism, which many authors writing for young people treat as if they were obscure.

While it is true that any person writing for students has to be extremely careful about taking sides if he wants his book used by even the most liberal educators, Mr. Gould should have been able to indicate a little more definitely the path to be followed by young people. He passionately stresses the need for a more equitable distribution of our income, and vigilance for the maintenance of peace and Democracy, but he makes no real suggestion as to what has to be done concretely by the young people.

But in spite of this weakness Mr. Gould's book remains a most valuable weapon in the arsenal of the progressive educator who wants his students to know the world they live in, so that knowing it they may proceed to strive for the world they should live in, a world warless, plentiful and free.

—HAROLD PATCH

Letters of Lincoln

THE LETTERS OF LINCOLN STEFFENS, edited by Ella Winter and Granville Hicks; two volumes, 1072 pages; Harcourt, Brace and Company; \$10.00.

AFTER reading his *Letters*, one is inclined to judge Lincoln Steffens mercilessly. Such is the teaching of his "life of unlearning." For he was a failure, along with his generation: a generation which leaves a world of Fascism and war can be counted nothing else.

It was and is Steffens' great gift to mankind that he recognized the failure and proclaimed it. Not for him the bunk of "good intentions" nor the solace of having "fought the good fight." There was a job to do, and it was not done, Lincoln Steffens inexorably expounds. Therefore he described the failure and looked to the causes of it, to the end that the next who would tackle the job might succeed. A rare bird—how many have we had?

In the wealth of these letters, let us turn to one that is somewhat apropos. In the elections of 1909 several of the progressives, including Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, Mark Fagan of Jersey City and Francis Heney of California were defeated. Steffens wrote to Brand Whitlock, progressive Mayor of Toledo: "You alone were victorious this year. . . . Heney's policy was in fundamental error, and when I said so to Mark's mentor, George L. Record, the other day, Record said, 'Yes, and we have made some mistake in Jersey City. I don't know what it is, but there's something we don't know.' Which is fine, and wise. . . . And you



John Strachey, famous British writer and former member of Parliament, is waiting for us to make up our minds whether we can listen to him

see. What does that mean? I wonder if you know. You are doing or not doing something—different. What is it?" And again he wrote in self-reproach: "Just like the grafters, I was for my friends."

It was Steffens' thorough scientific approach to the problems of society, somewhat rare in our country, that gave his teaching the air of paradox. After the early letters which deal with the end of his formal education, we see in the book a healthy mind breaking firmly and indignantly through the fog of misinformation that had been drilled into it. Here began his life of unlearning. From this time on Lincoln Steffens looked on the world with the candid eyes of a scientist, or better, a child. And this is part of the explanation of his trust and comradeship for his own son, Pete Steffens, and the infinite pains he took to treat the boy as an equal. One may say that he treasured the child's ignorance of the claptrap which fills most of our heads.

Lincoln Steffens returned from Europe to America as a young man and became a journalist, a Wall Street reporter, a crime reporter, and our greatest City Hall reporter—leader of the "muckrakers." He saw the decay of American Democracy, the "dharma of the cities." But Steffens wanted to see more—he wanted the causes and the remedies. Unhindered by moralistic predilections, he observed the failure of "good men in office" and the inadequacy of "reform" alone. He was the friend of the crooks, the political bosses, and the biggest thieves as well as the reformers. For he was searching in an age of individualism for the social forces which moved the men.

Among self-righteous persons of my camp, he became somewhat Satanic. From fighting the "good people" (and he reminded one correspondent of Jesus' similar attitude) he turned to

defending the proposition: "There is good in good people." One gathers that the inquiry of the good had become by this time something of a dogma. Steffens opposed the dogma, arguing thus: "There is so much good in bad people, that there must be some good in good people."

This is of course very little of the story; we can only mention Steffens' sympathetic interpretation of the Mexican and Russian Revolutions, his activity for a democratic peace and his disgust with Versailles, his work for the labor movement. But it seems to the reviewer that we today can learn most from the letters concerning American politics: from the approaches, successes and failures of Lincoln Steffens in making Democracy work.

But we have not written of Steffens the son, the brother, the lover, the father, the friend. That is to a great extent what the *Letters* are about. That is another reason why they are good reading. With a memorandum by Carl Sandburg, an introduction by Ella Winter, and section introductions by Granville Hicks. Generously illustrated with photographs. A classic.

—CHARLES PRESTON

What Strachey Says

HOPE IN AMERICA, by John Strachey; 209 pages; Modern Set Books; 50 cents.

LIKE OTHER stupid acts of repression, the cancellation of John Strachey's visa to enter this country for a lecture tour may turn out to be a boomerang to the reactionaries responsible for it. Publicity sells books; the publishers report thirty thousand copies of *Hope in America* already published, and a swiftly rising demand.

This is as it should be. *Hope in*

America is an extraordinarily readable, clear, candid, and straightforward little book. It deserves to be read by a great many Americans—many more than could possibly have heard its author in lecture halls. Strachey's argument, naturally, remains what it was in his earlier, more ambitious books: Capitalism is fast breaking down, giving us oppressive Fascist imperialism with its murderous wars, lunatic rape of culture, and inhuman conditions for the vast majority of those subjected to it; progress into Socialism throughout the world is absolutely necessary to maintain and advance human decency and civilization itself.

The application of this latest and popularized restatement of Strachey's well-known views, is to the immediate situation in the United States. Strachey has five times visited and traveled through this country. He now eloquently tells us his reasons for finding "hope in America." We have, he says, youth, energy, technological skill, incomparable resources both human and natural, and under the Roosevelt Administration an advanced Democracy with a strong labor movement—all that we need for an apparently endless advance.

With effortless ease and simplicity the book describes the fundamentals of Marxist economics (other publishers ought to profit by Strachey's graceful avoidance of trade terms). The basic problems of inadequate mass purchasing power is demonstrated, and the various proposed answers considered. The partial answer of the New Deal—public works, direct relief, lending, and general so-called "pump-priming"—is applauded; but only as a first step, which must be firmly extended, and will by no means produce a final solution.

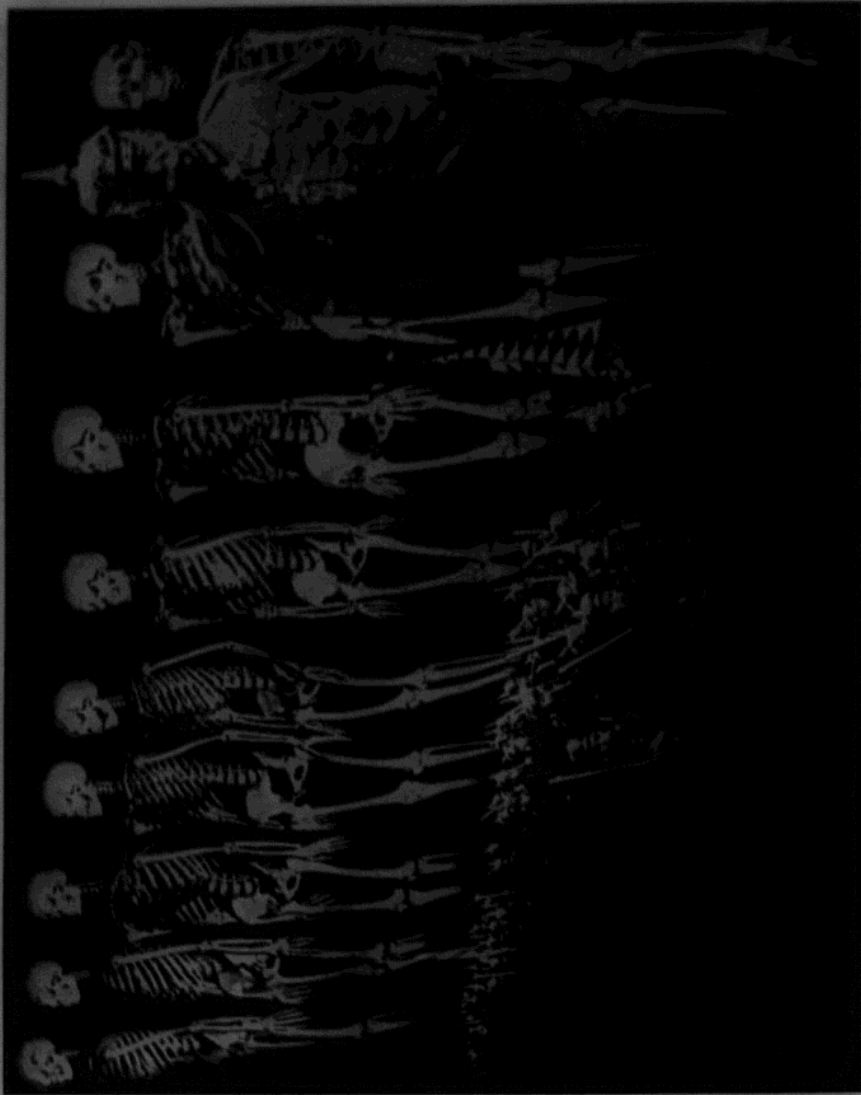
After dissecting and showing the terrible inadequacy of the imperialist-Fascist "answer" to this problem (aggressive war to secure markets), Strachey goes on to state the case for Socialism as it operates in the Soviet Union and as it might operate in this country. This he does with his usual urbanity and reasonableness; especially refreshing is his handling of the routine questions about "human nature," incentives to work, private property, and the Soviet trials. (On this last he permits himself a note: ". . . when the Russian labor leaders sell out, they are shot, and when the British labor leaders sell out, they are put in the Cabinet.")

With education, organization, and struggle, we are told, the United States can and will avoid Fascist reaction, whose power is not minimized. But to accomplish this, the American people, above all the labor movement, must be conscious of their aims and ready to back genuinely progressive measures.

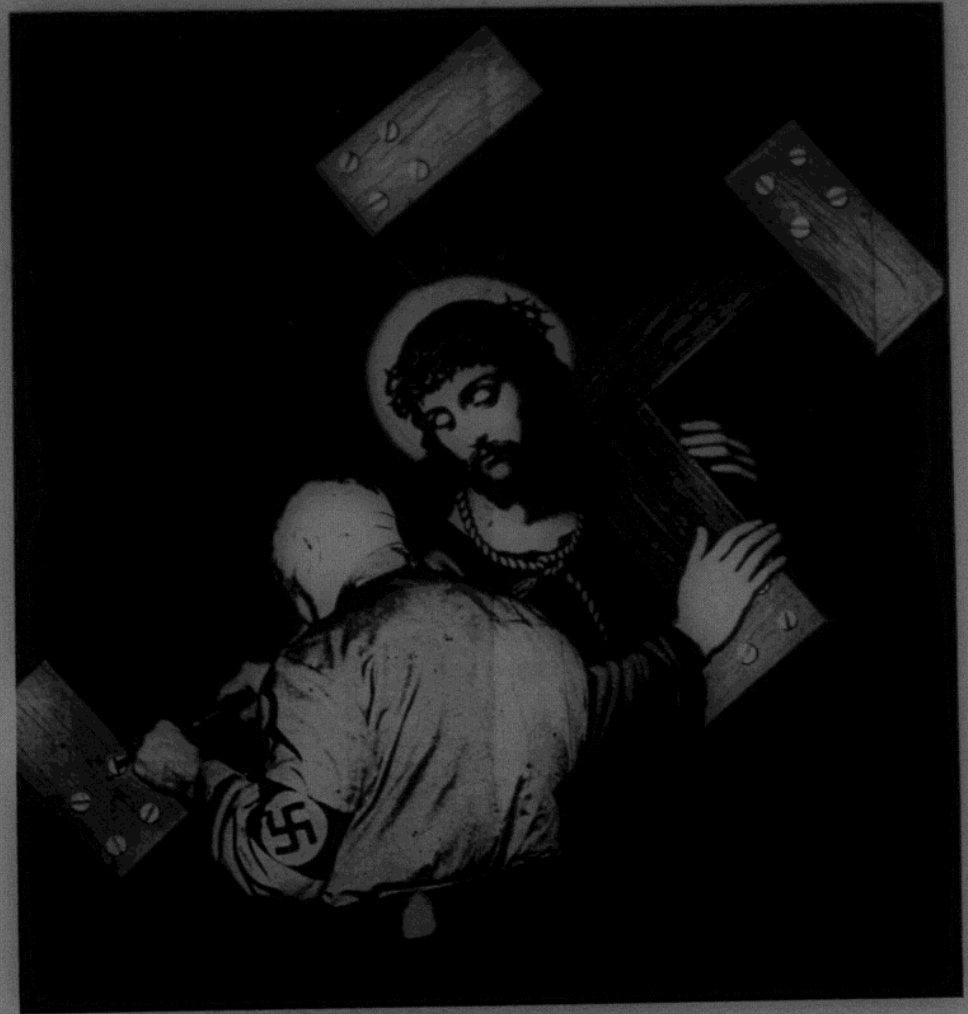
—JOSEPH H. FRIEND



This Neville Chamberlain doll is on sale in London. Merry Christmas!



Twenty Years After



Nazi Sign of the Cross

By John Heartfield

THE NATION'S number-one economic problem is also the nation's number-one political headache. The shameless filibuster bantered in the face of an anxious electorate around the issue of the anti-lynching bill in the last session of Congress, threw light upon existing practices of social injustice and disfranchisement in the South. The debates over the Wages and Hours Act exposed the lag of industry in the South and the vast economic disabilities of ten millions of people which the political oligarchy was determined to perpetuate. The revelations struck the awareness of the nation with full force only when President Roosevelt, speaking at Gainesville, Georgia, indicated the analogy between Fascism abroad and the political and economic disabling of the masses in the South which is modern feudalism.

Neither a review of the Congressional scene nor the election return tables, however, give an exact view of

the South. The men who spoke out on the floor of Congress against practically every progressive measure introduced were voices from a moribund, post-Reconstruction South—the Bilbo, the Carter Glasses, and the Tom Connallys, whose political existence can continue only so long as democratic rights are denied to the majority in the South. They have spoken against every progressive measure and have offered no substitutes. But the millions of underpaid industrial workers among the poor whites in the South to whom the Wages and Hours Act, the upsurge of labor organization, and the W.P.A. have meant a chance to live—together with the tenant farmers and the Negroes now living in twentieth century serfdom—are no longer a silent inarticulate mass. The beginning of their organization to end machine politics and non-representative government is an essential part of the picture of political activity in the South. To complete the scene we must add also the

figures and activity of that valiant group of new Southerners including Maury Maverick, Claude Pepper, Hugo Black, and Lamar Hill.

The almost solid opposition of the Southern bloc to progressive legislation in the last Congress might lead to the erroneous supposition that the sun of economic security and social progress always shone in Dixie, and that federal legislation would only supersede measures already being enforced for the public good. On the contrary, however, every bit of evidence available indicates that gradually and increasingly the natural resources of the South are being wasted through misuse and underdevelopment, and that the population of the South is scarcely marginally supported by its impoverished communities. The recent report of the National Emergency Council on the South evaluates its economic problems in a thoroughgoing fashion and paints a picture of the South that leaves no doubt of its critical situation. Its

poverty and its poor schooling, the prevalence of low health standards, its slum housing, the problems of chronic unemployment and low industrial wages, the preponderance of child labor, the evils of tenant farming, and the inadequate purchasing power of the Southern family. It is well to remember here also that the problems of the South are the problems of the nation, for far too large a proportion of the economic unbalance of the country is the result of a South askew.

The Right to Vote

There is no one cure immediately applicable to these evils. Social legislation can go a long way toward remedying them, but that legislation will never be initiated or supported by the present representatives of the South, who remain in office only because they have disfranchised the electorate. The first step toward economic progress in the South must be to extend the most elementary kind of Democracy, in giving

If his parents could vote, this boy would have a better chance



Democracy for the South

A rising homegrown liberal movement seeks the first step toward economic progress in restoration of the ballot to three-fourths of Dixie's people

By
Augusta V. Jackson

December 1938, THE FIGHT



Negroes are campaigning for the ballot in many Southern localities

back to the majority of the people the means of choosing their own representatives and a voice in their legislatures through the ballot.

The disfranchisement of the Southern voters was accomplished upon the collapse of the Reconstruction governments after the Civil War. In many instances the new state constitutions, adopted over a generation after the War, were less an attempt to drive the Negro (whom threats and intimidation were fast disfranchising) from the polls, than measures designed to keep the vote within the hands of a smaller, more easily controllable group than the millions of poor white farmers and laborers. The method of disfranchisement has both its written and unwritten forms. In seven of the thirteen Southern states the deterrent is a poll tax, which in some instances has cumulative features. Virginia poll taxes must be paid for the three years previous to the one in which the individual offers to register. Needless complications face the prospective voter in Mississippi where, in addition to the cumulative poll tax, the voter must have registered and produced evidence of the payment of his taxes nine months before the November elections. In Virginia this registration must be made

six months prior to the election in which the voter wishes to participate. In Mississippi, again, the voter must be able to read any section of the state constitution or "to understand the same when read to him, or to give a reasonable interpretation thereof." The South Carolina voter must fulfil similar requirements or else show that during the year previous to the one in which he offers to vote, he has owned and paid taxes on property in the state assessed at a minimum of three hundred dollars.

How the System Works

The courts would find nothing contrary to the Constitution in these regulations. As trivial as they may seem, however, they are effective in keeping potential voters from the polls. Reading an isolated section of a state constitution and interpreting its semi-legal verbiage has often required the services of the highest courts. A reading and interpretation by a layman before a prejudiced official may well be an impossibility. Registration far in advance of a coming election draws as few as possible of the available voters whom agitation around vital issues and around local candidates later would normally bring to the polls. The poll

tax has been defended as the token of the citizen's interest in the affairs of his government and his willingness to support it. However, the payment of a yearly tax on adult members of a household is a serious financial problem in the South, where half of the people have an income of less than \$300 a year and the average income is \$314.

Despite taxes and complicated election laws, however, a considerably larger vote would undoubtedly be polled in the South were it not for the operation of factors outside the law. There is an inestimable amount of intimidation at places of registration and at the polls. In South Carolina, at the last primary where Cotton Ed Smith rode infamously back to Congress on a platform of defeating "nigger domination," a revival of post-Civil War terrorism was staged by cohorts of Smith appearing at the polls in red shirts, the regalia of a once notorious anti-Negro society. By far the most effective form of extra-legal disfranchisement is the closed Democratic Party primaries in several states of the Deep South where, since approximately 90 per cent of the votes on election day will be cast for the Democratic Party, nomination in the primary is tantamount to election. The exclusion

of Negro voters from the Democratic primaries was challenged as long ago as 1918 in a trial case in Texas. Though Supreme Court decisions have declared laws that exclude Negro voters from a primary election unconstitutional, the Democratic Party, as a private organization, is considered by the courts at liberty to admit and exclude whom it will from its membership. Thus by legal and extra-legal processes the franchise has been stolen from the hands of both the white and Negro people of the South, until in Mississippi today only 13 per cent of the adult population votes, and in Virginia 22 per cent, and in South Carolina 10.7 per cent. A count of the numbers of Negroes voting in Mississippi and in South Carolina is more significant than these percentages; though approximately half the population in these states is Negro, Mississippi records only one thousand Negro voters and South Carolina two thousand.

Progressive Voices

But these outworn political structures cannot completely stifle the voices of those within the South who are anxious for a new order. There is every

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THE FIGHT, December 1938

AS TO WOMEN

Japan revives the past . . . With the magazines . . . Christmas note

IT HAS been a long struggle for women to gain their rights in countries where women have had a comparatively easy life. It has been a more difficult struggle in the countries of the Orient where little value was placed on women at best. It makes it that much more disheartening to hear of the treatment of women in the occupied area of China.

In a certain Chinese province, now occupied by the Japanese, the custom of bound feet seemed to have completely disappeared. It had been hard to break the custom because it had been so long practiced. Finally parents were paid ten Chinese dollars if they would not bind their daughter's feet. The new custom of unbound feet caught on.

It was no longer the thing to do. And then came the Japanese regime. There were regulations about girls going to school but those were exported. But when the Japanese offered parents ten dollars to bind their daughters' feet the Chinese were stilled. Japanese women do not bind their feet. Why were the Japanese anxious for the Chinese women to have bound feet? They were asked. "Because," the Japanese replied, "we are bringing back the old Chinese culture to the country. We are anxious to preserve the beautiful old customs that express the real soul of China."

That sounds like a horror story. It also sounds as if it could not be true. But if you read some of the German explanations of why certain practices are carried on in Germany you will find the practices that hark back to the Middle Ages are usually "expressing the real soul of Germany." In this old world one of the oddest things is the rosy words that are used to cover up deeds.

POPULAR magazines have been mentioned from time to time in this column because women are the readers of popular magazines. Usually we are critical of them. But occasionally we come across something we wish could have been published in *THE FIGHT*. Such an article is the one by Hendrik Willem Van Loon in the current issue

of *The Redbook*. It is called "Peace Is Farther Than Ever," and although the title is depressing, Mr. Van Loon says some hard truths that need saying in the popular papers of this country. The very shock you receive when you read the title proves how little we look for questions of war and peace and democracy to be raised in the monthly magazines.

Mr. Van Loon ends his article by saying:

"England, as a result of Mr. Chamberlain's action, now surrenders her ancient leadership of the democratic ideals of the western world. The rest is up to us. If we too should fail in our duty, then God help humanity!"

SINCE we are on the question of the writings of others—let me speak a word again for Erica Mann's book, *School for Barbarians*. It is too easy for anti-Fascists to assume that others know about life under a Fascist dictatorship. Few Americans know the simplest things about that life. Miss Mann tells her story simply. There is no need to pile on horrors. It is perhaps the most effective book that has been written on "education" for Fascism. It should have wide reading in the United States. I know of one teacher in the field of education who put it on the prescribed reading course. It belongs in every Education library and I should think it might have a prominent place in the History Department too.

AS CHRISTMAS TIME draws nearer, it is just as well to remind women once more that most inexpensive toys come from Japan or Germany. But while we are not buying Christmas toys from war-making countries, we must remember that selling to war-making nations must stop. We are still supplying Japan with her war materials to carry on her invasion of China. And there has been no hesitancy about selling anything that may require to Germany and Italy. It is not a pleasant thought for the Christmas season.

—DOROTHY MCCONNELL

Neutrality

(Continued from page 71)

some time, our failure to act in behalf of China is proving costly to us now and will be costlier later. Our investments in dollars and cents were not as considerable as the investment in humanitarianism: universities, hospitals, schools, missions, in that country. Our people and China's people had an old bond of friendship which was strengthened when she became a republic. We had pledged ourselves to maintain an Open Door, we guaranteed with other powers her territorial integrity. We have done nothing to fulfill these solemn obligations, and others. We have allowed ourselves to be driven out of China by a militaristic power which makes no secret of its hostility to us. Finally, we are being slowly driven from the Pacific Ocean.

Arms Against the Czechs

In the Czechoslovak crisis, events rushed by with such speed that we did not have much opportunity to commit blunders. By that time, furthermore, repeated demonstrations of the true nature of Fascist aggression began to permeate some of our isolationist groups. (Some nevertheless remain unconvinced and wait until Fascism shall begin to migrate from north of the equator to the Texas border.) But we obliged the enemy of Czechoslovakia by shipping arms and implements to Germany. This was done, moreover, in open violation of our treaty obligations. In our Treaty with Germany we incorporated the provisions of Article 170 of the Treaty of Versailles, which prohibited the "importation into Germany of arms, munitions and war material of every kind."

Despite that inhibition, we have permitted, and are permitting, exports of bombs and other materials to Germany—allowing her, furthermore, to take advantage of our latest inventions and patents, useful for military purposes only. This has continued throughout the years that the Nazis have openly announced that rearmament and war against other nations is a German state policy, as evidenced in Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia, and that she will use aggression in the future against Hungary, Rumania, Jugoslavia and the Soviet Union.

These are some of the high spots of the unpleasant tale of our "neutrality." To complete the picture, we need only outline the skeletons of cities and villages bombed, survey the mountain of dead and mutilated bodies, the flight and penalty of the refugees, the disease and desolation; and, what is even more, the breakdown of international law and concepts of human decency.

And yet our people are people of good will. If the average American were truly made aware of these blunders and horrors, he would call for a

New Deal in international relations. The international crisis struck us when our own people were in the throes of economic distress and in the process of vital internal economic rearrangement. National attention was focused on unemployment, overproduction, and maldistribution of food, shelter and clothing. Time did not permit to make our people conscious of the fact that our lives and safety had an intimate connection with events transpiring beyond our borders.

It must by now be apparent even to the best advocates of isolation that the "magic circle" will not work. The history of our country shows clearly that academic neutrality was never successful. It was not successful in an age when the means of communication were not as advanced, and when the proximity of unfriendly nations to our shores was less than today. During the first World War we attempted neutrality by proclamation, and, as the crisis deepened, we tried the so-called "armed neutrality." That policy failed to keep us out of the World War.

Our present-day position is more anomalous. It could almost be called a one-armed neutrality, where the left arm does not know what the right one is doing.

The universal detest of democratic forces, to which we have unwittingly contributed, must not, however, become a rout. We remain the most powerful of the best bastions of Democracy. It is our destiny to issue a clarion call for the rally of the beaten forces.

It is clear from the President's pronouncements that he realizes fully the transcendent importance to our country and to the world, of a complete change in our attitude toward world problems. Without a clearly defined policy, based upon a firm democratic platform, the millions we are about to spend for arms would be but an empty gesture.

Our Program for Peace

Congress will convene in January. The democratic governmental process by trial and error may be a costly one. But perhaps our American land of abundance can afford it. The neutrality policy and legislation have been on trial, and it must be obvious to its most fervid advocates that they were an error. When Congress becomes organized, there will be proposals for legislation to change the neutrality laws. It becomes important that we should from now on endeavor to organize American public opinion, so that this perhaps most important national business will receive a realistic approach and treatment.

It is likely that attempts will be made to tinker with this defective legislation and policy. It is essential that the whole theme be fundamentally re-examined in the light of historical

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December 1938, THE FIGHT

WALL STREET liked the elections. On the day following, the speculators and big capitalists jumped into the stock market with both feet and sent share prices up with a rush. There weren't any torch-light parades in the caverns of downtown New York, but the demonstration on the Stock Exchange was a near equivalent, designed to create a skeptical public of how lovely it would be if "confidence" were restored by returning the G.O.P. to Washington—that is, the new "reformed" G.O.P. And you can expect to hear a great deal about this new "liberal" G.O.P. in coming months.

The jubilation in the Street was only partly spontaneous. In larger measure it was part and parcel of the high-pressure campaign, led by the Big Business press, to inflate those actual gains made by reactionary elements in the elections, into a false projection of the complete overthrow of the New Deal. It is a campaign to foment the illusion that the reactionaries are as good as back in the White House and in control of Congress, and to conceal the real situation that, despite some losses, the New Deal is still the majority party, is still in the White House and is still, potentially at least, in control of Congress.

The reasonings behind this strategy were transparently revealed by the post-election comments of Walter Lippmann, Wall Street's Number One "Thinker." Falling back on his own peculiar mythology, Walter contended that the Republican gains were simply a result of "the old law" that "in each twenty-year period the Republicans win the Presidency for three terms and the Democrats for two terms." In other words, that the New Dealers will inevitably be turned out in 1940. Then, reversing his own argument, Walter said Roosevelt possibly can violate this law, but only if he takes "extraordinary steps to conciliate the opposition," only if he rids his administration of New Dealers, only if he agrees to amend the New Deal laws. In other words, if the President is a good boy, if he surrenders to the reactionaries and if he turns the New Deal over to the Garner Democrats, maybe he can avoid a Republican victory in 1940.

A Little Legislating

IN ADDITION to this strategy of stampede, however, the Wall Street interests are looking for more immediate, tangible fruits from their "victory" at the polls. On the morning after election, the financial news ticker carried this message to the banks and brokerage houses of Wall Street: "It is apparent that the Republican gains, which were made to a large extent at the expense of New Deal liberals, will act two ways in the House during the next session—in addition to slowing down new reform proposals,

they may well place conservative elements in a position to do a little legislating independent of the Administration." The meat of this message is clearly in its last clause, or rather in its last hopeful prayer. In other words, the Wall Street crowd will drag out again and attempt to foist onto the country the same old reactionary program of legislation—foremost in which is the mutilation of the Wagner Labor

center of the reactionaries' attack against New Deal legislation, can be amended to the satisfaction of Big Business at the next session of Congress. They dare not ignore the fact that where the labor and progressive vote was wanted in the elections, the attack of the reactionaries was overwhelmingly thrown back. In New York, where the campaign against Senator Wagner was almost entirely a campaign against the Wagner Act,



Three of the defendants in the Nazi spy trial. Left to right: Erich Glasen, Otto Herman Voss and Guehrer Gustave Ramovich. Ramovich pleaded guilty.

Act, followed by reduction in relief, by repeal of wage-and-hour legislation, and by weakening social security. This time they hope to force through all or part of this program.

But actually, there is still considerable wishful thinking in responsible quarters of the Street. For there is serious doubt in these circles that even the Wagner Act, which has been the

Senator was re-elected by a sweeping majority. In California, where Fascist-like restrictive labor legislation of the most vicious type was proposed to the public, these repressive measures were rejected decisively through the combined votes of A. F. of L., C. I. O. and progressives generally.

If similar unity is established on a

WALL STREET

What Big Business makes of the elections . . . The reactionary legislation program . . . Profits from Munich

national scale, then there is little question that not only the Wagner Act but the whole New Deal legislation be successfully defended in the next Congress, but the progressive movement can move on to more advanced objectives. What Wall Street was really hand-clapping in the election returns was certain signs of disunity among the people at large. The answer to this applause must be a new unity within the labor movement and an extension of this unity to the farmers and to the broad popular groups.

Peace, Sweet Peace

THE "peace" of Munich has continued to be a source of profitable satisfaction to Wall Street speculators. During the rally in the stock market which has occurred since the immediate war scares subsided, amateur shares have been the favorite of the stock market operators. Whereas the stock market as a whole has risen some 20 per cent since Munich, speculative amateur shares, such as the aircraft notes, have jumped as much as 50 and 60 per cent.

It has remained for one of the great minds of American Big Business, to explain, in terms of the boys and the flowers, the facts of American social and economic life. The Great Economist is Clarence M. Woolley, head of the American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Co., the Morgan-controlled plumbing and heating trust. In a letter to the *Wall Street Journal*, Papa Woolley explained matters as follows: "Capital is the mother, Industrial management is the father. Workers are the children. It is as simple as that. Millions of workers have been orphaned because Mother Capital has been frightened into hiding; Father Management has been hampered into ineffectiveness. Workers need their mother and father—capital and management—love as much as children need their parents."

From China Information Service

"Since Secretary of Commerce Daniel Roper's warning to American exporters not to export goods to Japan without approved credits in hand, Japan has been unable to obtain loans or long-term business credits in this country, according to the most reliable reports.

"There are persistent rumors in financial circles that one of the largest American banking firms, which has branched throughout China, has been underwriting a large volume of Japanese purchases. Be that as it may, obviously it is impossible that one bank would be able to underwrite the whole Japanese buying program.

"A survey completed by Charles E. Blake, International News Service correspondent, among international bankers and large New York export firms revealed that Japan is 'entirely on a hard cash basis.'"

Neutrality

(Continued from page 24)

experience and the traditional role of America's power politics. Not a question of neutrality, but an embargo. In Hamilton's phrase: "Return it a situation." Change there must be, but change along the following lines is essential:

Provision for the imposition of an embargo on war materials against the nation which violates the Kellogg-Briand Pact. This, whether the violation is accompanied by an actual declaration of war or not.

The President must be given the right of detente whether there has been such violation and aggression.

Our government must declare it as our state policy that it does not favor trade with the aggressor nation, leaving it to individuals to engage in such trade at their own risk and peril.

The embargo against the aggressor should be real and comprehensive, forbidding not only shipment of actual war material but providing for a complete economic and financial boycott against the aggressor.

We should further prohibit it as our domestic state policy that the victim of aggression and violation shall be permitted in this country the fullest trade and enjoyment of credits and accounts.

Our government should seek the cooperation and assistance of other peace-loving nations, in furtherance of the policy of strategic national aggression, and cooperation and sympathy for the victim of aggression.

In Franco's Prison

(Continued from page 6)

The daily routine which we had to go through began with rising at six and being ready for "colors" at seven. We were forced to give the Fascist salute to their flag. At first some of us refused, but the officers were always ready and willing to work us over with the canes that they carried, so we decided that it was best not to resist. After colors they gave us breakfast of a soup made from hot water and olive oil and seasoned with garlic; at twelve-thirty we were taken to the courtyard, this time for a lunch of beans and sometimes fish and were issued two small loaves of bread each; at sunset we were taken out for "colors" again and given our evening meal, which was generally the same as lunch. Our food was much the same from day to day with the exception of times when visitors were present: then we would get something a little better, perhaps a stew made almost entirely out of potatoes. On Sunday we were taken to mass, regardless of our religious beliefs. The services were held in the courtyard, as the church was used to store ammunition.

From time to time they would take us into the court and drill us in giving the Fascist salute and crying slogans.

The life that were able to create inside our jail was our bulwark against demoralization and perhaps prevented complete breakdown. But while I think our activities would be of inter-

est, I will not describe them; they had to be carried on secretly—and I assume still do.

Satisfaction levels were very inadequate (five toilets and three water taps for seven hundred men). Add these things to the damp stony conditions of the jail, the lice and other vermin, and the fact that in the five and a half months spent there we were allowed but very few books, and you have some idea of how far things were from being all right.

The Fascists brought visitors to the prison occasionally. One of these was an American who now claims full credit for the release of the group of fourteen of which I was one. There is hardly any need to mention his name—I'm speaking of William P. Carney, the *New York Times* correspondent.

Let us state here that the gushing brook he spoke of in his article as running by the jail, was in reality a stream from a sewer about a foot wide. Of course, whatever we may think of Carney, we must give him credit for having brought the names of the American prisoners to the outside world. And I wish to say to those people who trace Carney's pro-Fascist writings to the fact that he is a Catholic, that this has nothing whatever to do with it. We can prove it: first, by citing the case of the Basques who no one can deny are staunch Catholics and just as staunch supporters of the Loyalist Government; and, second, by telling the story of four nuns who were in charge of nursing Spanish prisoners at Burgos. These four nuns were in the Holy City of Gernika at the time it was completely destroyed by Italian bombing planes. After the bombing when the Fascist troops entered the city, the nuns were taken prisoner with the other people. They were spoken to by some of the Fascist officers and offered their freedom if they would sign a statement to the effect that the Government planes had destroyed the city. They refused and are now virtually prisoners. I knew these nuns for during the first part of my stay in Burgos they were allowed to visit us, and we received nothing but kindness at their hands.

News of Freedom

Some time around the 8th of September an order came through for the release of fourteen Americans in exchange for fourteen Italian aviators who were being held by the Government. Those to be released were chosen alphabetically. My name comes near the top so I was one of the lucky ones. Two days later we were taken to San Sebastian and held there for fifteen days. Very soon after we arrived at the prison, the trustees—who were Basque prisoners—brought us boxes filled with chocolate, sugar, fruit and other foods that they had collected from the Spanish prisoners. This certainly made us feel good. Imagine

donations to the anti-Fascist cause made by known anti-Fascists inside a Fascist prison!

On the morning of October 8th at 7:30 we were taken from the prison, put on buses, and at 12:45 we crossed the border and entered France—free again.

Although I'm now home and have been able to get back on my feet with the aid of the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, I can't help thinking of those whom I left behind. I hope for their release before the winter really sets in, for fear they may be forced to spend the whole cold season there. A good many of them may never come out alive. So I hope that you who read this will do all in your power to help the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in their struggle for the release of these men.

The Birds

(Continued from page 17)

THE OWLS dove off, bored with the whole proceeding, and now the shrike speaks for the first time. Moving with quick, precise little gestures, he steps down, bowing obsequiously to the other leaders.

"Most Honorable Gentleman," the tones are sing-song, as if chanted through his nose. "There is a simple process for determining with mathematical accuracy the exact content boarded within the beak of this *Estimable Gentleman*." Suddenly, with a deft *ju-jitsu* flip of his wing, the shrike sends an old pelican spinning to the ground. "My most humble apologies." He smiles charmingly at the broken back of the pelican. Then in a mood of deep humility he addresses the leaders. "Just a little trick learned from my Honorable Ancestors." Leaning over the stricken bird, he prods open the inert beak and a fish falls out.

"It's only a fish. It's only a fish." The words are taken up by the crowd rising to heights of skepticism and disappointment. The shrike is annoyed that his agility has been discredited by seeming fraud, but the vulture is in no way discouraged.

"But you see, my friends," he says, in oily accents, "the baby bird is concealed inside the fish. It is an old pelican trick. He has plenty in his mouth too." The old bird shakes a feeble head to deny the accusation, painfully opening his beak so that the others may see. The delegation of ostriches peep in. "What is in his mouth?" the vulture challenges thunder-toned.

"Live birds," hiss the hawks. "Live birds," echo the parrots, and the ostrich delegation bury their heads deep down in the earth. "Now it is my turn." The shrike is anxious to vindicate his failure. "Ours too is a Divine Mission to fly high. To spread the glorious gospel of Might.

We have taught the ravens to eat enormous quantities of Nothing. Down with those stupid creatures who put obsolete worship before the sanctity of Wing and Claw. The Claw is key to heaven and hell, and so let it be the Divine Mission of birds to zap and tear and rape and burn, in order to bring everlasting happiness to every flying creature." The shrike now bows grand and polite to the gathering and sits on the platform again.

Then suddenly across my garden comes the low beating of wings, and in a cloud of pale white mist a delegation of doves float gently downward. Some impulse of love sends birds winging toward them, colors flashing in the night, blue, red, yellow, orange, and suddenly the night is filled with song. Higher and higher soars the melody, reaching a paragon of joy for the coming of spring and peace.

Forgotten the hawk, the vulture, the shrike, but they sharpen their beaks and whirl their wings, giving hoarse signals to all birds of prey. Descending suddenly to the center of multi-colored wings, they devour the doves, croaking and screaming, "Down with peace."

Height is might, and then turn about to feast at will, scattering formless corpses everywhere. The hawks tearing wide open to eat, do not forget to drop carcasses dripping with blood for the vultures. The birds try to scatter but are completely surrounded by swooping, clawing creatures whose mouths gape fiercely, beaks snapping, until a pile of mangled bodies and meat-licked bones rises from the ground.

"Follow us." And the birds of prey whirl upward, sending out wild calls. Rise over my roof and I cannot cry out for the horror of their destruction. Above the house, great moving clouds now grind and whir some real and sinister warning. More and more real, the sound of a plane. Directly above, a plane! It's HERE!

INTO the hall. Hurry. Maybe there is yet time to take the children below. The plane moves on, purring happily like a large contented cat. Of course, of course. The mail plane. How silly, how unutterably stupid. Just the mail plane bearing messages of friendliness. All is quiet in our home. Safe. We're safe!

I move to the window. A full moon shines, sponging the earth with twinkly-colored wash. Trees lick the amber light into their branches and somewhere near a cricket chirps. From off deep-jutting eaves below, a niche awaits the building of a nest, and underneath earth's surface the cotes of seeds silently release their life. My gown blows in the breeze, fluttering about me, cold from sweat of fear. To sleep again, to sleep and have no fear! I will take an allonal.

HORRIFIED at the Nazi and Fascist persecution of the Jews in Germany and Italy, and at the possibilities of extending the Munich agreement into new pacts which would throttle Spain and China, many thousands attended meetings held on our annual Armistice Day in Washington and New York under the slogan: "No Munich for Spain and China." These meetings were conducted by special committees supported by all organizations devoted to the tasks of saving Spain and China.

Other cities throughout the country planned similar meetings under the leadership or with the participation of the American League. Speakers at the New York meeting were Pierre de Lanois, former member of the League of Nations Secretariat; Miguel Garriga, general vice-president of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees, A. F. of L.; Dorothy Parker; Paul J. Kern, president of the Civil Service Commission in New York City; Dr. Walter Judd, Congregational missionary recently returned from China; Dr. Guy Emery Shipley, editor of *The Churchman*; Dr. Max Yergan, director of the Committee on African Affairs; and Robert Dell, Geneva Correspondent for *The Manchester Guardian* and *The Nation*. Rockwell Kent was among the speakers at the Washington meeting.

SPECIAL activities on Nazi persecutions was also conducted in a number of cities in the form of picket-lines before German consulates and outdoor demonstrations. In New York City the National and City offices obtained the endorsement of many church leaders for a statement to President Roosevelt condemning the persecution of Jews and Catholics in Germany and calling for an embargo of that country.

IN THE meantime, direct assistance was given to the refugees from Germany through the division among four committees of funds raised in League branches. Authorization had been given by our National Executive Board for the sending of funds to the President's Advisory Committee on Political Refugees, in the expectation that that Committee would open its drive during the fall. However, the urgent need on the part of refugees was recognized by the Board and after a thorough investigation, the funds were divided among the following committees: the American

Committee for Christian German Refugees; the Greater New York Coordinating Committee, which aids Jewish refugees; the Non-Sectarian Committee for Political Refugees of the International Labor Defense, and the Self-Help for German Refugees. The necessity of sending all funds raised in the branches for refugees through the National Office of the League (where no deduction is made for administration) has been made clear. Individuals and other organizations are also invited to make such contributions through the League office.

INTENSIFICATION of boycott work, particularly during the Christmas shopping period, is under way. Material on the boycott of Japanese goods is available already, and new material on the boycott of Italian and German goods will be prepared. Picketing of stores displaying goods from the aggressor nations, particularly of the firms listed by the research department of the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi Federation in their bulletin, will be an effective method of establishing the boycott. The Commissioner of Customs has announced that products from the Sudeten area exported on or after November 10th, 1938, must be marked as the products of Germany, but all of us know that vigilance must be maintained against importers and retailers who destroy or change the markings.



A few of the three thousand people who gathered recently in Chicago to demonstrate before a meeting-hall of the Nazi Band

BUILDING THE LEAGUE

A United Movement in Common Resistance to War and Fascism

By Russell Thayer

ON OTHER fronts during the last month the building of the League has progressed. We are confident that the Congress in January will be the most representative and most effective League Congress ever held.

THE Congress Calls are moving, and the Congress Posters have been widely placed in many of our cities. The Peace Scroll is out, and the campaign is under way to utilize the Scroll as one of the most effective ways to build the Congress. In several localities prominent persons and public officials have signed the Scroll, thus affirming their desire for peace and lending their prestige to the building of the American Congress. There are six versions of the Peace Scroll: General Peace Policy, Labor, Spain, China, Aid to Nazi Victims, and one addressed particularly to the Negro people.

The League is making a special effort to obtain large delegations from labor organizations at the Congress. Considerable success is indicated. Our activities on behalf of labor's rights have won wide attention in the trade-union field. Labor is also more than ever interested in the development of a democratic peace policy.

BETH CUNNINGHAM, League and China Aid Council organizer, is making what amounts to a triumphal tour through the South. Mrs. Cun-

ningham would be too modest to admit of any personal triumph, but we can report the formation of new League branches in forty cities that she has visited.

OLIVER HASKELL, director of the China Aid Council, is on a national tour which takes him to the West Coast.

THE New York City Committee holds its bazaar at the Manhattan Opera House on November 25th and 26th. More than \$8,000 worth of merchandise has been received from merchants as far away as North Carolina, Pittsburgh and Buffalo. The women's divisions of the American Jewish Congress and the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy have booths. Among the speakers at the luncheons and dinners served at the Bazaar are Mrs. Stephen S. Wise, Lester Granger, Mrs. Hermann Shuman and Mrs. James Hubert. A featured event is the drawing of the prize (a thirty-day West Indies cruise) awarded in connection with the sale of Peace Endowments. Many women have become actively interested in the League through the Bazaar. Other cities might try this idea!

THE splendid work of the League and of all labor and progressive organizations in California should be noted in connection with the part they played in defeating the vicious proposed amendment to the state constitution which would have severely restricted labor's rights. It is unfortunate that progressive organizations were not sufficiently strong in Oregon to prevent the passage of an even more viciously restrictive amendment. We recognize the task of the League in setting up branches in that state.

AN ITEM of interest both to those concerned with China and with surrealist art is the exposition of paintings by Gracie Allen now being toured by the China Aid Council. Whether it was the canvases themselves or the fact that Gracie Allen painted them, there was a demand that they be shown in other large cities following the exhibition in New York, and Gracie was willing. To date, they are scheduled for Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Detroit and Washington. Further requests are being taken care of.

YOUTH NOTES

IN 1776, England's colonies in the Western Hemisphere declared their independence and set up a republic.

This created a tremendous impression in the old world and despite the Tory attacks against the little republic, the people of Europe cheered the struggling efforts of the United States.

What had this little country, so poor and undeveloped, that it could encourage and inspire the peoples of Europe? What could this spindly little country offer to the older and more experienced continent? Why all the fuss and dither?

Today we know that it was the principles of brotherhood, equality and liberty which the handful of United States put into practice, which so heartened the people living under the burden of feudalism; the setting up of a government of the people; the Bill of Rights.

In time these principles were adopted by most of the nations of the world. Civilization went forward, culture and science advanced, and today we know more about what makes us tick. Today we have more vision of what man can achieve, given the opportunity to do so. Given the opportunity to do so—for achievement, man needs peace, security and tolerance.

Today the United States, now rich and powerful, is again the magnet to which all eyes are tensely strained. The question asked is: "What will she do to protect those principles of Democracy which made her birth and development possible?" For these principles are now in danger.

Fascism and Nazism threaten the foundation of Democracy; their contribution is terror, wanton destruction and war. They depend on the democracies for weapons to carry on their murderous adventures, and then laugh and proceed to make ashes of democratic countries in their path.

All people are repelled and shocked by the inhumanity of this brutal force—Fascism. We clutch our Bill of Rights and Constitution and shudder: "Will this happen to us?"

No, it does not have to happen. Nor do we have to wait in fear and trembling. We can discourage the growth of this menace. We can tell Fascism we want to have no hand in its murderous adventures. We can do so by adopting an American peace policy which will be a guarantee of peace and Democracy.

In Washington, D. C., the American Congress for Peace and Democracy

is convening on January 6th, 7th and 8th, to map out a program for the defense of our cherished ideals.

The Youth Division of the American League will hold a Young People's Peace Lobby in Washington on January 6th. Representatives of many organizations will gather to lobby for one of more sessions of the recommended peace program.

"That the United States—
"Seek to determine how it can best serve world peace. The people of our democratic country want peace—a peace which is not created by fear or by the sword. The citizens of the United States desire a peace based on respect for international law, respect for the integrity of smaller nations and non-interference in the affairs of other countries.

"Resume normal unrestricted trade relations with democratic Spain; extend commercial credits to Spain.

"Feed the war victims in Spain and China. Cooperate with all organizations that are performing this service, by making available to them surplus commodities which cannot be sold in this country. This action would also help to relieve the distress of the farmers.

"Stop the shipment of arms and war materials to the war-making countries: Germany, Italy and Japan.

"Take the initiative in calling upon all democratic countries to open their doors to persons fleeing from religious and political persecution.

"Carry out the principles of the Good Neighbor Policy with Latin America. Extend international cooperation in the Western Hemisphere through increasing trade, economic and social relations."

THE International youth movement is now busily engaged preparing its answer to the Munich runaround. The delegates and observers of fourteen countries met in Paris last month under the auspices of the Executive Bureau of the World Student Association to work out a program of concrete action by the students of the world.

Their major decisions included the organization of the Japanese boycott, the holding of an international university competition for aid to the civilian population of Loyalist Spain, and a strong condemnation of the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia.

—REGINA RAKOCZY

The South

(Continued from page 21)

where a greater interest in civil rights and in human welfare, which manifests itself in an increasing number of local civil-rights and anti-lynch committees. The indigenous Southern group which is attempting to build a popular democratic movement among large masses in the thirteen Southern states—the Southern Negro Youth Congress—is now ending the second year of its existence. The crystallization of progressive sentiment has proceeded a little less rapidly among the white population. A Southern Conference for Human Welfare meeting in Birmingham at the end of November constitutes the first important Southern-wide gathering of progressive thinkers in the area.

The Negro people are beginning to vote in large numbers in the urban centers, and to campaign actively for liberal and New Deal candidates. Where five and ten years ago the proposal to take part in an election elicited only a cynical response that their participation would do no good, Negro organizations of voters now are aware that frequently they hold the balance of power in an election. In North Carolina effective organization has led to the election of three Negroes to public offices. In South Carolina only this summer the "billy white" primary was abolished by the South Carolina Democratic Convention. In Alabama, where closed primaries have been the rule, the persistence of the Negro voters with the strong support of organized labor has opened admission to the Democratic primary. Even in Texas, where Negro voters have been waging a twenty-year battle for admission to the Democratic primary, the Negro vote is a considerable factor in local elections and a potential source of

enormous support for an independent progressive candidate. The recent local elections in Norfolk, Virginia, hung upon the votes of the city's eighteen hundred Negro voters, who were not slow to use the opportunity for the political advantage of their group. This year's primary elections afforded a thought-provoking spectacle when candidate after candidate sought to clinch his nomination by securing the approval of a handful of Negro voters.

The Answer to Feudalism

It is apparent, however, that a random opportunity for a handful of votes under the outcome of the polls can be no substitute for the free and equal exercise of the franchise by the Negro people of the South; nor do such practices serve to strengthen the alliance of the polls between the laboring and farm classes of both races that must be established if the South is to progress. The answer to the Southern feudalism is to organize against them, sweeping large numbers of people forward in a militant organization to secure demo-

cratic rights. The Chattanooga Conference of the Southern Negro Youth Congress, which represents almost 400,000 voters, took a forward step in this direction last April by adopting a program for the exercise of citizenship rights to the widest possible extent within existing laws, and for the support of special legislative measures to enfranchise the people and to remedy the mass of social evils existent in the South. Next year's Conference of this group in Birmingham should show an even stronger movement among the Negro population of the Southern states for Democracy at the polls.

Enforce the Constitution

A similar movement among the disfranchised white population, simultaneously demanding state and federal legislation to extend the ballot and urging a more favorable attitude toward test cases in the courts, would soon bring vast changes in the South. The constitutionality of the Texas all-white primaries has been argued before the United States Supreme Court three times since 1927. With the liberalizing of the Supreme Court it is possible that a different decision might now be handed down on the legality of the closed primary. The approach now most favored among liberal elements is the enactment of federal legislation regulating the primaries and enforcing the Fourteenth Amendment. The regulation of primaries in the election of national representatives is legitimately under the jurisdiction of the United States Congress. A long-forgotten section of the Fourteenth Amendment which has never been enforced provides for a reduction in the number of Congressional representatives apportioned those states which abridge the right of its citizens to vote.

The invoking of this clause of the Constitution by the federal government would speedily open the primaries and the polls to disfranchised voters. Such steps, however, will never be taken until the people of the South—both the Negroes and the progressive whites—can pool their strength in a united demand for democratic rights for both races.

The repercussions of such a union would have a profound effect upon the country as a whole. The South is no isolated wilderness whose underdevelopment is its own concern. Once the ballot is put into the hands of the other seventy-five out of one hundred Southerners who are now disfranchised, and true representatives of the people are sent to Washington, the collusion between the Southern bloc and other reactionary elements will be destroyed. Progressives in Congress instead of finding the Southern bloc a certain source of organized hostility to social legislation, will find welcome allies. The extension of the ballot in the South is imperative for the good of the nation as a whole, and it is not impos-

sible of accomplishment. Let the liberal elements in the North and West support and encourage the younger movement toward Democracy in the South.

Brewster's Body

(Continued from page 11)

"Heated tub home."

The watchman gave him a long queer look.

"Better be turnin' around there and keep out o' trouble," he said, nodding his head in the direction from which Jeff had come.

Jeff stared in surprise, wailing on his feet. Had he been a little less drunk, he might have seen grounds for even a stronger surprise. As it was, he drew back his head in the manner of the inebriated and fastened his eyes on the old man with an expression that was both grinning and quizzical.

"Ateard I'll carry off that pile o' wood!" he suddenly laughed.

The watchman hobbled a step closer, so that his face was almost touching Jeff's.

"Ateard o' nothin'. Now you move along—quik."

He spoke quietly, but there was something steady in the tone that told Jeff the argument was finished. Sullenly, without another word, he turned and retraced his way back to the street, feeling the eyes of the lame watchman boring into his back until he had passed the last lumber pile.

Not for several minutes did Jeff try clearly to think of what had happened. The whole thing just didn't make sense! He felt numb and puzzled, quite unable to pull his thoughts together. He walked a block past the lumberyards and crossed to the main town at a point where a narrow weed-grown lot marked the division line. Hardly knowing why, he clung to the shadows, taking the narrowest and darkest streets where he would be least apt to meet someone. But there were few people abroad at this hour and almost all the houses were dark. Once, seeing two figures quietly approaching in his direction, he slipped into a dark courtyard and waited until they had passed. When they were gone, he wondered, trembling, why he had done it.

Fear!

Fear had taken hold of Jeff Brewster with its shapeless, invisible hands. But he didn't know what he was afraid of. The dark? Surely not the dark—be clung to it. This was not the first time he had walked in the dark streets alone. . . . He was just afraid. . . . Something had happened that he didn't understand.

He tried to reassure himself. Perhaps old Foster was drunk, perhaps he hadn't recognized him in the dim light. But no—he had held the lantern right up to his face! As for being drunk:



there wasn't a sign of it, and besides—what if he was? That wouldn't keep him from recognizing a face that the watchman knew as well as. . . .

How was it, then? What had happened?

JEFF tried to remember everything about Will Foster that might serve as a clue, clinging with desperate but fantastic hopes, like those of a doomed swimmer, to every straw that came bobbing within his reach. The old fellow had been, at different times, a sailor, a longshoreman, a logger, a trapper in the bayou country, . . . but what could that have to do with it? Jeff found his mouth twisted into a grin: suppose he had been a tailor, what could that have to do with it? Foster had a son . . . who died. Nothing there. . . . He wasn't born in the county, but in—Fork, thirty miles upstate. What of that? . . . There was a rumor that as a young man Foster had once helped a nigger to escape from a pose, which rumor he had never affirmed nor denied. But what did that have to do with. . . ? Jeff felt his skin dripping, his head ached as if it had been split with a butcher's mallet. How was it? What had happened? What did the scene in the lumber-yard have to do with the two villains who had lain in wait for him behind the brick-pile with open knives?—the niggers who had bared their teeth to him, smiling! There was a connection—there had to be. Such things had never been before—they were out of the ordinary—and they had happened on the same night! Perhaps even now the two blacks who had waited for him with knives were—

In the lumber-yard! With Foster! With Foster! . . . Holy God—now the whole thing made sense! Foster the nigger-lover had driven him from the lumber-yard so that he might fall into their hands again! Even now

old Foster was cursing the two niggers with smiling knives because their prey had escaped!

He had escaped! He was safe!

He broke into a run. Demons with black grinning faces reared at his heels. Almost he could feel their long fingers clutching at his shoulders. Run! Foster! The blood pounded in his head like cruel hammers, driving out every thought but one—to reach the familiar door, to hurl it shut against some terrible thing that was pursuing him for his life! Silently, swiftly, he ran through the deserted streets. His cap braced itself for a moment on his head, then flew off. He pictured something behind him that stooped and picked it up.

The door—the door! Foster! He felt the blood bursting through his skin, drenching his clothes.

There was a faint light above the transom and behind the heavy curtains of the windows. Ten paces! Five! Three! One!

He was beating the dark frame with his fist.

"Hattie! Hattie!"

Inside, footsteps were crossing the floor. Hurry! Hurry! He did not dare look behind him but pressed his body frantically into the doorway, his flat hands still beating the panels.

WHAT took place then was not quite clear to Jeff Brewster, because it happened so quickly—like the click of the shutter in a camera. Only afterward, when he had retreated alone, like the photographer into darkness, did the camera yield up in sharp outlines the picture that had registered on the plates of his mind in that terror-stricken moment when his wife stood before him in the half-open doorway of the house. She had flung open the door, as usual, with the customary words of greeting already forming on

her lips. But the words had died in her mouth. A look, more of amusement than of fear, but paralyzing of both, had brought her eyebrows together. Her hand was still on the inner doorknob. Suddenly, with a terrible cry that seemed to break from the house in a dozen different places at once, she had hurled the door shut.

Jeff, who had taken half a step into the room, scarcely felt the heavy door crashing into his face or the blood that burst from his nose and trickled down to his chin. The cry and the look on his wife's face had paralyzed every nerve in his body. Forgotten were the demons behind him. Jeff stood, like a pillar of stone, facing the door.

Not for several moments, which to him seemed timeless, was he aware of the sounds that quickly came to life in the street, following his wife's strange outcry. Slowly, indelicately at first and then more clearly, they took shape, knocking at the doors of his consciousness. The rattle and crash of windows quickly thrown open. Footsteps. The sharp banging of doors. Words crackling through the dead night air like the report of rifles. . . . It was a pattern of sound; Jeff had known it before, under other circumstances. He turned from the door, painfully, like a man slowly awakening from stupor. He looked at the houses facing him from the opposite side of the broad street, like the heads of sleeping monsters. Here and there a light appeared; the monsters were opening their eyes. . . . How was it? . . . What had happened?

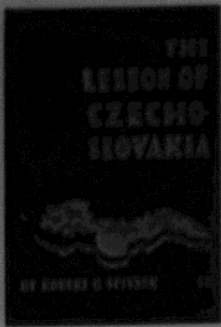
A wild confusion of words, pictures, noises poured through Jeff's gaping mind like a flood. He seemed strangely to be witnessing this torrent instead of being a part of it—a bystander. But the wreckage and debris that swept past him on its raging surface called out to him with familiar names. They broke all the laws of time and place. The bedlam of the dinner table was mingled with the cries of the awakening street. The dim monsters opening their yellow eyes suddenly dropped their flesh before the glare of a tiny lantern and stood out against the sky like charred skeletons. Like the blacks he had chased from the brick-pile were running not from him but toward him, and they were shouting words that were drowned out by a loud yelling inside the house.

"He pounded on the door! He called my name—twice!"

Shrill words. Hattie's. Jeff felt the blood thumping in his veins again. He turned half-way toward the door, then stopped. Inside, heavy feet were thudding on the stairway. Uncle Porter.

"I'm sure it was a nigger!"

The low cry that broke from Jeff Brewster's throat as the deliberate vibrating question tore its pathway into his brain, was one that Jeff would ordinarily have recognized as his own



IF YOU'VE seen a copy you know that this booklet (36 pages with a stiff cover in three colors makes it almost a book) was worth waiting for. The author, Robert G. Spivack, Secretary for the United States of the International Student Service, is well known in youth and peace groups of many shades of opinion. He conducts political study tours in Europe and last summer interviewed former President Benes during his stay in Czechoslovakia. The pamphlet looks ahead, takes its lesson from what was and what is now in the light of the Munich Pact. It tells why and what the next steps are in the fight for peace. Obviously, the first step is to give this meaty pamphlet the wide distribution that is possible and above all easy. It's easy to read, attractive, impressive, easy to sell.

"AN OPEN LETTER TO MY FELLOW JEWS," by James Waterman Wise, is not yet sold out, due to the large printing. This timely and popular pamphlet takes on new importance in the light of recent developments. Mr. Wise, a member of the Board of the American League, presents a program by which the Jewish people can work along with other democratic people to prevent the spread of Fascism and resist and push it back where it now exists. The pamphlet sells for two cents. Order a quantity today!

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—or any man's. It was the cry of an animal mortally wounded and at bay. Jeff sensed the blood running into his mouth. All over his body the skin tingled and grew tight, as if it had suddenly become too sparse to cover his flesh. At the busy angle of his chest it seemed about to burst open.

Nigger?
Jeff saw, in the white illumination that flashed then in his mind for the briefest moment, the faces of the two blacks who had smiled up at him from the brick-pile—the face of old Pater in the lumber-yard.

NIGGER!
A DARK figure was running toward him from the opposite side of the street. Another. From the far corner a tiny eye peeped from the head of one of the awakened monsters was bobbing toward him on the thick blackness. . . . Was it a nightmare—a fantasy cooked up by the hot wine and smoke mingled in his brain? In the house and in the street the noises of hurrying shouting people had increased almost to a roar. The running figures and the bobbing light were closing in—

—he must run! Then, surely, he must fall or stumble into a tree or the side of a house, and awaken! He would open his eyes and find himself . . . in the deep armchair at Planter Whitley's? . . . sprawled out on a wide board in the lumber-yard? . . . in his own bed, with the sharp smell of coffee drifting in from the kitchen?

Jeff passed his fingers in confusion over his forehead and waited for his body to move. Dully he sensed, rather than knew, that it was necessary for him to move. The circumstances of the ridiculous nightmare, with its running figures converging toward him, required it. He did not break from this sense of trance when a sudden loud report from the other side of the door, accompanied by a tiny splintering of wood in one of the panels, sent him leaping off the porch. Not his will, but an uncommanded intelligence that seemed to have taken temporary but irresistible control of his body, swept him to the back of the house. Here a narrow lane, like an alley, traced a course roughly parallel to the street. In one direction this lane led to the center of the town; about a half mile away in the other direction were the outskirts, where the lane broadened and finally disappeared amid a tumble of Negro shacks. Without stopping, but carried along by the deep instinct to which he had succumbed, Jeff fled toward the outskirts. Behind him, the cries and the thudding of feet on the dry earth, instead of growing fainter, were swelling louder. He looked back. Nothing. Only the ghostly trees, the fences and the crumbling outshouses.

He ran, conscious mostly of his gasping breath and the mounting pain

in his side. He was rapidly nearing exhaustion. The parted lips, stretched tightly over his teeth, curled. Not long now. The deep armchair at Whitley's? . . . the lumber-yard? . . . in his own bed, with the sharp smell of coffee. . . .
His eyes roved the darkness on both sides of the path. There were few houses, and these were fenced. The rickety fences would not do. It had to be a solid wall or—
A dull cry of triumph awoke deep in Jeff's throat. Only a few yards ahead, where the path noticeably widened, a huge oak with wide extending limbs loomed against the night sky. Quickening his pace with his last strength, Jeff plunged headlong through the darkness, his arms thrown wide as if for an embrace, and lurched himself furiously into the giant hole.

(To be continued)

News of Austria

(Continued from page 13)

"However, the resistance of the peasants to the Nazi system has not only economic, but also religious reasons. The Austrian farming people are in the overwhelming majority strongly Catholic.

"All the experiences of German Catholics are being repeated in Austria. The new masters of Austria began propaganda against Catholics and Christians immediately, and dissolved Catholic organizations as well as religious schools. We have read of the attacks on Cardinal Innitzer and others of the clergy who are keeping to their religious convictions. The Catholic population stands by them. 'Nobody can take away our beliefs!' is the way the peasants express it."

"And the persecution of the Jews? Is it really as bad as we are told here—or have the reports been exaggerated?"

"The persecution of the Jews is very bad. They lost their positions and thousands have been driven from their homes. There are villages and towns which have been 'cleared' of Jews. They are not admitted to parks, restaurants, baths, movies and theaters. In many cases they have simply lost their possessions—sometimes they were given the chance to 'sell' them—for a few dollars."

"And who profits by the expropriation of Jewish property?"

"Mostly, persons from the 'Old Reich' acquire the confiscated property; thus German capital has found a way to encroach on Austrian economy. A weightier reason for the pogroms is to divert the people from actions against their real oppressors. But opposition to these excesses is growing; there are housewives who, secretly or even in a demonstrative manner, go shopping at Jewish stores, disregarding the risk of being jeered at and mistreated by Nazi

crowds. And it has happened repeatedly that passers-by incited actively against anti-Semitic outrages in the streets.

"By persecuting the Jews, Nazism in Austria plans to intimidate and keep down the whole population. The Austrian people know that too. For this reason if no other they object to this side of Nazi rule.

"Hitler will never succeed in winning the heart of this people. But he knew that from the first, and that is why, instead of any courting, he immediately began whipping the country with his 'iron fist.'"
"Is the underground anti-Nazi movement strong?"

"Yes, it is. For the special reason that it is not only an anti-Fascist movement—it is really a national movement against national oppression. This movement is so strong that even Austrian Nazis who had done everything to facilitate the coming of the Germans, have recently been imprisoned because they objected to Austria being transformed into a Prussian colony."
"The strongest element in the underground movement is at present the workers' organizations. More and more, however, Catholics and members of the former Patriotic Front have begun organizing against Hitler."

"They all have different aims; but as there is a common enemy, Hitlerism and war, that is preventing them from obtaining all these aims, they have made up their minds to cooperate. On the broad basis of national independence and with the slogan: 'Clear out the Germans, let us have Austria Austrian again!' the underground organizations are doing their dangerous work. Considering that Austria will have to serve as a military base for Hitler's further attacks in Central and Eastern Europe, this underground fight of the Austrian people is a most valuable contribution to the general democratic endeavor to maintain peace. That these organizations are fully aware of their responsibilities is proved by an appeal which, in the days when Hitler was threatening war at any moment, was being distributed in thousands of copies in the cities and villages of Austria. This illegal leaflet contains the following passage:
"The Austrian people want peace. We do not want to be used against the people of the democratic Czechoslovakian republic with whom we feel ourselves united. With all our strength the Austrian people will object to being drawn into a war for the sake of Hitler, Goering and the munitions-makers. But if a war is forced upon us, the Austrian people will consider us our friends and allies all the peoples attacked. We shall turn our arms against the foreign ruler in our own country, in order to establish peace and liberty. For any defeat of Hitler is a victory for the Austrian and German people, is a victory for peace!"

Congress for Peace

THE American Congress for Peace and Democracy, to be held in Washington this January, will serve as a rallying-point for American opinion and an inspiration to millions of progressive people throughout the world. The Congress Against War held in Mexico City in September, the election of a progressive government in Chile recently, and the forthcoming Conference on Pan-American Democracy in December have tended to unify the labor and progressive forces of North and South America. Building upon these events, our Congress will be in a position to further the carrying out of the Good Neighbor policy. It can be a powerful factor in preventing Fascist encroachment in this hemisphere and preserving Pan-American Democracy.

To the French, British and Czechoslovakian people who resist their governments' program of appeasement to Hitler and Mussolini, our Congress will be a source of hope and inspiration. In spite of the pressure from the British Government on British newspapers which has resulted in "voluntary censorship," and in spite of official instructions from the French government to its foreign correspondents that news of American peoples' repudiation of the Munich Agreement must not be forwarded, and the French regulations forbidding public meetings, the people of Europe will know of our Congress and its expression of solidarity with the progressive and peace forces of the world.

To the governments and people of Spain and China who are in immediate danger of being throttled by a new Munich Agreement between the gangster powers and their accomplices, the Congress should bring not only hope but actual assistance. Our Congress should be able to express clearly to the United States Congress the demand of the American people for the lifting of the embargo on Spain and the placing of an embargo on Germany, Italy and Japan; and strength can be given to the campaigns for relief in China and Spain and for aiding refugees from the Fascist countries.

Our citizens, and among them the United States develop a progressive policy in domestic and foreign affairs, have a vital interest in formulating the Congress program. Domestic issues of civil rights, Fascist and Nazi influences, anti-lynching legislation, the right to organize, the opportunity for work, must be discussed by qualified representatives of all American organizations devoted to these issues. Through mature discussion, adoption of a realistic program, and organized presentation of this program to the U. S. Congress, we can help to make a better America.

The democratic people of the world can rightly expect much from the American Congress for Peace and Democracy.—R.T.

The Nazi Pogroms

THE LATEST Nazi pogroms against the Jews and Catholics rank in their cruelty and barbarism with the worst outrages that have defiled the name of Man in his long history. They provide a vivid demonstration to even the blindest

THE FIGHT, December 1938



A view of Cape Branca in Brazil, the easternmost point of South America

and the worst-informed of what Fascism in action is. They have aroused the burning indignation of all civilized people of the world.

Mass murder and pillage directed against the entire Jewish minority; governmental action to confiscate half the property of the victims, under the cynical pretext of paying for the outrages; a whole people driven out of the economic life of a nation; children, old men and women refused the "privilege" of buying food; such are a few of the highlights of the outrages.

Surely, then, the time has come to pass from words, however sincere and weighty, to action which will restrain the Nazis. As we write this our government has not yet followed the example of President Theodore Roosevelt in protesting the pogroms. Our people certainly demand such a strong protest. Furthermore, any proposal to draw up a trade agreement with the bloody rulers of Germany must be dropped at once. Wherever feasible, our State Department should take the opportunity to throw our weight against the mad dogs of Europe.

It is not at this writing quite clear what the connection is between the pogroms within Germany and the Nazi foreign policy. It is fairly certain, however, that "something is brewing" of ominous consequences for the peace of the world. The Nazi outrages at home are of a piece with their savage attacks on democratic people everywhere—including our own. Our action on behalf of the victims in Germany is not only humanitarianism in the American tradition, it is elemental self-defense.

America has a great job in acting for the preservation of Democracy and world peace. Let the first step be to come to the aid of the victims of Fascism. A people who value freedom dare not do less.—C.P.

Latin American Democracy

THE PRESENT administration in Washington has always been Latin American conscious. It was no accident that President Roosevelt made his first official appearance after his reelection in 1936 at the Inter-American Peace Conference in Buenos Aires. He at that time saw more clearly than any other public official, with

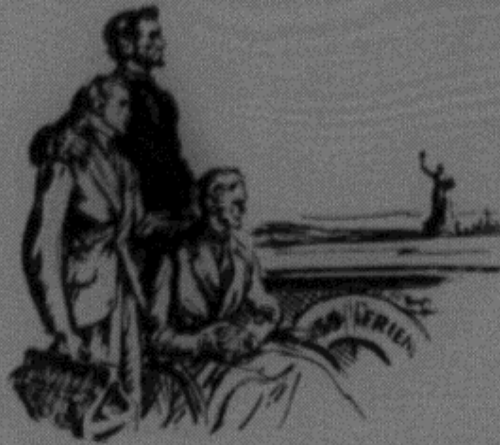
the possible exception of Secretary Hull, the danger of Fascism in South America. That conference had the effect of enhancing the prestige of our own type of Democracy, and halted in some degree the advance toward Fascism in the Latin American countries.

During this month there will be a similar conference held in Lima, Peru, at which Secretary Hull will be the leader of the United States delegation. Many of the same representatives from the United States will be there who were in Buenos Aires in 1936. With a better knowledge of the problems which both America face, they will have more concrete methods to offer looking toward the closer cooperation of the American republics. Better trade relations, better cultural relations and a closer cooperation to preserve peace will be the primary concerns of the conference.

But there are many changes in the Latin American world since President Roosevelt first advanced his Good Neighbor Policy. The change that is most important to any united-front movement is the growth of people's movements to the south of us. There have been astonishing gains for Democracy in the republics in the past few months. Although the Latin American countries have not had as long a history of Democracy as we have, they have gone far ahead of us in uniting for preserving their democratic rights and for looking toward securing further rights. It will be interesting to see just what influence these movements will have in the forming of policies in the Lima conference and in making the conference a conference for Democracy.—D.M.C.

Progress at Home

NOW THAT Federal Judge William Clark has restrained Mayor Hague from prohibiting labor and civil-liberties meetings and has taken the power of deportation from him—now that President Roosevelt has rebuked the Dies Un-American Committee for its electioneering activities—now that the governor-elect of California is reported considering the freeing of Tom Mooney—how about a nation-wide drive to crack down once and for all on those people who sit behind one at a movie and talk, talk, talk.—C.P.



The CONSCIENCE of AMERICA *must answer this appeal!*

ALEXANDER THE GREAT and Bonaparte, Genghis Khan and Caesar, the empires of might and war, crumble in dust.

But democracy and freedom, the empire of right and peace, must be built imperishable in the conscience of man!

So thought Abraham Lincoln . . . and died that our government of right and democracy might not perish.

And so thought 3,200 American men, volunteers in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade . . . who offered to fight—and die, if need be—in Spain, that democracy might not perish by the bombs and bayonets of fascism.

3,200 men! From universities and libraries. From offices and shops. From wealthy homes and humble.

Truly men who loved peace, to whom the bestiality of war was a sickening horror. But men to whom the ruthless, baby-bombing attack of unleashed barbarism against democracy and freedom was more horrible still. Men who could give their limbs and their eyes—yes, their lives!—that our ideals and our liberties, our homes and our families, might live in peace!

And now has come electric news: The Spanish government has assumed full responsibility for the transportation to this country of the American volunteers who served in Spain.

In doing so, the Spanish Government is expressing its token of appreciation for the heroic services of these men to the Spanish Republic. It remains the responsibility of the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade to maintain the men in Paris on their way home, to clothe them, and to take care of them upon their return. To date, the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade has provided close to 700 men with medical care in all forms and

maintenance for the first few weeks of their arrival. A great majority of these have required very serious medical attention involving operations, x-ray treatments, artificial limbs and eyes and hospitalization, besides the rest period which is essential to all the men if they are to be adjusted to civilian life after the terrific strain under which they have been living for the past many months. A number of these men are partially or completely incapacitated, many for months to come, some for the rest of their lives.

In spite of the generous cooperation of a number of doctors and hospitals in providing free facilities, our expenses in fulfilling these important and necessary obligations have exceeded \$3,000 a week.

With the return of additional hundreds of volunteers in the near future, our obligations will be very greatly increased. We are confident that, as in the past, the American people will continue to help us meet these increased obligations.

We appeal to you; send your contribution today—right now. Remember that every dollar helps.

The conscience of America, that conscience in which the ideal of peace and freedom has flourished and grown great, *must answer this appeal!*

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