

June
1939

from Fight
The
WORLD

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for PEACE and DEMOCRACY

ANTI-
SEMITISM,
MADE IN
GERMANY

WE TAKE
OUR STAND

By J. A.
MacCallum

OUR RIGHT
TO WORK

By Willis R.
Morgan

FATHER
COUGHLIN'S
PALM TREES



IT'S YOUR "WORLD"

DURING the six years' publication of **THE FIGHT FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY**, literally thousands of "editors" have contributed to the magazine's growth. Writers, artists, photographers, reviewers, cartoonists, editorial workers—technical people of many professions have given their services in what has necessarily been for the most part a labor of love. Democratic-minded people throughout the nation, a legion of them, have built the circulation. Another group has made possible the magazine's publication through financial contributions. Subscribers have written their advice and criticism to the editors.

It is this activity of thousands that has worked the miracle which has brought us to Volume 6, Number 8. For anyone at all familiar with magazine publishing would conclude that with our very limited resources and our small staff, it just couldn't be done. And it couldn't—except that it had to be done. The people who need peace needed **THE FIGHT**.

Now that the magazine is going into its "new edition"—**THE WORLD FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY**—the thousands of editors must redouble their efforts. While our circulation has grown steadily from year to year, we must now show the same degree of growth from month to month. This is the demand of the time—when world peace is increasingly menaced, when the very life of Democracy seems to hang in the balance. America needs the straight-from-the-shoulder, unbiased information on world affairs—and domestic affairs—that **THE WORLD** will publish. The need is a crying one.

Won't you therefore reflect a moment and decide just where you fit into the staff of your **WORLD**? It may be that you should subscribe, or get a friend to subscribe; there is a blank on this page. If you can organize the monthly sale of a number of copies in your community, so much the better; just write to us about it. Or perhaps you can sit down and write us a check. It will be welcome.

If you have a suggestion on editorial matters, we shall be glad to hear it.

And so — on your orders — **THE WORLD** proceeds.

THE WORLD
268 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
I enclose \$1.50 for a year's subscription.

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The Round World

WE can't think of a better way to inaugurate what we intend as a humor column than by quoting the Dies Committee's report:

Representative Starnes: Are you now, or have you at any time been, a member of the Communist Party?

Mr. De Sola: Yes, I was a member of the Communist Party.

Representative Starnes: When did you join, Mr. De Sola?

Mr. De Sola: I joined in 1931.

Representative Starnes: In 1931?

Mr. De Sola: No, excuse me, that is not the date. You had not confused with the date of the opening of my zoological garden."

IN preparing his reply to Roosevelt, Hitler asked his little neighbors whether it was true that they were afraid of him. Most of them answered, "N-u-ne."

"PATRIOTS" are trying to save us from the threatened influx of twenty thousand refugee children. A friend warns us that the little cussies would grow up and work for a living.

"I BELIEVE that those who knew me then must have thought me a queer fellow."—*Mavis Kampf.*

"CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S USED CAR PROBLEM IS BECOMING SERIOUS"—Headline in the New York Herald Tribune.

NOT humorous, but we believe of interest to our readers, is a poem by Charles Norman in *The Living Age*:

SHORT SONG

*Italian mother
Had two sons.
They took for bride
Soldiers' guns.*

*One in Ethiopia,
One in Spain—
"Haud that I had
My sons again!"*

"FRANCE and England are the unjust aggressors."—Father Coughlin.

"WE have not the slightest desire to win the intellectual over to our side. Not because we cannot do it but because we do not want to, for he would be merely hallelu to us. We suffer at present from over-enlightenment."—Nazi Propaganda Minister Paul Joseph Goebbels.

FROM the A.C.A.N.P. comes "A German Short Story":

Woman Shopper: I want some sausage.
Greener: We have no sausage.
Woman Shopper: Well, then, give me a pound of butter.

Greener: No butter today.

Woman Shopper: Dear me, sell me some onions then.

Greener: Lady, are you shopping or are you agitating?

RALPH BATES RELATES: "Chamberlain's nightmare—he dreamed he was addressing Commons on foreign policy . . . and he woke up . . . and he was."



When the world's leading law-baiters get together: Italy's Farinacci (left) and Germany's Goebbels.

Round the World

DR. J. A. MACCALLUM, minister of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, was formerly editor of *The Presbyterian Tribune*. We intend to follow Dr. MacCallum's discussion of foreign policy with a number of articles presenting the views of prominent persons in various walks of life.

WILLIS R. MORGAN is president of the Workers Alliance of Greater New York. The National Right to Work Congress, planned to focus country-wide attention on the problems of the unemployed and the need to continue and expand W.P.A., convenes in Washington, D.C., on May 27th.

DAVID KARR has been recently named public relations director of the American League for Peace and Democracy. His specialty is keeping on the trail of the German-American Bund, and we shall some day persuade him to write down a few of his personal experiences in this never dull occupation.

JOSEPH BRIDGES' most recent contribution to our pages was the story *Under*, in our February issue. There he described a county fair, and we felt that he was thus the logical man to send to the New York World's Fair, 1939.

HARRY GOTTTLIER, who has received a Guggenheim fellowship and other awards for his work, pursued Miss Liberty from Ireland to Minnesota to New York.

JACK REED'S aerial story will be concluded in our July issue. The author acknowledges the advice and criticism in writing the story of Al Friedman, a veteran of the Spanish War, and certain factual material from *Burgue Gael*, by Antonio Ruiz Vilaplana, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

CHET LA MORE is an active member of the United American Artists.

THOMAS L. HARRIS is national executive secretary of the American League. The page in which he comments on developments in the peace movement of America and the world (and developments among the enemies of that movement) will be a regular feature.

WILLIAM LIEVOW, research director of the American League, collects the items which appear in "The Round World," the column across the page.

WORLD'S FAIR photographs are by the Photo League, which announces that its summer school of photography will open early in July. Those interested should write to the League at 31 East 21st Street, New York City.

GEORG HEYER had to push his way through Times Square crowds to get the photograph for this month's cover.

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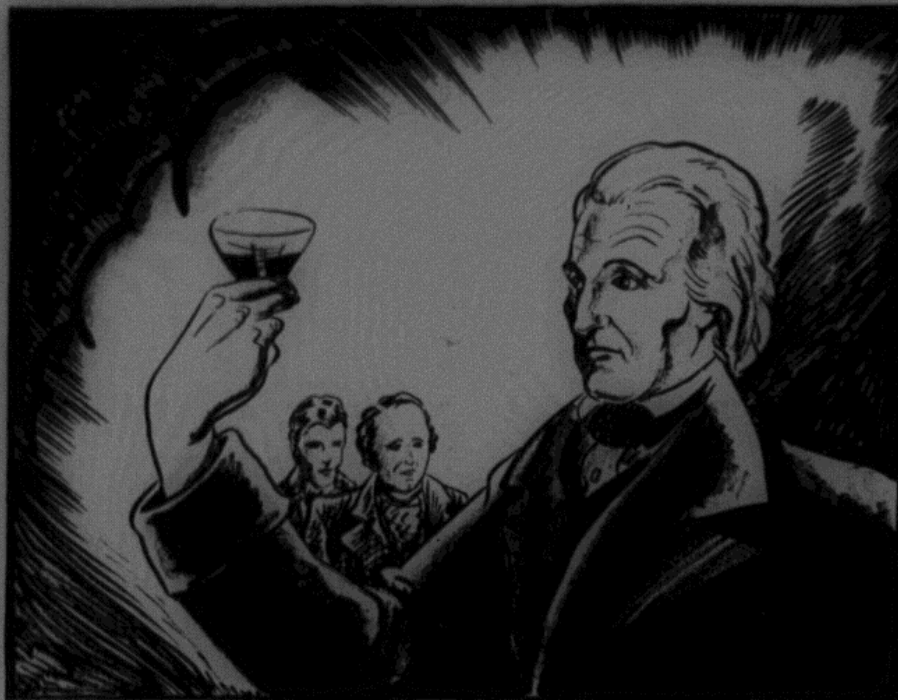
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“Our Union: It Must Be Preserved!”

ANDREW JACKSON'S now famous toast fell like a bombshell upon the assembled political figures. It fell with particular vehemence upon Vice-President John C. Calhoun, at whom the President directed his gaze as he raised the glass. For Calhoun was the leader of the nullifiers, who upheld the “right” of South Carolina to declare void the national Tariff Act of 1828. Calhoun hoped to be Jackson's political heir to the Presidency. And the nullifiers had hoped that Old Hickory would prove friendly to their aims.

Indeed the occasion, a dinner on Jefferson's birthday, had been expressly arranged to provide a sounding-board for nullificationist sentiment. The regular toasts, one by one, had built up the “state supremacy” doctrine. President Andrew Jackson was to make the first of the voluntary toasts; the classic words he uttered foreshadowed the Civil War of thirty years later, the great struggle for union and against slavery led by Abraham Lincoln.

We of the 1930's can profit much by a study of the stirring times of Jackson. They were days of Democracy striving to advance, to burst the bonds of reactionary politicians and financial oligarchs. Rough and

crude, thoroughly democratic, vigorous and fearless, the people's representative sat in the White House. Old Hickory battled the first great monopoly of our history, in his campaign against rechartering the Bank of the United States.

Today as often in history we are threatened by the lawless power of “nullification.” The thirst of the few to override the people's will is sometimes manifested in the identical form of a century ago—that of an overweening concern for the “prerogatives of the states,” in order to hamstring a progressive measure of the federal government. Nullifying amendments are offered to the Wagner Act, under the guise of “improving” it. And there are among us increasing numbers of those who would nullify the policies of our constitutional government by the Fascist method of force and terrorism.

If you, however, belong not with the nullifiers but with those who would preserve and build up our democratic nation, your place is with the AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY. We urge you to join your local branch, or to write to the National Office at 268 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

June 1939, THE WORLD



A 220-pound bomb blows up the track in Canton. *Was it made in America?*

We Take Our Stand

By J. A. MacCallum

Considerations of international morality demand the revision of our Neutrality Act to halt war and aid its victims . . . A reasoned appeal for a strong pro-Democracy policy by a leading Presbyterian churchman

THE WORLD, June 1939

THOUGH it is a platitude to say that the world is now a neighborhood, the implications of this fact are so far from obvious that they are beyond the comprehension of vast numbers of Americans. So swiftly have changes come during the past generation that the pedestrian mind has been utterly unable to keep pace with them. This accounts for the confusion of ideas and programs which is everywhere evident throughout the country, reaching a focus in the government at Washington which is a theatre of clashing opinions and arbitrary tensions.

Those well-intentioned interpreters of the current scene who recite George Washington's warning against “entangling alliances,” and clamor for the nation to mind its own business and to remain aloof from “other peoples' wars,” should have our sympathy rather than our reprobation. It is probably more their misfortune than their fault that they are not equipped to analyze the causes which have given birth to the problems confronting the American people in this critical hour. One of the first duties of those whose range of vision is beyond the average is to explain the realities of the situation to the less favored majority in whose hands the ultimate sovereignty of the nation rests, and whose will determines its destiny. As believers in Democracy, no matter what the provocation, we must not lose

both in the capacity of the people to make the right decision when the facts are presented to them. Under competent leadership the people will choose the true path, and when they see the fallacies and evil effects of Fascism in all their hideousness will not shrink from any sacrifice essential to ultimate peace and freedom.

Slavery or Liberty

Our initial requirement for such leadership is an appraisal of the forces that are struggling for mastery, not only in other parts of the world but in our own country as well. Broadly speaking, these are covered by the two words, Fascism and Democracy, or slavery and liberty. We must discover the relative values involved in this conflict and be able to give convincing reasons for the faith that is in us. This is essential to the survival of Democracy, and its ultimate fulfillment in a social order in which there will be not only political and religious freedom but economic and industrial freedom as well.

First, the attention of the people of the United States should be directed to the fact that human society is a unitary fabric. If one member suffers, all other members become thereby potential if not actual sufferers. The welfare of every segment of mankind depends upon the welfare of every other segment. What happens in Manchukuo, Spain, Czechoslovakia, or Poland, is of immediate and urgent concern to the people of the United States. If Fascism triumphs in Europe, our measure of Democracy decreases immediately. The world cannot long remain half Fascist and half free. There can be no lasting quarter

in this conflict. Hitler cannot stop his *Draug* nor can *Ostia*. The appetite for conquest grows by what it feeds upon. Every advance carries in its heart the necessity for another advance. Hence there is no possible isolation. For America to stand aloof and watch the Fascist conquest of the European democracies would be the nadir of stupidity. Our twin would come next, and next would be soon, for Fascism cannot possibly be appeased. Territorial and economic expansion are essential to its existence. The time to stop it is now and the place not only there but here. The urgency for such draconic action is not due to its rivalry with other forms of social organization, but to the fact that it is the negation of all that makes life worth living. We have a parallel to the ultimate form of the Fascist state, should it persist, in the organization of the social insects, the ants and bees. Here we have efficiency minus initiative, purchased at the cost of both freedom and progress.

To meet the aggression of Fascism requires a firmer stand than Democracy is normally willing to take. If Britain and France had not yielded to the bulldozing of Germany and Italy, the blight of Fascism would be largely restricted to those countries. The time for action was when Secretary of State Stimson called upon Great Britain to unite with the United States in stopping Japan in Manchuria. Britain's refusal was the lighting of a fuse that has set off a long train of devastating explosions. President Roosevelt deserves the commendation of all liberty-loving people for the courage that he has shown in denouncing the dictators and in telling them where the

United States stands. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he has at least temporarily stopped Hitler in his tracks. Probably the goose-stepping legions would at this writing be trampling Polish blood in the mire if he had not spoken.

Secondly, there are certain elementary facts that should be brought home to the people of the United States to correct the masochistic pacifist propaganda to the effect that all nations are equally guilty, so that we must not hypocritically inflame the dictators by blaming them for lawlessness for which we ourselves are responsible. While admitting many shortcomings and inconsistencies, which involve us in a continuous struggle for the reform of many injustices in our social structure, it does not follow that there are no gradations in culpability. Only the sheerest ignorance or insincerity will impel any American to deny that life is immeasurably richer here and in other democracies than in the totalitarian states. The truth is that there are wide variations in spiritual culture. In every crowd men of all the centuries jostle one another. Fascism is a throwback to our earlier age or, perhaps, the organization of that large number of mediocre minds which still persist in the most enlightened countries, who have thus been able by violent means to secure control of the state. To deal with these gangsters as though they are actuated by motives similar to ours is the height of folly. Mr. Chamberlain learned this from his experience at Munich, in spite of the fact that he has strong Fascist sympathies. To the thoroughgoing Fascist, every concession is a proof of cowardice or stupidity, and every appeasement an invitation to another demand. Hence we are faced with the stern necessity of educating the American people so that they will recognize that unremitting vigilance is necessary to protect their liberties against internal and external foes.

The Language They Know

Thirdly, many of our citizens whose sense of danger is dulled by their dogmatic slumbers do not realize the necessity for military preparedness. It is only waste of time to point out how much better it would be to build schools, theatres and hospitals with the money spent for military purposes. That is true, just as it is true that a surgical operation is expensive and that it would be better if it were not necessary. When other nations are armed or arming, it is fatuous and futile for the peace-loving nations not to follow suit. Only the doctrinaire thinker fails to see that with the minds of the children in the Fascist nations conditioned to war, they will have no more scruples against conquering and exploiting us than a wolf has against appropriating a sheep. Force is the only language that the dictators understand. Since the best defense is offense, we should be ready to meet any combination of enemies, while all the time indicating our readiness to implement the principles of the League of Nations by an international police force, possibly under the



Italian tanks rumble through a main street of Tirana, capital of Albania, and another small nation is dragged into slavery

leadership of Sweden or some other disinterested country.

This may be regarded as a remote ideal but changes often come swiftly. The more resolute we are, the sooner it will come. The predatory nations must be taught that aggression defeats its own purpose, and that the destiny of all peoples is to be realized henceforth within the frame of law and order.

Meantime we should not overlook the inconsistency of our position in arming to be able to resist Fascist arms, and, at the same time, furnishing these arms directly or indirectly to the enemies of Democracy. Isolationists talk of keeping out of war in utter blindness to the fact that we have been in all the wars that have been recently going on from their beginning, and that we have been on the side of the aggressors. If it were not for our aid, Japan could have done little against China and, though American sentiment is almost unanimously with the Chinese, that aid is still being given. Henry Ford has long professed his love of peace. This is only the sentimentalism of self-hypnosis, since with our trucks Japan could never have penetrated the hinterland of China. It is equally true that American aid was given to the conquest of Ethiopia, Spain and Czechoslovakia. To resolve the hiatus between our sentiments and our action, we must master the lesson that peace has to be paid for, and that a part of the cost is the boycott and the embargo against

aggressors. Nor should we be deceived by the casuistry of the pacifists that we do not know who the aggressors are. By their traits we know them.

This is not an argument for war but for peace, and not for peace in this country alone but in every country. America must become aware of her responsibilities throughout the entire human fabric. "Peace," as Litvinoff said, "is indivisible." Our boundaries are not only topographical; they are also psychological. They lie wherever our influence reaches. Our sincerity of purpose must be implemented sacrificially in fair dealing with other peoples and in the renunciation of profits from all anti-social practices. Only thus can we escape from the ignominious paradox of furnishing strength to the enemies of justice and liberty.

Thomas Amendment

When we come to a definitely articulated foreign policy, while it is a matter of opinion, the Thomas Amendment to the Neutrality Act furnishes (at this writing) the best instrument for the realization of the purpose that is gradually crystallizing in the American mind. This amendment abandons the idea of neutrality, which obviously should have no place in a moral issue. It is alike impractical and insincere to suggest that our nationals should be neutral when a small country is being victimized by a powerful and truculent neighbor. In accordance with ordinary hu-

manitarian sentiment, the Thomas Amendment would authorize the President to impose embargoes against those belligerents he believes to be in the wrong, and more particularly, those who have violated treaties. Politically its effect would be to indicate our sympathy officially, and to permit American-owned munitions to be transported on American ships. This would of course involve the possibility of our drifting into the hostilities.

The truth is, however, that risk is inherent in life and is involved in any course that we may choose. Whatever the cost, it is as essential that the United States should take its stand for justice as that the individual citizen should do so. While in the present stage of spiritual evolution the state is non-moral, every enlightened citizen should seek to invest his government with the highest virtues. In any event lawless aggression is far less likely in a world in which the most powerful nation, supported by other nations of similar sentiments and ideals, has let it be known that it will fight if necessary to preserve justice and law and order. Meantime we should strive ceaselessly for "the assertion of truth, the unveiling of illusion, the dissipation of hate, the enlargement and instruction of men's hearts and minds." The hour is already striking for the inauguration of "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World." The United States must register forthwith, in order to qualify for the exercise of its franchise.

Baron von Neurath, German ruler of Czechoslovakia, reviews the guard in Prague





New York's North Beach Airport shows the valuable work performed by the W.P.A.

Our Right to Work

With the conviction that "economic security is the front-line defense of our Democracy," a leader of the Workers Alliance discusses the problem of unemployment.

By Willis R. Morgan

RIGHT now I'm sleeping on a park bench so it makes little difference to me whether the Stars and Stripes fly over that park, or Nippon's Rising Sun. If I must starve what difference does it make whether I starve in a democratic country or a Fascist one?"

My visitor was a young man in his middle thirties, a skilled mechanic who in days gone by had earned a fairly adequate income. Because of his general appearance and apparent intelligence his remarks were rather shocking. In spite of the shabbiness of his clothes, and the suffering that had left its mark on his face, he did not seem to be particularly bitter. His statement was made in a matter-

of-fact manner, as though he were rendering an opinion about tomorrow's weather. When I attempted to argue the point with him he rose quietly and with a contemptuous wave of his hand remarked "Nuts," and left my office.

A Fight for Democracy

That such an incident should leave its imprint can readily be understood. And though it faded temporarily from my mind, there appeared one day in the press a speech by President Roosevelt, and these words: "Economic security is the front-line defense of our Democracy"—and immediately the words of my visitor again sounded in my ears. Once more

I weighed their sharp impact, with the growing realization that my visitor was a living indictment of unemployment, not merely as a personal tragedy, but as a real danger to Democracy.

We in the Workers Alliance have long felt that our organization was fighting for a just cause, fighting for the preservation of human dignity, for civil liberties, for the right to work, and for national recovery. It had not occurred very forcefully to me heretofore that our program and our activities amounted to a great deal more than this. I have now come to realize that the fight for W.P.A. and adequate relief is a fight to preserve the democratic system—a fight against those in high office who would destroy what little economic security has been won for the people, thus to strike a blow against Democracy.

The threat to Democracy inherent in mass unemployment is evident to those familiar with the history of the early days of Fascism in central Europe. The unemployed, and particularly the unemployed youth, disillusioned and disgusted with the existing government, became easy prey for Hitler demagogues. I think there is good reason to believe that in this country Fascism may similarly gain its recruits from the ranks of the unemployed, if the Workers Alliance and other organizations interested in unemployment should fail to carry on the fight in support of those who are giving leadership in the struggle for social and economic justice.

Ten Million Jobs

Any discussion of unemployment must of necessity deal in figures, and while statistics available are decidedly limited, it is important for all of us to know exactly what the situation is and what is being done to meet it. We know that today there are more than ten million able-bodied employable workers in these United States who are denied the right to earn their living in the trades, professions and vocations for which they have been trained.

We know that the peak of W.P.A. employment has been in the neighborhood of three million, or less than 30 per cent of those not gainfully employed. There is another group of one million persons striving valiantly to maintain themselves and their dependents on direct relief, which in many places consists of nothing more than an occasional handout of surplus commodities. These are four million out of more than ten million unemployed who are currently without any means of livelihood. Knowing this, we in the Alliance are beginning to wonder how many are listening to Coughlin, Hearst, Dies, and the rest of that ilk—are saying to themselves, "What difference does it make?"

Faced with such a problem, it would seem that men of intelligence and good-will everywhere would rally to the support of President Roosevelt's attempt to solve the national scourge of unemployment. It would seem that Congress would be attempting to determine whether the needs of the unemployed

could be more adequately provided for. Instead, we find the President being assailed on all sides by a coalition of Republican and Democratic reactionaries, who are apparently determined to sabotage and destroy the recovery program initiated by the New Deal.

It was in January of this year that this so-called "economy" bloc succeeded in slashing \$150,000,000 from the W.P.A. deficiency appropriation requested by President Roosevelt—disregarding with obvious contempt the outspoken demand of the American people for adequate relief. In ignoring the President's pointed statement that Congress must assume responsibility for the suffering of thousands if the minimum requirement of \$875,000,000 should be denied, these Congressional cut-throats demonstrated their lack of concern over the welfare of their constituents and countrymen.

A Partial Victory

Immediately following the appropriation of \$725,000,000, the President sent to Congress another message calling upon them to restore the \$150,000,000 which they had slashed from his original request. Once again the Garner Democrats and the Vandenberg Republicans closed the ranks of their unholy alliance to go into battle for reaction. The outcry of an aroused America, organized in trade unions, civic and church groups, and small business men's associations, succeeded in winning a partial victory for progress in the form of a \$100,000,000 appropriation.

As a result of the net slash, however, more than 400,000 W.P.A. workers were dismissed in the months of April and May. Another 200,000 are slated for dismissal in the month of June. If the "economy" bloc in Congress has its way an additional 600,000 will be fired on July 1st, under its proposed program for the coming fiscal year. Thus, it can readily be seen that the unemployed and W.P.A.

workers are faced with the most serious threat to their meager security since the government accepted responsibility for those to whom private industry has closed its doors.

Each of the approximately 2,600,000 currently employed on W.P.A. lives in fear that he might be one of those to lose his source of livelihood. Surely all in America who cherish liberty, all who are committed to progress, cannot stand on the side-lines while this catastrophe takes place.

By the time this article appears in print hundreds of unemployed and dismissed workers from every Congressional District in the United States will be meeting in the nation's capital. With them there will be additional hundreds of small business men, trade unionists, farmers, and representatives of fraternal, civic and other organizations. They will be delegates to the National Right to Work Congress, called by the Workers Alliance of America for the purpose of formulating a works program for the unemployed, for the protection of their civil liberties, for an increase in purchasing power, and for the furthering and safeguarding of our national recovery.

Surely this is a most propitious moment for such a Congress.

"Follies of 1939"

For the past month Representative Woodrum (Democrat, Virginia) and Representative Taber (Republican, New York) have been presenting a 1939 edition of the "Dies Committee Follies"—a farce comedy which has included a cast of stool-pigeons, red-baiters, and psychopaths, all financed by public funds to the tune of \$38,000.

This nauseating exhibition sponsored by Representative Cox (Democrat, Georgia) ostensibly to investigate W.P.A., is the brain-child of the House "economy" bloc, and came into life a few days after Congress had cut



A W.P.A. instructor teaches this elderly man a pleasant and useful craft.

\$50,000,000 from the W.P.A. deficiency appropriation.

The press of the country has been featuring the "startling" disclosures of this committee. Beginning with the "sensational" news that our national president, David Lasser, had visited Spain and the Soviet Union in the fall of 1937, they outdid themselves when our national secretary, Herbert Benjamin, stated

that he was a member of the Communist Party and had been for eighteen years. This of course was no news to anyone, and most certainly not to the Washington press corps. Nevertheless, the Scripps-Howard paper in an editorial characterized this "bombshell" as the "biggest news of the month," while the New York Times sarcastically awarded Benjamin a mythical blue or "red" ribbon for his candor—with a not too subtle dig at all New Dealers for not making the same "admission."

(Continued on page 24)

Below are health and recreational projects of the W.P.A. The pictures on this and the opposite page are by W.P.A. photographers.



Anti-Semitism—Made in Germany

The anti-Jewish propaganda in America is not a product of native ignorance, but a Nazi weapon . . . A documented expose of Hitler Germany's campaign to divide and destroy our nation

By David Karr

DEMOCRACY-LOVING America, suddenly deluged with an unprecedented wave of anti-Semitism, opens its eyes in amazement to discern the source. Who would bring anti-Semitism and its inevitable partner Fascism to America?

The answer, determined easily enough by only the most superficial research, is crystal-clear. The present wave of anti-Semitism in America is definitely foreign origin. The race-hatred campaign in America is foreign-sponsored. Once more the fact is brought home with driving force to the American people: Fascism is an international force which knows no borders.

The Lie Factory

High on Deberater Strasse in Erfurt, Germany, there exists a moderate-sized simple-looking publishing house. This is not an ordinary printing plant, for its product finds reproduction in thousands of newspapers and periodicals the world over. This is the home of "World Service."

"World Service" is the official Nazi inter-

national propaganda news agency. It is from the offices of this little plant in Erfurt that Nazi and Fascist periodicals in dozens of countries receive their irrevocable orders on what to print and how to print it.

Perhaps it would be better to call it a factory than a plant, for it is a factory in every sense of the word. From within its portals come the greatest atrocity stories known in modern times. Within its tiny offices are manufactured the most magnificently fraudulent hate stories and provocations known to our generation.

It is the duty of "World Service" as the international propaganda agency to stir up discontent in every country; to lay the groundwork for overthrowing the legally constituted government; to plant the seed which eventually is to blossom in the *Putsch* and the *Stueckfas*.

Published in eight languages—French, Russian, Hungarian, Polish, Danish, Spanish, German and English—"World Service" develops to the 8th degree the latest and most modern techniques in mass psychology, in a

means of spreading anti-Semitism. It systematically strives for the greatest mass appeal as well as the widest circulation.

On its masthead, "World Service" bears the following statement:

The "World Service," which is issued in eight languages, is not published with a view to profit. Its principal aim is to enlighten ill-informed Gentiles, irrespective of the state, or country, to which they may belong. These information-sheets, which deal with the malfeasance of the Jewish and world-firm accordingly a necessary part of the brotherhood of every Gentile. The dissemination of the matters dealt with to the well-informed press is considered highly desirable.

"World Service" has served its purpose admirably. In dozens of countries where Hitler's agents are active, its constant barrage of atrocity stories has accomplished the initial aim—that of setting the Fascist machine in motion.

Made in Germany

However, such an agency would be useless, if sufficient media were not available for the mass reproduction and distribution of the "information."

Several years ago, when the Nazi espionage and propaganda machine was first being established in America, it was necessary to print the Fascist papers, magazines and pamphlets in Germany. They were then smuggled into the United States for distribution among our populace. The McCormack Congressional Investigating Committee (generally referred to as the Dickstein Committee) exposed this practice.

The Committee learned of how every Nazi steamship was required to smuggle in its quota of literature. This was accomplished by many devices. The most favored method was to use dummy compartments in huge packing-cases of machinery and other imports as the hiding-place. In addition, crew members were ordered to remove much of the material from the boat when they went ashore between sailings.

This method of smuggling has been largely discarded today. However, it may have been



Here is documentary evidence of the German Nazi interference in American life. The announcement of the anti-Semitic competition, exposed in this article, was mailed from German Vienna to a woman in the United States (Ver. Staat). Perhaps Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Nazi Propaganda Minister, could explain why the "Institute" lists its address as Chicago (no street or box), but receives its mail at London, and sends it out from Vienna. Or should we enquire from "Baron de Batz"?

reverted to only recently, during the mammoth campaign carried on by the German-American Bund to stage a "pro-American" rally in New York's Madison Square Garden. Huge quantities of leaflets and placards were necessary for advertising purposes.

The brilliant four-color placards for the "pro-American" rally were drawn by Egon Schieff, staff cartoonist of Hitler's own *Falkischer Beobachter* of Berlin!

The amazing and alarming growth of American Fascism in recent years has removed much of the need for wholesale import of the mass distribution matter.

The Printing Plants

Nazi agents in America have been able to purchase, with the huge foreign funds at their disposal, large printing plants from which they now turn out their propaganda sheets. The Bund has three plants of its own. William Dudley Pelley and his Silver Shirt Legion maintain a large publishing house on Skylark Road in Asheville, North Carolina.

Gerard B. Winrod, avowed Fascist and anti-Semite who ran for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in Kansas last year, has purchased a huge printing establishment called the Defender Press.

All these plants are now being exploited to the greatest possible extent. Their establishment has removed the necessity for dangerous mass smuggling. However, while the leading international Nazi propaganda *Führer* trust their dummy emissaries to print their papers here, they do not trust them on the question of the subject matter of these publications. The regular issues of "World Service" and its more recent but less powerful counterparts—"Anti-Bolshevism" and "Banbury Press Service"—take care of that.

The copy contained in these news-service stories is used verbatim. Nothing is cut, nothing added, nothing changed. A recent issue of "World Service" contains three stories, all of which have received a fairly wide national play. The leading article, "Codreanu. In Memoriam," is a memorial notice for the late head of the viciously anti-Semitic Fascist Roumanian Iron Guard. The purpose of this story is to inflame the reader at the death of one of the world's leading anti-Semites,

which is turned into a martyring murder at the hands of Jews.

Another story in the same issue is "Jewry's Crimes in Palestine," an anti-Semitic, anti-French, anti-British and anti-Roosevelt diatribe.

The third article, which concerns Switzerland, is entitled "The Thruth Triumphs" (sic).

It was "World Service" which originated the lying rumor that President Roosevelt is of Jewish origin—just as they have called many of our other leading government figures Jews. Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins is referred to as "Mme. Wunski," Secretary of State Cordell Hull and Secretary of Interior Harold L. Ickes are others who have felt the hand of the Nazi rumor factory. In the story on Palestine, "World Service" states:

This untenable situation is proof in itself that the English policy in Palestine can no longer be regarded as English. It has surrendered first to the pressure of world Jewry and their political mouthpiece, Roosevelt, and then to the pressure of world Jewry. (Roosevelt) is printed in bold-faced type—D. K.)

The Nazi propaganda agents realize only

(Continued on page 26)

Competition.

In order to be able to deepen and to strengthen its work of enlightenment, the "INSTITUTE FOR ARYAN STUDY", Chicago, Ill., requires a few expert booklets, conscientiously elaborated, relating to various subjects connected with the defense of our Aryan Christian culture against the rapidly increasing Judaisation of the spiritual, moral, artistic, economic and political life of the whole world.

Endeavouring to obtain precise information in these various fields of enquiry, the "I.F.A.S." announces an prize of twenty (20) guineas (100 dollars, 250 marks, 2500 french francs) for the best pamphlet on any different subject connected with the above. In the event of any of the entries treating the same theme and not attaining the standard required, the prize will be divided between the two best of those submitted.

All correspondence respecting the competition is to be sent exclusively to the following address:

Ant. Leger — c/o B.M. (I.F.A.S.) 118 High Holborn, London W.C.1 (England) (without indication of any other name)

For any further information apply to the same address

For the Directors of the Prize Competition of the "INSTITUTE FOR ARYAN STUDY", Chicago

The Secretary for Europe: Baron de Batz (imp.)



The "World-Service," which is issued in eight languages is not published with a view to profit. Its principal aim is to enlighten ill-informed Gentiles, irrespective of the state, or country, to which they may belong. These information-sheets, which deal with the malfeasance of the Jewish and world-firm accordingly a necessary part of the brotherhood of every Gentile. The dissemination of the matters dealt with to the well-informed press is considered highly desirable.

These information-sheets are to be used as a necessary part of the brotherhood of every Gentile. The dissemination of the matters dealt with to the well-informed press is considered highly desirable.

Come to the Fair!

Modern science and the mighty show
of international politics dominate the
New York World's Fair, our writer
reports after a day of rambling

By Joseph Bridges



AFTER a couple of visits to the New York World's Fair, surely enough to qualify as an expert of sorts, one might observe that there are two great themes. The first is Science, whose domain lies to the west of the famed tylon and perisphere. The second, stretching to the east, is the mighty show of International Politics.

One rushes into this generalization, where angels would fear to tread, with apologies to several quarters. First to San Francisco, where we will gladly travel if it can be arranged. Then intuition is due the Amusement Center, which our party could only cross in leaving, but which is said to be popular. Also, we missed more exhibits, it is likely, than we saw. In some cases it was their fault, for they were not yet open when we went. Other omissions must be laid to the frailty of man, particularly of his feet and the Shoes of Today.

But only athletes and those who can afford rickshaws will see it all; the common man will wander much as we did. And so, let us wander.

We must begin with the world of today, with our subway train which rises out of the earth and hurtles above Queens, the Borough of Homes. We strain our eyes toward the east, and at length it appears—a magic, colorful city of cubes and spheres, strange shapes with rounded angles. White in the sun and haze, the theme center rises, a streamlined tree and a big ball. At some distance beyond (some distance, we are to discover), the giant worker of the Soviet building, glistening stainless steel. Also, Roma seated high on her pedestal.

We arrive, and walk, together with a uni-

formed high school band and assorted humanity, along a wide runway to the Fair. But at the gate we of the press are shunted to the Administration Building, to have our credentials certified. Still outside the Fair, and yet almost in, we walk perhaps half a mile through a kind of cattle chute between tall wire fences. It brings to mind, of all things, a concentration camp—this merely physical impression being aided by the guards in various uniforms. "So this is the world of tomorrow! Not if we can help it!"

On the Debit Side

This unfortunate illusion must of course be laid not to the Fair, but to the times. Actually, we were treated with reasonable courtesy. Still, this might be the place to observe that the attendants and guides during our brief visits presented a too uniform appearance for us: we saw plenty of blonds, of which our country has its quota, but few if any of the Latins, Jews and Negroes who also inhabit the U.S.A. in the millions. We had read in the papers, and now we saw, that the hiring seems to be a Nordic concession. At this point we will mention also that we did not care for the talk delivered by the young man in the Ford Building.

After a short wait we get our papers and enter the Fair. We walk toward the tylon-perisphere. The impression is bright: gardens, fountains, statues, buildings of interest on all sides. Visitors make their way like ants around the side of the big white ball.

Passing up "democracy" for this trip, we go beyond to the industrial exhibits. Here applied science, Modern Technique, rules. The hand of the advertising man is of course not

absent, but the crowd has come to see science, and the sales talks are accepted as a minor nuisance. Giant machines of infinite complexity, vast tools that are almost terrifying, the forces of chemistry and electricity, the metal box that talks like a man.

The City of Light. Consolidated Edison has put it up, and we bill-payers are proud to be partners, if silent, in this splendid achievement. Outside, tall fountains play against the curved blue wall of what is the prettiest building we saw. It is a spot for rest on a hot day. And inside there is the Great Diorama of New York City, an exhibit worth a trip from Kansas to see. From Coney Island to Yonkers, there she is, the metropolis faithfully reproduced, with her changing lights from dawn to dawn—and with a running commentary in the "documentary" style.

The show takes twelve minutes, and then we go on. In the R.C.A. Building, a facsimile newspaper. You wake up in the morning and it has come through the air. Not much to look at, but plenty to think about.

A small crowd has gathered around an anti-kidnaping device. They are gazing at a doll in a cradle, inside a large metal ring. The sign reads, "Try to Take the Baby," but no one will try. The exhibit is not altogether successful, for at intervals a voice from somewhere announces "A child has just been kidnaped," and yet no one has really tried, although several have half-heartedly reached toward the cradle.

At last a man grabs the doll and holds it in the air. There is no siren or bell—only the voice again, and we are disappointed. As for the "kidnaper," he says "I had the baby" and stands grinning sheepishly.

Out we go, missing Television because there is no show on, Radiators, United States Steel, DuPont, Plastics. We cross the parkway to Transportation, making for the Aviation Building, Henry Ford's great white plant is ahead of us, and the people are riding free in Fords which file past on the walls, seemingly on a great conveyor belt.

Aviation is not completed; we accept a map of the Fair and some pieces of propaganda from Mr. Ford, and turn back.

Next, Elekro catches our eye, and we watch the girl attendant put him through his paces. He walks, salutes, talks, and distinguishes red from green. Fair enough.

There is much more to the industrial exhibits, but let us note only the Time Capsule. It is some fifty feet down, and you can look down a narrow well and see the top of it. Above ground is a duplicate capsule, and duplicates of the articles contained. We note a golf ball, a package of cigarettes, *Gone With the Wind*, a Bible, *Arrowsmith*, *The Yearbook of Dentistry*, and the New York newspapers on a day of crime and politics. We had forgotten that it is not to be opened until 6939.

We move across the grounds, toward the nations.

It is unfortunate that there is no Hall of Labor at the Fair. The exhibits of scientific technique are splendid and worth many visits, but the full story of the machines must include the men who build and run them. The employers' viewpoint is presented adequately enough, but for a picture of social and human developments we must turn to the United States Government building and other national exhibits.

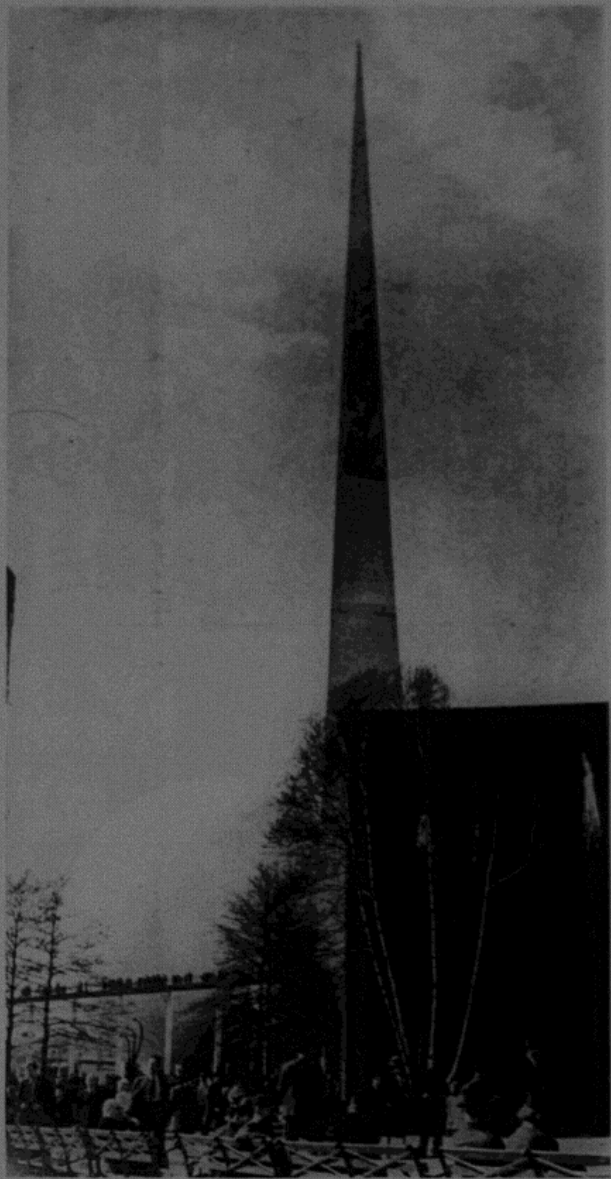
The first national building we come to is that of Turkey. Like the old song which observed that "the Russians all speak in Russian," we note here the architecture, dress and customs of the Turkish Republic. We are agreeably impressed, particularly with the evidence of the emancipation of Turkish women. And indeed, we catch sight of one of the New Women of Turkey, who seems to be engaged about matters of the Pavilion.

The Swedish Exhibit

Next door is the Swedish exhibit. Aesthetically the motif is glass, politically it is Democracy (with a king). A very pleasing glass fountain, which we believe must be even more impressive at night. We take a turn around, looking at the murals: Consumer Cooperatives; National Home Craft League; Enlightened Citizenry; the Foundation of Democracy.

We detour around the Belgian exhibit, which is not yet open, and come onto the Lagoon of Nations. Across from us, grouped around the giant Court of Peace, are the buildings of the nations of the earth. Here is a year's education for the children of America. There is a vulgarity to trying to point a moral, for it is a question of hours and days of examination. It is a superficial observation

(Continued on page 25)



Father Coughlin's Palm Trees

A discussion of the tactics of Fascist demagogues

By Thomas L. Harris

THE LIE is an ancient invention which Fascists have modernized. They have discovered that a fantastic lie is often more effective than a plausible one. Since Fascists have no use for reason, they prefer the fantastic lie which satisfies infantile emotion to the plausible lie that satisfies mere reason. Besides, repetition of a plausible lie makes the dumbest dupe suspect the liar "doth protest too much," whereas reiteration of a fantastic lie exerts an almost hypnotic effect upon the hearer. If you speak of "Wall Street Communist plots" often enough and loudly enough, people will forget the logical improbabilities because you appeal to distinct prejudices.

The Fascist is not afraid to lie. Inaccuracies, mis-statements, misquotations, misrepresentations, are the small change with which Fascist propaganda purchases the assent of working people, who are too busy or too ignorant to check Fascist fiction against fact. Of course, any speaker, any writer or editor is liable to misquote or to plagiarize through carelessness, or even to misrepresent instinctively or, in the heat of argument, overstate his case; but the honest man is not ashamed to confess his errors and retract them; only when such errors are not confessed are accusations of dishonesty and irresponsibility justified.

Perhaps Father Charles E. Coughlin will correct the statement ascribed to him by the *New York Times* and other papers that "they did not inform the American public how Soviet Russia was instrumental in robbing 9,720,000 square miles of China." This statement is fantastic, though misleading to simplicity—since China did not have more than three million square miles to rob, and less than five million even when you include Manchuria; and the Japanese have themselves taken a goodly share of the possible plunder.

The most cunning addition Fascists have made to propaganda is the sinister twist they have given to the Arabic proverb, "It is good to know truth and to speak it; it is better to know truth and speak about palm trees." The Arab talks of palm trees as the Englishman talks of the weather, or as an American does of operations—to keep conversation on a trivial level. Serious truths are embarrassing at a dinner party. They belong to political discussions, not to polite conversation. But Fascists extend this principle of politeness to politics because they wish to turn honest political discussion into, at best, a cocktail party, and at worst a drunken tavern brawl. Fascists have turned tact into tactics. Fascist tactics require whole groves of palm trees to distract people's attention from political truths.

Hitler long ago perfected the method of talking about palm trees. In replying to President Roosevelt he pointed at the palm trees of the Versailles Treaty to obscure the real truth that the present menace to world peace is Fascist aggression. The defects of the Versailles Treaty are real but somewhat irrelevant palm trees, in a Europe that is moving from Versailles to the treaty of Brest-Litovsk.

A good demagogue does not, however, need real palm trees in order to talk about them when truth is embarrassing. He can invent them or see them as mirages in his overheated and barren mind. Among the prettiest groves of palm trees that ever grew in the imagination are the *Protocols of Zion*, which Father Coughlin has seen fit to reprint with the delightful explanation: "At no time and in no instance have I, maintained or do I maintain the Jews or their leaders wrote the Protocols." In other words, this distinguished demagogue has planted faked and potted palms to distract



COURTESY OF THE FEDERAL ART PROJECT, W.P.A.

The Light of Liberty • By Harry Gottlieb

the attention of his audience while he pulls a very dubious rabbit called *Social Justice* from a very battered hat.

Anti-Semitism is, of course, an excellent palm tree to distract the people's attention. Jews, being a small minority, make excellent scapegoats. The word "communistic" is the name for another species of palm, usually planted in conjunction with anti-Semitism. But sometimes the palm trees of propaganda are meant for admiration rather than for

vilification. "Americanism" undefined, "Constitution" likewise undefined, have quite a fascinating influence when spoken about in a husky and emotional tone. It is an excellent trick to talk about "Americanism" while actually disposing of American rights and civil liberties. Oh, yes, there are plenty of palm trees for the demagogue to use. It would be good practice in the study of propaganda to read the pages of *Social Justice* and pencil in a little palm tree in the margin every time

an irrelevancy was used to turn the reader's attention away from the awkward truth he might otherwise detect.

THROUGH an unfortunate chain of circumstances, a misleading statement about the recent merger constituting the Evangelical and Reformed Church was included in the pamphlet, *Nazi Penetration in America*, which was published by the American League. The author of the pamphlet quoted a passage

from an article in *THE FIGHT FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY*, but he did not see a correction which had been subsequently carried, nor did our staff catch the error.

We wish to apologize to the religious bodies concerned, and to declare that in our opinion there is no basis for the statement that the church merger was inspired by the Nazis, regardless of the opinion of the pro-Nazi pastor mentioned in the passage. The pamphlet has been withdrawn from circulation.

Movies with Meaning

By Peter Ellis

THE BROTHERS WARNER in typical Hollywood style may be exaggerating a little when they claim that *Juarez* is the "greatest motion picture of all time," but we can understand that they have a right to be proud of their production. They have endowed this film with every resource at their command. In other historical pictures (*Marie Antoinette*, for example), this "golden touch" has resulted in vulgarity and reactionary drama. But here Director William Dieterle has handled his material with sincerity and high purpose. The huge cast headed by Paul Muni, Bette Davis, Brian Aherne, Gale Sondergaard and John Garfield, gave its best efforts. The result is dignity—something new for the progressive Hollywood film.

The invasion of the Republic of Mexico in 1864 by the troops of Louis Napoleon, the installation of Maximilian and Carlotta as the Emperor and Empress of Mexico over the people, the heroic struggle of the Mexican people, led by Juarez, against their invaders—is the story of this motion picture.

To hear John Garfield as Young Diaz read Juarez's words:

Let him who would come to our shores to rule over us as a tyrant know that the Cause of Democracy has not perished, and shall not perish. Let him know that to us the defense of Democracy is an imperative duty; since it is the defense of our own honor, the dignity of our wives and children, the honor and dignity of all men.

is as thrilling an experience as hearing the words of Abraham Lincoln come from the stage via Raymond Massey. The fine thing about this historic film is that it is also the story of Spain, China, Czechoslovakia and Austria. For the cinema to reaffirm Democracy without demagoguery is an important and dramatic event.

Hollywood's First Document

BUT IF *Juarez* is a new type of film, then *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* is an indication that a revolution is about to take place in the genre of topical pictures. The long and determined efforts of the American documentarians, the progressive film-makers, have finally borne fruit. No longer worried about their market in Fascist countries, Warner Brothers have again come to the front with a topical film about Nazi spy activities in the

United States as revealed in the recent sensational espionage trial.

For the first time Hollywood has utilized the documentary form, in order to tell this story most efficiently and dramatically. The picture is aimed directly at Nazi Germany. It accuses Hitler and Goebbels of organizing Nazi Bunds and of ordering that "National Socialism in the United States must dress itself in the American flag—it must appear to be a defense of Americanism—racial and religious hatreds must be fostered on the basis of American Aryanism. Class hatreds must be encouraged in such a way that labor and the middle classes will become confused and antagonistic. . . ." It accuses Hitler of taking Austria and Czechoslovakia. It accuses Hitler of seeking to dominate South America and to destroy the Monroe Doctrine. You see meetings in Nazi beer-joints on New York's 86th Street, and the activity of the Hamburg-American Line in espionage and Gestapo work.

The comments on this film in the New York press were a real surprise. Most of the reviewers were shocked by the dynamics of the picture. They called it undignified. They



Benito Juarez (Paul Muni) and Porfirio Diaz (John Garfield) discuss problems of the Mexican people's struggle for liberty against the foreign invaders in "Juarez"

accused the producers of being overzealous. One compared it with *The Boat of Berlin*.

The comparison is unfounded and untrue. There seems to be a fetish of understatement. Many critics believe that it is childish to shout and adult to whisper. How can you whisper when there are bombs of Fascist aggression falling all around you? How can you be polite to a gangster? John Wesley and Milton Krims know the Nazis, and Anatole Litvak was able to create an exciting and vivid document in a style that is calculated to get the utmost out of their scripts. Francis Lederer, who is usually an inept instance idol, emerges as a first-class actor in the role of the Nazi tool.

While in the past we have had social films on issues that have to do with foreign countries or with the past or with a sectional theme, *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* is the first Hollywood picture dealing with a national issue with a minimum of pussyfooting. The extent to which the other companies are rushing to make films on Nazi themes indicates that this type of picture has become respectable. Let us hope that this will lead to other realistic films on many of the vital aspects of American life.

Goodbye Mr. Chips (M.G.M.): Robert Donat as the famous Mr. Chips of the equally famous novel by James Hilton. It is a highly romantic and nostalgic tale. But I can't remember any other film that dramatized the evolution of a teacher with more warmth and feeling. The substance is much too thin for the length of the picture. It properly ends after the death of Katherine, beautifully played by Greer Garson who also is very beautiful. This is another in the series of films produced in London, which just goes to show what the boys can do when they're not bothered by Louis B. Mayer.

Burgos Gaol

By Jack Reed

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHET LA MORE

IV

THEY PLAYED a game. It became of his diarrhea one dirtied the floor when at stool, he "lost," and a mark—which in two days' time became indistinguishable again—was scratched on the wall against his name. Not only that, but he was forced to clean it up. Both Julio and Antonio agreed that it was a very reprehensible thing thus to dirty the floor and should be punished even more severely, but since there would be only one left to administer that punishment, they had to let it go. Besides, it was such a difficult thing to prevent when one was too weak to keep from swaying, sometimes even falling, and when diarrhea—perhaps it was dysentery by now—had such a hold on you. Both of them, but especially Antonio, were subject to severe attacks of intestinal cramps, during which they lay doubled up with pain, tense and trembling; and when the attacks passed they always had to lie for some time before they could get up enough strength to move.

So they spent a good deal of their time lying prone: Julio, by unspoken common consent, on the bunk; Antonio on the floor. Antonio was the sicker of the two. Julio looked worse—he had become alarmingly emaciated, his skull stood out of his face like a death'shead with the eyes like holes, his hands and arms were fleshless—but he seemed buoyed up by some vital store of energy. Antonio had no such store. He was subject to alternate attacks of fever, during which his face was flushed and he sweated profusely; and of chill, when both his blanket and Julio's were not enough even to abate his violent shivering. His agonies of cramp were more painful, longer drawn out and more exhausting than those of the leaner man. Lines of pain were already bitten deep into his skin, and there was suffering in his eyes.

They played another game. They made guesses on just how the battle was progressing, where the Republican army was, and how long it would take them to get to Burgos. They even made bets, to be paid off when



that glad day came, on the exact date. They described to each other exactly what they would do then. Antonio was very earnest: he was first going to find Isabella, and then he would join the front line troops and help drive the Fascists toward Portugal and the sea. Julio smiled at this, and said that that was all very fine, but as for him, he was going to spend all of his first week running from one wine-shop and café to another; and when he was helplessly drunk from manzanilla and in a stupor from too much food, he would have someone bathe him and put him to bed, where he would stay for a month. They laughed with dry cackles at this. It was very

At first, there were four in the Rebel dungeon. . . . But they came for Caldeveras, the business man, and Dallardo, the gentle cobbler, leaving Julio Mens and Antonio Moros to look at each other across the cell. . . . Part Four of a story of the Spain of Franco

funny. They examined their plans and arguments from every angle, and scoffed at and rejected everything that contradicted them. The Nationalists could not last much longer; only units of the regular army had revolted, and even while Antonio was free these were already demoralized and deserting, crossing over to the virtually unarmed guerrilla bands which constituted at that time about the only real government resistance. What now when they faced an army! The militia, Roquetés and Phalangistas, were no good. Franco had come from Morocco with Moors and the murderous foreign legion, but though experienced men and foreign arms had given him great initial success, he could not last long against solid walls of manpower rising to defend their new-won liberties.

It was interesting to conjecture like this, to examine, to reason. It passed a maddening amount of time interestingly. Neither believed that the Republic would get there—not during their lifetime. Neither believed that the other believed—they knew better. They had told each other frankly what they thought often enough before, and there was no reason for them suddenly to become hopeful now when there was least cause for it. But it was a good game.

Especially was it fun to recount to each other the petty victories, the amusing incidents in which the rising tide of liberal thought, under oppression and persecution, made itself manifest. Julio was full of such anecdotes, both of Spain and of other countries. He told Antonio of the Communist who had become a high official in the Phalange, and who used to send regular reports back; of the German Socialist who while being dragged to the executioner's block, had asked as a last request that his hands be untied so he could pray—after which he had calmly knocked down the Nazi officer closest to him and then, calmly, laid his head on the block. Antonio's reminiscences were mainly personal: how, for instance, when just turned fifteen, full of and bold in the facts of life, new-found,



Julio gloated over his accomplishment

he had questioned sharply a visiting distant cousin, newly ordained a priest, on the physiology of the Immaculate Conception, to the shocked horror of his mother in the next room. They cackled over these like ancient cronies recounting youthful escapades. These were the concrete evidences of their intellectual and moral superiority and eventual victory, which these cold gray walls were endeavoring to contradict; these were the folklore of intellectual and social protest, to which they were matters.

"Why," said Julio once, "look at me. Do you know they still don't know who I am? I told them I was a commercial traveler and they still believe it! If they knew, I would have been dead the first day. My family would have heard of it, and they would have had to flee the city." He paused; when he started again there was a grim note in his voice. "My son would have never come here to look for me; he would have left with the others. We would never have seen him at that window." His face was suddenly alive, the frenzied muscles twitched as though in glee, the eyes were wild; they took in the cell in one crafty glance, the oozing walls, the murky corners, the slop-bucket. "But instead see how clever I've been! I've already lived three more months!"

His laugh was high and sharp. Antonio quickly changed the subject. He told of the secretary of the Left Republican group, a man called Plácido, who had hidden from the terror buried under the straw of an army storehouse across from a cavalry barracks on the road to Miraflores. Hey, what a joke! While the soldiers combed the city he was right under their noses! Antonio laughed and poked his fingers into Julio's ribs. What a joke, eh! . . . He did not tell the end of the

story; how Plácido, after a week during which he could not stir and his family dared not bring him food, had stumbled across the street and given himself up to the sentry on guard, crying "Kill me! I can't bear any more!" . . . He spoke swiftly, seeking to draw Julio's mind with him. He told more stories. He gripped Julio's arms and shook him, tears starting down his seamed cheeks. No time to despair! All these symptoms of awakening, all this blood and heroism, could not be in vain. Victory would be theirs yet!

And then one night, late, they heard that Madrid had fallen. The military warden himself came to tell them, standing at the top of the stairs and bawling down the corridor. The capital, the center of all Spain, was theirs! Already the little Franco and their own General Mola rode white horses through the rose-strewn street, bowed to the cheers of an enthusiastic and long-suffering populace. The two prisoners had only seen the warden once or twice, at mass; but they had heard him often, and they could picture him now in their minds' eyes; at the top of the stairs in his nightgown, slippered, his paunch bulging, bawling with his mouth open and the tassel of his nightcap shaking. *¡Arrriba España! Madrid had fallen! The Reds were in headlong and demoralized rout, burning convents and churches in their rage and fear as they fled. The war would be over in a month!*

The game languished and died. They never played it again.

NOVEMBER and rain brought more damp into the cell, made Antonio's fever worse. He breathed heavily; his eyes were bloodshot, his head hot, his cheek-bones showed through his parched skin. Sometimes he was too weak to sit up; sometimes his

cramp was so bad that he could hardly breathe. Always he watched the restless motions of Julio, who, despite his own emaciation and weakness, seemed to be on springs, standing up and sitting down continually, looking out the window, twining his fingers in his hair or in nervous gestures as he spoke. One of them would have to die soon; which would go first? Which one, he or Julio?

The thought swirled in his fevered brain, was lost in pain. One would have to die. . . . One would die . . . that was all he could remember.

One of them would have to die! One of them—the refrain sounded like thunder in his skull. One of them to die—then, logically, the other might live. Which one? He it was who seemed marked for death, with his pain, his pallor, his fever. He—while Julio lived. His hot eyes took in the other, restless, energetic; certainly that man would live. Antonio must die so that Julio might live! Resentment, rising slowly through the hot fog of his fever, began to rumble through the mind of Antonio. What right had the other to live? What had he done to earn for himself that privilege? Was it not true rather that he should die, that he should have been dead long ago? Would he not have been dead long ago had they known who he was? And still he lived and would go on living, buying his life at the expense of Antonio's. The rumble beat with the pound of the blood in Antonio's eyes, in his ears. Murderer!

He began to argue with himself, interminably, incoherently, whether he should tell the guard who Julio was; several times he decided to; but always before he could get up enough determination and strength to speak, the guard, slamming the bolts behind him, would be gone, and he would fall wearily back into his argument. The eyes he turned to Julio were blind with fever and hate; if he instead died, then would Antonio live.

Whether Julio felt any of this he could not tell, although occasionally Antonio caught him watching with hostile eyes. Probably he did not; they seldom spoke to each other any more anyway, and the sudden hostile silence of Antonio was not, by itself, very unusual. For the most part Julio seemed preoccupied with his own thoughts, scarcely glancing at Antonio during his twitchings, his paces, his gesticulations. One day he began to scrape his fork on the stone wall, turning the full concentration of the nervous energy which he had previously dissipated, on the task. It was a full day before, his nerves irritated by the sound, Antonio began to realize what the other was doing: he was sharpening the prongs of the fork. Antonio lay still, wide-eyed, his reason struggling in agony under the burden of this knowledge. Why was he sharpening it? What could he want it for? Was he going to take into his own hands that assurance of his life?

After an agonized eon, Antonio spoke, hoarsely. "What are you doing?"

The other did not answer or look up. The scraping continued.

The thought became a scream. "What are you sharpening that for? What are you going to do?"

Julio jumped at the sound, spun wild-eyed towards Antonio, clenching the fork. He was trembling from head to foot. "Don't yell at me like that, you fool!" He changed the fork nervously from one hand to the other and back again. It was some minutes before he could quiet down enough to continue. Then he held the fork to the light. "When they come to get me," he said, "I mean to take one with me."

Relief struggled with distrust and fear in Antonio. He wet his moving lips several times before he spoke again. "That couldn't kill anybody."

"I'm not finished sharpening it."

"Even sharpened, it'll take a lot of strength. You haven't got it."

"I'll have enough strength. I'll have a whole unused lifetime of strength to draw from. See: into the belly, up, and a twist—that's all." He demonstrated.

Antonio watched his contorted face for a few seconds. "Julio, don't do it! What good'll it do you? Will it save you?"

"It'll save my peace of mind."

"Julio! Remember what you told me about beating my head against the wall! Don't do it! What good—?" he paused, panting—"what good will killing some poor tool do? Will that help anything? It'll only make it harder on the rest."

"Antonio, don't argue with me! There are some places where reason won't reach. Here—" he beat his breast, above the heart; "here—" he clapped his hands against his forehead, almost poking out an eye with the fork handle. "It won't reach there." He raised his fork again to the light, holding it before him with both hands. His suffering made him theatrical. He laughed loudly. "Some people have a cross for solace. *This is mine!*"

He continued sharpening it. It became his passion and sole interest, just as it was forced, through the close association of the cell, to become Antonio's preoccupation also. Julio answered Antonio, if at all, with grunts, never turning his eyes or attention away from his task. The metal was soft and the stone rough; what should have taken him hours was taking him days; but he kept at it with unflagging patience. Again and again he would raise it to the light, peering at it out of one eye. When it grew too dark to work, he would polish it carefully with a rag torn from his tattered shirt, wrap it up completely and lay it under the bunk before he stretched out to sleep.

And always the fever-ridden horror in the back of Antonio's mind: what if he did not really mean it for a guard?

Finally he was finished. Each prong had a needle point, and the prongs themselves, rising from the ends each successively longer than his fellow, made of themselves a point. The end prongs had their sides edged to razor sharpness. Julio gloated over his accomplishment, jabbing it constantly before him for an



He stood, painfully, and stretched his arms about him

uneasy Antonio to see. He was never tired of polishing it, examining it, scraping it to make some part of it still more perfect. Most of the time it reposed in his rag under the bunk, but he was continually taking it out, feeling its points, running his fingers over its edge. He treated it like a living child; the life that it took would perhaps even the score for his dead child.

And now that he had finished it he was eager to use it. He kept thrusting it through the air, describing to Antonio its journey through the guts, the stomach . . . up. What did it matter to him what they did to him for it? What had he to lose? What more could they do than they had done? He almost wished that they would not delay, that they would come to take him soon, so that he would have his opportunity.

And Antonio, with all the fervor of his unready overworked heart, wished the same. . . .

JULIO was sleeping, soothed by the solace the weapon had brought him, when they actually did come to get him. They entered comparatively noiselessly, with but one flash of light; and without ceremony seized him and dragged him out of the bunk. He was almost through the door before he realized what was happening.

Then he fought like a madman. He hit the wrist of the hand that held his throat; he raised his knee like a piston into someone's groin; he tore one arm loose and flayed the air with it—several times it struck flesh. One frantic twist—two—he was free. He tore away from them, leaving pieces of his clothing in their clutching hands, and dived for the bunk. His teeth glittered in the flashlight beam that followed him. Now was his chance! Now his revenge! Antonio could hear the

frantic slide of his hands over the earth, searching for the fork. One of the militia grabbed his flying leg; Julio sent him crashing back against the wall almost on top of the terrified crouching Antonio. Twice more they grabbed him, but each time he twisted loose. He slithered completely under the bunk, searching. They grabbed him again, securely this time, and swung him out; he seized the end of the bunk, and they beat his hands and fingers with a rifle-butt for almost a minute before they could get him loose. He was a maniac; his eyes popped, foam formed on his lips, the blue veins on his neck were swollen to bursting. His strength was superhuman. Clothes tore like paper under his grasp; with one swing of his arm he dragged across the floor the man that clung to it; they had him surrounded, bound from all sides, but he kept breaking their holds and fighting his way back towards the bunk. Guards struck the close walls, the door, each other, were scratched and flayed, but blows seemed to have no effect on Julio. His voice, harsh and raucous, bellowed desperate through the cell and down the hall. "Let me go! Let me go, damn you! Just one minute let me go!" . . . Till a rifle butt, swung hard, caught him twice above the ear. . . .

Then his voice, as he was dragged out and down by the militia, aided by the guards who had come to the rescue, was sleepy and piteous: "Let me . . . go back. Just a minute. . . . Something I want to get. . . . Señors! Just . . . one minute. . . ." Antonio could almost hear what his wardens were saying through the still reverberating echoes of the fight, their eyes puffed, blood oozing from scratches on their arms and faces. "Merdé what a tussle! Where do these dogs get their strength!" One.

(Continued on page 23)

The Plotter's the Thing In Current Books

Our Nazi Guards

SECRET AGENTS AGAINST AMERICA, by Richard Wilmer Rowan; 267 pages; Doubleday, Doran & Company; \$2.00.

RICHARD WILMER ROWAN, one of the leading experts on the subject of espionage and sabotage, has come through with another excellent work. Rowan's book comes on the heels of *Secret Armies*, John L. Spivak's splendid exposé of Fascist activities in America, but Rowan brings in several valuable points that Spivak has necessarily omitted. Rowan deals extensively with the gigantic sabotage machine which the Nazis are whipping into shape to thwart American industry in the event of war.

That the Nazi spy ring is a menace was conclusively proved during the recent Nazi spy trials. That a tremendous sabotage machine exists to bring destruction to the ten thousand factories chosen to carry on the manufacture of munitions and armaments, is decidedly news.

Rowan contends that the next war will be largely decided by sabotage. He declares that methods of sabotage have advanced so far that successful defense against its spread is almost impossible. In this connection, Rowan points to the development of thermite, a chemical which can start unquenchable fires. Thermite can be mailed in tiny unobservable quantities in such a fashion that it will start a tremendous fire aboard any ship, train or airplane. It can be disguised in many ways. Tests have proved that the Nazi government has fire bombs which positively cannot be counteracted by any known fire-fighting methods.

Rowan also tells of the recent development of death ray and search ray machines, which while not perfect, can bring down an airplane from as high as five hundred feet.

Rowan also presents new information concerning the spread within our borders of the Bund and the Nazi spies. His descriptions of the Gestapo in America are alarming. He tells of the cooperation of Wall Street agents with the Nazi government in revealing valuable information in the prosecution of the millionaire shipping titan Arnold Bernstein—information which could only have come from the inmost Wall Street banking circles.

Japan and Italy also come in for their share of exposure in this exciting book. For the first time the Ovra, official Italian secret

service machine, has its workings bared to public gaze. According to Rowan, while the Ovra has been less heard of than the Gestapo, it is equally effective and active in America.

The publication of this book should act as a further warning signal to the federal government to comb the nation for the Nazi terrorists who continue to swarm over the walls into our country and work all their diabolically cruel tricks to strip the nation and prepare it for M-day.

—DAVID KARR

Action Novel

TRAITOR'S WAY, by Bruce Hamilton; 260 pages; The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$2.00.

DESCRIBED by the publishers as "an action novel of today's battle for Democracy," Bruce Hamilton's *Traitor's Way* is an extraordinarily exciting story of one man's attempt to thwart a Fascist plot. Set in England, whence come the best melodramas and detective stories, *Traitor's Way*—again as the publishers very pertinently remark—is a different kind of adventure story.

Readers of the great bulk of spy melodramas are almost sure to find that the "heroes" are drawn from the Best People,



John Steinbeck, author of *The Grapes of Wrath* (Viking). From a painting by Bo Beskov

often with a Riviera background, while the villains come from the people. Baroness Orczy, E. Phillips Oppenheim, and the rest of that school have long done their bit for reaction, and just because the political slant of their works is to the Right, no respectable critic would dream of labelling them as propagandists.

Mr. Hamilton, however, is a writer of a very different sort. In the first place he is a far better writer as such than any of the reactionaries whose works I have in mind; his style is clean, swift, and admirably suited to the needs of his story. In the second place, his tale of an escaped convict's progress from Dartmoor to London to deliver certain papers to the leader of the Opposition shows an understanding of both English and European politics which is most refreshing in a popular writer.

To say more about the story itself would inevitably spoil the reader's pleasure, but a tribute must be paid to Mr. Hamilton's power of sustaining suspense, the solidity of his descriptions, and to the plausibility of the narrative as a whole. That this last quality springs from the writer's grasp of the true nature of the political forces represented by the mighty men of Munich is apparent. *Traitor's Way* would make an admirable film for Hitchcock, but my guess is the British censor would never permit it to be screened. In any event, this is a book to read and enjoy. It should not, however, be started after midnight, if the reader wants any sleep that night, because, once begun, *Traitor's Way* will demand to be read straight through.

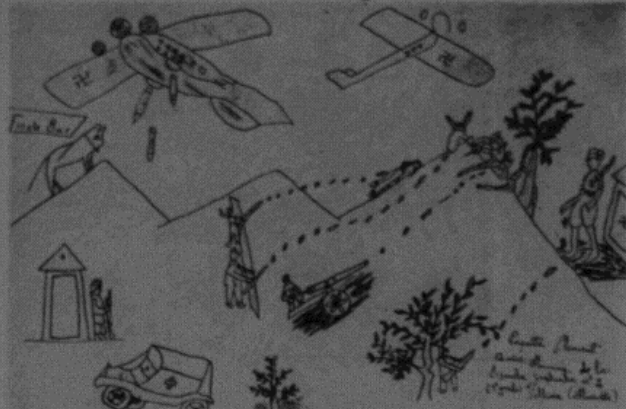
—LESLIE READE

Novel of the Lost

WINE FOR THE VINTAGER, by Elizabeth Perdlis; 250 pages; Loker Raley; \$2.50.

WINE FOR THE VINTAGER is a novel of rare beauty dealing with a group of characters who are completely lost through their inability to live in a world of people and accept the joy and pain inevitable to human contact.

Sam Caandler is the protagonist and it is through his eyes, eyes that are dependent upon glasses that are always broken, that we see a panorama of characters moving shadowily about. Sam alone has accepted his illness, and in realizing this escape from reality he seems to have acquired extra-perceptive powers for



They Still Draw Pictures (Oxford University Press) shows our drawings by Spanish children

detecting the subtle processes through which others escape.

When Sam's doctor tries to convey hope for his salvation, reminding Sam that he has a rare gift for writing, he is unconvinced. Sam sees in the doctor's attitude a need for certainty, for a belief that his patient will recover, and Sam is "sorry not to be able to oblige."

In retrospect we learn of Sam's early life, of his step-sister Una, Una, loving Sam and being rejected by him, flits through the book from one man to another, each episode emphasizing her loneliness.

It is during a visit to the Georges that Sam and Una meet all of the people who make up the story. There are the father and son George, both physicians who—through covering up their rivalry for one another—are responsible for the death of Mrs. Pandro, Mrs. Pandro, awaiting trial for the murder of her husband, is ironically portrayed as a woman so innocent that she recoils from the details of her husband's death, though forced by her lawyers to rehearse them. And it is in the George house that Sam discovers his beloved, Geo, through whom he finds complete fulfillment of love for the first time. But Geo is to die, and spiritual death seems inevitable for all of them except Tarn, who has escaped the defeatist attitude of: "to coexist is to compromise the identity; to exist in *europa* is to have none." For Tarn has "deposited his eggs in a million baskets, a bit of him vested in every down-trodden human being."

Since Elizabeth Perdlis is a psychiatrist, many will look upon the unpossessed person in her book as abnormal. And yet her artistry to suggest forces in our world where beauty and justice are so rare, gives a frightening sense of identity to these people who choose flight rather than reality. Out of his despair

Sam protests and waits for a world in which one will be "free to eat one's cake and know that his brother has it too. No beggars, no alleviable wounds." Perhaps when these words are given significance there will be less need to turn from reality.

—FLORA STROUSE

Poems of Delmore Schwartz

IN DREAMS BEGIN RESPONSIBILITIES, by Delmore Schwartz; 171 pages; New Directions; \$2.50.

THERE has been a great deal of fanfare about Delmore Schwartz recently. His words and his appearance seem to be almost ubiquitous. His work is the talk on the literary streetcorner. His manifestations of learning—not to say "genius"—are attired in the conglomerate costumes of the history of learning. In fact, there is a great deal of superficial similarity in this respect between Schwartz and Auden—although the latter is more formal in his respect for tradition because he genuinely knows it. But there is a great deal of buffoonery in both of these poets that no one seems to have recognized as yet.

By and large, however, I would say that Delmore Schwartz has mistaken his medium. It is possible that with exercise and living he may be able at some future date to enter upon a profession of creative prose writing—in some way comparable to some of our competent fiction. Certain it is, on the other hand, that Schwartz has confused the terminology of philosophy and criticism with the feeling and music of poetry—which he so sadly lacks. Which goes to say, that his work seems studied and constructed in such a heavy-handed way that the eyelids droop and the "poetry" fails.

It must be admitted, however, that some of

the shorter pieces are clever when they are not flat. And to be fair, it must be added that *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities* evidences considerable and minute work in its compilation. Mr. Schwartz is aware of many problems as they relate to himself, and as they relate to society as considered and defined by himself—but in spite of this big show of taking over the culture and the metaphysical problems of the world, one cannot help but feel that it all adds up to no more than a one-ring circus—perhaps, even a side-show would cover it.

It would take a longer article to know.
—NORMAN MACLEOD

Nazi and German-Americans

THE GERMAN REICH AND AMERICANS OF GERMAN ORIGIN; documentary excerpts published by the Oxford University Press; 45 pages; \$1.50.

THIS book consists of documents taken from decrees and speeches of the German Nazi government. Published with a short introductory comment over its sponsors' names (Samuel Seabury, Henry L. Stimson, Nicholas Murray Butler, Felix Frankfurter, G. W. Pepper, Monsignor Ryan, and others), the book aims primarily "to inform the American public of the attitude of the German government toward American institutions and particularly toward American principles of citizenship."

The documents are excellent examples of the cynicism with which Nazism opposes the democratic rights of man. "Legal" means are employed, but the law must be interpreted according to the Nazi *Weltanschauung*, world-outlook, of which Hitler is the "one and only" leader. Cultural organizations are formed into corporations, with the Nazis and their financial masters the only stockholders, furnishing the only criteria for cultural works. Teachers and students abroad are under decrees making them responsible to Nazi organizations wherever they travel. Teachers must furnish complete and detailed reports on their travels. Special sections devoted to Germans in America, and to all "racial comrades," call for disregard of borders, of "adopted" countries, for the service of "true Germanism." Through these passages run the exaggerated promises and unprincipled demagoguery behind which Nazism tries to hide its aim of "Divide and Crush."

Small wonder that Paul Schwartz, German consul in New York, resigned his post a few months after Hitler came to power, and this year claimed his papers as a citizen of the United States. There are thousands of such Germans enjoying the benefits of American Democracy while Germany is in Nazi chains. This has led to values mutual to all Americans, and to the honoring of German-Americans, not for the purity of their blood but for the strength and value of their achievements.

—NANCY HAYDOCK

Radio to Rio

By George Scott

WASHINGTON is trying to eat its radio cake and have it too these days with rather ludicrous results. On the one hand reactionary Congressmen are threatening to curtail drastically appropriations for Federal Theatre and U.S. Department of Education programs they consider to be New Deal propaganda. On the other they are looking with more and more favor on a proposal to spend \$3,000,000 on the construction of a short wave station in Washington which would be used to spread liberal ideas throughout Latin America. What it really amounts to is that these gentlemen want to stop the spread of Fascism below the equator but to let the Coughlins, the Hearsts and their ilk go unanswered at home.

It will be a tragedy if the government-sponsored programs here are allowed to languish just as they have hit their stride. Such series as *Hisings for the Martins*, *Men Against Death*, *Americans at Work* and *Americans All*, *Immigrants All* are doing a splendid job in promoting religious and racial tolerance, explaining the Bill of Rights, and educating and entertaining the American public at the same time. These broadcasts are well written, acted and produced. They are eliciting a tremendous mail response from all parts of the country and are reaching strata of the population which ordinarily have to subsist on hillbilly music and Major Bowes.

The contention of the die-hards that the government should cut costs by eliminating broadcasts rather than try to explain the need for taxes to the voters themselves just doesn't hold water. Radio is really an infinitesimal part of the national budget and it will pay untold dividends in the crucial years to come. Such a program as the Federal Theatre's new *Women in a Democracy*, for instance, is worth millions of words of anti-Fascist literature.

The situation is different when it comes to Senator Dennis Chavez' proposal for a government-owned D.M.R. Both C.B.S. and N.B.C. are doing a splendid job of selling Americanism to our Spanish-speaking neighbors, probably because their short wave stations are on an experimental basis and their policies are not dictated by advertisers. With the installation of more powerful transmitters and directional antennas, such stations as W2XE and W3XAL are booming into Rio and Buenos Aires even louder than the ubi-

quitous Germans, and their news programs in Spanish and Portuguese are winning real Spanish and Portuguese following.

Of course the time may come when a government-owned short wave station will be necessary—if the networks obtain permission from the F.C.C. to commercialize their Latin American programs, for instance. But the politics which would be involved undoubtedly would militate against the effectiveness of such a transmitter. The pulling and hauling which is now going on over New York's WNYC between Mayor LaGuardia and Tammany can give a hint as to what these difficulties might be.

For the time being, however, the networks are going far to justify their existence by means of Latin American transmissions—as is proved by the fact that the Nazi general, Fupel, has just advised Germany to model its propaganda technique on that being carried out by United States stations.

Seen and Heard

TELEVISION arrived with the opening of spring and Grover Whalen's *Fair*. It was inaugurated with a loud pop due to the fact that President Roosevelt was the first man to appear before the iconoscopes. Now it is fizzling along on Donald Duck, midgets and acrobats.



Schaal

It will take a long time before the technique of television entertainment is worked out and the problem of meeting costs is solved. Rumor has it that the dramatic programs which are to be presented twice weekly may use black chirolooth draperies instead of scenery or that go even further and employ the Mercury Theatre bare-stage technique. Just what they will use for scripts has not yet been decided.

No question about it: television provides an excellent image as well as remarkable sound fidelity. Here's a place where the government could step in legitimately, as it has done in England and the Soviet Union, and appropriate a few millions for experiment. Will it?

This is going to be a musical summer on the air, and if you have yawns, prepare to spread them now.

The reason is simple. String quartets and pianists cost less than actors, and the stations are determined that they're going to "make the net congenial to the gross" during the months when the lucrative commercial programs take vacations.

This insatiable desire of the networks to make more and more money each and every month, even if they have to provide secondary entertainment, trim expenses to the bone, consolidate departments and fire hundreds of employees, is an unhealthy sign of elephantiasis. N.B.C. grossed \$15,514,435 so far this year. C.B.S. took in \$10,995,309, and its president paid income tax on a salary of \$190,196. Yet each chain is conducting a downholding campaign and killing good sustaining programs right and left to replace them with music.

Unionization of radio goes on apace. The American Communications Association has just signed contracts with WIP, Philadelphia, and WNEF, Binghamton, and has cited KYW, Philadelphia, to the N.L.R.B. for refusing to negotiate a contract. The American Federation of Radio Actors is pressing for a contract covering regional networks on the West Coast, and is negotiating with KMOX, KSD and WFW, St. Louis. Courtenay Savage, a grand script writer and vice-president of the Radio Writers Guild, has been in New York working out a plan of cooperation with A.F.R.A.

Music on Records

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 80 in D minor; Symphony No. 67 in F major*; played by the Orchestra of the New Friends of Music, Fritz Stiedry conducting. Victor M536, \$9.00.

Two of the five symphonies recently rehabilitated by Dr. Alfred Einstein, the eminent musicologist, and written during the composer's so-called middle period. These works are striking examples of Haydn's extraordinary gifts as a symphonist and are most deserved contributions to the Haydn literature on discs. Under the guidance and direction of Dr. Stiedry the playing of these symphonies

is marked by a fluent assurance and a youthful verve and exuberance. The reproduction itself has the requisite life and tonal color. The discriminating record collector will most certainly want to hear these.

MOZART: *Symphony No. 31 in D major (K297)*; played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham conducting. Columbia set 360, \$5.00.

Written in the spring of 1778 for a concert in Paris, this brilliant, though perhaps superficial symphony, made an immediate appeal to the Parisian public. The work is in three movements instead of the customary four, and contains some of the most restful and spirited music from the pen of this great master. Beecham conducts the symphony with suavity and finesse, and the recording is entirely adequate.

SPOHR: *Concerto No. 8 in A minor (Gesamtszene)*; played by Albert Spalding and the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting. Victor M544, \$4.50.

Ludwig Spohr, whose life span encompassed the careers of Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Mendelssohn and the younger Brahms, was a widely celebrated violinist and composer. This concerto, written in 1816, was composed in preparation for a visit to Italy. The intention was to present to the opera-loving audiences of Italy a violin concerto in which the violin part substituted for the voice in an operatic scene. Melodically facile and with a graceful lyricism, it is no wonder that this concerto "caught on." Spalding plays this music with appropriate ardor and Ormandy and the Philadelphians provide adequate support. The recording is eminently satisfactory.

—ROBERT JEFFREY

Current Revues

MEXICANA: Presented by the Republic of Mexico especially for the World's Fair visitors to give them a little bit of Mexico. For the most part the revue, which is colorful, is a little better than the Mexico one finds on Fifty-Second Street or in the various vaudeville shorts. There is an occasional number that really gives you "authentic" Mexico. The folk dances are the best part of the show and make your visit worth while.

Sing for Your Supper (Federal Theatre): Considering the way this musical revue has been purged for more than a year, it is really amazing that there is as much good left in it as is at present on exhibition. This is explained by the members of the cast themselves in the opening number, "At Long Last." You'll find much that you won't like, but in this long revue you will find enough for your money: "Young Man With a Horn," "The Last Waltz," "Luck," "Code For Actors" and "Ballade for Uncle Sam."

—PETER ELLIS

Burgos Gaol

(Continued from page 78)

during a bleeding nose, kicked Julio viciously with his hob-nailed boots into his exposed groin. "Cowardly swine! All the rest take their medicine quietly enough!"

And Antonio too thought—when the reverberations of sound and excitement with their frenzied rattlings in his mind allowed him to think—how strange it was that while Dallardo, who had feared so much, had gone quietly, Caldereras and now Julio, who had been excited about their ends, had both gone out crying piteously.

At first he was exultant. The enemy was dead! He listened with glee to the dying sounds in the corridor, the lingering echoes, the faint fearful whimperings of a few of the awakened prisoners; and then the clash of greas, the roar of mallets. He crawled on all fours to the center of the floor to examine the charred earth, the infinitesimal dampness of an occasional drop of blood. How do you like it now, you who wished my death? He beat the palms of his hands on the floor, scarcely conscious through his whirling senses of what he was doing. He had won, he had won! He, Antonio, would live!

It was not until the light in the cell had reached its maximum that he realized fully that he was alone.

HE STOOD, painfully, and stretched his arms about him in all directions. In the light it wasn't so bad. The cell seemed much larger, the walls farther back; they did not press as much on his senses as formerly. He was master of incomprehensible space. The cell, the bunk, were his alone.

But it was queer to sit wide-eyed at night and feel the dark and its humours press directly down on him with no companion to help him ward them off. The superstitions and phobias that had given him such a childhood dread of the prison began to stir in his subconscious and awaken. At first they were nebulous and easily quelled, but night by night they grew larger, more real and corporeal, appearing in corners, on the floor, leering through the window. There were devils, with goat's legs, horns and tails; there were witches wrinkled and horrible, with their claw-like hands extended, accompanied by their hideous consorts, frogs, toads and snakes. Their eyes were piercing, gloating. He shut his eyes. He was no longer a child; he was a mature and reasonable man. He was moreover a revolutionary—almost—and he didn't believe such things. But when he opened his eyes they were still there.

In the daylight they were gone. He turned his mind away from them. He busied himself about the cell as much as he could; he smoothed the earth day after day, although all trace of the violence of that one night had long since been covered over. He crawled about the floor on all fours, smoothing out the corners, picking up stray buttons and

threads, croaking fragments of popular and revolutionary songs in one continuous funeral dirge. But when night came they were there again.

He awoke once from a nightmare in which he had been party to a witch's sabbath. His sensations were less horrible than erotic, a feeling which he had not had for a long time, and he thought that he had lost his horror of them. But when he looked around him their eyes still watched him, gloating.

They began to come during the daytime, lurking in the darkest corners. They grew, they multiplied, till it was only the lightest spots that did not have them, and at night they crowded up almost to the inviolate edge of the bunk. There were other visions; his familiar monsters, mutilated and deformed; visions of the torture chambers of the Inquisition, about which he had heard so much, with people he knew being tortured in them; there was the rack, the thumbscrew, and there someone was being given the water cure, choking and gurgling. Even the black silhouette of the garrote, the sharp and angular chair, the iron collar with the long screw-lever behind it for the executioner.

And in all the blackest corners, formless, nameless, a dread indefinable SOMETHING, premonition and reality. A dread, a threat from a horrible future, lurking in his present. . . .

HE DREW two lines, at right angles to each other, on the cell floor, in the rough shape of a cross. To step on either of them was to invite unmentionable evil; he was forced to hop from space to space over them. And yet, even while he did so, he was always haunted by the fear that he had perhaps got the rules wrong, that the charm actually was to step on the lines, and that not to do so was to leave himself open to that catastrophe. But he was afraid to change, for on the other hand, how could he know that he had not been right originally? And to change now would certainly be to invite disaster, for, by doing both, he could not escape the forbidden. The fear and indecision tortured his unbalanced mind.

He longed for human company. Even the presence of the hairy giant with the food, who never failed to grumble at having to go to all that trouble for just one prisoner and was gone as soon as possible, gave him some relief. He drew solace from going down the hall, with his slop-bucket or to mass, swaying as he walked. The stature was that of Antonio Moros, but the stoop, the demeanor, was that of an older, smaller man. He was prisoner now, cringing and insignificant, careful to keep a judicious distance between himself and the guards or any of the newer, more defiant prisoners who might attract attention in his direction. At mass he chanted dutifully, crossing himself repeatedly, there and

all the way back down the corridor. The walls and floor of his cell are covered with stains.

And yet when he got back they were always there to greet him.

They wanted his lifeblood! They had stopped, unchanged, all the way from the days of the Inquisition to get it. Inquisition! It was a new Inquisition that had given them resurrection, the Inquisition now of a feudal economy rather than merely a papal church; but that made no difference. It had returned; it was all about him; why had he never felt it? The prison was filled with new life, a rotted corpse come back. It stirred through the echoing corridors, the brooding masonry; it vibrated in the air. Even the walls themselves seemed to him to be full of life, stirring, swelling, glowing with the long-thwarted satisfaction of performing the function for which they were intended.

He was sick and helpless now before them. Time and solitude had worn down his resistance; weakness had undermined it. His life was a nightmare. Day came, day went,

but they and his thoughts, the oppression of the cell and the dead uncertain future, remained. He moved seldom and painfully. Sometimes he thought that he was being punished for wishing Julia's death, and he would pray fervently, deliciously, for his return. That that death had not saved him he realized fully now, and the dead certain approach of his own and cast its black shadow before. There was no escape from it, no more than there was any escape from the cell itself. No escape save one. And after days of pain and terror he decided on that one.

He groped on hands and knees till he found in the corner the sharpened fork where Julia had kicked it in his struggles, with a scarce half-inch from it, the mark in the dirt from *Ma Jeanette's* vainly-searching fingers. The smooth-bladed points and edges were rusted, but just as sharp. How long had he been in this cell? A few months? Eons! Their dragging misery was incorporated into his bones. Well, now an end to them. An end to his hallucinations, to the agony in his bowels, above all to the dread threatening

sword above his head. He picked it up with both hands and held it before him. Now. He straightened and wiped his hand against the side of his trousers, suddenly uncertain just what to do. He did not think to saw with the sharpened edge his blue-veined wrist, nor to stab the prongs into his throat; he was past original thought. All that beat in his brain were Julia's words—into the guts, the stomach . . . up—and for this, on himself, he knew he did not have strength. He fell back on his bunk, holding the fork foolishly before him, a bad actor in a poor play. Still uncertain, he raised the fork above him gripping it with both hands.

And then he suddenly burst into a loud gasping cackle. The fork fell from nerveless fingers and landed with a dull plump in the dirt. A spasm of pain shot across his abdomen; he gripped it and fell prone on the bunk, still cackling. It was incredibly funny. He was going to commit suicide, to kill himself, to save himself from—death!

(To be concluded)

Our Right to Work

(Continued from page 9)

For weeks now the House Committee investigating W.P.A. has had its agents in New York and elsewhere frantically seeking something subversive about the Workers Alliance, with the hope that, by hook or crook, they can prove the existence of some mysterious collusion between the Administration and the Alliance.

New Deal Foes

When a union or any progressive organization is the object of an attack it is always important to know who the attackers are, and what their records look like. The members of the present Committee are all outright enemies of the New Deal. Republicans and Democrats, they cross party lines in unanimous dislike for Roosevelt, W.P.A., relief, or anything more progressive than a bread-line. They most assuredly pay us a high compliment by their conviction that the destruction of the Workers Alliance is a prerequisite to a successful campaign against the President's policies. The organized unemployed will appreciate this, and will give a fitting response by building the Workers Alliance in localities where it does not exist. We will join with trade unions and other organizations to repeat in 1940, on a grander scale, what we helped effect in some Congressional Districts in 1938. Congressman Marcatonio in Washington and ex-Congressman O'Connor in New York are excellent examples of what can be accomplished.

This attack against the Workers Alliance is of course an attack against the unemployed. Of that there can be no doubt. No progressive should allow himself to be hoodwinked into the belief that it is the individuals in the Workers Alliance that the W.P.A. wreckers

dislike. It is the program of the Workers Alliance which they fear. It is the ever-growing prestige of the Alliance among the "one-third of a nation" which they recognize as a threat to their continued dominance in Congress.

There is another angle to this question of unemployment and unemployment relief that must be recognized. The Republican Party has long advocated the return to the states of responsibility for relief. Last year a Republican Representative from New York, Robert Bacon, introduced a bill in the House for the same amount for relief recommended by the President, but with the provision that the money be used as grants in aid to the states. Of course this bill had no chance of passing, and Congressman Bacon knew it, but it was part of the Republican program to end federal responsibility for work relief. Various Republican spokesmen in Congress, both in the House and in the Senate, have put forward similar proposals from time to time. For many reasons, state responsibility for relief must be opposed.

The States or the Nation

Let us take a look at what the states have actually done in this connection. Let us take, for example, the wealthiest state in the union, New York. The unemployed who have not been given W.P.A. jobs are suffering untold misery and starvation. The average food allowance in the City of New York is about eight cents per meal. The Republican-controlled legislature in New York State has refused to accept any additional responsibility. In Pennsylvania, under the Republican Governor James, relief standards are steadily decreasing, and one crisis after another has ap-

peared since the voters of that commonwealth fell for the slogan, "Win jobs with James."

The State of New Jersey has had nothing but relief crisis for the last two or three years. There is not one state out of the entire forty-eight that is in a position financially to assume this responsibility! Practically none of them has done even what its financial condition would permit.

A Squeeze Play

So on the one hand the Republican Party advocates greater state responsibility, and on the other Republican Governors and legislatures, without exception, evade meeting responsibility already theirs. Their strategy is not very subtle. It's a squeeze play between Congress and the state legislatures, with the unemployed in the middle.

The National Right to Work Congress is determined to secure from Congress the necessary funds to guarantee the unemployed an adequate works program; a program for three million jobs, with increases in existing wage scales for lower-paid workers, is the very minimum required. This, supplemented by adequate appropriations for the Farm Security Administration, and a long-range low-cost housing program, will go a long way towards providing American citizens with the security they demand.

The Workers Alliance calls upon all progressives, all democratic-minded people, to support us in this fight. Believing that the right to work is not subversive and convinced that "economic security is the front-line defense of our Democracy," we confidently expect to receive this support, to the end that the unemployed in America shall not become the prey of Fascist demagogues.

Come to the Fair!

(Continued from page 11)

that across the Court of Peace from the Roman (or "Roman") matron of Italy is the Albanian Pavilion. Ironically, the Fascist building was not yet open, while the Albanians were doing a thriving business. Crachodovakia bears a sign: "To Be Opened Soon." But rather than these architectural pons, one is struck by the swirling current of history: our time, and the question of tomorrow. Even Roma contributes to this educational end, and Nazi Germany is present by absence, if we may say so. Here is our world.

We turn toward the Japanese building, and hurry up when we see that a ceremony is in progress. It is the formal opening. The good-sized pavilion is pleasing to the eye, as indeed they all are; we think it has an ominous appearance, but then it is impossible to discount our "prejudices" in these questions—you can go around the Fair in a wheel-chair, but not in a vacuum.

Japanese Ceremony

Admittance today is by invitation, and with some others we have not been invited. Rather than try the power of the press, we circle the silken wall which bars our way until we

reach the place left open for the general public to look on. (We passed two boys who preferred to spy through a chink in the curtain, à la circus.) We cannot hear what is said, and can only wonder who are the several hundred well-dressed Americans—inside—applauding the solemnations. As we look the last speech ends, the band strikes up a jazz tune, and the gathering surges through the opened doors.

We move away, past the as yet unfinished Czech building, where millions of people will surely stand in reverence this year, and pause before the massive strength and dignity of the Soviet exhibit. This tallest of the foreign buildings, visible from most parts of the grounds, is the object of much American curiosity. But it too is not open today, and we can only gaze at the statuary of Revolutionary groups and the leaders of the U.S.S.R.—and the upward-reaching worker high above us.

"Romania," Albania, Iceland. We enter the United States Government building, greeted by a huge mural which takes our breath away. Inside are revolving mural exhibits which show the work of various government depart-

ments. As we watch the exhibit of the Department of Labor, which is the work of Eugene Savage and portrays the development of collective bargaining, for the first time we begin to realize the aspect of the Fair which justifies real enthusiasm. We had expected a vast and somewhat helter-skelter conglomeration; we had feared a dazzling but shallow exhibition of tinsel and glitter, the kind of bathing beauty razzle-dazzle for which "little golden America" has been famous or notorious in the past.

There is this note at the Fair, but it is outweighed by the evidence of the new America, the America that has gone through depression and learned that human beings are also important—and most important. This spirit, which is demonstrated also in many of the other nations' pavilions, impresses one particularly in the United States building. For the government which here states its case is a government of the people; a fact which is reflected on every side. In the Labor mural mentioned before, we see the clash of desperate workers with armed police—one of the facets of our national life which has been too often ignored in the past. A soil conservation model shows us, not only the good effects of scientific methods, but a realistic view of what anti-social practices can do to the land. Similarly with housing, education, the treasury—in each case the human value concerned is brought out.

The Magna Carta

It is getting late. We pause for a moment of rest in the botanical gardens, and then enter the British Building. We have time only for a cursory inspection of the maritime and historical material on view. Someday we will have to file before the bright showcase of crowns, to browse among the chivalric banners, and even to pore over the chart of George Washington's royal ancestors. There is much more of interest here, but we are about to leave—when we realize that across the room is displayed a document which we cannot miss—the Magna Carta. It means much to believers in Democracy, and we study it until the line behind presses us on.

In spite of the Charter, we are not quite satisfied that the sun of our holiday should set on the British Empire, and we hasten to France. But we must be content with a view of the outside. Il Duce likewise seems to be not putting up buildings on time. We pass Poland and Portugal, and wind up at the League of Nations; an interesting exhibit, especially in the material on some of the League's lesser-known campaigns, such as the anti-syphilis drive.

Then across the Fair to the Amusement Center, which lies on the south. Forgive us, Billy Rose. We cut your Aquacade, and returned via subway to the world of today.

STRENGTH THROUGH JOY

By Egmarco



"No, Paul, I'm afraid you're too subtle again"

ART OBJECT EXHIBIT

Treasured possessions of the Ching Lung and Kang Shi periods of the Ching dynasty, rare carved wooden and ivory figures, magnificent pieces of amber and onyx, pearls and jade hair ornaments, gorgeous wedding garments, having considerable bed hangings are but a few of the twelve hundred articles which recently arrived from China.

MME. SUN YAT-SEN

personally supervised this collection of exquisite Chinese art objects for exhibition and sale in the United States. Many of these objects are valuable heirlooms contributed at no small sacrifice by Chinese patriotic women.

MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT

as Honorary Chairman, heads a committee of prominent citizens who are sponsoring this project for Chinese relief.

PROCEEDS

from the sale of the art objects will go to help support the International Peace Hospital, Dr. Robert Lin's work with the medical commission of the Chinese Red Cross, an orphanage for children from the bombed villages of Yenan, and other medical and relief work.

The exhibit and sale will be held in the early part of June. Further details may be obtained by writing the national office.

CHINA AID COUNCIL
166 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

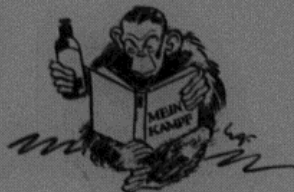
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A Birthday Tea for 'The World'

A TEA in celebration of the first issue of "The World" will be held at the Hotel Commodore in New York City on June 14th. Ella Winter, Benjamin Appel, Gypsy Rose Lee and other prominent persons will speak. Three o'clock. Subscription one dollar. Readers of "The World" are cordially invited.

June 14th



Anti-Semitism - Made in Germany

(Continued from page 11)

too thoroughly that President Roosevelt is one of the major obstacles to their struggle for a Fascist America. It is interesting to note that a paper which is a subscriber to "World Service," the *National American*, was the first to call for the impeachment of the President.

The *National American*, formerly called the *American National Socialist*, is the organ of the American Nationalist party. The editor of this "patriotic" journal is Peter H. Stahsenberg. Stahsenberg is a leading defender of Father Coughlin.

Franco's Agency

Another foreign Fascist news service is the "Peninsular News Service," official Franco agency in America. If all the miles which "Peninsular" reported that Franco gained during the Spanish War were laid end to end, they would stretch clear across the Atlantic Ocean and into the Rocky Mountains. With the completion of hostilities abroad, "Peninsular" is now eyeing America and is bombarding editors the nation over with beautiful stories about the virtues of Franco, Fascism and Nationalist Spain.

The Fascist agents in America realize, of course, that the American people still have an inherent traditional love for freedom and Democracy and an equally inherent hatred for terrorist Nazi brutality. They know that thousands of editors would promptly cast any "World Service" copy into the wastebasket as fast as it was received, because of its Fascist origin. But the Fascists are successfully meeting this problem also.

Late in 1935, hundreds of editors found copies of the "Capital News and Feature Service" on their desks, all with a note attached reading:

Good Morning, Mr. Editor: "Capital News and Feature Service" herewith delivers three priceless articles from the Nation's Capital. Use them without cost. You will hear from us each week. Watch for these interesting articles.

This was the opening gun in a campaign to propagandize America's editors on the subject of anti-Semitism and "Jews in our government." The founder of the "Capital News and Feature Service" was proved to be the notorious Gerald B. Winrod. As time passed,

more and more anti-Semitism crept into the copy. But many editors understood and refused to print the material.

Other "American" news services of a similar character are James True's "Industrial Control Reports," Robert Edward Edmundson's "Vigilante Bulletin" and the handouts of the American Vigilante Intelligence Federation, Harry A. Jung's Fascist unit in Chicago.

Another racket which recently came to the writer's attention is typical of the Nazi methods: a competition directed from Germany, with headquarters in England, which announces prizes for pamphlets and books of an Anti-Semitic character. The foreword states:

In order to be able to deepen and to strengthen its work of enlightenment, the "INSTITUTE FOR ARYAN STUDY," Chicago, Ill., requires a few expert booklets, conscientiously elaborated, relating to various subjects connected with the defense of our Aryan Christian culture against the rapidly increasing Judaisation of the spiritual, moral, artistic, economic and political life of the whole world.

Some of the suggested titles include "The Jewish Race," "Jewry in Bolshevism," "Jewry in the Press," "Rejection of Jewry by Christian Teaching and Churches."

"Prizes for Aryans"

One thousand dollars in prize money is announced. The competition is scheduled to close in the spring of 1940. Shortly thereafter an avalanche of anti-Semitic pamphlets will doubtless appear, timed for release during the 1940 election campaign. These will doubtless beat their breasts in strident "Americanism." But forewarned is forearmed.

The headquarters of the "American Institute for Aryan Study" is in England, but all its mail comes directly from Nazi Germany. Never has there been more thorough evidence of precisely who wants to plant the vicious seeds of barbaric Fascism on our shores.

All the "American" anti-Semitic news agencies are campaigning to flood American editors, especially trade paper editors, with their venomous anti-democratic propaganda. The rural areas are being swamped with this insidious poison. Farm paper editors report wholesale receipt of pamphlets, leaflets, and other anti-Semitic publications. All sorts of inducements are being offered to encourage editors to print this foreign propaganda in disguise.

No story of Fascist propaganda in the United States would be complete without mention of Father Coughlin's diatribes, some of which have been taken verbatim from Nazi publications. But Coughlin and his magazine, *Social Justice*, require a separate article.

The forces for peace and Democracy, the forces of progress, must join together in a common campaign against anti-Semitism, the vanguard of Fascism.

For One Dollar

I cannot think of anything more useful to Americans than to read this admirable book. It is by all odds the best summary of the New Deal ever printed. By perusing it, any citizen can be prepared for an authoritative defense or criticism of the New Deal.—Harry Elmer Barnes

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FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY