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# NEW MASSES

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# NEW MASSES

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## CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

# WE WENT TO HARLAN

News services in the past month have ticked off the "terror" of Harlan County to all the principal newspapers in Europe and the United States. To the news reading world Harlan has become a sort of temporary capital of violence and disorder. The metropolitan dailies and a handful of liberal newspapers have even excavated part of the hideous but less dramatic background of Harlan violence. They have published wage scales and statistics of starvation. Readers of these papers are made abruptly aware that last summer in Straight Creek, Kentucky four to seven babies died each week from hunger. And finally for another strata of readers the legal terror in Harlan has been dramatized through the indictment for "criminal syndicalism" of Theodore Dreiser and his committee of writers who went to Harlan to "test free speech!" But to date neither the newspapers or the releases of the Dreiser committee have emphasized the actual significance of Harlan. That lies in the miners' answer. On their condition of nakedness, starvation, and terror, on the whole problem of coal, the miner has his own "findings."

I shall put them into this article.

As a member of the "Dreiser committee" I went to Kentucky and investigated the Harlan violence and its starvation background. Before the committee, came Jeff Baldwin who told of his brother's killing. He was sworn before a notary. I shan't forget that story. It runs this way. One night a deputy sheriff drove up to the strikers' soup kitchen, flashed his head lights into the miners' eyes and shot dead Julius Baldwin and Joe Moore. The sheriff's name was Lee Fleener. He was on the pay roll of the coal companies. This was a big day—he had killed two union organizers and one of them (Baldwin) was secretary of the National Miners' union, who had been feeding the women and children of striking miners. The committee proceeded to check up the story. Before the committee Attorney Brock admitted that Fleener had been arraigned on the day that Jeff Baldwin, witness of his brother's killing was absent *burying his brother*... No effort made to call him as witness, although he had seen the murderer. Court records show that Fleener gave himself up, admitted killing both men, and pled self-defense. The Committee went to Sheriff Blair. Cornered, he admitted that *Fleener was still in his employ as deputy sheriff*—"ready" as the miners put it "to kill a few more strikers." This was a start for the Committee. We kept digging till the whole narrative of terror unfolded; the soup kitchen dynamiting, use of the militia to bring in scabs by the carload, repeated raids on homes, the blacklisting of 3000 miners, with hundreds in jail for criminal syndicalism, and thirty-four

under indictment for murder. Testimony showed with precision the invaluable assistance of courts to gun men, for no deputy was indicted, though five miners were shot dead. Judge Baby-face Jones handpicked his own juries. Attorney and Judge together offered prisoners release on promise to "quit working for the union, and to leave the county."

After hearings Dreiser and the committee went out to the mines and mining towns. There we ate with miners, visited their houses, talked with their wives and children. Here was the economic background for intimidation by Court and shot gun. Here were children without clothes, polluted drinking water, the houses unfit for animals, and everywhere "flux," the disease of starvation. In Straight Creek the only roof which didn't leak was the operator's barn. Low wages and a virtual peonage were all over Harlan. Twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a month in many cases—for families of three to eight—and "cuts" for mine expense, doctor and burial fund, diminishing actual cash payment to a dollar or two or three a month. I visited one town where the miners built coffins and buried their own dead, although the company still collected the "burial fees." But these conditions are not in themselves remarkable. There has been a terror before in the coal fields. Government reports for thirty years are full of them. Nor are they a Kentucky specialty. West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Illinois boast of their own brutalities. And back of it always, the condition of low wages, starvation, polluted water, cattle shacks for homes, a decimation of children from disease and starvation. No, the fact which amazes the investigator is not "bad conditions" or gun-thug terror but the character of the miner in the face of them. One might expect a loss of vitality, slow brutalization, the cowed mind of the peon. What actually? In Kentucky despite hunger, strength, despite peonage, independence, a live intelligence, a shrewd knowledge of rights, and a fighting spirit. Most of the Kentucky miners are of Anglo-Saxon stock. One hundred percenters! "My grandpappy came to Kaintuck, jes after he helped George Washington in the war." And again: "My folks fit for freedom in the Revolution, and by the Lord I'll fight for it again!" Standing on their feet in open meeting men and women—speak in flowing periods, an eloquent Biblical speech, that mixes easily with revolutionary phrases which come to them from their own Kentucky experience.

What has been their answer to starvation and the terror? Here is part of it.

After two hundred thug deputies were quartered among them,

after the battle of Evarts, after the arrest of sixty miners for murder, after dynamiting of their soup kitchen—4000 men joined the miners' union—in six days.

After the destruction of five relief kitchens for women and children a signing up of most of the women in the union.

Against the effort of courts and operators to "break the desire to strike" a universal demand for a general coal strike throughout the whole south.

Individual voices giving this answer echo in my mind:

"We aren't afraid of Judge Baby-face Jones and he knows it. —They'll get me sometime (from an organizer beaten up and threatened with death) but I don't care; I'm going to organize that union.—We aren't afraid of the "tin horns" (soldiers). We aren't afraid of gun thugs—they're afraid of us.—I love my children ten thousand times more than I love the coal operators or President Hoover! (This from an old miner of fifty at the Wallins Creek Union meeting). And I say that the man who isn't willing to support and stand by his children is ten times worse than an infidel!—If they won't let us march under the American flag (the operators had broken up a thousand union men—United Mine Workers—marching under the stars and stripes!) we'll march under the Red Flag!

This is the answer of Harlan.

## THE HUNGRY BLUES

By AUNT MOLLY JACKSON

*I am sad and wearied, I have got the hungry ragged blues.  
Not a penny in my pocket to buy one thing I need to use.  
I was up this morning with the worst blues I ever had in my life  
Not a bite to cook for breakfast, or for a coal miners' wife.*

*When my husband works in the coal mines he loads a car on every trip,*

*Then he goes to the office that evenin' and gits denied of scrip  
Just because it took all he had made that day to pay his mine expenses,*

*Just because it took all he had made that day to pay his mine expenses*

*A man that will just work for coal light and carbide, he aint got a speck of sense.*

*All the women in this coal camp are a-sittin' with bowed down heads*

*Ragged and barefooted and their children a-cryin' for bread.*

*No food, no clothes for our children.*

*I am sure this aint no lie.*

*If we caint get no more for our labor, we will starve to death and die.*

*Please dont go under those mountains, with the slate a-hangin' over your head.*

*Please dont go under those mountains with the slate a-hangin' over your head.*

*And work for just coal light and carbide, and your children a-cryin for bread.*

*I pray you take my counsel, please take a friend's advice,*

*Dont load no more, dont put out no more till you can get a livin price.*

*This minin town I live in is a sad and a lonely place;*

*This minin' town I live in is a sad and a lonely place;*

*For pity and starvation is pictured on every face.*

*Everybody hungry and ragged, no slippers on their feet,*

*Everybody hungry and ragged, no slippers on their feet*

*All a-goin round from place to place bummin for a little food to eat.*

*Listen my friends and comrades, please take a friend's advice,*

*Dont put out no more of your labor till you get a livin price.*

*Please dont go under those mountains, with the slate a-hangin' over your head.*

*Please dont go under those mountains with the slate a-hangin' over your head.*

*And work for just coal light and carbide, and your children a-cryin for bread.*

*I pray you take my counsel, please take a friend's advice,*

*Dont load no more, dont put out no more till you can get a livin price.*

**Sam Ornitz**

## MINERS & MULES

In 1920, EDWIN P. MORROW, THEN GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY, PROPHESED THE INDICTMENT OF THE DREISER COMMITTEE IN 1931. HE MADE THE PROPHECY JUST BEFORE HE SIGNED THE CRIMINAL SYNDICALISM LAW. HE HATED TO SIGN IT BUT HE WASN'T MAN ENOUGH TO RESIST THE PRESSURE OF COAL OPERATORS, CHURCHMEN, AND THE AMERICAN LEGION. JUST BEFORE HE SIGNED THE BILL, HE SAID, "EVERY ABOLITIONIST, INCLUDING HENRY WARD BEECHER AND THEODORE PARKER COULD, AND DOUBTLESS WOULD, HAVE BEEN CONVICTED AS FELONS UNDER THIS LAW."

HIS PROPHECY CAME TO PASS IN NOVEMBER 1921, WHEN DREISER AND HIS COMMITTEE WERE INDICTED FOR CRIMINAL SYNDICALISM, MERELY BECAUSE THEY PROTESTED AGAINST AND EXPOSED MODERN SLAVERY ENFORCED BY GUN THUGS, THE COURTS, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, THE SHERIFF AND THE PRESS OF KENTUCKY.

THREE THOUSAND MINERS WITH THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN ARE STARVING AND FREEZING TO DEATH IN THE COAL HOLLOWES OF KENTUCKY. THESE ARE THE BLACKLISTED MINERS. THEY AREN'T ALLOWED TO WORK AND THEY CAN'T LEAVE. THEY HAVEN'T MONEY NOR STRENGTH ENOUGH TO MIGRATE A MILE. EVEN THE MINERS WHO ARE ALLOWED TO WORK AT 80c A DAY ARE WASTING AWAY FROM MALNUTRITION. THEIR CHILDREN ARE DYING OF THE FLUX. THE CHILDREN WHO SURVIVE CAN'T GO TO SCHOOL BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO CLOTHES. IN ALL, THIRTY THOUSAND PEOPLE FACE A HORRIBLE WINTER—ALL BECAUSE THEY DARE TO ASK FOR STALLS AND FODDER AS GOOD AS THOSE THE COAL OPERATORS PROVIDE FOR THE MINE MULES.

THE RED CROSS REFUSES TO HELP THEM. THE PROSPEROUS BOURGEOIS COMMUNITIES THAT SURROUND THEM ENCOURAGE THE COURTS AND GUN THUGS TO HARASS THEM INTO SUBMISSION. ORGANIZED CHARITY REFUSES TO HELP ANYONE TAINTED WITH RADICALISM. THESE MINERS WILL BE PERMITTED TO EXIST ONLY IF THEY WILL ACCEPT WAGES, HOURS AND CONDITIONS, NO MATTER HOW TERRIBLE, THAT WILL ENABLE THE COAL MINERS TO RETURN FAT DIVIDENDS. THIS IS THE MORAL ISSUE TO THE GOOD PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY,—THE MINERS MUST PAY EVEN IF THE MINERS AND THEIR FAMILIES HAVE TO STARVE.

THE SWORN TESTIMONY TAKEN BY THE DREISER COMMITTEE IS GOING TO BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM. HERE ARE A FEW EXCERPTS FROM THE DREISER RECORD THAT SHOW THE CHARACTER, COURAGE AND CONDITION OF THE KENTUCKY MINERS. FIRST WE ARE REPRINTING THE SONG THAT AUNT MOLLY JACKSON COMPOSED AS A BATTLE CRY FOR THE STARVING MINERS, AND WHICH SHE HERSELF SANG FOR THE DREISER COMMITTEE AT A MASS MEETING HELD IN STRAIGHT CREEK. AUNT MOLLY IS THE WIFE OF A MINER, SIXTY YEARS OF AGE AND THE LOCAL MID-WIFE.



William Gropper

## THE HARLAN MINERS SPEAK

*Speech of Miner Donaldson at the Wallins Creek, Mass Meeting:*

I have been a miner for the past 33 years. During this time under the ground, I have had some terribly trying times. In this period of time I have shot at gun thugs and been shot by them. I spent some days in the prison because of violation of corrupt laws. The results of these laws against the laborers is that it is impossible to live in Kentucky without violating some of the laws. *I love the flag of United States and America but I hate the men who handle this country; these men have so taken away our privileges that it is impossible to live . . .* I love my children ten thousand times better than I love Hoover and the coal operators . . . The coal operators say the Roosian Red has been down in this here country . . . Well, a man that won't support and stand by his children is ten times worse than an infidel. There is no place for a capitalist sympathizer but Hell. . . I want to say that the miners are today worse off than slaves during slave time. . . You go into the mines to slave for \$1.00 or 80¢ a day. You eat pinto beans and corn beans. You go to bed in a bag of rags but the well bound Criminal Syndicalist law forbids you to speak. . . The National Miners Union stands for the principles that our forefathers fought for us.

The United Mine Workers in their day was a success but we got traitors in and they sold us out. The labor leader has led you into captivity. . . I know some time men will have to make a complete sacrifice; hundreds of men's lives will be sacrificed but nothing good ever came without somebody making a sacrifice. I love my children but this is the only reason that I would leave

my children and make the great sacrifice . . . I am going to feed my children. I am going to kill, murder, rob for my children because I won't let my children starve. If you give me a show, I will work it out. The National Miners Union is the only thing that has not failed us. I just made up my mind that I won't work and go hungry any more. Last winter was a cold winter and I want to say to you that during the winter I worked every day at such poor wages and could hardly buy food for my children, who had to go out without a bit of underwear. And then you say that this is a good country. I say that it is not a good country that denies a man a good fair wage. We don't want to get rich. We want to eat. If you put a man into poverty then you send him down to Hell and sin.

*Speech of Suda Gates at Glendon Baptist Church, Straight Creek, Kentucky:*

We, the miners' wives, have to go to the company stores to draw the scrip what their husband made the day before. If they got any, they only got a small allowance. The biggest part is taken out for carbide. They cannot get much to eat because they have to buy this. When we go to the company stores the prices are so high, we cannot buy our groceries or anything. Our children, they go without lunch. Sometimes they have a little beans and corn-bread but without anything on it. We have all kinds of disease because of that. No nourishment or food. That is the reason why we have Flux. There are many cases of Flux. We don't even



*William Gropper*

# **THE HARLAN MINERS SPEAK**

SIGN YOUR NAME to Receipt Below Before You Come to Office for Money  
 No. 6 Cary, Ky., 9/30 1935

**Old Straight Creek Coal Corporation**  
 Incorporated  
 IN ACCOUNT WITH

Name Ford Bundy

CHARGES		CREDIT	
Store	6.00	Tons at	
Lights		Tons at	
Rent	250.79	Tons at	31.88
Coal		Hours at	
Smithing		Hours at	
Doctor	1.00	Hours at	
Hospital		Yards at	
Insurance		Yards at	
Car Checks		Yards at	
Transfers	22.00	Car Checks Returned	
Prev. Overdraft		Transfers	
Burial Fund		Cash Retained	
Paid first pay day			
Cash Advanced			
	31.50		
Bal. Due Workman	38	Balance Due Company	
Total	31.88	Total	31.88

RETAIN THIS STATEMENT

**PORTRAIT OF ONE MONTH'S HARD LABOR IN A KENTUCKY COAL MINE—"BALANCE DUE WORKMAN" 38 CENTS!**—Note: Bear in mind that Ford Bundy had a "good" month. Other miners were lucky to average \$14 to \$20 a month on the "book." The "scrip slaves" received only about fifty cents on every dollar they earned by being forced to cash their "scrip pay" in company stores.

know how many. We have had many deaths. The conditions of our drinking water is so impure that the County nurse reported that it was very bad and impure, yet we have no better water yet. The conditions of our houses are very bad. The houses are so bad they are about to fall down. So rotten and cold, we nearly freeze to death. You can ask the boss to fix the house but he tells us he cannot and won't do it. . . There was a case of a little kid. The doctor saw it and said nothing was wrong, to give it a dose of castor oil. Then when he saw the funeral of the kid he said "Did that kid finally die and git out of the way?" That is the kind of doctor we have here. We are cut wages for the doctor; the men are cut \$2 a month for the doctor. You get very bad service from the doctor. What's the good of calling a doctor, if he doesn't come around when you call him. You call him one day and he doesn't come around for a few days. You can be dead in the meantime. And the company, if they know a man is honest and pays back his debts, then they give him scrip and get him into debt and then he works and pays the debt. And then if he refuses to get in debt then he won't let him work. We go to Pineville to buy where the stuff is much cheaper but he doesn't want us to go there but he wants us to buy in his store and if we refuse he doesn't let us work for him so we have to do it. When we git scrip we have to buy in his store and we have to pay much more for everything and then we can't buy anything after we pay for the carbide. The National Miners Union, which has come into this country, we never realized what it was to have someone help us until they came in here and got us poor miners together. The wives must be organized because she has to suffer, she and the children has to go without clothes and she has to see her children starve. . . The miners yet cannot see when they won't need their bosses. The thing for everyone is to unite and stick together and fight these conditions and fight for better wages and better food and more of it and milk and stuff for the children. The children are so cold, they turn blue. They try to go to school and try to learn but they have not got the energy to learn. We have to fight these wage cuts. Everytime you turn around you get a wage cut. Everytime

they cut the prices in the store a little, we know that we are going to get a wage cut. They cut the prices a little bit and give us a big wage cut. That is the reason we must organize a union and stick together to fight this thing. The wives here, you don't see a one to have sufficient clothes to go out in public.

Their shoes is off their feet. They have them tied with strings. In the summer, if they happen to have a pair of shoes, they don't wear them, they save them for the cold winter. The kids they go around with no shoes and no food, and you wonder why we are loosing children. I don't see how they can stand it. It is hard for grown persons to stand. Many people say why don't you buy. We have nothing to buy with. If we git some money, we go to the store and when we buy, we can't buy less than 25¢ worth of carbide and we have to buy carbide. I ask all the women and all the men of this place to stick together. All the wives must join with us. Now is the time that the women has some right to fight with her husband and by both fighting we can win in time to come. The good thing about the National Miners Union is that they don't leave the women out and so, not like in the other times, many times the wives would make the husbands go back to work. The wives must meet with their husbands and together plan because it is as much to the wives as to the miners. In the National Miners Union the wives know just as much what is going on. We are not going to say, "Go on Johnny, go back to work." We are going to stand right along with them and fight. We are thankful to the National Miners Union for this. We never had nothing to do before but cook some beans. Now we have something to do. Now we have something else to do. We are going to have John win the strike. We were naked long enough and we are going to fight for something. We are going to keep this organization and we are going to fight. I appreciate the writers' committee so much, I don't know how to express it.

*Aunt Molly Jackson:*

The people in this country is destitute of anything that is really nourishing to the body. That is the truth. Even the babies have lost their lives, and we have buried from four to seven a week all along, during the warm weather, on account of cholera, famine, flux-stomach trouble brought on by undernourishment. Their food is very bad, such as beans and harsh foods fried in this lard that is so hard to digest. It is impossible for a little baby's stomach to digest them. They can only get beans.

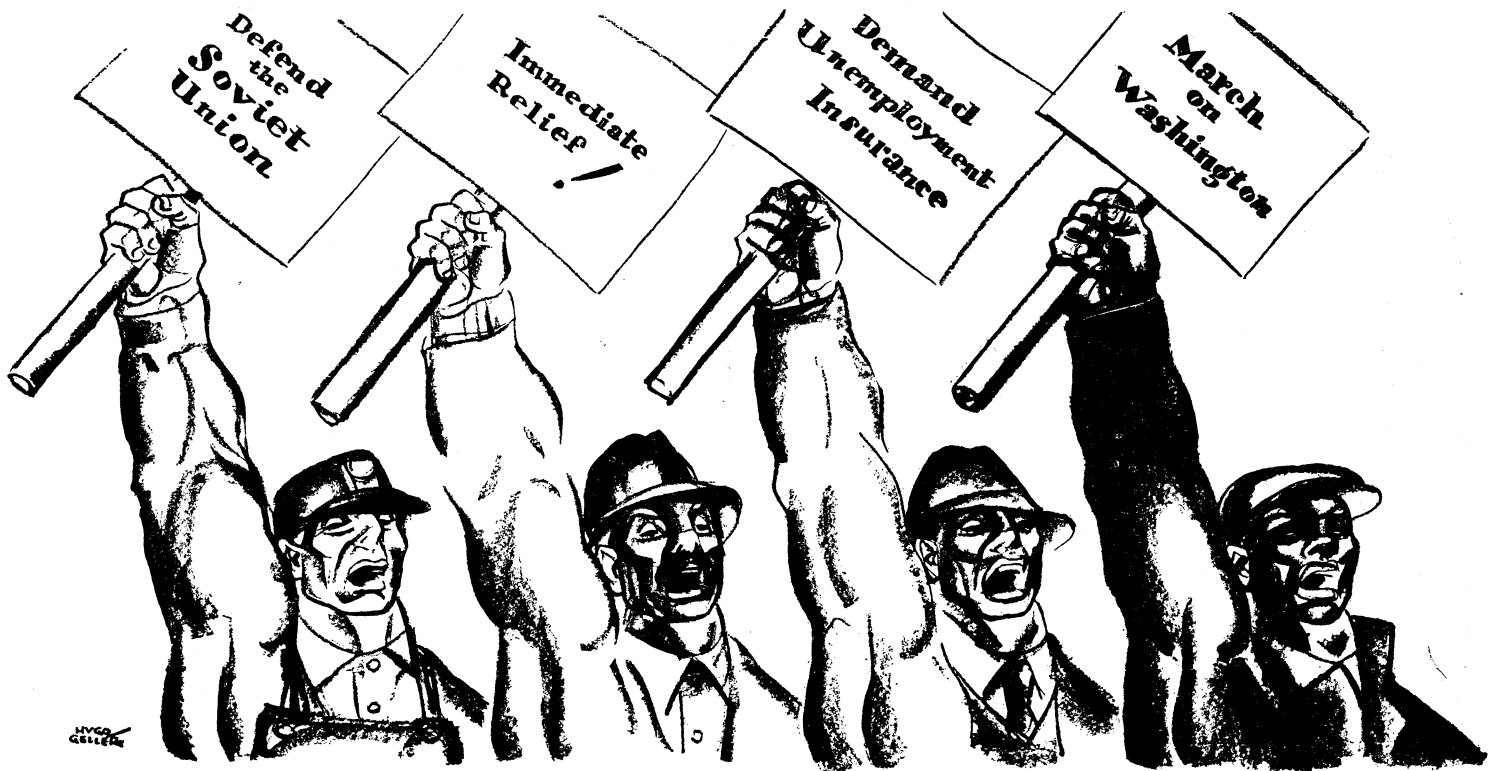
The Red Cross put out some beans and corn. No milk at all. A lot of families have depended on the Red Cross. Now Thea Bennett could tell you about the Red Cross, what they allowed a week. Just beans and potatoes. The Red Cross does not give to everyone. I always thought they was selfish; they didn't have the right kind of heart. The Red Cross is against a man who is trying to better conditions. They are for the operators, and they want the mines to be going so they won't give anything to a man unless he does what the operators want him to. There is a lot of little children in destitution. Their feet are on the ground. They are going to get pneumonia and flu this winter that will kill them children off. But the Red Cross refused relief because they was members of the National Miners Union. They says, "We are not responsible for those men out on strike. They should go back to work and work for any price that they will take them for." The children die. Seven each week, up and down this creek. They cut off the men's wages to bury them. But all the miners buries their own dead. They cut \$2 a month, and you cannot get this money. If I had a cow or a horse I certainly would be more interested in them than the coal operators is in these people. . . My husband is a member of the National Miners Union, and I am too, and I have never stopped, brother, since I know of this work for the N.M.U.

**Bourgeois Scholar**

*The arm-chair genius who can contemplate  
 The speed of light and weigh the distant stars  
 Is "blind" to brutal structure of the State  
 And vulture shadows of impending wars.  
 His task: to hide, obscure and confuse,  
 Muddle the minds of those in honest toil—  
 Half-drunk himself upon his phrasey booze;  
 Warmed by the musty heat of midnight oil,  
 His tent, pitched in the bosses' camp,  
 Topped by the white flag of passivity,  
 Houses a bat that circumnavigates a lamp.*

PORTER MYRON CHAFFEE





Hugo Gellert

# HUNGER MARCH

by MICHAEL GOLD

Over 10 million Americans are out of work today, which means, with their dependents, that some 35 millions are living in misery, hunger and panic.

What are these people to do? The stale old lies of individualism break down in such a crisis. "Anyone who really wants a job, can always find it," is one of the vulgar taunts that used to be flung at the unfortunate. But 10 million men today really want a job, and where can they find it? Christian Science, New Thought, the Freudian adaptation to one's environment, the transcendental literary heroism of Emerson, Thoreau, H. L. Mencken, or the Pelman Institute, all the familiar ideology of capitalist self-help turns shabby and useless when 10 million men are out of jobs.

There simply is no individual solution to such a problem. And this is why the individual unemployed man sinks into such despair. He feels himself naked and alone in a battle against giant forces. The thought of suicide follows the unemployed man like a mangy yellow cur that cannot be driven away. Every daily newspaper is spotted with suicide tales. If there were honest statistics on such subjects in this country, it might be found that in the year 1931 more Americans died of hunger, worry and suicide than were killed in the Great War.

Suicide is the capitalistic method of solving unemployment. If there were utter Machievellian frankness among our rulers, they would openly advocate suicide among the jobless. When the helots grew too numerous for safety in Sparta, the upperclasses conducted periodical massacres in which the state was relieved of its "surplus" population. We are witnessing in the wave of contemporary suicides a similar slaughter of the helots. Surely around the gas-filled bedroom where another family of starved workers has destroyed itself there must sit an invisible audience of bankers, generals and politicians applauding the solution of another of their dangers. Yes, every workingclass suicide is a murder by capitalism, and is chalked down as such by the avenging angel of the proletariat.

The capitalist system is founded on the ignorance of the workers. It will endure only as long as these workers can be kept in their present state. The machinery of stupefaction, the ra-

dio, the press, the church, the political government, all are in the hands of the capitalist class, and work night and day to keep knowledge from the masses.

It was a serious crime, in the Czar's holy Russia, to teach an illiterate peasant to read and write. It is a crime in Fascist China, sometimes punishable by death, to write even the mildest poem or short story on a workingclass theme. It is a serious crime, in the United States, to teach the workingclass the A B C of organization, to teach it its own power.

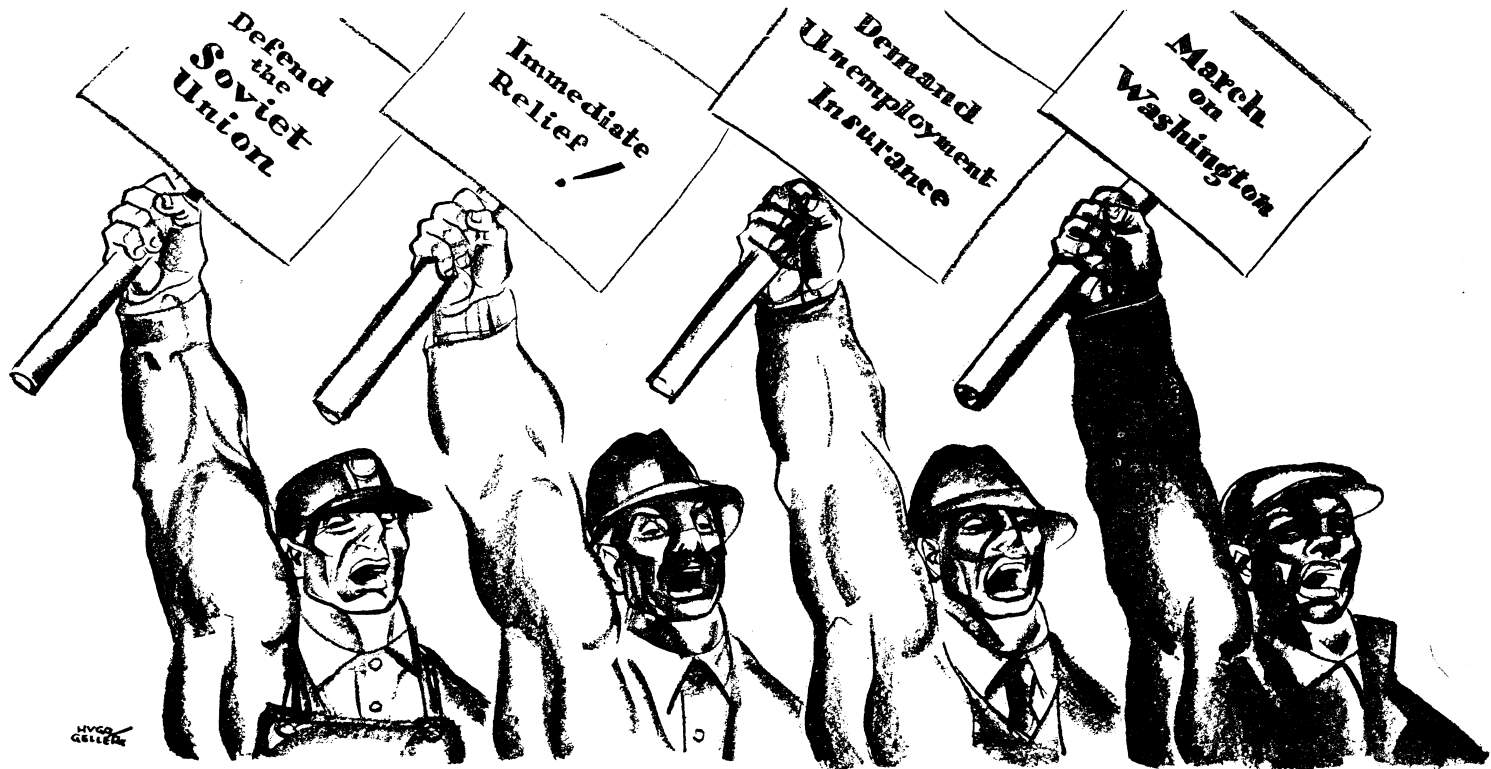
For if the 10 million jobless men could be organized there would be no more hunger or suicide among them. Individually, they are less than nothing; as an organized mass they could be a power greater than all the battleships and police brassknuckles. Every capitalist knows this; and every capitalist fears it more than death, and stops at no brutality to prevent this organization.

Capitalism does not fear liberals and socialists, because it knows they do not practise the organization of class against class. Socialists are intensely interested in electing Norman Thomas or Morris Hillquit to Congress, but not in organizing the unemployed. The liberals are people with great hearts beating for humanity, and have lovely manners and speak grammatical prose. But they distrust class organization, too.

Only the Communists have a passion for organization, only they repeat again and again the magic word that will unlock the prison door of humanity, and set the masses free. And for this they are hated by capitalist, socialist, liberal.

Examine the bare facts. The crisis has lasted two years, and has grown progressively worse. It is not improving, it cannot improve for some time. Who has done anything to organize the jobless workers? Who has brought the problem out into the streets, and into the first pages of the newspapers but the Communists?

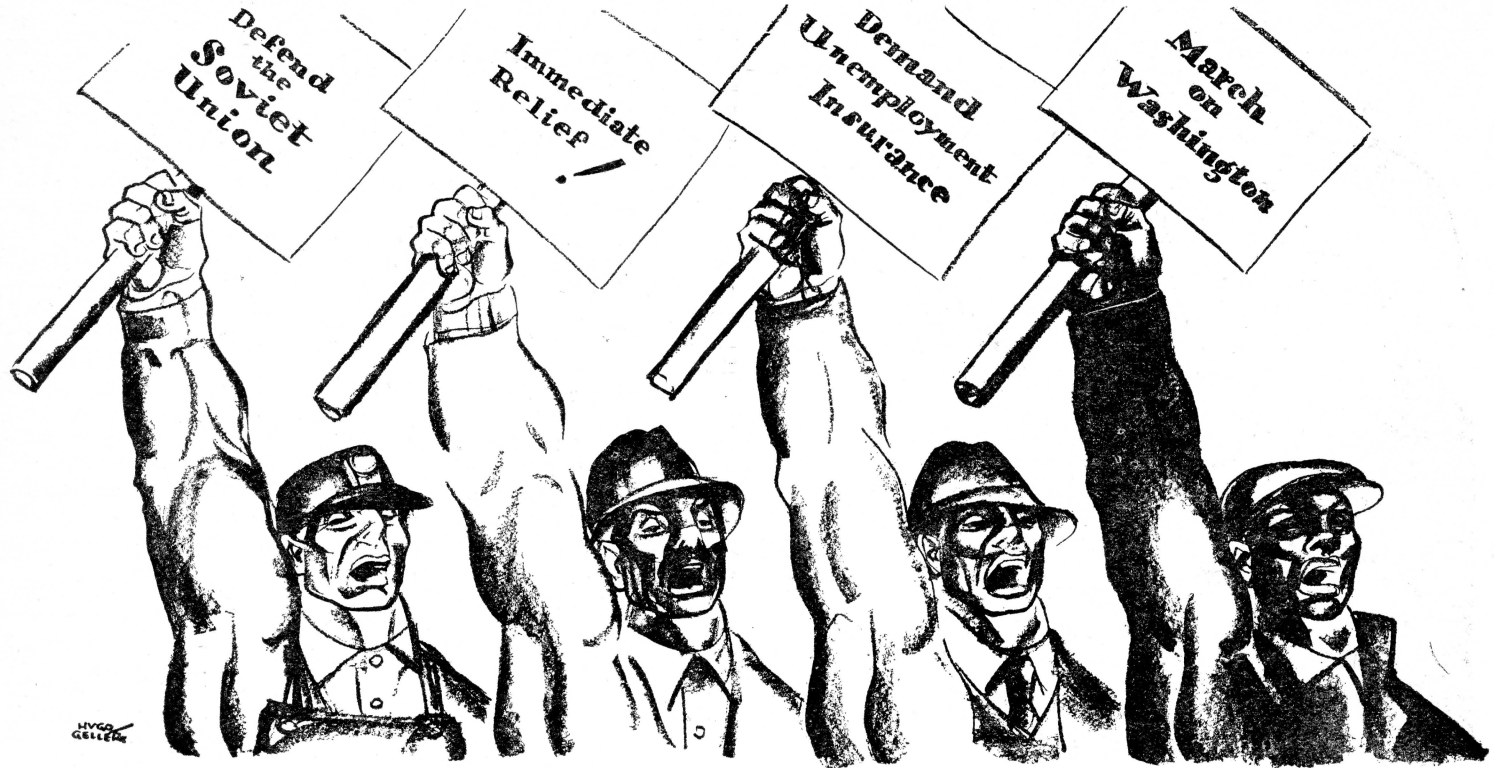
It is a familiar platitude that everyone agrees as to the ends of Communism, but disagrees as to the means. "Let us take Communism away from the Communists," was a perfect statement of this liberal instinct. The liberal dreams, like Stuart



*Hugo Gellert*

# HUNGER MARCH

by MICHAEL GOLD



Hugo Gellert

# HUNGER MARCH

by MICHAEL GOLD



Phil Bard

TAKE OFF THAT MASK—WE KNOW YOU MR. MORGAN!

Chase in his recent *Nation* confession, of a good-will pilgrimage, a painless and invisible change from one system to another. The corporations will be merged into a few great national trusts; a dividend of eight per cent will be guaranteed the former shareholders; a planning board made up of Stuart Chase and his friends will run the industries; Utopia will arrive as by stealth, like a god in the night.

They quarrel with the Communists as to means. But what are their own proposed means for bringing in this eight per-cent Utopia? We are not told; I am afraid we shall never be told, for if there is anything the American liberal lacks, it is a sense of economic or political reality, and a sense of organization.

Utopians are sometimes valuable; certainly Saint Simon and Proudhon and Thomas More and Shelley were great pioneers in the emotional realization of the possibilities of a free world. But these latter day Utopians, with their sordid eight per cent reservations, are really nothing but the rear guard fighters for capitalism when it is in retreat.

Stuart Chase and the liberal-Socialists are "constitutional" capitalists. They want to save the eight percent system by rational and necessary concessions, of the type Bismarck made to save Germany from the Socialists.

The deed could perhaps be done, the world might be changed painlessly into a fair garden of industrialism awarding eight per cent dividends to idlers with all the reasons, but for the fact that capitalism produces catastrophes.

It is fated to produce greater wars and panics than even the ones we are living with now. Karl Marx pointed this out 70 years ago, but the liberals are Bourbons incapable of learning. Capitalism has made great wars, great panics; capitalism is speeding

into greater cataclysms. This is so stale a truth one hesitates to repeat it, yet it is the all-important truth. Capitalism, by the laws of its own nature, is fated to go through recurrent cycles of expansion, collapse; boom-time and depression; imperialism and war; prosperity and unemployment. The cycles grow shorter and shorter; the crises greater and bloodier. How can you plan for orderly Fabian change with such materials?

Freud has helped explain most liberalism and Socialism; it is the crudest wish-fulfillment. These philosophers prefer to believe that war and unemployment are not inevitable under capitalism, and that capitalism can be reformed. But wars and panics arrive periodically, like the cruel blows of reality that fling the neurotic from his soft nest of dreams. So they find other escapes, they invent eight per cent Utopias or discover "war to save democracy."

The greatest answer to Fabianism is all around us today. It is the long breadlines of New York and Detroit, for example, or the Japanese artillery booming away in Manchuria. All our good-will, all our liberal dreams cannot brush away these capitalist realities. Men are dying, men are starving, because of capitalism. And they cannot wait until Stuart Chase and the *New Republic* have finally drawn up all the charts and blue-prints for the 8 per cent Utopia.

Politics is a series of crises, and if the masses are not organized and led to a co-operative commonwealth by leaders who know how to act in crises, they will be misled into race massacres and world wars by Fascist capitalists as in the past.

Today, with 10 million jobless men walking the streets of America, the Communists say to them: "Workers, do not kill yourselves. That is helping the capitalist class; it is not a solution for workers. Workers, your lives are precious and useful; they are the bricks with which we can build a new Communist world. Workers, use your lives; fight for unemployment insurance; fight for the rights of your class. In organization you will find a new power that will give you confidence and hope. Workers, the struggle is bitter and painful, but it has its glory, and it is better than the suicide's grave. Workers, organize, and all things will be added to you!"

This is the crime of the Communists, that they organize the masses. In Socialist cities like Milwaukee and Reading, the Socialist police have clubbed the organized unemployed, exactly as in other places. Every political group seems to unite against the Communists for this grave crime of insisting on the class struggle.

On December 7th there will be a Hunger March in Washington, D. C. From every corner of the free and famished republic squads of the unemployed will converge, and form a regiment of the damned to parade before the White House.

Already, the officials have begun the propaganda that danger and violence are in the air. Everyone knows this is a lie, but Washington is being turned into an armed fortress. It seems certain the old Tory answer will be given to the hungry; they will be sapped, kicked, jailed, slugged, slaughtered and damned. It is sedition to talk about hunger. And liberals and Socialists, will as usual, deplore the demonstration, and advise the unemployed to starve quietly and politely.

But one Hunger March like this will perhaps save a thousand workers from suicide, teach ten thousand others the lesson of organization, alarm a few thousand capitalists and legislators into some thought of unemployed relief, and spread the truth for a day on the first pages of America's newspapers.

## VETERANS

*Casualties of the war called Peace, they go  
Clumping on wooden caricatures of feet  
Beneath snow's white cold or sun's yellow heat.  
Or legless and hawking pencils mid the flow  
Of hurrying men too busy for their woe,  
They crouch amid the spittle of the street.  
With darkened sockets where suns vainly beat,  
Blind, blind, they sing for whom they do not know,  
Hoping for pennies. They draw hunted breath  
Lest epilepsy—a mad-dog in their blood—  
Wakens to tear them foaming. Or they lie  
Paralyzed, mattress-tombbed, in conscious death.  
Or the moon draws their reason in a flood  
Up shores of madness, roaring at the sky!*

E. MERRILL ROOT



Phil Bard

TAKE OFF THAT MASK—WE KNOW YOU MR. MORGAN!

# Communications from the Revolution

Four Poems by Norman Macleod

## Social Document

The miners were a dark glow in the blackness of the strike:  
Coal was conceived beneath the earth's surface  
And was rich with growth but did not feed the obstetricians  
Who brought it forth. The mine shafts were greedy  
Of men and did not loose their labor unless starvation  
Pitted them with weakness and their hands were bold  
With the misery of death. At night (from the dayshift)  
Or at day (from the nightshift), the miners were an uneasy  
Slumber in their shacks. The patches were a wall of slovenly  
Children who were emaciated with pellagra and stark  
With the bone turned to the greed of flesh and their bodies  
Dark as their eyes with sorrow. I saw many children  
In the mine towns of Pennsylvania but never did I see  
One laugh. They were interested in strikes and riots  
And could recount the reason for murder trials and homicidal  
Arrests. The deputies were ogres that they understood  
And did not fear but hated as fairy tales of capitalism  
That stifled their breath. There was no majesty of the law  
That they did not jeer at silently with their childhood  
Behind them. They had grown old partaking of the miserable  
Nourishment that enslaved their fathers for life. At the union  
Relief Headquarters were the only bounties they had ever known.  
It was a grim hardihood that stained their minds with blood.

## Scab Counterpoint

The house was a headquarters of scabs: the Hungarian  
Proprietor reeked of homemade whiskey and he bleached  
The atmosphere with white emigre talk or colored his dialog  
With fascism. The scabs there were prideful of their espionage  
And retailed the knifing of comrades in the night,  
When the moon went with the tide of the strike  
And was pale with sorrow.  
We felt the crucifixion of their conscience and saw  
The flower of their corruption, fooled as emissaries  
Of the operators to club the militant revolvers  
Back to work. Sometimes it happened that the scabs  
Were missing when the time of their detail occurred,  
And indictments were circulated en masse  
To incarcerate the strikers.  
It was also a paean of joy when a scab was killed,  
As if the earth had been cleaned of a scorpion:  
The sting of their treachery was vile  
As the stench of their hearts. The strikers were violent  
Only in time of desperation, but for the most part  
Strong with a grim unison: they could see the historical  
Program as a perspective: they were a plan for revolution  
Like the control of industry and they, self-generating  
Cogs, with the knowledge of the strength of the whole  
To hearten them. They could not lose in the long run  
And were cool in the marking of the degeneration  
Of capitalistic disease.

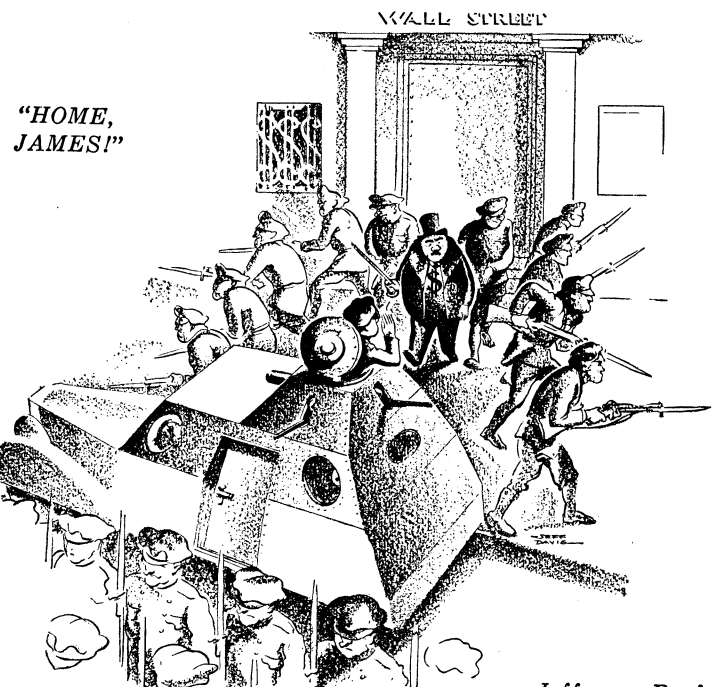
## Steel Mill Reversal

That year there were many communications  
From the revolution: a steelworker  
Bared his brawny heart, breasted with strength  
And furred with the hair of his sweat  
And his labor: he said what we all feel  
And I won't repeat it. You have seen the dawn  
Come up in the scarlet way of a red factory  
And the burnish of steel: the barbwire there  
And the uniformed thugs and the piles of brass  
In the background. The blast furnaces are

Running like the time of the era, and the workers  
Have been swept along with their leaders.  
Their revolt is latent and hoarded  
Against the year beyond convalescence.  
They presume to suppose the fixity of definition  
In the class alignments and are readily  
Informed of their enemies. It is not too much  
To seek the end of this supposition: the armed  
Of their mass in arsenal reversion  
Will be a field of bayonets with the conquered  
Audible airplanes flying above them  
And their bombs exploding as reports of a new day.

## Mill Workers

After work with the whine of machinery  
In the sawmill, the green sound of lumber  
Splitting to steel was a nightmare  
For our thought. We stumbled to the barracks,  
Soaped our bodies with water and rinsed  
Our eyes of sawdust, and felt like a dipper  
Battered and uncontained. At supper  
We were ravenous and our hands were a web  
To snare the food.  
Afterwards we smoked on the porch and watched  
The folk walking the roads in the milltown  
To poolrooms, some would be having  
White mule in their veins, but we  
Were too tired. We could not speak  
For the sleep that was heavy  
On our brains. The barracks would be odorous  
With the sweat of our bodies.  
We were contaminated by the mill and after a night  
Of restless slumber, we would be going our way  
Again to the sheds (and the whistles blowing.)  
We did not have time to think  
Of our exploitation except on Sunday, but then  
We met like workers to organize a strike  
Like men.



Jefferson Davis

WALL STREET

*"HOME,  
JAMES!"*



*Jefferson Davis*

## WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

## DEATH OF THE COMMUNISTS A Story

The Communists were introduced into the jail shortly after Thanksgiving, in the evening. Naturally, gentlemen, the clang of a metallic door, closing behind our backs (it reverberates, no matter how deadened) cannot be expected to have the same value to your ears as the even more guarded sound of the door someone throws open for you. But while, in prison, our aural discriminations are also effected for, and not by, us, we become more than commonly acute to the selected sounds that mark the wastes of silence. Therefore, I hastened to peer through the bars.

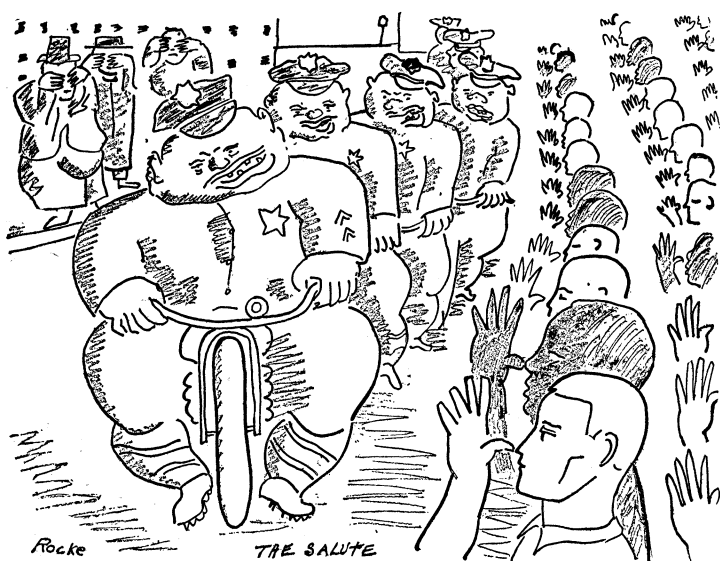
Perhaps I should interrupt myself at once and ask indulgence if I offend by the nature of what I am recounting. But I recall the wasps that used to build under my high window in summer, and how they drew their sustenance even from the bodies of base and unformed larva, which they know to numb, but do not kill until they are quite drained of life, and which contrasted with the irresistible and attenuated beauty of the banqueters, seem designed to no higher end than to perpetuate its pitilessness. May I ask you gentlemen to go to the wasp? To hold in abeyance your natural repugnance to the subject until we have drained it of its last possible drop of interest. Then—the coup de grace. But for the moment let your minds enter, like those fierce and efficient insects, into the cell of which they were the voluntary, as I the involuntary, inmates.

That is how I came to see the Communists. Not distinctly, to be sure, since the cell I occupied was in the upper tier, and they were marched too close to the cages below for me to distinguish more than that they were five, a woman and four men.

If the presence of the woman surprised me, it aroused the inmates who began to shout obscenities, and apparently to reach out to touch her, for I heard a blow delivered by a guard, and a howl of pain as an arm was retracted. Then, gentlemen, the outbreak was terminated by what I believed, and what doubtless you, too, will agree was the absurdest spectacle I had, until then, been called upon to witness. Spontaneously, as if a button had been pressed by the striking of the blow the five began to sing a, to my ears (though I make no pretense to musical appreciation) atrociously rattle-trap tune, in voices, with the exception of one man's, as painful as the song. The words, repeated to me later by a convict, were:

*Arise, ye prisoners of starvation,  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation;  
A better world's in birth.*

And so on to the end. Laughable, though I would not in any



Gilbert Rooke

case have laughed (for the brutality of the guards was extreme, for a less justifiable reason I am afraid, than an injured esthetic), had not one of the most uncouthly villainous of the convicts, in the cell opposite, a face from which one might have expected any atrocity, observed with the utmost awe in the silence following the song—"Political prisoners!" The quasi-technical term, pronounced in that strained tone by that unspeakably debased mouth, enabled me, as you gentlemen will readily understand, to do what I did for the first time, I believe, since entering the jail—laugh out loud. But becoming instantly aware that my laughter was the sole sound among the cells, I suffered a twinge of my old fear of lunacy, always a companion with me there.

It was not until the guards had left the newcomers alone that the silence was broken by a series of questions and answers, which I will try to repeat, but for whose sequence and accuracy I cannot vouch.

Who are you?

Communists.

Why are you here?

For organizing soldiers in the fort.

Why do you want to organize soldiers?

The soldiers are workmen in uniform. We are trying to organize them to better their conditions, and to oppose the coming war, which the capitalist class, from which come the officers, is planning to wage to destroy the Soviet Union where the working class rules. Millions more men will be killed in that war than in 1914.

Yes, another Communist voice resumed, in their terror the capitalists will even take you out of the jails, will put a new kind of uniform on you, will drill you, will give you guns and promise you that when you have destroyed the power of the working class for them they will set you free. But you have learned from your lives, or you would not be here, what they will do for you. You will know which way to turn your guns.

I am quite certain that I am not misquoting, gentlemen, for I remember that a considerable silence followed.

Then they were asked why the military authorities had not put them in the military prison.

They answered that at first they had, but later transferred them to this civil prison. They did not understand why, but thought it peculiar that the woman was left with them in a men's jail, and they were afraid for her.

At this point the woman joined the conversation, saying that their fears, like all fear, (the comparison, gentlemen is hers) were foolish, and that the explanation was quite simple. The authorities, not knowing the extent of the Communists' activities, and connections, were terrified into believing that, even incommunicado, they would find means of corrupting the soldiers, for a democratic government lives in fear of nothing so much as that its soldiers may begin to think. No woman's prison was at hand, so they had put her here pending a decision.

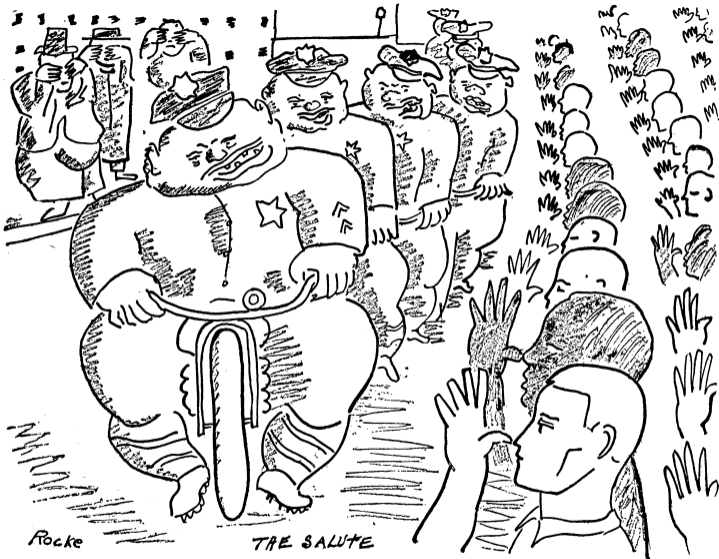
It took just a week gentlemen, for us to learn how totally inadequate are such minds in the apprehension of motive.

During those seven alternations of light, signifying so little to me, and hardly more to them, perhaps, I had occasion to make further, though slight, observations upon these persons from a world so different from ours, which, momentarily, nevertheless, had impinged upon my own. And yet not by chance, it seems to me Peter Thompson would maintain but as the result of a chain of causation implicit in the nature of society itself—if you will pardon the divagation.

I learned that the woman's name was Anna Lot, that the man who seemed to enjoy the most authority among them was the Peter Thompson I alluded to, and that there was one named Kubelik. The names of the other two I did not learn: they never spoke.

Gentlemen, I found astounding the directness with which, without any preliminaries, Mr. Thompson, as their spokesman, went to work to expound their doctrine to the prisoners, entirely oblivious, apparently, of any misgiving that he might not be understood. Amazing, too, was the rote of this mind, obviously un-

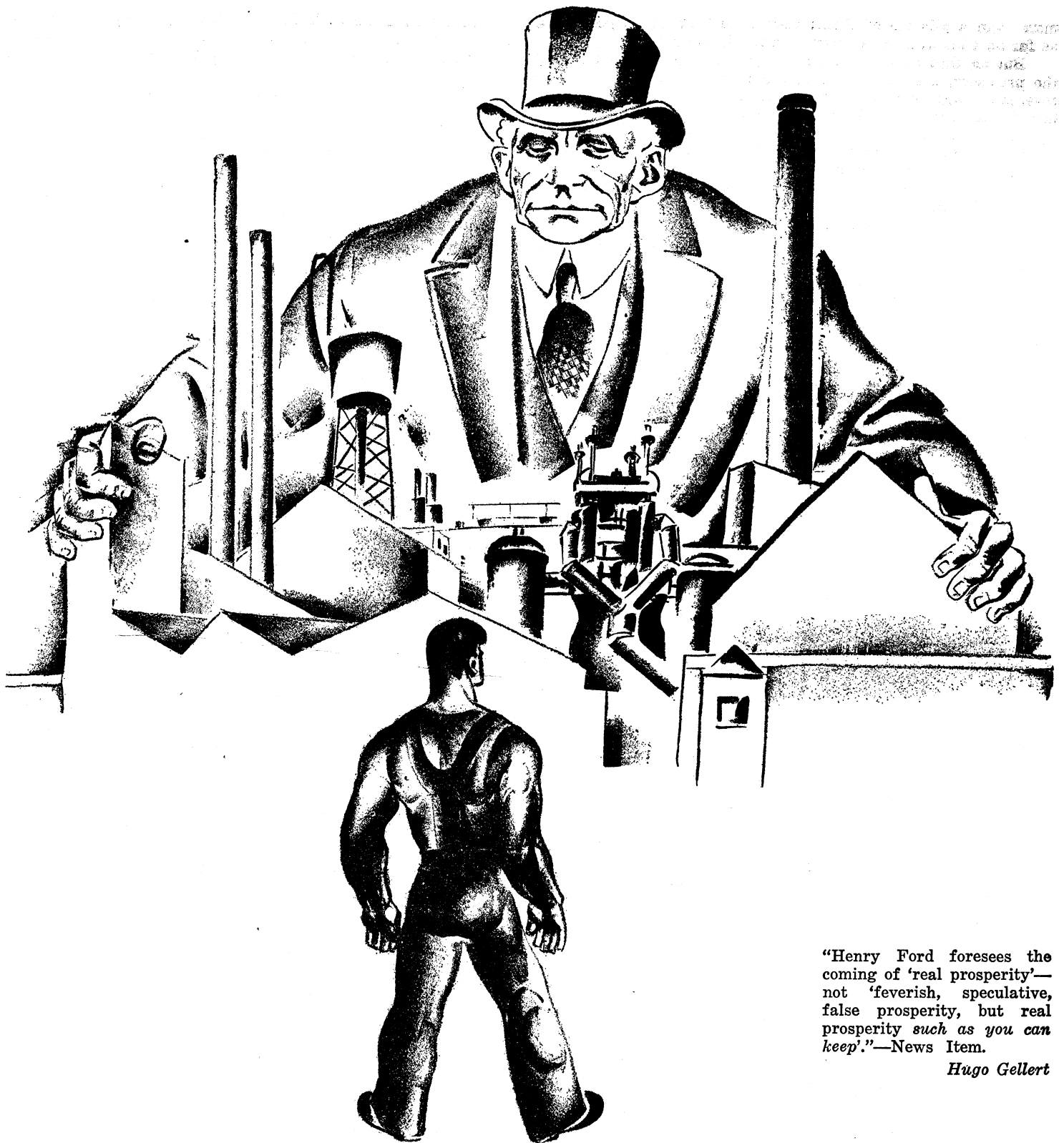




Rocke

THE SALUTE

Gilbert Rocke



"Henry Ford foresees the coming of 'real prosperity'—not 'feverish, speculative, false prosperity, but real prosperity such as you can keep'."—News Item.

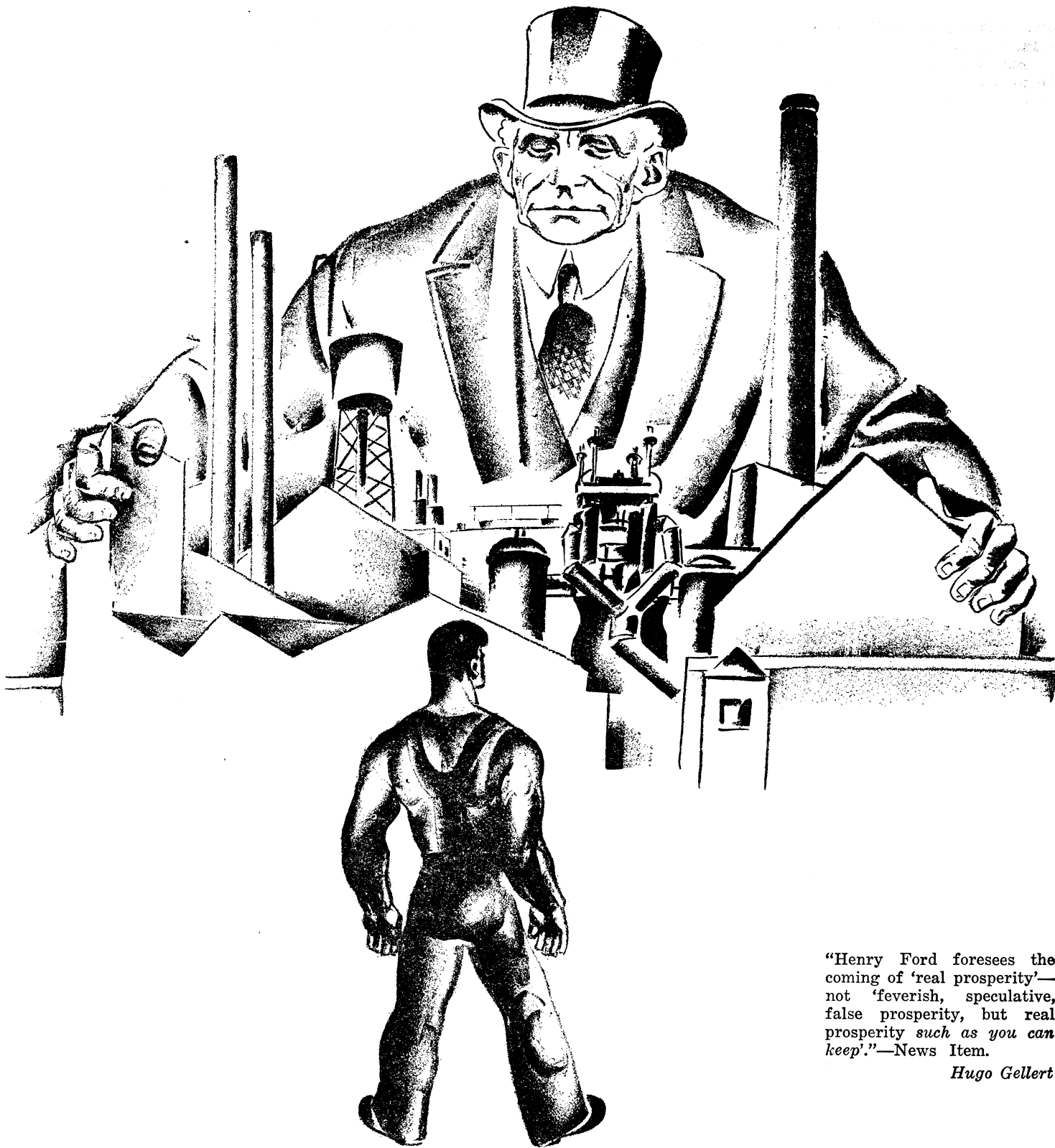
Hugo Gellert

tutored in any academic sense, whereby it was enabled to deliver itself of quotation after quotation from their most unquestioned pundits. But if I was nauseated at first, it was only to be astounded again by the simplicity with which the speaker, suddenly, in his own words, made tangible, made plausible, to those convicts the steps in an analysis of larceny, not as a consequence of individual viciousness, but as the result of the structure and pressure of a society in which some possess, but most do not. He made the convicts understand (I tell you gentlemen, they understood) their position, not only as individuals, but as part of a social whole, of a social process, in the light of a universal philosophic theory. You will pardon me, gentlemen, if I, too, join in your smile, for so plausible indeed did he become that I had to take myself in hand and recall that I was listening to an experienced agitator, whose substance I might dismiss, the better to free my mind for the enjoyment of an art so unfamiliar to me.

But it was from the uncommon persuasiveness the convincing

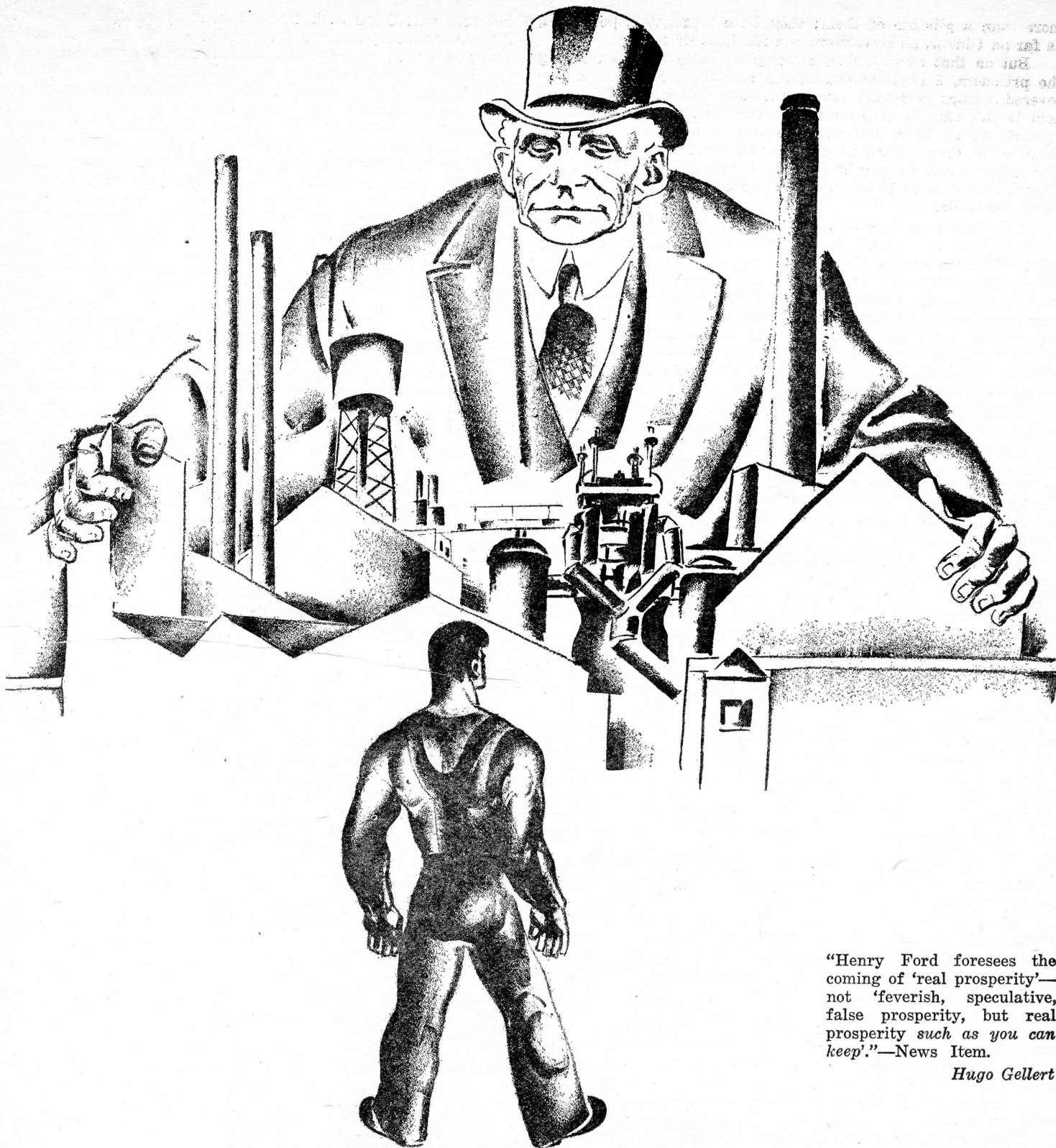
speciousness of the Communist, Kubelik, apparently a little man, much less fluent than Thompson, that I became conscious of a feeling which has little to do with reason, gentlemen, and which I cite only because, to the convicts, his labored phrases seemed to strike like blows against their bars. I recall but one instance. He spoke once of his doctrine's having been invited by no one, but as a method, disclosing the reality of things. You have seen grave-stones, he told their listening ears (their eyes could not see him) on which the words have been obscured by moss and dirt so that you could not read them. Well you are caged in by stones whose meaning you cannot read, though you feel its injustice. Communism is the emery that clears away the dirt and moss and lets you see the meaning of the stone imprisoning you, a meaning that is underlined with bars of steel. It was not, of course, delivered as I tell you, gentlemen, but, perhaps, even more simply, if haltingly.

I said that Kubelik was *apparently* a little man, for during the week that the Communists were among us, we never caught



"Henry Ford foresees the coming of 'real prosperity'—not 'feverish, speculative, false prosperity, but real prosperity such as you can keep'."—News Item.

*Hugo Gellert*



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*Hugo Gellert*

more than a glimpse of them: they were segregated, permitted, as far as I know, no recreation, and fed in their cells.

But on that seventh day, noticing a visible agitation among the prisoners, I inquired during the recreation period, and discovered a story going the rounds that our Communists had been held in jail only until the soldiers could be roused to violence against them. That was why the woman had been kept with them, since they wished to dispatch all together as a warning. The officers had by now succeeded in inciting the soldiers, the Communists were to be taken from their cells that night and shot under the walls.

The best-intentioned of us cannot always, as you gentlemen know, repress a smile at the obviously ingenuous, but I merely mentioned the thickness of the walls and the stoutness of steel and stones. My informants replied that the prison authorities would take care of that. Then, gentlemen I *did* smile. I asked, however, what the Communists thought about it, and was informed that they had not been told, no one in the prison possessing the requisite cruelty to warn them. Again, gentlemen, it was hard to restrain a smile: the jail harbored some of the most vicious eliminations of the social body.

But toward nightfall, the convicts must, after long cogitation, have concluded cruelty to be the better part of valor, for I suddenly heard Peter Thompson say aloud, "Comrade Lot, they are going to take us out tonight and shoot us. That is why they kept us together." From the completeness of the silence, it seemed to me that two hundred listening ears had closed upon his words, and it was in the same silence that she answered, "I knew it from the first."

It is difficult for me, at this distance, to convey to you gentlemen, or to explain, the force impelling me to break that silence of listening men, to join for the first time in a conversation in that jail, surprising myself by an interest, which must necessarily seem curious to you in these, after all, most remote people.

"Perhaps it is not true," I ventured.

The growl that issued from that murderous beast in the cell opposite, called my attention to the fist he was shaking at me for silence.

"It is true," the Communist answered. "Democracy is the most perfect form of government for capitalism because it offers the most perfect illusion of freedom. The democratic guarantees, freedom of the ballot, freedom of speech, freedom of the press and of assembly, are guarantees to nobody but the capitalist and his followers. Freedom to bargain for his job has never meant anything to the workingman but freedom to starve. But democracy is not something that cannot be overstepped. Democracy is a stage in the course of the development from capitalism to Communism. Now Democracy is going to kill us. That means it is afraid of us. That is good."

Of course, of course, you are right—obsession. But those are the only words we had occasion to exchange.

I do not believe, gentlemen, that all the men, who lay silent in their bunks, were asleep, nor can anyone longer tell how the Communists passed the remaining hours. But toward midnight, we heard a disturbance in the outer corridor. The soldiers, with two officers, passed between the cells in an entirely orderly fashion. They carried the keys, and there was no difficulty in removing the Communists, for though the latter attempted briefly to reason with the soldiers against their officers, the futility of the procedure seemed, from certain sounds, to be brought home rather urgently to them.

Then, gentlemen, will you believe it, they began again that absurd song. If I thought it ridiculous before, it seemed doubly so now, for they were in evident pain, and must have realized as vividly as did we that they were being marched to their deaths.

*Arise, ye prisoners of starvation,  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation;  
A better world's in birth.*

My fellow prisoners cowered in their bunks, feeling, I am sure, as did I, that our citadel invaded, we ourselves were none too safe. But I, having the least to fear, stepped to the bars, and was rewarded by my only glimpse of the five. Thompson, a lean, lined face, sallow, singing, head up. The one I took to be Kubelik, short, swart and stocky. The others nondescript. Except the woman. I am most partial as you gentlemen know, to attractive women, and she was, unfortunately, positively hideous. But, mercifully, she walked with her head bent, for the soldier holding

her arm behind her back, had drawn it up between her shoulder blades. And, mercifully, too, they shut off the lights at that moment, an oversight or an afterthought in the excitement.

The prisoners continued to lie, if anything, more quietly in their bunks. But presently the howling assailed them from another side, this time from below the windows, grew louder, for the effectiveness of this execution as a threat, was postulated you may remember, upon its performance against the very walls of the jail. "The law's delay" for once strikingly amended by civistic promptitude. It did not, however, take place under my window, but one a little farther down, so that my ears were spared the full force of their incongruous and ceaseless singing whenever, for a moment, the shouting of the others abated.

The sudden crackle of shots I thought would end it. But, no. One voice hesitated and went on. I think it was Peter Thompson's, although because of the shattering effect of that first volley on the nerves, the dark, the tenseness of the silence in the cells, and an unnatural whining tone, which suggests that he may have been wounded, I am unable to substantiate the fact.

*'Tis the final conflict, let each stand in his place:*

*The international soviet shall be the human rrrrrrrrrrr*

The initial r of the word "race," which, I am given to understand is the word that the single rifle shot checked in our Communist's throat, was prolonged appropriately into a death rattle.

That is how they died, gentlemen. And to tell the truth, I had a feeling, singularly light and unsorrowful, that their deaths made no essential difference to themselves, to what they were effecting, or to that for which they stood. Indeed, I felt as I have felt only once before in my life, when I was lying on my back in a small boat, with a cool wind, but a hot sun, playing on my body, and a swell and a strong tide carrying me along with no effort on my part.

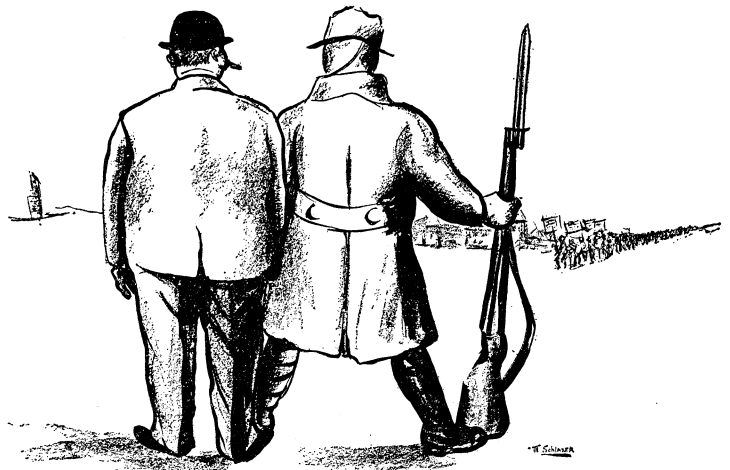
Their deaths were not horrifying. What horrified, what appalled me was, that after a brief interregnum of silence, following the end of the song, it was suddenly taken up by a lone voice in the cells which, when it had sung a bar or two, was joined by others. Ignorant alike of the words and tune, the men, who may have heard the *International* twice in all their lives, since the Communists were in the jail, began in a moaning monotone, and with voices whose rusty huskiness suggested that they could not have sung for years, barbarously to mutilate what, as I have already said, is, at best, not a good song.

*Arise ye prisoners of starvation,*

*Arise, ye wretched of the earth . . .*

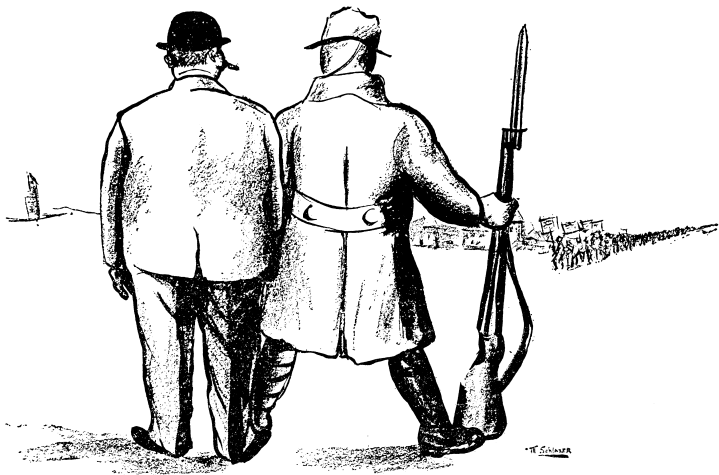
And, of course, reacting blindly, and unfamiliar with what they were attempting to sing, broke off, unfinished. After which a really deep and appropriate silence ensued.

No, gentlemen, I could not feel sorrowful at the death of the Communists. It was not the shooting, it was the outburst in the cells that was hideous. The Communists were obviously men of courage, single-minded no doubt, but capable of a kind of fanatical calm in the face of death, on the basis, however difficult for one of us to comprehend, of certain convictions arrived at by means of an intelligence no matter how limited. Were possessed, I mean to say, of intelligence, conviction, courage. Were, therefore, men, gentlemen, men. Men! Men, do your hear me, you beasts, men!

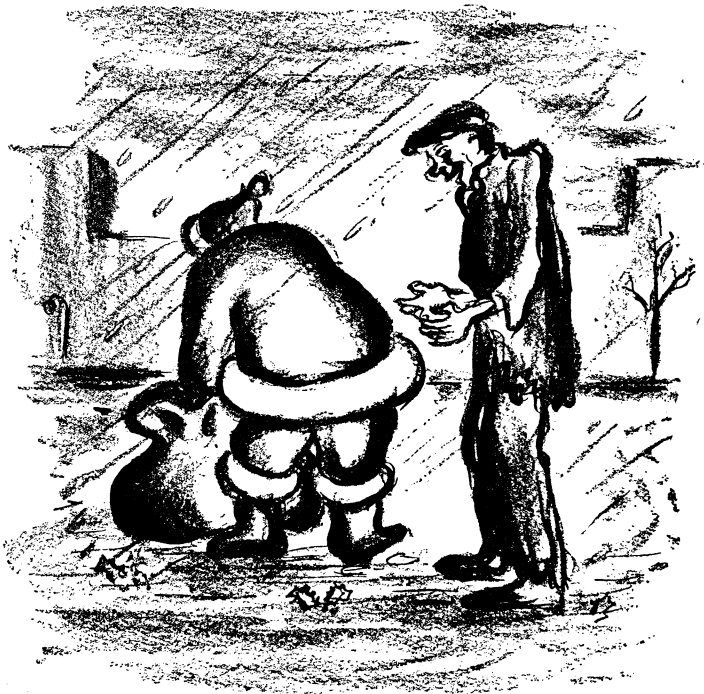


*Meyer Schlazer*

**"TROUBLE IS—THERE'S SO DAMN MANY OF THEM!"**



*Meyer Schlazer*  
**"TROUBLE IS—THERE'S SO DAMN MANY OF THEM!"**



"MERRY CHRISTMAS— UNEMPLOYED!"

William Hernandez

## WESLEY EVEREST by JOHN DOS PASSOS

When Wesley Everest came back from overseas and got his discharge from the army he went back to his old job of logging. His folks were of the old Tennessee and Kentucky stock of woodsmen and squirrelhunters who followed the trail blazed by Lewis and Clark into the rainy giant forests of the Pacific slope. In the army Everest was a sharpshooter, won a medal for a crack shot.

(Since the days of the homesteaders the western promoters and the politicians and lobbyists in Washington had been busy with the rainy giant forests of the Pacific slope, with the result that

*ten monopoly groups aggregating only one thousand eight hundred and two holders, monopolized one thousand two hundred and eight billion, eight hundred million,*

(1,208,800,000,000)

*square feet of standing timber, each a foot square and an inch thick . . . enough standing timber . . . to yield the planks necessary (over and above the manufacturing wastage) to make a floating bridge more than two feet thick and more than five miles wide from New York to Liverpool;*

— wood for scaffolding, wood for jerrybuilding residential suburbs, billboards, wood for shacks and ships and shantytowns, pulp for tabloids, yellow journals, editorial pages, advertising copy, mailorder catalogues, filingcards, army paperwork, handbills, flimsy.)

Lumberjacks, loggers, shingleweavers, sawmill workers were the helots of the timber empire where the I. W. W. put the idea of industrial democracy in Paul Bunyan's head; wobbly organizers said the forests belonged to the whole people, said Paul Bunyan ought to be paid in real money instead of company scrip, ought to have a decent place to dry their clothes wet from the sweat of a days work in zero weather and snow, and an eight hour day, clean bunkhouses, wholesome grub; when Wesley Everest came back from making Europe safe for the democracy of the Big Four, he joined the lumberjack's local in Centralia to help make Washington State safe for the workingstiffs. The wobblies were reds.

(To be a red in the summer of 1919 was worse than being a hun or a pacifist in the summer of 1917.)

The timber owners, the sawmill and shinglekings were patriots; they'd won the war (in the course of which the price of lumber had gone up from \$16 a thousand feet to \$116; there are even cases when the government paid as high as \$1200 a thousand for

spruce); they set out to clean the reds out of the logging camps; free American institutions must be preserved;

so they formed the Employers Association and the Legion of Loyal Loggers, they made it worth their while for bunches of ex-soldiers to raid I.W.W. halls, lynch and beat up organizers, burn subversive literature. But Paul Bunyan was a husky, not a thing in the world Paul Bunyan's ascares of.

On Memorial day 1918 the boys of the American Legion in Centralia led by a group from the Chamber of Commerce wrecked the I.W.W. hall, beat up everybody they found in it. Some of the boys they jailed, the rest of them they piled in a truck and dumped over the country line,

burned the papers and pamphlets and auctioned off the fittings for the Red Cross; the wobblies' desk still stands in the Chamber of Commerce.

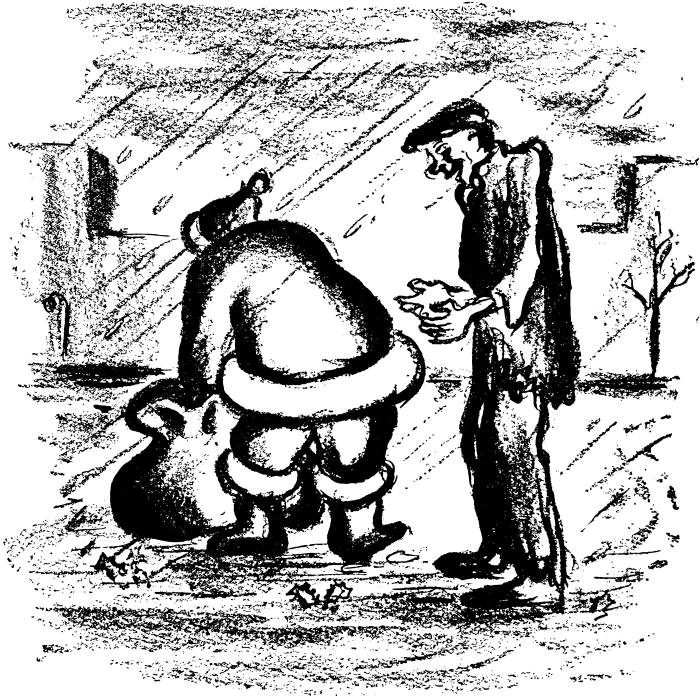
The loggers hired a new hall and the union kept growing. Not a thing in this world Paul Bunyan's ascares of.

Before Armistice Day, 1919, the town was full of rumors that on that day the hall would be raided for keeps. A young man of good family and pleasant manners, Warren O. Grimm, had been an officer with the American force in Siberia; that made him an authority on labor and Bolsheviks, so he was chosen by the business men to lead the 100% forces in the Citizens Protective League, to put the fear of God into Paul Bunyan.

The loggers consulted counsel and decided they had a right to defend their hall and themselves in case of a raid. Not a thing in this world Paul Bunyan's ascares of.

Wesley Everest was a crack shot; Armistice Day he put on his uniform and filled his pockets with cartridges. Everest was not much of a talker; at a meeting in the Union Hall the Sunday before the raid, there'd been talk of the chance of a lynching bee; Wesley Everest had been walking up and down the aisle with his O. D. coat on over a suit of overalls, distributing literature and pamphlets; when the boys said they wouldn't stand for another raid, he stopped in his tracks with the papers under his arm, rolled himself a brownpaper cigarette and smiled a funny quiet smile.

Armistice day was raw and cold; the mist rolled in from Puget Sound and dripped from the dark boughs of the spruces and the shiny storefronts of the town. Warren O. Grimm commanded the Centralia section of the parade. The exsoldiers were in their uniforms. When the parade passed by the Union Hall without halting, the loggers inside breathed easier, but on the way back the parade



"MERRY CHRISTMAS— UNEMPLOYED!"

*William Hernandez*



halted in front of the hall. Somebody blew a shrill whistle through his fingers.

Somebody yelled, "Let's go . . . at 'em boys."

The paraders broke ranks and rushed the hall. Those men crashed in the door. A rifle spoke. Rifles crackled from back of the hall.

Grimm and an exsoldier were killed. The paraders ran in disorder, but those who were armed formed again and stormed the hall.

They found a few unarmed men hiding in an old icebox, a boy in uniform at the head of the stairs with his arms over his head.

Wesley Everest shot the magazine of his rifle out, dropped it and ran. As he ran he broke through the crowd in the back of the hall, held them off with a blue automatic, scaled a fence and doubled through an alley and down the backstreet.

The mob followed; men dropped the coils of rope they carried in the parade to lynch Britt Smith the secretary with. It was Everest's drawing off the crowd that saved the lives of the wobblies in the hall.

Stopping once or twice to hold the mob off with a few shots, Wesley Everest ran for the river, started to wade across. Up to his waist in water he stopped and turned. Wesley Everest turned to face the mob with a funny quiet smile on his face. He'd lost his hat and his hair was dripping with water and sweat. They started to rush him. Not a thing in this world Paul Bunyan's ascares of.

"Stand back," he shouted, "If there's bulls in the crowd I'll submit to arrest."

The mob advanced. He shot from the hip four times, then his gun jammed. He tugged at the trigger, and taking cool aim shot the foremost of them dead. It was Dale Hubbard, another exsoldier, nephew of one of the big lumber men of Centralia.

Then he threw his empty gun away and fought with his fists. The mob had him. A man bashed his teeth in with the butt of a shotgun. Somebody brought a rope and they started to hang him. A woman elbowed her way through the crowd and pulled the rope off his neck.

"You haven't the guts to hang a man in the daytime," was what Wesley Everest said.

They took him to the jail and threw him on the floor of a cell. Meanwhile they were putting the other loggers through the third degree.

That night the city lights were turned off. A mob smashed in the outer door of the jail. "Don't shoot boys, here's your man," said the guard. Everest met them on his feet, "Tell the boys I did my best," he whispered to the men in the other cells.

They took him off in a limousine to the Chehalis River bridge.

As Wesley Everest lay stunned in the bottom of the car a Centralia business man cut his penis and testicles off with a razor. Wesley Everest gave a great scream of pain. Somebody has remembered that after a while he whispered, "For God's sake men shoot me . . . don't let me suffer like this." Then they hanged him from the bridge in the glare of the headlights.

The coroner at his inquest thought it was a great joke.

He reported that Wesley Everest had broken out of jail and run to the Chehalis River bridge and tied a rope around his neck and jumped off, finding the rope too short he'd climbed back and fastened on a longer one, had jumped off again, broke his neck and shot himself full of holes.

They jammed the bloody wreckage into a packing case and buried it.

Nobody knows where they buried the body of Wesley Everest, but the six wobblies they caught they buried in Walla Walla Penitentiary.

## Alfred Kreyborg

# STARS & STRIPES

### SHADES OF WASHINGTON

*The eagle  
man trained  
for the White House once  
is now on our coins  
and his chair  
holds a dunce.*

### INTIMACIES

*From Tammany Hall  
to Wall Street  
is just a mile or two.  
From Wall Street  
on to Washington  
is a nice old  
how-do-you-do.*

### THE FIRST KIND WORD FOR FORD

*The men  
who have cars  
to ride in  
on Sunday  
come back to  
work with a  
fresher look  
Monday.*

### WAGE-SLAVES

*Rich men  
have property  
others have not  
who dig  
rich men's ditches  
and gratefully rot.*

### OUT OF COAL, OUT OF WORK

*To keep  
the war going  
men had to dig coal.*

*The mines  
are exhausted,  
the men  
in a hole.*

### FURTHER FREEDOM

*If one man's  
a slave and  
the millions are free,  
there's work  
to be done for his  
liberty.*

### ECONOMIC PRESSURE

*Feed a man's  
appetite  
nothing to eat,  
you'll get him  
to kill  
fellow men  
for his meat.*

### NEO CATHOLICISM

*The churches go on  
chiming on  
and chiming on so well  
that none of us  
are quite so sure  
of heaven as of hell.*

### THE NEW TEACHER

*Naughty  
little Europe  
should be sent  
back to school:*

*But who's  
to be the  
teacher now?  
Another  
old fool?*

*And what  
can Sunday  
preachers teach  
they haven't  
taught before?*

*Didn't peaceful  
Jesus Christ  
begin the  
Christian war?*

### WALL STREET

*The war bonds  
people bought  
at par  
have not yet  
fallen far  
enough.*

### RADICAL RADISHES

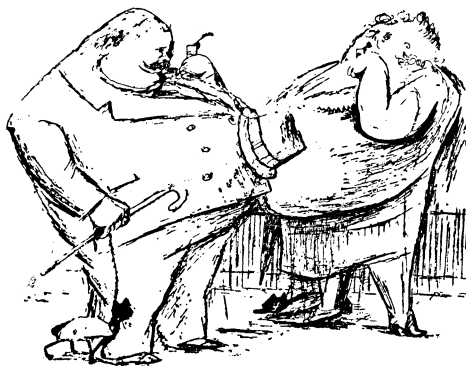
*See how the  
red skins of  
radishes peel  
when men who  
run to Russia  
turn white and squeal!*

### COMMUNISM

*And work  
may still  
be done  
by hand  
from man  
to man  
and  
land to land.*

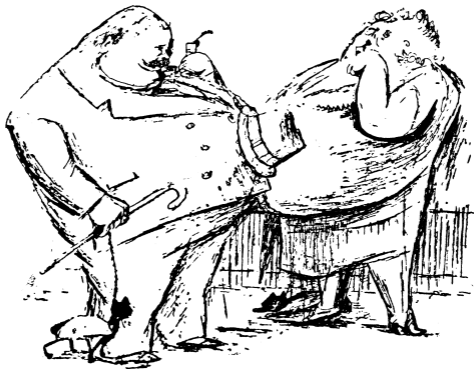
### LENIN

*None  
can do more  
for this world than the  
mathematicians  
who add perfectly.*



SWELLS

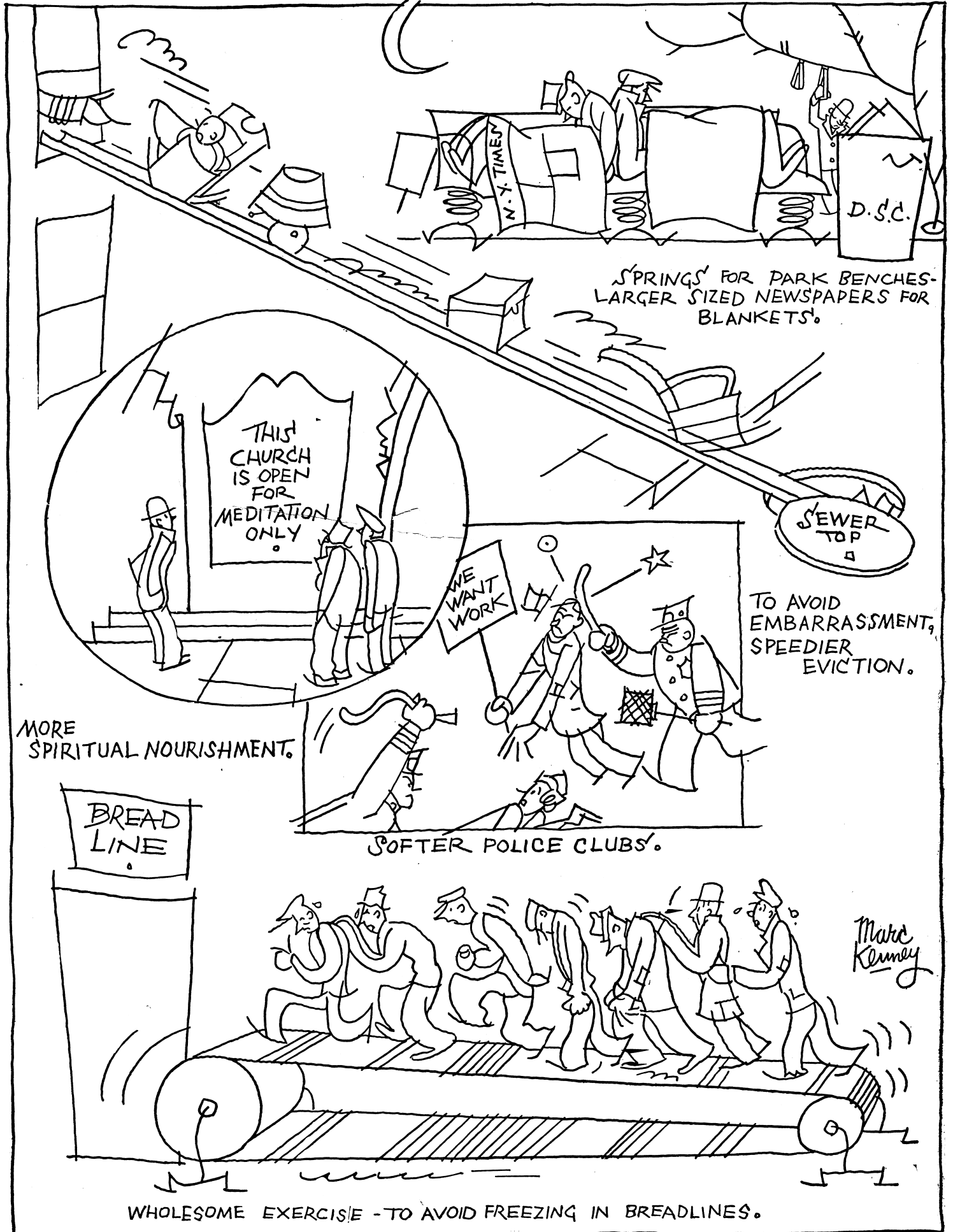
Adolph Dehn



***SWELLS***

***Adolph Dehn***

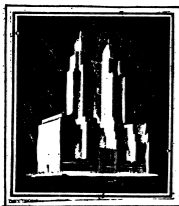
# The Mayor's Committee for Unemployment Relief Recommends—



Moved by the sight of a wealthy employer appealing to his ill-paid workers to contribute for unemployed relief, this drawing, made with vinegar in the ink, is respectfully submitted (no charge) to the "I will Share" campaign—by Marc Kenney.

FINE LIVING ... *à la carte*??

# Come to the Waldorf-Astoria!



## Listen Hungry Ones!

Look! See what *Vanity Fair* says about the new Waldorf Astoria:

"All the luxuries of private home . . ."

Now, won't that be charming when the last flop-house has turned you down this winter? Furthermore:

"It is far beyond anything hitherto attempted in the hotel world. . . ." It cost twenty-eight million dollars. The famous Oscar Tschirky is in charge of banqueting. Alexandre Gastaud is chef. It will be a distinguished background for society.

So when you've got no place else to go, homeless and hungry ones, choose the Waldorf as a background for your rags—

(Or do you still consider the subway after midnight good enough?)

## Roomers

Take a room at the new Waldorf, you down-and-outers—sleepers in charity flop-houses where God pulls a long face, and you have to pray to get a bed.

They serve swell board at the Waldorf Astoria.

Look at this menu, will you:

- GUMBO CREOLE
- CRABMEAT IN CASSOLETTA
- BOILED BRISKET OF BEEF
- SMALL ONIONS IN CREAM
- WATERCRESS SALAD
- PEACH MELBA

Have luncheon there this afternoon, all you jobless. Why not?

Dine with some of the men and women who got rich off of your labor, who clip coupons with

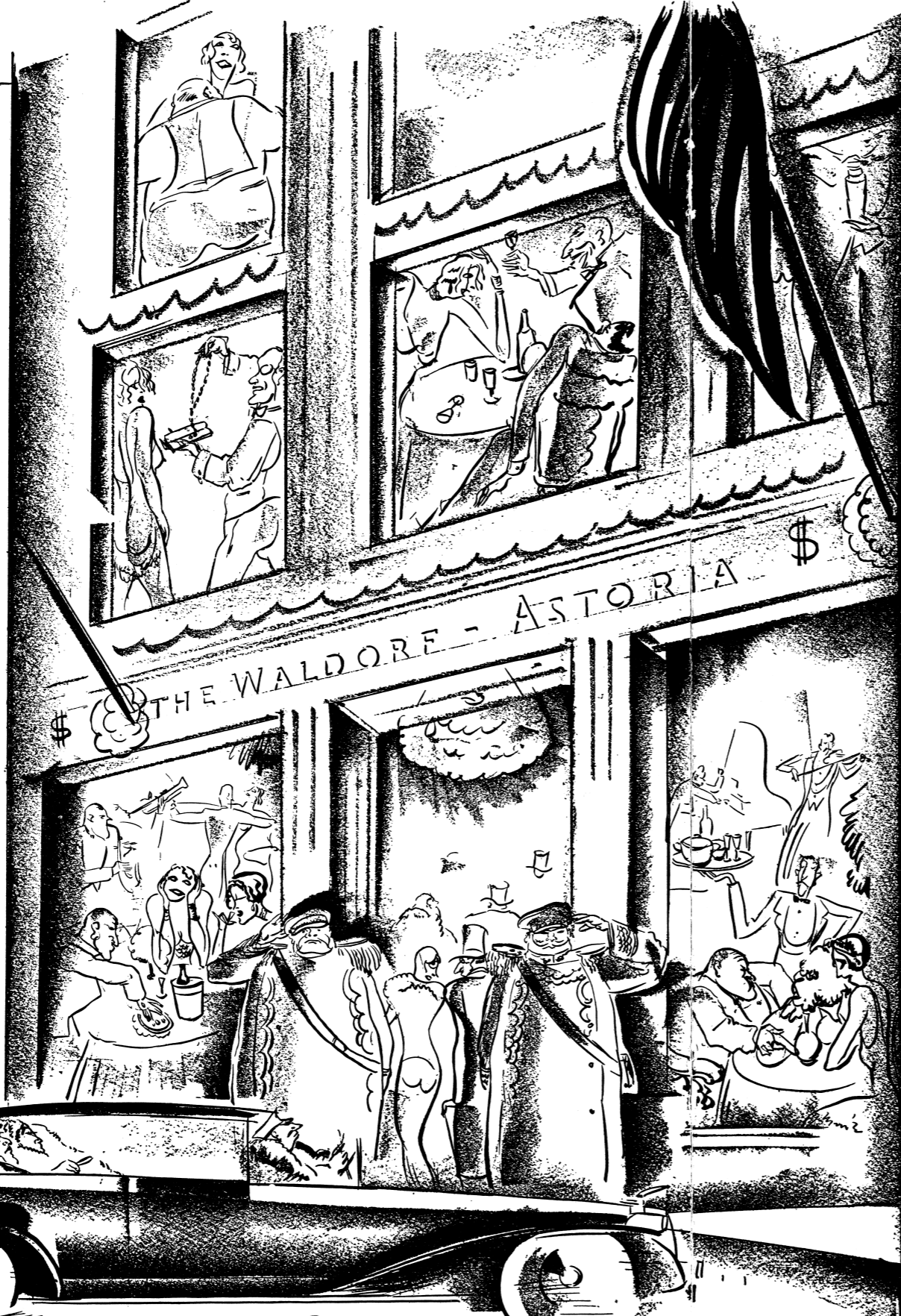


Illustration by Walter Steinhilber



clean white fingers because your hands dug coal, drilled stone, sewed garments, poured steel—to let other people draw dividends and live easy.

(Or haven't you had enough yet of the soup-lines and the bitter bread of charity?)

Walk through Peacock Alley tonight before dinner, and get warm, anyway. You've got nothing else to do.

## Evicted Families

All you families put out in the street: Apartments in the Towers are only \$10,000 a year. (Three rooms and two baths.) Move in there until times get good, and you can do better. \$10,000 and \$1.00 are about the same to you, aren't they?

Who cares about money with a wife and kids homeless, and nobody in the family working? Wouldn't a duplex high above the street be grand, with a view of the richest city in the world at your nose?

"A lease, if you prefer; or an arrangement terminable at will."

## Negroes

O, Lawd, I done forgot Harlem!

Say, you colored folks, hungry a long time in 135th Street—they got swell music at the Waldorf-Astoria. It sure is a mighty nice place to shake hips in, too. There's dancing after supper in a big warm room. It's cold as hell on Lenox Avenue. All you've had all day is a cup of coffee. Your pawnshop overcoat's a ragged banner on your hungry frame. . . . You know, down-town folks are just crazy about Paul Robeson. Maybe they'd like you, too, black mob from Harlem. Drop in at the Waldorf this afternoon for tea. Stay to dinner. Give Park Avenue a lot of darkie color—free—for nothing! Ask the Junior Leaguers to sing a spiritual for you. They probably know 'em better than you do—and their lips won't be so chapped with cold after they step out of their closed cars in the undercover driveways.

Hallelujah! under-cover driveways!

Ma soul's a witness for de Waldorf-

Astoria!

(A thousand nigger section-hands keep the roadbeds smooth, so investments in railroads pay

ladies with diamond necklaces staring at Cert murals.)

Thank God A-Mighty!

(And a million niggers bend their backs on rubber plantations, for rich behinds to ride on thick tires to the Theatre Guild tonight.)

Ma soul's a witness!

(And here we stand, shivering in the cold, in Harlem.)

Glory be to God—

De Waldorf-Astoria's open!

## Everybody

So get proud and rare back, everybody! The new Waldorf-Astoria's open!

(Special siding for private cars from the railroad yards.)

You ain't been there yet?

(A thousand miles of carpet and a million bath rooms.)

What's the matter? You haven't seen the ads in the papers? Didn't you get a card? Don't you know they specialize in American cooking?

Ankle on down to 49th Street at Park Avenue. Get up off that subway bench tonight with the evening *POST* for cover! Come on out o' that flop-house! Stop shivering your guts out all day on street corners under the L.

Jesus, ain't you tired yet?

## Christmas Card

Hail Mary, Mother of God!

The new Christ child of the Revolution's about to be born.

(Kick hard, red baby, in the bitter womb of the mob.)

Somebody, put an ad in *Vanity Fair* quick!

Call Oscar of the Waldorf—for Christ's sake!

It's almost Christmas, and that little girl—turned whore because her belly was too hungry to stand it any more—wants a nice clean bed for the Immaculate Conception.

Listen, Mary, Mother of God, wrap your new born babe in the red flag of Revolution:

The Waldorf-Astoria's the best manger we've got.

For reservations: Telephone

ELdorado 5-3000.

by Langston Hughes

**PHILIP STERLING**

# THE SONGS OF WAR

About six o'clock on the evening of February 5, 1918, the British liner *Tuscania*, being used as a United States Army transport was making good speed off the Irish coast. Below decks 2,179 officers and men were waiting for the mess call. They smoked, lounged, talked, played cards, rolled dice. They never heard the mess call. Instead they heard a dull thud, felt the vessel tremble, saw the lights go out. Everyone reached for his life-belt and went on deck. Everyone knew what was wrong. A submarine gunner had found his mark. A quick inspection showed that half of the life-boats were hopelessly smashed. In a few minutes the ship developed a list to starboard.

There was only one thing to do . . . Wait until the torpedo boats from the convoy should come up in answer to the distress flares. Wait until the coast guard boats should get the SOS flashes.

The 2,179 officers and men waited. And while they stood there, grim-faced, restless, getting acquainted with death, some enterprising officer who had been well-drilled on the meaning of the word "morale" struck up a song. Three hours later, when the *Tuscania* keeled over, the 208 men who went to the bottom with her were singing:

*Where do we go from here, boys,  
Where do we go from here?  
Slip a pill to Kaiser Bill  
And make him shed a tear,  
And when we see the en-em-y  
We'll shoot him in the rear.  
Oh joy, oh boy, where do we go from here.*

That song of childish defiance in the face of inexorable death was no triumph for the "indomitable fighting spirit of our boys" which was celebrated daily in the nation's newspapers from April 6, 1917 to November 11, 1918. It was a triumph for the denizens of Tinpan Alley, that vague, undefined thoroughfare along which America's machine-age culture wanders aimlessly stringing bits of tawdry rhyme on meaningless threads of music. It was the crowning achievement of nineteen months during which hundreds of Broadway lyricists were feverishly rhyming "Hun" with "on the run" at plenty per rhyme. It was a tribute to the vital part played by Tinpan Alley in mobilizing mass sentiment for war. It proved beyond all doubt the effectiveness of the 20,000,000 copies of 400 war songs with which the publishers flooded America.

Today we think of those songs only with the same revulsion evoked by the memory of an obscene joke we couldn't help overhearing. Fifteen years ago, however, they were the magic sounds which turned America into an army of whirling dervishes bent for destruction, death and chaos. Today, the girl who sang "I'm Proud to Be the Sweetheart of a Soldier" has a husband who beats her because he still suffers from shell shock. The soldier who blithely sang "I'm All Dressed Up to Kill" sells pencils on a street corner, wearing his uniform and his Croix de Guerre to prove that he really lost his legs in the war. The women who heard their mothers sing "America, Here's My Boy" see their own sons, coaxed, deluded, coerced into military training. The soldiers who sang "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France" (We're Ten Million Strong) are still ten million strong . . . fighting starvation and hunting for jobs.

Now the whole mad drama of capitalist destruction threatens to repeat itself. And Tinpan Alley, no longer hampered by the limitations of the piano and sheet music, will din a new message of mass suicide to unprecedented numbers of workers over the radio and through the talkies.

The songwriters did their work well if not consciously. There were songs designed to appeal to every type of emotion evoked by the war. Recruiting songs, songs to allay the natural opposition of women to war. Songs for mothers, for sweethearts, for wives. Songs for children who missed their fathers. Marching songs for soldiers, and songs for civilians picturing the life of

their relatives in the army as one hilarious round of cafes, French girls, motor cars, wine. Songs about the trenches to make frightful hand-to-hand encounters look like slapstick comedies.

But what is more important, Tinpan Alley was turning out songs to mobilize war sentiment long before April, 1917. Why the unsuspecting, who sing and listen to popular songs accept such muck from writers and publishers in peace as well as in war involves a discussion of American culture which can be treated later. This much is certain, Tinpan Alley's 20,000,000 copies of 400 war songs furnished the blood-stirring noises with which to drown the clear voices of those who cried out against imperialist madness and workingclass suicide.

Like the rest of America, Tinpan Alley responded to the war quickly, but at first without realization of its cataclysmic importance. It wasn't until 1915, that Tinpan Alley seemed impressed with the horror and world danger of the war. Then poured forth a deluge of banal sentimentality typified in such songs as *Five Souls*, containing imaginary monologues by the ghosts of five European soldiers, which was published for the Woman's Peace Party. Then there was *My Big Little Soldier Boy*, the soliloquy of a mother who watches her son play with tin soldiers.

There was also a pro-German song, perhaps the only one written. It is worth reproducing because it is an unusually funny example of Tinpan Alley's emotional and intellectual dishonesty. The chorus:

*Hoch, hoch, the Kaiser, he's the man we see  
Trying day and night to save old Germany,  
My fatherland, my fatherland, the place so dear to me,  
Our brave soldiers will try to save our home across the sea.*

The name of the author is John J. Donohue. But these were only vague stirrings, undefined emotions, churning in the shallowness of Tinpan Alley's psyche. In that same year, 1915, the writers and publishers hit on a theme that found a genuine and quick response, the horror of war. The first of this type was *The Heart of the World*, the chorus of which:

*The heart of the world is aching  
Why are we so unkind?  
Fathers and sons, shouldering guns,  
Leaving their loved ones behind.  
When men start to maim their brothers,  
Something is wrong somewhere,  
The heart of the world is breaking,  
And nobody seems to care.*

Of the same stamp was *The Little Grey Mother (Who Waits All Alone)*. But all the time things were happening to bring the war closer to America. Germany was challenging America's false avowals of neutrality. Wall Street was lending money and guns to the Allies. Submarine warfare filled the newspapers. How to avoid war was becoming a matter of popular discussion.

In the midst of these conditions, Tinpan Alley launched its first smash hit of the war period. It found so great an appeal that less than a year later the songsmiths had to write half a dozen tunes to counteract it. Even today, *I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier* is widely remembered. The chorus, for those who don't remember:

*I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,  
I brought him up to be my pride and joy,  
Who dares to place a gun upon his shoulder  
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?  
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,  
It's time to lay all swords and guns away.  
There'd be no war today, if mothers all would say,  
I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier.*

Up to this time, Tinpan Alley's interest in the war had been strictly a matter of business. The publishers issued war songs because it was consistent with their time honored policy of cash-

ing in on any matter of public interest. But by 1916, when the war had gone on for almost two years, America was no longer standing aloof. Relations with Germany were strained. Agitation for preparedness was sweeping the country. It was only a question of time before America would have to enter the world conflict. And Tinpan Alley, mustering its directionless energies, went to work at solidifying national feeling and revitalizing American chauvinism in such songs as:

*America, I love you,  
You're like a sweetheart of mine,  
From ocean to ocean,  
For you my devotion,  
Is touching each boundary line.  
Just like a little baby,  
Climbing its mother's knee,  
America, I love you,  
And there's a hundred million others like me.*

Then there was:

*If you don't like your Uncle Sammy  
Then go back to your home o'er the sea,  
To the land from where you came,  
Whatever be its name,  
But don't be ungrateful to me.  
If you don't like the stars and old glory,  
If you don't like the Red, White and Blue,  
Then don't act like the cur in the story,  
Don't bite the hand that's feeding you.*

This, of course, was directed against all the anti-war forces which were rapidly beginning to find voice against the threat of American participation. But it wasn't enough. There followed a swift succession of songs far more pointed and specific in their appeal to chauvinistic sentiment. They bore such titles as *Go Right Ahead Mr. Wilson (And We'll All Stand Back of You)*, *Wake Up America, Liberty, Preparedness (The Spirit of 1916)*, and *I'll Gladly Give My Boy to Be a Soldier*. This last put the question most succinctly and was designed as a prelude to the barrage of recruiting songs which was to follow a few months later. It's worth reproducing in full:

*A foe both strong and selfish  
With his cannon at our door,  
Tho' peace may be our purpose,  
He may force us into war.  
Why be craven cowards,  
Waiting for his beck or nod,  
Be men of hero mettle,  
True to country, true to God.*

Chorus

*If the USA needs any army brave and true,  
To strike for the right and the Red, White and Blue,  
Should the call come as of yore  
Then as mothers did before,  
I'll gladly give my boy to be a soldier.  
When his country calls to arms  
At the cannon's loud alarms,  
To his flag and country ever true,  
Full duty he will do, to strike for me and  
you,  
I'll gladly give my boy to be a soldier.*

The American entered the war. The wind of chauvinism sown by the song smiths bore fruit and a whirlwind of blind war frenzy swept the country over night.

But Tinpan Alley's real job had only begun. From April 6, 1917 to the end of the war, wave after wave of tuneful poison sloshed over America's head as fast as the Broadway lyricists could rhyme "we'll pay our debt" with "Lafayette." The Alley's first big assignment was recruiting songs. Dozens of them slid off the presses every day. *Its Time for Every Boy to Be a Soldier*, was one of the first. There followed in quick succession *Do Something Your Country and My Country*, an official recruiting song written by Irving Berlin, *There's Something About a Uniform That Makes the Ladies Fall* and others.

But George M. Cohan, veteran creator of catchpenny melodies who had made a fortune before the war by the simple expedient of musical comedies in which the American flag was waved, came through with the best recruiting song of the lot. If he felt like it Mr. Cohan could claim the distinction of having sent more young men to their deaths than any other living "artist" in America. *Over There* was a masterpiece of propaganda:

*Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,  
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run,  
Hear them calling you and me,  
Every son of liberty.  
Hurry right away, no delay, go today,  
Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad,  
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,  
To be proud her boy's in line.*

Chorus

*Over there, over there,  
Send the word, send the word, over there,  
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,  
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.  
So prepare, say a prayer,  
Send the word, send the word, over there.  
We'll be over, we're coming over,  
And we won't come back till it's over over there.*

But if men are too quickly blinded by the carefully staged pageantry of war, women are able to count their inevitable losses more dispassionately. The Alley was quick to see the need of and the profit in songs to win those women who were still singing or thinking with bitterness and determination: "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier."

No sooner said than done with songs bearing such titles as, *If I Had a Son for Every Star in Old Glory (I'd Give Them All to You Uncle Sam)*, *My Boy*, and *America, Here's My Boy*. The last of these was not lacking in the elements of great propaganda:

*America, I give my boy to you  
America, you'll find him staunch and true,  
Place a gun upon his shoulder,  
He is ready to die or do.  
America, He is my only one,  
My hope, my pride, my joy,  
But if I had another,  
He'd march beside his brother,  
America, here's my boy.*

There was another approach from which the balladeers felt it necessary to attack mother love. There was good propaganda, good sentiment and consequently good profit, in songs written from the soldier's viewpoint. Typical of these productions were such titles as *Cheer Up, Mother, Cheer Up Father*, which contained the following bit of salve:

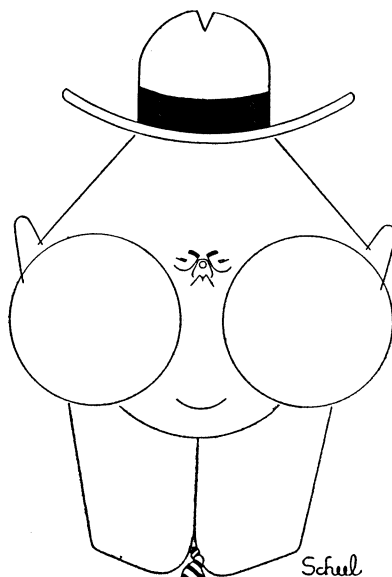
*You have a boy over there,  
Your heart is filled with despair,  
But could you see him tonight,  
He wears a smile that's cheery and bright.  
Tho' he's very far away,  
Don't you seem to hear him say:*

Chorus

*Cheer up, father, cheer up, mother,  
Cheer up, sister, cheer up, brother,  
I'll be coming back to you some day,  
And when the band starts playing  
You'll be hip-hooraying,*

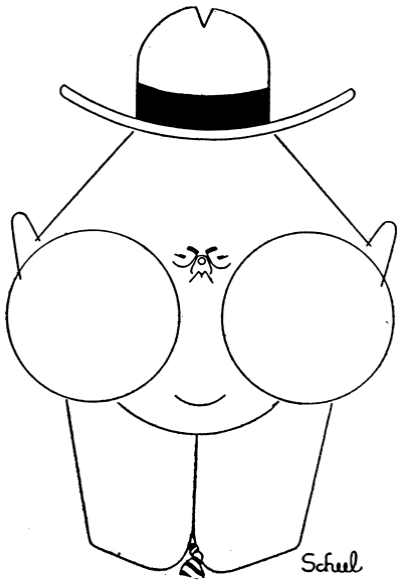
*Keep on smiling, all your cares beguiling,  
Dry your tears away.  
For the more you miss me, the more  
you'll kiss me,  
When your boy comes home some day.*

In the same class was a song with a similar title, *Cheer Up Mother*:  
*Goodby mother mine,  
Time to fall in line,*



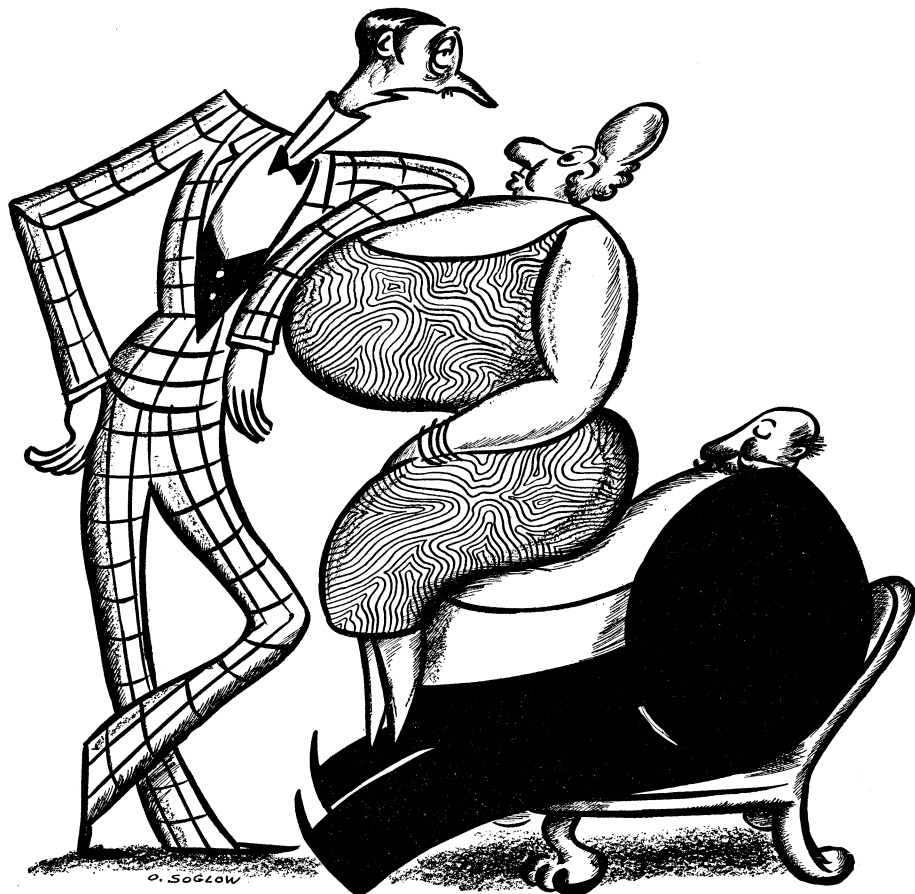
PORTRAIT

Schul  
Theodore Scheel



**PORTRAIT**

Scheel  
**Theodore Scheel**



**DEPRESSION ON PARK AVENUE:** "Listen, Mater, see if you can wheedle some small change out of the governor,—I have to get my moustache waxed."

Otto Soglow

*Said a soldier unafraid. When they're march'g away  
You'd not have me stay while my country needs my aid.  
Other mothers' sons bravely shoulder guns,  
They are going, why not I,  
Let me see you smile, for a smile's worth while,  
When it's time to say goodbye.*

There were other songs as well to reassure mothers and fathers that their sons were to be slaughtered in a cause which was indisputably noble. *So Long Mother, She'll Miss Me Most of All, Tell Mother I'll Be There, When a Blue Service Star Turns to Gold, Put a Star in the Service Flag for Me, Long Boy, Where Do We Go From Here, Goodbye Broadway Hello France.*

Without stopping for breath, the Alley turned from the mothers to the younger generation of women. Here the songwriting boys were in their element. They had a long tradition of "sweetheart" songs behind them. It was a simple matter for them to write songs that would not only make women content with seeing their husbands and lovers go to war, but songs that would make them insist on seeing their men in uniforms.

George M. Cohan had given the original impetus to his colleagues along this line of attack in *Over There*. By July, 1917, half of the women in the country between the ages of 10 and 60 were singing *I'm Proud to Be the Sweetheart of a Soldier*. Nor did the Alley denizens neglect to offer repeated song promises to the effect that every woman who trusted in God and the Federal Draft Board would get her man back safe and sound all in due time.

The manner in which the Broadway piano thumpers set about repealing the biological laws that make natural pacifists of women is well illustrated in the following titles: *I'll Love You More for Losing You a While, Keep the Home Fires Burning* (an English importation) *When You Come Back (You'll Find Me Waiting for You), Send Me Away with a Smile* (but if fight, dear, we must, in our Maker We trust, so send me away with a smile) *I'm Gonna Fight My Way Right Back to Carolina* (I left my heart with her in Dixieland, she'll understand, that I may come

back with somethin' missin', but that won't keep us from huggin' and kissin', When I fight my way right back to Carolina.)

There were others: *My Sweetheart is Somewhere in France, I'll Come Back to You When It's Over, I'll Come Sailing Back to You, Till We Meet Again, Smile as You Kiss Me Goodbye* (for what is the ocean between hearts that love, We'll meet each twilight in Dreamland above, So dry every tear and forget every sigh, And smile as you kiss me goodbye.)

Having momentarily convinced most of the women that their men were not men except as they were cannon fodder, Tinpan Alley found that the scant news from the battle fronts was disturbing and alarming the whole of the civilian population. Even such prosaic matters as casualty lists printed in the newspapers were sources of frightful concern and anxious interest.

It began to appear that everyone would have to be convinced all over again that there was really nothing wrong about the whole business and that the men in the trenches weren't really being killed at all.

To this end, the piano prostitutes moved the settings of their songs overseas and there ensued a wave of songs which created the impression that life in the American Expeditionary Forces was nothing worse than a glorified Cook's Tour. Tinpan Alley spared no pains to create the impression that the chief duties of American soldiers in France was to ride in autos and sit in sidewalk cafes with beautiful, rich French women.

A smoke screen of vulgar words and lilting music was thrown up to hide from civilian eyes the frightful things which were happening on the far side of the Atlantic in the interests of American imperialism.

Many of the songs turned on the ingenious way in which "doughboys" overcame their ignorance of French in making love to French girls. Among these were *Oui, Oui, Marie (Will You Do Zis for Me), When Yankee Doodle Learns to Parlez Vous Français, Come On Papa, (Hop in Ze Motor Car and Hold My Hand), And He'd Say Oo La La, Oui, Jerry, Mon Cheri, Comprenez Vous, Papa.*

It is difficult to decide which was the most vulgar and disgusting of this group, but here is a fair sample:

*Comprenez vous, papa,  
I want ze little kiss from you,  
Comprenez vous, ha-ha,  
I want ze little kiss or two.  
You make me feel so nice,  
I want to kiss you twice,  
I'm off ze noodle, Mr. Yankee Doodle, doo,  
Comprenez vous, come-see,  
Oh won't you come along with me,  
Comprenez vous, come-sa, my sweet papa,  
You're my macherie, my pet,  
Oh, you keed papa, I get you get,  
Comprenez vous papa, I want ze little kiss, ha-ha.*

The other Tinpan Alley interpretation of army life was embodied in such bits as *K-K-K-Katy*, a supposedly humorous song about a love-sick soldier who stuttered, *My Red Cross Girlie (the Wound Is Somewhere in My Heart), I Don't Want to Get Well (I'm in Love With a Beautiful Nurse), I Ain't Got Weary Yet, Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning.*

A new well of Broadway sentimentality was also opened by the ingenious songsmith who discovered that even children were being moved by the mysterious cataclysm which suddenly left them without fathers, brothers, uncles. With its usual facile insincerity the Alley began to grind out "daddy" songs: *Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight (for Her Daddy Over There), Let's Say a Prayer for Daddy, Hello Central Give Me France, Hello Central, Give Me No Man's Land, Hello General Pershing, (How's My Daddy Tonight),* and finally, *My Daddy's Coming Home.*

Then Tinpan Alley was faced with the Negro problem. In





*Otto Soglow*  
**DEPRESSION ON PARK AVENUE:** "Listen, Mater, see if you can wheedle some small change out of the governor,—I have to get my moustache waxed."

the south, the Negroes were apathetic to America's declaration of war. They didn't want to go but they were whipped into line by the irresistible argument that the war, by some mysterious process, would mean the end of Jim-Crowism, lynching and economic oppression for them. It was the Alley's task to help beat them into line and to keep them there. In this matter, the song-smiths acquitted themselves with such melodies as *They'll Be Mighty Proud in Dixie of Their Old Black Joe* (I'll give the whole world liberty, just like Lincoln did for me, then they'll be mighty proud in Dixie of their Old Black Joe.)

Then there was *When Rastus Johnson Cakewalks Through Berlin, When Alexander Takes His Ragtime Band To France, and You'll Find Old Dixieland in France*:

*Don't forget old Shimmy Sam,  
Famous boy from Alabam'  
He marched away in khaki pants,  
And with Abe Lincoln in their memory,  
They've gone to fight for liberty,  
You'll find old Dixieland in France.*

There are still other facets of Tinpan Alley's prolificness. The Broadway boys wrote songs to inspire the masses with friendship for the Allies. This they did by the simple expedient of picturing Belgium, France, Alsace Lorraine, as violated women who were in need of strong, virtuous men to comfort and avenge them.

They created the necessary hatred for Germany and Germans by holding the enemy up to hateful contempt in comic songs: *I'd Like to See the Kaiser with a Lily in His Hand, We'll Knock the Heligo into Heligo Out of Heligoland, Raus Mitt Der Kaiser (He's in Dutch)*.

Still another class of songs was addressed specially to those civilians who didn't have to or couldn't go to war: *Dress Up Your Dollars in Khaki (And Help Win Democracy's Fight), Get Busy Over Here or Over There*, an expression of Provost Marshal General E. H. Crowder's famous "work or fight" order, *What Are You Going to Do to Help the Boys, Put Your Hands in Your Pockets and Give, For Your Boy and My Boy (Let's Lend Our Money to the U.S.A.)*

There were songs extolling the virtues of every organization connected with the official war machine: *Salvation Army Lassie of Mine, For the Boys Over There* (the official Y.M.C.A. song), and *The Rose of No Man's Land* used with epic effectiveness by the Red Cross. The chorus ended with those immortal lines:

*Mid the war's great curse  
Stands a Red Cross Nurse,  
She's the Rose of No Man's Land.*

The songs presented here are neither exhaustive nor completely representative. They are but a few chosen from the chief types of the 400 songs which were dinned into the ears of war-time America. In fact, the only excuse for exhuming them at all is the fact that they will soon be used again with additions and improvements. Their effectiveness will be increased a hundredfold by the unprecedented facilities offered by the talkies and radio. Last month the captain of an ocean liner dropped a wreath into the Atlantic ocean at the approximate spot where the transport ship *Tuscania* went down with 208 men in 1918. News of that hypocritical tribute paid by American imperialism to its victims was forced into the back pages of the newspapers by the columns which are now daily devoted to discussing the threat of a new world war.

How soon that threat will materialize, no one can say, as yet, with absolute certainty. But when it does materialize, the Tinpan Alley boys will be on hand with the old song and dance. Popular music to popularize war.

There will be only one hope of escape . . . escape not only from the deluge of nauseating songs, but escape from the horrible imperialist plague to which the songs will be merely a faint, macabre accompaniment. That hope is also contained in a song, a simple, stirring song written by a simple, honest Frenchman who was already too old to go to war when the last imperialist holocaust swept the world. That song has already gained unprecedented popularity over one-sixth of the earth's surface. Occasionally, it is heard in America, too.

## Hoover's Unemployment Committee Solves the Problem

by M. Soderstrom



JULY, 1930: "Let's See . . ."



DECEMBER, 1930: "... a very serious problem . . ."



JUNE, 1931: "We have it . . ."



DECEMBER, 1931: "There Is No Work!"

**BENNETT STEVENS**

# THOSE CHRISTMAS BELLS

Hypocritical cant about the "spiritual meaning of the life of Christ who died for the sins of man" will ooze forth in greater volume than ever this holiday season. Enormous accumulated stocks of goods held from the market for profit by capitalists while millions are hungry and poorly clothed await disposal and require insistent ballyhoo for gift-buying on the mythical birthday of the mythical saviour. Charity campaigners will make a demagogic appeal to the "Christmas spirit" to remind the rich that it is more blessed to give than to receive especially when the giving will serve to counteract the rising revolutionary spirit among the workers. Catholic priests and Protestant ministers will chant more loudly the theme of prayer, charity and personal salvation through faith as their cures for the capitalist crisis. The Christmas bells that in fairy tales are reputed to tell of "peace on earth, good will to man," will call the church goers to hear sermons stimulating sentiments of hate against the Soviet Union. On the other hand the message of peace and Christian brotherhood will be directed toward pacifying the resentment of the masses against unemployment and wage cuts, which well-fed clergymen will ascribe to man's "neglect of Christ," and towards checking the workers' active participation in the class struggle.

Their soft Christmas preachments cannot hide the churches' ignominy in the past year, during which they have played their traditional role as counter-revolutionary agents. Their zeal in this direction has not been confined to attacks on the Soviet Union. The dominant Catholic church threw its forces with royalty against the Spanish middle-class revolution; in Mexico it fought bitterly the decision of the government of Vera Cruz to restrict the activity of the parasitic priests. The pope issued his much heralded encyclical on labor attacking Communism and declaring that "differences in social conditions in the human family which were wisely decreed by the Creator, must not and cannot be abolished." The Archbishop of Canterbury who had just returned from a trip on the Mediterranean as the guest of J. P. Morgan, criticized the English workers who were protesting against the cut in unemployment payments and supported the election of the fascist National government. In the United States, striking workers in the textile and mining regions found the Protestant and Catholic churches arrayed against them. In every capitalist country, the clergy has functioned as a faithful accessory to the police. Workers, conscious of this fact, have during the past year organized in the United States a Workers' Anti-religious League which will serve to expose the churches' teachings and activities against the working class.

## *Adam And Eve Had Navels—*

Christmas myths are typical of the supernaturalistic moonshine that the churches serve their believers. At the recent world-wide joyous Catholic celebration of the anniversary of the Council of Ephesus which in 413 decreed to the Virgin Mary the title Mother of God, a prominent New York priest adorned in a white satin robe embroidered with gold, appealed: "If God chose Mary above all women to be his mother, is it not right that we too should show our devotion to her." Such assinities which characterize the mental level of the rationale of the churches' creeds, are certainly not worthy of the credence even of nit-wits. Yet the churches by pervading them with an aura of sanctity, by enveloping them in warm ritual and ceremony have made them the dominant beliefs of millions of people. Indoctrinated by religious dogma from infancy, these millions remain in adulthood, victimized and enslaved by ignorance and fear.

The pope recently attacked public schools as teaching "pedagogic naturalism which denies original sin" and demanded that all Catholic children attend parochial schools or be denied absolution—which will cause them to burn in purgatory forever. Protestants having no parochial schools perpetuate their influence by

introducing the teaching of the Bible in the public schools. The effect of the teaching of the Bible in childhood is revealed by the fact that in answer to a recent questionnaire on the subject, seventy-seven per cent of 3000 United States "educators" (hear, hear!) affirmed that one should never allow his own experience and reason to lead him in ways that he knows are contrary to the Bible.

The churches are not, however, content with relying on the efficacy of their own teaching in counteracting enlightenment that will give the masses power. In their attack on scientific thought as a formidable foe to their obscurantism, they are using their resources—aided and abetted by capitalist authorities—to pass anti-evolution laws and to temper scientific teachings as they conflict with church dogma. Churches develop canons of "good taste" and taboos that make it appear offensive to challenge religion in the name of science. They give wide publicity to the religious imbecilities of such scientists as Millikan, Eddington and Compton who found God at the end of a cosmic ray. Had they the power, the churches would bring contemporary science to the level of the scientific discussion of St. Thomas Aquinas who argued learnedly on the question of whether Adam and Eve had navels.

The churches' obscurantist offensive is not merely in the immediate field of science; it attempts to curb enlightenment in all branches of literature. The very first publication of the restored Vatican State was the revised *Index of Prohibited Books* which contains a list of over 4000 authors whose works must not be read by Catholics. In his passionate introductory defense of the Index—on which Voltaire, Montaigne, Zola, Defoe, Balzac and France are prominent and which includes the names of such respectables as Joseph Addison, Oliver Goldsmith and Immanuel Kant—Cardinal Merry del Val frankly states the churches' stand; "Literary and scientific merits cannot make legitimate the circu-



*Herb Kruckman*

"... NOW IN YOUR NEXT SERMON ..."



*Herb Kruckman*

"... NOW IN YOUR NEXT SERMON ..."

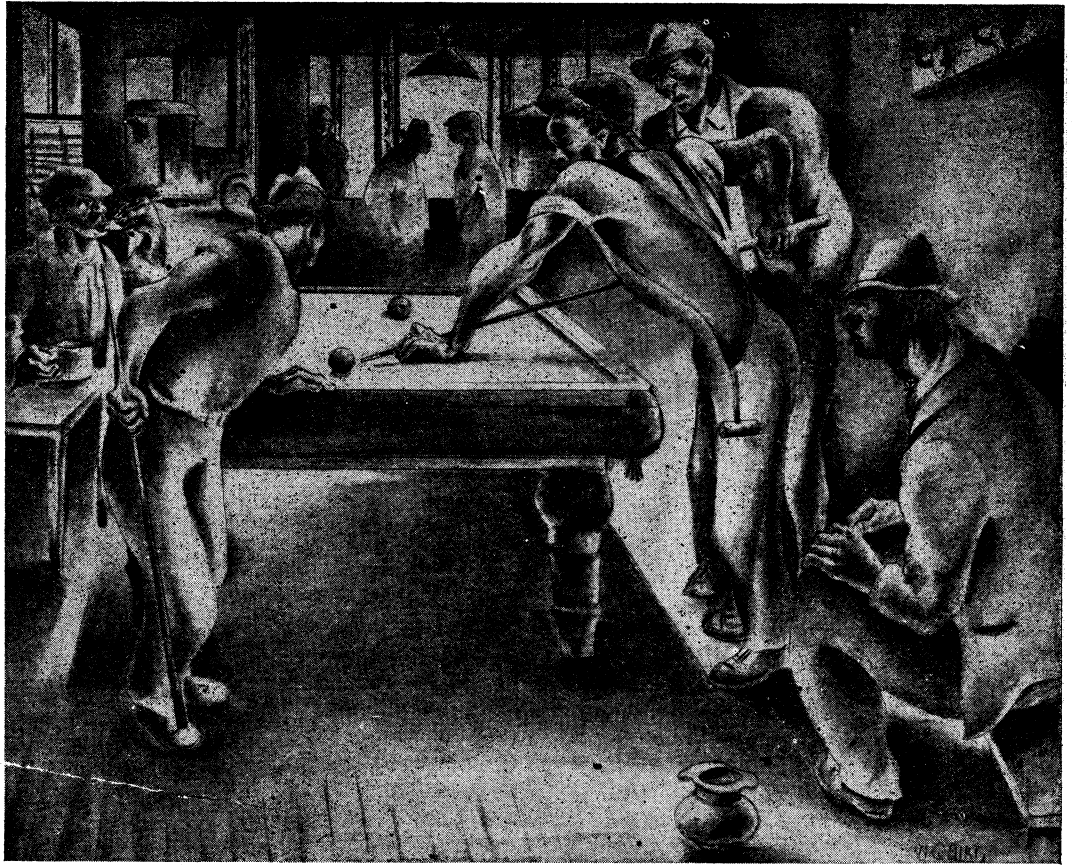
lation of books contrary to religion or morals. On the contrary, such books require more efficacious repressive measures in proportion as the meshes of error are finer and the attractions of evil more seductive." This is likewise the working principle of the snivelly Protestant Summers and Watch and Warders, who spy out the literary landscape to guard conventional, repressive morality which serves bourgeois interests.

*Where God Is Out Of A Job—*

There will be fewer Christmas bells than ever tolling in the Soviet Union this year; those that ring will call mournfully to the old and decrepit almost exclusively. The workers' government has dethroned god, his angels and his devils along with the exploiters in whose service religion has functioned. For contrary to capitalist governments, its purpose is to free rather than to suppress the masses. There the church is denied the opportunity of distorting and perverting the minds of the youth. Young and old alike are being taught science in the greatest educational campaign ever undertaken in history. At the same time the *Bezbozhnik* or atheistic societies are establishing educational museums in deserted churches illustrating the frauds and hoaxes of religion and the part that it has played in the subjection of the masses. The campaign of enlightenment is being carried into the most remote regions of the country where priests formerly flourished on the lucrative practice of praying for rain and blessing the crops.

Religious bodies—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Mohammeden and Buddist—are aroused to fighting fury against the country that has not only successfully overthrown the class with which

they are allied but is threatening their very existence. Poisonous germs of bitter hostility are being disseminated; powder kegs of passionate enmity are being set awaiting the spark that will ignite the imperialist attack upon the Soviet Union. But they will pray and fight in vain for the restoration of their medicine men who have gone the way of the oxen of the old regime, for their God is helpless and the workers of the world will rise to defend the new society which workers have created.



POOL ROOM

Walter Quirt

**Harlem River**

*by the huge dead yards  
where freight trains wait  
and brood, warehouses' vacant eyes  
stare out at a world made desolate;  
but the tugs blot their egregious pride,  
and the scummy waters twinkle with light.*

*they've suicided from this bridge—  
ginks out of jobs, and the dames for love—  
their peaked, pale faces rise in the dark  
futile with yearning, tear-wet, stark:  
i wonder what vast, dim dream of peace  
they sought, in the susurrant waves' embrace.*

*night's breasts were soft, cajoling sleep . . .  
her lewd eyes beckoned their weariness.  
and now they are ground to the ultimate dust  
that settles between red tenement bricks;  
and now they are one with the particed past  
silting up weird, hopeless streets.*

*but high spires glow in the lonely gloom.  
trains clatter and roar, and softly, laugh.  
the pavements, endless in grim contempt  
of hunger and lust, glitter like glass.  
in the brief white glare of the smart arc-lamps  
strange shadowshapes loom, and threaten, and pass.*

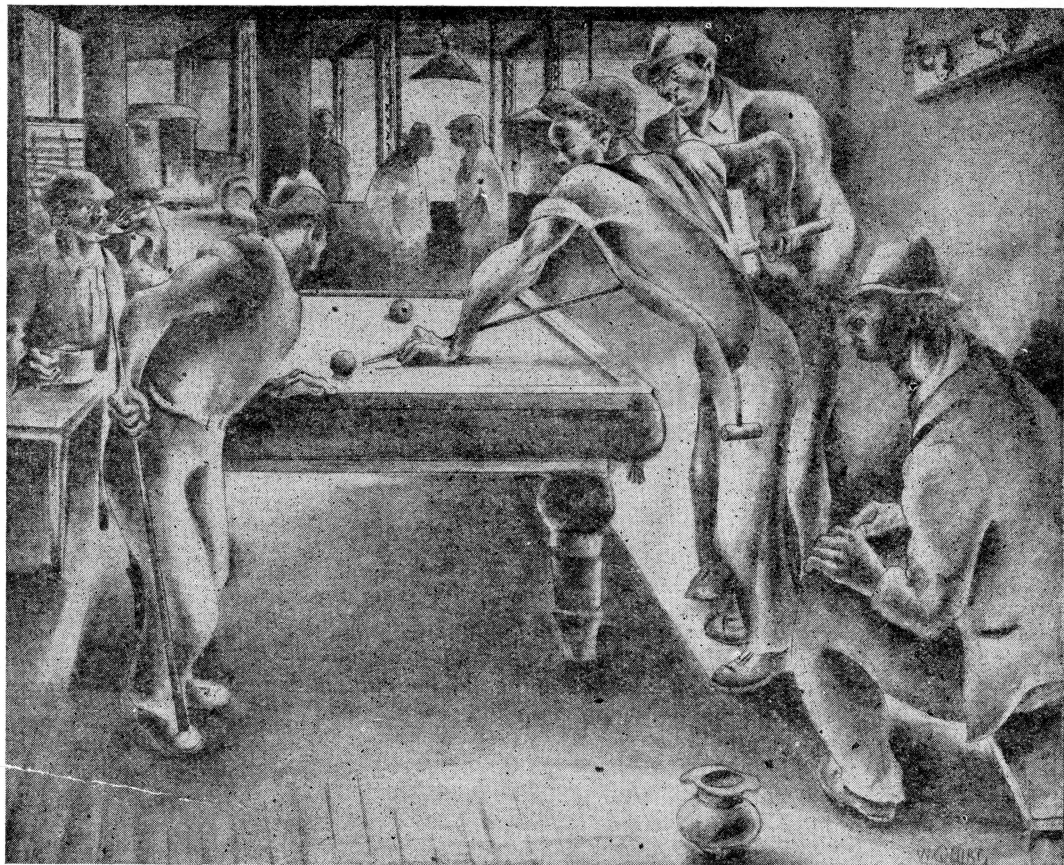
HERMAN SPECTOR

**Poolroom Faces**

*Faces floating in a poolroom fog,  
faces flowering out of collars  
and shirts like greenhouse cabbages,  
faces with eyes tired, eyes like pools  
filmed over with fog, sad and vacant eyes  
like bright coals burned to grey cinders.  
Men sitting on poolroom chairs  
staring at the floor with vacant eyes  
blinking as the last billiard ball  
rolls smooth as hell into the right pocket;  
seeing and not seeing, seeing phlegm  
glistening like jewels in the yellow light,  
smoldering cigarette butts, gum wrappers,  
cigaret packages; hearing sharp sudden click  
of billiard balls, low loving entreaties  
of players finding life concentrated in a cue.  
Faces, now so unlovely and sad,  
were you ever wise and resolute? O corpse faces,  
pasty faces, dead faces, did your eyes  
ever smoulder with creative hate?*

*Faces growing on that evil sour apple tree,  
withered fruit of sour poisoned stalk,  
sad harvest of work and looking for work,  
harvest of mine, harvest of factory,  
harvest of lumbercamp and sectiongang,  
poolroom faces gazing at poolroom floor,  
waiting, thinking maybe, wishing a little,  
praying for strong men to plow the sour soil!*

JOSEPH KALAR



POOL ROOM

Walter Quirt

# BOOKS

Reviewed by Oakley Johnson, Beatrice Dorn, Clinton Simpson, Edwin Rolfe

*A Calendar of Sin*, by Evelyn Scott. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. (Two volumes). \$5.00.

In *A Calendar of Sin*, Evelyn Scott has described the farce-comedy of bourgeois morals over four generations. A combination of realism, acute psychological insight, breadth of social view, and a balanced and distributed selection of scenes and characters, the totality spiced with amused and hidden satire, produce in this two-volume novel a gigantic and pathetic series of flaming unnecessary tragedies—melodramas, the author calls them—of distorted sex. Miss Scott's original plan, she says, was to treat equally of love and hunger in American life, but the single theme of love proved colossal enough. The story, carrying the George and the Dolan families and their intermarrying neighbors from the close of the Civil War to the opening of the World War, narrates the subjective background of capitalist growth. It is in effect the fictional and psychological counterpart to Myers' *History of Great American Fortunes*.

As Miss Scott says in her *Contempo* 'self-review', *A Calendar of Sin* is the third book in the series of objective social portrayals which she began in *Migrations* and continued in *The Wave*. The philosophy of the book is deterministic. "People appear to choose," says the author, in the *Contempo* article, "and they have not chosen. They appear to decide and a necessity as immediate as hunger has directed them."

That *A Calendar of Sin* is well written does not need to be repeated here. What we have to consider is the value of the novel as an interpretation of the life of a period. It is partly Miss Scott's accurate and realistic observation that make this novel, as a historic picture of capitalism, significant to proletarian critics, and partly the titanic sweep of her imaginative survey. But this significance is due, also, to Miss Scott's more than usually emancipated social viewpoint. The implicit irony in this relentless picturing of enslaved minds is not possible to one who is also similarly enslaved. The canny de-flating of the supposed heroic private lives of our captains of industry and politics is not possible for a writer to whom fatherland and the social status quo are sacred.

There are in *A Calendar of Sin* exactly three characters whose conscious point of view may be described, broadly, as revolutionary. One is Maurice George, who is partly a sentimental middle-class socialist and partly a 'philosophical anarchist'; the second is Fred Sloane, muddled proletarian worker and member of the Industrial Workers of the World; the third is Mose Summerfield, a "saturnine and uncommunicative" newspaper reporter who insists, cynically, that no escape from political corruption is possible outside a 'socialistic state', but at the same time 'guesses' that he doesn't 'want that'. These three represent the entire rebellious element in American society—if we regard *A Calendar of Sin* as an artistic reflection of the complete scene of the period—from 1867 to 1914. All three, furthermore, even Maurice George, are essentially minor characters. True, they do on the whole satisfactorily represent the conscious anti-capitalistic forces of the time.

It must be admitted that Miss Scott, more than most of our writers, has a broad awareness of the relation between character and the social scene, and of the importance of art as an interpreter of life in the group. In her essay on William Faulkner she says that, although art is not life, yet "conclusions can be drawn from it as surely as from 'life', because, as fine art, it is life organized to make revelation fuller." Furthermore, Miss Scott's long association with group protest against race prejudice, against the political subordination of women, and against such instances of capitalist oppression as the Mooney and the Harlan atrocities, indicates the fact that social sympathy and social understanding form an important part of her equipment as a conscious artist.

*Three Pairs of Silk Stockings*, by Panteleimon Romanoff. Scribner's. \$2.50.

*The Dogs*, by Ivan Nazhivin. Lippincott Co. \$2.50.

Writing in the matter-of-fact, clipped style made so familiar by the younger authors of the Hemingway school, Romanoff analyzes the aimlessness of the intellectuals, after the revolution separated them from the old and established way of things in Soviet Russia.

The translator's preface asks what the author really thinks "of the state of affairs he so mercilessly describes." Without directly committing himself the author opens the mind and thoughts of representatives of the educated and professional class. Then calmly and detachedly, as though earthworms were being dissected, unrolls their anguished search for the "universal truth," for a "guiding principle" to fill up the "terrifying inner emptiness" of daily existence.

It is from this desperation as applied particularly to the women so situated, that the title is taken. A foreign moving-picture director who offers Tania a chance of advancement scornfully tells a group of her friends that "any Russian woman can be bought for three pairs of silk stockings." Romanoff is, of course, too subtle to mean this in a merely literal sense. It is not Tania alone, but all the educated castaways who try to catch up to the "spiritual life which had gone far ahead" of them. The daily squabbles and meannesses of home life, the tragedy to which it all leads clearly





*SUNDAY MORNING*

*Mary O. Johnson*



answer the question of Romanoff's attitude. Arkady, scientist, says succinctly, "Rats I can rejuvenate, but a class in which the mainspring is twisted can not be rejuvenated." This is the realist speaking. It is realism which actuates the underlying stream of the book—those remnants of a dying class unallied with the vital construction outside who can find neither personal happiness nor satisfying activity.

In *The Dogs*, Nazhivin writes of the patriarchal old Russia of landed estates, so pleasant for their owners, and of the breakup and on-sweep of the revolution. He builds up his "gentle" people as kindly, mildly benevolent characters interested only in breeding prize-winning dogs, horses and other domesticated animals, including peasants. Then when the storm of revolution breaks and the leisure and ease are violently disturbed by "His Majesty the People," as Nazhivin dubs them, the author allows himself full sway in pouring out pages of furious denunciation against the property disturbers and "incendiary" agitators, chief of whom is Lenin.

A vicious peasant takes the stage as "Comrade leader" urging his followers on to deeds of "wild rioting," murder and rape. All the old values were smashed, according to Nazhivin, by the "insensate broadcasting of words of vengeance" by "the great Lenin himself." The only consolation left is the gentle, healing balm of monastery bells and the solemn pages of the "little black book with the golden cross."

The publisher's blurb states that Nazhivin is of those intellectuals prematurely aged and weary, cut adrift from their moorings by the Revolution. The aimless wandering of the book and the venomous concluding chapters are more than sufficient evidence not only of the intellectual but of the loser.

BEATRICE DORN

## Propaganda

*The Public Pays*, by Ernest Gruening. Vanguard Press. \$2.50

"The scope of this book is limited. It treats of propaganda. It is an abstract of the last three years' investigations by the Federal Trade Commission of the propaganda of the public utilities, especially those dealing in power and light. . . . The material is as far as possible extracted verbatim from the Federal Trade Commission's reports and exhibits, so that the propaganda's purpose, as nearly as may be, is revealed 'out of the mouths' of its proponents."

Thus concisely the author describes, in his preface, the scope and content of his book. He is not an advocate of revolution; he does not call for government ownership or any of the other socialistic "remedies," except if the utilities prove unwilling to submit to regulation. He traces the course of the utilities' efforts to influence public opinion for private ownership and against all forms of radical thought. This he does, as he points out, mostly by presenting factual evidence, quoting liberally from the public utility "public relations" men and the utility executives—their letters, speeches, pamphlets and verbal testimony—as they appear in the Federal Trade Commission's report.

Much of the material is valuable to any student of industry under the capitalist regime, and all of it is interesting to the social-minded reader. Gruening presents concrete evidence of the utilities' attempts to suppress radical opinions of any kind in books, magazine articles, lectures—even in *Saturday Evening Post* stories.

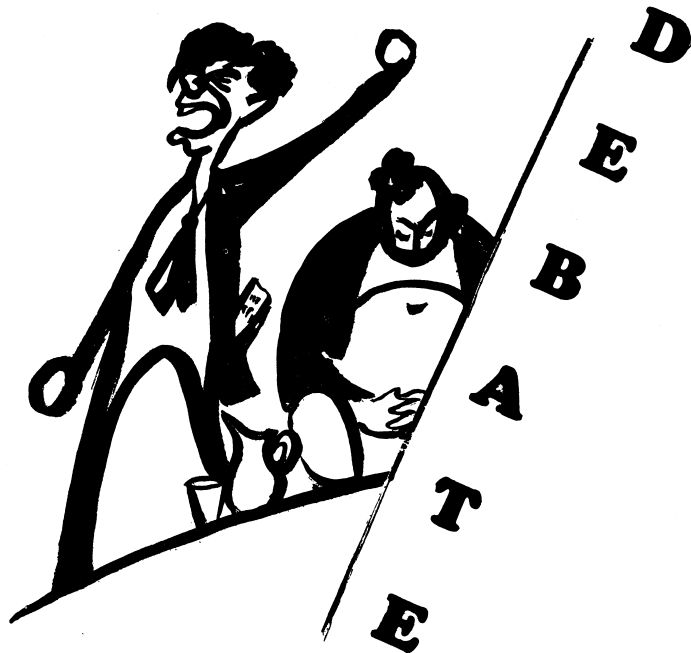
CLINTON SIMPSON

## Corruption

*The Vice Squad*, by Joseph Van Raalte. Vanguard Press. \$2.00.

Van Raalte, writing in swiftly moving journalese, draws several convincing portraits of corruption in the administrative and judicial branches of our city government; and, by the very premise of his book, he indicts the legislative department as well. In the end, however, he forgets his mass of data. He forgets the viciousness of the police, the brutality and corruption of the judges, and the grafting lawyers and city officialdom, and ends on a ridiculously personal and petty note. The class nature of the situation which prompted the writing of his novel is hinted at occasionally and unconsciously, but never brought out into the light of its proper importance and significance.

EDWIN ROLFE



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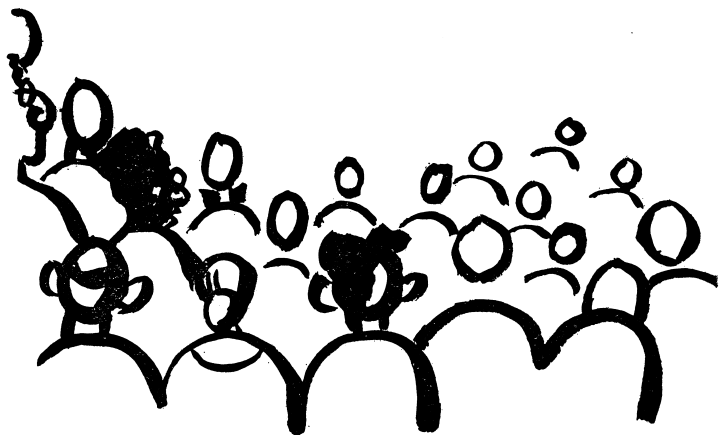
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The Uj Elore Hungarian Club Shock Brigade, 1931: (Top) M. Flecker, William Weinberg, (Middle) J. Toth, R. Weinberg, M. Maako, Anna Mesich. (Bottom) Brigitta Molnar, Siri Ellenbogen. (Two members of the Brigade, J. Teher and M. Dettar are not in the photo.)

### NEW YORK—First Shock Brigade

The Hungarian Dramatic Club organized a Theatrical Shock Brigade of 10 members, 4 girls and 6 men, which has met with unusual success. Its purpose was to bring the idea of proletarian culture to out of town workers and by this means also to raise funds for our Hungarian Daily *Uj Elore*.

Securing the loan of two automobiles, on Saturdays and Sundays we visited the cities of New Brunswick, Trenton, Fairfield, Easton, Bethlehem, Passaic, Rahway, Perth Amboy and Baltimore—in the industrial section of five states. Our audience was always one of all workers, and we presented our plays without scenery, sometimes without a curtain or stage, without dressing rooms—dressing among the audience to whom we played. Everywhere we got the warmest comradely reception.

Our program consisted of recitations, chorus, a living news paper about the elections and unemployment, a satire on prosperity, a one act play on the reactionary and the working class newspaper, and a part from a dramatized version of Jack Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World*.

We had to contend with unusual difficulties on our trips. The drivers of the two machines were members of the Shock Brigade. One of the cars was an open one and we suffered from the wind and rain. We had engine trouble and blow-outs. The police searched our cars many times. But we arrived on time and gave a good account of ourselves at every place we were scheduled.

On one occasion playing in Passaic, N. J. we traveled 225 miles in the night following to arrive in Baltimore, Md. After the performance in that city, we again drove 225 miles in return to enable those of us who had jobs to be able to report in time for work on Monday morning.

It was a hard experience for our first Theatrical Shock Brigade. But the results were so gratifying, the reception given us everywhere so comradely, that we are now working out a new program to do it all over, and perhaps reach new groups in different cities.

WILLIAM WEINBERG, Secretary. New York

### Writers Conference

A conference has been called for Sunday, Jan. 10, to form a New York district federation of the proletarian and revolutionary writers of all nationalities. The conference will be held at 10.30 a.m. in the new Cultural Center, 63 W. 15th St., New York City. All organizations of revolutionary writers or of workers correspondents are urged to send delegates. Where no organizations exist, individual writers should come as delegates. All revolutionary publications are also asked to elect representatives.

The proposed federation will be a section of the Workers Cultural Federation. For further information address Writers Federation Committee, 63 W. 15th St., New York City.

# WORKERS ART

Reports & Discussions of Workers Cultural Activities

## Artef Theatre Opens

*TRIKENISH (DROUGHT)*, by Hallie Flanagan and Margaret Ellen Clifford, Based on a story by Whittaker Chambers. Translated and adapted by N. Buchwald. Directed by Beno Schneider. Settings by M. Solotaroff. Dances arranged by Sophie Berensohn. Produced by the Artef (Jewish Workers Theatre) at the Heckscher Foundation Theatre.

The opening of the third season of the Artef is a significant event in the proletarian cultural movement of this country. For the Artef is not merely the only Jewish workers' theatre in the United States; it is technically the furthest advanced, it is the most ambitious and the most solidly organized of any of our workers' theatres.

Six years ago a group of Jewish workers organized the Artef as a dramatic studio. They approached their problems with the utmost seriousness and for three years studied night after night before venturing to produce a play publicly. In December 1928 the Artef presented its first play, *At the Gate*, the work of a young Jewish writer, Beinush Steinman, who died fighting for the Russian Revolution. Since then four other plays have been put on, and now comes the sixth, *Trikenish (Drought)*, opening the group's third season. During this time the Artef has organized itself into three functioning groups: the Artef Players, with a membership of about 45; the Artef Studio, which is a training school for new actors and has about 25 members; and the Artef Club, consisting of some 35 non-players who look after various technical tasks and are the most active supporters of the Artef.

The Artef has established a place for itself in the Jewish revolutionary movement; it has hundreds of workingclass subscribers; it has drawn large numbers of workers away from the influence of the Jewish bourgeois theatre where the twin muse of chauvinism and pornography rules the boards. This despite the fact that the Artef has not always been all that it should have been and has yet to become that sharp, aggressive weapon in the struggles of the Jewish masses which it can and must be if it is to realize all the potentialities of a workers' theatre.

The Artef began by stumbling badly. Its fundamental error has been a tendency to compete with the bourgeois art theatre. An error not of technique, but of ideology, and so drastic that it has left its imprint on every phase of the Artef's work. Its first director professed to have been a pupil of Max Reinhardt; he married Reinhardt to Second Avenue—and thus was born "proletarian art." The first play was an unfortunate choice, the work of a zealous, but immature young playwright who tried to convey revolutionary ideas through religio-mystical symbolism. Throughout its existence the Artef's greatest difficulty has been the securing



Photo by the Chicago Workers Film & Photo League

Dress rehearsal of the Mass Chant Ballet *Dead Soldiers Live*, presented at the Chicago John Reed Anniversary meeting, with the cooperation of the Red Ballet, Blue Blouses, Frederick Engels Club.



*The Uj Elore Hungarian Club Shock Brigade, 1931: (Top) M. Flecker, William Weinberg, (Middle) J. Toth, R. Weinberg, M. Macko, Anna Mesich. (Bottom) Brigitta Molnar, Siri Ellenbogen. (Two members of the Brigade, J. Teher and M. Dettar are not in the photo.)*

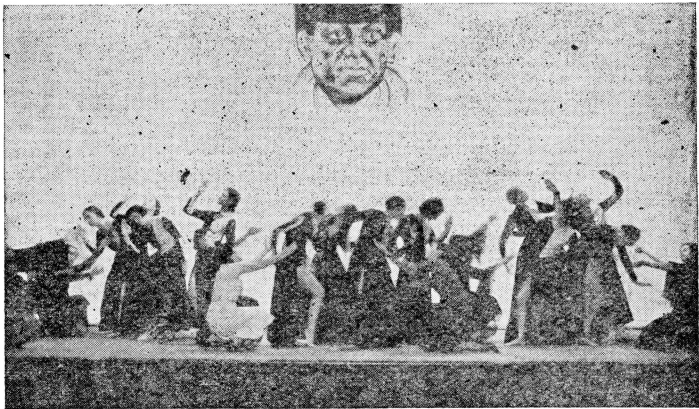


Photo by the Chicago Workers Film & Photo League  
*Dress rehearsal of the Mass Chant Ballet Dead Soldiers Live, presented at the Chicago John Reed Anniversary meeting, with the cooperation of the Red Ballet, Blue Blouses, Frederick Engels Club.*



MURAL PAINTING—for a Brooklyn Commercial building by Anton Refregier

of proper plays, plays dealing with the American class struggle and with the special problems of the Jewish workers in this country. Here's where the Yiddish proletarian writers have had their chance; but while they've produced hundreds of poems, novels and short stories, they have been conspicuously silent in the field of the drama.

Since its first play, the Artef has made significant strides forward. The performance of *Trikenish* shows it. The play itself has the virtue which most of the Artef productions in the past have lacked: it deals with the American class struggle. It has important shortcomings too and is by no means equal to the story on which it is based, Whittaker Chambers' "Can You Hear Their Voices?" which appeared in the *March New Masses*. What made the story so powerful was its quality of being more than a dramatic episode of the class struggle, its quality of generalizing and synthesizing the class experiences of a vast section of the American toilers: the millions of poor farmers of this country. This is missing in the play. Yet despite its shortcomings as dialectic drama, "Can You Hear Their Voices?" remains one of the few revolutionary plays in English. N. Buchwald, who is responsible for the Yiddish version, has drained off the middle-class dilutions, sharpened the characterization of the leading figure, Jim Wardell, and made other minor changes, but essentially the play is the same as in English.

The Artef production is technically accomplished and both the sets and the lighting are of a high order. But there is a good deal of the art theatre manner in the direction of *Trikenish*. The emphasis on the creation of individual "types," the gaudy and somewhat vulgar ballroom scene, the misinterpretation of certain characters (Senator Bagheot and Drdla) and above all, the failure to bring out clearly the development of the class conflict in the play—all this is part of the technical and ideological baggage of the bourgeois art theatre a la Maurice Schwartz. The acting too is weak, lacking in unity and rhythm.

Yet despite these defects, the production of *Trikenish* is a real achievement when one takes into consideration the enormous difficulties under which a proletarian theatre works. The Artef has traveled a long way since its first performance three years ago; it has improved ideologically and artistically; it is today clearer in its aims, more conscious of its responsibilities to the revolutionary movement.

A. B. MAGIL.

## Workers Films and Photos

The Workers' Film and Photo League and the Film Dept. of the Workers International Relief are bringing revolutionary films to workers' organizations thruout the country. With the aid of the Film Dept. dozens of Sovkino, German W. I. R. (Prometheus and Weltfilm) films have been shown in the meeting places of workers. These movies are a great counter-offensive to vicious and nauseating Hollywood productions and have been welcomed by workers everywhere.

Photo League representatives and W. I. R. secretaries in all districts are showing these films to social, literary and music groups, A. F. of L. locals, Y. branches, liberal clubs and fraternal organizations. The list of films includes: *10 Days that Shook the World*, *Cannons or Tractors*, *Storm Over Asia*, *Old and New*, *Volga to Gastonia*, etc. During October and November fully 75 club showings were held in cities and villages from Rhode Island to the Mississippi River. More than half were in N. Y. C., but requests for films for December and January show a rapidly increasing demand for pictures in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Delaware, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota.

All who are interested in the production or distribution of revolutionary films should write—now—to the Film Dept., 16 West 21st Street, New York City.

The League has produced seven newsreels in the last two months. Six cameramen are now shooting scenes for a large production this winter. The Advisory Board—Whittaker Chambers, Robert W. Dunn, Hugo Gellert, Joe North, Robert Evans and H. A. Potamkin—is finishing up the scenario. H. Longview and Louis Jacobs, Editor of *Experimental Cinema* will collaborate on the mounting of final developed material. The picture is being called temporarily *Winter*, 1931. It will portray the struggles of American workers and poor farmers against the miserable living conditions in this third winter of the economic crisis.

Some cameras and equipment are at hand—but there is a shameful lack of money. The Advisory Board asks all who can, to contribute to the Production Fund. Budget estimate is \$4,500, a pitifully small sum compared to the cost of the commercial, usual Hollywood products. If you can't help with a thousand dollars... send—NOW—to 16 W. 21st St. \$1 a week and try to keep it up for 10 weeks.

New York, N. Y.

FILM DEPT.

Workers International Relief.



*MURAL PAINTING—for a Brooklyn Commercial building by Anton Refregier*

**W.I.R. Cultural Center of New York:**

The Cultural Dept. of the Workers' International Relief is now located at the new WIR center, 16 West 21st Street. Its groups include:

Workers Laboratory Theatre, which is running a weekly series of Workers Theatre Nights every Saturday night beginning December 5th. Rehearsals of the WLT are held every Tuesday and Thursday evening at 8.30 P. M.

The Red Dancers, under the direction of Comrade Edith Segal who hold classes and rehearsals every Wednesday evening at 6.30 to 8 and Saturday afternoon at 2.30 to 5. Classes for beginners: In the Workers Cooperative House, 2700 Bronx Park East, Gymnasium, Mondays at 9 to 10 P. M., Downtown, class is now being organized and will be held on Mondays at 6.30 to 7.30, at 16 W. 21st St. All applicants for dancing can register on Wednesdays at 6 P. M.

The Workers Film and Photo League, The WIR Brass Band and the WIR Chorus, which are all functioning regularly.

In addition there will be established a workers' reading room, and regular showing of revolutionary films.

Those interested in any of these activities should communicate with the Cultural Dept. W.I.R. 16 W. 21st St.

HARRY OBER,

Sec'y Cultural dept. Workers International Relief.

**CHICAGO—John Reed Club**

On the 16 of October, the John Reed Club of Chicago held a John Reed Anniversary meeting at the Peoples Auditorium, filled to capacity with a worker audience.

The feature of the meeting was the presentation of *Dead Soldiers Live*—a ballet performed to the rhythms of a mass chant. The Red Ballet, the Engels Club and the Blue Blouses, took part. The chant was written and directed by Max Appelman. The Ballet was conceived and directed by Nathan Vizonsky. The costumes and masks were designed by Mitchel Siporin, whose work is already well known to readers of *New Masses*.

The whole production was received with such enthusiasm it was given again at the anniversary of the Russian Revolution at the Coliseum on November 7.

On October 31, the Chicago JRC held its second annual exhibit, of nearly 100 paintings and drawings. This year there was a Jury of Three Artists: Mitchel Siporin, Gilbert Roche and Jan Wittenber. Preceding the showing of the exhibit at various Workers Clubs a show was held at the 90 & 9 Galleries in the business section, where it was also well attended by workers.

Some of the John Reed Artists of Chicago, including Roche and Wittenber, are also represented in the 44th Annual Exhibit of the Art Institute of Chicago.

JOHN REED CLUB,  
of Chicago.

**Frederick Engels Club**

The Frederick Engels Club of Chicago, a group of young workers and students, was organized about two months ago. We are an active group participating in campaigns of the communist movement, contributing towards it financially as well as partaking in demonstrations, mass chants and organizational work.

Our aim is to study Proletarian and Communist culture and for this purpose we have set aside one evening a week, Monday evening. We have already studied *The Communist Manifesto* and are now studying *Socialism, Utopian and Scientific* by Frederic Engels. Next we plan to study *Value, Price & Profit* and *Programme of the Communist International*. On Thursday evenings we hold our business and discussion meetings. The subjects of our discussions have been of a political and economic nature. These meetings are of great interest and are attended with enthusiasm.

At present our club consists of sixteen members, but we hope to grow and to expand. We wish to cooperate with similar groups.

The Frederick Engels Club, invites all young workers and students to visit us at the Young Workers' Center, 1224 So. Albany Avenue, Chicago, Ill., on Monday or Thursday evening.

Chicago, Ill.

OLGA SIEGEL.

Chairman Contact Committee.

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**DETROIT—John Reed Club**

Permit us to greet the other John Reed Clubs through the Workers' Art Section of *New Masses*.

We can now announce that the Detroit John Reed Club has been reorganized with admirable results.

The club Executive is made up of the officers of the John Reed Club and the six leaders of the work groups. The two elected officers for this present term are Bess Schmidt, Sec'y-Treas., and Duva Mendelssohn, International Sec'y. General meetings of the entire club are held at least once a month or more often if found advisable by the executive board. At present, a large room has been rented in the center of the city, within easy access of all members. The club room is opened from three o'clock on each day, for the use of students and the various work groups.

The general membership, over fifty in number, is divided into six work groups: artists, drama-film, writers, music-dance, students, and associate. Each group, although working out its own respective tasks, may aid one another in some overlapping activity.

The club is participating in the Workers Educational Association Bazaar to be held on Dec. 4, 5, 6. The Music-Dance group is preparing a dance tableau, the artists prepare their booth, and the students undertake the sale of the *New Masses*. As regards the flogging outrage aimed at the members of the Pontiac unemployment council, resolutions have been formulated and sent to the bourgeois press, protesting against such brutal happenings. The members are also offering their help in the sale of the Hunger March subscription books and plan to prepare posters for the Michigan district in their march upon the capitol.

A New Year's Ball will be the first affair of the John Reed Club. It will be held at 269 E. Warren, the Douglas Hall.

All of our comrades send fraternal greetings to other workers groups, assuring them of their interest and cooperation in all workers cultural activities.

DUVA MENDELSSOHN, International Sec'y.

Detroit, Mich.

**To All Writers**

The John Reed Club of New York has been requested to edit anthologies of left-wing literature, one to be published in trans-n in Germany, the other in Soviet Russia. The anthology for Russian translation, which will be issued by the Publishing Department of the International Union of Revolutionary Writers, is to consist entirely of short stories; the one for Germany is to include stories, sketches, reports of scenes from the class struggle, plays and poems.

The editorial committee elected by the John Reed Club has decided, on the basis of the instructions received, on the following conditions for the submission of manuscripts:

1. All material must deal with the American scene.
2. Duplicate copies should be submitted of all short stories (or fragments of novels) in order that they may be available for use in both anthologies.
3. It is recommended that no manuscript be longer than 8,000 words—and preferably shorter.
4. For the Soviet anthology manuscripts in languages other than English may be submitted, but they must deal with the American scene.
5. Manuscripts published before are eligible for submission, but they must be accompanied by written permission from the publishers to reprint in translation.
6. Because of translation difficulties not much space can be given to poetry, and this will have to be mostly free verse.
7. All manuscripts must be typed double—or triple-spaced.
8. All material should be sent to Anthology Committee, John Reed Club, 63 W. 15th St., New York City. No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
9. All manuscripts must be in not later than January 15, 1932.
10. The Anthology Committee of the John Reed Club will be the sole judges of the suitability of all manuscripts, subject to final approval by the Soviet and German publishers.

ANTHOLOGY COMMITTEE,

New York, N. Y.

John Reed Club.



*New Masses, November, 1931*

Hugo Gellert

**Lithograph of LENIN**

By HUGO GELLERT

The drawing of Lenin which appeared in the November issue of *New Masses* is now available in a fine print for our readers. It will be mailed without charge to anyone sending a subscription, beginning December 5 and until the Lenin anniversary, January 21. The drawing can be had with either new subscriptions or renewals.

**The Drawing**

The print is made on a durable cream tinted paper, size 9x12 inches, suitable for framing, or to be hung without frame.

Coming

**IN THE NEXT ISSUE**

"WOMEN ON THE BREADLINES"

by Meridel LeSeur

a powerful picture of unemployed women by a new writer in *New Masses*.

JACK CONROY—writes "Paving Gang"—a story of black and white workers on a job in Missouri.

JOHN DOS PASSOS—in another series of "Portraits" (of Joe Hill) and sketches from his forthcoming novel "1919".

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*New Masses, November, 1921*

*Hugo Gellert*

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 Robert Dunn—"The Capitalist State and Unemployment Insurance."  
 Sunday, Dec. 13th, 8 P. M.—  
 William Simons—"The Responsibility of the American Working-class  
 towards Cuba."  
 Sunday, Dec. 20th, 8 P. M.—  
 Harry Gannes—"The Road to Fascism in the U. S."  
 Sunday, Dec. 27th, 8 P. M.—  
 George Siskind—"The United Front Tactics."  
 Sunday, Jan. 3rd, 8 P. M.—  
 Sam Don—"Education as a Weapon in the Class Struggle."  
 Sunday, Jan. 10th, 8 P. M.—  
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 George Maurer  
 Harry Gannes

OPEN THEIR FIGHT

Against the Vicious Crim-  
 inal Syndicalism Law of  
 Kentucky under which  
 they face 20 years in prison.

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# A Call to Action

To All American Writers, Intellectuals:

War rages in Manchuria. Not all the subterfuge and intrigues of the League of Nations, Secretary Stimson, French imperialism and the Japanese ruling clique can hide the fact from the working masses that with shell and shot the trail is blazed thru Manchuria, northward to the Soviet border. The repartitioning of China has begun. The war to crush the Chinese Soviets has begun. The war against the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics is about to begin.

Despite the sharp antagonisms among the various imperialist powers, they are effecting a temporary truce for a united attack upon the Soviet Union. Japan today is the spearhead of the imperialist attack, but the chief leader and organizer of the intervention is the U. S. A. bought-and-paid-for correspondents of the American capitalist press have been cabling reams of anti-Chinese and anti-Soviet propaganda designed to whip up the lynch sentiment that made possible the imperialist slaughter of 1914-1918. The stage is set. The directors are the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Mellons and their puppets in the government. The intended victims are Soviet Russia, Soviet China and the working masses the world over.

The last war destroyed 10,000,000 and maimed millions more of the flower of the workers, peasants and intellectuals of the world. Most of the intellectuals who did not fight for "democracy" in the trenches fought for the imperialist rulers with their brains and creative talents. Without the loyal service of the writers, journalists, artists, musicians, etc., it would have been impossible for the ruling class to have fooled the masses for long. Now they are once more being mobilized to prepare and justify a new world war—the war by which capitalism hopes to "solve" the economic crisis by destroying the only country that knows no crisis, that has done away with unemployment, with human misery and degradation, the only country that is building a new free culture, the Soviet Union. The war against the Soviet Union is a war against all workers, both manual and intellectual, throughout the world. It is a war to maintain the rule of a corrupt and criminal system that has brought about not only the greatest economic crisis in modern history, but also the greatest cultural crisis.

Quick action is essential. Only the organized protests of all those who oppose any attack on the U.S.S.R. can turn back the war tides that rush on. The John Reed Clubs throughout the country, the organizations of the revolutionary writers and artists of the United States, call upon all writers, artists, teachers, scientists, musicians, etc., to refuse to participate in the ideological preparation of this criminal war. We call upon them to turn the weapons of culture against the imperialist war-makers. Demand *hands off the Soviet Union!* Demand the withdrawal of American troops and warships from China! Defend the

world of tomorrow against the imperialist brigands of today!

John Reed Club of New York,  
John Reed Club of Philadelphia,  
John Reed Club of Chicago,  
John Reed Club of Detroit,  
John Reed Club of Boston,  
John Reed Club, Chapel Hill, N. C.

## Philadelphia

Die Naturfreunde, (English Section) are a newly organized group in Philadelphia, with 20 members, and meet every Friday at the Kensington Labor Lyceum, 2nd and Cambria. Our aim is to bring the workers from the shops and factories into contact with nature, to strengthen their body and mind for the daily battle against capitalism. Our purpose however is not hiking alone. As class conscious workers, we take part directly in all working class struggles.

We ask all those interested to join the English Sections of the only Workers' hiking organization, which is being organized in all cities our club has branches.

Comradely,

Philadelphia, Pa. HANS HUNEKE,  
Die Naturfreunde, Inc., English Section.

*William Siegel*—who designed the cover for this issue is a contributing editor to *New Masses* since 1926.

*M. Soderstrom*—seaman-artist, active member of the Marine Workers Industrial League, made his first appearance in *New Masses* in the October issue.

*Joseph Kalar*—who has contributed often to *New Masses*, *Left*, *Rebel Poet* and other revolutionary publications, is a lumber worker and lives in Minnesota.

*Herman Spector*—now at the unpoetic job of linoleum wrestler in a warehouse, is author of a forthcoming book of verse, *Sweet Like Salvation*.

*Alfred Kreyborg*—lecturer, author, contributes to this issue from a book of verse *This Little World*, to appear in the spring.

*Langston Hughes*—is now on a lecture tour thru the South.

*Philip Sterling*—is a young New York journalist, now unemployed.

*Hugo Gellert*—contributing editor, lives in White Plains, N. Y.

*Bennett Stevens*—author of *The Church and the Workers* is also lecturer for the Workers Anti-Religious League.

*William Gropper*—is staff artist on the N. Y. *Freiheit*.

*Gilbert Roche*—Chicago artist, is an active member of the Chicago Independents, Art Group, and of the John Reed Club of that city.

*Louis Lozowick*—art editor of *New Masses*, contributes the full page back cover cartoon for this issue.



*Anton Refregier*—born during the Russian revolution of 1905, in Moscow. Studied painting and later served as apprentice to a sculptor in Paris. Came to U. S. after the war, worked in textile mills in Rhode Island, washed dishes, worked in bakeries, house painter and Jack of all Trades. Later came to New York and has been applying himself to industrial and decorative art. Designed stage settings, costumes, jewelry, painted murals, etc. Returned from Provincetown this fall with a series of paintings which will be shown at various New York galleries during the winter. Staff artist for the *Office Worker*, contributor to *New Masses*, *Solidarity* and other revolutionary publications.

## IN THIS ISSUE

Three new artists, all of New York, make their first *New Masses* appearance in this issue: *Jefferson Davis* and *Meyer Schlazer*, both commercial artists, and *Mary O. Johnson*, member of the N. Y. John Reed Club.

*Charles Rumford Walker*, and *Sam Ornitz*, writers, were members of the Dreiser Harlan Committee who were recently indicted for criminal syndicalism, after their investigation of the condition of the Harlan, Kentucky miners.

*Norman Macleod*—contributing editor, is now in Los Angeles, Calif.

*Phil Bard*—one of a group of John Reed Club artists and writers who accompanied the N. Y. Section of the National Hunger March to Washington, D. C., is now completing another story in pictures dealing with the present situation in America.

*Whittaker Chambers*—is author of a one-act play of a mine fight, which will appear in a forthcoming issue of *New Masses*.

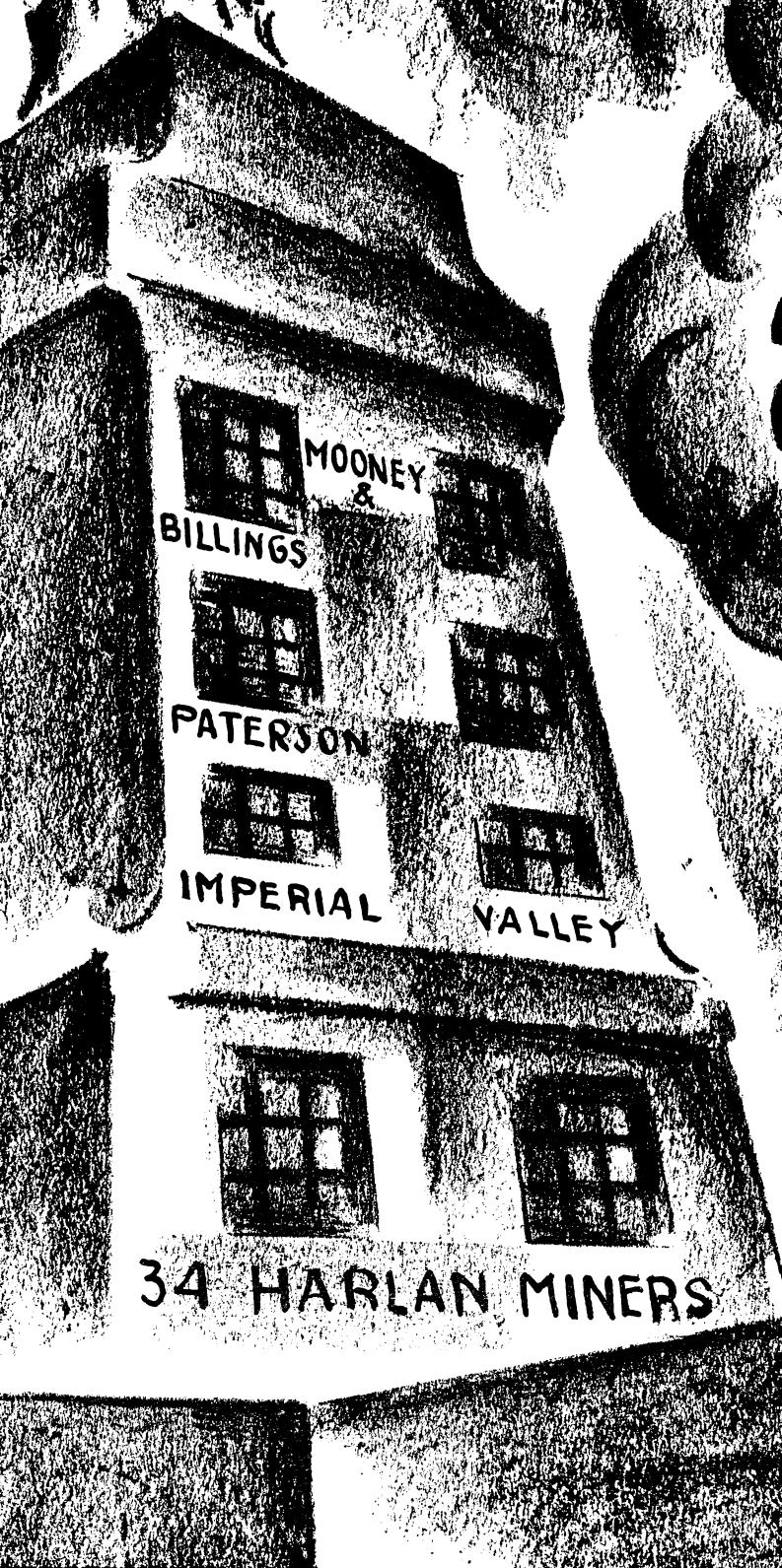
*William Hernandez*—of Brooklyn, is at work on a series of paintings, as well as more of his satirical cartoons which will appear regularly in future issues.

*E. Merrill Root*—teaches in Indiana.

*John Dos Passos*—contributes more sections of his forthcoming novel "1919" to the coming issue of *New Masses*.

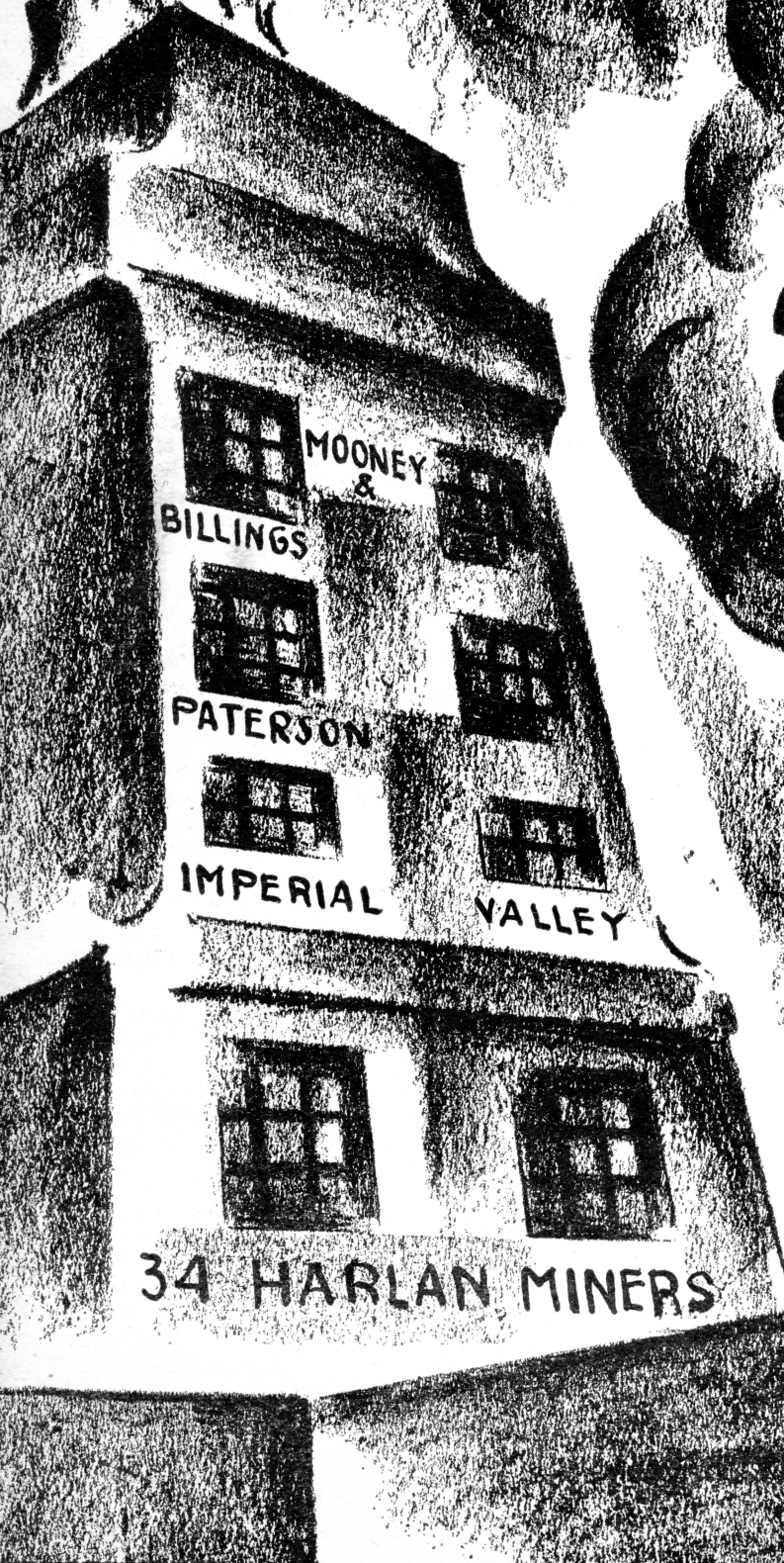


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DEPORTATIONS





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