

JOHN L. SPIVAK EXPOSES!

APRIL 3
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NEW MASSES

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**SEN. LANGER'S SECRET
MEETING FOR
NEGOTIATED PEACE**

*Also in This Issue: **SOVIET WRITERS AND THE WAR**, by Nikolai Tikhonov; **BEHIND THE GOP STEERING WHEEL**, by Virginia Gardner; **PANIC AMONG THE SATELLITES**, by John Stuart; **JAPAN'S HEADACHES**, by Eugene Zhukov.*

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MARCH 8TH, 1944
(D.A.)

To
THE NEW MASSES
104 EAST 9TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR FRIENDS:
RECEIVED YOUR FEB. 8TH, ISSUE HERE IN NO-AFRICA. PLEASE
ACCEPT PLEDGE OF 25:00 FOR YOUR DRIVE. N.M. IS A MAINSTAY OF THOSE WHO
WOULD KNOW THE SCORE.
OF ALL THE PUBLICATIONS EXTANT, N.M. FILLS THE GREATEST NEED
ALTHOUGH THE "FIELD" HERE IS CROWDED WITH THE "SLICK" STUFF. THE
OPINION OF THOSE SUBSCRIBED IS, IF THE "GUYS" DON'T GET THE DOPE AND GET
IT STRAIGHT, IT WILL BE A CINCH FOR A DEMAGOGUE TO SWING THE WHOLE
MOVEMENT OF UNEMPLOYED "VETS" TO A VERY PRO-FASCIST POSITION. EFFORTS
OF THE LOCAL "PRESS" SEEM TO BE DEDICATED TO A "BUILD-UP" OF THE ISOLATED
STRIKES, AND A "PLAY-DOWN" OF AMERICA'S MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION EFFORT.
N.M. MUST NOW ASSUME IT'S ROLE OF LEADER IN CORRECT THOUGHT,
N.M. MUST CONTINUE IT'S EFFORTS WITH MORE FRIENDS AND MORE MONEY THAN
EVER BEFORE. ----- NOW THE CHIPS ARE DOWN. ---- NOW WE FIGHT OR
PERISH----- COUNT ME IN ----- COUNT ALL OF US IN WHO ARE DETERMINED TO
SEE THIS THING THROUGH TO THE BITTER END, -- TO VICTORY OVER FASCISM,
WHEREVER IT MAY RAISE ITS UGLY HEAD.

FIGHT THERE FRIENDS, AS WE FIGHT HERE. <

George Hendrickson

This note, by a seaman, speaks for itself. We don't believe anything further need be said, except this: the writer of this V-letter faces death daily at his post in defense of our country. And that is the way he feels about NM. What about those of us who are at home? Are we doing all we can to guarantee the continued existence of a publication like ours? Have we matched the efforts of this seaman? You answer that question—and there's a blank on Page 29 to help you answer.

FOR almost two years, one of NEW MASSES' most popular departments was Bruce Minton's "Watch on the Potomac." Our Washington editor's work attracted the attention of thousands throughout the country for its clear, prescient coverage of the capital. His writings from Washington have been an invaluable contribution and we wish to take occasion, at this time, to express our gratitude. For these reasons we regret to announce that Mr. Minton is leaving Washington for the West Coast where he will make his home: we are happy, however, to be able to announce simultaneously that he will be our West Coast editor, and will be writing regularly from there.

We hope, at no distant date, to be able to announce that Ruth McKenney, who, as most of our readers know, is Mrs. Minton, will begin re-appearing in these pages. She is currently working at top-speed on a new book—hence, her inability to do her regular stint for NM. Because of her book, and because she will be living three thousand miles from here, she will be unable to continue as a member of the editorial board. She will,

however, become one of our contributing editors.

WE WONDER what you are doing about the Spivak series? We believe these revelations constitute one of his most important contributions to the nation's welfare. And we are fortified in that belief by the fact that other publications have joined with us in the exposure of these sinister groups in American life.

What are NM readers doing about it? Are you getting your friends and neighbors to read the series? We are glad to notice that our Boston readers have demanded the removal from the city payroll of W. B. Gallagher, one of those exposed by Mr. Spivak in his first article. Have you done anything to match it? Sent any letters or wires to Attorney General Biddle demanding action against Charles Coughlin and others who have been harming our country's war effort?

And while we are at it, have you got your friends and acquaintances to subscribe to this magazine, so that it can continue at maximum to throw the spotlight on our country's ene-

mies? You know that subscriptions are the life-blood of a publication, and that it is imperative that such journals as our reach the widest possible audience this most crucial year. It is not enough, we submit, to read the Spivak exposes: we must get thousands more to read, and subsequently, to act. If they become steady readers of NM that is guarantee that they will be impelled to consistent, vital action in the job of winning this war as quickly as possible, and of assuring victory in the postwar days.

WE ARE happy, this week, to be able to give you Nikolai Tikhonov's superb estimate of the Soviet writer in wartime. We believe this is the first time in America such a comprehensive piece on this question has appeared. We publish it for its intrinsic value, and also because we hope that it will be the basis for a searching self-examination by our American writers.

We recommend a serious study of Tikhonov's piece: and urge our readers—writers as well as others—to send us their reactions to his article.

Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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SENATOR LANGER'S SECRET MEETING

By JOHN L. SPIVAK

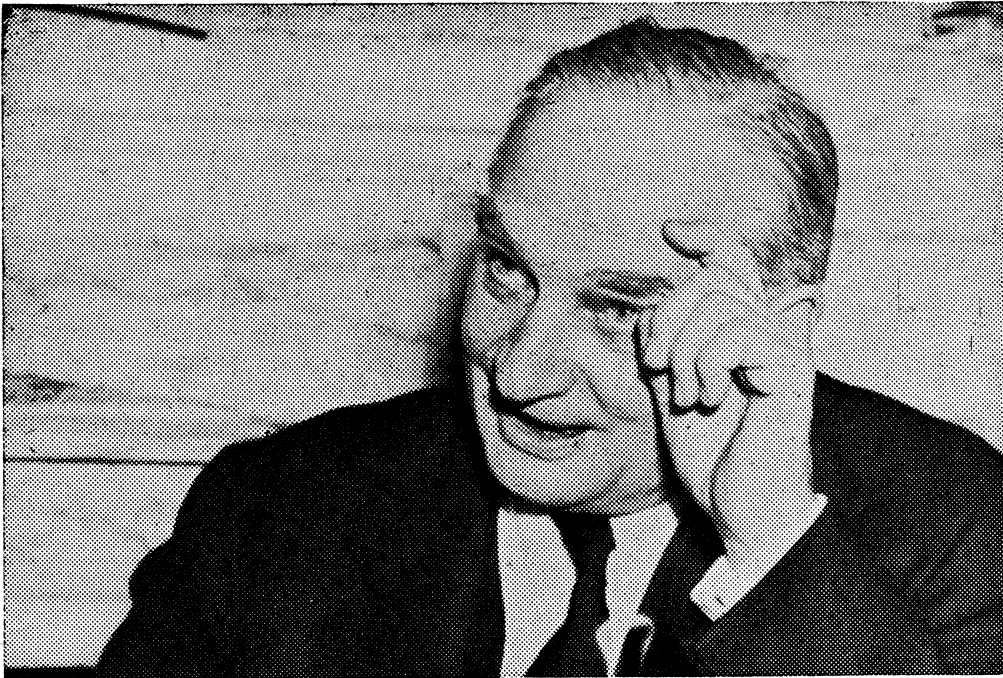


In his first two articles John L. Spivak revealed the outlines of a vast conspiracy to launch a drive for a negotiated peace with Germany simultaneously with the opening of the second front in western Europe. This campaign is to be timed with the second front in the hope that the inevitably larger casualty lists will make the American people susceptible to the negotiated peace propaganda. A twin objective is the defeat of the Roosevelt administration in the 1944 elections. The conspiracy got under way early in 1943, shortly after the Nazi debacle at Stalingrad, with a series of secret conferences called by Gen. Robert

E. Wood, former head of the America First Committee, Col. Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago "Tribune," and Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, employed by Henry Ford. Present at these conferences were former America First leaders, certain United States Senators notorious for their defeatist views, and two representatives of Charles E. Coughlin—William B. Gallagher, superintendent of printing at the Boston Public Library, and Patrick J. Moynihan, also of Boston.

Spivak also revealed that shortly after Pearl Harbor Coughlin began building a St. Sebastian's Brigade among members of

the armed forces. This was disguised as "a religious activity," and the men were enrolled not directly, but by their parents, sisters, wives, or sweethearts in response to Coughlin's promise to pray to "Almighty God, through St. Sebastian, for the safekeeping of the boys who are doing the actual fighting." In this fashion the brigade has grown to 130,000 members, with whom Coughlin keeps in touch by mail and on whom he expects to rely when the war is over. This activity was tied up with a sordid money-making scheme, Coughlin sending to each enrolled boy a medallion that supposedly placed him under the saint's



It was just an innocent get-together, Senator William Langer of North Dakota assured NM editor Joseph North in response to a telegraphed query about the secret meeting Langer called last December 11 in the Morrison Hotel, Chicago. But Mrs. Lyril Clark Van Hyning, who is actively working for a negotiated peace, admitted to Spivak she was there and did not deny his statement that Coughlinites, followers of Gerald L. K. Smith and America Firsters were also present. If these Jew-baiters have suddenly developed an interest in "enforcement of laws passed to prevent discrimination because of race, color, creed or sex," that is news indeed.

<p>CLASS OF SERVICE This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless otherwise indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.</p>	<h1 style="margin: 0;">WESTERN UNIONS</h1> <p style="font-size: small; margin: 0;">A. N. WILLIAMS PRESIDENT</p>	<p>SYMBOLS</p> <p>DL=Day Letter NL=Night Letter C=Deferred Cable MT=Cable Message SL=Ship Radiogram</p>
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HON JOSEPH NORTH EDITOR= 293 E 1-13

NEW MASSLS 104 EAST NINTH STREET NYK

REURTEL I CALLED MEETING MYSELF AND APPEARED UNDER NO ONE'S AUSPICES INVITED PERSONAL FRIENDS NONE OF WHOM APPEARED FOR ANY ORGANIZATION OR GROUP. THE MEETING WAS ALONG NONPARTISAN LINES IN AN ENDEAVOR TO GET FOLKS WHO BELIEVE ALONG LIBERAL LINES UNITED INSTEAD OF WORKING AT CROSS PURPOSES. WE DISCUSSED OLD AGE PENSIONS. ENFORCEMENT OF LAWS PASSED TO PREVENT DISCRIMINATION BECAUSE OF RACE COLOR CREED OR SEX. EMPLOYMENT FOR SOLDIERS WHEN THEY RETURN. EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN AND MANY OTHER SUBJECTS ADVOCATED BY SENATOR NORRIS.

WILLIAM LANGER USS

protection in return for a new subscription to "Social Justice," sent in by the boy's relative or friend. Spivak estimates that almost \$400,000 has been collected. In an interview between Spivak and Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward J. Hickey, chancellor of the Detroit diocese, it is disclosed that Coughlin's Church superiors were not informed by him about the brigade till eleven months after it had been started, that they have no control over its funds, and that St. Sebastian, whom Coughlin describes as the

patron saint of soldiers, is not recognized as such by Catholic authorities.—The Editors.

ON DEC. 11, 1943, Senator William Langer of North Dakota held a secret meeting at the Morrison Hotel, Chicago, with leaders of mothers' groups, Coughlinites, and others of the old "isolationists" and pro-fascists who are planning to make the chief issue of the coming presidential campaign "national-

ism" versus "internationalism." President Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie are, of course, the arch-"internationalists." Admission to this conference could be gained only by special invitation. Present was Earl Southard, close friend of Charles A. Lindbergh and personal representative of Gerald L. K. Smith. Southard has sat in on a number of these extraordinarily secret sessions, including some with men recognized as Charles E. Coughlin's personal representatives.

The mothers' groups, whose leaders attended Senator Langer's conference, are an important aspect of the vast conspiracy to launch a negotiated peace drive when the second front opens and the casualty lists start mounting. The cynical exploitation of the grief and anxiety of mothers with sons in the service is being counted on to create broad sympathy in the population as a whole for the campaign to "stop the slaughter" and come to terms with the German fascists. The fact that this would seriously threaten our national safety and make inevitable postwar upheavals and World War III is, of course, carefully hidden from the women who are deluded into joining these mothers' organizations. The leaders of these groups also hope to organize the tremendous voting power of American women, which, because of the absence of so many men at the fronts, is estimated at over sixty percent of the total national vote. If a sizable number of mothers can be persuaded that the President "led us into war" and is thus responsible for their sons facing death on the battlefield, the administration could be defeated at the polls. And defeat of the administration, which insists on unconditional surrender of the Axis powers and has entered into the international agreements negotiated at Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran, is a primary objective of the organizers of the secret conferences.

These mothers' pressure groups were started before our entry into the war and were originally followers of Coughlin. Later some leaders of these groups were used to form America First chapters in their communities. After Pearl Harbor they became dormant for a time, but sprang into renewed activity within a few months after the secret conferences that were initiated early in 1943, shortly after the Nazi disaster at Stalingrad. The most influential of these groups is We The Mothers Mobilize For America, Inc., headed by Mrs. Lyril Clark Van Hyning with offices at present at 537 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago. Before Pearl Harbor this group worked closely with the America First Committee and got financial support directly from General Wood. Mrs. Van Hyning's relationship with officials of the America First Committee, the Citizens Keep-America-Out-of-War Committee, mothers' groups which were popping up in different cities, as well as the nature of the propaganda she disseminated, brought her

before the federal grand jury investigating subversive activities in Chicago. The organization's records and books were seized in April 1942, but not enough was found to justify an indictment, and the books were eventually returned.

The organization issues a monthly official organ, *Women's Voice*, which, before Pearl Harbor had a circulation of 1,000. Today its circulation is 20,000 and it goes to a sizable mailing list. Bundle orders are filled in hefty quantities and shipped from coast to coast, especially to Detroit, Pontiac, and Flint, Mich., Cincinnati, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Mo., and Los Angeles. It is Mrs. Van Hyning's hope that *Women's Voice* will serve to guide the local leaders of other mothers' pressure groups who look to We The Mothers for direction.

I spent several hours talking with Mrs. Van Hyning, who is very close-mouthed about the secret conferences she has attended. She is a dark, rather charming woman of about forty, nervously energetic, and with a pronounced tendency to get almost hysterical when attempting to explain some of her activities logically. Spectacles give her a schoolmarmish air. She speaks normally with a slow drawl, has an excellent choice of words and dresses in good taste, tinged with a flair for the jaunty.

The office of We The Mothers consists of a single room with a desk cluttered high with papers, behind which Mrs. Hyning sits facing the door. At the left are several tables, also piled high with printed propaganda, at which a middle-aged woman—thin, scrawny, her face lined with worry—usually sits getting the stuff ready for mailing. This, I was to learn later, was Mrs. Rose Brinkman, a morose and brooding character who, while apparently concentrating on her work, nevertheless has both ears open to the conversation about her, and watches over Mrs. Van Hyning like a perturbed hen with one lone chick.

When I walked in, Mrs. Van Hyning had just returned from Washington where she had conferred for several days with US Senators and other government officials. She was suffering from a heavy chest cold, and Mrs. Brinkman kept pressing her to drink from a container of hot coffee and to ease her throat with horehound drops. I explained that I was interested in the various mothers' groups and their possible effect upon the 1944 presidential election. Mrs. Van Hyning invited me to sit down and find a place on her heaped desk at which I could take notes. I shoved a small mountain of printed material aside, and while I was taking out some note paper, she began without waiting for a question:

"I estimate that about sixty-five percent of the vote is now held by women and it is up to them to clean up the political swamp," she said intensely. "Women have not realized their responsibility in government."

We talked for about a half hour on

the power held by women as voters, the many objectives of We The Mothers, the middle-class women whom she leads. During the conversation my eye caught a paragraph in an issue of the *Women's Voice* lying on the cluttered desk. It was a type of propaganda in which Hitler agents had specialized, but I thought I'd wait until a little later before bringing it up. At the moment I was more interested in her Washington trip.

"You saw Senator William Langer of North Dakota there, I believe?"

She hesitated a moment and said, "Yes, I did. We discussed as much of the political situation as we could in the few days I was there. All government officials are naturally interested in the women's vote, and we're preparing to swing into action for the coming campaign."

"Could you give me an idea of what you took up with the Senator?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly.

"I assume you discussed matters of benefit to the country, so why should it be kept a secret?"

"Well," she said with a faint note of

excitement, "you don't go around telling everybody what your plans are, even if they are for the country's benefit."

"Why not?"

"Why—why naturally you don't. You just don't."

"The reason I asked," I explained, "is that I understood that one of the things you took up with him was the proposed political set-up for you and other mothers' groups—"

She looked at me bright-eyed and frowned.

"Have some coffee, darling," Mrs. Brinkman said suddenly, rising from her seat and tendering the container of coffee. "Have it now before it gets cold."

Mrs. Van Hyning took several sips, lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply and broke into a fit of coughing.

"Better take a horehound drop, darling," said Mrs. Brinkman fluttering about her. Mrs. Van Hyning took a drop and it eased her fit of coughing.

"She's always smoking—always smoking," Mrs. Brinkman complained to no one in particular, shaking her head sadly. She re-



Mrs. Lyril Clark Van Hyning, chairman of We the Mothers Mobilize for America, Inc., as she appeared when subpoenaed before a Chicago federal grand jury that investigated seditious activities.

Acmo

tant.

Therefore, We the Mothers, who have the greatest stake in these drafted citizen soldiers and the first claim on them—next to their own right to “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness” — under our Federal Constitution,— call on our representatives in Washington whom we elected on their solemn pre-election pledge to keep us out of the foreign war then raging across the oceans—to call a halt on the present needless slaughter, by entering immediately into conferences for a negotiated peace which “our enemies” in Europe have been proposing since October 1939.

We ask the “before Pearl Harbor” non-interventionists to state publicly how many of them knew about the diplomatic juggling, which provoked and precipitated the “surprise” attack before it was brought to their attention by Hon. Jeannette Rankin in her valedictory address to the Congress on Dec. 8, 1942.

A sample of the sedition that regularly appears in “Women’s Voice.” The above is from the June 24, 1943, issue.

accord with the thought which motivates the action, primarily I suppose because it coincides with my own belief.

The American people themselves must do their own weighing and deciding before the politicians put forth their choice made for them by the International Bankers. It was with this thought and the Truism that “you can’t beat somebody with nobody,” that we advanced them the name of “Henry Ford.”

First, we considered the qualifications that the American people should demand in a candidate then we chose

McArthur, I recognize, could not be buried, but here is a point I wish could be cleared up. Is he a relative of Churchill or Roosevelt? While I myself have no anti-feeling, but since our Government has for the past ten years been so largely con-

trolled by Jews, the people of the Middle West are very sensitive to this question. The work must be done before the primary, that is why we are most interested in encouraging incorruptible citizens to run for delegates in each party. Since I started this letter, I have talked with

“We’re not anti-Jewish,” Mrs. Van Hyning told Spivak. The above clipping, which repeats the Hitler lie that the Roosevelt administration is controlled by Jews, is from an article signed by Mrs. Van Hyning in the Nov. 25, 1943, issue of “Women’s Voice.” And note who her favorite presidential candidate is—Henry Ford, Lindbergh’s employer.

turned to her tables and lapsed into silence.

“I understood,” I resumed, “that you consulted him about a plan to divide each city where there’s a mothers’ group into wards and precincts so as to achieve local political influence—”

“Yes,” she said frankly. “We discussed that. That’s what we’re doing now. When we do that we will move in circles which put people in office. We will thus achieve political power.”

“That seems to be a perfectly legitimate activity, so why is it kept secret?”

“Well, when you’re organizing a political movement, you don’t go around telling everybody.”

“Why not?”

“Well, you just don’t.”

“All right. I understand that We The Mothers was originally organized to fight lend-lease, and went on from there to oppose conscription and so on. Do you mothers still think you were right to have opposed national defense measures in view of what happened at Pearl Harbor and the now known plans of the Nazis against this country?”

“We knew we were right—even after Pearl Harbor,” she said excitedly, “but we did not want to get into trouble. We knew about the sedition act and we took the names of all soldiers off our mailing list. To have kept them on would have brought the accusation that we were hurting the morale of the armed forces, and we didn’t want to get into trouble.”

“But isn’t sending that sort of stuff to parents of soldiers hurting the morale on the home front?”

“We never thought we did anything we shouldn’t.” There was a faint note of defiance in her voice.

“While we are on the subject of morale, there’s an interesting aspect I’d like to ask you about. At almost every one of your meetings both the speakers and the audience show a distinct anti-British and anti-Russian attitude. Don’t you think that carrying on propaganda in wartime against our chief allies tends to create disunity and thus helps our enemies?”

“That’s not so,” she protested vigorously, losing her drawl. “We’re not anti-Russian. We admire Stalin and the Russians. They are a brave people. But why shouldn’t we be anti-British? Great Britain is constantly dragging us into her wars. She dragged us into the last one and now dragged us into this one. Is it any wonder we’re anti-British?”

“Whether or not England dragged us into this war is a question historians will probably determine at some future date, but at present England is our ally. To whip up sentiment against Britain tends to disunity, and disunity helps the Nazis.”

“I don’t think it creates disunity,” she said, torn again by a fit of coughing. She took another sip of the now cold coffee and cleared her throat.

I was writing down her answers ver-

batim and my eyes were on the paper before me when I was startled by a pounding on the desk. I glanced up quickly. Mrs. Van Hyning had put her cigarette in an ash tray and with two clenched fists was pounding the desk excitedly, almost jumping in her seat.

“And we’re not anti-Jewish, either!” she was saying shrilly.

Her voice had lost its poised drawl and seemed far removed from her drawing room air. I waited until she caught her breath and became quiet.

“I never said you were,” I remarked mildly. “Why so vigorous a protest?”

“Because we’ve been accused of it!” she shouted almost hysterically and began pounding the desk again.

“Well, I’ve heard you were,” I said, “But I hadn’t intended to raise the question at this time. But since you brought up the subject—”

I reached for the copy of *Women’s Voice* on her desk which had caught my eye during the early part of the interview. It was the Aug. 26, 1943, issue and I read the paragraph that had held my attention:

“The fact that we lack vital constitutional money now is due chiefly to the crafty Jews and other money changers who have continually bribed, in various ways, a majority of our legislators to betray their trust.”

“Would you say,” I asked when I finished reading it, “that this is not anti-Semitic propaganda smacking of the stuff Goebbels and Father Coughlin spread in this country to create religious and racial hatred?”

“We’re not anti-Jewish!” she insisted excitedly. “We’re just opposed to the international bankers and it’s too bad so many of the international bankers are Jews.”

I DID not want to argue the accuracy of her “facts” on the predominance of Jews in the international banking field. I thought I’d get off the subject since it seemed to bring her to the point of hysterics.

“Could you tell me how your organization is financed?” I asked, trying to get her into a calmer mood.

“We get twenty-five cents a year in dues—that’s all. My heavens! How many people have wanted to know how the organization is financed! For heaven’s sake!”

Her voice rose to a shrill crescendo, and for a moment I expected that she would start pounding her desk again, but she confined herself to raising her arms and waving them in a sort of apoplectic indignation.

“That’s what the federal grand jury wanted to know,” she continued. “That’s what everybody wants to know. Our incomes come from small contributions. The biggest contribution was from General Wood. We have no big contributors.”

“I didn’t say or imply that you were getting large sums from mysterious sources,” I said soothingly. “I just asked.”

“Everybody just asks,” she said resentfully.

Suddenly Mrs. Brinkman, whom I had almost forgotten, uttered a spine-chilling cry which was half wail and half shriek. Mrs. Van Hyning and I sat petrified.

"I'll go to hell for my son!"

We turned startled eyes in her direction. Mrs. Brinkman seemed distracted. Her eyes were filled with tears and her voice choked.

"I went to hell and through hell for him for twenty-two years and I'll go again!"

With that Mrs. Brinkman returned to her work without another word, but her outburst told me more about the appeal and hold these mothers' groups have upon certain women than all their meetings and printed propaganda. This poor soul was obviously wrapped up in her son. He was her whole life and the government had taken him off to war, perhaps to be killed or wounded. To her, and to countless women like her, the mothers' groups come with the propaganda that Roosevelt, the international bankers, England, and Russia have drawn us into this war. It is never, I have noticed, the Nazis' fault.

"IS THERE much cooperation between We The Mothers and Coughlinites in Chicago?" I asked after a few moments' silence. "I understand that many of your members are active followers of Father Coughlin."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "that's more or less true. They're all alive to the machinations of the international bankers, you know." She hesitated, and then drawled judiciously, "But I wouldn't say this is a Coughlinite organization."



Donald Shea, who has been excluded as "dangerous to national defense" from all coastal areas of the United States, is a close co-worker of Mrs. Lyril Clark Van Hyning. Shea has been an active distributor of Nazi literature and, according to John Roy Carlson's "Under Cover," described Hitler as "one of the world's greatest and most merciful leaders."

"Aren't some of your executive board members known Coughlinites?"

"Yes, I believe some of them are. They're alive to the international bankers, you know."

"Didn't a group of We The Mothers go to Detroit to discuss with Father Coughlin their activities for the '44 campaign?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "Not that I know of."

Mrs. Brinkman, apparently absorbed in her work after her outburst, turned to us and said helpfully:

"Oh, yes, a bus load of us went up to see Father a few months ago about it."

National Gentile League

Greetings Patriots:—

I take this opportunity to congratulate your organization for its very fine record of defending the Constitution of our great nation.

The fight is not won as yet. However, great progress is being made. We must "Attack, Attack, and Attack, those who in our Government have set themselves up above the written law. Keep up the fight and we shall win.

Donald Shea.

More evidence of the anti-Semitic character of We the Mothers Mobilize for America, Inc., is this letter of congratulation that appeared in the Nov. 25, 1943 issue of "Women's Voice" from Donald Shea, head of the National Gentile League.

Mrs. Van Hyning frowned for a split flash and said quickly:

"Really? I didn't know."

"Oh, yes," continued Mrs. Brinkman with the same eager desire to be of help, "don't you remember? We all went up in September."

"Thank you," I said appreciatively and turning to Mrs. Van Hyning asked:

"Didn't you go personally in October to see Father Coughlin?"

"No," she said before Mrs. Brinkman could be of further help. "Mrs. Brinkman and I went up on October 5—that was when Gerald L. K. Smith was holding some meeting, but we didn't get a chance to talk to Father Coughlin. Something came up—I think somebody in our group became ill and we had to return to Chicago. We just had a one-day session with women group leaders in Detroit."

"Of course, you plan to discuss with Father Coughlin the part the mothers' groups will play before the campaign opens?"

"Oh, certainly," she said. "I'd like to very much. I certainly intend to before we go all out."

"Now that we are at war," I said, changing the subject, "what are your objectives? A negotiated peace?"

"Absolutely!" she exclaimed. "A negotiated peace is the only kind of peace!"

"Why?"

"Why!" she exclaimed, suddenly excited again and clenching her fists. "Why! Why naturally! All peaces are negotiated!"

"Do you want a negotiated peace with Japan, too?"

"Japan is our enemy!" she exclaimed hysterically, "but we're not fighting Japan. We're just fighting Germany!"

"Isn't a negotiated peace exactly what the Nazis want now that it's only a question of time before they are licked?"

"My God!" she exclaimed. "What was the last peace but a negotiated one? The Germans were beaten and they rearmed.

Curran Lauds Coughlin As 'Greatest Patriot in America'

Special Correspondence

BOSTON, Mar. 21.—Nearly 700 Boston friends and supporters of Rev. Edward Lodge Curran of Brooklyn, controversial leader of this war. The audience rose and cheered when the speaker hailed Charles Coughlin as "the greatest patriot in America."

vasion of Europe be not the success we hope it will be."

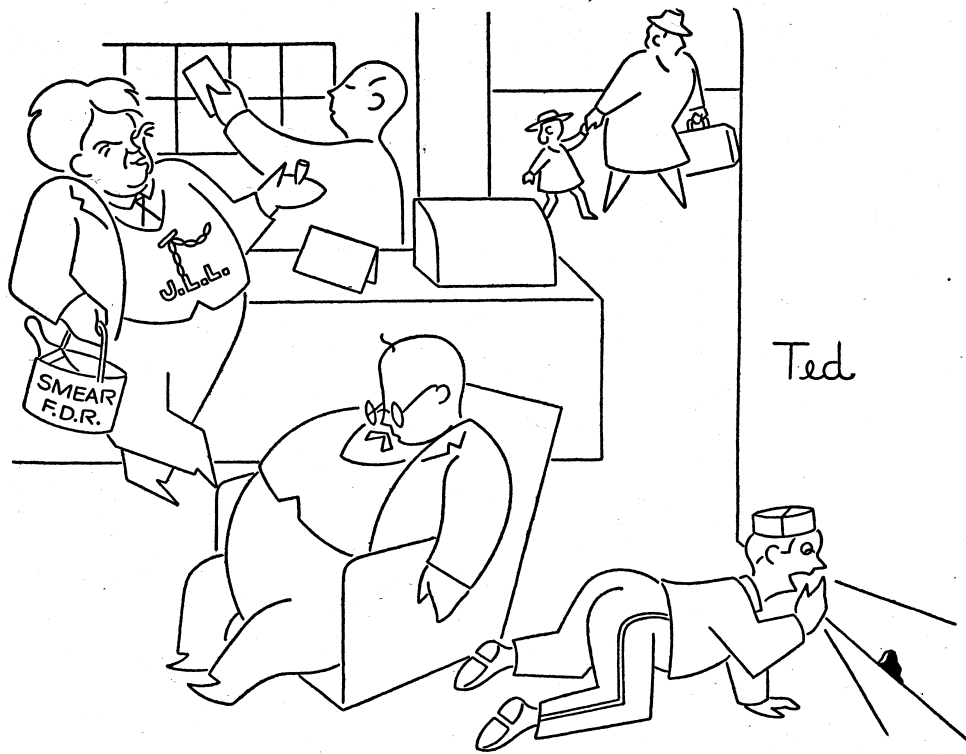
Curran spoke at a previously unannounced birthday banquet in his honor. The toastmaster was William B. Gallagher, of South Boston, whose invitation to the Brooklyn cleric to speak at the Evacuation protest two years ago. Curran, editor of the Brooklyn Tablet, was a supporter of the anti-semitic Christian Front.

Ireland, Curran protested: "We have the right to demand that the State Dept. be not used as a stooge or a trigger-man or a Charley McCarthy for the British Government."

"We have just as much right to cry out," he continued, "as the Jewish population in this country has the right to cry out for Jewish sovereignty and expansion in Palestine."

He challenged the

The William B. Gallagher named in the above story in PM of March 21 is the man whom Spivak exposed in his first article as a representative of Charles E. Coughlin who, under Spivak's questioning, admitted he had held secret conferences with Col. Robert McCormick, Gen. Robert E. Wood, and Charles A. Lindbergh. Many Bostonians are now demanding that Gallagher be fired from his job as superintendent of printing at the Boston Public Library.



"Calling Martin Dies!"

"We want peace!" she almost shrieked and started banging on the desk again. I waited until the spasm exhausted itself and said:

"It's quite true that the last peace was a negotiated one, and it led to another war. Wouldn't it be better then to make sure that the Nazis surrender unconditionally so we can impose terms which will keep them from throwing the world into another war a generation from now?"

"I don't care what the Germans do!" she shrieked. "I want to wake the American women to their responsibility to their sons, to peace—"

I waited until she calmed down and said: "There's one thing that puzzles me: the sort of propaganda your organization carried on before Pearl Harbor, which was no doubt actuated by the most patriotic desires, just happened to fall in line with what paid Nazi agents operating in this country wanted to see—"

Her eyes blazed. She clenched her fist and half rose from her chair.

"Just a moment, please," I said, "I am not accusing you of being a paid Nazi agent. I merely say that the sort of propaganda you carried on tended to fall in line with what paid Nazi agents wanted to see in this country. Now you are demanding a negotiated peace at exactly the time Germany wants that more than anything, since she knows she cannot win the war. How do you account for these strange coincidences?"

Mrs. Van Hyning clutched at a horehound drop and caught her breath. She tried to restrain her voice, but it was no use.

"I don't care what the Germans want!" she exploded, while Mrs. Brinkman turned

a disapproving eye on me. "I want peace. We want peace—an end—my God!"

"All right, all right," I said soothingly. "Let's get off the subject, if there isn't a reasonable explanation for the strange coincidences. I was just asking. Do you mind telling me if your organization was part of the old America First Committee?"

Mrs. Van Hyning hesitated, clenched and unclenched her tense fingers, and finally regained her poise.

"I don't—I don't—well, I can hardly say," she began in her soft drawl. "They considered us—they never let us—well, I don't know. We cooperate with anyone going our way. They were, so we cooperated."

"I understand that you were called in on some rather confidential conferences with former leaders of the America First Committee about the part your organization and other mothers' groups would play in the '44 campaign and a drive to bring about a negotiated peace."

She looked at me without answering, her eyes suddenly wary. I waited for her to answer. After a moment's silence she said:

"Only to do what we are doing: to contact women in our precincts—to get women to organize in their precincts. We're organizing precinct by precinct."

"That was one of the things you discussed with Senator Langer, I believe?"

Mrs. Hyning eyed me with a puzzled air and slowly nodded.

"Could you tell me a little about the meeting you attended at the Morrison Hotel on Dec. 11, 1943?"

The head of We The Mothers opened her mouth as if to say something and closed it again.

"Was it that secret?" I smiled.

Mrs. Van Hyning continued to look at me without saying anything.

"Weren't you there?"

"I didn't get there until after six o'clock and it had been on since early in the morning," she said finally. "I didn't stay long."

"There were representatives of other mothers' groups, Coughlinites, followers of Gerald L. K. Smith, America Firsters and so on?"

"I don't know who was there," she said. "I didn't stay long."

"Do you mind telling me who invited you?"

"Why—maybe I shouldn't say anything about that meeting," she said abruptly. "No, I don't think I should. I won't say any more about it."

"Why?"

"I don't know anything about it. I don't know who was there."

"But who invited you?"

"I don't remember. I get many invitations and I can't remember who invited me at that time."

"Wasn't Senator Langer there?"

"Yes," she said hesitantly.

"Who invited him?"

"He invited himself."

"How did he know about it?"

"It was his meeting."

"Who arranged it for him?"

"I don't know. I guess he did."

"You mean he just appeared in Chicago, hired a room at the Morrison Hotel, and phoned around saying, 'Look, I want to hold a very confidential meeting—admission by special invitation only?'"

"I'd rather not talk about it," she said unhappily, lighting a cigarette.

"Didn't Earl Southard, Lindbergh's friend and Gerald L. K. Smith's representative in Chicago, discuss the meeting with you?"

"I really don't remember."

"Southard was there?"

"I don't know. The room was full of smoke. I didn't get there till near the end."

"Senator Langer discussed the problem of organizing the various groups, especially the mothers, for the coming propaganda drive, didn't he?"

"I suppose. I suppose so," she said. "I don't know anything about it. I don't want to talk about it."

The mystery surrounding the Senator's meeting with leaders of mothers' pressure groups is equalled only by the secrecy which surrounds all these conferences that have resulted in a carefully mapped plan for a gigantic propaganda drive to defeat the Roosevelt administration and force a negotiated peace with Germany.

Next week I shall tell about the activity of another participant in these conferences, Earl Southard, Lindbergh's friend and Gerald L. K. Smith's Chicago representative.

BEHIND THE GOP STEERING WHEEL

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington

A LEADING figure in the Senate, a Republican who has strongly supported the administration in its foreign policy—one of those conspicuously absent on the new Republican Senate steering committee—was asked by a local newspaperman if the nine-man committee didn't represent a victory for the defeatists. Off the record, replied the Senator, yes; he was absolutely right.

The members, however, demur when asked if this committee, which is to control Republican strategy in the Senate, isn't isolationist—the polite Washington term for advocates of a negotiated peace. They either quibble over terms, saying they are agreed on the “sovereign independence of America,” as Sen. C. Wayland (Curley) Brooks put it, or they speak of representing the GOP majority, or being a cross-section.

After four interviews with committee members, and one anonymous interview, I came away convinced that there is no split among its members on the big issues of war and peace. In hating Roosevelt, they are nine hearts that beat as one. In their bitterness towards America's chief allies, they all stew in the same poisonous juice. And in their eagerness to boost prices, they are perfect soul-mates.

Most of the Republicans I tried to see were pretty cordial. Some of them even seemed to feel a certain dare-devil thrill in talking to a NEW MASSES correspondent. But not Sen. Robert A. Taft, the unquestioned boss of the committee and its chairman, who has said publicly that the Moscow Conference did not rule out a negotiated peace, and even that the necessity of our making war on Germany was “debatable.” The Senator sent out word by a secretary that he would not see me, that he “was not interested in your magazine.” Possibly the Senator read the two articles about him by Bruce Minton that appeared in NEW MASSES last year.

The most solidly defeatist element in the Republican Party has no more outspoken a representative than Brooks, and Brooks, although not exactly happy to see me, soon became lost in his subject. After summing up his position on economic stabilization by saying: “No one can say they're against price control, but they probably feel there are a number of items that controls can come off of (beef should not be rationed, for instance),” he launched into foreign policy. He didn't like the word “isolationist.”

“I agree that it's not a good word,” I said. “But you wouldn't associate yourself with certain elements that are working for a negotiated peace, would you, Senator?”

“Negotiated peace?” he repeated dreamily, and his round dark eyes shone with a new glitter as he stared at me in his best soiree manner, reserved for select Republican women's gatherings in Chicago. He has come a long way in stagecraft since his rough-and-tumble days in the state's attorney's office in Cook County, Ill., where I first knew him—before he prosecuted the case involving the murder of Jake Lingle, a Chicago *Tribune* reporter and underworld figure.

“I don't know,” he went on softly, with that rapt look, “and you don't know, little girl, when a negotiated peace move is going to start, or from where. Maybe you'll be surprised how soon it will begin. Maybe it will begin in England—”

“Or in Germany,” I said, “as Senator Nye told me a few months ago. He said it would begin in Germany and then be taken up in England, and that as soon as the casualty lists began coming in in this country in large numbers—”

“Well,” said Brooks briskly, “if it begins in Germany, it will be for only one reason—that they've had as many casualties as they can stand.” He looked up brightly, and went on, with a faint smile, “That's what I say. None of us knows—I don't know what's delaying this invasion—”

“You mean the negotiated peace move may begin before the invasion?”

“I don't know. But lots of people in this country think that we're building up Russia to be a super-colossus. And already she's going behind our back—recognizing governments without letting us know. What is your answer to that? What is your answer?” he demanded belligerently. “And Bessarabia,” he went on, “and Latvia. And what about Poland? And Finland?”

“Did you know,” I asked, alluding to John Spivak's revelations in NEW MASSES, “that there are well-organized groups, including mothers' organizations and others, that at one time were in the America First organization, which are ready to come out openly for a negotiated peace when enough casualties are reported? Don't you think there's a danger—”

“It depends on what you think is a danger,” said Brooks, the vague smile playing about his mouth. “There were a lot of people in America First. When there are two million casualties, the people of this country are going to be asking why.” His voice was low and persuasive, his whole air, and his appearance in his natty double-breasted suit that of a salesman selling a woman a life insurance policy. “When there are 400 of our finest men being lost

in bombings every night—I don't know the exact figures, but something like that—then people want to know why—”

The telephone rang. It was another committee member, Sen. Kenneth Wherry, Republican whip. They needed Brooks on the floor. All business, but never forgetting his courtesy, he bade me farewell. While none of the others I saw was as frankly interested in a negotiated peace as Brooks, I found the same inference in their talk—that FDR, Churchill, and Stalin were up to nefarious doings, that neither Russia nor England could be trusted, that Roosevelt was fooling the people.

IT WAS odd the way Brooks and others insisted on answers from me, as if just because I worked for NEW MASSES I had to be ready at the drop of a hat to speak with complete authority on all topics. At times they seemed to regard me as a walking delegate for the President, with the latest dope fresh from the White House; at other times I was taken to task personally for what Stalin did or didn't do, at still others complimented on the Red Army, or asked why our State Department did not make it clear what was to happen to the German people—and what was, anyway?

Sen. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire ushered me in smilingly. It was as if he were conscious of his peculiar role in the committee, that of the fair-haired boy in the public eye who was never identified with the defeatist camp. He is the committee's front even more than the new minority leader, the rather timid, soft-spoken Wallace White of Maine, whose voting record Bridges deprecated mildly.

“You certainly couldn't call me an isolationist,” Bridges chuckled, stretching a perfectly manicured pink hand toward a handy pile of printed leaflets on his desk entitled, “Voting Record of Senator Bridges on Vital Preparedness Measures Before Congress.” He adjusted his snowy pique cuff with its handsome gold link, smiled engagingly and said: “White and I are the exceptions on the committee—though his record isn't the same as mine. Then there are some of the newer members—”

“Like Bushfield?” I asked. Sen. Harlan Bushfield of South Dakota was put on the committee instead of such a man as his colleague, Republican Sen. Chan Gurney, a far westerner who has taken a leading role in supporting the administration's foreign policy and increasingly supports domestic issues linked with the war effort. Bushfield, on the other hand, is serving well the men whose money helped elect

him last year—Lammot du Pont and others of the negotiated peace camp of the National Association of Manufacturers, the Pews, and Colonel McCormick.

Bridges said he didn't want to say anything about the committee as a whole. Foreign policy, he began, was the most important issue facing Congress. And while he was against the President on domestic issues, his own record was clear in supporting him on foreign issues. I knew all about his voting record. I also knew that he was acceptable to Brooks, Taft, Arthur Vandenberg and others on the committee. The fact is that he has come out with increasing brashness as a champion of anti-Soviet forces in the Senate. I asked him about this. In his cultured broad-A accent, redolent of New England, the Senator declared he had said from the beginning—and his fist went down on the desk—that Russia was putting up a marvelous fight, that no matter what our ideological differences, she was our ally. *But*—and here he put forth in slightly milder form the same ideas which Brooks expresses more vulgarly in page after page in the *Congressional Record*—if only the country could be sold on the idea that the postwar agreements, which he said were so needed, were in “our own interests.” If only Roosevelt were frank with the people! “We have to live up to our principles as laid down in the Atlantic Charter of protecting the small nations; that’s what we’re fighting the war for. Take Poland, for instance. . . . Take Finland. . . . Finland kept her obligations to us, and I for one regret very much—er—the position she’s in.” Of course, he added hastily, everyone thought Finland “should get out of the war,” but he wondered what terms she was being offered by Russia. When I remarked that most commentators agreed they were very generous (Dorothy Thompson among others), he said, “Well, all I am saying is we should be frank with our people on foreign policy. How do we know what took place at Teheran? If these things were told us frankly, then there wouldn’t be such animosity when some statement comes out in a Russian paper that shows us everything wasn’t settled—”

The phone rang at this point, interrupting his absorption in his favorite topic. When he turned back to me, he was all radiance again. Bridges is a large, impressive man, with a fairly disarming smile. “You know,” he said, “I’ll bet you think of me as the most conservative sort of fellow, but I used to be thought of as quite a radical. When I ran for governor they held two things against me: one, I was too young, and the other, too radical. I had come out against holding companies.” He beamed. Reminded chaffingly that he was said to have changed his name from H. Styles to Styles because he was occasionally confused with Harry Bridges, the labor leader, he said that that was not the only reason he had changed his name.

SENATOR EUGENE MILLIKIN of Colorado checked over all the names in the committee and came out with two who weren’t isolationists—Bridges and White. But he described himself as a “middle-of-the-roader.” And he does represent the run-of-the-mill Republicans. A big, easy-going, mostly bald man, known for his long, ponderous statements on the floor of the Senate, he echoed the line about how no one could read the minds of “Uncle Joe, Churchill, or FDR.” He spoke about Italy, the western borders of Russia, Estonia, Latvia, and threw in France. What was our foreign policy? “Everyone is agreed we should collaborate with other countries after the war,” he said, clacking his teeth in a broad smile. “The question is, how much?” Economic stabilization was just as simple, and Millikin just as profound on the subject. “There are adjustments that should be made,” he said, “and when the bill comes up we’ll have to see to that. And if that makes for a mild raise in the general price level—well, we’ve had some—and it’s not dangerous. It doesn’t mean we’ll have inflation.”

On the recent Republican victory in a special election in Colorado, he said with satisfaction: “We just had one program—beat FDR. Just one—do away with the New Deal.”

“But won’t the Republicans nationally have to get something a little more positive than that?” Blandly thoughtful, he replied: “Why, yes; yes, I think they will.” But that was all. No suggestions.

Sen. Kenneth Wherry, a big, hearty Nebraskan, who fills the seat once occupied by the veteran and liberal George Norris, said at once that foreign policy was by far the most important issue facing Congress. He didn’t want to be known as an isolationist, because he wasn’t, he said. He would have voted for war if he’d been in the Senate after Pearl Harbor. This in Wherry’s eyes seemed to settle everything. “Just say I think it would help our morale if we could have a statement of what our foreign policy is,” he said. (This was just before Secretary of State Hull reiterated our foreign policy in a seventeen-point statement.) At one point I asked Wherry, “If you knew there was an organized movement through the country waiting for the appointed moment when the big casualty lists were coming in, before they came out openly for a negotiated peace, would you be for it or against it?”

“I wouldn’t want to say I was for it or against it,” he said. “I’m not for any negotiated peace on an appeasement basis, but what I do say is that if this administration had a foreign policy, we might be able to put an end to this war.”

At one point this big man of the West demanded to know if I read the Bible. Did I know the Bible prophesied that there would always be wars?

On the domestic front he had much to

say, all of which is implied in one remark of his: “It is foolish to maintain we can always hold the line as of September 1942.”

Stripped of the suavity of Bridges, the pleasant banality of Millikin, the boudoir eyes of Brooks and the breeziness of Wherry, however, the anonymous interview I had with one member of the committee stands out as the real tip-off to what the Republicans are up to. At one point he raised his voice in almost a shout, saying, “What is it we’re fighting for? Just what the hell are we fighting for, will you tell me that?”

When I answered I thought we were fighting for the very preservation of our national existence, he snorted: “Try telling that to some soldiers. Or to the boy who was in my office the other day, on his way to die on the Western Front. Why are we putting out boys on the Western Front?” When he began on Russia, and demanded to know what I thought about her “deals,” I said as long as the Russians were killing Nazis at the rate they were, nothing seemed worthy of doubt. “How far are we going to let Russia go, though?” he asked. The Moscow pact was “nothing but the Mackinac resolution,” and Teheran was “nothing—what is it?” But for England he reserved his most bitter ire. The thought of the foreign trade lying around made him almost ill. We should get into it right away, before England got a stranglehold. We had supremacy of the air, we should keep it; and of the seas. “I’m not on the Foreign Relations Committee, but I wish I were,” he said. “That South Pacific! That rubber! What opportunities!” I murmured that there ought to be plenty of trade for all after the war, and that Teheran made it possible for the nations to sit down and discuss it and avoid cutthroat imperialist competition. “Oh-ho, so you want to head down the cartel road, sister?” he shouted boisterously. “Well, little lady, if I had the say-so, I’d be mighty selfish with Uncle Sam’s interests.” At the end of the interview, he called me back and asked me suspiciously if I were English. “Huh,” he grunted after hearing my explanations, “sounds more like an English than an Arkansas accent to me!”

I CAME away feeling that if only the American people knew what these men who control the Republican Party were like, there would be no need to worry about the election or the future of America. But the Republican leaders are doing all they can to obscure the truth, and they take care to load the dice by depriving millions of Americans in the armed forces of the franchise. Yet the very fact that these men and their poll-tax Democratic colleagues behaved as they did on the soldiers’ vote bill reveals their fear. Between now and November the handwriting on the wall can be written so large that there will be no doubt that our country will meet its responsibilities to the full.

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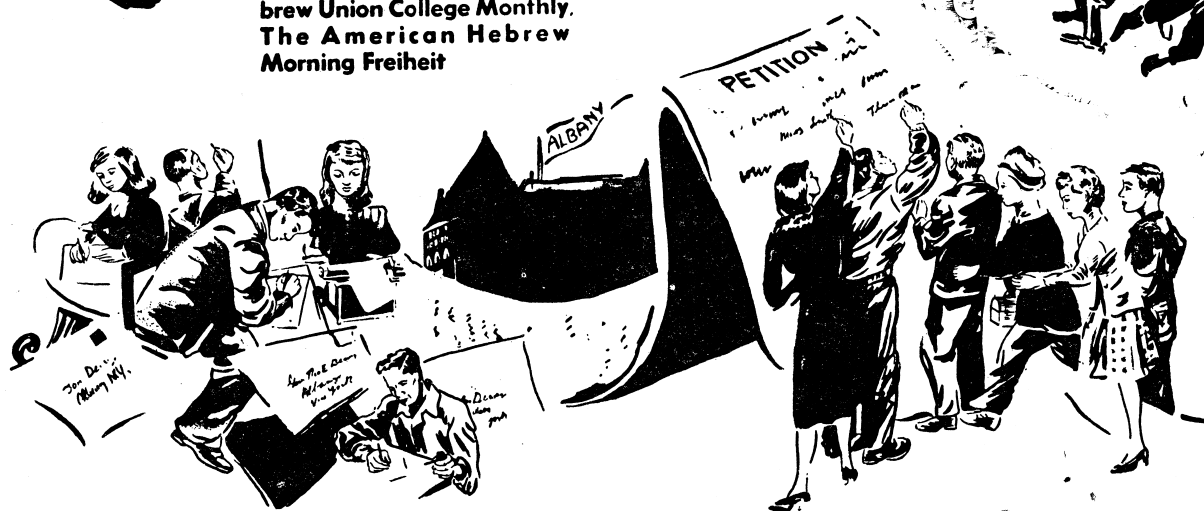


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WHAT'S IT LIKE IN A FACTORY?

By GAYLORD C. LEROY

THE writer is one of the many Americans who have been brought into industry for the first time by the war. And what follows are some impressions I have formed in the course of about a year as an industrial worker. For the greater part of the time I worked at a large aircraft plant—the “B” Company, I shall call it—which was unorganized, but recently I transferred to a small plant manufacturing mainly shipping parts, with a shop organized by the CIO.

When I first went into industry I was most curious about how difficult, how fatiguing or nerve-wracking, work in a modern factory actually is. I discovered that industrial work requires a great amount of discipline of the nerves and body, the ability to hold oneself to a single operation for a long period of time—something that doesn't come easily to any of us. Furthermore, there is something deadening about preoccupation with machines and metals, something that makes an industrial worker want to let loose when the work is done, to drown himself in sense experience, to get reacquainted with people.

I did not, however, encounter any work so heavy or so exacting as to be harmful to the worker, nor did I come across anything approximating sweatshop conditions. The hardest workers at the “B” Company, the press operators, worked at a pace that appeared near the limit of human capacity, but they were able to take time every hour or so to go to the men's room for a cigarette, and their working day, seven and a half hours, was not long.

The workers at the “B” Company made it plain to newcomers, however, that conditions had not always been so. Stories circulated about the brutal exploitation of the “automobile days,” the days before war production when the company manufactured automobile parts. The old timers told us how, in the automobile days, workers would show up at seven in the morning, and be kept waiting in a group of a hundred until ten or eleven o'clock, when a dozen men would be summoned by a foreman and the rest sent home. They told how the works manager would walk through the plant, stop in at each lavatory and peremptorily fire every man he found loitering there. They also told how the men, driven by the speedup and low pay, lost fingers and arms in the presses and square shears, so that the company acquired the name it has never been able to shake, “the slaughter-house.”

There are two reasons why conditions at the “B” Company have improved over the automobile days. First, the war has brought a change, the company is no

longer forced to turn out its product at the lowest possible cost, and the scarcity of manpower has compelled the company to make an effort to keep its men. Second, the great organizing drives of the past years have forced improvement. True, the CIO has not yet succeeded in organizing the “B” Company, but even unorganized plants benefit from an organizing drive (though not as much as the others) because the company, out of its very fear of the unions, is impelled to make some improvement in conditions.

I soon came to understand labor's suspicion of piece work. At the “B” Company all operations except inspection were on a piece work basis. A joke, shared even by the rate-setters, was that the company “never cuts its rates.” The rates are not “cut,” it is explained, they are “adjusted.” As for adjusting rates, the company did that whenever it pleased, save for token consultation with company union stooges.

It seemed to me that the worst feature of the piece work system was the anxiety of the worker about his rates; he felt that he had to put up a personal battle with the rate-setter each time a rate was placed on his work, and he never knew how long a rate, once established, would be maintained. It is not good for a worker to fret constantly because a rate, say, of 13.75 cents a hundred has been placed on the operation of forming airplane engine parts in a Toledo press, whereas he thinks that fourteen cents is the minimum on which he can “make out.” To “make out” or “to make your day” is to earn what the workers consider a day's wage at piece work. If you don't “make out” you receive the minimum day-work pay—sixty-five cents an hour in the “B” Company—but since the workers couldn't live on the day-work rate, they were anxious about “making out” on piece work. It is not good for a worker to worry that he won't make out for the day every time he is held up by a minor interruption. I have seen a bandsaw operator fix his machine with trembling hands because he was afraid the delay was going to keep him from “making his day.” In a sense the piece work system, by forcing the worker to fix his mind on pecuniary rates, by making him count pennies every moment of the day, fosters peculiarly petty-bourgeois characteristics. At any rate, as I saw the system at the “B” Company, it was unhealthy; it produced tension, worry, and irritability. Work under these conditions lacked the minimum of dignity that all work ought to have.

But there is more to be said about piece work. In the first place, some workers ac-

tually like the system. They say that when you have a standard to measure up to, the time goes faster than when you are on a day-work basis and have nothing to look forward to except the final whistle. More important, the piece work system makes for immense production—about that there can be no doubt. At a time when war production is of such great importance this consideration should perhaps outweigh all others. And then it must be admitted, finally, that under union conditions the piece work system operates without most of the harmful features I saw at the “B” Company. In the shop where I am now working, the men are not tense; they hardly appear to give a thought to their rates, and the rates are not “adjusted” unless the union committee is given a good reason why. In this shop the piece work system acts as a kind of substitute for the boss. It is the “rate,” that is, not the boss, that sees to it that the men keep working, and I am sure many of the workers prefer the impersonal incentive of the rate to supervision by a foreman.

THE subject of most complaint at the “B” Company was not the wage level or piece work rates, but various injustices in the treatment of the men: favoritism, violations of seniority, arbitrary assignment to tough or low-paying jobs. For example, the company, now bidding for labor in a scarce market, was hiring men and girls without previous industrial experience and setting them to work as helpers, press operators, grinders, etc., at a higher rate than men were receiving for the same work who had been with the company ten and twenty years. Again, experienced press operators were regularly given the toughest presses, the ones on which the work was so hard and the rates so low that only an experienced man could hope to make out at all. What it meant was that those who had spent years with the company were being penalized for their experience and skill by being assigned to the worst-paying jobs. Such instances of unfair treatment as these were the subject of incessant griping. They did much to form the “B” Company worker's typical mood of cynical bitterness. There was absolutely nothing the worker could do when he felt himself mistreated—except quit. He couldn't even quit, for he was frozen to his job. One of the strongest arguments for a union, I came to feel, is that it enables the worker to do something about what he regards as unjust treatment, if only to voice his protest, so that he does not constantly have in himself, like the workers at the “B” Company, a rankling sense of injury.

Work at the "B" Company brought one surprise for which I was in no way prepared. I had always taken literally the legend that American industry is super-efficient. When I saw how five hundred strips of high grade steel were scrapped because they had been measured a few inches too short, I assumed this to be merely an error such as is bound to occur even in the best-run organization. But there were many such happenings. A hundred rib sections for an airplane wing, after they had passed through a dozen operations, would be scrapped because in the first operation the wrong contour had been put into them. Sixty sections of the tail skin, after being laid out, trimmed, deburred, and inspected, would get lost on the way to the assembly floor, and a new lot would be ordered.

Then there was a different kind of waste. Contouring men would be forced to hold up work for an hour or two while they went looking high and low through the plant for a necessary die—something which, with a minimum of method, one felt, could have been kept in a particular place. Lathe hands, deburring girls, press operators would do nothing for a couple of hours because the flow of material stopped and they found themselves without parts to work on. On the assembly floor I found that girls were coming day after day, only to be given a file by the foreman and told to look busy. (The girls hated it. "If I only had something to do!" they would complain. "The time goes so slow when you have to stand around like this.")

Despite the frequency of errors and the heavy loss they entailed, suggestions as to improved ways of doing things were not welcome. Among the workers it was universally assumed that the company wanted you to do your job and keep your mouth shut, and in the few instances where employees did make suggestions, I observed that the bosses immediately fell into the wary hostility of a boss politician rejecting a known trouble-maker.

Why the company shunned suggestions from which it stood to profit—this was at first a real poser to me. Part of the answer, I learned, was the "cost plus" system of war contracts, according to which the company is guaranteed the cost of production plus a percentage profit, so that the more the company spends the more it makes. But I came to feel that the explanation went deeper, that it involved the quality of the bosses and also a certain organic deterioration in the structure of this great American enterprise.

The workers assumed that the bosses had got their jobs through connections; stories were ever in circulation about how this or that foreman had been given his job because he knew so-and-so in the "B" family. While these stories were exaggerated, I concluded that there was something in them, that many of the higher men had received their positions because of connections rather than competence, and



"On Time," by Edith Glaser.

that as a result they had fallen into the established "B" Company pattern of letting sleeping dogs lie, being suspicious of criticism, whether good or bad, because any criticism, even the most constructive, carried with it the danger of exposure.

Despite the waste of materials and manpower, I never felt that war production was being seriously jeopardized. This was because inside the factory you see how prodigious is the output of the modern machines—the gear cutters, the threading machines, the automatic screw machines, the presses—and the mass production system. With all its disorganization, the output of the "B" Company was staggering.

Experience in the factory gave me a different feeling about the reactionaries who scold the workers for taking it easy. When you see how powerless the worker is to influence the flow of materials, or to correct waste and duplication of effort which results from the "system," over which he has no control, then you see that the labor-haters who are always "blaming it on the worker" are hopelessly out of touch with realities. Clearly they don't know what the inside of a factory is like. Previous to my factory experience, I had thought of Rickenbacker as vicious, but it took acquaintance with the machines and the assembly line to teach me the *irrelevance* of Rickenbacker's attacks on labor. To upbraid the girls, who are given files and told to look busy, for taking it easy would be too ridiculous to be insulting.

THE factory taught me one thing more. I learned the importance of the unions, not for the welfare of the country, not as a bulwark of democracy (this I had known before), but for the working man himself. The course of my working class education has been opposite to the typical one. Most workers come to the union after bitter experience with the company, for simple protection of their jobs and pay envelopes, and only later do they learn that the unions are

a foundation of democracy and a political force of great significance. I, on the contrary, had developed through intellectual interests an understanding of the political significance of the labor movement, but it took experience in a factory to teach me what a union means to the worker.

In the factory I got to know men of a type I had not encountered before, men who were not readers, who were without intellectual interests, but who had been taught by experience to throw their lot in with the union, and who had become sound union men. They remember the time before the union when the boss would lay off a couple of men for a week because he caught them talking, even though both their machines were running. They remember how the company used to hire apprentices at twenty-two and a half cents an hour and then keep them for two of their four years in the tool room where they had no chance to learn their trade. They know how the union has changed these conditions, and come hell or high water, they will stick with the union.

Through getting to know men like these I gained a new understanding that the labor movement has its ultimate strength not in propaganda efforts, not in educational work, not in the quality of its leadership (though all these are, of course, very important), but in the conditions of industry themselves. To me this understanding was the source of a new confidence in the future of organized labor, a confidence that no matter what the future holds, the labor movement will continue to grow. What I discovered was the truth first expounded by Marx, that the very conditions in which the worker is placed, his social and economic relationships, guarantees that cooperation and solidarity among the workers will increase and so create a class of historic destiny. While in a general way I had understood this before, it took first-hand experience in industry to give me a Marxist's confidence in the working class.

NM SPOTLIGHT

Willkie Swings a Right

IN HIS Wisconsin speeches in preparation for that state's primary on April 4, the old Wendell Willkie has come to life again. He has suddenly realized that his rival for the Republican presidential nomination is not Franklin D. Roosevelt, but Thomas E. Dewey. And Mr. Willkie has begun fighting for those principles that won him international acclaim and the passionate hatred of the GOP bosses. But unfortunately, though Mr. Willkie swings a powerful right, his sense of direction with his left is still badly askew. Too many of his punches land on FDR, who doesn't happen to be a candidate for the Republican nomination, but who does happen to stand for the very principles that Mr. Willkie is trying to persuade the Republican Party to adopt.

It is clear that Wendell Willkie faces an uphill fight. The Taft-Vandenberg-Spangler crowd in control of the party are determined to keep the GOP safe for defeatism, obstructionism, and the Albany Coolidge who communes with himself. With so many of the younger Republican voters away in the armed forces, the politicians hope to keep Mr. Willkie from crashing through. It is well that he has taken up the challenge, well that he has stopped his empty boasting about "new Republican voices" and let his own voice be heard in unmistakable tones. In several of his Wisconsin speeches Mr. Willkie has declared that if the Republican Party chooses a candidate who represents the views of Col. Robert McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*, or whose position on the great issues of the day is ambiguous, it will go down to certain defeat. And at Ripon, Wis., the traditional birthplace of the Republican Party, he recalled meaningfully that in 1872 and 1912 progressive Republicans bolted and put up a candidate of their own, with results that were ultimately beneficial. On several occasions Mr. Willkie also let fly at Dewey, jarring him notably on his advocacy some months ago of an exclusive Anglo-American alliance.

Yet Mr. Willkie cuts his own effectiveness by borrowing some of his opponents' discreditable weapons for use against the administration. We hardly expected him to embrace the bogey of "socialism," which is far more at home in the *Chicago Tribune* building. It was pretty silly of him and downright false to say as he did in his Ripon speech that the administration gradually led the people "toward the destruction of the incentive system and the eventual adoption of a government controlled

society." Judging by the 1943 profit figures, capitalist "incentives" under Roosevelt are in a far more flourishing state than they were under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover. No less silly and false—and refuted by Mr. Willkie's own speeches of two years ago—was his statement that the Soviet system "could exist only without human freedom." We suggest that Mr. Willkie take his own advice and pay more attention to principles and less to partisanship and personal ambition.

Behind the Camouflage

BY THE time these lines reach the press New York will have held its crucial primaries. We regret we cannot register the results in this issue of NM, but there are a few things that need saying, whatever the outcome. We would like to draw attention to Mayor La Guardia's plan for unity of the American Labor Party and to discuss briefly the reactions to it. As New Yorkers know, the mayor urged that all differences be healed through a unity program behind the President's policies and through an all-out joint effort to convince FDR to run again and to see to it that he runs victoriously. Mr. La Guardia also recommended that both sides of the ALP sit down and work out a state executive committee which would represent all labor and liberal elements.

We want to underscore the following: Sidney Hillman agreed immediately and without reservation; David Dubinsky disagreed and with plenty of vituperation. Despite the latter's refusal, Mr. Hillman reiterated his unreserved stand on behalf of unity. Though the Dubinsky group has waged a dirty campaign, he said, "No member of the opposition is going to be asked to take a walk . . . there will be representation in the leadership on the basis of full democracy, for every group that is ready to join with us in doing the job."

We believe it important to register this for the record. For, if the ALP state leaders are defeated (and that appears to be inevitably their fate) they may try to damage the party by urging their followers to withdraw. That was the threat originally made by Dean Alfange and reiterated by his associates.

It is crystal-clear now, particularly since the reaction to the mayor's proposals, that the "right wing" leadership has used the "Communist control" issue as camouflage to conceal its intentions to "rule or ruin." Every effort has been made to win its support to unity—CIO leaders to whom it

objected have offered to withdraw from candidacy; the mayor proposed a state executive committee to be chosen jointly, despite the obvious numerical superiority of the unity elements; Mr. Hillman agreed to the mayor's proposals to withdraw the plan for proportional representation according to union membership—and still the Dubinsky group balks. Inevitably many former adherents of the Dubinsky line have come to realize that their leaders do not mean it when they say unity; when they talk support of Roosevelt. And it is our belief that all these factors will be taken into consideration when, and if, the Dubinsky lieutenants trumpet the call to leave the ALP. It is now as clear as ABC that victory for the Hillman slate will not be the victory of any clique. On the other hand such a victory spells the opportunity finally to effect a cohesive, strengthened party around the principles of President Roosevelt.

Moldy Red Herring

THERE is more than one way of skinning a cat. Back in the pre-war days the more dishonest opponents of collective security used to say it's a wonderful idea—if only the Communists didn't discredit it by their support. We were wondering how long it would take for someone to dust off this ancient dodge in connection with the fourth term campaign for President Roosevelt. Frankly, we hardly expected *PM* to do the stooping. In the March 22 *PM* James Wechsler announced that "high administration aides," who are of course nameless, are expressing "growing concern" that "the 'fourth-term' campaign being launched by left-wingers in labor ranks will imperil President Roosevelt's reelection." According to Wechsler, "It is now felt that such efforts may give the Republicans a valuable propaganda theme in combatting FDR." The GOP "undoubtedly will cite pronouncements of left-wing CIO leaders, echoing the line of the *Daily Worker*: . . ."

First, as to the facts: It is true that a number of progressive unions have been in the forefront of the campaign to persuade President Roosevelt to run for a fourth term. All honor to them for this patriotic service to the nation. But it is completely false that the fourth-term campaign is confined to these unions. We are not aware that the Democratic National Committee, which recently *unanimously* endorsed Mr. Roosevelt for reelection is under the thumb of those unions. Nor are we aware that Mayor La Guardia and the various Senators and Representa-

tives who have spoken up for a fourth term are in the habit of taking their line from the *Daily Worker*. If one were to use the Wechsler logic in regard to the war, then the Soviet Union would have to lessen its attacks on the Nazis in order to deprive Hitler of the argument that victory will mean the triumph of Bolshevism.

There is of course no mystery as to whose line Wechsler is echoing. This is the line of the right-wing cabal in the American Labor Party who are fighting the President's policies by cuddling up to Willkie and using him as a threat against FDR. It is the line of unscrupulous political shysters who, if they didn't exist, would have to be invented by the reactionary Republicans.

Dies vs. Winchell

THERE can be no greater tribute to a person's patriotism than to have incurred the enmity of Martin Dies. Walter Winchell is to be congratulated that Berlin's favorite Congressman has singled him out for vindictive and vituperative assault. We have on occasion had our differences with Winchell. There was a time when he himself had illusions about Dies and was disposed to support his so-called crusade against Communism. But when the fraudulent, Hitlerite character of that crusade became clear to him, Winchell spoke up about Dies, as he did about the Bundists and seditionists whom the Dies committee so studiously ignored.

Now Dies has started a move to muzzle Winchell, whose newspaper column is the most widely syndicated in the country and whose Sunday night broadcasts have an exceptionally large audience. The small-bore Fuehrer from Texas, whom the House of Representatives only recently gave a new appropriation, has announced that he would subpoena Winchell's radio scripts and recordings, and would call for questioning officials of the Blue Network, and of the Jergens Co., sponsors of his broadcasts.

Let there be no mistake about it: this is an attack on free speech. It is an attack on the war. If Dies gets away with it, no radio commentator, no writer, no newspaper or magazine will be safe from his kangaroo court inquisition. It is no coincidence that this gag attempt comes on the eve of the trial of the thirty indicted seditionists whom Winchell helped to expose and Dies helped to protect. Nor is it altogether without design that Dies has renewed his activity in a crucial election year. In a broadcast last Sunday Dies accused Winchell of being part of a "dangerously intelligent [sic!] and aggressive movement to undermine the authority and destroy the prestige of Congress. . . ." This is the propaganda line of the Roosevelt-haters and defeatists in both major parties. Offhand we can think of no single person who has done more to undermine the authority and destroy the prestige of Congress than Martin

Consistency, Thou Art . . .

"BUT unity with Communists is impossible," said the New York "Post" in an editorial March 23 on the American Labor Party. "They cannot collaborate with anyone else," the "Post" assured its readers. "For them there is no possibility of compromise so far as their twisting 'line' is concerned. They must either rule or ruin."

In the same issue the "Post" gave the lie to itself with another instalment of Howard Fast's story of a Communist named Tito, who is managing to collaborate with quite a lot of people in Yugoslavia and with our own government as well. And just to prove how ridiculous these anti-Communist hysterics really are, another editorial in the same issue of the "Post" criticized Secretary Hull's seventeen-point statement because it fails to say that "the United States government welcomes the emergence of democratic movements among the people of the world, such as the Tito Partisans."

Dies. The Dies committee has become such a standing scandal that the public tends to react to anything it does with a yawn. But this is something new even for Dies. It is time to stop yawning and start yelling.

Plus Seventeen Cents

SEN. ROBERT A. TAFT of Ohio went out of his way the other day to make it clear he didn't mind upward revision of wages so long as prices also went up. He was apparently riled by the effective testimony of Chairman William H. Davis of the War Labor Board before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee in which Davis said that if Congress forbade subsidies, the WLB could not guarantee continued wage stabilization.

What the Republicans would have benefited from, of course, would have been the WLB's refusal to hear evidence on the petition of the United Steelworkers, CIO, to revise the Little Steel formula and award a seventeen-cent-an-hour increase to steelworkers. This situation threatened last week as a result of an incredible maneuver by the AFL representatives on the board. Though they had known for months that the steelworkers' case was coming up, the AFL members introduced a last-minute petition of their own for a flat policy change in the Little Steel formula. The CIO members supported this plea, but it was voted down by the industry and public members. Whereupon the AFL members, evidently determined that if they couldn't hog credit for any possible revision they would prevent it altogether, sought to block a hearing on the CIO petition. The impasse was finally resolved by the board's appointing a panel to hear the CIO evidence and another to hear the AFL's case.

In his testimony before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee Chairman Davis said that if the board's inquiry into the operations of the Little Steel formula showed that the program "we created has been inequitable in its effect by working hardships upon employes, we will tell Congress, the President, or anyone else who is interested." We have no doubt that the evidence will be ample, and we hope the WLB will do just that.

Promise and Reassurance

IT WAS on the very day of Prime Minister Churchill's latest review of the war that the Second Ukrainian Army drove the Nazis across a wide salient of the Prut River back into the area from which they launched their first attack across Soviet frontiers. And Mr. Churchill recognized the true perspective of military events when he said that the advance of the Red Armies from Stalingrad to their present positions "accomplished in a single year, constitutes the greatest cause of Hitler's undoing." Speaking of Hungary and the Nazi satellites in the Balkans later in his address, he acknowledged "that the victorious advance of the Soviet Army has been the main cause of Hitler's approaching downfall in those regions." Thus the leader of the British people has again paid tribute to the great contribution of the Soviets to the cause of the United Nations.

Mr. Churchill made it clear that whatever else may have been the original intention of the Italian campaign, its present significance was the occupation, "for most part in close action," of nearly twenty-five divisions of Hitlerites and "a noteworthy part of the German Air Forces . . . while other and even more important events which might require their presence are impending elsewhere." The invasion of Europe by Anglo-American forces, he warns, will be preceded by "many false alarms, many feints, and many dress rehearsals" for the double purpose of baffling the enemy and training the invasion forces. He nevertheless assures us once again that "the hour of our greatest effort and greatest action is approaching."

Mr. Churchill devoted the larger portion of his speech to the British domestic scene, where the long period of waiting for the day of invasion has created a restless political atmosphere. No general election has been held since 1935, a year which seems to belong to another era in history. Furthermore, under the electoral truce the electorate has not been able to give the fullest voice to its sentiments and desires. The coalition government is therefore compelled to concern itself with a program of internal reforms (matters which we cannot evaluate properly at this distance) designed to reassure the British people that their problems will be given the most serious attention. There can be no doubt that an improvement in the welfare of the common people

America's Foreign Policy

MR. HULL, in his seventeen points, has made an excellent statement of the foundations on which our country's foreign policy rests. Its simplicity gives it clarity, and its keen sense that our national interests are served best through international cooperation is the basis for a mature relationship with the world. What strikes us with particular force is not only Mr. Hull's devotion to the achievements of the Moscow meeting, the prelude to Teheran, but that he is very obviously working hard on such matters as global trade and finance in the same spirit in which he approaches diplomacy and the conduct of foreign affairs. The area of trade and finance, if cleared of its many perilous jungle marshes, is an area in which the bonds of unity among the Allies can be tightened for an enduring peace flowing out of economic stability and progress.

Mr. Hull has been charged with vagueness, with a failure to present specific and detailed blueprints as to what he will do in every situation from now into the remotest future. The charge is unwarranted. The declaration of Teheran, for that matter, is also no blueprint, but taken at its face value—it provides the framework for a most realistic approach to the solution of international problems. And to take it any other way is to fall into a morass of guess work, confusion, and abstractions. Mr. Hull is vague only to those, especially among the liberals, who are themselves vague or who insist on perfectionist and final formulas to guide us in every imaginable circumstance. Fortunately Mr. Hull lives in a real world, and his enunciation of principles last week is, in our estimation, a more certain guide to sensible international practice than any anthology of diplomatic recipes.

LIKE many liberals also, the Republican camarilla and its less noisy partners among the Democrats attacks Mr. Hull for his failure to provide them with details. And when he gives them details, as he did in his meeting with the twenty-four freshman Congressmen from the Republican benches, they come away quite dissatisfied, with Mrs. Clare Luce, the female Tom Dewey, leading the distraught mourners. It is not details, obviously, that the opposition critics want, for they have every opportunity to get them. What they want is a reversal of foreign policy. Mrs. Luce for example would have been delighted if Mr. Hull had arrived at a statement of American policy such as is published in husband Henry's *Life* for March 27. There we have the American Century parading under the camouflage of mutual cooperation with other nations—a cooperation in which we make only limited and temporary commitments, have a "parallel policy" with Britain in which Britain takes a back seat, and no lasting relations with the Soviet Union because Moscow cannot appreciate what the Luce editorialist calls "humane and equitable" principles. In other words Mrs. Luce and her colleagues will never see eye to eye with Mr. Hull because their policy is the direct antithesis of Moscow and Teheran. It is not a lack of details they complain about, but it is the principle of genuine political coalition in which our country has an equal position of leadership with Great Britain and the USSR. This camarilla is anti-British as much as it is anti-Soviet and therefore in effect anti-American, because without the fulfillment of the Teheran perspective our country will become the pariah of the earth.

Our foreign practice is an evolving one but it is grounded in firm and realistic principle. The gaps between principle and practice are many, yet the central and overshadowing necessity has been met: unity with our Allies to defeat our enemies as quickly as possible and unity for the peace to follow. Without this fundamental commitment no problem could be settled and the future would be a terrifying prospect, because the failure to resolve differences would eventually mount to explosive proportions. The practice of coalition policy is not easy. It is not unlike a pair of new shoes that must be broken in by constant use. But it is also difficult to practice because the Executive is persistently badgered by men of ill-will and by men of purportedly good-will who think they can double-talk themselves into the White House. In this critical year nothing short of the firmest support of the President, to whom Mr. Hull is responsible, can reassure our friends abroad that our coalition commitments will be met. And nothing short of Mr. Roosevelt's re-election will give those commitments stability and endurance.

of Great Britain is an integral part of fighting the war itself. But among the people of Great Britain, as in our own country, there can be no doubt that the primary goal is the rapid opening of the second front.

More or Less Learning?

It seems to us that the newspaper accounts of the speech by Dr. Robert G. Sproul, president of the University of California, last week, were more than usually garbled. Some quotations contradicted others; one paragraph urged a higher education re-dedicated "to the high purpose of social and civic devotion to a unified, outgoing, outgiving democratic America"; another violently assailed the "progressive craze" in today's schooling. Contradictory, too, is the prediction attributed to him that "We shall not again see in our time the mounting thousands of the 1930's" in our college enrollment. That scarcely jibes with his call for an America of splendidly-equipped, democratic citizens.

Unfortunately we do not have his full speech before us and it is impossible to arrive at a total estimate of his ideas: they appear to be a complex of good and bad. We certainly cannot agree with Dr. Sproul that our country's educational outlook is for a smaller number of college-trained youth: we believe the contrary—that post-war America will witness a flourishing of higher education. The recent Regents and Strayer's reports in New York State bear out the latter contention. Certainly that should be the perspective if America is to head toward Dr. Sproul's laudable desire to educate for "social and civic devotion." But it cannot be achieved if only a minimum of our sons and daughters get the full benefits of learning: we must strive for the maximum.

Another contradiction appears in Dr. Sproul's diatribe against "so-called progressive education." We do not believe the techniques in that area of schooling are responsible for what Dr. Sproul terms the "devastation of rampant adolescents and sub-adolescents." And we don't know what he is driving at in using these terms. America's principal educational problem is to give more students more schooling: not to tear down what has already been established as a norm of learning. We believe the latter can certainly be improved, but nothing will be gained by describing what we have now achieved as totally "undisciplined" and harmful to our future citizens.

Some of Dr. Sproul's contentions smack of the dubious educational philosophy of Dr. Robert Hutchins, of the University of Chicago and his emphases which lead toward the "education of the elite." This is certainly taking a path which leads away from the highest levels of democracy: it runs, rather, in the direction of a philosophy characteristic of the enemy with whom we are engaged in mortal combat.



AT THE PRUT

WHEN these lines reach the reader about eight weeks will have passed since the time when Marshal Konev struck at Smela on the middle Dnieper, Marshal Zhukov struck at Rovno and Shepetovka, and General Alexander struck at Cassino and at Anzio.

In these eight weeks Marshal Zhukov's armies of the First Ukrainian Front have captured the great strongholds of Lutsk, Rovno, Zdobunovo, Shepetovka, Kremenez, Proskurov, Vinnitza, Zhmerinka, as well as many thousands of inhabited points. They have completely blocked the great junction of Tarnopol and are threatening the six-way junction of Kovel and the eight-way junction of Lvov. In four days (March 20 to 24) Marshal Zhukov has pushed a salient from the Tarnopol-Proskurov area to Zaleshchiki on the upper Dniester, within nineteen miles of the last *cis*-Carpathian railroad running through Czernowitz (Cernauti) and Kolomea to Lvov. His vanguards are only a bare twenty-five miles (at this writing, March 25) from Czernowitz and the Carpathians, and less than sixty miles from the Yasina-Vorokhta Pass at the headwaters of the Prut—the mountain border of eastern Czechoslovakia. In the region of Brody Zhukov's troops are less than fifty miles from Lvov.

The salient which dug itself into the powerful German concentrations between Tarnopol and Czernowitz and reached the foothills of the Carpathians is the ultimate achievement of a strategy which had been apparent ever since the Red Army approached the Dnieper. The strategy was to thrust a great "dagger" from north to south into the spine of the great German bulge in the Ukraine, pushing it through either to the Black Sea or to the Carpathians. Its precursors were the stabs at Krivoi Rog, Kirovograd, Vinnitza, and Zhmerinka, which yielded great results but somehow did not carry through to their ultimate conclusion.

Now the great plan has been practically realized and the huge horseshoe of the Carpathians separates the German armies of the center from those on the doorstep of the Balkans. As Rokossovsky back in January "impaled" the German center on the Pripet Marshes, so Zhukov now has "impaled" the German right on the Carpathians.

This great maneuver, executed with consummate skill and tenacity, has produced tremendous repercussions in southeastern

Europe: the occupation of Hungary and Rumania (and probably Bulgaria) by German troops was the direct outcome of Marshal Zhukov's appearance on the approaches to Czechoslovakia, whose eastern province, Carpatho-Ruthenia, was "given" to Hungary by Hitler in 1939. This occupation does not in the least mean that the satellites are now knit more closely into the Hitler scheme of things—they were never anything but his flunkies, anyway. But it means that the Germans have to use no less than twenty-five divisions from their central reserve to occupy not only the crest of the Carpathians, but all the key points of southeastern Europe east of the Budapest meridian. Thus the forces earmarked by the German general staff for the defense of western Europe against invasion had to be seriously depleted.

The Soviet offensive in the south has deprived Germany of the prospects of reaping Ukrainian wheat this summer. Consequently the wheat fields of Hungary have become vitally important for the Reich. Furthermore, Marshal Konev is only two hundred miles from the oil fields of Ploesti. Thus a defense line running at least along the lower Danube, across the so-called Fokshani Gap between Galatz and Fokshani, and thence to the crest of the Carpathians to the headwaters of the San, is a matter of life and death for Germany. Such a line is about 500 miles long and would not be much shorter than the present German line—if the tatters of the Southern Front can be called a line—between Tarnopol and Nikolaev.

Rumanian troops are completely demoralized after their terrible beating at Konev's hands. Hungarian troops are hardly to be relied upon, either. Bulgaria will certainly not send a corporal's guard against the Russians, especially at this stage, and the use of Slovak troops, if there are any left outside of Soviet prison camps, is out of the question. This means that in order to keep the Danube and Balkan regions sufficiently in line to have at least a semi-secure rear, the Germans must greatly weaken their western defenses.

Zhukov's march to Czernowitz has once more upset the strategic balance of Germany by forcing it to move still more troops to the East. This march was brilliantly seconded by the operations of Marshal Konev, who six weeks ago destroyed the German Eighth Army in the Korsun pocket and since then has marched through Uman and Yampol, across the Dniester to

Beltsy (or Balti, not to be confused with Balta, which is east of the Dniester). On the way Konev shattered five German tank divisions, capturing 500 tanks and self-propelled guns and seven infantry divisions. Neither the mud nor the flooded Bug and Dniester rivers stopped him. He now stands at the Prut, which is the "moat" of the eastern Carpathian "fortress." He has marched 140 miles in fourteen days.

Thus two great "daggers" (Zhukov and Konev) have penetrated, one to the Prut and the other to within a few miles of it, 120 miles apart. Between them the Germans are pocketed in the Kamenetz-Podolsk area with a single slender escape route along the rail line winding through the Borgo Pass (scene of human vampire Dracula's exploits) into Hungary. These Germans, if they manage to escape, are sure to leave most of their equipment first on the Dniester and then on the Prut, which they will have to cross "under duress."

Meanwhile in these eight weeks, General Malinovsky's Third Ukrainian Army has moved 130 miles from a position northeast of Krivoi Rog, has recaptured the two greatest industrial prizes still held by the Germans in the USSR, Nikopol and Krivoi Rog, has ripped the German communications in the central Ukraine and now stands on the outskirts of the port of Nikolaev, threatening Odessa from the north—albeit at a distance. On the way he encircled and destroyed the remnants of the Eighth German Army near Sneghivka.

To sum up: in the course of eight weeks, the Germans have lost close to half of the Ukraine, including its wheat, its iron and manganese, and the great ports of Kherson and Nikolaev (the latter now is useless to them and must fall any day). They have lost several hundred thousand men, thousands of tanks and guns, tens of thousands of small arms. In three weeks in March they have lost 900 planes. At Sneghivka, Uman, and Chortkov alone they have lost about 1,100 tanks and self-propelled guns. Their front has been split against the Carpathians. Their southern flank is enmeshed in a deep pocket. They have been forced by their retreat to borrow many divisions from Europe to bolster the Balkan-Carpathian line. Such are the basic results of eight weeks of Red Army work.

DURING the same eight weeks the situation in Italy has not changed an iota from a strategic point of view. Eight weeks

ago Allied troops landed at Anzio and established the now famous bridgehead. However, its establishment, which was supposed to have put Kesselring in a tough spot on the "main" front, i.e., before Cassino, did not bring the desired result. For some still unknown reason the initial, almost unopposed landing was not exploited and Allied troops failed to cut the Via Casiliana and the Via Appia, which are the lifelines of the German troops on the Cassino front. The Germans retained their freedom of maneuver and "froze" the beachhead on the plain west of the Mussolini Canal. Several attempts at breaking the stalemate were made, but were not successful. Right now (at least at this writing) fighting is limited to artillery duels in which the Germans have positional advantages. The establishment of the beachhead did not change the strategic situation in the least, except that it provoked extra bombings of Rome, which complicated the political situation. It must be admitted that the landing place was poorly chosen.

The battle for the strong point of Cassino also has been going on for about eight

weeks. The first Allied troops marched into part of the town without previous reconnaissance and were ejected. We made a number of subsequent attempts at capturing the little place, but without success. We bombed and destroyed the Benedictine Abbey on top of Mt. Cassino, but this only transformed it into a heap which the Germans could defend even better. Then came the great experiment: three thousand plane sorties were made against Cassino in one day. General Eaker rushed to the mike and pronounced the town "thoroughly fumigated." He also said something about doing the same sort of thing to every German strongpoint in Europe. But it appeared that we did not know that the town had countless catacombs and underground passages which the Germans used for shelter and communications.

We tried to storm the town after the bombing, but were met by fierce resistance, which still goes on. A more dismal failure of air power against fortifications could hardly be imagined. The experiment proved once more that a shattered town can be more easily defended than one

that is structurally intact; that our reconnaissance is not what it should be (we did not know about the underground passages); and that we still have to assimilate the experience of Stalingrad. If these things had been learned the Cassino affair could not have occurred.

THE past eight weeks of stepped up aerial offensive against Germany have seen many records broken. So many tons per week, per day, per hour, per square mile, etc. Some people kid themselves into thinking that because the Luftwaffe often fails to offer resistance, as was the case over Berlin and a number of other places, we have cut down the fighter effectiveness of the Luftwaffe to such an extent that it simply can't go up any more. This is a delusion. The obvious fact is that the German air command has come to the conclusion that its fighter strength must be reserved for action against the invasion, when it comes, because invasion is much more important and dangerous for Germany than the air assault.

Quod erat demonstrandum.



AROUND THE WORLD

JAPAN'S HEADACHE

Moscow (via Inter-Continent News)

THE war in the Pacific has entered a new phase with the Anglo-American forces completely capturing the strategic initiative. For the first time since the beginning of the war Japanese Pacific possessions, the Marshall Islands, became a direct objective of an American counter-offensive. Whereas in 1942, especially during the first half of the year, Japan bragged about its "colossal" military successes, and others among the Japanese saw the prospect of a speedy peace on the basis of Britain and the United States surrendering, the situation today has changed radically.

Few people in Japan now believe in victory. The optimistic declarations by Japanese officials are contrary to the real facts. On the islands bordering Australia, in the north and northeast of New Guinea and New Britain, the Japanese have been obliged slowly to retreat under pressure of General MacArthur's troops. On the Indian border in Burma the Allies have assembled such considerable forces that the Japanese are seriously alarmed at the possibility of a big British counter-offensive. Japan's unsuccessful attempts in February to steal a march on the enemy by launching an offensive on some sectors of the Burma front were of a forced character. It is already clear that the Japanese plan

of striking preventive blows in Burma may be considered abortive. In the Chinese theater there have been hardly any military operations in recent months. At any rate the Japanese can nowhere register success.

The Japanese navy no longer dares to undertake active operations. It is content with far more modest defensive tasks, such as patrolling the lengthy communications between Japan and the temporarily captured territories. The amphibious operations of the American armed forces in the central Pacific testify to the increased skill and the great offensive power of American arms. In the northern Pacific the Japanese have partially evacuated the Aleutians, losing a very important base of operations against Alaska and Canada. This complete change of the military situation is connected primarily with the fact that the Japanese aggressor has encountered serious and growing resistance on the part of the Anglo-American armed forces.

The Japanese philistine, accustomed to victorious fanfares, is dismayed. He is perplexed. How was it possible that the British, hitherto regarded by the Japanese with "contempt," or such an "unwarlike nation" as America, have proved capable of pushing back the "Imperial Armies"? Compared to its adversaries, the relative

weakness of the Japanese aggressor urged him on to build his main plans on the effects of the first sweeping, lightning blows. The Hitlerite blitzkrieg theory was extremely close to the heart of the members of Tokyo's general staff. As soon as the factors favorable to Japan (but transient in character) ceased to operate, the military situation began to change immediately against the aggressor.

JAPAN is tormented by a terrific hunger for metal. The iron, steel, and machine building industries are incapable of meeting the growing demands of the army and navy. This has become one of the most acute problems of Japanese imperialism. Japanese shipping losses are so great that the problem of replacement is practically unsolvable. The relation of forces at sea has now changed sharply in favor of the Allies. Moreover, this relates only to the Pacific fleet of the United States and Great Britain. The ratio will become even more threatening for Japan when considerable Allied naval forces now operating in the Atlantic are released.

A very acute problem of Japanese wartime economy is the shortage of labor power. In addition Japanese financial difficulties are extremely great. The govern-

ment has resorted to increased taxation combined with the floating of loans. Japanese economists admit that this involves pauperizing the people, a soaring state debt, and threatening inflation. The problem of financing the war is becoming more difficult with each passing day. Even the temporary seizure of Chinese provinces and of the British, American, French, and Dutch possessions of southeastern Asia is of little help. The governmental Association of Aid to the Throne openly urges the population further to "lower the living standard" in the interests of economy. But it is characteristic of this fascist variety of "Association" that it did not succeed in becoming a mass political organization. It is undergoing endless reorganizations, revealing its deep internal crisis and testifying to the unpopularity of its "ideas."

The general mood of the Japanese people shows that it is gradually realizing the hopelessness of the predatory war started in alliance with Hitler. Almost no news of concrete manifestations that the public is dissatisfied with the war and the Japanese military dictatorship penetrated beyond the country. But there are indirect indications that such dissatisfaction exists. The great nervousness of the Japanese government is eloquently revealed by the appearance of numerous so-called emergency decrees imposing new restrictions on civilians. During the first months of the war in the Pacific, Japan was literally swept by a wave of chauvinism, now followed by a bad hangover. But this apparently has not been sufficiently taken into account by those Japanese circles which recklessly continue the war and bring new calamities upon the country.

The reorganization of the government and the latest changes in the military administration which led to concentrating the functions of the chiefs of the general staffs of the army and navy in the hands of the war and naval ministers point to a desire to improve efficiency. Losing hope in victory on the battlefield, Japanese imperialism is paying increasing attention to political maneuvers aimed at consolidating gains, and on this basis preparing the ground for a so-called "peace offensive." It is exerting efforts to tie to its war chariot the peoples of temporarily occupied countries in East Asia. Using the demagogic slogan of "Pan-Asia," Japan wants to create at least the appearance of "voluntary allied" relations with the Philippines, Burma, etc. With this end in view "agreements" are being concluded with "independent" puppet governments which have organized "national" armies in Japanese occupied territories. As distinct from Germany, which enslaved free peoples and independent states of Europe, the Japanese have seized colonial or dependent countries striving for independence. Japan is trying to derive the maximum benefit from this situation. Japanese imperialism is ex-



Vicente Lombardo Toledano

plotting in its own interest the legitimate feelings of peoples who want to be free. Unquestionably the "Pan-Asia" propaganda is the trump card in the Japanese political game. Japan wants to confront its adversaries with "existing agreements" allegedly regulating "normal" relationships between the peoples of eastern Asia. Japanese diplomacy now regards this as its mission. Since the affairs of Hitler Germany are growing steadily worse and Japan no longer can count on its ally, it must attach greater significance to the utilization of East Asian countries in the war. From this military-political reserve Japan now apparently expects greater benefit than from the notorious Berlin-Tokyo Axis.

IN ITS OWN interests and for continuation of the war, Japan is trying to mobilize not only the raw material, but also the human resources of the countries of "Greater East Asia," with a view to draining them of labor power. This is not the only thing Japan is trying to do. Its militarists are preparing to use as cannon fodder the so-called Burma, Philippine, and Indian units they have formed, made up of the people deceived by Japanese agents. Undoubtedly, in the early stage of the war the Japanese imperialists succeeded in deceiving some people by their pseudo-liberation propaganda with regard to the dependent and colonial countries of East Asia. To encourage defeatist sentiment among the Hindus and to advertise the puppet "government of India"—as the Japanese-German agent Subhas Chandra Bose is styled—Japan announced the future transfer to this government of the Japanese occupied Andaman and Nicobar Islands. The congress of "representatives of the

peoples of greater East Asia," convened by the Japanese in November of 1943, adopted high-sounding declarations of closest collaboration with Tokyo "for victory." As distinct from the Chinese people, who know the Japanese imperialists well, the peoples of the Philippines, of Burma, and of Indonesia have had no possibility as yet to assess these unbidden liberators at their full value on the basis of their own bitter experience. The Japanese are exerting special efforts to infuse corruption into the ranks of the fighters for the independence of the Chinese people, to provoke treason and treachery—all this naturally under the guise of "Pan-Asiatic" slogans. The notorious Bose writes provocative letters to Chinese statesmen urging them to cease struggling against Japan and calling on them to "return to the bosom of Asia." It is clear that there are definite restrictions on these attempts to deceive the peoples of East Asia. The Japanese imperialists, prattling about the necessity for the "liberation of the peoples of the East from foreign exploitation," are playing with fire, since the desire for real freedom and independence awakened among millions of people in the colonial East cannot for any length of time be kept within limits of this Japanese demagoguery.

There are already indications that the Japanese invaders themselves are afraid of the activity of the colonial masses which they encourage in words. The Japanese naturally have no intention of reducing the strength of their occupation troops in the "independent" Philippine republic. They are already "advising" the leaders of the nationalist movement in Indonesia to "wait" for the realization of the promised "independence" until the cessation of hostilities. In Burma they are abolishing the Japanese civilian administration on the pretext of granting Burma "independence," but are preserving the military administration. In occupied sections of China, the Japanese are afraid even of extending the illusory rule of their hireling, Wang Ching-wei, to all territories under their control and are maintaining a "special regime" in northern China. Official representatives of the Japanese administration are already unceremoniously reminding the "liberated" people that while the war is in progress they must "forget about national frontiers" and confine themselves to strengthening "collaboration" with Japan.

The heavy blows against Hitlerite fascism in Europe exert no small influence on the situation of all other aggressive forces in the whole world. They are also reflected in the situation in Japan. The inevitable defeat of Hitler Germany cannot fail to create exceptional difficulties for Japan in the Pacific.

EUGENE ZHUKOV.

Mr. Zhukov is a Soviet authority on Pacific affairs. His article is reprinted from a very recent issue of the "War and the Working Class."

PANIC AMONG THE SATELLITES

By JOHN STUART

ABOVE the rumors, the falsehoods, and the incomplete information stands the indubitable fact that Hitler's Danubian vassals are in the throes of panic. A great and painful reality looms before them. It is the reality of approaching doom—a doom that marches with the seven league boots of the Red Army and glistens from the blades of thousands of liberating bayonets. So the doomsday bells toll loudly and their notes crash down on the Horthys, the Antonescus, on the Boshilovs who hear in them the ending of the "New Order" in southeastern Europe. And Hitler's reinforcement of his troops in Hungary and Rumania is as much a measure of Nazi desperation as it is a measure of his need to stem the tide of disintegration among his satellites. For it is obvious to the Wehrmacht that its crisis at the river battlefronts from the Dnieper to the Dniester augurs the crumbling of the German southern flank guarding the Danubian delta leading to the inner fortress, the Reich itself. "Who will doubt," wrote Ilya Ehrenburg last week in Moscow, "that after this we will reach the Prut, the Vistula, the Oder, and the Spree?" Hitler has no doubt. For Hitler the Ides of March have truly come. He quakes and shivers and for us there is now the great opportunity to finish him off by joint attack.

The time nears when the thieves sitting on that arc from the Baltic to the Black Sea will have to account for their malfeasance, for their tortures, for their lust for a Greater Finland, a Greater Hungary, a Greater Rumania or Bulgaria. That whole fantastic and patchwork structure known as the Nazi alliance topples before the first strong fresh wind, for it is an alliance that was built on political and military blitzkrieg and had no enduring qualities. The key that would open the stores of Europe to the Hitlerite plunderbund was to be rapid victory. Even before it had begun "they had already allotted," as Stalin put it last November, "who would get what: who would get the buns and the pies and who bumps and black eyes." Now they have neither buns nor pies and their eyes are being blackened by a powerful fist. They are hysterical with fear, and no alterations in governments from one set of blackguards to another can save them from catastrophe.

The stability of the Nazi coalition was at best a makeshift. It depended on the master tossing crumbs to his slaves—while the crumbs could be had. But when there were no more crumbs, no more chunks of territory to distribute and redistribute, when the blitz was ground down into millions of muddy graves and it looked inevitable that

the master himself was on the brink of defeat, then the plunderbund began falling out, with each member seeking the way to avoid inevitable retribution.

As a plunderbund there could never be equality among the accomplices who formed it. The master criminal knew well his partners' economic deficiencies and gradually through the Schachts and Clodius', those generals of the economic *Panzer-divisionen*, they were engorged into the Nazi domain, dependent upon Berlin for imports and manufactures. Seventy-five percent of Hungarian exports have been going to Germany. Hungarian industry has been undermined, and it has been Hitler's aim to reduce her, as he has tried to reduce France, to the level of an agricultural vassal. And holding the economic reins, Berlin has been able to dictate, with the agreement of the Hungarian fascist cliques, Budapest's political position. The notion in many of last week's newspapers that up until several Nazi divisions crossed the Hungarian border, Hungary was an independent political entity, free to move as she pleased, is as true as the notion that the navyless Admiral Horthy is a democrat.

HITLER has been able to maintain his mastery not only by his satellites' economic dependence upon him but by his persistent and diabolical skill in using the bitter hatreds which these satellites have for one another. The enmity between Hungary and Rumania is a classic example of how the Nazis have divided and ruled. And still it has required the most dire Nazi threats to keep Bucharest away from Budapest's throat. The Rumanians will never forgive the cession of northern Transylvania to Hungary, and the Hungarian ruling camarilla has fond dreams of getting back all the territory taken from her by Rumania and Germany. Both satellites in the midst of war have been husbanding their military and economic resources for use against each other. In March of 1942, Rumania's minister of foreign affairs, Mihai Antonescu (a relative of the premier), pledged eternal hatred for the Hungarians. And in the spring of 1943, Germany encouraged a Rumanian propaganda campaign with the hope that both satellites would keep from making further demands on the *Wilhelmstrasse*. So hostile have Rumanian circles been towards Hungary that when thousands of Rumanian lives were being thrown away by Antonescu on the Eastern Front, the cry arose in Bucharest that the country was being bled white and that Antonescu was falling into an Hungarian trap, since the latter was waiting for the right moment to take all of Transylvania.

The fall of Mussolini intensified the satellites' hostility towards each other and at the same time started a train of doubts in ruling circles as to whether they had put their money on the right horse. From Rumania could be heard voices that the huge Rumanian sacrifices had brought no rewards. In Hungary the dismay was equally great, for Hungary had modelled many of her policies on those of Mussolini. Like Mussolini, Hungary's leaders were dazzled by the Wehrmacht's early victories; like Italy she had entered the war for territorial gain; and like Italy she was intrinsically weak. And now Italy had surrendered. That was the first step in the mounting panic of Hungary's rulers—a panic which was beginning to reach its climax when the Red Army hit the Dniester and Hitler stepped in to halt the disintegration of his allies. Hitler, if he knows anything about history, knows what happened to the Kaiser after the Balkans started to fall apart in World War I.

This disintegration of the satellites had, of course, an earlier prelude when it was more than apparent that the Allied coalition, instead of crumbling as Hitler predicted, became even stronger, and finally after the growth of the anti-fascist forces in the Balkans as represented in Tito's Liberation Army made it clear that a people's movement was in birth. Top circles in Sofia, in Bucharest, and in Budapest reacted quickly and characteristically. They began singing the tune that they were only fighting a defensive war—a tune whose lyrics were first written in Helsinki. Governing groups in Hungary insisted that their obligations under the Nazi Tripartite Pact had been fulfilled. The Budapest radio began to call Hungary a "neutral" country. Of course the broadcasters had conveniently forgotten that there were still Hungarian troops on the Eastern Front; that Hungarian soldiers were being sent against Tito; that in 1941 Foreign Minister Bardossy, after visiting Hitler, had announced that "it is a sublime task for every Hungarian foreign minister to work together with the great German Reich, which is waging a final and heroic struggle for a just new order in Europe"; or that the chief of the Hungarian general staff, Marshal Franz Szombathelyi, had at the opening of this year sent Hitler greetings in which he expressed his loyalty—an example of how the Budapest clique had practically surrendered the sovereignty of their own country to Germany.

And as part of the game of pretense and necessity, the Hungarian rulers have sent emissaries to Ankara, to Stockholm,

(Continued on page 27)

READERS' FORUM

Add Wagner-Murray Bill

In its February 22 issue *NEW MASSES* published an article by Edward Earle Starr on the campaign against the health provisions of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell social security bill. The following exchange of letters continues that discussion.—The Editors.

DEAR MR. STARR: One of my reviewing friends has sent me a copy of your article, "Ganging Up With Gannett," published in the *NEW MASSES* (February 22), an article which fascinates me through its misinformation based on your misinterpretations. It's a strange business, when you brilliant fellows get yourselves so tangled up in fundamentals.

What do you mean by "organized medicine"? Mister, it's bunkum, and so I'm sending you the February 1944 issue of the *Westchester Medical Bulletin*, with a little article called "Let's Organize." Do you know, you are likely to drive us to it, and then God help you, you won't be able to pay any of your medical bills.

All this aside.

For thirteen years I have been working to develop an absolutely free and complete cancer service for the low income group in Westchester County, and I have associated with me the best men I know. We have done a real job, which might be worth your investigation, and we have done it without one damn government official, bureaucrat or other squeeze, and nobody has made a nickel. Now come on and look us up, and give us a writing.

Almost affectionately, another Irishman,
H. R. CHARLTON, M.D.

Bronxville, N. Y.

DEAR DR. CHARLTON: Although the sentiments expressed in my article may not coincide with yours, I do not believe that you can take issue with any of the statements of fact, which are based on information from impeccable sources in the medical profession.

The article in the *Westchester Medical Bulletin* raises purely verbalistic objections to the use of the phrase "organized medicine." Actually this phrase *per se* does not carry any stigma except insofar as it has come to acquire the connotation of a pressure group. This is brought out with surprising frankness in the very article to which you have referred me which makes a plea for a separate organization from the American Medical Association that would "frankly represent the medical profession in economic and legislative matters" and "would do away with any necessity for academies, special committees or surreptitiously subsidized groups acting as 'spokesmen' for the medical profession; it would leave the American Medical Association free to pursue its 'promotion of the science and art of medicine and the betterment of the public health' without being besmirched and discredited by inept attempts to present the doctors' case in legislative matters."

The suggestion advanced is interesting, but it seems unlikely that the group which formulates the AMA policy on medical-economic questions would care to relinquish the advantage of being able to cloak their reactionary views in an aura of scientific authority.

The "damn government official" who worries you is a phantom conjured up by the perennial bitter opponents of any modification whatever in the mode of distribution of medical care. A careful perusal of the actual text of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill will serve to dispel such chimeras.

The free cancer service you describe sounds like a most laudable endeavor. Perhaps if more physicians possessed your initiative and humanitarianism the health problems of the nation would be less distressing. Nevertheless, the contemporary stage of medical development and the sociological setting are such that individual efforts of this sort, praiseworthy though they may be, can go only a small way toward meeting the people's needs. Adoption of a national health program such as that of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill would represent the minimal step toward the goal of making the benefits of modern medical science available to all of the American people.

EDWARD EARLE STARR.

TO *NEW MASSES*: I heartily endorse the article by Edward Earle Starr, "Ganging up with Gannett," in the February twenty-second issue of *NEW MASSES*. There is no question that the medical provisions of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill would mean a tremendous step forward for both doctors and patients of this country. I am a physician myself and I have read the bill and also the abusive propaganda against it.

Since you have initiated discussion on the subject and since *NEW MASSES* probably reaches a fair number of physicians, I should like to urge you to pursue the subject further with an analysis of the recommendations for improvement of the bill made by the Committee of Physicians for the Improvement of Medical Care. These recommendations are published in Statement No. 12, issued by the committee on Dec. 30, 1943, and do merit your consideration.

I look forward to further material in your columns which I can use to persuade my medical colleagues that they have been taken in by Frank Gannett's propaganda.

Chicago.

L. C.

Physics and Dialectics

TO *NEW MASSES*: I have just been reading Eugene Cox' letter in the February 22 issue of *NEW MASSES* and I quarrel with his representation of a dialectical view of physics. He says ". . . The whole is governed by the laws that govern matter in motion. Every particle of matter is related to and interacts with every other particle. Hence there is nothing unknowable, only things unknown. . . ."

This sounds to me like the mechanistic physics of La Place who formulated the notion that given the mass position and velocity of every particle in the universe and a "lightning calculation" the future of the universe could be predicted. In other words, history has already been written. This is the view, according to Caudwell (*The Crisis in Physics*), which leads to one of the poles of bourgeois stalemate in science. It is unscientific, undialectic. I may have misunderstood what Mr. Cox meant to say.

Boulder, Col.

FAY BYRON BURMAN.

A Carpenter Protests

TO *NEW MASSES*: I read your article on Woll ("Undercurrents in the AFL," *NEW MASSES*, February 15) and wish you would write up his brother in crime, Hutcheson. I am a member of the Carpenters local 226 (AFL), and Mr. Hutcheson, on a referendum started by a New York local, is going to postpone our national convention till after the war, because of travel congestion. I hear he has appointed his son as vice-president. The regime is fascist and Nazi one hundred percent. I told my local so in open meeting and they are all excited about it now. We were not going to vote on the question of the convention at all. The officers claimed they would have too much work to call a meeting of 5,000 members, and so they laid the referendum on the table. On a motion to reconsider we carried a motion to call a special meeting. We are to have a national convention every four years.

I hope you keep exposing these union fakers and fascists. I worked with (William Z.) Foster in the TUEL (Trade Union Educational League) after World War I. I have read *NEW MASSES* for 35 years.

Portland, Ore.

A. L.





THE SOVIET WRITER

By NIKOLAI TIKHONOV

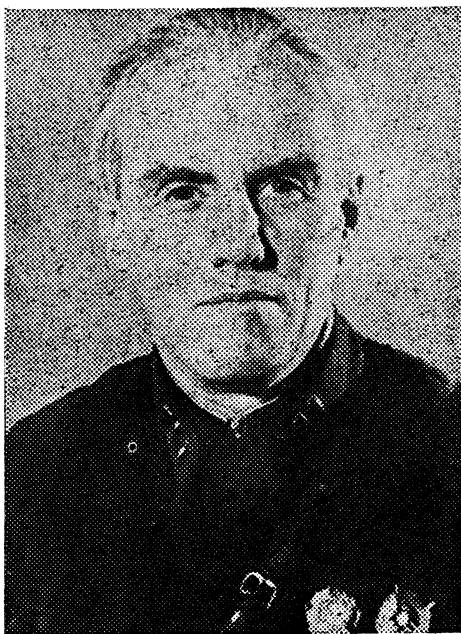
Moscow (by cable).

THE place of the writer in the Soviet Union's patriotic war is predetermined by the weapon he wields. That weapon is the written word. In this war our writers have laid down their lives as warriors, and as warriors they have rallied their ranks to champion once more the unshakable truths of Soviet art.

Marshal Stalin said that the Soviet intelligentsia in wartime has promoted the progress of Soviet science and culture. Right. From the outbreak of the war our writers flocked to the ranks of the country's defenders. From the very first they uttered their words of encouragement and cheer to the Red Army and the Soviet people on the battlefield and to labor in the rear. Our writers share in the life of the people. In the fighting brotherhood of our country they hold a place of honor. Their influence is immense. Never has their responsibility to the people and to future generations been so great. Soviet literature has become the "conscience of the world," as the English writer J. B. Priestley said. And it was said in profound respect for our work.

The people of the United Nations; oppressed peoples who desperately fight fascism; workers, intellectuals, and writers from the West are amazed at the brilliance of the Soviet people's victories. They keep asking themselves how this miracle could have come about and what are the reasons for the victories. And they turn to us Soviet writers and say: "Show us these Soviet people. Reveal the secret of their victories. Enable us to comprehend the heart and soul of the Soviet citizen. Tell us all you know about him with all the power of undiluted art—you writers and poets, engineers of the human soul, who understand the full and profound significance of the events through which your country is passing."

Our Soviet people and our Red Army eagerly absorb the words of our writers. They draw from them moral strength and are inspired by the feats of their heroes. "To be the engineer of the human soul means to be planted with both feet in the realities of life," said Zhdanov at the opening of the first writers' congress. This dictum retains its force in the times through which we now live. It should not be understood narrowly. Today there are operating facts which surround us, but we are motivated also by the knowledge of the future of which these facts are harbingers. We are motivated, too, by a profound con-



Nikolai Tikhonov, described by a Soviet critic as "the poet of Leningrad," has written many stories and verses from real life, testifying to the gigantic resistance of his native city, of which he was a part. Tikhonov was with the Red Army, defending Leningrad and contributing to the morale of his people through his writings. He has recently been elected chairman of the Executive Board of the Union of Soviet Writers.

sciousness of the historical past of our people. Within us lives the immortal ideal of perfecting human character, an ideal which has reached such amazing fruition in our Stalin epoch—a period which has given us heroes worthy of comparison with the finest classical types and often surpassing them. The scale of the struggle of our people today surpasses the gigantic collisions of the past which decided the fate of the world. Prior to the war the focal center of Soviet literature was the builder of the new life in towns and on collective farms—the man supremely devoted to the cause of the Party, the business manager and engineer, engaged in great construction projects, the explorer who conquered the Arctic, the young pioneer, indefatigable and eager for knowledge and living in the romantic world of happy childhood.

Now this individual is in the furnace of war, experiencing cruel ordeals and performing deathless feats of valor. We are witnessing the supreme heroism and the supreme triumph of the Soviet citizen. How is this hero of the nation depicted in our literature? In days of war, as in days

of peaceful construction, the hero of our literature is truth. We have no desire to conceal either drastic retreat or cruel battles or the immense exertions being made by our country on its road to victory. We have no desire to cloak our soldiers and officers in the gorgeous attire of fabulous knights or confine ourselves to strictly objective pictures of battle. The truth about war is a story capable of stirring the soul to its depths and disclosing all the moral wealth and profundity of the mighty soul of the Soviet citizen. Unconquerable will, amazing endurance, iron fortitude, profound understanding of what is happening, and high conscientiousness—such are the characteristic features of the Soviet soldier, Soviet woman, Soviet child, and old man. Our hero has no age limits.

THE national pride which hitherto lay hidden in the heart of the Soviet citizen flared up into bright flame in face of the threat of enslavement and mortal danger. Amid the ruins of Stalingrad and in beleaguered Leningrad, wherever gigantic battles were fought, the Soviet citizen at the decisive hour breathed the breath of this national pride and sacrificed his life for his country and its future. In the course of bitter fighting he conceived a hatred for the Germans—a deep and inextinguishable hatred, which became the driving force of the Red Army and the Soviet people.

As the war progressed our soldiers changed. The Red Army absorbed the sons of all nations of the Soviet Union and war became the purpose of their life. They grew up in the fire of battle and they have grown to such a stature that the flame of their victories illuminates the whole world as the glow of the dawn of salvation for all nations from the yoke of the languishing superman.

Never have Soviet writers had such readers as they have now. Never have their words been absorbed so eagerly. And never before have they rendered people such assistance. All processes of war are in one measure or another reflected in our literature. That is to its credit, honor, and glory. It has not reflected them exhaustively or forcibly enough, but it has reflected them in accordance with the measure of talents to be found today in our ranks.

It is impossible to enumerate all the works of our authors, poets, dramatists, and scenario writers, dedicated to the events of war. Let us dwell on the most character-

istic of those which have gained general recognition and which are of most interest. It must be confessed that in this war's early days our great writers did not know where to begin. They only felt instinctively that their responsibility demanded that they focus their energies in a search for the most essential, and the most essential was truth. Isn't it significant that when such different persons as Kolosov and Paustovsky left for the front they both took with them Leo Tolstoy's *Tales of Sevastopol*?

Why did they select Tolstoy? Because in Tolstoy's stories, where artistic prose is combined with journalism, the living truth went hand in hand with the author's reflections of what he saw. Tolstoy himself saw what he described, but this alone was not enough. He was moved toward the impelling urge to understand the Russian soul and he did not describe it objectively but with the passion of the patriot sharing in the national effort.

In these grim times our Soviet writers could not do otherwise than to take this course of seeing everything for themselves, and telling about it truthfully. Take so young an author as Konstantin Simonov. His popularity is immense. In the art of writing as in all other fields, it is inevitable that generation should succeed generation. Simonov is the voice of the younger generation of today, that generation which has been through Kharkov, which has taken part in the campaign of liberation in Byelorussia and the Western Ukraine, which tasted the bitter Finnish war in the winter of 1939-40. To this generation has fallen the honor of taking part in the great war of the Soviet people against the German fascist invaders. Youth endowed with immense energy is not afraid to expend its strength. We accordingly find Simonov exercising himself in every branch of literature. He's a prose writer, critic, poet, dramatist, scenario writer—all in one. Distance doesn't dismay him. One day he's in the vicinity of Odessa, one day near Moscow; he travels through the snowy wastes of the Arctic, and lo and behold he's in Stalingrad. Next we hear he's on the right bank of the Dnieper, then in the forests of Polesye, and we open our newspapers and read his dispatches from Gomel. This is the energy of youth which defies distance.

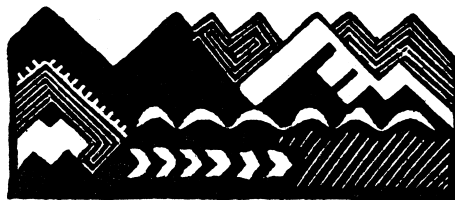
His thirst for impressions is fully legitimate. He himself goes out on reconnaissance, takes part in attacks; he's to be found at observation posts and on ferries across the Volga. Under fire everywhere, he is sincere and plain-speaking. No self-conceit, no trace of posing, no florid and ornate phrases. He was the first to put the theme of the Russian people on the stage. He made no discoveries—these people were all around him, his army is full of them. But he was the first to delineate them. For that he deserves credit.

Simonov has written verses which soldiers and officers carry with them next their hearts. This is not exaggeration. They do so because these verses correspond to what is in their hearts and they are grateful to the author. The chief favorite is "Wait for Me," a poem of love, but there are others. They were posted on walls in beleaguered Leningrad in letters a yard high. They are poems of hate—like "Kill Him!" Simonov writes sketches which resemble short stories and short stories which resemble sketches. Fidelity to the genre doesn't interest him—what does, is struggle and victory. He talks in the language of his times. His generation is in trenches, in battle—it is winning the war, and when it thinks of war, it thinks of Simonov. That's a lot.

There are, of course, shortcomings in his short stories, poems, and plays. But that isn't the important thing. The important thing is that he is the voice of his generation. He cannot write irreproachably. That will come with time. But just as he is, he marks his stories and verses with the years 1941, 1942, 1943. These are glorious dates. They will never be forgotten.

OR TAKE Sobolev's *Sailor's Soul*. These are passionate little stories whose merit is that they read like truth. It is the truth about our pride and our glory, about Soviet seamen who revive the glorious traditions of the past. We have Seaman Kostya, who acquires a new name. We have Sevastopol in storm and tempest, our own Soviet Sevastopol—from the time Nakhimov has turned over her post to a Soviet girl and looks on with pride as her successor performs her historic duty. Kornilov's sailors have been resurrected in an inimitable work on Sevastopol naval batteries. Istomin's sappers come to life again as sappers of the year 1942. Sobolev's merit is that he has been able to convey the pulse of this struggle.

But there are attempts which go beyond mere episodes. It is a very difficult thing at the height of a war like the present one to endeavor to halt the march of time. It is easy to make notebook sketches, but it is far harder to paint a big picture during a brief halt at the crossroads of time. Nevertheless, Vassily Grossman's novel, *The People Is Immortal*, is a success. It isn't because of Commissar Bogaryov and Red Armyman Ignatyev—typical as they may be. Grossman tackled something else, something bigger, something which we find in the works of literature for the first time.



Helen West Heller

The war affected our whole life and everything that was precious to people. Grossman was the first to depict the gamut of war, the first to describe towns and villages perishing in the squall of enemy invasion. He doesn't offend us with trite exaggerations. He doesn't insult true heroes with false heroics. There are defects in his novel, but our task is to find the main thing which the writer attempted and which he succeeded in achieving.

Gorbatov's *Unsubjugated* produced an immense impression on readers in the rear of the front. It is the tradition of literary judgments to be severe. It is the duty of writers to stand sentinel over art and to make high demands of one another. But there are manifestations in literature as in any art which cannot be understood if one carries the search for the irreproachable too far. Take, for example, the books of Nikolai Ostrovsky, of whose fate in the present war we will speak later. They are far from being as free from faults as the exacting artist would like, but they are splendid books. So it is with Gorbatov's story. More powerful books will be written, books which will more fully disclose manifestations of life under the Germans in our dear and unhappy Ukraine. But Gorbatov put into his story the passion of the ardent publicist and the book achieved its purpose. The author's aim has been attained. People have accepted the book.

Sholokhov has begun to write a novel, *They Fought for Their Country*. It is still only in fragments and it is hard to imagine as a whole, because we don't know the fate of the characters. But it is evident that Sholokhov has conceived a difficult thing. And he wouldn't have wanted anything easy. It is a book about the workaday life of the war. About the distressful days of retreat, when people looked upon you, their defender, almost with contempt, and raging fury awoke in the heart of the soldier. We know that later this fury will lead to the histories of Stalingrad, Orel, Kiev, and Leningrad. It is the truth of war.

Sholokhov once wrote *The Science of Hate*. Who will say that this was only a newspaper article? *The Science of Hate* was read by the whole army and by our armed people.

And so we see our writers keeping pace with events which are bound up with the life of the armed people who need the word of the writer, believe in him and eagerly read him. Tvardovsky's "Vasily Tyorkin" isn't Vasya Tyorkin from the days of the Mannerheim Line and the army newspaper *Na Strazhnye Rodiny*. Tvardovsky has too much esteem for the language of the people to repeat those sometimes too hackneyed strophes which accompanied the Vasya Tyorkin who lived with the troops on the Karelian Isthmus. Now in free and untrammelled chapters of *Vasily Tyorkin* we find the Red Armyman of today—modest, gallant rank-and-filer, with all the

native wisdom of the people—entering into the life and death struggle against fascism. As poetry there's one thing "Tyorkin" lacks. The Russian who is today upholding the liberty of his land, arms in hand, has preserved all the innate qualities of his forefather's soldiers of old. But new qualities have been added to those features of the Soviet citizen which are only partially depicted in Tvardovsky's poem. That which the poet treated in general could have been more complete and more profound and enriched with these new hues—in that way it would have remained forever in the memory of future generations as a splendid poetic image of a great era.

Wanda Wasilewska's *The Rainbow* gives with precise and accurate consistency a picture of the rule of the Germans in our territories which temporarily fell under their sway—a picture which is almost beyond the power of the pen. The author dissects the sufferings of the people almost anatomically. Her pen becomes a scalpel. She selects the factual without any intervention from virtuous imagination. She rejects the yardstick of art in order to make her picture as remorseless as an indictment, and to punish the butchers as through a court sentence. She does this deliberately—she does not tone down and she does not argue, but strives to depict the most terrible and the most essential. She aims to achieve the idea and content of the story as it has been comprehended by the reader both at the front and in the rear. Only people impregnated with the spirit of uncompromising estheticism can complain that the book has not been written according to laws to which they've been accustomed. For it must be borne in mind that the Germans aren't living or fighting according to laws by which it was customary to depict them in the literature of the past.

We are now absorbed in war. Everything else is of minor importance, if not alien. What is the poet to add in these grim times? He doesn't even ask. He knows what he is to do and where he is to be. And how could it be otherwise? Belinsky was profoundly right when he said, "If he's a poet, a true poet, then he must sympathize with his country, share its hopes, suffer its ailments, rejoice at its joys." Who will disagree with this? Who will deny it? And so I ask: Can a Russian poet be anything but a Russian poet, Russian not only by birth, but in spirit and cast of mind, in shaping his sentiments, no matter how deeply he may be impregnated with "Europeanism"?

WHEN speaking of the artistic growth of our poetry it should be remarked that a poet like Surkov, who always preferred content to form, has in these times of war begun to write more forcibly and has produced a number of good things. Prokofieff, who always wrote only verses and songs, has written a striking poem

"Russia." Vera Inber, whose sin was estheticism, in the midst of the grim siege of Leningrad wrote a poem "Pulkovo Meridian," which is in its way a diary, in which she strove to record the somber picture of the winter-beleaguered city. Olga Bergholz revealed unexpected power in her "February Diary," with which the whole country is familiar. Here we find that awakening, that inspiring action of the tide of a truly great feeling without which there cannot be real poetry.



Helen West Heller

"The Quarry"

In this time of war, some of the most ancient forms of poetry which one would have thought were only things of the past have been revived. In olden times bards accompanied warriors to battle and composed their songs in the midst of the fighting, extolling fallen heroes and calling for vengeance. And today we have a splendid poem by Paul Antokolsky, "Son," of which the initiated say that it is the song of a bard beside the grave of his warrior son who died for his country. Yet the poem is not an epitaph. It is a piece of real life. The poem belongs not only to its author, but to all who have suffered deep personal bereavement.

And when Aliger, in her poem "Zoya," speaks in the name of her generation, isn't she entitled to do so? Perhaps Zoya wasn't quite as she depicts her, and some stanzas are at variance with the facts of her biography. But Zoya loses nothing essential, and thereby through the poem the chief thing and the most valuable is portrayed—boundless love for the Soviet motherland for whose sake Zoya performed her exalted deed.

WE OBSERVE a similar manifestation in the field of drama. The immense social value of Alexander Korneichuk's *Front* is generally acknowledged. Even when the theme he treats becomes antiquated, the play will live as a thing of history.

Individuality, which is characteristic of every independent writer, is likewise shown in the choice of themes. Leonid Leonov could not have selected a different path from the one he did for his hero, a kind of superfluous person who wanders from one novel to another, from play to play. In *Invasion* Leonov makes his hero sacrifice himself in a lofty cause. There is nothing strained in this—it is the truthful end to

the life of a character such as may be observed in uncounted instances in wartime, especially in territory occupied by the enemy.

The same thing happens to the characters in the very fine tales of Platonov, whose stories always suffered from superfluity of odd individuals. These odd characters of Platonov's began to live, in his war stories, a life which is in no way odd. And the influence of Jack London which we sense so elusively in the tales of Kozhevnikov by no means lessens the impressions they produce. Why? Because the strong characters with which we are familiar in the works of Jack London are not simply transplanted as literary imitations but live in our environment independently.

In Vishnevsky's play *At the Walls of Leningrad* sailors resemble "bratishki" (brothers) in the days of the Civil War. That is quite legitimate. Those who happened to be in Leningrad at the time of the siege will remember that the streets of the great city again saw sailors girdled and criss-crossed with machine-gun belts, resurrections as it were, of the sailors in the film *We Are From Kronstadt*. The Baltic Fleet is proud of its traditions, and sailors who went out to meet Yudenich's tanks armed only with hand-grenades today too have staged psychological attacks and were not without reason dubbed by the Germans "Black Devils."

The voices of the poets from all regions of our broad country merged as it were into one polyphonic chorus singing the glory of the motherland. But listen and you will discover all distinctive shades—Rylsky, Tychina, Bazhan, Pervomaisky, Shchipachov, Isakovsky, Yakob Kolos, Perts Markish, Naira Zaryan, and others. The poetry of our enemy has only one theme—malignant hatred of humanity. It is not for nothing that Dietrich Eckert is the acknowledged poet of Hitler Germany, and that for his sake the Lessing Prize was abolished and the Lessing School renamed the Dietrich Eckert School. He is fond of repeating in his lines, one and the same word, "storm, storm, storm." By that, of course, is meant the storm of fascism which is sweeping the world. Poverty-stricken poetry! How much richer is our world, how much richer are our citizens and our demands on the arts! In a poem by the Uzbek poet Gafur Gulyam, "I Am Coming from the East," you will find echoes of the mighty poetry of Mayakovsky and a deep sense of the times which enables the Uzbek poet to amaze his countrymen by the power of his verse and to astonish all Soviet people by the breadth of his themes.

The poems of Kuleshov are for the whole Union, although they're written in Byelorussian. His "Standard of Brigade" notwithstanding its epic theme is full of lyrical lines of wonderful unexpectedness.

And two poets have completed a work which is of direct significance to the whole Soviet Union and important to the state. The National Anthem, whose words are by Mikhalkov and E. L. Registan, is written so simply that nothing ponderous disturbs the strict formulas which should be comprehensible to all ages, all people, and all tribes of our country. All poetic adornments and everything that might hamper strictness of meaning have been rejected. Scores of poets of all nationalities of the Soviet Union submitted texts for the anthem, and this noble emulation demonstrated more clearly than anything else that our poets have a sense and understanding of their civic duty.

FRIENDSHIP for Stalin among our nations has never shone so brilliantly as in the days of this patriotic war. The unity of nations is being cemented in the blood on the battlefields. Poets and writers of all nationalities are fighting, weapons in hand, in the same ranks. Azerbaijanian Abul Hassan, who fought at Sevastopol, writes stories of the wonderful defense of that city. The Tatar poet Faizi took part in the defense of Leningrad. The Kazakh poet Abdullah Djumgaliyev fell fighting near Moscow. A song was written to him by soldier-poet Amanzhalov. Hero of the Soviet Union Malik Gabdulin wrote a book of sketches entitled "My Frontline Friends." Djambul's poem "Leningradites, My Children" inspired the city's citizens in the blackest days of the siege; they rejoiced in it as in a fraternal greeting from their broad motherland. We must be strong and united if there, on the slopes of the mountains, the Kazakhstan people were thinking of Leningrad and singing its songs of cheer.

The fame of the Panfilov heroes spread all over the Union. Poems were written to the brave twenty-eight in Russian, Kazakh, and Yiddish. Azuyev wrote a play, *Honor of the Guards*, and Mukanov, *Guards Forward!* In Kazakhstan a play was written about Kazakh and Ukrainian partisans fighting shoulder to shoulder in Kiev territory. Said Ordubadi, oldest of the Azerbaijan prose writers, wrote a novel about young chemists. And Baltic poets Ubits, Cvirka, and Subrabkalns joined the common effort. In Georgia appeared a poem by a young and fresh writer, Gregory Abashidze, "Hill of Victory." Chancharauli's "Sun Will Shine Over Our Country" is being sung by all Georgia. Lenidze's verses are infused with patriotic fervor. Voices of young and old merge in hymns to the leader of our people. Numberless are the songs and poems written in all languages to our great Stalin.

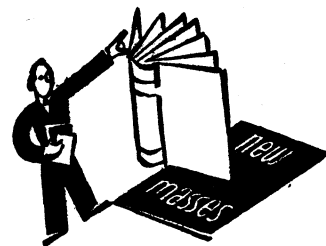
The war is inspiring people in the far South and in the far North. Literary forms are expanding; poets, such as Bazhan, Golovanivsky, and Pervomaisky, becoming publicists, are writing articles and sketches.

Prose writers—for example, Panch and Kopylenko in the Ukraine—are becoming satirists. Old men like Aini and Avetik Isakyan are writing about war. Poets and prose writers of all nationalities, living witnesses of the people's woe and the people's triumph, constitute a fighting brotherhood in which the outstanding influence is Russian literature, a natural and beneficent influence which is enriching literature from the sister nationalities. Gafur Gulyan's work is a clear illustration. A poet informed by all the secrets of oriental tradition and the great poets of the past, he borrows from Mayakovsky so that his own verse may strike a new note in his mother tongue.

Many of our poets are doing translations. I might mention, for instance, Isakovsky, Adalis, Derzhavin, Aliger, Antokolsky, Zvygintsev, Brodskiylenkevich, Turganov, Penkovsky, and Petrovykh. It might be said that there's no poet in our country who isn't doing translations. Mikhail Lozinsky, who is a splendid translator, just completed an immense work. He has made a complete translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. This is a feat of poetic progress which deserves the widest publicity.

All nationalities of the Soviet Union are fighting on the front. Workers and intellectuals young and old are in the army—Russians, Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Georgians, Kazakhs. They value the words of writers as they never valued them before. But they don't value everything—cold, indifferent, vapid, and garish words they reject. If propaganda is bad, it isn't propaganda. Only such leaflets are needed as are written from the heart. It is, therefore, no disgrace to an author to write a leaflet such as nobody else but himself could write. And men at the front are interested in books as well as in leaflets—keenly interested. In General Gorbato's army Nikolai Ostrovsky's *How Steel Was Tempered* became a sort of evangel. How it began nobody knows. But the novel has been read and reread in every company and battalion. There was once almost a fight between two units as to whose turn it was to read the book. One claimed the right because they had killed so many Germans. "But we killed more," the other protested. "And so you should—there are more of you," was the retort. Commanders even began greeting their new men as "Korchagins" [the partisan hero of *How the Steel Was Tempered*]. But the title had to be earned. The book took such a hold on the men's imaginations that once when the company was almost surrounded and fought its way out only through heroic effort, one Red Armyman said after the battle: "Phew, that was hot. Seemed to me that Nikolai Ostrovsky was lying on the right flank behind the machine-gun and was helping us out."

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Kobzar, carefully mended and patched, was presented every evening to the man who had most distinguished himself during that day. And men fought for the right to receive the book for a high award. We know that an Order of the Day was issued to the second battalion—"Grandfathers," a glorious partisan division—which read, "All newspapers may be used as cigarette paper except Ehrenburg's articles."

Near Leningrad the young author Tevelev wrote a story based on authentic fact. It told of an artillery officer who happened to be passing when a shell fell among a group of children. He helped the wounded youngsters and then noted down the names of boys and girls who had been killed or injured. When he arrived at his battery he loudly commanded "Revenge for So-and-So—fire!" mentioning each of the little victims in turn. This story became widely known at the front and it became customary to fire salvos at Germans in revenge for named individuals. We can imagine with what accuracy artillerymen fired as they wreaked vengeance for the children of Leningrad.

Books live a life of their own on the front. They are treasured with all the care given to weapons. One division stationed near Pulkovo collected money and sent one of its better educated men to Leningrad to purchase good books, books of interest to soldiers. When a book was handed out a record was kept of its condition, written inside the cover. And if the book was returned with a page torn, or in a soiled or damaged condition, the offender was liable to be deprived of the right of further reading.

The men at the front like what is written with fire and spirit. That's why Ehrenburg is so incredibly popular. It is to his supreme credit that he helped to dispel the myth of the invincibility of the German fascists. He helped expose the brazen and arrogant German of the early months of the war as a rapacious, thieving, stupid, and bloodthirsty Fritz. He killed a fear of the Germans by exposing the Hitlerites in their true colors.

In this connection we may mention Alexei Tolstoy's articles, Grossman's and Simonov's powerful sketches, Pavlenko's stories, and Fadeyev's books of sketches, which give a good picture of Leningrad in 1942. Why were the poems of Alexander Prokofieff and Paul Antokolsky, two absolutely antithetical poets, used as leaflets for the partisans? The former was known as a song writer, the latter as an exalted and rather abstract poet. Yet it turned out that Prokofieff could write vivid propaganda verses without detriment to quality, while Antokolsky's "Ballad of an Unknown Boy" has appeal which is universal.

And it is not only at the front that prose and poetry have propaganda value. In cities of Kazakhstan a contest of akyn, or bards, was held. It lasted seven days. Bards

gathered from eight regions. Collective farmers, workers, and engineers did their utmost so that the akyn of their district might extol their achievements and carry off the palm at the contest. A gang working on one oil derrick, who were behind with their output, rose to top place after akyn visited their sector.

The writer is a great influence in our country. His voice has accompanied men into battle and spurs them on to victory in war and labor. In order that a writer may make wide use of our literary forms, he must have a high level of culture and a developed class consciousness; he must be untiring and devoted to the great ideals of our times. As he works, the writer of the present gains a new insight into our country's past. Hence the large number of historical novels, poems, and plays which have been written in recent times. We might mention Alexei Tolstoy's *Road to Cavalry* and *Difficult Years* (a play about Ivan the Terrible), Golubov's *Bagratiou*, Shishkov's *Emelyan Pugachov*, a play about Prince Vladimir by Forsh and Boyadzhiev, Sergeyev Tsensky's *Brusilov Offensive*, Antonovsky's *Great Mouravi*, Borodin's *Dmitri Donskoy*, Aibek's *Navoi*, Samed Vurgun's play *Vagif*, Bazhan's poem about Daniel Galitsky, Hamid Alimjan's *Mukanna*, Sayanov's poem "Stories of Russian Soldiers," Rylsky's poem on Bogdan Khmelnytsky and Kervababev's "Decisive Years"—to mention only a few.

What a rich variety of events, types, and descriptions of life and customs! But in all these works, each gifted in its own way, two lines are clearly visible. One leads back to the ancient past, the other to military stories in the times of Suvorov, or 1812. Yet what a wealth of wonderful historical themes of keen interest still remains untapped. Such is Russia's struggle for freedom with the Slavs, the Russians in the Mediterranean, Russian opposition to German intrigue in the nineteenth century, Russians in the East! Of the epoch of war with Napoleon, our writers were only attracted by 1812, while our foreign campaigns of 1813-14 remain untouched. Such noble generals of those times as Dokhturov, Konovitsyn, and Neverovsky; partisans such as Seslavin and Figner, and sailors such as Ushakov and Senyavin are left in the shade.

The rear is the forge-shop of victory; but on this theme very little has been written—only a few books and those mostly sketches. True, Marietta Shaginyan's *Urals on the Defensive* and Anna Karavayeva's *Stalinist Artisans* are books which deserve fullest attention, as do also the sketches of Elena Kononenko, and experienced and keen-eyed journalists like Boris Agapov and Kolosov. But actually only one big novel has been written about the heroic work in the rear—Perventsev's *The Test*. Natan Rybak has written a novel about the rear, *Arms Are With Us*, Azu-

yev, a novel about Karaganda, *Hours' Trial*; Slanov, a novel about Kazakhstan, *Firebreathing Mountain*, Boldans, a play *Baikal Fishermen*, and Senchenko, *Sails Are Hoisted*—but practically none of these books are available in Russian and that raises the question of translation.

To this day we hear talk and discussion about so-called pure art and non-pure art. This is a deplorable misunderstanding. Mayakovsky's "Tass Windows" have found their place in the history of literature. Self-complacent art is not art, but trade.

Any work—major or minor—which appeals to a broad reading public, helps them to a wider and deeper knowledge of the heroism of our struggle and of the feats of prowess of our citizens and the power which motivates them, and which teaches them what they have to do at this juncture, is a real help to the front and the rear. Upon the writer lies the responsibility for educating coming generations. Questions of ethics, of inculcation of ideals, our great ideals of socialism and strengthening the moral fibre of the people—such are the great aims toward which our big literatures are striving.

What sort of individual will emerge from the war? We've also to think of the morrow of war. As Vyacheslav Molotov said: "It is necessary to complete the moral and political defeat of fascism as well." To this writers may contribute powerfully by their ardent and truthful words. Comrade Stalin said that workers, collective farmers, and all our intellectuals must work for the front with redoubled energy.

Writers must concentrate all their creative energies on aiding in final victory and
(Continued on page 31)

Panic Among the Satellites

(Continued from page 20)

and to the Vatican to learn what terms would be granted them by the Allies. In this respect it would seem that the Hungarians have laid down the blueprint which the Rumanians and Bulgarians have followed in throwing out their peace feelers. The first impression they try to create is that they have been the victims of German imperialist designs, that they have been anti-Nazi despite all the Nazi crimes they have committed. They claim that their participation in the war was to protect their rights as small nations and that they have no desire for extra territory except to hold on to that which they acquired at the expense of others. The objective is to salvage as much as possible from the inevitable crash. And underscoring all these pleadings, without doubt known to Hitler, is the plea that Britain and the United States must save these countries from the "Bolshevik colossus." The Moscow Conference declarations served as the Allied reply, but the work of intrigue continues in the form of efforts to establish relations with reactionary circles in both England

and the United States, for a peace which would save the satellite rulers from the wrath of their own people.

That wrath is at its highest in Bulgaria. There the strong anti-German forces have rallied around the Patriotic Front. The strength of the Bulgarian guerrilla movement mounts steadily. Sabotage is widespread. There have been battles between German troops and Bulgarian peasants and there have been arrests of many Bulgarian soldiers and civilians whose feeling of affection for the Soviet Union cannot be destroyed by either terror or brutality. Members of the Sobranie (parliament) have been deprived of office for their open opposition to the government's policies. And on Sofia's busiest streets there have been anti-German demonstrations and attacks on collaborators.

In Rumania, the resistance movement has been growing stronger. Reports of Rumanian troops mutinying on the Eastern Front have had their effects on the civilian population. Last year the government ordered that all civilian arms be surrendered with death as a penalty for violators; several anti-sabotage measures have also been introduced. There have been mass arrests of what Antonescu has been pleased to call "Communists," that is, those who have been struggling to free the country of the regime. (The Gestapo is stronger in Rumania than it is anywhere else in Europe, with the exception of Germany and France.) There have been strikes in the Ploesti oilfields and in Bucharest factories. And the Rumanian Patriotic Front has issued a program, three points of which call for the expulsion of the Germans, the overthrow of the Antonescu government, the formation of a genuinely national government.

In Hungary, the underground radio "Louis Kossuth" is making efforts to rally the Hungarian army to resist the Germans and to disobey the Hungarian high command. Radio Kossuth speaks for the Front of Independence founded in Budapest during Christmas, 1942. It has urged all patriots regardless of their political outlook to join in guerrilla struggle.

And so the fire of resistance sweeps across southeastern Europe, kindled by the advancing Soviet armies and Tito's heroic operations. The Soviet armistice terms to Finland have etched their way into the minds of all the Danubian people as being just and honorable. And all patriotic circles, including those on top who are honestly looking for a way out, are thinking hard and fast. For the longer their countries continue on the side of the devil the more disastrous will the consequences be. Last September Mr. Churchill remarked in Parliament that the Axis satellite states might perhaps, if they helped shorten the war, be permitted to "work their passage home." It will be a less stormy voyage if they do not embark too late.



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JACOBOWSKY

By HARRY TAYLOR

IN HIS latest play, based on Franz Werfel's original, S. N. Behrman takes the most deserved bow of his career, if not as a craftsman, certainly as a democratic citizen of the world. Whatever its lags, by the time the last curtain descends, *Jacobowsky and the Colonel* has said wittily, trenchantly, and in terms of action, that all peoples must unite, that they need each other's different strengths in the war against fascism, and that the only way to deal with fascists is utterly to destroy them. In association with Jack H. Skirball, the Theater Guild has mounted the play with its usual skill and Elia Kazan has directed the abundant and competent cast with imaginative intelligence.

This is not the first play in which Behrman has drawn for us the portrait of the fascist. But heretofore, both his fascists and their most intransigent enemies were presented equally as slightly comic extremes with the author in the seductive guise of Ina Claire maintaining a sane balance between them. Now, however, events having made the issue clear, Behrman is fully committed to the destruction of fascists. All the same, he has not arrived at this attitude without an intense struggle with the technical side of his craft. Seeking justification in his experience as well as in his position as our foremost writer of comedy, he chose to tell what is essentially the tragic story of our time in his accustomed manner. But that he was not sure of the correctness of his choice is indicated not only in the play, but in a recent article in the *New York Times* in which he too strenuously defended it. In this article, he went to great pains to point out that though he well understood the brutal nature of the moment in which the Nazis poured into Paris, still he could view it dramatically only in the style of comedy. He wished us to believe that what most fascinated him in Werfel's story were not the large implications, but rather the juxtaposition of "two men in an ambivalent relationship—two men from the opposite ends of the earth, opposites spiritually, physically, mentally—held together during a flight (from Paris to the coast) by a common enemy and a mechanical thing," the car which the Jewish refugee, Jacobowsky, buys and which he persuades the Polish colonel to drive. The result at the Martin Beck, however, proved that not even Behrman can describe every situation through the form of comedy and that, whether or not he realizes it, he was forced to abandon his

favorite style at the moment of stark reality.

Thus it is precisely in the first four of the six scenes, during which the author is comically manipulating the opposite facets of his principals, that the play is ambulant and little more than amusing. And because Behrman is stalling off the essential conflict of the story, life fighting Nazi death, because he is trying to put off the moment when he must come to grips with it, he is forced to invent gags in order to fill out the consequent slimmness of material in those first two acts. And so there is the entertaining vaudeville in which Jacobowsky purchases the car; the bit in which the romantic Pole insists on serenading his love, Marianne; the amusing scene in which the gendarme officially threatens Jacobowsky, but at the split second of off-duty avidly helps him; the stretch of urbane fooling in which the jealous Colonel bullies Jacobowsky into a pistol duel. Not only does Behrman's devotion to comedy maneuver him into this vulgarization of his usually masterful control of style, but it also compels him to base the Colonel's contemptuous attitude toward Jacobowsky on caste rather than on the factor of Jew-hatred for which the entire officer class of Poles is notorious.

BUT with the rise of the curtain on the third act, we are at last in the real play. And this is not comedy. It is drama and melodrama. Now we see the true tragedy of France played out for us: the atmosphere of defeat and despair; the bewildered and apathetic people; the collaborationist senator anxious to please the Gestapo spy; the ugly, quavering radio voice of Petain counseling submission; the Nazis raiding for hostages—and, wonderfully, sudden resistance and destruction of Nazi life! Now the audience no longer watches the story with negligent amusement; it becomes a participant. Again and again speeches are applauded—a sure sign that their pertinence is recognized. There is applause when someone says, "Why do the Nazis need a Gestapo when there are so many traitors among us?" There is applause when an elderly Frenchman excoriates the quisling-senator and when he declares that what happens to Jacobowsky is everybody's business and that if we had been sufficiently aware of this, we would have exterminated Hitler in his first few weeks of power. With gusty laughter and applause, the audience recognizes the danger to itself when

the Gestapo officer says, "You have the gun. I am unarmed. Let us negotiate." And in the final scene, it applauds approvingly Jacobowsky's new found determination to meet violence with violence.

Thus *Jacobowsky and the Colonel* achieves significance and power precisely at the point where it abandons comedy. Perhaps this departure heralds a new period for Behrman—one in which he will be no less witty and much more clear and forceful.

Among many good performances Louis Calhern is always arresting and nice to watch in the part of the noble Pole who, to quote Jacobowsky, has one of the best minds of the fifteenth century. J. Edward Bromberg plays his orderly with a keen appreciation of the man's natural core of dignity within the comic pulp of a servant's tolerances. The girl is acted by Annabella, who comes to Broadway via the films. She is attractive and has a nice sense of comedy, but I could have wished her warmer and more flexible. But it is Oscar Karlweis who carries the largest share of the evening. His performance is delightfully intelligent, and full of nuances and delicate timings. And though Jacobowsky is too close to the generally accepted image of the Jew as a most deviously resourceful and durable being, a conception not borne out by the murder of 3,000,000 Jews, yet Karlweis endows him with such charm, wisdom, whimsicality, and courage, that we greet happily all his entrances and regret his exits. The action moves in Stewart Chaney's picturesque sets, the first two in Paris resembling Utrillo's work, the cafe looking like something out of Van Gogh, and the beautiful night sky in the last scene having the poetic feeling of a Ryder seascape.

Altogether, *Jacobowsky and the Colonel* is an always interesting and amusing anti-fascist play and at the end comes through with especially powerful effect. A must for every democrat who loves the theater.

The IWO Presents . . .

THIS people's organization rates a salvo of applause for the character and quality of the entertainment which it offered recently on two consecutive evenings, in the spacious auditorium of Hunter College. Following the gay and sometimes stirring music and vigorous folk dances of its national groups, the IWO presented *Road to Victory*, a play which Maxine Wood wrote for the occasion. It will be a distinct

waste if this more than competent production does not somehow get itself a larger audience than was possible in its two showings.

Writing in a form suitable to her material and purpose, Miss Wood centered her story around four soldiers somewhere on a fighting front. While they discuss the nature of the war and speculate on what the home front may be doing to team with them in the destruction of fascism, we see to alternate left and right of them, the scenes which provide the answers. We see the new respect and understanding with which GIs learn to regard their Negro and Jewish comrades; we feel some of the anger and despair of the soldiers who can find no way into the confidence of two frightened Italian children; we share the fighting rage of the merchant-sailor who rescues a Jewish boy from a couple of Christian Fronters; we are tremendously touched by what happens when Joe Cohen gets his mother to sign his enlistment papers; and we are uplifted when the spirit of the colored serviceman, Chuck Brown, comes to comfort his young widow and to strengthen her will to see this war through to victory.

Only those who have tried their hand at such brief sketches can possibly know how difficult it is to provide them with characters who come out as human beings. And yet Miss Wood's soldiers and civilians were often sufficiently personalized to excite our sympathetic identification. For this she has undoubtedly made her bow not only to Georgiana Brand for her excellent staging and direction, but to the astonishingly capable cast, which must have worked very earnestly to achieve the combined effect of clarity and feeling. At one point, Richard Dyer-Bennet—so far as I know the only professional—provided a most pleasant interlude of song. Alfred Boylen designed settings and the lighting plan. H. T.

Two Films

"VOICE IN THE WIND" is a curious combination of sound political attitude and sticky sentimentalism, of restrained character study and headlong melodrama, of good taste and Hearts-and-Flowers bathos. Arthur Ripley, writer, director, and co-producer, has made the picture, he says, "... as an indictment of any force that tends to destroy the intellectual or spiritual life of man." For our times, I take it that he identifies this force with the Nazis, since they cause the personal tragedy of the main characters. The picture, however, is occupied a great deal of the time with the adventures of a cutthroat family of fishermen and refugee-runners, and while some powerful scenes are created and some excellent movie portraits turned in, it makes for a long and sharp deviation from the stated objective.

The story is probable in its introduction,

improbable in its conclusion. A Czech pianist defies the Nazi ruling on patriotic music, and at a recital plays the forbidden *Moldau* of Smetana. He is brutally beaten and as a result becomes an amnesiac. His wife, spirited away by friends, lands on a mythical island off the coast of South America. Later, he escapes his Nazi jailers and ends up on the same island. That, as far as I know, is the longest stretch that the over-worked arm of coincidence has been called upon to make. He spends his days in a saloon, playing the piano, and the half-heard strains of the instrument keep alive his wife, who is dying of a broken heart, in a joint across the road.

As a story setting, it is reminiscent of the tear-jerkers that used to dominate the silent screen, and peculiarly enough, the physical tone of the film often adds to this impression. Ripley, however, gets much more effective results from his direction than from his writing. Instead of using the customary technique of multiple "takes," he first rehearsed the company and then shot the picture continuously, as a play is staged. As a matter of fact, the staging often has the quality of a theatrical scene. Thus some of his single shots give more insight into character and situation than a canful of dialogue and action. Usually this kind of treatment results in static interludes, and is harmful to the over-all requirements of *motion* pictures, but in this instance, in relation to the general handling of the film, it is a help. There is one shot, for instance, of the crazed pianist, sitting motionless in a low chair, his knees reaching almost to his chest, his elbows on his knees, his chin almost level with his elbows, like a great dog, of once fiery spirit, chained to a kennel floor. There is another shot of the refugee doctor caring for the wife, sitting at her bedside in a dingy room, dejected and lifeless, that tells more of the patient's condition than all the spoken sentiment that follows.

Voice In the Wind is one of the few independently produced pictures for a long time that has had national distribution. It cost less than twenty-five percent of the average film produced by the Hollywood big-time, and it required only twelve days for the shooting. While not up to the generally slick product of the major studios, and while it does not live up to its own potential as an important movie, it certainly proves that first-rate films can be produced at something under the astronomical budgets to which we have become accustomed.

Francis Lederer plays the Czech composer and the amnesia victim with equal facility. Sigrid Gurie, the wife, confined for the most part to an outline under bedcovers, makes the most of her one opportunity when the action is pegged to the Prague concert stage. The picture introduces both players after a long absence from the films.

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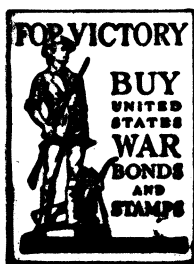


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WHAT follows is an imagined account, inspired by the actual film, of how *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* came to be made. One of the producers at Universal invites a couple of writers into his office. "Boys," he says, "we have a problem. We have about forty buckets of color on hand, left over from our last technicolor allotment. That means we're due for a fancy production."

"So what's the problem?"
"Well, we gotta pick a theme that goes well with color. Also we have to satisfy all kinds of people. Some say they're sick of war films, and others say to hell with escape pictures for the duration. So we need something that satisfies both points of view."

"I got it," says one of the writers. "A new version of *Robin Hood*. It's sure fire adventure."

"But how about the social angle?"
"He robs from rich to give to the poor, doesn't he?"

But the producer is not satisfied. "Too romantic. There's gotta be a few killings and fires. Fires always look good in color. Besides, *Robin Hood* was made not so long ago with Errol Flynn. If we make the same picture now, our lead will be compared with Flynn. Why should we create publicity for Flynn?" The others can think of no good reason, and the conference settles down to a short silence. The next few minutes are given over to tooth-sucking, doodling, and ceiling-gazing. One of the writers mutters, "Bagdad, thief, thieves. . ."

"Boss," he says aloud, "I think we've got it licked. How do you like 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves?'"

"You mean the old Eddie Cantor gimmick, with girls hiding in vases, and all that stuff?"

"That was a musical. We play this one straight. The story is right down our alley. The Mongol Kahn invades Bagdad—it's full of good things to loot. But the caliph gets away. So this Mongol threatens to hang and burn a hundred hostages a day—that's where the fire and killings come in—until the people produce their ruler. That way the Mongol becomes kind of an ancient Hitler. But the Bagdadians, or Bagdadites, are tough. They don't yield. They fight for their independence. The Mongols finally get the caliph, but do you know how? He's betrayed by one of his noblemen. A kind of quisling. For love interest, the quisling has a daughter, who goes for the caliph's son. . ."

The other writer interrupts. "But the forty thieves. Looks like you've lost them somewhere."

"Oh, no. For them I've got a dream angle. In the original story, they're out and out crooks. All right. In the beginning, that's how we present them. But they save Ali, the caliph's son, and he becomes their leader. Now they're transformed. They

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become the Bagdad guerrillas. They're the people's champions. In the old days they robbed the people of their treasures—jewelry, money, silks—but now they defend the greatest treasure of all—liberty. They. . . ." The producer cuts into this rhetorical flight. "Okay. That does it. But to cut it both ways we'll advertise it as the all-escapist movie of the year."

And so it came to pass, and you will find a technicolor film of the aforementioned title, containing the above ingredients, at the Palace Theater. But the general results still make for a nursery classic. The thieves—excuse me—the guerrillas, ride back and forth, and make a pretty picture in their sky-blue and burgundy-red costumes; in the end, with the help of the people, who up to this point had not figured in the story at all, the Mongol tyrant is overthrown.

The pity is that *Ali Baba* might have been a good film. The motives may have been sound but the treatment is quixotic. The fault lay in approaching it as a fairy tale rather than as a serious subject. There was once a film called *Janosek*, which dealt with a Czech national hero, leader of a band who robbed the rich and gave to the poor. But *Janosek* was not prompted by any romantic impulses, but by a deep feeling for the sufferings of his friends. Some might think that in discussing *Ali Baba* at all seriously, I am attempting to create a blood bank out of papier mache stones, but I do not agree. There is no reason why adult films cannot be made from adult themes, even when surrounded by technicolor, music, and glamorous principals.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

The Soviet Writer

(Continued from page 27)

on bringing about the earliest defeat of fascism and the triumph of our just cause. It is our writers' duty to labor with the same energy as the entire Soviet people and the entire intelligentsia. Soviet writers must realize their responsibilities toward the people, the Party, and the government—they are statesmen working in a great epoch. The weapon of the writer—the pen—must be as victorious as the weapons of our Red Army.

A number of the writers and several of the stories, articles, and poems mentioned by Mr. Tikhonov have appeared in *NEW MASSES*. An excerpt from Sholokhov's new novel "They Fought for Their Country" was published in the issue of Oct. 12, 1943; "The Science of Hate, Sept. 29, 1942; Simonov's poem "Wait for Me," Jan. 5, 1943; a short story "Zero Hour," by Gorbатов, March 17, 1942; a critical article by Alexei Tolstoy, "The Soviet Writer," Aug. 10, 1943; "Stalingrad Eternal," by Vassily Grossman, Nov. 9, 1943. Several of Mr. Tikhonov's own short stories, "Tales of Leningrad," appeared in *NM* for Feb. 2, 1943.

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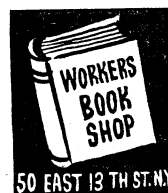
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