

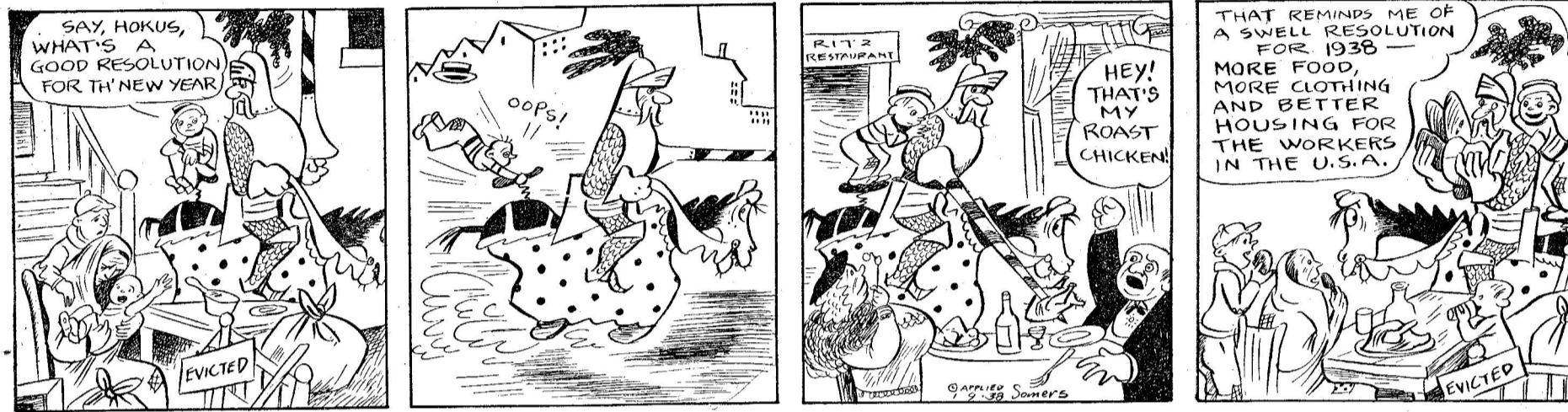
LITTLE LEFTY

by Del



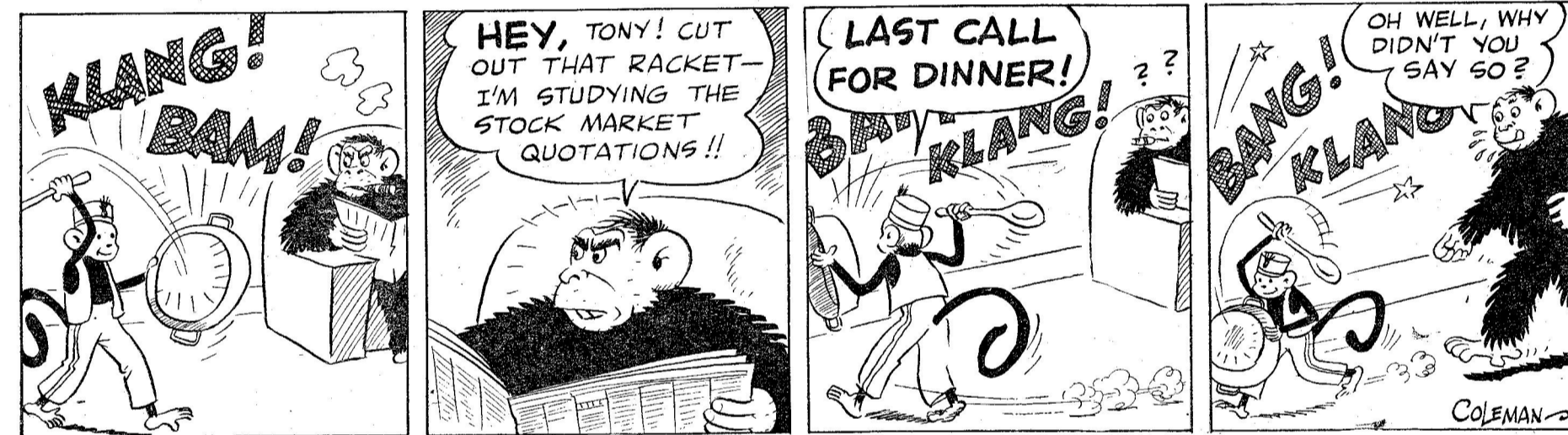
SIR HOKUS POKUS

by Somers



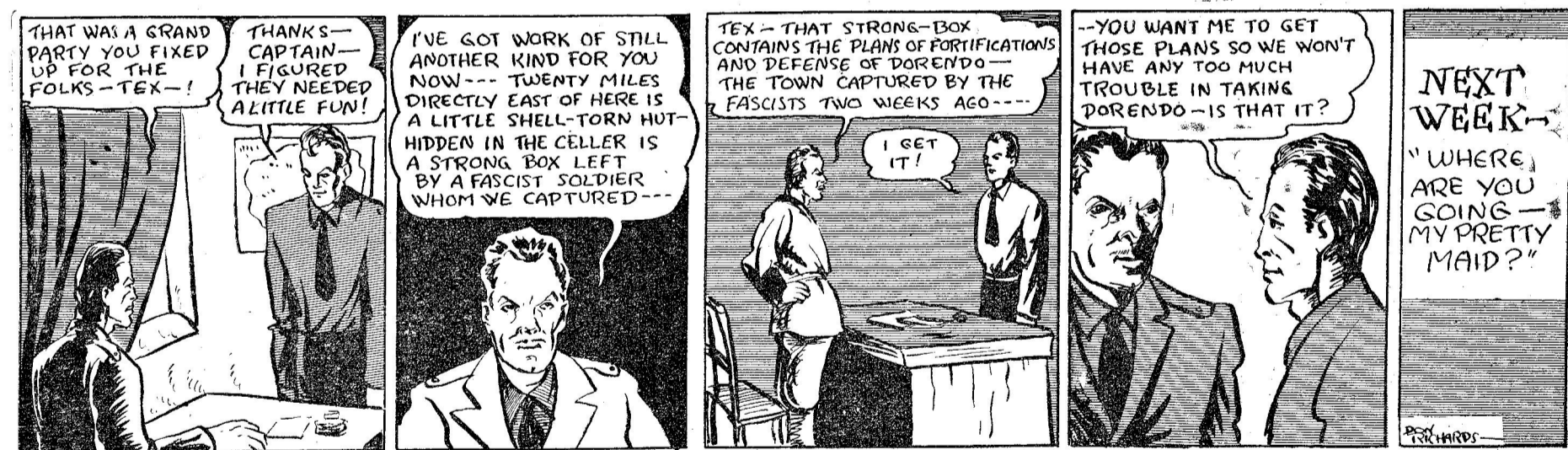
MUFFY THE MONK

by Coleman



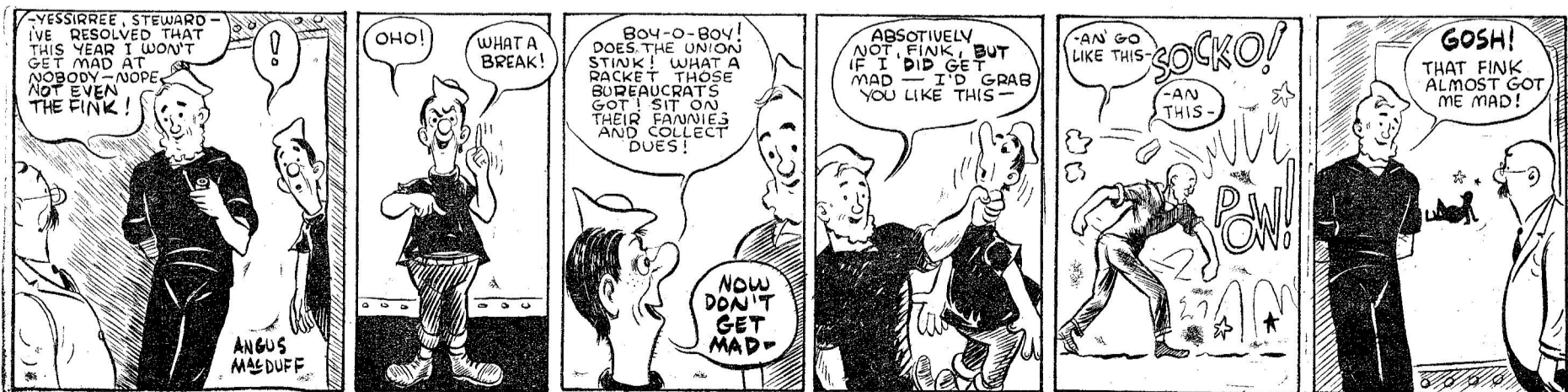
TEX TRAVIS

by Richards



BARNACLE AND THE FINK

by MacDuff



The Daily People's World

MAGAZINE

JANUARY 8, 1938

SECTION TWO



PHOTO BY VICENTINI-FENN

Heard on the High Seas

By ART SHIELDS



ILLUSTRATED BY DIXON

"I saw the boy's hand cut off..."

A YOUNG Standard Oil engineer coming home on a Cunard liner told me an Arabian Nights tale that reminded me of one of Jack London's stories. In Jack's story the slaves on a rich man's estate took the arm of one of their fellows who had been murdered by a cruel overseer. They pinned a paper to it with a list of their grievances and sent the arm in on a tea tray to the rich man as he was reclining in his bed. That arm gave the master a bad night and he redressed a few of their grievances.

Well this is a story of a hand, not an arm. I saw a photo of the hand, nailed to a spike near the Standard Oil works on the Island of Bahrein in the Persian Gulf, where the Standard Oil company bought an oil concession from King Ibn Saud of Arabia.

It is the hand of an 11-year-old boy, accused of stealing 8 annas, about \$3.20, from a high caste Arabian.

"I saw that boy's hand cut off," said the engineer. "I'd have given a hundred dollars not to have been there. The executioner tied a tourniquet around the arm, jerked the wrist out of joint, severed it with a slice of his knife and thrust the stump into a pot of boiling oil."

"It was all over in a minute. Then the howling boy was taken through the streets and exhibited as a thief. He died of gangrene later."

I WISH that John D. Rockefeller the Baptist could see that hand.

Maybe if it passed under his nose in a collection plate with a note about slavery in Arabia it would bring a fraction of an anna a day more in wages for the Arabian oil workers' families, and maybe it wouldn't.

The young engineer says the company doesn't make those murderous laws, but I still wish that Rockefeller could see that hand. For those skinny childish fingers symbolize the terrible punishments which keep the masses in Rockefeller's concession and elsewhere in Arabia in servitude.

ROCKEFELLER pays his construction laborers on Bahrein Island one anna or 40 cents a day.

"They don't get enough to eat for 40 cents a day," admitted the young engineer. "They can't buy enough rice and dates for 40 cents. That's why they can't do as much work as an American building trades worker, not nearly as much. Why I remember when I used to carry a 2 by 6 inch stick of Oregon cedar out on the West Coast, and set it myself. It takes three or four 40-cent-a-day Arabians to carry such a stick."

Of course their rest periods help. These workers are not organized but they have learned to take advantage of a peculiar feature of their Mohammedan religion. Five times a day they quit work and kneel down with their faces towards Mecca for 10 or 15 minutes.

"They would drop a stick of timber and quit work five times a day, no matter how busy we were," said the engineer. "It was awful hard for me to get used to, but I couldn't do anything about it."

"Maybe they couldn't get through the day without those rest periods," I suggested.

"Yes, that's right," he conceded. The other side of Mohammedism is that it helps to keep the masses in subjection to their chiefs, who are tools of foreign concessionaires.

And one can rest five times a day without turning one's face to Mecca, as I found in Soviet factories this Fall, where conveyor workers get ten-minute rest periods every hour.

I HEARD more colonial tales from a British officer, a passenger, who spent years in Ethiopia and Somaliland. He said the coolies did twice as much work when their rations were improved.

This officer, who wasn't speaking officially, criticized the Italian fascist policies in Ethiopia most sharply.

"When the Italians send punitive expeditions against the so-called 'bandits,' they bomb the whole countryside with gas," he said. "Most of the people had nothing to do with the 'bandits,' but they are sprayed with mustard gas just the same. As far as that goes the 'bandits' themselves are just hungry people for the most part."

THIS African traveler says most of the newspaper reports of the Ethiopian war were rotten. He was especially contemptuous of Knickerbocker, the Hearst headline reporter.

"The newspapers just make up stories," he says. "I happen to know that there wasn't a shot fired in a certain large district of southern Ethiopia, where the newspapers were reporting battle after battle. They even ran pictures of these imaginary battles, but when I looked at the pictures I saw evidence that they were taken just outside of Harrar, the town where the correspondents lived. The trees in the pictures were the kind that grow outside Harrar. They are not found in the South."

"The correspondents never got into the North battle area, where most of the fighting took place." Most of my fellow third class passengers were not engineers and officers, however. Far more typical was a young British marine engineer, on my right at the dining table or the apple farmer from British Columbia, across the board.

BOTH were progressives in politics and anti-fascist like most rank and file passengers on the boat. The apple farmer thinks that the bankers should be put to honest work or shipped out of the country, and he has no use for imperialist wars. He had his belly full of them in 1914-18. He was a sergeant in the bloody mess at Gallipoli, when Winston Churchill blustered to the Turks that he was going to capture the Dardanelles and the Turks got ready and shot the expeditionary force to pieces.

"Churchill might as well have sent them a postcard to tell them to prepare for us," said the apple farmer. "If he had been a common sergeant the army would have court-martialed and shot him."

The young marine engineer was a swell lad with a strong labor point of view, who lost his job in a shipbreaking yard on the River Tyne. That's one of the "distressed areas" of England. So he was on his way to a job in New York.

Other English passengers were looking for work here too. What worries them is the signs of depression. They talked a lot about it. How different the happy Soviet land I left a month ago where there is a job for everyone and folks are busy studying and planning for the better job that is waiting for them.

JUNIOR AMERICA

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO—



Conducted by Mary Morrow and Johnny McGee

THE UNION MEETING

Story by LOUISE ADLER

Picture by MARY MORROW

JENNY LAWSON stopped picking cotton for a second and glanced at her brother, straw hat setting on the back of his head and bending low to gather the soft, white fluffy bolls.

"Joe," she said, "do you think pop will go to the union meetin' this week? Ah hopes nothin' happens to him! Somebody's always gettin' killed and the big bosses don't like the union."

Joe wiped his forehead and looked down the road.

"Look," he said in exclamation, "there's the big-boss coming up the road on his horse. He's got somebody with him. He's hide till they ride past."

Low in a row of cotton. Joe and Jenny hid themselves from view—while they listened to the galloping hoofs coming up the road. As the sound came nearer the horses slowed down and voices could be heard talking in a low tone.

JOE and Jenny listened but were too far away to hear much of the conversation. After a long time they heard a few words and finally a whole sentence.



"Well," said Mr. Lawson, "reckon they'll show up 'fore long. They can't be gone far."

"Guess we'll be on our way," said the big-boss, "and next time we come this way, Mr. Lawson, you better know where your kids are. Good-day!"

MR. LAWSON went into the cabin calling for the children. He thought they were, by some chance, after an extra piece of corn bread. He came out, a bit puzzled and saw Joe and Jenny running toward him.

"Gee, pop," said Joe, "we didn't mean no harm; we just wanted to hide till the big boss rode by—we didn't reckon he'd stop here."

"I'll forgive you this time," said Mr. Lawson, "but don't try it agin. What good did it do you to hide that way? It only caused me a call down."

"But it caused us to find out something 'too," said Joe, "cause we heard the boss say if he could get hold of us kids he could pump us about the union and about you—so ain't you glad we all hid ourselves?"

"So that's how they get the dope on our meetin's," said Mr. Lawson. They pump the kids and find out our plans because they know we tell our kids about what's goin' on. Well that gives me an idea—and I think it'll work. And if the big-boss comes this way agin for information just tell him that meetin's are always held out in the woods late at night. That's all you know."

"All right," said Jenny while Joe nodded, "but ain't you scared?"

"No, not now—come on now, the cotton's waitin'."

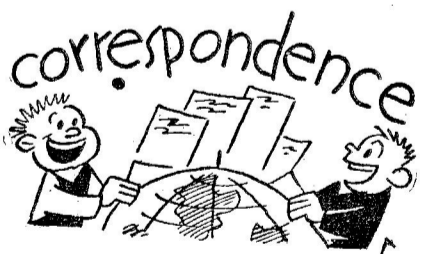
LATE that night, while Joe and Jenny were fast asleep, Mr. Lawson lit the lantern and went out into the dark night. It was many hours before he returned and Joe was awakened by the noise of a bundle of sticks falling on the rough cabin floor. He stirred and was about to get up just as he heard his pop's voice say: "It's all right son, keep right on sleepin' we'll talk things over in the mornin'."

(To Be Concluded)

Farmer: Come on, I'll show you how to milk a cow.

City boy: Since I'm such an amateur, let me start on a calf.

JOSEPH BRITT, Newark, N. J.



HERE is a letter that most of our girl readers will be interested in. I am sure. Suppose you fill out pen and ink now, and get in touch with another girl reader of the Junior America Page?

1625 McCausland Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Johnny McGee, I am not a member of your club but I would like to join very much. I am a girl of 13 years and I have been a cripple for 9 years, and spend most of my time in the hospital. I am starting a stamp collection and I wonder if you'd print a letter in your Page for some readers to send me stamps they don't want? I also collect picture post card views.

I cannot afford to buy stamps as my father has no job. I could exchange some poems and songs for stamps as I have a scrap-book full of songs and poems.

Yours truly, DORIS JEAN RICE.



Drawing by RAY LUSTICA, AGE 12



Here are a few more goods books that will help you pass away some cold winter nights. Look for them at your local public library.

The Knights at Bay, by Philip Lindsay (Loring & Mussey).

He Went With Marco Polo, by Louise Andrews Kent (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

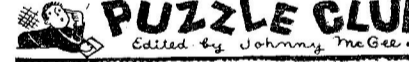
Back to Treasure Island, by H. A. Callahan (Vanguard Press).

All Sail Set, by Armstrong Sperry (John C. Winston Co.).

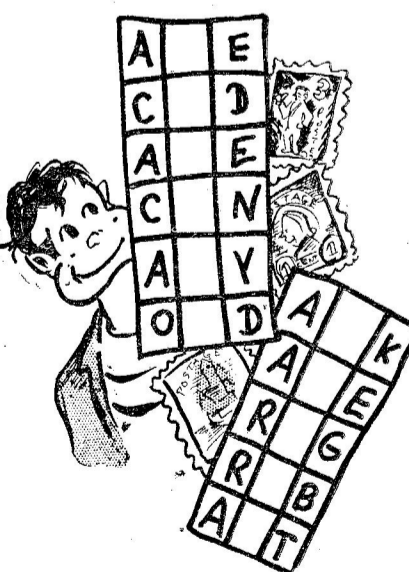
Blinky, by Agnes Akin Atkinson (Viking Press).

Kintu, A Congo Adventure, by Elizabeth Enright (Farrar & Rinehart).

Steamboat Billy, by Sanford Tousey (Doubleday Doran).



PEPE has two stamps that are puzzling him, he doesn't know what country issued them. Can you help him out? Form three-letter words across by putting one letter in each blank space.



The country will then be shown if you read down the middle column. Send in the names of these two countries and you will receive a membership card in the Junior America Puzzle Club. A penny postal card will do.

Pete only bought one spur because he figured if one side of the horse went, the other side would probably follow.

—PETER WILLIAMS, N. Y. C. —Peter Williams, N. Y. C.



ALBANIA has issued a colorful set of stamps recently; one is illustrated here this week along with one from Switzerland for the benefit of orphans in Switzerland. Each year Switzerland issues a set for this purpose, and they are known as the "Pro-Juventud" stamps. Peter Marroita of Dallas, Texas, sent in the slogan meter cancel shown here this week.



The other day in Congress, Representative Southoff (Progressive Party, Wisconsin), protested that Washington has been on the current stamps too long now, and suggested that Lincoln be given a chance. I think most stamp collectors will agree that this would be a welcome change.

PREDICTIONS for new U. S. stamps in 1938 are being given by most stamp writers. Personally, my guess is that there will be stamps issued for the following reasons: stamps to further mark the 150th anniversary of the Constitution, a centennial stamp for Minnesota,



the tercentenary of Delaware and Pennsylvania, and perhaps (I hope) a new set of air stamps. A new post card wouldn't be a bad idea either.

If you've not joined the stamp club yet, write in for a membership card now, and don't forget to say whether or not you want to correspond with other stamp club members.

NEW STAMP CLUB MEMBERS

MASS.: Wallace Heller, Eleanor Bernstein, Philip Pollack, Nachman Goldwasser, Sola Bernstein, Silvia Bernstein, George Berkovitz, Ray Bernstein, Shirley Bernstein. ILLINOIS: Vera Klebanoff, H. Phelps, Lee Winker. NEW JERSEY: Erwin Zwickel, Lea Cohen, Alex Koucky, John Sherman, Leo Levine, Louis Ruzicka, Nora Sherman. MAINE: Michael Toroman. CALIFORNIA: Silvia Gruber, Hilda Mills, Joseph Elson, Hilda Milcov. WISCONSIN: Joyce Fandel. MICHIGAN: Gomer Mikaszewski, Edward Hertock, Tom Kitman, Leonard Kovachoff. OHIO: Richard Stevens, Jane Kunus, Mildred Marsik, George Turkey, Dorothy Alexander, Vasil Fichat, ack Liehtenstein, Viola Pavik. MINN.: Betty Nyberg. PENN.: Emanuel Schwager, Marvin Gonsberry, Bobbie Bour, Trwin Forman, Ida Oulbertson, Lillian Guriel, Stephen Ledrich, U.S.S.R.: Joy Baryl. NEW YORK: Sam Levine, Celia Maurer, Isiah Gelman, Leo Cantor, Johnny Carro, Jerry Feldman, Louis Lopez, Bernard Teenyang, William Frankel, Frances Oppenheim, Joseph Geller, Harold Glasser, Edward Cohen.

Let's Talk it Over

Poor Mothers Must Work Outside the Home While Their Own Unprotected Kids Roam in the Alleys

BY MARY MACK

MRS. ROSE ROTHENBERG writes from Denver, Colorado: "I am a poor working man's wife, so compelled to live in a poor neighborhood, where the majority of the people are Spanish speaking and they are poor. Colorado junk yards don't pay much, and these poor people don't make enough in the beet fields to support their families all year so they are compelled to work in the winter on the WPA.

"So you see the Spanish children roaming through the alleys looking for trash, rags, bottles, old iron—anything to make a few cents to buy some flour so Mother can make tortillas. Especially are they always in need of wood, for they cannot afford fuel, so if they want to eat they must look for wood and the stomach is such a funny revolutionist—he demands more than we people do.

"But even at that, the children must be satisfied, in a Spanish family, with mostly a diet of tortillas—a cornmeal cake baked quickly on top of the stove—if the little wood needed for the quick fire has been found in the alleys by the children.



Mary Mack

"The alley children usually suffer from the alley hunting in winter through pneumonia and whooping cough and all kinds of skin diseases, all the year round.

"Can their mothers give these children the attention they need? No, for when father shifts from the beet fields to the junk yards to WPA, the children scatter through the alleys, so the mother must go out to do housework, to help meet the grocery bills.

"The Spanish children are very devoted to their families. They are trained from little on to be useful, to take care of a little brother or sister. Even when they go barefooted, they carry their smaller barefooted brother on the back, trying to protect him from cuts or a cold.

"If anything is stolen in the neighborhood, those children are accused of it. When they go to sell their junk they are questioned. These brown-eyed children cannot understand why they are suspected. They pick up the trash what other people throw out, but like outcasts, they are always met with suspicion. When they see a cop, who looks at them with suspicious eyes, their own big eyes open wide with fright. They don't know what they have done, they have committed no crime.

"So, people, I am asking you, how long our children are going to suffer in a land of everything, plenty of bread, wood and shoes? Where sickness could be prevented. Let us stand together and fight for a better world where children will have equal opportunity!"

Thanks, Mrs. Rothenberg, for writing my column this week. If any of my readers have similar interesting sketches of the vicinity in which they live, how about letting me have them to print

MEANWHILE, don't forget our Women's Page Inventory Contest. The most constructive letter telling what you like best or least on the Women's Page and giving an inventory of what you'd like to see on this page, what topics dealt with, in the year 1938, will win Anna Louise Strong's famous book, I CHANGE WORLDS (retail price \$3.00).

So rush your letters to Mary Mack, Women's Page Editor, Sunday Worker, 35 E. 12th Street, New York, New York.

SUGGESTION OF THE WEEK

Have you a husband, brother, sweetheart or friend fighting for democracy in Spain? The next time you write them inclose a whole pack of cigarettes right into your letter.

Here's the trick: You put eighteen cigarettes in a row like matches and two underneath the row lengthwise, and place them in the center fold of your letter. You fold your regular size letter paper in the usual manner and you'll find the cigarettes and the letter fit perfectly in the regular size letter envelopes. And you mail it just like any other ordinary letter. It reaches them intact and passes the censorship okay.

Security and Peace

Pacifists of Yesterday Are in the Trenches of Spain Today, Fighting the Rising Tide of Fascism

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

WAR HYSTERIA, worked up deliberately by militarists was widely demonstrated in the great World War of 1917. Middle-aged ladies rushed importantly around in uniforms, young girls pinned white feathers on the coats of civilian youths, well protected matrons derived a vicarious sense of excitement and danger from death and destruction, from which they as women, were immune. Their "dollar a year men" were also happily safe. From the ranks of the people come those 126,000 who died overseas, to decide which group of imperialists should control the world market. But there is a danger of a different stampede today against peace.

Twenty years ago to be a revolutionist in America was to be a pacifist isolationist. It was before the Russian Revolution, before the rise of Fascism, before the world-shaking struggles of Spain and China. Socialists and I. W. W.s of that period were not cowards. They were not opposed to the use of force or violence per se, under all circumstances. The religious "conscientious objectors" were sincere believers, who really



Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

practised the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." Like Gandhi they projected a program of non-violence, non-co-operation. They suffered severely for their faith. But the class-war objectors opposed "a rich man's war."

If it were a revolutionary struggle for the overthrow of capitalism they would have acted differently. Karl Haessler stated this distinction clearly when he said, "I am not a pacifist or a pro-German, not a religious or private objector, but regard myself as a patriotic political objector." Lenin's famous slogan, "Turn the imperialist war into a civil war!" was a clarion call to such "objectors." Eugene V. Debs' declaration at the time of the Russian Revolution, "I am a Bolshevik from the top of my head to the soles of my feet!" was an answer. The Red Army, a people's army, was necessary in the Soviet Union to protect growing Socialism from fascist invaders. It has served as a guarantee of world peace, thus far.

So we see, "New occasions teach new duties. Time makes ancient good uncouth." Pacifists of yesterday are in the trenches of Spain today. They are not there for military glory. They are protesting against the so-called neutrality policy of the U. S. which actually aids Franco.

New conditions exist in 1938 that we could not foresee in 1917. Do you believe that this government can today ignore the fascist aggressions against peaceful democratic countries? Do you think that a strictly neutral, isolationist policy is possible or desirable? What are the dangers of our being rushed into another world war? Surely they are much greater if we stick our heads in the sand, ostrich like and refuse to recognize the engulfing tide of fascism rising everywhere.

Neutrality and isolation today head for war, not peace. Collective security, which is President Roosevelt's "quarantine" with teeth in it, guarantees peace, not by military, but economic and political measures. Brand Italy, Germany and Japan "aggressor" nations, treaty violators; cease all diplomatic relations until their aggressions cease; cut off trade—export, import and credit, open our markets to China and Spain to defend themselves against military terrorism.

The alternatives that face us are neutrality and war; security and peace.

Take a Tip

Mrs. Zarsa Bosworth sent in this recipe in our "drive to aid the digestion and pocketbooks of our readers."

POTATO PATTIES

Cook 1 lb. (4-5 medium) potatoes, mash and while still hot stir in ¼ lb. shredded cheese until melted. Add 1 cup of finely diced raw celery and a little chopped parsley. Form into round cakes, turn in bread crumbs and fry. Makes about 6 or 7 patties.

Understanding Your Child

A COAL town boy would not ask for a hot lunch at school, to which he was entitled, because he didn't want it known that his family was getting relief. There must be many like him—children who are ashamed because their families are on relief—even when they don't show it outwardly.

What does your father do? is a question often put to children. And the answer determines to an extent their standing in a child's world.

What then can we do about it, we parents who are on relief? We can first of all help the children to understand why we are on relief. It's not because we are stupid or inefficient. It is the economic system that forces people to be unemployed. And since this is so we have a right to expect our government to take care of us. It is no favor. The relief we get belongs to us. We want to work—but our economic system doesn't let us, and we are forced to take what society does provide for us—relief.

There are plenty of other people just like us, at least ten million of them right now. Perhaps the child can visit a Workers' Alliance meeting and see some of these "other people." He probably knows them. Explain how they are working together to get insurance so that people who lose their jobs won't have to worry so much. This sense of there being a lot of other people in the same boat is especially important.

In a children's paper recently we came across a letter written by a miner's son and one sentence in it stands out. "Like thousands of other workers' children with fathers out of work, we have very little to eat and my shoes are worn out." The child writes quite naturally about it. "Like thousands of others."

If all our children of the unemployed could have this feeling of solidarity we would not have to worry about what being on relief was doing to their minds.

If you have any problems on child behavior, write in to this column and let us help you.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY BOARD.

COMRADE KITTY

By Mississippi Johnson and Elizabeth



"I feel like doing something different," Kitty says to Abby. "Let's go to the movies." Abby laughs. "But I thought you said you don't like movies." "I didn't mean all movies," Kitty says.

"I don't like sitting through five reels of film showing some languid movie queen slinking around, fluttering her eyelids," Kitty continues, "but Fredric March—well, you've got something there."



"It's okay with me," says Abby. "I'm game. I could go for a little gayety myself. But tell me, what made you think of the movies today of all days? Why all this celebration?" Kitty laughs.

"All right, I'll tell you. I've paid my union dues and I've recruited three more members for the Party." Jane joins them. "I don't know what the talk's all about, but if it's movies, I'm going too."

IT SEEMS pretty incredible, pretty hard for any ordinary person to understand in terms of school-book lessons about Democratic government. Probably the proverbial observer from Mars wouldn't be able to figure it out at all.

The people go to the polls. They elect a President and a Congress. They make it plain in no uncertain terms, millions and millions of voters, that they are for progress, that they are for democracy, that they are for the New Deal, that they will have none of Alf Landon and William Randolph Hearst and the Liberty League.

For a short time the fat boys who took such a terrible trimming at the polls lay low. Willie Hearst's paper in Washington outdid everybody else in demanding a monster demonstration for President Roosevelt when he came back to the White House following his election.

And then they speak up with a vengeance. They begin to act as if they had won the election after all. They get all hot and bothered about sitdown strikes and demand the incorporation of trade unions.

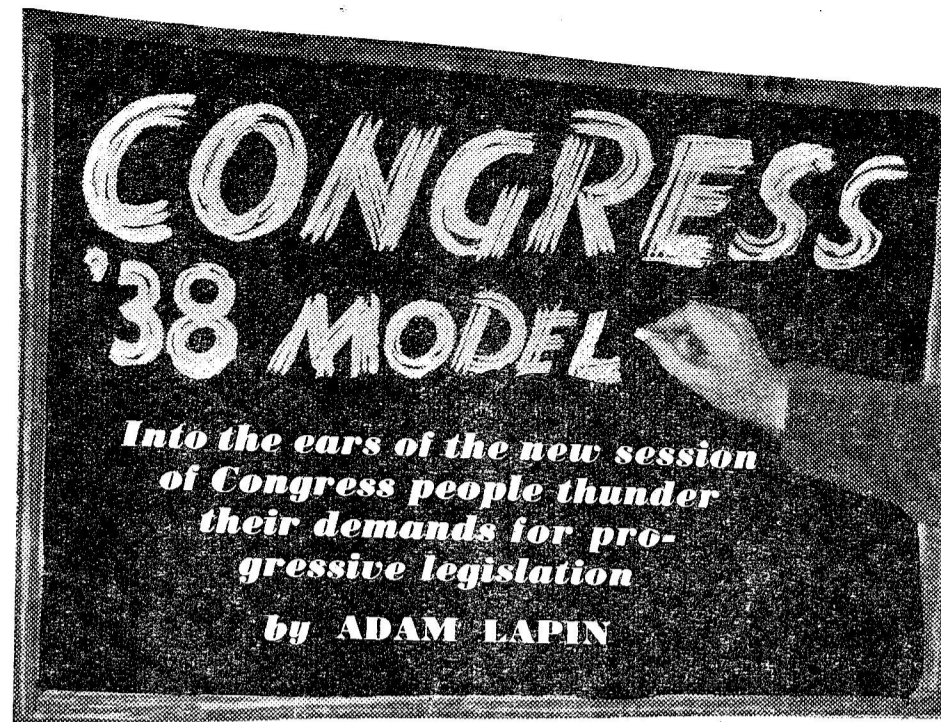
In their newspapers they forget all about the program the people voted for. They raise a terrific yowl about the heavy burden of taxation and demand that relief and WPA appropriations be cut to the bone.

They call the President a dictator because he attempts to carry out a popular mandate. In the New York Sun and in the New York Herald Tribune, and in some of their more private publications, they begin to drop gentle hints about all the effective ways of getting rid of dictators.

They put pressure on Congress. They spend oceans of money directly in Washington and indirectly through a nation-wide publicity campaign.

To enforce their demands and to make them perfectly clear, the boys of Wall Street engage in a sitdown strike, which they had denounced so vigorously a short time ago. They aggravate an industrial recession in order to be able to put pressure on the administration.

And they manage to win over on their side many Representatives and Senators elected because the people thought they were for the



Into the ears of the new session of Congress people thunder their demands for progressive legislation
by ADAM LAPIN

New Deal. At the special session of Congress they manage to block the program of the President who was elected by the greatest popular majority in American history.

IT'S hard to believe; but it's true, every word of it.

And this is precisely the issue that is involved at the regular session of Congress.

Will this Congress carry out the mandate of the people?

Will it follow the lead of the President?

Will it live up to its election pledges?

This was the issue at the special session. It is the issue at the regular session.

You can be sure of one thing. This session will be among the most eventful that the United States Congress has ever held. It will be bitterly fought all the way, and the people will judge the results in the 1938 elections.

PREPARATIONS are well under way to make it easy for our legislators to slide out of their election promises. Commenting on the recommitment of the Wages and Hours Bill, the New York Times pats the boys on the back for refusing to be rubber stamps for the President, for asserting their independence, for deliberating carefully before adopt-



Rep. John T. Bernard

ing any half-baked economic panaceas. The press, generally critical of Congress, has been quite complimentary about the totally unproductive special session.

Meanwhile, the United States Chamber of Commerce carefully timed its wailing about excessive taxes to the week before the session is scheduled to begin. In carefully doctored statistics, it manages to ignore most of the essential facts about statistics taxation: such as the increase in profits despite the hated corporate surplus tax and the economic recession, the disproportionately large burden borne by the majority of the people in sales taxes and other indirect taxes, and the infinitely larger taxation rate in Great Britain and most other countries.

All the jingoist and reactionary societies have been working overtime drafting legislation for their favorite Congressmen. You may be quite sure that the regular session will witness dozens of proposals to limit the rights of labor, incorporate trade unions and to ban strikes.

The National Association of Manufacturers has drafted a program which the newspapers have spread far and wide: sometimes in news stories, sometimes in the editorial columns.

Reaction knows what it wants, and it will fight for its program at the regular session.

IT HAS already been indicated that Big Business will utilize the Tory Democrats in Congress as much if not more than it uses the Republicans. A combination between the two groups is already a reality on most basic issues. Twice the President was de-



Rep. Maury Maverick

feated on important proposals during the past six months; and both times by a coalition of reactionary Democrats and Republicans; first on the court reform proposals, and then on the Wages and Hours Bill during the regular session.

The fact that most Senators were eager to disclaim the coalition manifesto signed by ten of their number does not mean that such a coalition does not exist, or that it is not being contemplated. It simply means that most Senators are as yet unwilling to put down their names publicly to such a treaty. After all the people did defeat the Republicans, and will undoubtedly do it again in 1938 even if some of them still call themselves Democrats.

It is likely that leadership of reactionary forces in both houses will be assumed by nominal Democrats. This makes it easier to put across to the people. Republicans played smart politics when they let Senators Wheeler and O'Mahoney lead the fight against the President's court reform proposals.

During the fight on the Wages and Hours Bill, Democratic Representative Martin Dies of Texas emerged as a potential leader of a reactionary alliance. Tall, blond, broad-shouldered, Dies makes a good appearance; he is quick on his feet and delivers an effective, although traditionally florid speech.

He is undoubtedly among the most dangerous men in the House. His favorite stunt is to clothe a reactionary project with the mantle of President Roosevelt's approval. He will find an isolated paragraph in a speech the President made in 1931 or 1932, and use it in reference to a current problem.

THE bulk of the President's program for the special session holds good for the regular session. The unpardonable delay in passing many important measures makes action now all the more imperative.

Clearly the need for a Wages (Continued on Page 9)

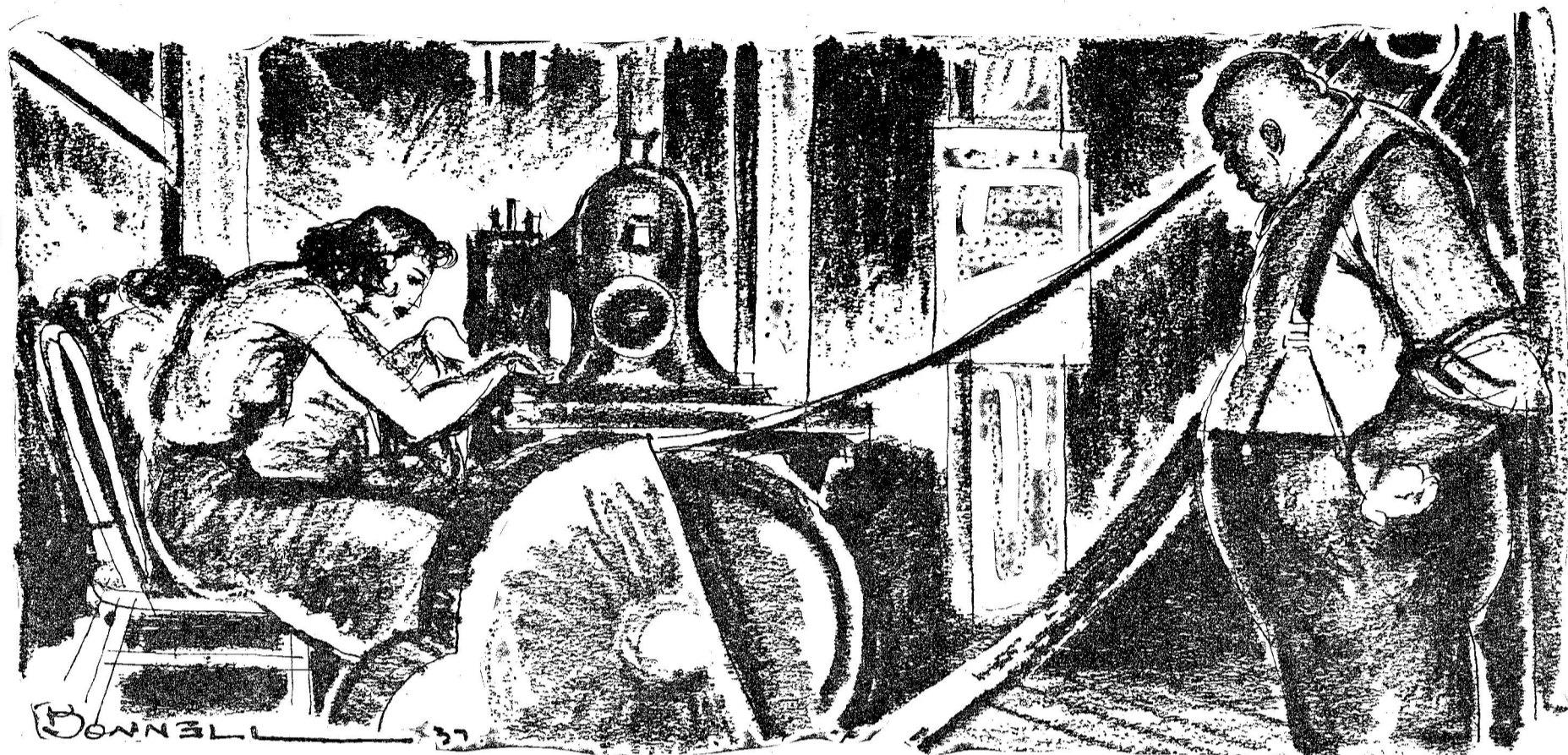


Representative Jerry J. O'Connell of Montana

Unwanted Holiday

a short story

By NELSON ALGREN



ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BONNELL

THE floor was pretty dirty, for it was hard to sweep between the machines. There were so many machines here, you see, that's what made this floor so hard to sweep. There were so many machines, and the loft was so small, and dirt on the floor didn't matter much anyhow. No one would have thought that any one man could ever have gotten ninety big sewing machines into so small a room.

On one of the machines a belt was loose, so that it kept slipping and slapping all day, from morning till night, slip-slop-slapping all night; till it made some of the girls want to cry out or scream something.

Norah Egan wanted to scream or cry out because she hated the shop's hurry-up sounds. From where she sat in the loft's far corner she sometimes wanted to call out or swear, she didn't know what, right in the foreman's face. "It's loose, Sheely! Ain't it time to be quieter? Why don't you tighten it? Why don't you fire me? What time will it ever be quiet in here?"

Yet she didn't so much as ask for a glass of cold water, far less to call out to the foreman any nonsense about the shop's hurry-up noises. Instead, she set her teeth down tight into her nerves and forced her thirst back down her throat; and breathed in the odor of cloth that was new mingled with the smell of rancid machine-oil and the smell of sweat from ninety bodies bending and bowing all about her.

Yet it wasn't the slapping of a belt here, nor the incessant drone of many spindles, nor yet a low cloud of sweat stench about her that Norah Egan minded most. What made things so hard, from the very first day, was not having water from morning till noon and then not from noon until the power was closed. That's what made

"Sheely, the foreman, didn't like Norah. She kicked too much."

things so hard. From her very first day. There was a sink behind a partition near the shipping room on the second floor—but it took six minutes to get down there and six to get back, that was the hitch. Twelve whole minutes, and who could tell what a foreman might do in twelve minutes? Oh you'd get his permission if you asked it all right, Sheely seldom refused his girls such small favors; only when you came back your machine was locked and your pay was waiting with five per cent off for the cost of cashing your check. That

was the hitch there. (But maybe it wasn't all Ed Sheely's fault. He had his orders like everyone else. He had his orders, and three kids at home.)

IT'S kind of tough all right at first, but you get used to it in time. If you're tough. Only Norah wasn't so tough. That was the hitch there. She was small and slight, and had always had someone stronger to take care of her.

Norah would have liked to be one of the pressers, for pressers had only to iron, fold and pin, and they earned eight dollars a week. But Norah knew it would be of no use even to ask Ed Sheely for such a job, because Sheely didn't like Norah very well. Norah kicked too much. She kicked when he gave her organdie to sew, instead of being a little grateful to him for giving her something to do. Organdie was the hardest to handle of all the materials, and it paid least of all. It was so stiff and so thin it made your fingers numb just to work with it an hour, and if you weren't very careful it tore. That was bad, when organdie tore. The garment had to be bought then, and the retail price paid for it too. Six bits off your check then, sometimes a dollar, and you finished the garment at home. And since you got only half a cent a dozen for ruffled organdie collars and cuffs, mistakes came rather dear. But for French seams you got five cents a dozen—just ten times as much, and no harder to handle. So Norah wanted to work with French seams sometimes, and when she never got anything but gingham and percale and organdie, she kicked.

Once she kicked about the windows being kept shut, and once about the dirt on the floor. First

she wanted this, then she wanted that. Then she raised a stink about the sink downstairs, that Sheely shouldn't count the time it took to get down there and back. Then she said that Sheely was favoring one of the girls with French seams.

(But she never said a single word about a belt being loose, she never asked anyone to tighten that belt. Its slipping sound went too deep, somehow.) And she never seemed to realize that Ed Sheely had three kids.

ALL through that brief green April, Norah worked in the Sunshine Frock Shop. At first her weekly checks ranged from four dollars and ninety-five cents to seven dollars and fifty cents. That was the busy season then; they were locked in each night until seven-thirty. Sheely punched the clock for them at five-fifteen, and then he locked the doors.

"Got to comply with the big Blue Eagle," he apologized every night, gulping when he said it.

But Norah wanted to punch out her own time, and she didn't want to punch it until she'd finished working. So she kicked. And Sheely gave her organdie just to shut her up.

In the first week of June work began to slack a little in the Sunshine Shop. In that week Norah earned only four dollars. Next week, two and a quarter. But the week after that she had no work at all, she just went to the shop every morning and sat down at a machine and looked out of a window and waited for someone to give her something to do, with her basket empty beside her chair. Organdie or percale or anything at all. Every day of that week Norah did nothing from morning till dark, five straight days. Just sit-

(Continued on page 9)



"The form of a woman, alert, waiting."

UNWANTED HOLIDAY

(Continued from Page 4)

ting and waiting and looking down at the palms or looking outside at two telephone wires hanging limply in the heat.

Spindles went here, bobbins too. Belt slipped, up and down; belt was loose but no one minded, up and down and up and down.

Norah saw Sheely give work to his favorites whenever work came in. Once when he walked past her she said, "I'm still workin' here, Ed."

"You only work on French ruffles," he said, and kept right on walking.

Sometimes some of the girls about her looked at Norah sidewise after that, wondering would Sheely give the blond kid a little something or other to do pretty soon. Norah saw that look, saw what others were hoping a little, and she wanted to fling back her head and shout at them all. You don't have to feel sorry for me. Not one of you. I can take care of myself, O.K. Only Norah couldn't she never had. There had always been someone stronger, and now there was no one, and she had never had to rush so, just to eat, in all her life before.

WHEN only three or four in that whole dim loft were working, then Norah didn't feel quite so badly. But one day everyone she could see had something to do for at least an hour. Everyone but herself. Everybody made at least lunch-money that day; everyone save herself. Herself, she just sat doing nothing at all, and looking down at her palms. She smelled woman-sweat like a pall all about her, scuffed her shoes through dirt beneath her feet, wondered about the weather, when days would grow cooler, wondered about room-heat, how soon she would pay it, wondered about Ed Sheely's three kids and what they looked like; then wondered when would times ever get good again. That was on a sultry Friday forenoon, and there was a small off-season rush,

and Norah was hungry a little. When the power was closed at noon she didn't have much to eat, not enough to be worth washing down with water, so instead of going downstairs to the sink with the others she went straight down to the first floor and then straight on out the door. She took a leisurely stroll along the outer drive, saw a boy picking dandelions behind the Field Museum, watched red and green roadsters going up and down on the Nash tower near the boulevard, looked at bon-bons in a Fanny May window, chewed gum and wore her hands on her hips. And she didn't go back to the Sunshine Shop at twelve-twenty-five as she should have.

The next Monday she answered an ad in a dress shop on Lake Street, and was hired so quickly, given machines and basket and cloth and shears, that she should have been suspicious. It wasn't until the week was out that she learned she'd been hired only as an apprentice. For her week's work she was given the apprentice wage of fifty-six cents: eight cents a dozen for seven dozen aprons turned out in that whole blazing week of July. That was the hitch there. She quit the place feeling a little bewildered, and wishing July weren't so hot.

Congress, '38 Model

(Continued from Page 3)

and Hours Bill cutting down on overlong hours and banning sweat shop wages should be apparent at a time when greater purchasing power by the people will help curb industrial depression.

The international situation has grown more grave, and has given increasing cogency to President Roosevelt's Chicago speech and to his recent statements along the same lines. Jerry O'Connell of Montana has already introduced legislation embodying the ideas of the Chicago speech, and his joint resolution will undoubtedly be an issue at the regular session.

ON THE other side of the Congressional ledger was the close teamwork of the progressives in the House. Real New Deal Democrats, Farmer-Laborites and Progressives, more united than ever before, concentrated on the Wages and Hours Bill. They would have put the measure across too, if it had not been for the betrayal by the A. F. of L. Executive Council.

Outstanding work in pushing the Wages and Hours Bill was done by Maury Maverick, Texan Democrat, Jerry O'Connell, Montana Democrat, John T. Bernard of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party, and many others.

This type of collaboration on a common program may be expected far more than in the past at the regular session. Equally important is what goes on outside of Congress. The split in the labor movement, accentuated by the A. F. of L.'s rejection of the CIO unity terms, will be used by the reactionaries. They have already used it as a convenient excuse for opposing the Wages and Hours Bill. A joint legislative program worked out by organizations, including the CIO, progressive farm groups and middle-class groups, and A. F. of L. locals and internationals, will undoubtedly have a powerful impact on Congress.

During the special session, Labor's Non-Partisan League did outstanding work in fighting for passage of all progressive legislation and urging the support of labor and farm organizations to the President's program. Through their efforts, several delegations visited the Capitol and scores of labor bodies demanded that their Representatives and Senators support the Wages-Hours Bill.



BY WILLIAM GROPPER

Two Heroes of Fighting China

(Continued from Page 7)

student and workers' organizations began to hold their meetings in the "bookshop" organized by Mao Tze-tung.

SHORTLY after that Mao Tze-tung succeeded in setting up the Provincial Committee of the Communist Party of Hunan in Changsha, and founded the weekly revolutionary organ *The New Hunan*. In the columns of this organ Mao Tze-tung and his companions began, cautiously at first, but then more and more openly, to attack the existing social relations of China.

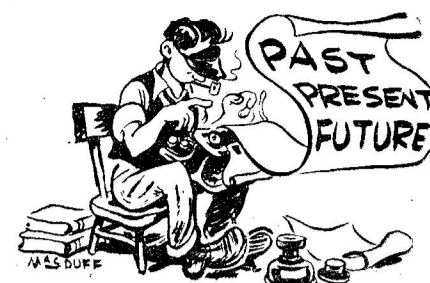
In Canton the leader of the Chinese people, Sun Yat Sen, organized a national government to wage the struggle against both foreign imperialism and Chinese military reaction. The Communists entered the reorganized Kuomintang. Mao Tze-tung, the popular leader of the working class and peasant masses, was elected into the Central Committee of the Kuomintang.

The revolutionary movement of 1925-27 ended in defeat. The Communist Party was compelled to go into the deepest illegality, but Mao Tze-tung continued the struggle. He directed the work of the revolutionary peasant mass organizations, now also illegal, and established and con-

solidated their connections with the illegal groups of soldiers in the ranks of the militarist forces. On Aug. 1, 1927, units of the Nanchang garrison mutinied under the leadership of the Communists Ye-tin and Ho-lung, and marched south towards Kwangtung. At this time Mao Tze-tung was working in North Kiangsi. With the assistance of Communist soldiers' groups he succeeded in winning over a whole regiment, deposing the officers and taking command himself.

Mao Tze-tung has gone through a harsh and bitter school. With unbowed head he trod the path of a true son of the toiling people. In bloody struggles, face to face with the deadly enemy, a daring and talented military leader and strategist developed, but more still—a brilliant statesman.

Mao Tze-tung's closest collaborators reported: "He works twenty hours a day, and sleeps only four hours. He is active not only at the front, but behind the lines he travels tirelessly through the Soviet districts from town to town and from village to village. Everywhere he is welcomed like a father, son or brother. He does everything in his power to better the lot of the masses of the people, and to make them happier."



Greetings to the good citizens of Golden Gate, Puget Sound and the City of Roses. We hope the West Coast likes our magazine as well as we like the West Coast and may we suggest that it will become a better publication if the writers send in their short stories, sketches and all material dealing with that section of the United States.

In this issue we are proud to present Art Shields, a veteran journalist who pounded many a typewriter black and blue in Frisco, Portland, Seattle and other coastal regions. Art, just back from a tour of England, France, the Soviet Union and other countries, is writing a series of four articles on his journey, the first of which starts in this issue. Watch for the others.

The Midwest has produced more than its share of brilliant novelists and this week we present a short story by a Chicago author, Nelson Algren, whose "Somebody in Boots" (Vanguard) set a new high for realistic literature two years ago. The story, a section of the novel, deals with a Chicago factory girl.

From Spain Langston Hughes, well-known Negro poet, sends us a series of poems dedicated to the members of his race fighting in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Watch for them next week.

Women readers have complained that in the past too few articles have been devoted to or written by the fair sex. The editors point out that steps have been made to correct this inattention, but that women readers can wage their fight more effectively by submitting articles, short stories and sketches dealing with Mrs. America in the office, the factory and the home.

Other treats in store include the second of the Jack Conroy "Uncle Ollie" short stories. Conroy, author of "The Disinherited" and "A World to Win," has also promised us a series of articles dealing with the Boss Pendergast machine in Kansas City.

When Jesse James was shot in the back, Missouri citizens started a move to lynch his assassin. Jesse was a real Robin Hood to the poverty-stricken Missouri farmers and they still tell you in the hill country that his heart was as big as his six-gun. Howard Rushmore, who spent several years in the James country, tells you about him next week.

Harry Bonnell, who illustrates the short story on page seven this week, worked his way through art school by punching cows on the Dakota prairies. A veteran of the U. S. Army air service, Bonnell was one of the ace artists on the old McClure's Smart Set and has for some time been a regular contributor to our magazine.

Chu Teh and Mao Tze-tung—every soldier, peasant, worker and student in China smiles when he hears those names today. Their life story is told on page six and seven this week by Wang Shih-hsiang in a special story direct to the Sunday magazine. Shih-hsiang is the pseudonym of a well-known Chinese writer.

Throughout the world this month millions will observe the 14th anniversary of Lenin's death. The life work and teachings of the great leader of the Russian people has been an inspiration and a guide to the people of all nations. A study of Lenin, the man, and of his heritage in the world today will be presented to magazine readers next week in a brilliant article by Moisseia Olgin, editor of the Morning Freiheit.

A few issues back we printed a vivid sketch of Colorado farm life by one of the truck farmers out in the high Rockies. Many favorable comments on the piece were received by the editors, and we invite our readers to send in similar stories of life in their locality. At intervals we plan to run such "Americana" and as always, your contributions are welcome.

READY TO JOIN?



**Whether you're a housewife or longshoreman,
the Communist Party is your party and
its program is your program**

By
**EMMETT
GOWEN**

SO YOU'RE thinking of joining the party?
If you have found out what the party stands for and if this program agrees with what you want out of life, then join at once. For this party of working people is your party, whether you work with your brain as a college professor, or with your hands as a ditch digger.

If you agree with these aims—as every working person must if he understands them, because they are his aims—you will join because you want to help the party succeed in the greatest and most beautiful cause in the world. And the comrades already in the party will welcome you gladly, because just as you want to help the party, it wants to help you. It wants to help you become a person of the finest development of your potentialities as a human being, the better for you to serve the cause of freeing all mankind from misery, poverty, exploitation and oppression.

Your comrades, from the leaders down to the recruit who came in only the week ahead of you, sincerely want to help you, each to the degree of his individual wisdom, to develop yourself in knowledge, strength and effectiveness. Because of this, you will find as soon as you are in the party, you will be getting an education concerning every aspect of life, available to the extent of your need or desire for it. You will discover that we have schools where special training may be had in the widest variety of subjects, from social science to leaflet writing. This

special training may be had almost for nothing, as nobody makes a profit on it.

The personal aspect of being a party member, a Communist, are so rich and varied that there is room here only to say that by joining you identify yourself with the best and most highly intelligent individuals of your class. Naturally, this has a profound effect on every aspect of your life. Your whole life will be better, for the party is based on equality of rights, if not of talents, for the former equality is the only insurance for the development of the latter. The party is based upon this, just as the new Socialist society it will lead in creating in America will be based on this.

YOU may be frightened of Communist discipline. Those of us who have been disciplined by boss force most of our lives are naturally suspicious of the word. But Communist discipline is something else again. The essence of our discipline is its voluntariness. A Communist's compulsion must come from within himself, from his understanding of the need for it. The discipline, therefore, is a self-discipline, by which we give our party a power that no other organization in the world has—the strength of being able to rely on its individual members.

As soon as you join, you will be attached to a unit or a branch. You will be responsible to the unit and the unit will be responsible to you, in a very highly democratic way. To this basic party organization, to which every member must belong, you will pay your dues, which are scaled according to your income, so that even the poorest worker can afford to belong. For example, if you earn \$10 a week, your dues will only be ten cents a month.

Your unit meets every week. Here every kind of problem is discussed—how to build your union and thereby your wages, how to keep a neighbor from being dispossessed, how to elect government officials who will serve the working people, how to stop war and fascism. A part of most unit meetings is educational, so that merely by attending you are developing your education again no matter whether you are a college professor or a ditch digger.

But we don't only talk. We act. It is basic in our philosophy that we not be people who preach and don't practice. We are people of words and deeds. So party members have work to do, again each according to his ability, his understanding, his desire to do it. Each takes assignments, the purpose of which is to build the party or other working class organizations. In this it is up to you to try to find the work that you like to do best, and it is up to your comrades to help you in this.

Your assignments will be your sharing in the work of your unit. There are several kinds of units.

TO GIVE you an idea, my own unit will do as an example. This is a concentration unit on the waterfront in New York City. Its tasks are to educate and develop its members in practice, to organize the workers on the waterfront, to assist and guide them in their trade union struggle, to counteract the lying capitalist propaganda of the tabloid newspapers they read with the actual truth of what is going on in the world. Thus, the unit aims its activities at the waterfront, and helps wherever possible to assist the rank and file longshoremen in the fight against racketeering and trade union bureaucracy.

It gets out leaflets explaining the

tricks and devices of both the ship-owners and their racketeers to dupe and delude and disorganize them. Leaflets are issued, also, on political events, on the world struggle of the working class against fascism. Meetings of workers are arranged, social functions carried out, comrades are sent to visit individual workers to explain the party to them and why they should join. The basic party tasks of building the Daily and Sunday Worker are carried out.

The results of such work over a period of, say, a year, are tremendous, and every comrade who took part in it has something to be proud of. From the utmost misery, degradation and disorganization, the level of the longshoremen has been raised to one of hope and fervor. Dozens of meetings take place every week. "The Shape Up" has grown from a few mimeo-

graphed sheets to a real newspaper. The longshoremen are rapidly getting ready to overthrow the bureaucracy of J. P. Ryan and follow the examples of their brothers, the sailors, who kicked out and exposed the crooks who profited on them while the shipowners benefitted, and who now have a tremendous and growing CIO union, which is fighting for them on every front and winning victories which make their lives as much worth living as anybody's.

SO YOU can be definitely promised that with us your life will become meaningful, significant, socially useful, with imponderable personal satisfactions accruing through this. You will participate in cultural activities, social activities which will save you from the dullness of capitalist organized activities designed to subtly stifle and frustrate the development of humanity, that exploitation may continue through enslavement by means of the mind.

If you are a housewife, you will save yourself from the narrowing effects on the mind and personality of living a life mainly of household chores. If you are a trade unionist, you will become a leading influence in your union through the deeper knowledge of the Communist trade unionist of working class problems. No matter what you are, we will work with you and help you increase your influence among your associates.

And don't let anybody tell you that our lives are a dull, hum-drum round of meetings and assignments. For our lives are the least drab in the world. Building the strength of the working class for the overthrow of its exploiters, we have the same hope and joy, for which our brother and sister working people, already building Socialism in the Soviet Union, are famous.

'We Want to Learn'

Using as their battlecry: "We Are Ashamed To Be Illiterate," the women of Spain are fighting Franco in their own way

by **IRENE FALCON**

Valencia

A PEASANT woman from Estremadura mounted the platform of the Conservatorium hall. She appeared to be about 30 years old. She wore a clean black sateen dress. Her glossy dark brown hair was knotted on the nape of her neck. She waited quietly till there was silence in the hall, and then began to speak:

"Comrades! I have never spoken from a platform before. I am an ignorant peasant woman. I cannot read or write."

There was an impressive silence in the hall. The woman turned her intelligent face to the audience. She knew that among the women listening to her there were many in the same position as herself, unable to read or write.

"Comrades! I am ashamed of being illiterate. I do not want to be. I want to learn, I want to be taught, that I may be able to work, to be useful, to be capable of helping our Government win the war quickly."

THE applause with which the hundreds of working women in the audience greeted this appeal from the peasant woman from Estremadura is the best proof that she was voicing the feelings of all the working women of Spain, women who for centuries have been oppressed and exploited by blackest reaction, forced to work from sunrise to sunset, sunk in profoundest ignorance.

But the toiling women of Spain

are now determined to be ignorant no longer. They have given their sons to the fighting fronts, that they may defend the independence of our fatherland and the freedom of our people. They have given their labor, their strength, that the soil may not lie fallow, that there may be no lack of bread at the fronts, and in the country behind the fronts. But they demand that they should be given help to develop their intelligence, that they should be taught technique, that they should be rendered capable of replacing the men going to the front.

AT the Women's Conference were told in the simple language of these peasant women, these daughters of the Spanish earth, what they have been doing in the fifteen months of the war. They could not read or write, but they threw themselves with the courage of lions into the attack on the barracks; they seized rifles and gave them to their husbands and sons, or took them for themselves. Rapidly they organized the sending of food to the fronts.

When more and more families of refugees appeared in the loyal villages, our peasant women un-

dertook to find them food and lodging, and even organized schools for the children. When the soldiers at the front were short of underwear, the peasant women went on foot from village to village, collecting money to buy material to make shirts for the soldiers.

Harvest time came. The best of the men, the young and strong, were fighting in the front firing line. It looked as if the yield of many months of weary toil would be lost, as if famine at the fronts and in the country must follow.

The peasant women saw that it was necessary to save the crops at all costs, for this meant bread for their sons, for the people—without that there could be no victory. And without stopping to think whether they could or not, the women rallied, threw themselves into the work and brought in the whole of the harvest for the Spanish Republic. The delegate from Villanueva de Cordoba gave a vivid picture of this:

"In a hail of bullets we crept along the ground, and gathered in the ripe olives one by one. Just as we had seized the rifles during

the first days of the struggle, we now did our duty again like soldiers, though 20 kilometres behind the front; and we did not permit one olive to be lost, for every olive lost in our fields is a bullet which has failed to reach the hated foe."

THESE intelligent working women possess unparalleled courage; they are determined to overcome all the obstacles barring their way to emancipation, to culture. The peasant women of our Spain gave a magnificent demonstration at the Women's Conference.

"We do not want to be ignorant!" they said.

And you shall not be ignorant! Republican Spain requires that you learn, that you acquire culture, that the results of your courageous work will be multiplied a thousandfold through stamping out illiteracy forever among you.

The peasant women of Spain have proved that they are fully capable of taking the place falling to them in that far-reaching mobilization of the population on the home front with which the people are replying to murderous fascism.

They have given the country their dearest on earth: their sons. They are giving it the sweat of their brow, their blood. And in this they gain something which they will never lose: their emancipation, the independence of their fatherland, and a future of prosperity at work and in the field of culture.



"We want to be capable of helping our government win the war quickly! . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED ELLIS

Two Heroes of Fighting China

by WANG SHIH-HSIANG drawings by JOHN GROTH



Chuh Teh

ONE of the men whose names have become known far beyond the frontiers of China is the military leader Chuh Teh. His life is a reflection of the thorny and difficult path of the Chinese people to national unity. The barefooted, ill-equipped groups which he once led have since developed into the steeled, trained and disciplined units of the present 8th Chinese National Revolutionary Route Army.

Chuh Teh knows the life of the oppressed masses in China, with all its privations and sufferings, because it is his own life. For many years he earned his living as an ordinary Chinese coolie. In 1911 he took part in the Chinese revolution, and when later an attempt was made to restore the banished emperor in the person of Yuan Shikai, Chuh Teh was in the front ranks of those who arose to defend the Republic.

He was sent to Yunnan Military Academy, where he quickly developed into one of its best cadets, showing extraordinary talents and outstripping even his teachers. Not long after he had completed his studies Chuh Teh returned to the military academy, but this time as a teacher and one who had already gained a reputation in Chinese military circles as a brilliant adept at the art of war.

THE great Socialist Revolution in Russia awakened new life and energy amongst the masses of the Chinese people. The Communist Party of China was formed. Chuh Teh soon became a member. The regiment which he commanded at the time had the reputation of being one of the best and most disciplined units in the Chinese army. Both officers and men were devoted to the cause of the revolution.

At the instructions of the Communist Party, Chuh Teh left China for a while to visit Europe and study conditions there, and in particular to study European military science and acquaint himself with European languages. In a comparatively short space of time he gained a working knowledge of English, French, German and Russian. After his return to South China he was again given command of his old regiment, and shortly after that he was promoted to Brigade Commandant.

In 1927 Chuh Teh, with his troops, united with the troops of Ho-lung and Yeh-tin, thus laying the basis for a splendid development of the movement for the emancipation of the Chinese people from the oppressive yoke of parasites and exploiters. Groups of peasant guerrilla fighters and companies of soldiers who had mutinied and broken away from their detachments flocked to Chuh Teh.

In April, 1928, the troops of Chuh Teh and those of Mao Tze-tung, the present leader of the Communist Party of China, effected a junction in the difficult and mountainous district of the province of Kiangsi, and founded a united fighting force of exemplary discipline and solidarity.

IN NOVEMBER, 1931, Chuh Teh was appointed Commander-in-Chief over all the red forces by the government of the Soviets and President of the Revolutionary War Council. Under his leadership the Red Armies achieved a series of considerable military successes. Chuh Teh lived amongst his men, sharing their dangers and privations, and becoming the best teacher of his soldiers. Officers and even regimental commanders

of the Nanking forces who went over to Chuh Teh's ranks voluntarily all declare unanimously that Chuh Teh is the finest commander they have ever served under, a general of brilliant strategical capacities, well versed in the most complicated theoretical affairs of the art of war, and well able to apply his theoretical knowledge in the practical struggle against an enemy superior in technical equipment.

At the end of 1934 the Red Army began its historic retreat from Kiangsi to Szechwan. An overwhelming counter-revolutionary army of almost 600,000 men had been drawn together to crush the Red Army. Over a hundred foreign military experts accompanied the counter-revolutionary forces. However, under Chuh Teh's leadership, the red forces broke their way through the enemy encirclement and escaped the superior enemy forces. In this way Chuh Teh saved the red forces from destruction and withdrew with them to southwest China, where they did splendid service in the war of movement, which followed.



This brilliant military operation of Chuh Teh foiled the carefully-laid plans of the foreign experts, led by the well-known German General von Seeckt. The pursuing army was almost completely wiped out by the revolutionary troops. The Red Army then undertook a march through deserts and hostile country, which has already gone into history with the greatest military achievements of the world and which led it safely to Szechwan.

HIGH amongst the many services which Chuh Teh and his comrades have rendered to the Chinese people must stand the fact that they have always appealed to all the forces of China to unite against the Japanese robbers, and that no sacrifice was too great for them to make to this end. The fact that this unity is being achieved and that it is proving its worth in the struggle against the invaders, is due in large measure to the great initiative taken by the Chinese Communists, who were the first to show the Chinese people the path they must take to defeat the Japanese military-fascist conquerors and invaders, the path to the unification of all national Chinese forces. Chuh Teh and his comrades are the true champions of the Chinese nation.

From the first day of the Japanese invasion, the Red Army of the former Soviet district, which is now the Chinese Special District, placed itself in the front ranks of the struggle for national emancipation. With its officers corps intact, it joined the national Chinese army as the 8th national revolutionary route army, and the first laurels have already been won in the struggle against the Japanese invaders. In the fighting between the 8th national revolutionary army and the Japanese troops, the latter suffered their first defeat in the province of Shansi. Despite the fact that the capital of the province, Taiyuan, has since fallen into the hands of an overwhelmingly superior Japanese force, the fighting strength of the Chinese forces has by no means been broken, and in the fierce fighting which is proceeding the Japanese are suffering heavy losses.

Mao Tze-Tung

SHANGHAI, 1921. The first congress of the Communist Party of China was in session. Fiery and enthusiastic speeches were delivered. A small hall. Not more than a few dozen delegates were present: coolies, workers, peasants and intellectuals. Passionate appeals were delivered for the revolutionary struggle, for the formation of Communist organizations in the towns, in the factories and workshops, in the country districts, in the villages and in the army. A young fellow, tall and sinewy, took the floor. His appearance was that of a typical student, an unknown village teacher, with calm, stern features, but deep-set eyes bespeaking humor. He raised his arm, asked for the floor and began to speak.

"Comrades, I am a delegate from Hunan. I have formed a Communist organization there. It contains revolutionary workers, peasants and students. We have begun our work without losing any time."

After his speech he resumed his seat, drew a slim notebook from his inner pocket and listened to the remarks of the others, taking notes the while. Other delegates—older workers and a grey-haired professor—approached him, questioned him. He answered. The workers shook him by the hand, patted him on the shoulder.

"Very interesting," declared the professor. "Your experiences in Hunan are very valuable; they should be studied, without doubt."

"Never mind about their being interesting," observed the delegate from Hunan. "The point is that the masses are already awake and beginning to take up the struggle, and they need a really revolutionary organization to guide them. The Party must go to the masses without delay and organize them. That is our chief task at the moment."

"Hear, hear!" cried the workers present. "The delegate from Hunan is right."

THE delegate from Hunan was then unanimously elected to the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China. After the congress he returned to Changsha, the capital of the province of Hunan, where he was the chairman of the provincial committee of the Communist Party and the editor of its weekly revolutionary organ, "The New Hunan."

Usually silent, he was completely transformed when he took the floor at meetings of the Party organizations, and delivered fiery speeches, clear and to the point, incisively laying down the necessary tactics and fighting measures demanded by the given situation. He knew how to deal with

people, to gain their confidence, to correct mistakes and misunderstandings, to make real Communists, real revolutionaries out of them.

"To be a Communist," he would say to this or that comrade, "does not mean merely being a member of a certain political party. We are not politicians in the ordinary sense. We are the party of the cruelly oppressed masses of the working people. We are the party of the revolution, which is destined to sweep away all that is rotten from the earth."

These clear and straightforward words convey to us the character of Comrade Mao Tze-tung, the leader of the Chinese people, who has already an almost legendary reputation amongst the masses.

COMRADE MAO TZE-TUNG was born in a little village in Hunan of a family of poor peasants. A childhood of privation and suffering has left indelible marks on him. Early privations quickly undermined his health. As a boy already he worked as a day laborer for the rich peasants and landowners of the neighborhood. The slavery of the labor generated in him a feeling of irreconcilable hatred for the parasitic exploiters. He escaped from daily wage slavery and entered the army. With an iron will and under the most disadvantageous circumstances he learned the idiographs of the Chinese language. The ideas and conceptions which had first arisen in the mist of ignorance now began to take on a clear and definite form and a clearly recognizable significance. By dint of sheer will-power he succeeded in becoming a student, and in a very short space of time he became one of the best students of his school. Revolutionary pamphlets came into his hands, and with tremendous enthusiasm he plunged into a study of "subversive literature."

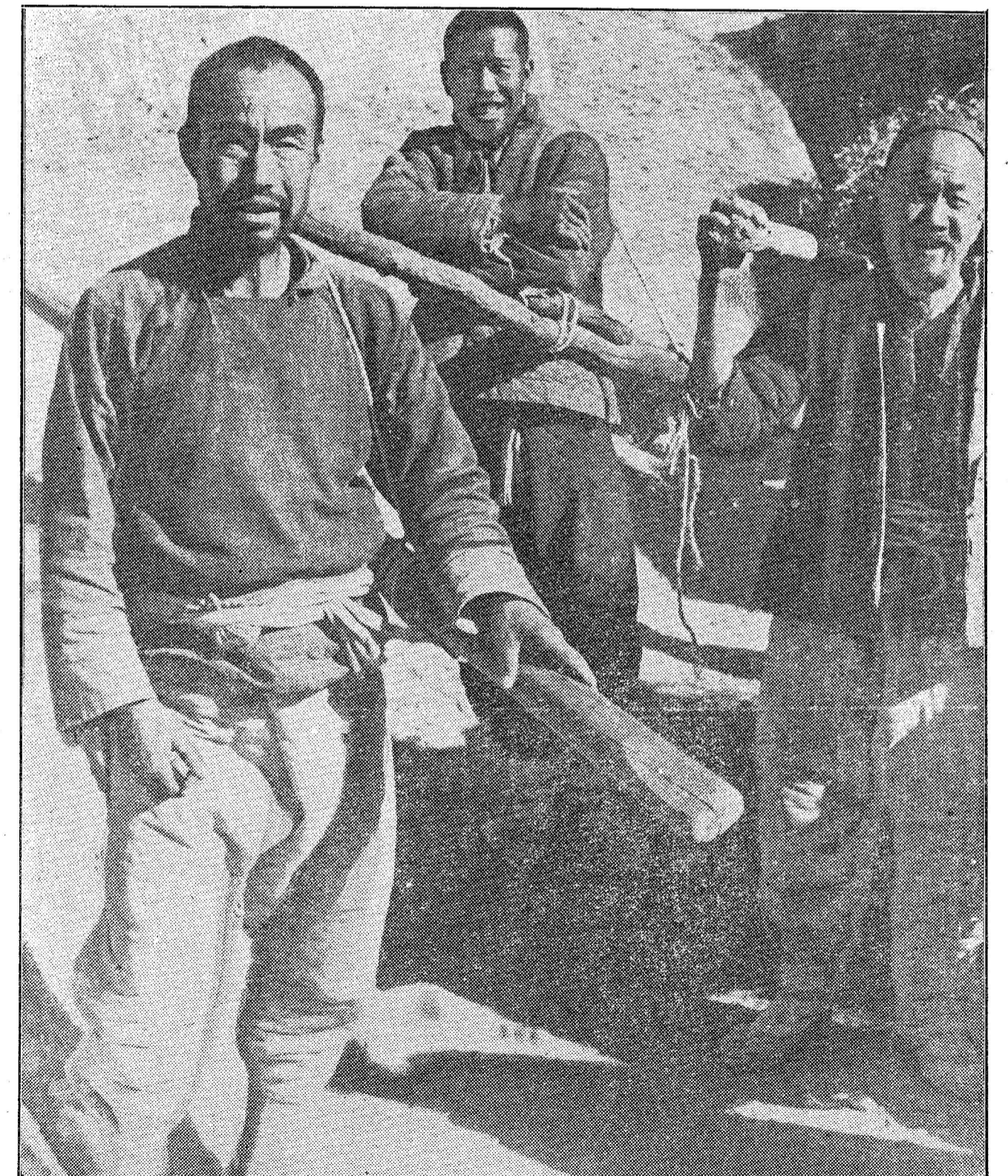
Himself a sufferer from hunger, he organized support for his fellow students, friendly workers and peasants. He attended meetings of the workers, addressed them, pilloried the exploiters, speaking always in a clear and extraordinarily pregnant language, making himself understood by the masses. The "pale student Mao" became a personality in Changsha, and the local police began to honor him with their attentions. All the revolutionary elements of the town, workers, peasants and students, gathered around him. With extraordinary facility he grasped the most complicated political and economic questions. He organized his first strike and himself formulated its demands: shortening of the working day, improved working conditions, higher wages.

Under the influence of the great proletarian revolution in Russia the revolutionary movement in China began to develop rapidly. Revolutionary

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General Chu Teh, commander of the 8th national revolutionary route army, (formerly the Red Army) and Mao Tze-tung, Communist leader and member of the Chinese Central Committee of that party.



Chinese peasants carrying wounded Chinese soldiers.

