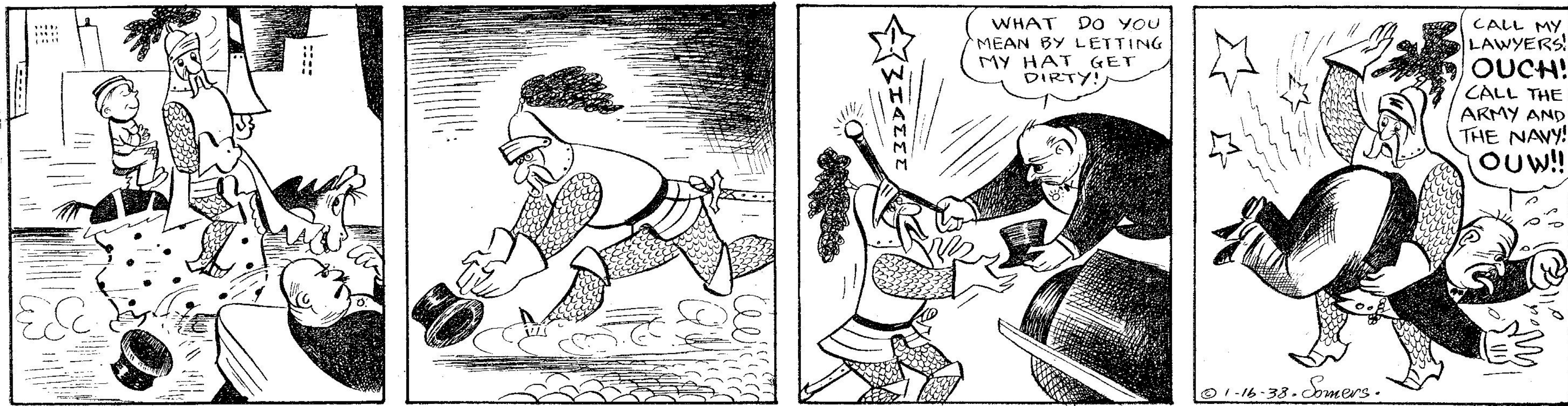
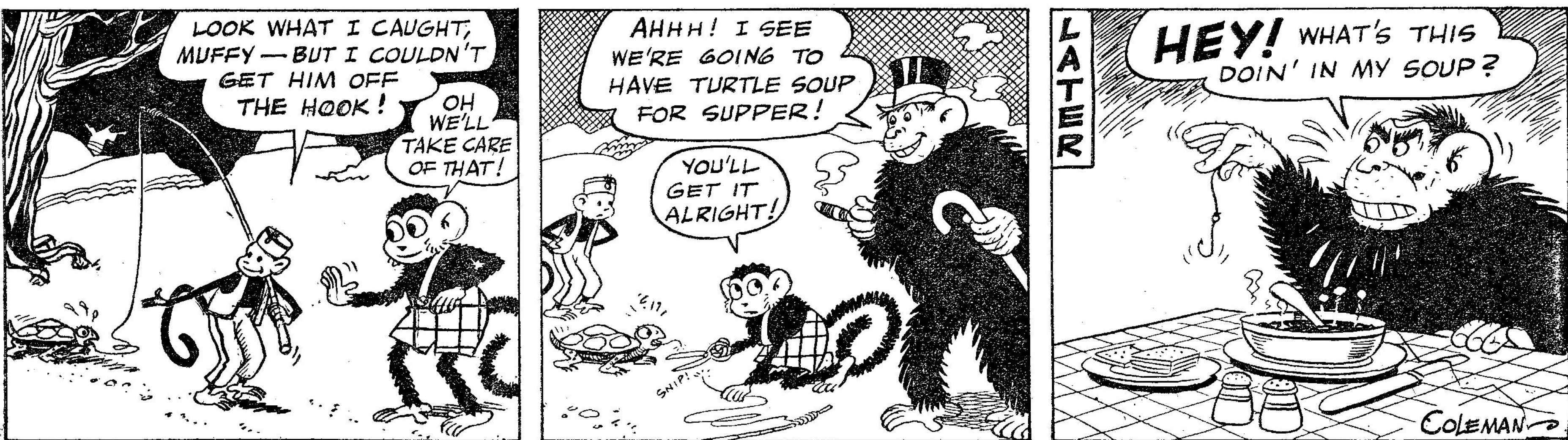
LITTLE LEFTY
by Del

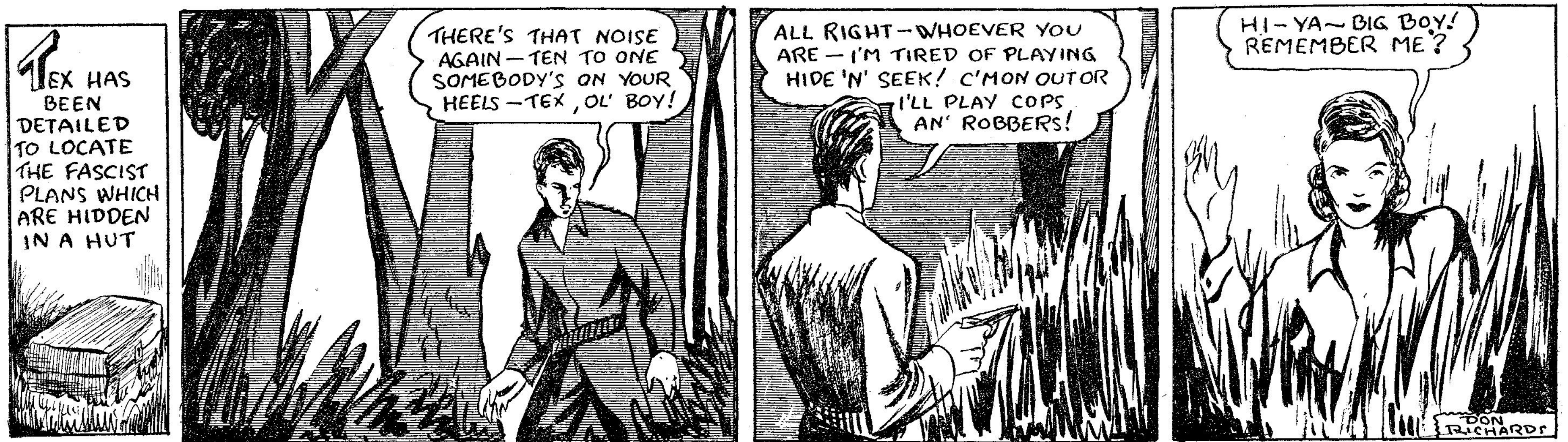
SIR HOKUS POKUS
by Somers



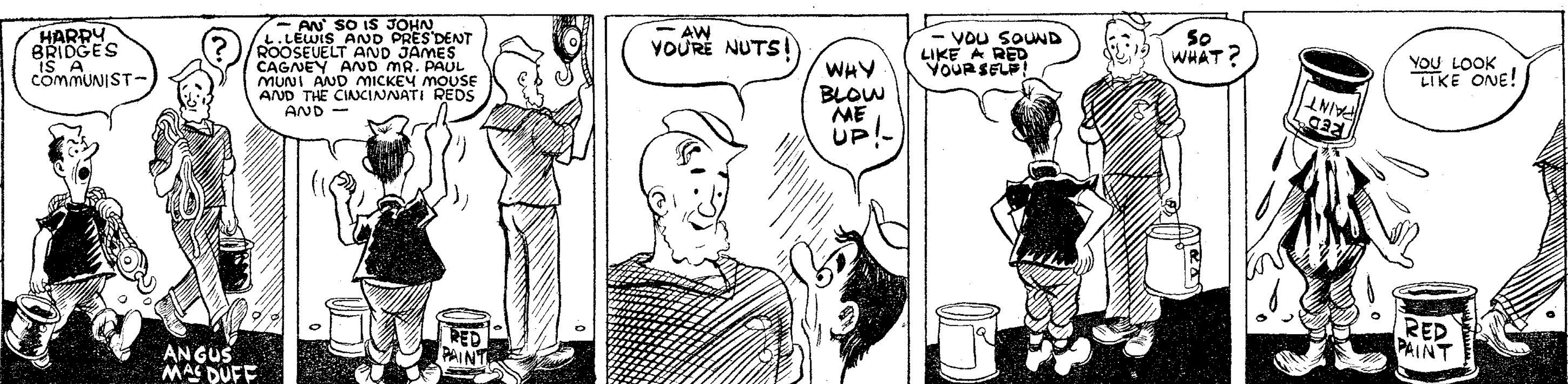
MUFFY THE MONK
by Coleman



TEX TRAVIS



BARNACLE AND THE FINK
by MacDuff



The Daily People's World
MAGAZINE

JANUARY 15, 1938 — IN TWO SECTIONS, SECTION 2

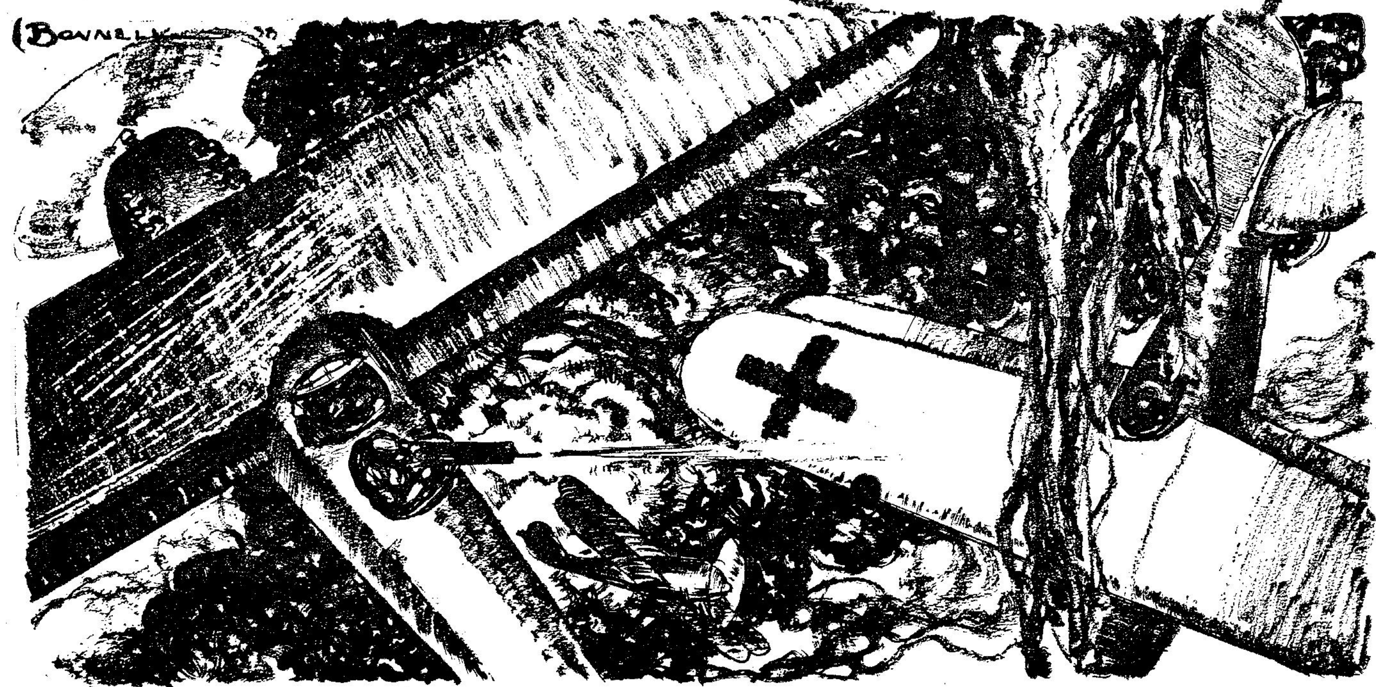
Photo by LOTTE JACOBI

LENIN 1870 - 1924

Whipping the machine-gun about he gave the Fiat four quick blasts

a short story by

GEORGE KAUFFMAN



ILLUSTRATED BY BONNELL

DOWN IN FLAMES

BURKE jazzed the motor. The plane jerked forward on the chocks and quivered like a setter catching scent.

Back home in the States he chased Guardsmen about the California hills, dropping flour-sacks on their bivouacs. Same thing in Spain. Only the men were Italians who thought they were going to Ethiopia, and the six bombs he had under the wings weren't full of flour.

Burke eased back on the throttle and the plane relaxed. She sat in the corner of a small plowed field in the center of a saucer-shaped valley "somewhere in Spain." The Italians had entered the province from the South, and were slowly mopping up the country in a fan-spread advance, driving the unarmed and untrained peasants back towards the mountains.

Not a farmhouse escaped the torch of Mussolini. Not a peasant was taken alive.

There were only two planes in this province, and Burke flew both of them. They couldn't fire through the propeller so he had to depend on Juan, his grizzled old Basque machine gunner who was a blacksmith before the invasion. Juan could flip a machine gun around its cradle in the rear cockpit as fast as he could toss a tin can grenade under a whippet tank. Their task was to spot Italian troops, lay a few bombs on them, and warn the surrounding country of the invading fascists.

Burke looked back: "All set, comrade?"

Juan snapped the machine gun harness across his barrel chest. "Si," he said, and wriggled down into the cockpit like a chipmonk into a tree trunk.

BURKE nodded to the mechanic to pull the chocks. When they were clear, he pressed hard on the left brake pedal and gave her half-throttle. The ship whipped about. He released the pressure as he gave her the gun, and she began rolling down the field like a lame duck.

After a bit, the farmhouses dropped away and the rolling hills swept into view, the rugged mountains off to the North cutting a jagged horizon.

Burke pulled his goggles down so they hung on his chest. Wish those other ships would come, he thought. This egg crate will fall apart if she goes over a hundred and twenty.

Burke had heard about the little short-nose stubby pursuit ships that are raising hell with the fascist bombers. The German Junkers can't fire through their nose so these little ships buzz up to them like a humming bird to a rose, and pour lead into their motors. Everybody in Spain is talking about them.

He felt Juan's hand on his shoulder. He turned. Juan was pointing off to the South. A thick cloud of dust floated from behind a hill and curled upwards until it was ripped apart by the afternoon wind.

That could only mean one thing in this country. A motor column of Italians.

Burke whistled. This is lousy. Trucks mean supplies, and supplies mean a long stay.

HE pulled his goggles over his eyes and banked to the left.

In a moment he was above the cloud of dust. Looking down, he saw a column of gray motor trucks snaking off a dirt road into an open meadow alongside a dense grove of pine trees. Field kitchens, bread ovens, officers' trailers and row after row of troop trucks rolled into the pasture and parked in precise rows.

Burke grinned: Here's where a lot of guys are going to start hitch-hiking for Rome.

He pulled back on the stick and dove on the troops. The men broke formation and ran for the grove.

At one hundred feet Burke levelled off and swishing across the grove, pulled back on the bomb release.

The bombs dropped away from the plane. They seemed to hang on nothing for a moment, then streaked off into the trees. With a muffled roar the grove swelled like a toy balloon blown up too fast and shattered about the meadow. The branches floated down and filtered about the trucks like flaming straw. The men were running about like ants in the rain, and some of the canvas-covered supply trucks had begun to burn fiercely.

Burke climbed to three hundred feet and kicked the ship around again. Diving on the pasture, he flattened out at fifty feet and laid two bombs alongside of parked trucks.

The concussion knocked the plane over on its side and headed it straight into the burning pines. Burke grabbed the stick and yanked it back to his stomach. The plane zoomed up, skimming the burning trees and scattering burning sparks in the whirr of the propeller.

Burke held his breath and waited for something to pop-off. Either his gas tank or his last two bombs. He counted ten and nothing happened so he turned to Juan and grinned as he held the ship on an easy climb.

Juan nodded vigorously and pointed back. A solid pillar of flame rose from the valley and mushroomed into a blanket of smoke that began feeling its way across the hills like a herd of sheep. Now and then a flash of fire would leap through the swirling clouds and blossom into a blazing flower, only to fade away in the smoke.

Burke settled back in the cockpit: Mussolini won't have to worry where to put those men when they are through in Spain.

THE afternoon clouds were beginning to make crazy-quilt patterns on the hills and the little valleys had become deep chasms of shadow when Burke felt Juan's fist thumping him on the shoulder. He turned, and Juan was pointing to the north.

Streaking across the fading blue were three silver dots that caught the evening sun in their wings and flashed it about like fire.

Burke swore: Italian Fiats. Two fifty per hour and four machine guns each. Nothing to get familiar with.

He slipped down and flattened out at one hundred feet. Waiting until the Italians were about a quarter of a mile away, Burke swooped lower until he was hopping over the hills like kids playing leap-frog.

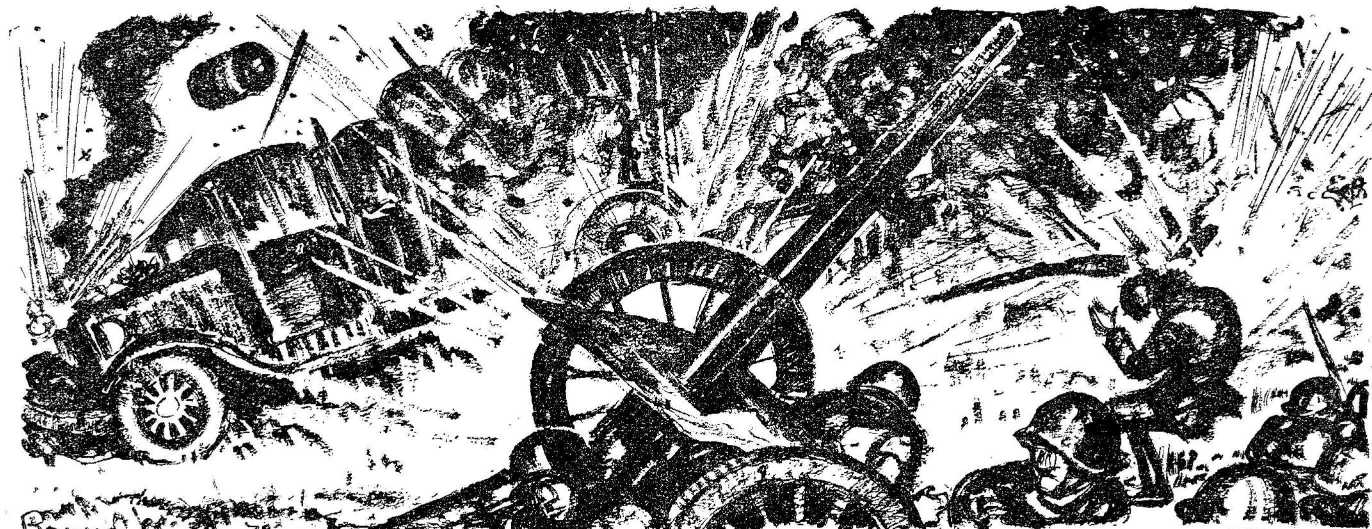
At a thousand feet, the Fiats fanned out, and one dove down on Burke, the other two sitting upstairs to watch.

JUAN was ready for them. As the Fiat roared past, Juan stood up and thumbed his nose at the Italian.

The Fiat zoomed up and wheeled about. Burke put his ship into an easy zig-zag. The Fiat dove, but couldn't follow the corkscrew motion and had to pull out of the dive directly above Juan.

This was his cue. Whipping the machine gun about the cradle, he gave the Fiat four blasts in her belly. She veered off to one side, hesitated a moment, then began

(*Continued on Page 9*)



"A solid pillar of flame rose from the valley . . ."

Conducted by Mary Morrow and Johnny McGee

The Union Meeting

STORY BY

LOUISE ADLER

DRAWINGS BY

MARY MORROW

PART 2

NEXT morning found two children with their father inspecting the bundle of sticks that had been cut from the woods the night before and a small heap of men's clothes: a few pairs of raggy overalls, a couple of straw hats, and a half dozen or so of caps. There were also one or two old torn shirts and a bunch of burlap bags.

"I get the idea," said Joe, "we all got to set up these sticks and dress 'em up!

"That's right," said Mr. Lawson—"we'll set 'em up out in the woods to-night so's it'll look like a meetin' 's bein' held. In the meantime the real meetin' will take place here at our house.

"But pop," said Joe, "will all the members know to come here?"

"You bet," answered his father, "that was part of my mission last night. This is one time when we're gonna put one over on the big shots. They all bin doin' us that-a-way for a long time and now it's our turn."

WHEN nightfall came Jenny and Joe and Mr. Lawson took the clothes and the sticks to the woods. They lost no time in setting up the dummies. They pounded the sticks into the ground and tied a small piece across the top end forming a cross. A hat was set on top and a burlap bag or an old shirt was fastened just below on the cross piece. And then the overalls were attached. Each dummy looked like it was sitting on the ground with its arms crossed in front of it.

Joe touched one of the dummies to see if it would move. "Gosh it almost looks real," he said.

IN A FEW minutes they had almost a dozen dummies set up; some didn't have any overalls on—but then you couldn't notice it from the back.

Then Jenny and Joe gathered a bunch of stones and piled them around in a tiny circle. They put a lot of twigs and leaves and pieces of tree-bark inside the stones and built a fire.

"That's right," said Mr. Lawson, "you have to put a lot of stones around it so's it won't spread and we want to be sure the fire will go out in a couple of hours."

"Now we'll have to get out of here pretty fast—'fore we all get caught," said Joe.

So they made their way through the dark woods—back to the house where all of the union members had gathered.

This was one night when the meeting was not broken up and everyone left quietly and safely.

THE big-boss and a couple of his friends were making the rounds of the woods in the section. It didn't take them long to be attracted by the light from the fire which Joe and Jenny started a few hours ago; although now there were only a few flames left.

The boss and his men sneaked up as near to it as they dared to go and hid behind some trees.

"That's the meetin' alright," said one of the men; "Look at 'em! A couple dozen of 'em."

"We'll go back up the road a stretch and grab a couple of 'em on their way out."

So the boss and his men went back up the road and waited. And as far as we know, they are still waiting.

correspondence

TWO brothers from away down in New South Wales have written to the Junior America Page this week. Here is their letter, it speaks for itself:

45 Second Ave.
Lidcombe, N.S.W.
Australia.

Dear Johnny McGee:

We saw your letter that was printed in the "Worker's Weekly" and are glad to take advantage of your offer to get us in touch with American boys and girls who would like to correspond. We both collect stamps but that doesn't mean that we only want to hear from stamp collectors. We are interested in most of the things that all boys find interesting, I guess.

Well, so long now, and I hope somebody writes to us.

Sincerely yours,

JOHNNY (12 years) and
EDWIN (9 years) FRASER.

In the Land of Olives

By AARON KRAMER

In land of olives, and of warm,
rich wine;
Of rich, deep soil, and of a warm,
red sun;
Of warmer hearts, where there's
no "me for mine"
But only "I for you, and we for
everyone;"

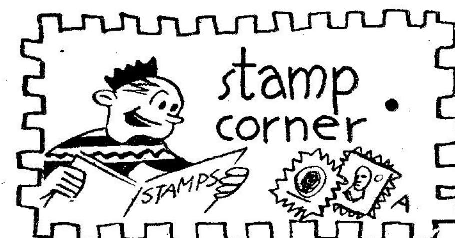
In land of love, of star-seen serenade;
Of haunting, heart-made melodies,
heart-sung;
Where aged architecture did not
fade;
And where the rich, warm, Spanish blood is ever young;

There can I see no scene that is
serene;
(Though last year there was
beauty dressing Spain)
There can I see no grass fields that
are green . . .
Nothing that has been saved from
slaughter and from pain;

No castle stays but keeps as
souvenir
A half-torn tower, or a blood-filled moat.
No face that has escaped a trickling tear . . .
No crime done but made many
weep, and few men gloat.

No warm sun comes but soon is
hid' by planes . . .
No melodies but dirges for the
dead.
Nothing of that great land in fact
remains
Except the rich, warm, Spanish
blood, that is so red.

Except the hearts, so brave, whose
steady beat
Leads on the march for life, of
battling men;
The driving force that does not
know defeat,
And will not rest until it takes its
Spain again!



WE'VE heard of stamps commemorating everything from battles to peace treaties, buildings to boy scouts, but Panama springs a real surprise on us by issuing a whole set of colorful stamps in honor of her Fire Department. This week we illustrate one from this set: the ten cent denomination.

Spain has reprinted one of her regular-issue stamps in a new color. If you remember, the old type was a sort of bluish green. The new color is a light apple-green; a distinct improvement on the old type.

ODDS & ENDS: Ever since this column was first established, club members have written in for information about stamps they have which are not listed in their catalogue or album. They usually are labels or stickers issued for other than postal purposes. I think it's a good idea to collect these; you can put them in a separate loose-leaf book, away from your regular stamps. Each week we will try to illustrate a stamp of this sort. Lots of "queer" stamps are found in mixtures. If you have any that puzzle you, send it in and we will try to identify it. Here is a Tuberculosis seal from France. Most of these are in very pretty colors. One is issued each year, this one is the 1929 one.

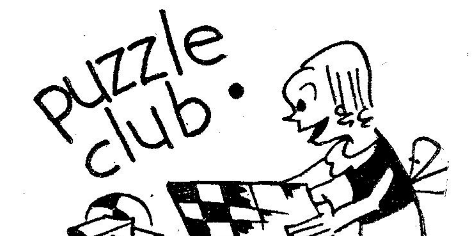
If you've not joined the stamp club yet, write in now.

Jokes (Laffs)

Wash your face, Billy, your aunt might come today.

Yes, but supposin' she doesn't come.

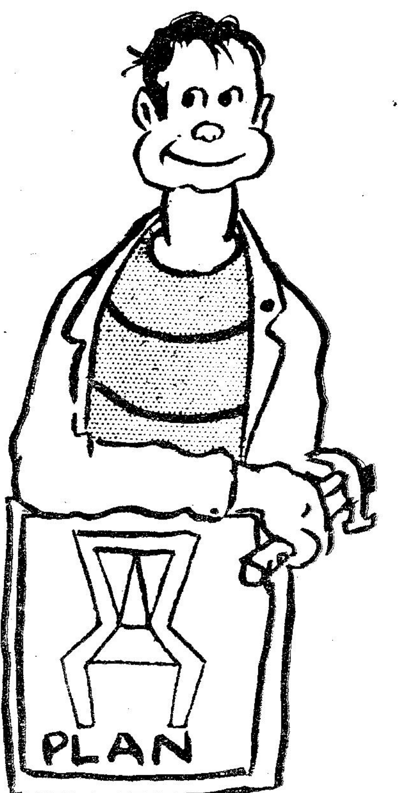
—*William Everts, Montreal, Canada.*



PEPE has been trying his hand at carpentry. He has the plan for a chair but is puzzled as he doesn't know just how to begin.

While he is figuring this out, suppose you try to draw the chair in one continuous line without lifting the pencil from the paper.

If you can do this, send in the answer on a penny postal, and you will get a membership card in the Puzzle Club.



NEW PUZZLE CLUB MEMBERS

NEW JERSEY: Betty Rosenthal, Harold Osbach. OKLAHOMA: Joseph Chaney. ILLINOIS: Barney Bucha, Lewis Bucha, Rose Fabian, Earl Carter. PENNSYLVANIA: Albert Klein, Harold Miller, Lillian Milgram. MICHIGAN: Helen Dzovigian. MASSACHUSETTS: Herbert Boden. OHIO: Marvin Balen. NEW HAMPSHIRE: Glorie Feurer. NEW YORK: Jules Janick, Jack Weinstein, Adrian Salinger, Shirley Levine, Ruth Gilbert, Jack Pecker, John Rudnick, Anna Kolar, Irving Ostacher, Alvin Gerson, Claire Shertzer, Seymour Brumer, Sally Salinger, David Alter, Robert Lehman, A. Weinstein, Donald Mallow, Gladys Alenick, Dora Silva.

Let's Talk it Over

Women still want male attention—even though busy on the picket line or fighting the high cost of living

By MARY MACK

CAN a girl expect to be guaranteed social popularity just because she is active in her union and in her Party assignments?

I've received a letter today from a reader, signed Anne B., who complains that in her union, the active girls are neglected socially by the opposite sex. In discussing this letter with active unionists of both sexes, I've found this to be a subject which certainly needs airing. So I'm printing Anne B.'s letter below and am inviting all you readers to participate in the answer to Anne's problem, which, as she points out, is not only her problem, but probably the problem of many girls in union and Communist activity.

And here's good news. The editorial staff has decided to award as prize to the best letter sent in answer to Anne's problem, a copy of Anna Louise Strong's famous book, **"I Change Worlds"** (retail price $3.00). So read the problem letter carefully.

Mary Mack

DEAR MARY MACK:

I hope you will not think it strange for a comrade to write this kind of letter. But I do have a problem which I know to be shared by a number of the very active girls in my union. I feel that this problem is not peculiar to the particular group I speak of, but must confront a great many girls in the movement.

We have been devoting more and more time to our union work and find that we have drifted from our old activities and associates. The people we know have a good deal in common with and whose company we consequently enjoy, are those our activities bring us into daily contact with.

However, we have become conscious of a great lack. The young men we work with are friendly but take us very much for granted. We are "good workers." When it comes to going out they will ask someone who shows herself only now and then. At union affairs we are greeted but nothing more. They will ask others to dance. Invariably we find that we go home unescorted. We do not go out unless it is to one of these same Party or union affairs. We get so we hate going to them.

It has had a bad effect on us in that we have become self-conscious. In most instances we had had frequent dates before we became active in the movement. We realize the importance of work as opposed to going out a great deal. However, we do want to have some fun.

Can you shed any light on what a situation of this kind should exist among comrades, and what can be done to correct it? Possibly we have been at fault. Possibly the fault lies elsewhere. In either case, it would be well to know.

Comradely yours,

ANNE B.

Anne's problem is not to be minimized. It's a healthy and normal attitude for girls to want to be "popular" with boys. And it's normal for girls active in trade union work to want "attention" from the opposite sex in their unions. If there are girls active in trade union or Party activities who are not "popular" with their comrades, we'd like to discover the reason why.

We want to hear the men's point of view too. What do they think? Are the "active girls" neglected because of their activities or because of their personalities or appearances? Or do you think that active girls are *not* neglected?

Let's hear what you have to say on the subject. Some of the comrades on the staff, both male and female, have promised to give their opinion—though, of course, no one on the staff is eligible for the prize offered to the best answer.

There's a lot to be said on this subject and we want it said here. So send your letters in to Mary Mack, Women's Page Editor, 35 E. 12th St., New York.

We've received a number of replies to our Women's Page Inventory Contest but we're not going to announce the winner yet in order to give our readers on the West Coast a chance to get their letters in. So, if you haven't written, do so now.

'Not to Be Photographed'

The South's sharecropper women know nothing of mint julips, sweet magnolia blossoms and frilled organdies

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

IS IT true What They Say About Dixie?" could be the subtitle of *You Have Seen Their Faces*, recently published by Modern Age Books. I wish every woman in America could have received it for a Christmas present as I did.

Margaret Bourke-White is one of America's outstanding photographers. Her industrial photographs are widely used for advertising. These will not be. They are of sharecroppers, black and white, "way down South in the land of cotton." She and Erskine Caldwell, author of "Tobacco Road," spent eighteen months collecting these beautiful examples of her art, though the subjects are far from beauty. They were taken under difficulties. People were fearful. A captain of a chain gang threatened to shoot. When they brought written permission to take pictures, he couldn't read!

What unforgettable pictures! Here are stark misery, bone-bare poverty, back-breaking labor of whole families, on a soil depleted and eroded. It looks like the women, torn by excessive child-bearing. Degradation and defeat are marked on all the older faces, especially the women. Barefooted, dressed in cheap, faded cotton; toothless, chewing snuff to deaden their hunger, surrounded by half starved, somber children, sitting in broken down chairs in miserable one room shacks, what a picture of Southern American womanhood! One lay on a torn old mattress, babe in arms, in Happy Hollow, Georgia, and said, "Sometimes I tell my husband we couldn't be worse off even if we tried."

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

Erskine Caldwell writes a revealing explanation. The plantations, five hundred to five thousand acres, are let out by absentee landlords, in one-man farms to tenants or sharecroppers. The difference, is degrees of debt. Tenants own their equipment and pay one-third to one-quarter of the crops as rent. Sharecroppers give the landlords one-half of the crop for equipment furnished. But when they pay at the end of the season for their fertilizer, seed and food supplies, advanced by the landlord, they are usually in debt. Ten million people now live under this yoke. They work from dawn to dusk, even by lantern. Children are kept out of school to work. The difference between black and white sharecroppers is degrees of brutality inflicted upon them. Peonage and lynching in the South keep the poor Negro "plantation bound" by debt and fear. Race hatred is fostered by wholesale evictions of white and replacement by Negroes.

But there is militant hope in the South. A union has started among the tenant farmers and sharecroppers. The youth of the South are awakening—"refusing to raise another man's cotton while hungry and in rags." Government control of cotton farming is being demanded. Black and white workers are groping towards solidarity. One fine strong young woman stands, her work-worn hands resting on the plow. Her head uplifted, she smiles faintly, she says resolutely, "We manage to get along!"

We hope so, sister in the deep, dark South—along to freedom and prosperity. More power to you!

Understanding Your Child

MOMMY, read to me," pleaded Jane to mother who was in the midst of cooking dinner. "I wish you could already read to yourself, dear," said mother, anxious to fulfill Jane's wholesome desire yet in the midst of tasks which required her immediate attention.

When should a child be taught to read? When should he be read to? How should we begin? Educators now know that some children are ready earlier for books and reading than others. They don't know exactly when each child should begin but they do know that taking every child at his or her sixth birthday, putting a book in the small hands and saying, now you're to learn to read, just won't do.

It is best to leave the teaching of reading to those trained in such work, but the feeling for books and reading can be started early in the home. There are now on the market books on many subjects carefully prepared for children of all ages by those who have studied many books, many children and know what they like best and is best for them.

At the age of two, children are interested in the objects around them—their eyes are not yet fully matured so that small print is bad for them. Hence the books for two-year-olds are made up of large photographs or colored pictures of balls, toys, children, clocks, clothes and all the things familiar to them. The young child can gain the pleasure he desires of being like the adult in turning the pages of his own book. He can gain the habit of handling a book with appreciation, and the pleasure that books can bring. At the same time the child should be read to from well illustrated books to help him realize the magic of words.

There are story books with large print for the seven-year-old and the stories about the fireman, policeman and animals as well as about fairyland, as he matures to the age suitable for each. But one thing to be remembered in buying books, like many other things: don't judge a book by its price, for many expensive books are poor in quality and many a cheap one well constructed in content and material.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY BOARD.

COMRADE KITTY

By Mississippi Johnson and Elizabeth

I SEE that the stores are showing a lot of old-fashioned jewelry these days," Kitty says, "I have an old locket of my grandmother's and I was wondering whether I ought to clean it up. It's silver and has a heavy silver chain, a short one." Kitty nods, "Sure, you should. All this fall, that's been smart. You should have gotten it out before. It's much nicer to have a real one, than one that's just made to look old-fashioned. In fact, you're very lucky. It'll look swell with that black wool dress you're wearing."

Take a Tip

Edith Rein from Croton-on-the-Hudson sent in these tips on how to "make things easier for yourself."

Always wash utensils soiled with eggs in cold water. If rinsed as soon as used they are no trouble at all.

When melting chocolate for desserts or icings don't use an extra burner. If you have anything at all cooking on the stove just use an ordinary plate for the cover and the steam will melt the chocolate very quickly.

With pieces of soap too small to use comfortably, put in a soap shaker (from dime store) and use for making suds in dish pan.

Rinse glasses used for milk and milk bottles immediately after using in cold water to simplify your dish washing.

Local 421, Jersey City

It was a union meeting in 'Hagueland' and groups of young men and women joked about what time the cops would appear

by GEORGE MORRIS

"Mayor Hague's cops didn't come . . ."

LOCAL 421, United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of the CIO held a meeting.

"So What?" you'll ask, thousands of other locals are doing the same thing every day.

But this is different. Local 421 members live and work in Hagueland, a narrow strip of territory that was once known as Hudson County of New Jersey, but which has seceded from the United States. Its regent, Frank Hague, who is also mayor of its main city, still remembered as Jersey City, does not agree with the Constitution of our country, or the National Labor Relations Act, nor with many of our other basic laws. In Jersey City "I am the law. Me, right here," Hague recently announced. So he pulled out. There is even much talk that Hagueland will be among the next countries to join the Berlin-Rome-Tokio axis.

Only a short way from the mainland of the United States and within actual sight of the great city of New York, Hagueland became a haven for many employers, who, as Hague, want to ditch the American laws and traditions. Hague's slogan is "In Hagueland you have freedom to sweat your employes the best way you know how."

An employer needn't live in Jersey City to take advantage of Hague's liberty. Anyway, the many factories, refineries, docks and dilapidated workers' homes in the area are a rather unsightly view for an employer's residence. "Stay at your Riverside Drive or Long Island homes. Just bring your factories to us and drop the union on the way over," is Hague's advice.

As a further incentive to employers of the United States to export their capital to Hagueland, the Chamber of Commerce, Jersey City administration and organized vigilantes initiated an "educational campaign to tell employers across the border of the opportunities that await them. Union meetings are a crime in Hagueland. Labor literature distribution is prohibited by a special law.

SO, one day when I received a tip that members of Local 421 were going to hold their regular membership meeting and notified their people through postcards. I thought it was a good joke. Only the night before vigilantes, called by veteran organizations, met in the Hagueland armory and prepared to break up all CIO meetings. Though doubting that the meeting would even start, I slipped across the border into Hagueland to see what would happen.

I arrived at the hall at Fairmount and Bergen Avenues about 7:30, an hour before the meeting was scheduled to start. But to my surprise, instead of walking into a nest of Hague's militia, I found two young girls, the first arrivals.

"Well, are you actually going to hold the meeting?" I asked.

"Hmm, wouldn't that be a surprise! Guess we'll try anyway."

"Our last meeting was two months ago," the second one broke in, "Hague forced the 'Labor' Lyceum to put us out and this is the first hall that let us in since."

"What shop does your local cover?"

"Idealite Lampshade Co."

"Got an agreement?"

"Yes, closed shop. We're the only closed shop in town but they are trying to break it now. Chiseling on holiday pay, want to change it and things like that."

"How did you get a closed shop in this town?"

"Oh, we just sat down last July. The cops soon threw us out, but we stuck together and soon had a union and an agreement."

For about an hour members of Local 421 trickled slowly into the hall in ones and twos. CIO organizer Walter Barry and Leonard Vena, local president, among the earliest to arrive, assigned two of the boys to stand on the corner near the hall to tell members that "it's all right to come up."

The arriving members would usually poke their faces through the doorways.

"What, no cops? We're disappointed."

SOON the hall was filled with groups of youths, mostly girls, who joked about Hague, and when his cops are most likely to arrive.

"My husband told me that if I get jailed, I shouldn't call him. But I'll bet he'd come running to get me out."

"Well, Neil, tell us how you enjoyed jail," (Neil Brant, union organizer, who spent five days in Hague's jail for distributing leaflets.)

"Say, did you see in the papers about those A. F. of L. diehards attending that Chamber of Commerce meeting and promising them support to break up the CIO?"

"Those dirty rats, they are out to do anything. They are worse than scabs."

"We ought to hear something about our Thanksgiving and Christmas pay tonight. Gee, it's in the agreement. They are supposed to pay, ain't they?"

"A lot they care about agreements in this town."

At 9:45, when the meeting opened with about 80 present, there were still no cops. The chairman, a youth of 22, opened with an explanation on why the meeting was delayed for two months. Attorney Samuel Rothbard was introduced to report on the "situation in Jersey City" and on negotiations with the employer concerning holiday pay. Rothbard's report indicated that the employer had little regard for the piece of paper he signed after the strike, but assured the workers that everything would be done to fight out the issue.

AFTER CIO organizer reports and other general matters were disposed of, the meeting livened up with discussion on the "smaller" but more intimate matters in which these workers were interested.

"What about that sports committee? They invested money in it. What is it doing?"

"The boys basketball team is all right, but the girls didn't show up," the report declared. Soon there was some crossfire on where the fault lies and arrangements were made to see that the team begins to function.

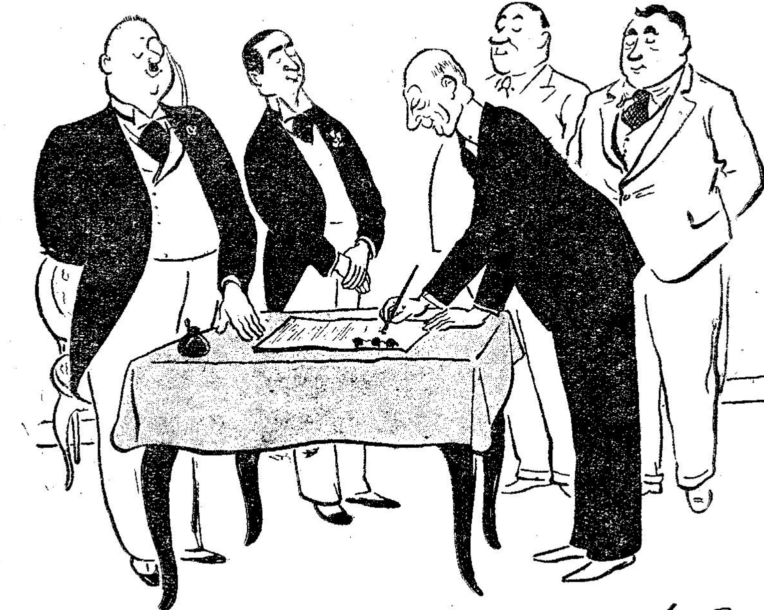
Reporting on the decisions of the district committee of the union, Sylvia Keller told of various steps to strengthen the union and to combat unemployment. When she came to the decision on boycotting Japanese goods she appealed that silk stockings be discarded. A general giggle went up.

"Now, girls, this isn't funny. This is serious," she insisted.

In the discussion it developed that the issue was already taken quite seriously among the girls. One reported that Macy's has run out of lisle hosiery when she went to purchase. The chairman brought the matter closer home.

"We ought to know what it means resisting fascists. We have something like that right here. A lot of us here are Catholics. I don't know how long it will be before Hague stops us from going to a church he doesn't like, but so far he has been going along the same

(*Continued on page 9*)

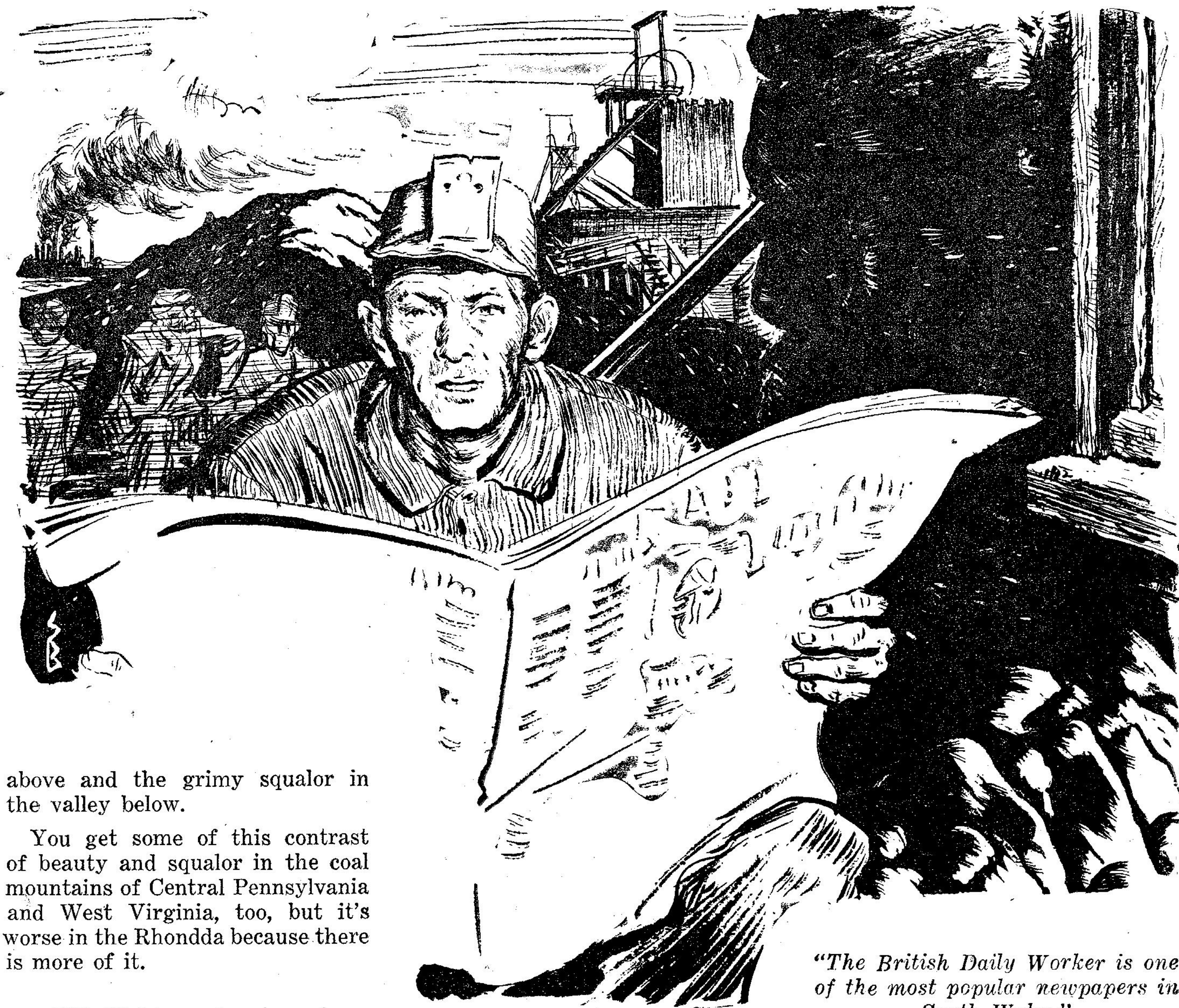


Courtesy of the New Yorker Magazine

Mayor Hague Signs a Pact Creating the Newest International Understanding, Hereafter to Be Known as the Rome-Berlin-Jersey City Axis

No Tourists Wanted!

by ART SHIELDS



"The British Daily Worker is one of the most popular newspapers in South Wales."

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE BARKER

I HAVE just come back from a tour of the Great Rhondda Valley of South Wales, the biggest coal mining center of the world.

It's too bad that the tourist agencies shunt travelers from the Rhondda, for that place tells you a lot more about Great Britain than the famous Tower of London and its crown jewels.

Tens of thousands of unemployed miners living on bread and tea and little else—the Tory dole doesn't give much else—are the other side of the much-advertised British boom. Yes, England has an industrial boom in its bustling munition towns, but not far away are the terribly "distressed areas," such as the Rhondda Valley, the River Tyne district and the textile centers of Lancashire.

The Rhondda Valley is a long, winding gully in the snow-capped hills of South Wales, just an hour's ride from sea. Coming up from the lowlands, you are struck by the beauty of those shimmering ridges above and the grimy squalor in the valley below.

You get some of this contrast of beauty and squalor in the coal mountains of Central Pennsylvania and West Virginia, too, but it's worse in the Rhondda because there is more of it.

THE Welsh coal mine slums will be harder to sweep away than the shanties in the mining villages of West Virginia. No wooden huts here but long, solid rows of old stone houses, old grimy stone houses with cracking walls and settling lintels. The walls crack and the lintels settle as the collieries cave in beneath them.

In the solid, stone slums of such towns as Merthyr and Dowlais, whole populations are physically dwindling away. They don't officially die of starvation. They cough away their lives in tuberculosis or their weakened bodies check out from other diseases caused by malnutrition.

Typical families we saw eat meat only once a week, and skimp along on three or four shillings' worth of food per person.

Yet I met portly dumbbells in London, who suck in the London Telegraph's lies with their morning tea and solemnly say that the prosperous British worker is so much better off than the starving Russian.

THE Welsh miners know better. They know better because the British Daily Worker is one of the most popular newspapers in South Wales. The Communist Party in the mining town of Tony Pandy alone distributes more than 9,000 Daily Workers every day in the surrounding Rhondda towns and there are two other Daily Worker distribution centers in the valley.

The Communist Party and the South Wales Miners Federation fight side by side against the Tory government and the Rhondda mining interests that are starving the miners. The government starves the unemployed with a dole of a few shillings a week and the mining interests starve them with a meager wage of two to three pounds a week for the workers who are lucky enough to have a job.

No red baiting is tolerated in this union, where conservative trade unionists fight side by side with President Arthur Horner, a well-known member of the Communist Party.

A vivid description of the anti-fascist Welsh miners told by Art Shields, who has just completed a tour of the British Isles

MINERS told me of the union's day-to-day struggles against unofficial wage cuts and it's successful fights to reinstate dismissed workers. And I heard much of the Party's aid in the fight for more unemployment relief and its program for slum clearance.

I heard of the fascists too, who are breeding in these distressed areas and I got a whiff of a Trotzky fascist as I passed a comfort station near the town of Merthyr. The whiff was from a Trotzkyite named Eyles, who joined Moseley's blackshirt party and ran as a local candidate in last fall's municipal elections.

Printed on the side of the roadside comfort station was an appeal to vote for Eyles, and underneath a fascist had added the slogan: "Hail Moseley!"

No more do the fascists dare to raid the Communist headquarters at Tony Pandy, as they did some years ago. Numbers are against them. But their very existence in a few spots in South Wales is a symptom of the degeneracy that comes when a section of the workers, long unemployed, sink into what Marx called the lumpenproletariat.

This political degeneracy is more advanced in some sections of the East End of London. There the fascists got 16 per cent of the total vote in the Limehouse district and 18 per cent in Mile End last fall.

THE Communist Party points out that wherever the Labor Party conducts a vigorous mass campaign against the Tory government for a positive labor program that the masses are given hope and the fascists lose.

In South Wales, where the Communist Party's influence is strongly though unofficially exerted in the Labor Party, the fascists are on the defensive. They dare not parade through such towns as Tony Pandy. But the fact that they survive at all, in the most depressed spots like Merthyr, is a danger signal.

The Welsh miners are short people. Stooping in low coal veins, lying flat on their side in still lower veins only 16 or 18 inches thick, and long years of underfeeding do not make for big bodies.

But their minds are awake and their hearts are mighty. They are in the forefront of the British workers' fight for a new world and you'll hear a lot about them in the struggles that are coming soon.

"Stooping in low coal veins. . . ."

A Carolina Contract

(Continued from Page 8)

would be as mean as he could be.

"Yes," he said, "it was a fine load of cotton. It's a pity you didn't work out."

"Work out!" I said, "why, Mister Jim, I worked out by a hundred and eighty-five dollars or better. I know because Luther Turner put it all on paper for me.'

NOW, shut up your mouth," he said, "you been in trouble for talking like that before. I been good to you in the past, but damn your black soul, you'll never cause any more trouble on my place if you give me any of your lip today. You owe me eighty-two dollars."

"Mister Jim," I said, "how do you figure that?"

"It's on account of that mule of mine you killed, in the first place," he said. "In the second place, it's none of your business."

I sat on my step and thought a spell after he left. I remembered what that organizer had said about contracts. I had worked so hard I hadn't had much time to think, but now I remembered it. He said there wasn't any such thing as a contract unless it was written down on paper and was witnessed to. I knew I hadn't signed any paper. Then it all made sense.

In a couple of days they came. Mister Jim's oldest boy was standing in the wagon and the two youngest was sitting in the seat. The oldest one had a double-barreled gun.

"Henry," the oldest one said, "we come to get your cotton because you didn't work out."

They left two bales, and when I moved that night I took them with me.

Things happened pretty fast after that. Next day they came for me. I said, "Mister Bradley, I ain't going unless you got a warrant to arrest me."

He looked at me like somebody had shot a firecracker under him. Mister Jim's boy was in the car with his gun, so they whispered for a while and I heard Mister Bradley say, "We better write a warrant. You swear to it."

He wrote on a blank and then said, "Well, smart nigger, here's your warrant. Now come along." My blood boiled when he called me "nigger."

THIS time they didn't say anything about going back to work. We drove up to Mister Bradley's store and he said, "Get out, Henry, we are going to put you on the gang this time. We had enough of your trouble. We are going to try you."

When we got inside there was a lot of white people there, mostly landlords from other places.

"Stand over there, Henry," Mister Bradley says, "and hold up your right hand."

"Youswearttotellthewholetruth — nuthin butthetruth—shelpyougod?"

I said, "I do," and I knew if I ever told the truth in my life, it was then.

"You're charged with breaking your contract against Mister Jim Tomlinson and with grand larceny of two bales of cotton," he says. "Are you guilty or not guilty?" I look around and I can see all those farm owners leaning forward on their Coca-Cola crates, listening for what I'm gonna say.

Everything is quiet, waiting on me to answer. I took my time and when I spoke, I spoke quiet and steady.

"Not guilty," I said, "and I demand a jury trial." One white fellow fell clean over backward off a Coca-Cola crate but nobody laughed. They all sat with their mouths shut tight. It was a good minute before anybody spit, and Mister Bradley, all red in the face, said, "why you smart s— o— b—!" Take him to jail, somebody!"

THEY took me over to Newberry, cussing me all the way. "Who the hell told you to say that?" one white man asked me.

When they put me in jail I heard this same man tell the deputy sheriff to watch me because I was a "smart one." I didn't say a word. I just went to my cell and lay down.

I sat and thought about how pale those white farmers looked. I thought how when all the colored are free from "contracts" that aren't contracts how they would remember old Henry Moss, who told Mister Bradley and Mister Jim the law while the strergth was still in him and how they would say, "If it hadn't been for old Henry and that organizer we'd still be slaves like our grandfathers and our children after us."

MISSOURI ROBIN HOOD

(Continued from Page 5)

the road leading to the farm. In the afternoon, the landlord drove in and came back, jingling the $1,400 in his pockets. Jesse stuck a gun in his ribs, pocketed the money and said, "I like to shoot people who foreclose on widows. Next time I'll put a slug between your ribs." The landlord paled, promised never to do it again.

THE Robin Hood legend around Jesse James has plenty of foundation. Although a Confederate fighter during the war, Jesse once stopped a mob lynching a Negro and threatened them with his six-guns. Many a Missouri farmer found a hundred-dollar bill on his breakfast table after he had fed a lithe, laughing young fellow who quoted Shakespeare and bemoaned the fact that he couldn't be a farmer.

Finally Jesse found temporary sanctuary in Tennessee. He took the name of J. D. Howard, married a Missouri girl and settled down, at the age of thirty-one, to family life. But the Pinkertons were still after him and, with his wife and two children, Jesse fled back to Missouri. He and Frank staged several holdups and again sought escape. But the $10,000 reward on his head made Jesse a marked man.

"I'll never be taken alive," he told friends. "If they won't leave me in peace when I'm ready to quit this business, I'll go out with my boots on." Frank made the same boast, but later surrendered to the authorities.

The constant hounding by detectives and amateur sleuths during the past years had made Jesse desperate. He knew that he had killed many men, but he also knew that he wanted to kill no more. So the family moved to St. Joseph, Mo., and their neighbors knew them as the "Howards," a quiet, deeply-religious family. They all liked Jesse, but sometimes wondered why a man who sang in the Baptist choir carried a brace of Colt .45's.

IN the spring of 1882, Charles and Robert Ford, bandits and friends of the old Quantrill gang, learned the whereabouts of Jesse. They quietly planned to murder him for the reward, and on April 4, while he was hanging a picture in the parlor of his home, Robert Ford shot him in the back.

Jesse died in his wife's arms while his two children looked on.

Instead of being welcomed as heroes, the Fords were arrested and charged with first-degree murder. Public indignation mounted higher when Gov. Tom Crittenden pardoned them and for a time, the Fords were faced with the threat of lynch-mobs.

Back in the sleepy hills where he was born, the neighbors buried Jesse James and wrote on his tombstone, "Murdered by a traitor and a coward whose name is not worthy to appear here."

And today, in the same hills, they sing not mournfully, but with pride, the song that in itself tells the life story of Jesse James:

"Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
He'd never see a man suffer pain;
And with his brother Frank he robbed the Chicago bank
And stopped the Glendale train."

The song has its contradictions, but so did the Clay County farm boy whose six-shooter was as fluent as his Shakespeare.

Local 421, Jersey City

(Continued from Page 3)

way as they did in Germany where they jail Catholic priests."

SOON the meeting discussed shop grievances. This is when it became most lively, and a few bothered looking back to see if the cops had arrived.

"There are some girls in the packing department who do 65 and 70 an hour. They are just plain stooges for the boss. We know that all one can do is 45 an hour," one girl declared indignantly. This was followed by a discussion on how to head off the speed-up artists.

The grievance committee was asked what progress was made on getting heaters into the washrooms.

It was quite plain that these boys and girls took naturally to unionism—a unionism that dictator Hague is trying to beat out of them. But Hague won't succeed as there is a determination and stubbornness about these "kids" that his cowardly methods will only strengthen. They'll meet in cellars if they can't get a hall. They'll find a hundred ways to outwit Hague's stupid cops and get the message across to the people of Hagueland, most of whom are at heart true Americans and don't want to join the Berlin-Rome-Tokio axis. The fact is that the hope of the United States to regain that valuable chunk of territory is chiefly in these organized militant fighters in the very heart of Hague's domain.

Genevieve Taggard, whose "Millions, Friends Marching" appears in this week's issue, is one of America's outstanding poets. She is the author of "Calling Western Union" and other books.

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George Morris, whose "Local 421, Jersey City," appears on page 3 this week, was in Detroit at the time the Black Legion was uncovered and his stories exposing the gangster-employer organization will be remembered by many of our readers.

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Erskine Caldwell, author of "God's Little Acre" and other novels, has a humorous little short story "Uncle Mose's Love-Next" in next week's issue.

•

The cover of our magazine, a photo of a Lenin monument published for the first time in the United States, is by Lotte Jacobi, world famous photographer. The Russian sculptor Merkulow's unfinished monument, which he made from a death mask of Lenin, stands in his workshop—an open garden near Moscow. It is there that Miss Jacobi took the picture you see reproduced on the cover.

•

How does a window washer spend his day? Doesn't he ever fall from skyscraper windows? What does he think about unions? Dixon, staff artist, will start the first of a picture series next week dealing with the every-day life of American workers, and by illustrations answer some of these questions that everyone asks about the other fellow's job.

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In the space of two or three decades, American industrialists have built up an efficient spy system in their plants and, with it, vigilante and strikebreaking methods which have only recently been exposed. In next week's magazine, Art Shields, veteran labor journalist, traces step-by-step the development of the vigilante, union-busting and "back-to-work" movements in the big industries of this country. New material and statistics make this feature well worth waiting for.

Millions, Friends, Marching!

by Genevieve Taggard

Crowds in Spain, 1931. *Men, caps; women, shawls, and look at their faces!*
And we said, we like these people.

And on a Jimcrow car in Georgia
We said:
Here we feel at home,
Here we could loiter and listen and laugh.
We like these people.

And the U. S. S. R. took us in,
And we had the time of our lives.
And we said, every day, They are wonderful people.

Long ago, in Hawaii, I had Chinese playmates.
We spoke one tongue, pidgen-english.
We played Lam Sam Po, and pe-wee.
We joined hands tight in a circle
And held on for dear life, at recess.

In the faces of the Chinese Red Army rank and file,
The soldiers of Mao and Chu-Teh
I see the faces of my playmates, the same faces,
But hopeful, the coolie look gone.

And the faces in the chain-gang, along the levee
Are the faces of sad Negro friends, the teachers, the fine singers.
In Madrid, in Teruel, swarming out of trucks, in uniform,
By the thousand, faces, faces I knew, an army, faces thinner and stronger.

On the film of the sports-parade, rows of faces, nearing.
Those Soviet faces, born in seventeen.

All over the world, whenever the faces come closer I see
Millions, friends, marching.

Down in Flames

(Continued from Page 2)

that drunken dive which means the pilot has been riddled with lead.

She crashed into a side of a hill and exploded into bits like a maple leaf on a stone walk.

This brought the other two Fiats into play. Side by side, but a couple hundred feet apart, they dove on Burke.

They have to fly almost one fifty per hour to stay in the air. Burke was going eighty miles per hour, so all the Fiats could do was whizz past and give a short burst of fire.

After four tries they gave this up. Burke watched them climb, whip about and straighten out.

THIS time they came one behind the other. The first plane pulled up too soon, but the second kept coming until it was right on top of Juan. He stood up and reached for the gun, then slumped over the cradle like a wet dishcloth.

Putting the stick between his knees, Burke reached back and pulled Juan down into the cockpit as the Fiat fanned off to one side and climbed. Juan slumped over, bleeding from the mouth and chest. He feebly motioned Burke to get back.

Burke looked back into the flame of the Fiats. He waited until they were five hundred feet away, then pulling his last two bombs, banked sharply to the right and zoomed up.

The bombs lit in a creek and exploded. The concussion caught the two Fiats and twisting them on their backs, sucked them into the creek. They crashed in a blinding sheet of flame.

Burke circled the blazing wrecks and banked steeply for Juan to see.

But Juan couldn't see. He was dead.

Burke gave a sigh, set the nose of his ship on the setting sun, and flew for home.

"Salud, Juan," he said softly.

A Carolina Contract

Fifty dollars cash was still the price of his freedom though he had paid 'Mister Jim' four times that in cotton

by **WARREN JOHNSON**

I'VE BEEN arrested for breach of contract more times than I can count but this is the first time I was ever in jail for it, and I guess the first time I ever had a chance to figure why it was.

Breach of contract is what the magistrate arrests you for in South Carolina if you sharecrop. It works the same way every time. At the end of the year the landlord comes and tells you that you didn't work out; that you can't leave his place for another year because instead of him owing you money when the cotton is all weighed in, you owe him money. At least that's what he says and even if you don't believe it he will figure it out for you with a pencil on a nail bag.

Sometimes, when you can't stand it any longer, you pack up your wagon and leave anyway. Then the Mister Bradley, the magistrate, comes and brings you back. He tells you that if you don't go back and work out what you owe you'll go to the chain gang. Most tenants go back to work and back to the beatings for the rest of their lives.

But after they arrested me last year and put me back to work on Mister Jim's place, because he said I owed him $50, I swore that some day, come chain-gang, hell or high water, I am going to get off that place.

That's why I came to spend this New Year's in jail.

When I went back to work for Mister Jim, he told me my wife would have to work in his kitchen all year. That was to work out the $50, he said. It meant I had to work twice as hard if I was going to work out, but I swore I'd do it because I was determined to get off that place, debt free, so no magistrate could come and bring me back.

WELL, I worked and froze and I worked and sweated. We put in a good winter wheat crop and it came off fine in the spring. We put the cotton in the ground and about the middle of April it turned cold as January. I thought that cotton was gone sure, but 'long about the first of May the cold spell broke and I watched every day for the cotton to show itself. I knew that if I ever had a chance to get off that place my chance was down there under the ground with that cotton seed.

It came up. It sure was good to see. My boy and me—he's 12 and ought to be in school only I can't send him with the cotton coming on—just stood at the end of the long green rows and looked at it before we started chopping. I knew he was thinking how his back would hurt when he got through every night. But me, I was thinking if that cotton would just come along as good as it looked, I'd sure work out this year and could go work on my brother-in-law's place.

About June first it started raining. I saw the grass a coming. I prayed the Lord would just let me and my boy chop fast enough to keep that grass back. When the rain stopped we worked till our hands blistered and we beat that grass.

When lay-by time came I would have been thankful I had a good crop in the field, only I had to bury my wife. When she came down sick with a fever in the spring, Mister Jim said he couldn't get a doctor for her because it cost nine dollars to have a doctor come out from town. He told me some medicine I could buy for her, but when I tried to borrow the sixty-five cents from him, he said, "Henry, you remember that $50. Well, it ain't all worked out yet and here you go asking me for sixty-five cents."

ABOUT a week before she died there was a revival meeting down at Little Shiloh Church and the brethren took up seven dollars and ten cents to help me get a doctor. I had a calf and I sold it for two dollars. I asked Mister Jim to tell the doctor that I had nine dollars and to please tell him to come out. But when Mister Jim came back from town that day he said he forgot about it. Next day I caught a ride in on a Coca-Cola truck and got the doctor myself. He was a good man, but when he looked at her, he took my nine dollars and said, "Henry, I'm afraid it's too late. There's nothing we can do. I'll give you a prescription that will make her feel easier." He did that, but before I could get to town and back and get the prescription filled with the ninety cents I had left, she died.

We buried her like she would have wanted in a shady place back of Little Shiloh Church. The church brothers raised all but a dollar and a half of the burying cost and the sexton said he would pay the difference himself. But all the time they were singing at the church that day I was thinking how she needn't have died if it hadn't been for Mister Jim, and how happy she would be living at her brother's place with me working my half of the crop if Mister Jim had loaned me that nine dollars and I work out this year.

But she was buried and although I grieved all through lay-by time. I had a mind to work when the bolls started to open, because I knew if I didn't get off that place while there was strength still in me I never would.

Well, it was hot and dry in September and the cotton started opening as pretty as you please. My boy and I, we walked through the fields and he said there's a thousand pounds of seed cotton to the acre if there's a pound. I said I didn't reckon it was that much but it was a good six hundred pounds. I figured and I couldn't see how I could make less than a bale to every three acres, putting it at the bottom. Three acres to the bale, that would make eight bales for 24 acres and that would be $240.

I had worked out and there couldn't be any doubt about it.

I KEPT accounts that year. Mister Jim had advanced me $113 in all for fertilizer, six new plow points, a little feed for my mule and a broken down Dixie Boy plow that he charged me eight dollars for and wasn't worth two. Besides, I had at least $25 coming to me from that wheat crop, and if he didn't allow anything for what my wife worked in his kitchen—he said he didn't see how he could pay wages to a dead person—then I had still worked out by a mite better than $150.

Well, I picked my fields over four times and when Mister Jim came 'round and said I could store my cotton in his barn if I wanted to, I said no, I reckon I'd store it in my old crib this year. I been fooled on that trick too many times.

When we started piling it in, it looked even better than I had hoped. I said to myself the ground was good to me this year, because it knew how much I sweated on Mister Jim's place, and how much I wanted to get off.

I took every load to the gin myself and everytime they gave me back a bale I would drive by old Luther Turner's place so he could put the pounds down on paper for me. When it was all done, old Luther added it all up and there was 4,900 pounds of good white lint. I knew I had worked out, because there it was on paper. At eight cents, which God knows is little or nothing, it was a good, round $290.

Well, I sat tight, waiting for Mister Jim to come around. He waited a long time, because I reckon he figured what I was thinking about. Then one day he came.

"Henry," he said, "it's about time for me and you to settle up. That sure was a batch of cotton you picked this year."

I said, "yes, sir, it looks pretty good," wondering what sort of trick he had up his sleeve. I knew he had something because of the way he looked, and besides I had heard he had been on one of his corn liquor drunks and I knew he

(Continued on Page 9)

ILLUSTRATED BY DIXON

Missouri Robin Hood

Fifty-six years after his death the middle-west still talks about the many-sided character that was Jesse James

by **HOWARD RUSHMORE**

JESSE JAMES

THE politician was going full blast and the crowd, unmindful of the hot Missouri sun, stood in the courthouse square of the sleepy little town and listened.

A lithe, blue-eyed young fellow, who rested gracefully on a roan horse near the speaker's stand, was also enjoying it. From time to time he would reach down and pat two bulging saddle-bags in front of him and smile slowly.

Suddenly he reined the horse to the stand. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I rise to a point of order."

The politician glared from under his broad-brimmed hat. "What is it my good man?"

"The bank has just been robbed," the young fellow said quietly. "You'll find the clerks tied up and vaults empty. I reckon a posse should be sent after the robbers."

The crowd gasped and as one man streamed across the street towards the bank. They found the stranger had spoken the truth. The bank had been robbed, quietly and efficiently.

"Hey," the sheriff said, "that young guy must have known something about it. Come to think of it, he must have been one of the bandits."

Far off down the road, Jesse James rode with his brother Frank and told him the joke. They threw back their heads and the smoky-blue hills echoed the thunder of their laughter.

FIFTY-SIX years after his death, Missouri citizens still talk in awed tones about the Clay County boy who died the most famous bandit in America's history. But they do not remember him only as a thief and train-robber, but as a Robin Hood who was "drove to it" before the Civil War and whose "heart was as big as his six-gun." They'll tell visitors how Jesse robbed to give to the poor and that he always carried the Bible and never smoked, drank nor swore.

The bomb thrown by Pinkerton detectives that killed his half-brother and tore off his mother's arm might have made Jesse a little too savage, the north Missouri natives say. But they point out that he was hounded long after he tried to settle down to a peaceful life and when he was killed, Jesse was trying to raise a family and earn an honest living.

Records of the Missouri legislature show that an amnesty bill was introduced to give Jesse and Frank James "a chance to become law-abiding citizens." Both would have welcomed the opportunity, but the bill was defeated and they followed the career that began in their 'teens.

When a lanky Kentucky mountaineer moved his family to the green hills of Clay County in 1845, the Missourians had little idea that the easy-going preacher was to be the father of the community's most famous citizen. Robert James, Baptist circuit-rider and farmer, brought with him his young wife and a tiny son, Frank, the latter also destined to play a major part in the history of the border bandits.

JAMES found the going hard, for the congregation was too small to support a minister and farming was a tough proposition. But the family struggled along, and on September 5, 1847, another son was born. The parents named him Jesse. Later the father went to California and died there. Mrs. James married Dr. Robert Samuels, another [illegible]ster.

The [illegible] boys grew up like average children of the time. Their "book-larnin'" at the little log school was supplemented by plowing, rock-pulling and barnyard chores. The feud between the Kansas abolitionists and the Missouri pro-slave forces formed the basis for childhood games called "jawhawkers and bushwackers," as the two factions were called. Jesse and Frank usually lined up on the side of the Missouri bushwackers. Later on the border conflict burst into open violence in northern Missouri and at 17, Frank threw away his wooden pistols and took up real ones to join "Mad Charley" Quantrill's guerrilla cavalry.

But Frank did not make this decision until Federal troops had raided the James home, beaten Jesse and half-killed Dr. Samuels. Later, Mrs. James was arrested and placed under military arrest in St. Joseph for several weeks. At that time, shortly before the Civil War, abolitionist and pro-slavery forces were engaged in hot guerrilla warfare up and down the Missouri-Kansas border.

WHEN the war broke out, Jesse and Frank were both members of the Quantrill band. And when "Mad Charley" switched from warfare to the more lucrative bank-robbing, the James brothers also participated. They were already outlaws and, as Jesse later said, "It was the only way left to make a living." But the James boys never completely fitted into the cut-throat gang. Frank was in his own way a scholar and read Elizabethan drama whenever he found the opportunity. Jesse divided his time between his Colt .45's, the New Testament and Shakespeare. The early and bloody bank robberies in Liberty, Lexington and other Missouri towns were not to their liking, but for them it was a matter of "getting even." Later, when Pinkerton detectives, on the trail of the pair, threw a bomb into the James home, killing their half-brother and severely wounding their mother, both Frank and Jesse went "hog-wild" and for two years left a trail of dead detectives and sheriffs behind them.

Afterwards they tried to return to farming in Clay County. But the six-guns did not hang on the wall long: the Pinkertons, often more blood-thirsty than the bandits they hunted, located them and the brothers left the peaceful hill country for the last time, forever branded as outlaws with a price on their heads.

QUANTRILL and the rest of the gang either died with their boots on or were imprisoned. Together with the three Younger brothers, the James boys fled from state to state. There were killings, many of them cold-blooded, but historians doubt if Jesse participated in many of these. Train-robberies, spectacular and remunerative, were launched by the gang and always the keen wit of Jesse figured in each incident.

One holdup in Texas found Jesse lifting a gold watch from a prosperous deacon. That worthy mourned that it was a gift from a dear friend and the younger James, who carried a well-thumbed copy of the New Testament throughout the thirty-four years of his life, replied, "Deacon, our Master, the Nazarene, never owned one and the Good Book commands that when traveling take neither purse or scrip. So hand over the watch and be quick about it."

Another time Jesse was hiding in the Missouri foothills, almost starved and with a posse of 300 at his heels. A widowed farm woman fed him and told him to stay there until the danger blew over. Jesse had several thousand dollars in his saddle-bags and when the widow told of a mortgage of $1,400 on her little homestead, her visitor immediately gave her the necessary amount.

Jesse asked her when the landlord was coming to collect the debt. "Today," she said.

Jesse thanked her and hid beside

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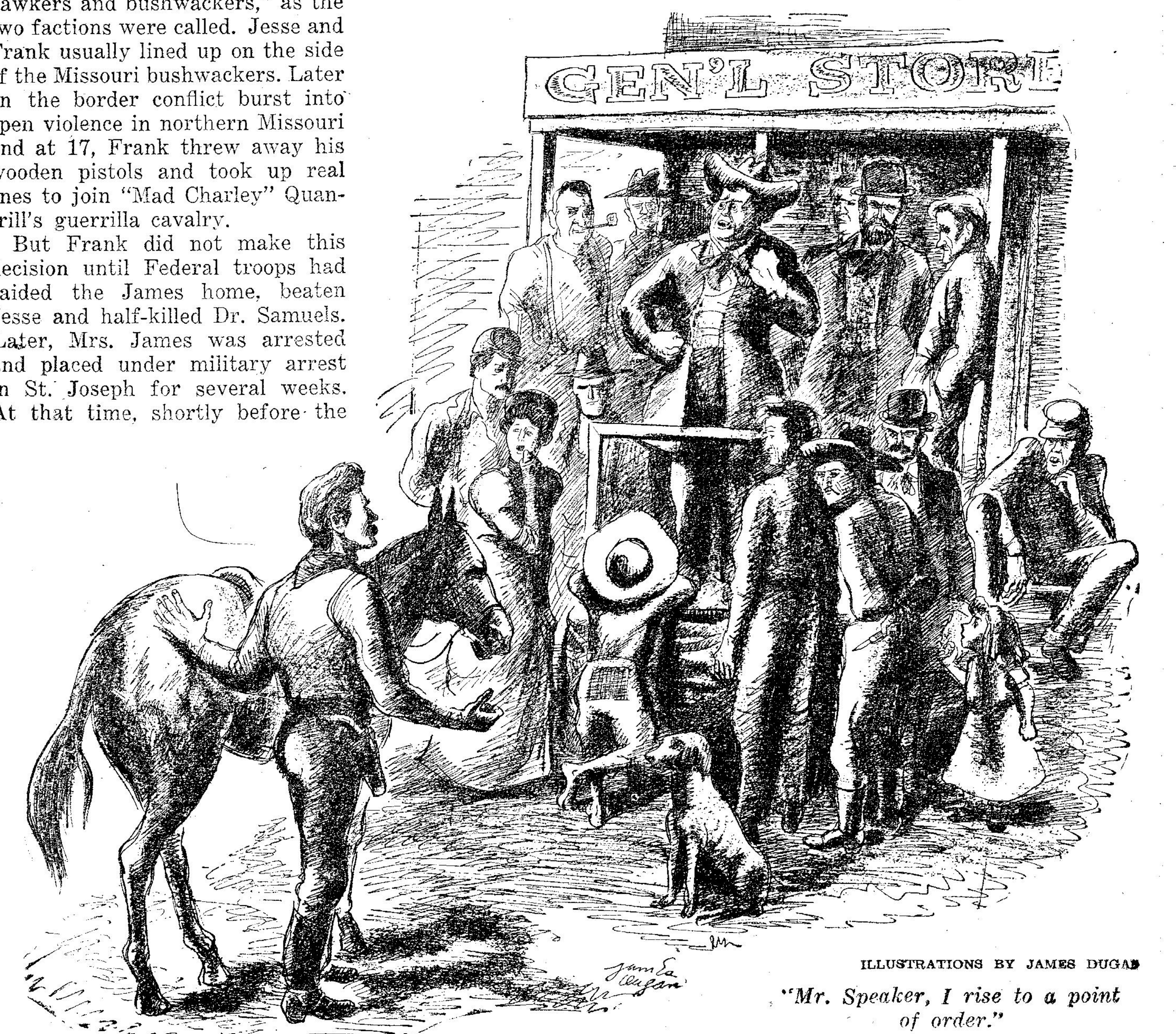

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES DUGAN

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to a point of order."

It Was Fourteen Years Ago This Month

In spite of the icy weather, millions of grief-stricken men and women poured into the streets and squares to mourn the death of Lenin, the man who had led them to freedom

by M. J. OLGIN

ON THE night of January 21, 1924, Lenin died. When the news of his death reached Moscow, the capital of the Soviet Union, people began to gather in the streets and in the squares. It was cold. An icy wind was blowing. The people paid no heed to the weather. The people were grief-stricken. Old hardened fighters wept like children.

When Lenin's body was brought to Moscow and placed in the Hall of Columns, thousands upon thousands of people began their five-day long march before the open casket. The funeral procession on January 27 attracted over a million men and women. Lenin was buried in a special mausoleum in the center of the Red Square. Hundreds of thousands of people visit Lenin's tomb every year.

Fourteen years have passed since Lenin's death. Every year his memory is being celebrated not only in the Soviet Union but in every country of the world. Scores of millions of people revere the name Lenin. From north to south and from east to west, whether in the heart of the industrial centers of the United States or in the gold mines of South Africa, whether in Japan, or in the countryside of the Scandinavian lands—everywhere the name of Lenin is known, everywhere the tale of his deeds has aroused the peoples' imagination. Lenin the hero, Lenin the liberator of an enslaved people. Lenin the great.

Wherein does Lenin's greatness consist? What has he done? Why should he be remembered many years after his death? The main thing—why should we, in America, commemorate the death of this man, Lenin, who belonged to a different nation and who died fourteen years ago? In which way are we, the workers, farmers, small businessmen and professionals—the great majority of the people of the United States—connected with the Russians and with Lenin?

THOUSANDS of books have been written about Lenin. The story of his life reads like the most fascinating tale. The man who was exiled to Siberia by the cruel Czarist government and spent five years in a bleak little settlement far away from the civilized world, managed to write there the famous books which aroused the people of Russia to fight for their liberation. The man who looked like a bookish writer, with his head always buried in volumes, the man who spent years in libraries scrupulously making notes, in due time placed himself at the head of a tremendous movement of millions which overthrew the old system in Russia and introduced a new political and social system where the workers and peasants rule.

The man who, in September and the first three weeks of October, 1917, was compelled to hide in order to avoid the bloodhounds of the capitalist government of Russia that put a price on his head, was elevated in the night between 25th and 26th of October (Nov. 7-8 according to the Western calendar) to the position of the head of a mighty new state comprising 150 million people.

He hailed from a family of revolutionists opposed to the Czarist rule and fighting for liberty in Russia. He was born April 22, 1870. He was seventeen when his brother Alexander was sentenced to death by the Czarist government and hanged. From his early youth Vladimir Ilyich Lenin was devoted to the idea of freedom. He was twenty when he graduated the university as a jurist—though he was not allowed to go to the university on account of his radical ideas. He studied at home and passed his examinations with honor. But he never thought of becoming a lawyer. He became connected with those who fought for the freedom of the working people.

To be a good revolutionist, he knew, he had to study revolutionary theory. He studied assiduously the teachings of Marx and Engels who, in the previous decades, showed that the capitalist system was doomed and that Socialism was to replace this system of exploitation of man by man. Marx and Engels not only developed the theory of the class struggle and the revolution, but also led the workers of various European countries in their struggle against capitalism. They organized the first working class associations which soon combined in international organizations. When Lenin was born, the First International was living its last years. When Lenin was nineteen, the new international, known as the Second International, was formed.

ILLUSTRATED BY DIXON

"He now devoted all his time and all his tremendous energy to organize the workers in the plants and in the shops. . . ."

NOT only did Lenin become a great student of Marxism but he began to apply the Marxist theory and practice to the life of the Russian people. In his books and pamphlets he proved that capitalism had developed in Russia, too, that together with it the working class had come into being and that soon the working class would rise to fight not only against Czarist rule but also against capitalism as a whole.

Very few believed at that time that a revolution was imminent in Russia and that it would be accomplished by the working class. Lenin set out both to hammer out the theory of the revolution and to organize it in a practical way. He participated most actively in organizing the workers in trade unions and in their political party.

The workers needed a strong united political party to head all their struggles, said Lenin. This party must be based on one theory and pursue one aim, he taught. It must be disciplined, courageous and able to attack. Lenin himself devoted years and years to the formation of such a party which became known as the Bolshevik Party.

Years passed, and then the revolution of 1905 came. It was headed by the working class and accompanied by tremendous uprisings of the poor peasants against their masters and exploiters, the landlords. The Bolshevik Party and Lenin played a great role in that revolution which shook the old regime from top to bottom. The mighty movement, however, was defeated. Czarism once more became triumphant, though its powers were now somewhat limited by the existence of a sham parliament known as the State Duma. There was great disappointment among the people. Gloom spread among many workers. Lenin was not shaken. The revolution, he said, was not finished. The fundamental needs of the people had not been satisfied. The workers and the peasants would not long tolerate their miserable conditions. A [illegible] wave of revolution was imminent, according to Lenin. He now devoted all his time and all his tremendous energy to organize the workers in the plants and shops, to enlist them in the Bolshevik Party and to teach them in the school of practical fights against their employers and against the government of Russia.

THE war of 1914 came. The Socialists of many lands joined their governments to fight the other governments. Every country said that it was attacked and had to defend itself, which was not true. Lenin, as leader of the Bolsheviks, came out with the right view on the war. He proved that the two fighting coalitions of governments were not fighting for democracy or liberty, or any high ideal, but for big business' greater profits, for getting a larger share of the globe in order that the capitalist might have greater opportunities to exploit and rob. He said that the workers and poor peasants, and the people generally, were not at all interested in fighting for the enrichment of their bosses. He appealed to the workers to fight for their own interests—and that meant for the overthrow of capitalism in their own country and for the establishment of Socialism.

Then came the revolution of March, 1917—the second Russian revolution. The people, with the working class as the vanguard, deposed the Czar, established democratic liberties and turned over power to the Provisional Government with one, Kerensky, as Prime Minister. The people believed that this was a revolutionary government that would care for their well-being.

Lenin and the Bolsheviks realized from the very beginning that the new government, democratic in form, was a government of the bosses in substance. The people wanted bread for all, land for the peasants and peace. The Provisional Government did not think of this. It thought of continuing the war in order that the Russian manufacturers and landlords might get a greater slice of other peoples' countries and line their pockets with more loot.

Lenin and the Bolsheviks advanced the slogan "All power to the Soviets!" The Soviets were councils of workers organized in every industrial establishment. The Soviets of the various cities soon formed a national organization—the All-Russian Soviet. Similar Soviets sprang up in the army and among the peasants. Lenin taught the masses that unless the Soviets became the government of the country, the interests of the people would not be satisfied. Lenin and the Bolsheviks worked energetically and devotedly among the Soviets and prepared them for their historic task.

IN October, 1917, the Bolsheviks of Petrograd, now Leningrad, rose and, leading the workers and soldiers, deposed the Provisional Government and turned over the state power to the Congress of the Soviets. Soon similar uprisings took place in other cities. The old system was swept away in several days. The Soviets, representing the workers, the peasants and the soldiers, became the government of Russia. The land was confiscated from the landlords and turned over to the peasants. The landlord class disappeared. The mines, factories, plants, railroads, banks, the large buildings in the cities were confiscated and turned over to the people who administered them through their Soviet government. Soon the class of rich capitalists also disappeared. The foundation was laid for a Socialist system in which nobody owns the means of production, in which nobody is allowed to accumulate riches whereby he could exploit others, in which there is no exploitation of man by man but everybody works and everybody receives according to the quantity and quality of his work—pending the time when full Communism will come into sway, which means that everybody would be working according to his abilities and receive according to his needs.

The government of the Soviets was headed by Lenin. Lenin was the leader, the teacher, the adviser, the father of the masses of the people. Above all things, he strove to unite the workers and the peasants, because only a unity of all the formerly exploited could secure victory. The revolution was headed by the workers who are called the proletariat. Because it was a strong revolutionary government which gave no quarters to the enemy, it was called the dictatorship of the proletariat. But it was only a dictatorship towards the former exploiters, the noble landlords, the manufacturers, the bankers, the rich leeches of the village. As to those who work by hand and brain, it gave them the greatest freedom in the world—freedom from exploitation, freedom to be masters of their own lives.

THE enemies of the people did not want to give up. The former capitalists and landlords started a war against the new Soviet State. They fought for nearly three years. They were supported by foreign capitalist governments—France, England, Japan, the United States. These latter governments even sent their armed forces to help suppress the Revolution. Under the leadership of Lenin and his beloved disciple and collaborator, Stalin, the enemies were defeated. It was a hard and bitter struggle. But in the end the people's Red Army, the armed force of the Soviets, defeated the enemies. The Soviet system with its Bolshevik Party triumphed. Former Russia became ready for tremendous growth, for building up a new abundant life with a new freedom for all and with culture sweeping the land.

Lenin did not live to see the realization of all his dreams. He only saw the Soviet system secure, the Bolshevik Party recognized as the only representative of the people and leading them in the building of a new life. He saw the union of the workers and the peasants, the mighty bulwark of the Revolution, accomplished. He saw the beginning of Socialist industry. But he did not live to see Socialism completely victorious in the Soviet Fatherland. This triumph came under the leadership of Stalin after the First and Second Five-Year Plans (1928-1936).

During those years Soviet industry, managed by the government, reached colossal heights; peasant cooperatives known as collective farms replaced the individual households of over twenty million peasants, and thus Soviet agriculture was placed on a Socialist basis. Culture spread in mighty streams over the vast lands and the Russian population became the most cultured in the world. Prosperity is increasing. The several score of nationalities living in Russia each in its own territory, enjoy national independence as part of the great federation of the Soviets, develop freely each its own culture, and cooperate with each other for the benefit of all.

TODAY the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is a Socialist country. Whatever is going on in Russia, whether it is colossal industrial expansion, or collectivization of agriculture, or strengthening of the Red Army, or punishing the enemies who are trying to undermine the new system—everything is done according to the predictions and advice of Lenin and on the basis of what he established in his lifetime.

In the other countries of the world, Lenin's work is carried on by the Communist Parties which are based on the same principles as the Bolshevik Party of Russia. It was Lenin who in 1919 helped to combine all the Communist Parties of the world into a world organization known as the Third or Communist International. The Communist Party of the United States of America is also a member of the Communist International.

And this is how the workers of the United States are connected with Lenin. The capitalist system reigns in our country. The capitalist system has brought ruin, unemployment, hunger and misery to a large portion of our population. The capitalist system headed by the "economic royalists," the great monopolies, is no more able to secure peace and a decent living for the people of the U.S.A. The people have to fight in order to wrest from big capital at least as much as would preserve them from starving. To fight effectively, the people must be united. They must form a **mighty People's Front**, just as the workers and peasants of Russia did under Lenin. The People's Front will advance the cause of the people against the "economic royalists." In building the People's Front, the people will learn that the final solution of all our problems is Socialism.