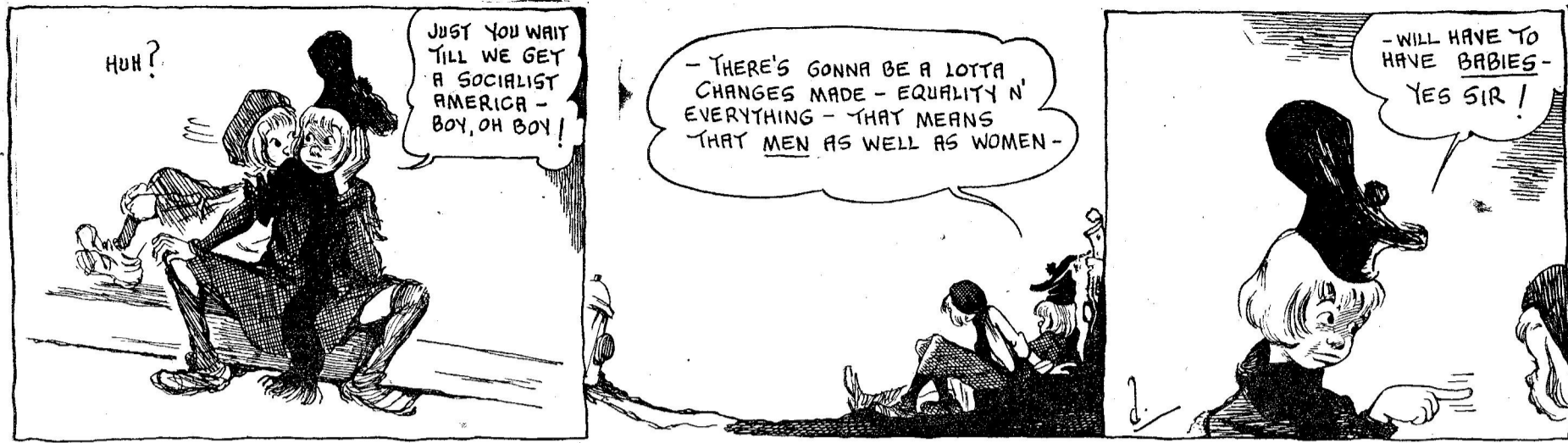


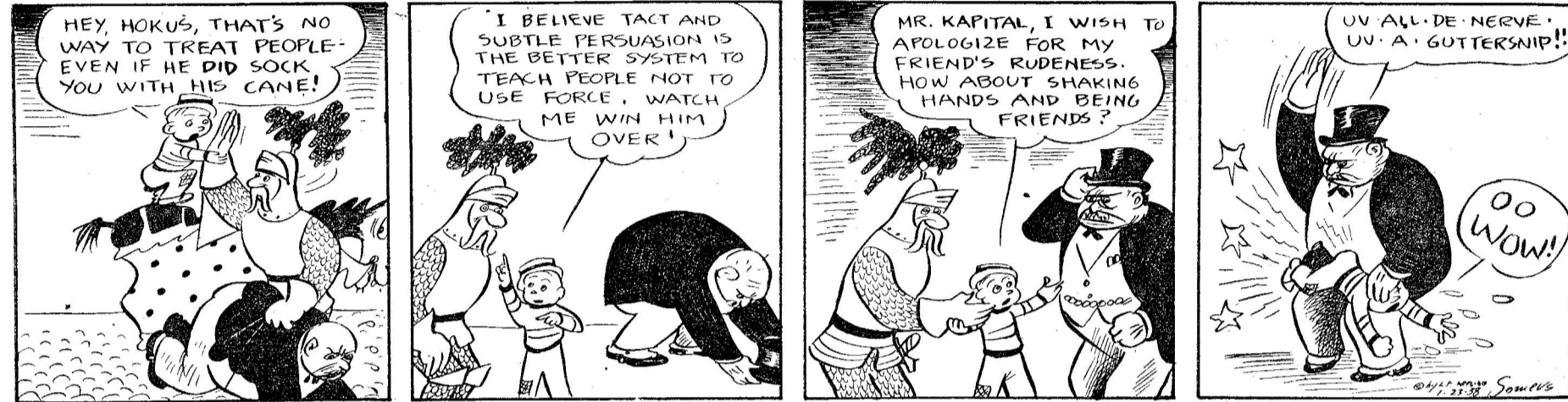
LITTLE LEFTY

by Del



SIR HOKUS POKUS

by Somers



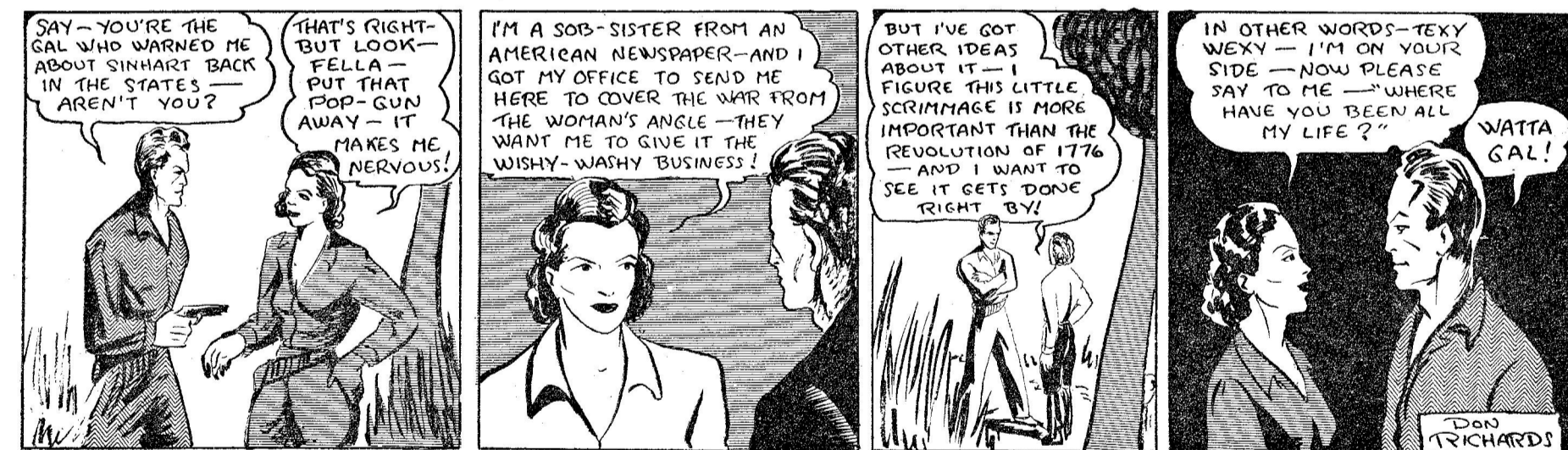
MUFFY THE MONK

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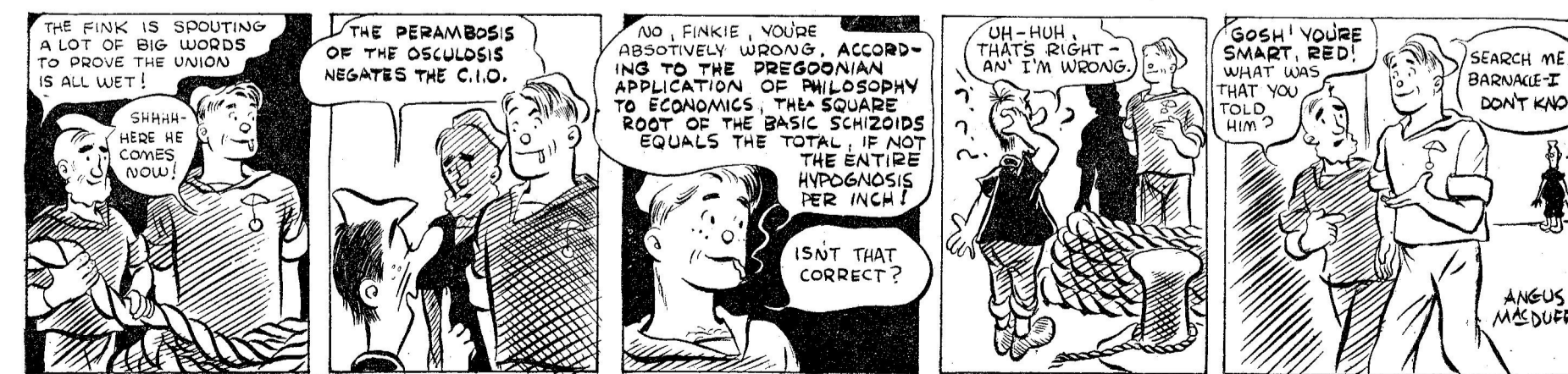
TEX TRAVIS

by Richards



BARNACLE AND THE FINK

by MacDuff



The Daily People's World
MAGAZINE

JANUARY 22, 1938

SECTION TWO



COAL MINER

1938

Their union, the United Mine Workers of America, meets in Washington, January 25.

Uncle Mose's Love Nest

a short story by ERSKINE CALDWELL

AUNT JENNY was waiting at the front door, the letter crackling in her trembling hand, when Uncle Mose got off the street car at the corner that night and came up to the gate. The hinges squeaked a little more loudly than they ever had before when he came into the yard. Aunt Jenny stood stiffer and straighter than she ever had before in her life as she watched every step he took towards the house.

"Evening, Jenny," Uncle Mose said. He shut the gate, latched it and came up the walk to the front door. "I didn't think I was late for supper. I'm a little earlier than usual, if anything."

Aunt Jenny still did not say anything. She stepped back a foot or two in order to give him plenty of room in which to pass by her.

The rest of us kept our seats around the living-room stove and tried not to make a sound. None of us knew what the letter was about, but it was easy to see that it had made Aunt Jenny madder than we had ever seen her about anything.

Uncle Mose came in, laid his hat and coat down and stood by the stove warming his hands. He nodded to all of us, and most of us said what we said every night: "Hello, Uncle Mose."

AUNT JENNY slammed the front door and strode through the room. When she got to the kitchen door, she

stopped and told Uncle Mose she wanted to speak to him.

"I want to see you in the kitchen, Moseley," she said, still stiff and straight. "Right away."

They went into the kitchen and shut the door. There was not much to hear for a while, and then we crept up to the door where we could listen. From the way it sounded to us, Uncle Mose must have sat down in the chair by the kitchen stove while Aunt Jenny stood up in front of him.

"Moseley, I want you to tell me the meaning of this letter," she said in the same way she talked to us when we had done something she did not like.

"Well, what's the letter about, Jenny?" he said.

"Read it, and then tell me what it's about."

There was not a thing to hear for a long time. After that, Uncle Mose's chair scraped a little, and then he laughed out loud. As soon as he did that, we could hear Aunt Jenny's foot tapping on the linoleum.

"What have you got to say for yourself, Moseley?" she asked him.

"Nothing, Jenny. What is there to say about a thing like that? It's just a mistake. What else could it be? I haven't been on Centre Street in over a year."

"It's mighty funny, Moseley, that this letter was addressed to you and a Mrs., when everybody in town knows where I live. I've never lived on Centre Street with you in my life."



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES DUGAN

"Uncle Mose's chair scraped a little . . ."

From the way things sounded, Uncle Mose did not know what to say next. Aunt Jenny was doing all the talking, or most of it, anyway.

"No department store," she said, "is going to send out a letter thanking a customer for buying a suite of furniture unless somebody bought the furniture. And when the letter is addressed to you and a Mrs., and the postoffice forwards the letter addressed to Centre Street to my house here, it's time for you to do some explaining. How long has this been going on, Moseley? Who are you living with, in your spare time, on Centre Street? What does she look like? How old is she?"

UNCLE MOSE did not say anything for a while. That made Aunt Jenny impatient.

"It would have been different if you had bought me a suite of furniture," she said evenly, "but the last stick of furniture you bought me was that dining room table and that was all of eight years ago."

"We'll call up the department store tomorrow and straighten this thing out," Uncle Mose said. "It's all a clerical mistake. All business offices make mistakes once in a while. It's a thing that can't be one hundred per cent perfect, Jenny."

"I wouldn't believe it if they did tell me it was a mistake," she said. "I've been thinking about the way you have been acting lately, anyway. It looks to me like you have been spending entirely too much time away from home, especially at night when you said you were going to a meeting."

"What in the name of common sense would I be doing with an-

other—place?" he asked her. "I'm too old for a thing like that."

"That excuse won't do for me," Aunt Jenny said. "You will never be too old to go off and live with somebody younger and prettier than me, and leave me all alone."

It sounded for a minute as if Aunt Jenny was crying. We could hear Uncle Mose get up and take a few steps, and it sounded like he was trying to pat her on the back, or something.

"I've given you the best years of my life," she said so low it was hard to hear what she was saying. "And all the thanks I get is this. I never thought you would leave me all alone in the world and go off to live with a younger and prettier woman, Moseley."

"Now, Jenny," he told her. "You're just upset, that's all. Let's eat supper. You'll feel better then."

THERE was another long silence, and we thought it was time to get away from the door. Just when we got ready to leave, Aunt Jenny said something else.

"Is she a good cook, Moseley?" Uncle Mose laughed out loud. He laughed so loud he could be heard all over the house.

"Not as good as you are, Jenny," he said. "Not nearly as good."

We ran back to the stove and sat down and tried to act as if nothing had ever happened.

In another minute or two Aunt Jenny opened the kitchen door and began putting supper on the table. Uncle Mose helped her. We had never seen him do that before.

When it was time to go to the table, we all walked in and sat down without looking at either one of them. Uncle Mose started in

(Continued on Page 9)



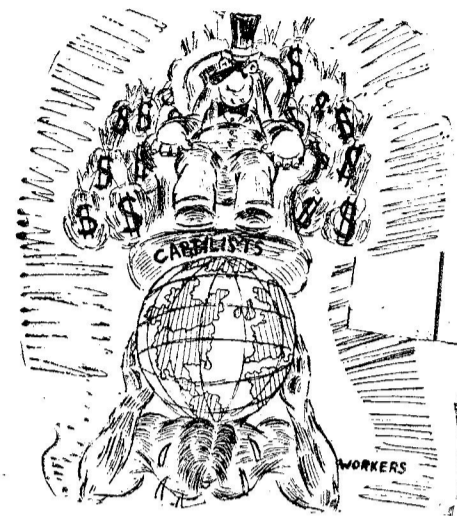
"the headline across the front page . . ."

JUNIOR AMERICA

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO—
Junior America
50 East 134th Street
New York City
Johnny McGee and Mary Morrow Conducted by

Throw Him Off!

By GEORGE MALLIOS, 15, CINCINNATI, OHIO



BOOKS

If you're puzzled at just what to take home when you go to the public library, here are a few hints:

Topgallant, by Marjorie Medary (Smith and Hass).
Jamaica Johnny by Berta and Elmer Hader (Macmillan Co.).

Peggy Covers the News by Emma Bugbee (Dodd, Mead & Co.).
Winterbound by Margarey Bianco (Viking Press).

Tangled Waters by Florence Means (Houghton Mifflin).

All Things New by Sonia Daugherty (Thomas Nelson & Son).

Men and Mountains by M. Ilin (Lippincott).

Man's Worldly Goods by Leo Huberman (Harper & Bros.).

The First Book of the Earth by Rugg and Kreuger (Ginn & Co.).

POEM

Fading Light

by ROBERT GREACEN

In the glow of fading sunset
Over mountains, over hills
Songs of birds make magic music
In the land of sleepy hills
One can picture in the mind's eye
Shady nook and cloistered dell
Land enchanted, land bewitched
Land where all the "wee folk" dwell

Sits the peasant in his cabin
When the shadows all have gone
Round his turf-fire's smould'ring embers
Dreaming of a plenteous dawn.
Night is falling 'oer the country
Like a cloak of sudden death
While the fields lie wrapt in slumber
And the earth has lost its breath.



I'm a coin collector.
So'm I, let's get together and talk over old dimes.

Meyer Shapiro, N.Y.C.
How many times must I tell you not to practice the piano with dirty hands?
But I'm only playing on the black keys, Mom.

Arthur Sturcke, Jersey City, N. J.
Magician: You see, there's absolutely nothing in this silk hat.

Man in Audience: We all believe you, we saw the rabbit escape when you came on the stage.

Carrie Wickholm, Dayton, O.



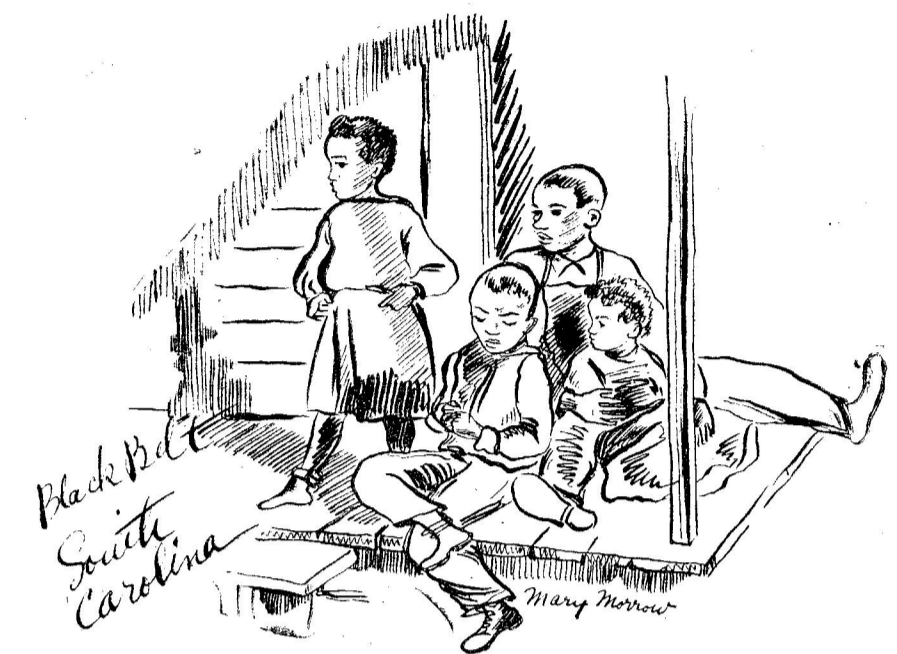
WITHIN the last few years many countries have issued a few stamps in small sheets, to commemorate various exhibitions, congresses, etc. In fact, the collecting of miniature sheets has become quite popular. The Soviet Union has recently issued a sheet of four stamps of the 40 kopeck value, in honor of the first exhibition and congress of the Soviet of Architects. The stamps depict the building which is to be constructed soon and will be used as the "Palace of the Soviets." This sheet was printed in Moscow.

In case there is any doubt in the minds of any stamp club member that governments sometimes issue stamps just to make money (from stamp collectors), just listen to this news item: The island of Barbados, a British colony, sold so many mint sets of coronation stamps that they will use \$5,000 of the money to build a government school. And all this came from the sale of stamps in the 1, 1½ and 2½ pence variety.
If you've not joined the stamp club yet, suppose you do so now? Write in for a membership card.



Gelo Brings Sun to the South

Story by ERIC LUCAS
Pictures by MARY MORROW



PART ONE

MY horse trotted across the broad, flat fields of South Carolina—earth fields, the color of a mule's belly. Here and there a sun-baked shack poked up like dead cactus.

Four kids—were sprawled on the porch of their "home." The biggest boy held an axe-head with which he beat some dried corn wrapped in a burlap bag.

When I spoke to the boy he turned, frightened. The only white men he had ever known were his cruel and bullying "masters."

Jackie answered my questions timidly. "Yas, suh, Ise grindin' cohn meal. Sometimes," he added a wee bit proud, "some-

must work 'most their day to keep the shack in grub. There is little time for other things.

The "tenant-farmers" rent their farm and pay a rent too high to leave money for much else!

As for those who hire themselves out as "farm-hands" they earn barely the wage to give them strength enough to hang onto a plow . . .

And while thousands of children of America's Black Belt grow more grim and scrawny, the few rich landlords and buyers of crop grow more smug and fat.

ONE day, to this belabored South, came a tall, young Negro. Outside of being straight and handsome, there was nothing very strange about him. Except, maybe, that he knew what was wrong and what must be done to make it right.

This Negro—only 24 today—is called "Gelo." His full name, though, is Angelo Herndon.

Last week I spoke to Gelo for almost three hours. I have never met a man as modest, as fearless and as easy to speak to. The story of his fight to organize the poor South to battle for what is rightfully theirs, is a story in itself.

(Next week we'll tell this story and show you a picture of Angelo and also a letter he wrote for his good friends, the readers of JUNIOR AMERICA.)



times we has fat-back too." "Fat-back," I found, is nothing more than chunks of fat.

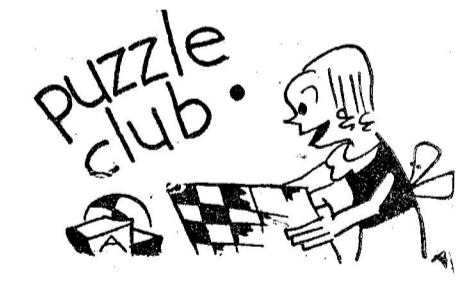
"Jackie, did you ever see a movie?" "Heard of 'em, suh." He shrugged his head between his shoulders. "Why pappy—somehow—somehow he can't evah make 'nuff . . ."

I RODE on through miles of desolate plantations. Children and grown-ups, bent over long furrows, looking like scarecrows whipped to life, ragged as the gunnysacks that held their puffs of cotton.

Wherever I rode, I saw the same spindly-legged kids. Their stories were always the same. None of them have ever seen a show, a circus, ever had a pair of skates, a bike, a baseball glove or have ever gone on a trip outside of walking distance. Very few had the shoes to walk to school. Worn overalls; some corn meal; children 5 years and up working in fields from dawn to dark—except for the three months a year of school; not enough play or rest or food to keep them from growing up scrawny and warped like weeds in a rubbish heap . . .

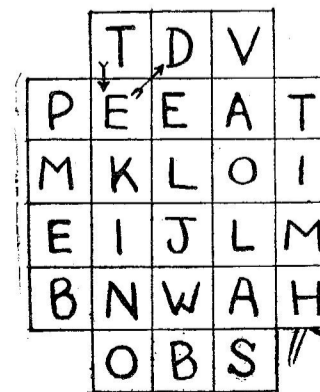
And how can it help but be pitiful? The poor Negroes, and poor white folk too, are mostly "share-croppers" or "tenant farmers" or "farm-hands."

AS "share-croppers" they work the farm of their landlords. In return they get a small money-credit as their share of the crops they raise. This money-credit they use in buying food and supplies for high prices at the landlord's stores. Yet they are always in debt. And they can never earn enough to rise out of debt. Even the children



PEPE gives us a new type of puzzle this week. See how many boys' names you can find by jumping from one square to another. Don't jump over any squares. Pepe gives you an example with the name "Ted." You ought to get at least ten more names.

If you are not a member of the Puzzle



Club, send in your answer (a penny postal will do), and you'll get a membership card.

Let's Talk it Over

American women can chalk up another victory now that union lisle stocking are on the market

BY MARY MACK

WHAT'S in a letter? Have you ever read something or heard something and felt a certain urge to write and voice your own opinions, your own reactions—and then shrugged your shoulders and said to yourself, what's the use? What's in a letter? Well, I'm going to take you with me behind-the-scenes today and show you what your letter really does—that letter which you almost didn't write.

For instance: A month or so ago I wrote a few columns on the Japanese boycott, pointing out what could be achieved by women giving up their silk stockings, mentioning possible substitutes. And a flood of letters from readers poured in.

Women were willing to give up their silk stockings. And they wrote in telling me so. They wanted to know what and where to buy substitutes. And they wrote in asking. They were indignant at the thought of Mr. and Mrs. American Consumer's money helping finance Japan's brutal attack upon China. And they wrote in swearing off all goods made in Japan.

But did these letters do any good? you want to know. You bet they did!

Since over 97 per cent of all raw silk consumed in this country comes from Japan and most of that raw silk goes into the making of hosiery, women naturally started looking around for a substitute for silk stockings when the boycott went into effect. And, frankly, there was very little to buy. There were thick, woolly-looking stockings that rubbed and made your feet hot and uncomfortable and looked even worse. There were shiny rayon stockings, not even full fashioned, which twisted around your legs and wrinkled around the ankles. And every time you gave them a tug, a large round hole would make its appearance. It was a pretty dismal state of affairs, but here's where your letters came upon the scene: those hundreds of letters which came in pledging support of the Japanese boycott, demanding satisfactory substitutes.

We used those letters to persuade manufacturers that we women meant business. That we weren't giving up our silk stockings just for some silly fad but that we were in earnest. That if they'd supply the goods (in form of an attractive wearable substitute for silk stockings) we'd supply the business. Alert manufacturers started coming across in terms of lovely lisle thin stockings which looked mighty like silk and lasted several times as long. And women took to them like a duck took to water.

There was one catch though: at first they weren't union made. But we women, spurred on by one victory, went out after another. And again your letters came in to play. We used them to prove to manufacturers with union contracts that women wanted union made lisle stockings and we were again victorious. We got them. And even as I write this, more and more manufacturers—those with union contracts too—are putting out sheer lisle stockings that are lovely to look at and lovely to wear.

And don't let the die-hards, the little Fanny Killjoys frighten you. By giving up your silk stockings, you are NOT throwing textile workers out of work. Lisle hosiery can be made by the same operators and on the same machines which produce silk stockings. And to those who raise another sort of scare, that lisle thread which goes into the making of lisle stockings is imported from fascist countries, tell them this from me—and I got it from mighty good authority: First, that while formerly lisle thread was made from linen, now most of it is just a hard twisted cotton thread, cotton produced right here in America.

So go ahead and wear your thin lisle stockings with a light heart, happy that you have done something to help China beat back her fascist invaders.

P.S.—I'm sorry I haven't the space to list the names and addresses of union manufacturers of sheer lisle stockings, but if you will drop me a line, I'll be glad to send you the list I have. Mail your inquiries to Mary Mack, Women's Page Editor, 35 E. 12th Street, New York City.

'Slave of a Slave'

No use to tell married women who must go out to work that their place is in the home

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

WHAT do you advise a woman to do who wants to join the Communist Party but is afraid of her husband?" was a question asked me recently. The audience laughed, probably because we American women flatter ourselves we are "free-est of the free." But this is no laughing matter. It is the age-old tragedy of women. Ideas of what women ought to be have greatly changed. Once it was said, "the ideal woman is she of whom neither good nor evil is spoken outside her own fireside." Later on, grandmothers belonged to the mid-Victorian era and were "ladylike." Women who fought for co-education, to study medicine, to be voting citizens, were "unwomanly." But the onward sweep of machine production compelled women to follow their needles, spindles, and looms into the outside world to earn a living.

So many changes have taken place throughout the past century that it is difficult to generalize about men and women. All men are not dominant, all women are not fearful. But we are compelled to deal with tendencies, still fostered by capitalist society, embedded in the past.

For ages man was self-supporting; women more helpless and secluded, depending on the man for a living, especially in periods of childbearing. Fear for the security of herself and her children made her conservative and submissive to the dictates of her husband. The more brutalized the man, the more cruel the lot of a dependent woman. "Slave of a slave" she was well called by Frederick Engels.

Capitalism has compelled young women to realize that the home is no escape from wage-earning. Husbands do not earn sufficient, or are out of work and women are compelled to help support the family. No use to tell these new generations, "Women's place is in the home!" Married women, who carry the double burden of domestic and factory work are joining auxiliaries and unions, going on strike and picketing, are participating in struggles to win for themselves the security they once expected from others. They have many battles to win.

I suggest first that these Communists who were successful in reaching this timid woman now concentrate on her husband. It may be fear on his part, too—"a red scare." Or he may be ignorantly prejudiced, which can be swept away by reason. Maybe he doesn't want her to join apart from him. Give him every opportunity to know what the Communist Party stands for and that he is welcome, too. We do not want to create friction in families. We want to increase comradeship and cooperation here. To build Socialism in America should be a family affair excluding neither young nor old. But the wife should be strengthened and encouraged to join the Communist Party any how as an independent human being choosing her way to freedom.

Take a Tip

In order to keep your lettuce fresh and crisp let the cold water run over it and wrap tightly in brown paper bag and put in icebox.

Drain bacon on brown wrapping paper or bags and it will taste much better and will be crispier.

Save all your vegetable juices. Mixed together they make very good cocktails or soups and are also very nourishing.

What do you do with your celery leaves? This is one way of preserving their flavor for use when you haven't any fresh celery on hand. Cut leaves off stalks and place on rack or baking sheet in oven. When they are so crisp that they crumble when you pick them up remove from oven and put away in cardboard box. They are very good in soups, stews, casseroles, and have much more pep than celery salt.

Don't throw away any stale bread. Use for bread crumbs.

Catholics and Our Times

"The superfluities of the rich are the necessities of the poor." — St. Augustine, on Psalm 147.

"It is just and right that the results of labor shall belong to him who hath labored"

by EDWARD McSORLEY and FRANK O'FLAHERTY

THE Roman Catholic Church, in the United States and throughout the world, is faced with the most serious crisis in its history, and on the final outcome of that crisis depends the wellbeing, spiritual as well as material, of the great majority of the Catholic people.

Frequently in the past the Catholic Church has been confronted with crises of one nature or another, but never on so widespread a scale nor with such critical forebodings as today.

The Church is dividing, gradually but inexorably, into two camps. In the one "camp" we find those who believe that the teachings of Jesus Christ, of St. Francis Assisi, of Pope Leo XIII, should be applied to the world of man as it is today.

In the other "camp" we find those who, while professing belief in these teachings, refuse, in deed, to apply them to life as it is today.

In the first, we have the majority of the Catholic people, of whom there are 20,000,000 in the United States, 331,500,000 throughout the world, and in America we see them inspired and upheld by such ecclesiastical personalities as Cardinal Mundelein, head of the Chicago Archdiocese, and Monsignor Ryan of Catholic University in Washington.

The recent pronouncement of His Holiness Pope Pius XI from Rome, in which he implicitly approved a more favorable attitude towards the Front Populaire and the "outstretched hand" policy of the Communist Party in France, brought encouragement to and inspired a resurgence of faith in thousands of Catholics now suffering oppression in fascist countries.

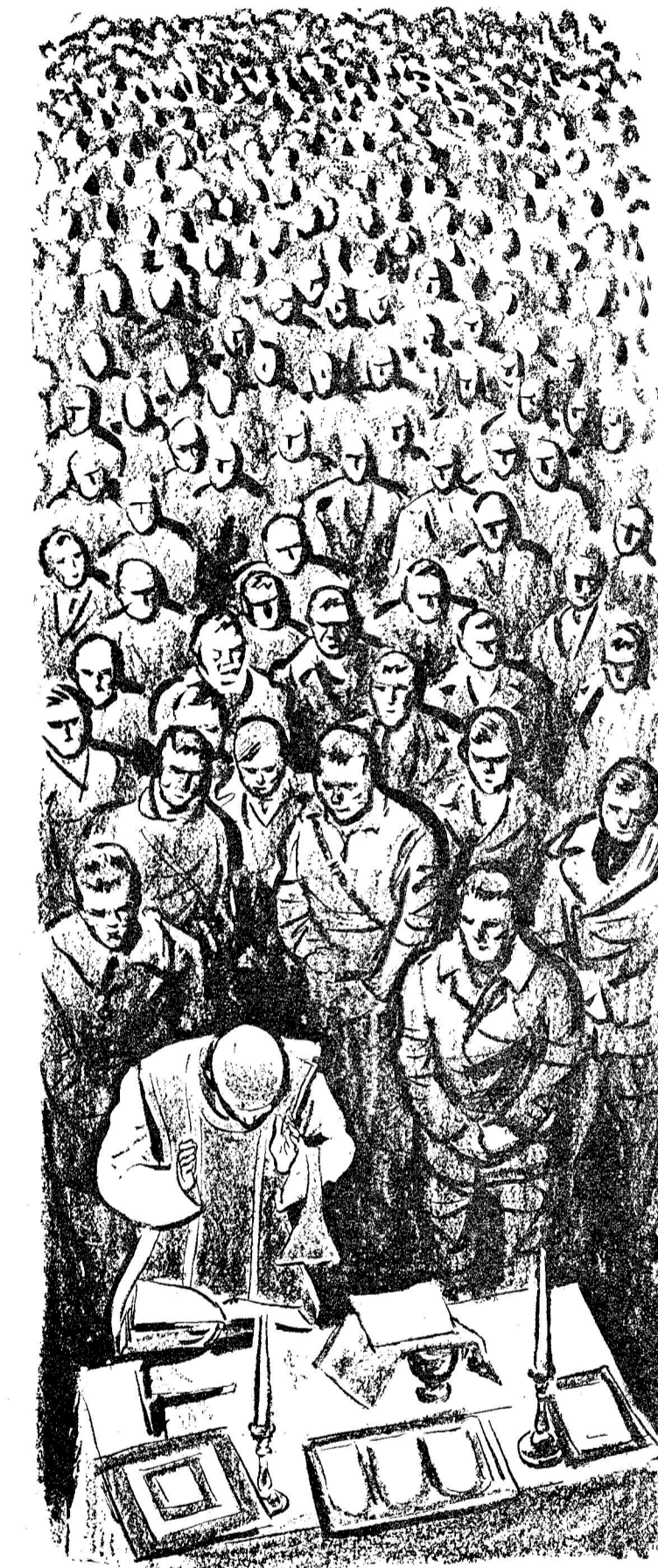
It is hope of succor from the agonies of an unjust war to millions of Catholics in Spain, giving their life's blood in a struggle to defend their homes and liberties against fascist marauders, who too easily have escaped the "holy wrath" of the Vatican, too frequently secured the "blessing" of bellicose bishops who have forsaken their flocks to consort with pharisees and hypocrites.

IRONICAL contradictions confront those members of the Church hierarchy who would condone the transgressions of the fascists in Spain.

It is ironical that as "defenders of the faith," as "champions of Christianity," Franco, Mussolini and Hitler should call upon Moors, who believe that if they die while killing Christians they will go to their Mohammedan heaven. (Here we are not discussing the correctness or incorrectness of Mohammedan belief, but simply the peculiar irony that such a juxtaposition of forces produces.)

And it is ironical that Hitler and his neopagan Nazis, who daily persecute Catholics and the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, take up arms ostensibly in their defense in Spain.

So ironical is it, in fact, that



"I learnt that in Barcelona 2,000 masses were said each day. . ."

Catholics throughout the world are becoming aware of the true state of affairs in Spain today and more and more are beginning to sympathize with the cause of the common people of that country, the great majority of whose population is Catholic, represented by the Popular Front Republican government.

Reassurance has been brought to thousands of Catholics throughout the world of the justice of the Loyalists' cause by many outstanding Catholic leaders and scholars who have visited Republican Spain in the last few months.

Prominent among these has been Hubertus Friederick Prince de

states: "So it was I saw the cathedral and cloister, Pedralbes, in perfect condition although I had read at least twenty times that they had been completely destroyed."

"The same day," Prince Loewenstein continued, "I learnt that in Barcelona 2,000 Masses were said each day, and although this is in private houses, it is with the full knowledge of the government. Several times I myself was at Mass."

CERTAIN bishops—not all, by far!—of the Spanish hierarchy, echoed by many—far too many!—of the Catholic hierarchy in America, have refused, wittingly or unwittingly, to recognize these facts about the situation in Spain today, i.e., the fact of predominantly Catholic people fighting to preserve their homes and liberties, their very land against those who would turn it into a fascist colony; the fact that the Republican government not only permits religious worship, but even protects that right; the fact that the majority of the Spanish people, first proved in the elections of 1936, and later confirmed time and time again during the stress and strain of warfare, that they are on the side of the Republican government, against Franco and his degenerate generals and grandees.

The fact that victory for the Loyalist cause will mean greater well-being for the majority of the Spanish people.

Continued endorsement of Franco's "cause" will mean a drastic curtailment of the Church's influence among its people throughout the world; recognition of the identity of purpose between the fundamental social teachings of the Catholic Church and the cause of the Popular Front government in Spain will mean a strengthening of the faith in Christian doctrine among Catholics, not only in Spain, but everywhere.

REV. FATHER MICHAEL O'FLANAGAN, who for long years has proved his deep loyalty to the people of Ireland and his fervent and unswerving devotion to the most enlightened teachings of the Church, stands today with the Spanish Republic as staunchly as he stood, and today still stands, with the Irish Republicans in their struggle for freedom against British imperialism.

Father O'Flanagan has declared that he expects a growth of "true religion" if the Loyalist armies are victorious in Spain. If, he said, the fascists win, which he does not believe they will, he sees "more of the external pomp and ceremony" but less of the brotherhood of man which the early saints of his church taught.

What does the Catholic in America face today?

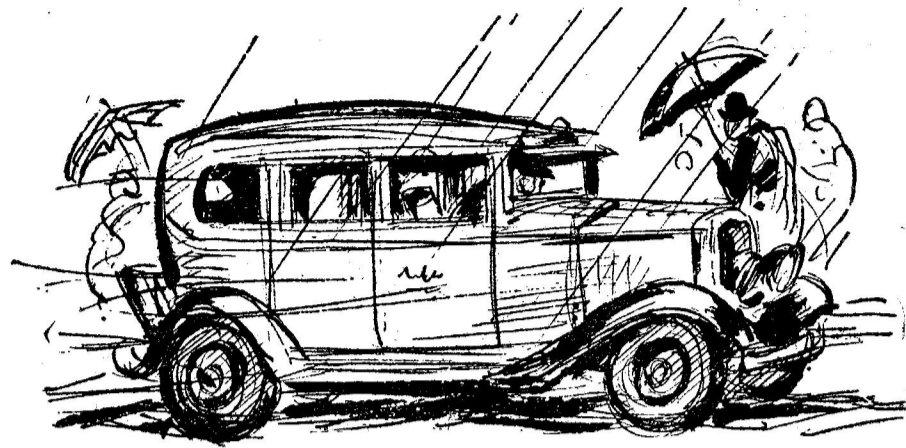
In the days of the rise of the craft unions, when the ranks of the molders union, the carpenters union, the machinists union, the railroad brotherhoods were composed primarily of Irish and German Catholics, Big Business spawned its American Protective Associations.

(Continued on Page 9)

"Hey, Taxi"

A Day in the Life of a Hackie

Drawings and Captions
by DIXON



"... the regular driver has to hustle to pick up a dollar these days . . . we used to average \$75 a week in old times . . . now a lot of us are rollin' the streets on doughnuts and water . . ."



"... the Transport Workers Union, taxi division, has done a lot cleaning the gorillas and Tammany politicians out of the hacks . . ."



"... some of the boys have to 'ride the ghost' which is driving around with the flag down and making it up out of your own pocket in order to keep your jobs."



"... you can find out plenty about us guys at coffee pots where the drivers meet . . . we tell about certain riders, the Union, etc. . . . I once drove Mrs. Roosevelt and she was sure OK . . . she was all interested in the conditions of the hackmen . . ."

"... some swells get plastered and spend their last buck in nightclubs . . . they think a hackie owes them a free ride home . . . they're always willing to fight you for your fares . . ."



"... the snootiest rider is the guy who wants to make an impression . . . they hail your cab and then get a fancier one while you're turning around . . . the working man is a good rider, though he can't afford it except on Saturday nights . . ."

"... when you're on night shift it means long hours and you don't get much time to spend with the kids . . . it's a wonder they recognize us when we do come home . . . the union's helped a lot, giving us a week's vacation and seeing to it that the regular men have all the work . . . the companies' stunt of putting on extra men and rolling extra cabs at busy hours and rainy nights is out . . . these are the only times when a hackie can pick up some dough."

Catholics and Our Time

Uncle Moses' Love Nest

(Continued from Page 3)

Even today the very appellation "A.P.A." is anathema to Catholic workers.

It attacked the Catholic worker, the trade unionists as fiercely as today the Black Legion recently loosed its reign of terror against the Catholics, Jews and trade unionists of the rising CIO auto and steel unions in the Midwest behind the thin screen of attacking the Communists and "other anti-American forces."

"As effects follow their causes, so it is just and right that the results of labor should belong to him who hath labored."

This is not an excerpt out of the Communist Manifesto, although indeed it could be.

This is a fundamental truth of Catholic social doctrine, expressed by Pope Leo XIII many years ago, and by too many of the Catholic hierarchy of today forgotten, or, wittingly or unwittingly, neglected.

CATHOLIC workers, day in and day out, more and more realize the soundness of what the Communists have to say about how to make this life more livable. Catholic workers daily discover that the question of securing a livelihood, food, shelter, clothing are just as vital to them as to the Communists.

They have discovered that the Communists not only talk intelligently about how they can better their common lot, but that these Communists are ready and anxious honestly to work with them to help secure this betterment. They have discovered this in Germany and in Spain; they have discovered it in the trade unions of America.

Catholic workers daily find out that realization of higher wages, better living conditions, protection against war and fascism, in cooperation with the Communists and other progressives, does not infringe one iota on their religious beliefs, their right to worship as they wish—as good Catholics.

William Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, dean of the American Catholic hierarchy, recently addressed 1,800 members of the Holy Name Society in that city. The Cardinal, one of the wealthiest men in Massachusetts and for many years, as today, opposed to the child labor amendment and all progressive labor legislation, said in his address:

"Don't be swayed by mere talk very cheap at times. Look at the reason of things; stand by what is right and true and do not be swept off your feet. One must have a big, noble soul, especially in a democracy like ours, to think of the welfare of all of the people."

WE know that the Cardinal was not championing the cause of labor. We know that he did not intend that his listeners should take his words literally, because if they did "look at the reason of things" they would heed more closely the words of George Cardinal Mundelein, prelate of Chicago Archdiocese, who at the present time apparently does not see eye to eye with Cardinal O'Connell on social questions.

Cardinal Mundelein, on the same day that Cardinal O'Connell spoke in Boston, made an appeal to 2,500 members of the Holy Name Society in Chicago and expressed the true feelings of the mass of the 20,000,000 Catholic people in the United States when he said:

"The trouble with the Catholic Church in the past has been that we too often were allied with the wrong side. Selfish employers of labor have flattered the Church by calling it the great conservative force, and then called on it to act as a police force while they paid but a pittance of wages to those who worked for them.

"Of course, there is danger of Communism in our midst. The Holy Father points that out to us. But don't let others use it as a cloak to cover corrupt practices when they cry against Communism and themselves practice social injustice when they fought against a minimum wage and girls and women are trying to live on 10 or 15 cents an hour."

Mayor Frank (I am, the law) Hague and John Brophy, director of the CIO, are both members of the Roman Catholic Church. They reflect—as do Cardinal Mundelein on the one hand, and Cardinal O'Connell on the other, among the clergy—the two tendencies among the Catholic laity.

Brophy, speaking to the National Council of Catholic Women, Oct. 1, last year, declared:

"After all Communism is the outgrowth of the denial of workers' rights, a thing that has grown out of the soil of repression and oppression.

"Labor unions have to take the workers that the employers have brought together. We don't question a man about his political affiliations. The employer conditions the makeup of our organization. If here and there you find a Communist, that is the reason."

Today in America, as throughout the world, the Catholic layman is confronted with a choice between these two tendencies.

Hague speaks the words of the Chambers of Commerce, National Association of Manufacturers, Wall Street, the voice of the Big Business sidowners. It is the voice of the American Protective Association, the Ku Klux Klan and the Black Legion. In Germany it is that same voice which has decreed the persecution of Catholic priests and laymen alike. In Spain it is the voice of Franco ordering the destruction of the Holy City of Guernica.

It is not the voice of the masses of Catholic people of America.

Brophy speaks for labor, for progress and among the four million members of the CIO unions—as in the entire progressive movement—are thousands upon thousands of Catholics who recognize his voice as theirs.

(Continued from Page 2)

talking like he always did, and we tried not to laugh at the funny things he said. Every once in a while Aunt Jenny would tell one of us to pass Uncle Mose something, and she was getting up every few minutes to take him something herself. She had never done that before, especially when all of us were there to pass things.

"I have some good strawberry jam put away, Moseley," she said. "I know you'd like some."

"No, thanks, Jenny," he said. "I've had all I want now."

"But it's the best strawberry jam I ever made," she said. She got up and went to the closet and brought him a dishful. "I know you'll like it, Moseley."

HE ate a little and pushed the rest aside.

"I've got some fresh raisin bread, too," Aunt Jenny said. "I was saving it for Sunday, but you'd like it with strawberry jam, Moseley."

Uncle Mose looked full to the limit. He pushed his plate back a little, shaking his head until she sat down again.

After we all had finished eating, Aunt Jenny nodded for us to leave the table while they drank their coffee. She sent us for the evening paper. When we brought it back from the porch, Aunt Jenny took it herself and got up and handed it to Uncle Mose. She even unfolded it and stood the paper up in front of his plate

for him. We had never seen her do anything like that before, either.

Aunt Jenny almost choked when she saw the headline. She had to catch on to the chair to support herself for a moment. Uncle Mose, holding his coffee cup up to his mouth, dropped it, and coffee splashed over everything, and the cup rolled on the floor.

The headline across the front page of the paper read:

"WIFE RAIDS LOVE-NEST."
We did not know what was happening, but we thought we ought to go out into the yard and play a while before dark.

Editor's Column

Edward McSorley and Frank O'Flaherty, Irish-American authors of the article "Catholics and Our Times," are members of the New York Daily Worker staff. O'Flaherty spent seven months in the International Brigade fighting for democracy in Spain and was a personal friend of McSorley's brother, Harry, who was killed by a fascist bullet at Brunete.

As our readers know, the magazine is part of the Daily People's World Saturday edition . . . and what our readers don't know is that we need more material on the Far West . . . articles, short stories, poems . . . and Midwest writers are urged to remember that the magazine will also be a regular feature of the Daily Record which will be issued February 12.



The issues of stake in the Chinese conflict go far beyond the territorial limits of China. Regardless of who wins the war in China itself there is trouble ahead for all of the Far East—and especially for Great Britain and the United States. To understand what is happening, and what is likely to happen, read ASIA! For twenty years ASIA has stood alone as an authority in its field. You must read ASIA to keep abreast of the momentous happenings across the Pacific.

In the special supplement to ASIA for February:

- NATHANIEL PEPPER: *The One Hope for China*
The reasons for non-intervention.
- PEARL S. BUCK: *An Open Letter to the Chinese People*
"You know by now that no one will help you. It is as well. No nation helps another for nothing."
- ERNEST O. HAUSER: *Imperial Singapore*
Britain's £10,000,000 fortress at the gateway to the East may be a Frankenstein. It may have nothing left to guard—but itself.
- NYM WALES: *The Passing of the Chinese Soviets*
An eye-witness account of the Red soldiers taking the Red Star off their caps and sewing on Nanking's blue-and-white badge. Their leaders are "taking one step backward to achieve two steps forward."
- WILLARD PRICE: *The Far-Flung Japanese*
More than a million Japanese live outside of Japan. Where—and for what purpose?
- PAUL SCHEFFER: *No-Man's Land of Asia*
Between China and British India live 120,000,000 brown people who will be pawns in any future war between East and West.

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DECORATION
BY BONNELL

"Addressed to Alabama"

by LANGSTON HUGHES

"Dear Folks at Home"

Lincoln Battalion,
International Brigades,
November, 1937.

Dear Folks at home:

I went out this mornin',
Old shells was a-fallin',
Whistlin' and a-fallin',
When I went out this mornin'.

I'm way over here
A long ways from home,
Over here in Spanish country,
But I don't feel alone.

Folks over here don't treat me
Like white bosses used to do—
Cause when I was home they treated me
Just like they treatin' you.

But I don't think things'll ever
Be like that again—
I done met up with folks
Who'll fight for me
Like I'm fightin' now
For Spain!

Salud,

JOHNNY.

"Love Letter From Spain"

Lincoln Battalion,
International Brigades,
Old cold rainy day, 1937.

Sweetie, listen:

I'm writin' this
In a front-line trench
Somewhere in Spain.
I'm sittin' in a dugout
Out of the mud and rain.

I can hear the bullets whining.
Sometimes I hear 'em crack.
But if they hit our dugout
They just smack a sandy sack.

I'm thinkin' about you, baby,
Way down in Alabam.
Are you thinkin' about me, honey,
Over here where I am?

I hope you're thinkin', sugar,
And I want you to know
That I'm crazy about you, baby,
No matter where I go.

Just now I'm goin'
To take a Fascist town.
Fascists is Jim Crow peoples, honey—
And here we shoot 'em down.

Honey, you know I loves you!
Honey, now be true!
When I get through in Spain, babe,
I'll be back to you.

Salud,

JOHNNY.

"Dear Brother at Home"

Lincoln Battalion,
International Brigades,
December, 1937.

Dear Brother at home:

We captured a wounded Moor today,
He was just as dark as me.
I said, Boy, what you been doin' here,
Fightin' against the free?

He answered something in a language
I couldn't understand.
But somebody told me he was sayin'
They nabbed him in his land

And made him join the fascist army
And come across to Spain.
And he said he had a feelin'
He'd never get back home again.

He said he had a feelin'
This whole thing wasn't right.
He said he didn't know
The folks he had to fight.

And as he lay there dyin'
In a village we had taken,
I looked across to Africa
And seen foundations shakin'.

Cause if a free Spain wins this war,
The colonies, too, are free—
Then something wonderful'll happen
To them Moors as dark as me.

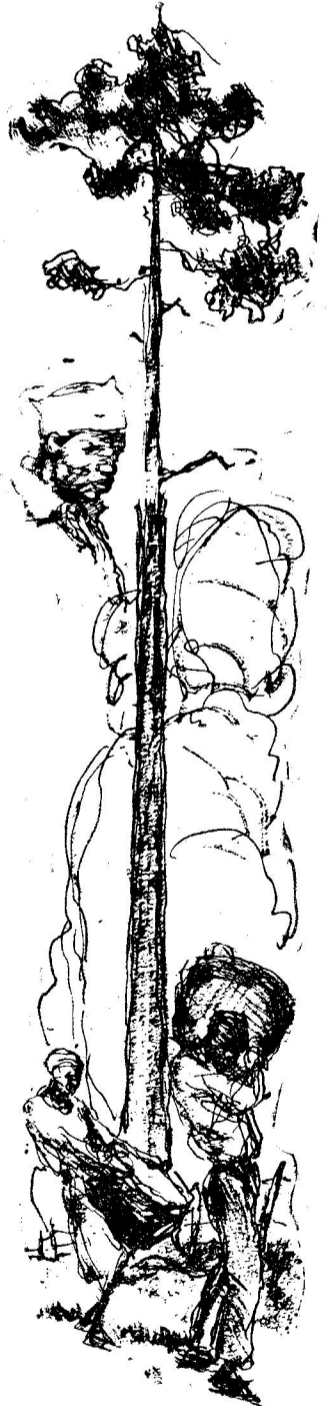
I said, I guess that's why old England
And I reckon Italy, too,
Is afraid to let a workers' Spain
Be good to me and you—

Cause they got slaves in Africa—
And they don't want 'em to be free.
Listen, Moorish prisoner, hell!
Here, shake hands with me!

I knelt down there beside him,
And I took his hand—
But the wounded Moor was dyin'
And he didn't understand.

Salud,

JOHNNY.



Mexico Is On Guard

In our sister republic to the south,
the people are watching Brazil and
are closing ranks against fascism

by ALEJANDRO CARRILLO

(General Secretary of the Workers' University of Mexico)

WINDS of unrest are blowing throughout the world. In the East and in the West, war is already here. Spain and China are the scene of armed conflict. But the struggle is projected beyond their frontiers—and not, as it would be a mistake to think, merely as an echo of the heroic pages which the Chinese and Spanish peoples are writing with their blood.

Sweeping changes have been made in many countries during the past decade. The world saw the birth of twentieth century democracy—the democracy of the People's Front. Around a common program and in spite of tactical differences and divergent ultimate objectives, political parties and popular groups allied themselves, in their desire to realize urgent and unpostponable tasks of popular liberation.

In Europe, the French and Spanish Popular Fronts were born. In Asia, with special characteristics due to different circumstances, the union of the Chinese popular forces was accomplished. In the Western Hemisphere, Mexico, following the process of her own revolution, has won a *de facto*, if not a formal, popular front government. In the United States, chief bulwark of modern capitalism, the election of Roosevelt signified a resounding victory of the popular masses against the reactionary and fascist groups headed by Landon's candidacy.

BRAZIL is a warning to North and South America. It is notice that fascism has crossed the sea and has planted its bloody banner on our continent. Brazil is an outpost of the barbarism which murders women and children in Spain and China. It is a threat to the free peoples who still survive in this hemisphere.

A long time ago we gave due warning of what is taking place in Mexico, in Central and in South America. Fascist propaganda has not rested one single instant. Among the weak peoples of our continent, where any sawdust Napoleon can assume the role of dictator, there is fertile ground for the barbarian-fascist aggression. Following the same hypocritical tactics of Italy, Germany and Japan, the Spanish-American satraps launch "anti-Communist" crusades whose only purpose is the preparation of fascist regimes.

These dictators follow the road already laid down by Hitler and Mussolini; but from the formal point of view, their regimes continue being "democratic." Yankee imperialism has granted its O.K. to this farce, in return for the advantages it is thereby offered.

But German influence among the Latin peoples of America, united with that exercised by the agents of Mussolini and the Mikado, has increased alarmingly in recent months. The so-called "good-neighbor policy" has induced Washing-

ton to shut its eyes confidently to these activities. Moreover, they have not been and in some cases are not yet really serious dangers to its trade.

In Brazil the conditions for the fascist coup d'etat matured earlier than in other Latin-American countries. The deep crisis through which the country, which lives almost exclusively from its coffee production, had been passing for years back, aroused its people to organize the Popular Liberation Alliance, in their need to free themselves from their crushing misery.

THIS was the Brazilian "People's Front." It was reviled, provoked, called "Communist," and brutally destroyed. Carlos Luis Prestes, its heroic leader, the "Knight of Hope," as he is called in free America, was jailed. Hundreds of men were despicably assassinated. Torture and terror ruled in Brazil during a long period. Getulio Vargas, dictator-president, explained his crimes as the necessary consequence of his "anti-Communist" struggle.

The 800,000 Germans who live in Brazil lent their enthusiastic cooperation to the work of repression. Two hundred thousand Japanese immigrants were other valu-

able collaborators. Mussolini's agents increased their propaganda. Soon a powerful fascist group, the "Integralistas," armed bands which spread terror and violence on all sides, constituted the best and sole support of the dictator of Brazil.

NEVERTHELESS, in spite of his terrorist regime, Vargas was unable to maintain his power. In spite of the criminal blood-letting inflicted on it in the suppression of the popular movement led by the Liberation Alliance, the people were relentlessly clamoring for justice. It was necessary, many months later, to raise the red scare once more as a pretext for a new blow against the people's liberties. But this time the advice of Rome and Berlin and the hints of Tokio were heeded.

Roosevelt was a hindrance to Hitler and Mussolini, and to the Japanese fascists as well. A better opportunity to annoy him could hardly be found. And Brazil was launched on its adventure. Getulio Vargas, who had recently embraced the American President in the name of "democracy" during his trip to Buenos Aires, played his last card. Disregarding the words of Roosevelt's Chicago address condemning the aggression of the fascist countries, he joined them and transplanted to America

the fascist regime of violence. He removed his mask, proclaiming himself dictator of Brazil. The legislature—or the shadow of it which still remained—was destroyed. The scanty and theoretical liberties which his compatriots still enjoyed were ended. And a government was established whose chief ideal was, naturally, "the anti-Communist" struggle.

GERMANY and Italy were openly jubilant. Neither Berlin nor Rome was able to conceal its satisfaction. The fascist sword, piercing the throat of Europe through bleeding Spain and the heart of Asia in the murder of China, now has in America an important foothold from which to continue its work of destruction among us.

The event has an unequalled historical importance. All our Latin-American tyrants, following the example of Getulio Vargas, are preparing to throw themselves into the arms of Germany, Italy and Japan. They will thus have a better guarantee of support in their struggles against their respective peoples. No one doubts the efficiency of the violent and barbarous methods of Mussolini, Hitler and the Mikado. Nor does anyone doubt the cowardice of the democracies before the fascist assaults. And Yankee imperialism, which has so artfully tolerated the "shortcomings" of the Indo-American democracies, will have to take a hand in the game to prevent its being dislodged by other imperialisms, or, what is more likely, will come to an understanding with them for a friendly division of the loot. We shall have still another interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine. . . .

And the peoples of America, all its free men, if they do not unite in their own defense, will be the passive victims of an inter-imperialist struggle in our countries.

MEXICO cannot be an exception to this process, which has already begun. The press, which proclaims itself "independent" and is typically fascist; the renegades from the Mexican Revolution; the foreign and native capitalists, all are now preparing in our country the events which may carry us along the route charted by Brazil.

Winds of unrest are blowing in the world, we said at the beginning of this article. And in Mexico, it is necessary to add, they are acquiring almost the proportions of a hurricane.

The popular forces, whose spinal column is the organized labor movement fighting under the banner of the CTM (Confederation of Mexican Workers), are the only real and effective guarantee we have with which to oppose fascism, enemy of the people and of civilization—the firm will of the men and women who work and who today are defending the progress and the culture of mankind.



Vargas removed his mask, proclaiming himself dictator of Brazil

Scab Insurance--Mohawk Valley Plan

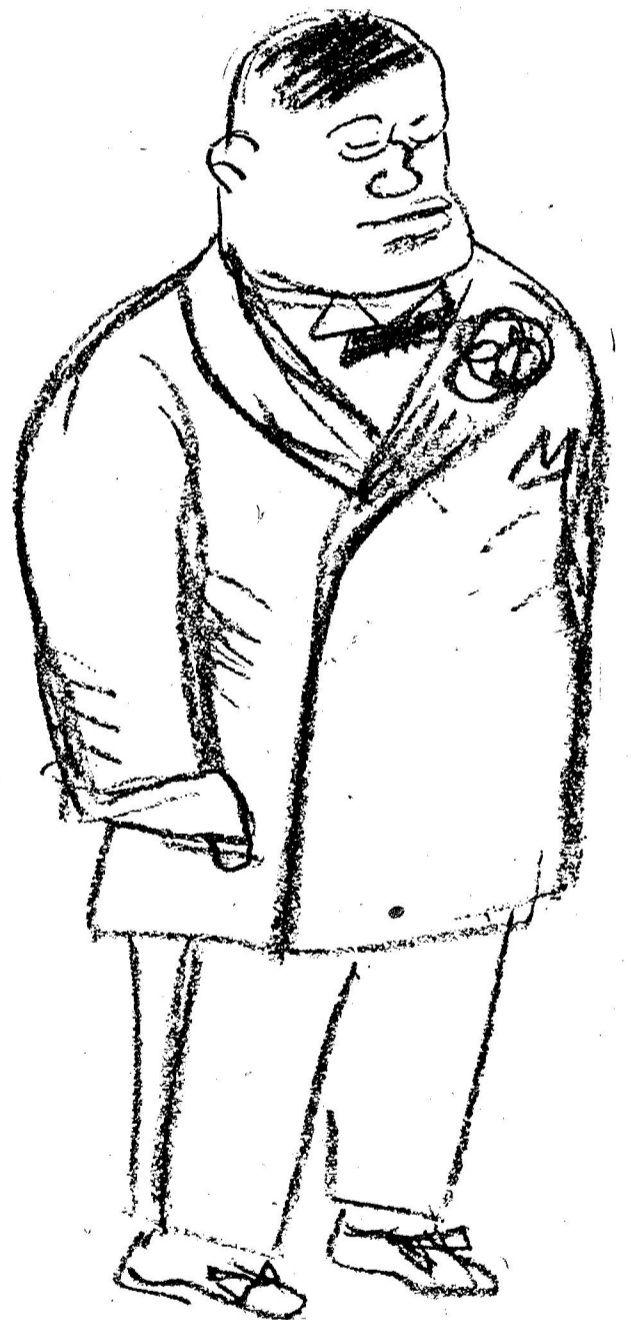


"... I saw him again next spring in the Hershey chocolate strike in Pennsylvania."

mass production industries in Frank's own Hudson County. They shot down the pickets from behind Rockefeller's barricades in the strike against the Standard Oil and Tidewater refineries in Bayonne in Frank's county in 1915. Imported thugs did this.

DURING this period of time the old tactics beat labor nationally in the mass production industries. Hundreds of thousands of trade unionists were blacklisted and sent on the tramp. Pinkertons, Burns' men, and scabs from many other agencies bored within the trade unions. The Pinkertons alone admitted at a recent LaFollette Committee hearing that they had more than 300 spies in trade unions as late as 1936, of whom one third were officials. And Heber Blankhorn, of the National Labor Relations Board, leading United States authority on labor spies, estimated that the spy and fink agencies were reaping about \$80,000,000 a year from employers.

During this long period labor was divided internally, it is true, by craft unions, and betrayed often by traitors within. When, for instance, the Chicago meat packing workers won



"... half thug, half Rotarian, with a broken nose and a full dress suit."

an agreement by a united movement, led by such militants as William Z. Foster and Jack Johnstone, a Dennis Lane of the Butcher Workmen's craft union split the workers' ranks and restored the open shop. Again when a Foster united the steel workers in 1919 and victory was in sight a Mike Tighe of the old Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, abetted by Sam Gompers, helped the employers and the open shop to win again.

So for 30 years the finks, aided by internal weaknesses of the labor movement, smashed organization in the great manufacturing industries.

All this while the employers were tightly organized in the National Association of Manu-

Out of the sordid history of strike-breaking and union-busting comes the story of the 'plan' evolved by the Citizen's 'law and order' league and other American vigilante groups

by **ART SHIELDS**

drawings by **BILL JAMES**

facturers, the National Metal Trades Association, the various other national trade associations and local employers' organizations in almost every city.

After the World War they felt strong enough to smash the craft unions as well as the mass production unions. With the help of "Black Jack" Jerome and his finks they crippled the building trades in San Francisco for a dozen years. The same thing happened in many other cities. The finks worked so effectively that they finked themselves out of jobs in many cases.

THEN the employers got the shock of their lives in 1933 and 1934 when labor struck back in hundreds of strikes. Finkdom was strained to the core, and the open shop barely survived.

The CIO was not yet born, but new mass unions were rising in rubber, in autos, in shipbuilding and other unions. The open-shoppers lost out in the Camden shipyards in 1934 and were beginning to lose in Akron rubber and Michigan motors.

Employers, alarmed, began to revise their tactics. By trial and error they began working out the new technique that climaxed in the Mohawk Valley Plan in 1936.

They saw they must win mass reinforcements from the citizenry outside of the mills. The Pinkertons, the Burns crowd, the Railway Audit & Inspection Co. and other agencies began experimenting in Vigilante plans.

California was the first testing ground of the new "citizens" mob strikebreaking technique. Bankers, packing companies and the bigger farmers organized "Vigilantes" in the agricultural strikes in 1933 and 1934 and beat and killed organizers and pickets.

Mayor Rossi's "Committee of 500" in the San

Francisco maritime and general strike of 1934 was another experiment in mobilizing strike-breakers from the citizenry outside. But this movement was transparently controlled by the shipping companies. So too were the Vigilantes who wrecked workers' headquarters at the close of the general strike.

Crude too was the Vigilante movement organized by the Republic Steel Corp. in the Canton, Ohio, steel strike in 1935. Several stooges and professional thugs, who shot several strikers while posing as public-spirited citizens fooled few people.

SKILLFUL propaganda and lots of it is necessary to fool the public. The Goodyear Rubber Co. launched such propaganda in the Akron, Ohio, rubber strike in the winter of 1935-36. Its puppet, Ex-Mayor Sharp, tried to smash the strike with a "Citizens Committee." But the strikers answered with nightly radio replies to Sharp's propaganda and warned him that the army veterans in their ranks would strike back at any mob violence. The strikers uncovered and exposed Pearl Bergoff's gangsters there as Sharp's auxiliaries and in the end won their demands and multiplied their union membership 800 per cent.

But the Goodyear Rubber Co., learning its lesson, got the jump on labor in Gadsden, Alabama, a few months later, and had a Vigilante mob organized before the rubber workers were ready to meet it. And soon the mob smashed union headquarters and beat and deported International President Dalrymple from the town.

Jimmy Rand, the author of the Mohawk Valley Plan, showed his fascist leanings several years ago through the Committee of the Nation, which sponsored Father Coughlin's propaganda for a time. When his typewriter and office equipment



"... so for 30 years the finks, aided by internal weaknesses of the labor movement, smashed organization in the great manufacturing industries."

workers went on strike under the banner of the A. F. of L. machinists' union and an A. F. of L. federal union in the spring of 1936 he called in the Pinkerton Agency, the Burns and the Railway Audit & Inspection companies, and Pearl Bergoff for good measure.

The Mohawk Valley Plan was whipped into shape in that long strike in Syracuse, Iliion and Tonawanda, N. Y.; Middletown, Conn., and two Ohio cities. Every one of the nine stages of the Plan was boastfully described to Rand himself in a bulletin he wrote for the National Association of Manufacturers published in October that year. And further details are set forth in a 50,000-word report by the National Labor Relations Board, March, 1933, ordering the reinstatement of dismissed unionists.

THIS report tells the story of provocateurs; mob violence by Vigilantes, stooling, company propaganda.

Their strikebreaking tactics were carried out according to plan, in Iliion especially.

Briefly, Rand organized mass agitation, labeling union leaders as "Reds" and "outside agitators" when the strike was threatened.

"Law and Order" slogans were raised when the strike was voted, and pro-company citizens were encouraged to buy weapons.

"Citizens Committees" were organized; mass meetings to support them were called. "Vigi-



"... vigilantes, police, finks and deputies were coached for united action."

lantes," police, finks and deputies were coached for united action.

"Back to Work" propaganda was thundered; and "loyal" employees, including imported scabs, were mobilized theatrically for a Back to Work march on a certain day.

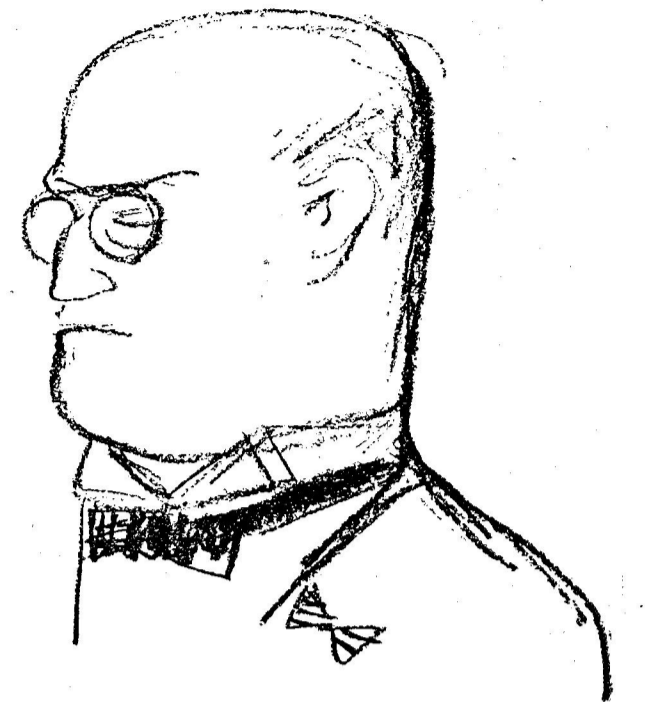
Many pseudo workers, who never did a tap, went into the plant in the back to work parade. All this in a warlike atmosphere, with police, troops and Vigilantes attacking picket lines, arresting scores of strikers and fink "missionaries" visiting the homes of strikers, and threatening and cajoling men and women to go back to work.

Sitdown strikes upset the Mohawk Valley planners in the winter of 1936-37 that followed. The Auto Workers Union shot its membership up to four hundred thousand after the successful sit-down strikes against General Motors, Chrysler and other automobile companies.

In true Mohawk style General Motors set up a former G. M. salesman, George Boysen, as Vigilante chief in Flint, Michigan. But the auto union exposed him effectively.

And when Judge Edward Black tried to issue an injunction against the sitdowners the union exposed him as the owner of more than \$200,000 of G. M. stock and forced him to disqualify himself, under Michigan laws, as the judge in the case.

These exposures were given in union leaflet editions of 50 to 100 thousand and in the union journal and over the radio.



"... professional thugs, posing as public-spirited citizens, fooled few people."

Union publicity beat G.M.C. to the punch while the sit-downers kept out scabs. The union won.

LABOR won too in the great maritime strike, West and East. Mayor Rossi did not dare to inspire any more Vigilantes. The public backed the strikers, eagerly read union publicity and listened to Harry Bridges' radio speeches.

Employers developed their vigilante tactics further, however, in the months that followed. Less and less exclusively did they rely on their finks on whom the LaFollette Committee's light was beating so fiercely.

That next spring and summer they mobilized farmers as Vigilantes in the Hershey chocolate strike and smashed the sit-down there; they smashed the picket lines with Vigilantes in the Monroe, Michigan, steel strike and Vigilantes ran riot in the "Little Steel" strike in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, with the help of police, who killed 18 strikers.

Labor countered the companies' house-to-house visitations and mass agitation best in the Cleveland, Ohio, strike zone, where the strikers' own representatives made house-to-house canvasses and exposed back-to-work propaganda.

Numerous other strikes saw the Mohawk Valley Plan tested. In every test case the side that reached the public best with its appeal had the advantage, provided strike tactics otherwise were efficiently conducted.

In every case also the influence of employers or labor with the municipal and state governments was an important force. Just as Governor Murphy's refusal to use military force against the sit-downers when he saw the public was with them was a strong factor in their victory, so Governor Davey's use of troops against the "Little Steel" strikers in Youngstown, Ohio, helped to drive many back to the mills.

DEATH to the Mohawk Valley Plan is spelled by the People's Front movement, which increases labor's influence in government. The New York maritime workers, who voted for Mayor LaGuardia, saw last winter how helpful it was to unions demanding collective bargaining to have a mayor who believed in their civil rights.

True, enemies of labor control the governments of Jersey City and the State of New Jersey. But labor can defeat the Mohawk Plan there by a two-fold movement, by strengthening its organizational forces within the state and bringing all possible pressure to bear against Hague through Congress and the executive branch of the federal government. More funds for the LaFollette anti-spy committee can make Hague and the Jersey City Chamber of Commerce's fink agency advisors squirm on the defensive, while labor presses forward.