

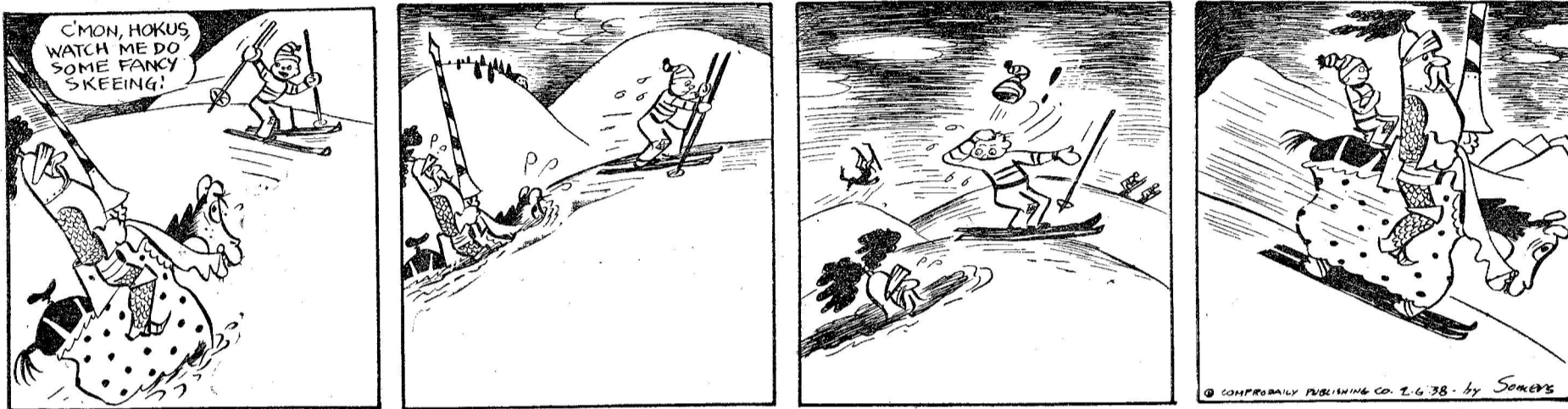
**LITTLE LEFTY**

by Del



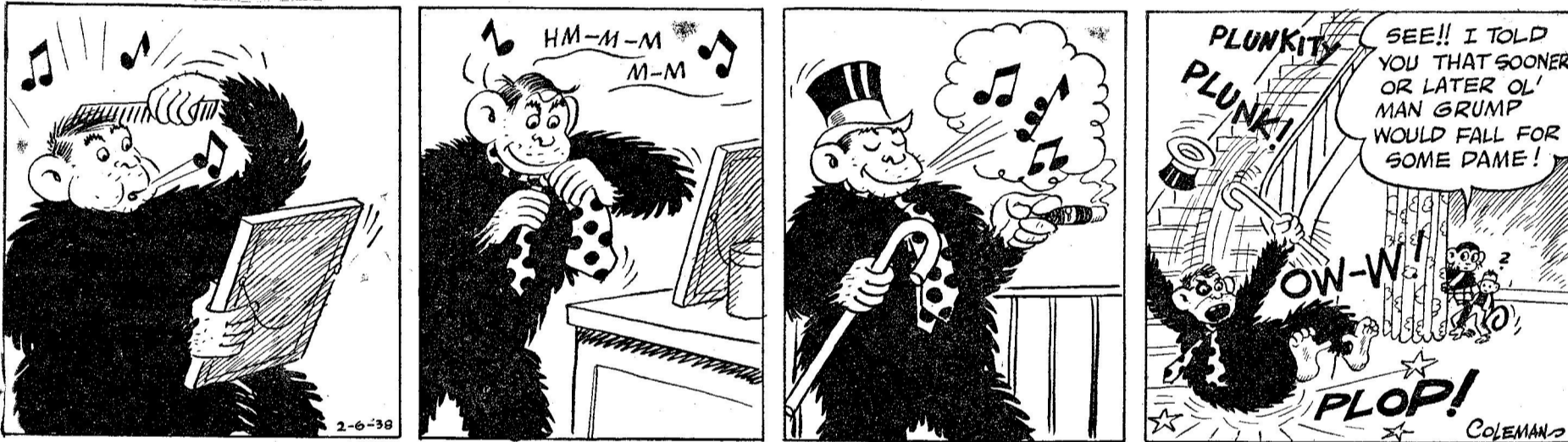
**SIR HOKUS POKUS**

by Somers



**MONK**

by Coleman



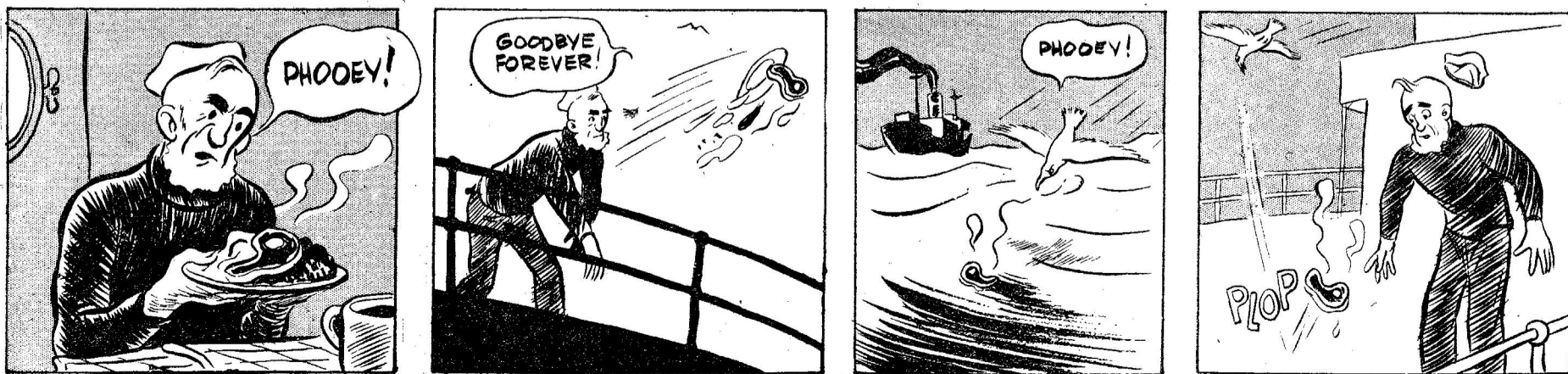
**TEX TRAVIS**

by Richards



**BARNACLE AND THE FINK**

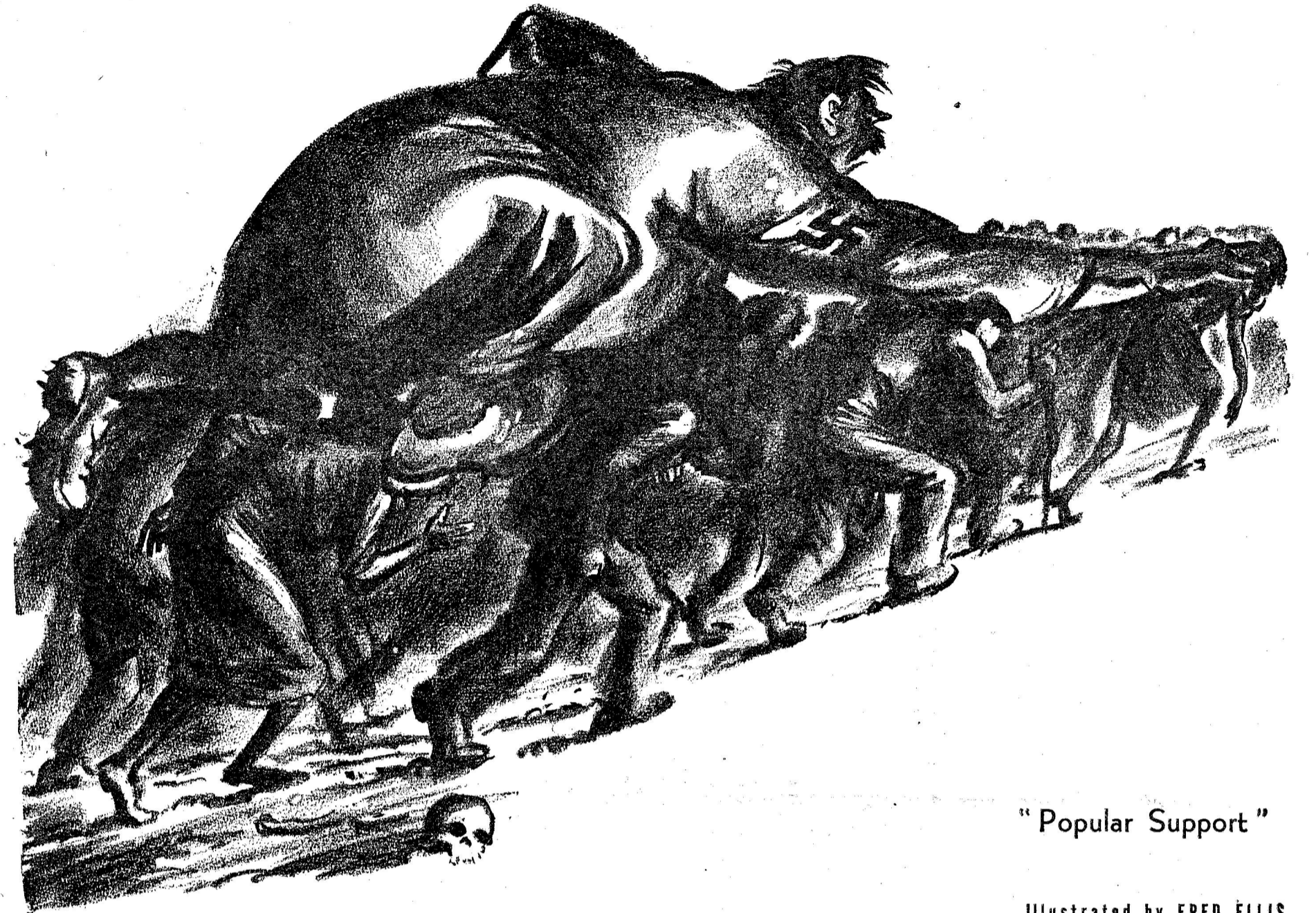
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The Daily People's World  
**MAGAZINE**

FEBRUARY 5, 1938

IN TWO SECTIONS, SECTION 1



**FIVE YEARS OF NAZI TERROR**

by **FREDERICK SCHUMAN**

(Professor of History, Williams College)

EVERY regime which breeds impoverishment and despair must, if it is to survive, fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time. Caesarism rules by bread and circuses. The Caesarism of the modern age cannot supply bread, for it serves masters who enrich themselves through scarcity of bread and abundance of guns. In Nazi Germany, as in fascist Italy, the instrument through which this necessary function has been performed during the past five years is the party of the dictatorship.

The National Socialist Party, as a private militia, is the paid instrument of the demagogue-dictator who serves industrial monopolists and feudal aristocrats. Its officers are loyal by virtue of jobs, honors, graft and spoils. As a mass movement, the party is the agency through which the fears, hopes, phobias and dreams of millions of desperate little men are realized—not tangibly but vicariously, not materially but symbolically.

Its rank and file is loyal by virtue of uniforms, buttons, flags and fanfare wherein millions lose their minds and find their souls through the thrills of parades, pageantry and persecution. The party, as a political instrument, fools most of its members most of the time and in turn fools enough of the populace to keep its masters securely in the seats of power.

The National Socialist Party plays these roles because its ideology and program are based at bottom upon a gross misrepresentation of its equal function in society. This misrepresentation is as often unconscious as deliberate. Questions of "honesty" and "sincerity" are impertinent to a movement whose leaders are unscrupulous.

In its appeals for popular support the party pretends to serve the interests of workers, farmers and the lower middle class as against Big Business and the aristocracy. Actually it serves the interests of Big Business and the aristocracy as against workers, farmers and the lower middle class. In this paradox lies the secret of the internal dynamics and the external behavior of the Nazi movement in Germany during the past five years

On Jan. 5, 1919, Anton Drexler, a muddle-headed locksmith of Munich, established a so-called "German Labor Party." After a frustrated Austrian corporal had become member No. 7 and later leader in the autumn of the year of Versailles, this group became the Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei (N.S.D.A.P.). Corporal Hitler was himself a maladjusted middle-class youth, victimized unwittingly by the complex disorders of decadent capitalism and bankrupt imperialism. Of the causes of his woes he knew nothing, since he was economically and socially illiterate.

Like millions of other disinherited sons of the Kleinbuergertum, he discharged his hatred not upon the remote authors of his poverty but upon Jews, Marxists, liberals, pacifists and other convenient targets. Through oratory, hysteria, artistry and organization he won a following. With the aid of crackbrained Gottfried Feder, he formulated a program: the "25 points" of February 24, 1920. Here were wild appeals to Pan-Germanism, to revenge, to frenzied patriotism and anti-Semitic racialism. Here were "socialism" and "nationalism" combined in meaningless but effective slogans—"The Common Interest Before Self," of trusts, municipalization of department stores, cancellation of land mortgages, confiscation of feudal estates, death to the usurers and profiteers, etc.

This verbiage was devoid of all content in action because of the inner contradiction within the movement which lies at the root of its subsequent frustration, its systematic hallucinations and its final prostitution into an instrument of economic oligarchy and political despotism. The secret of this paradox can be simply stated: the lower middle-class, however much victimized and exploited by the forces of monopoly and feudalism, can never focus its resentments effectively against monopolists and the feudal gentry because its members constantly dream of becoming themselves business magnates, monopolists and privileged gentlemen of leisure.

Hitler's own deep-seated awe in the face of his social superiors, i.e.,

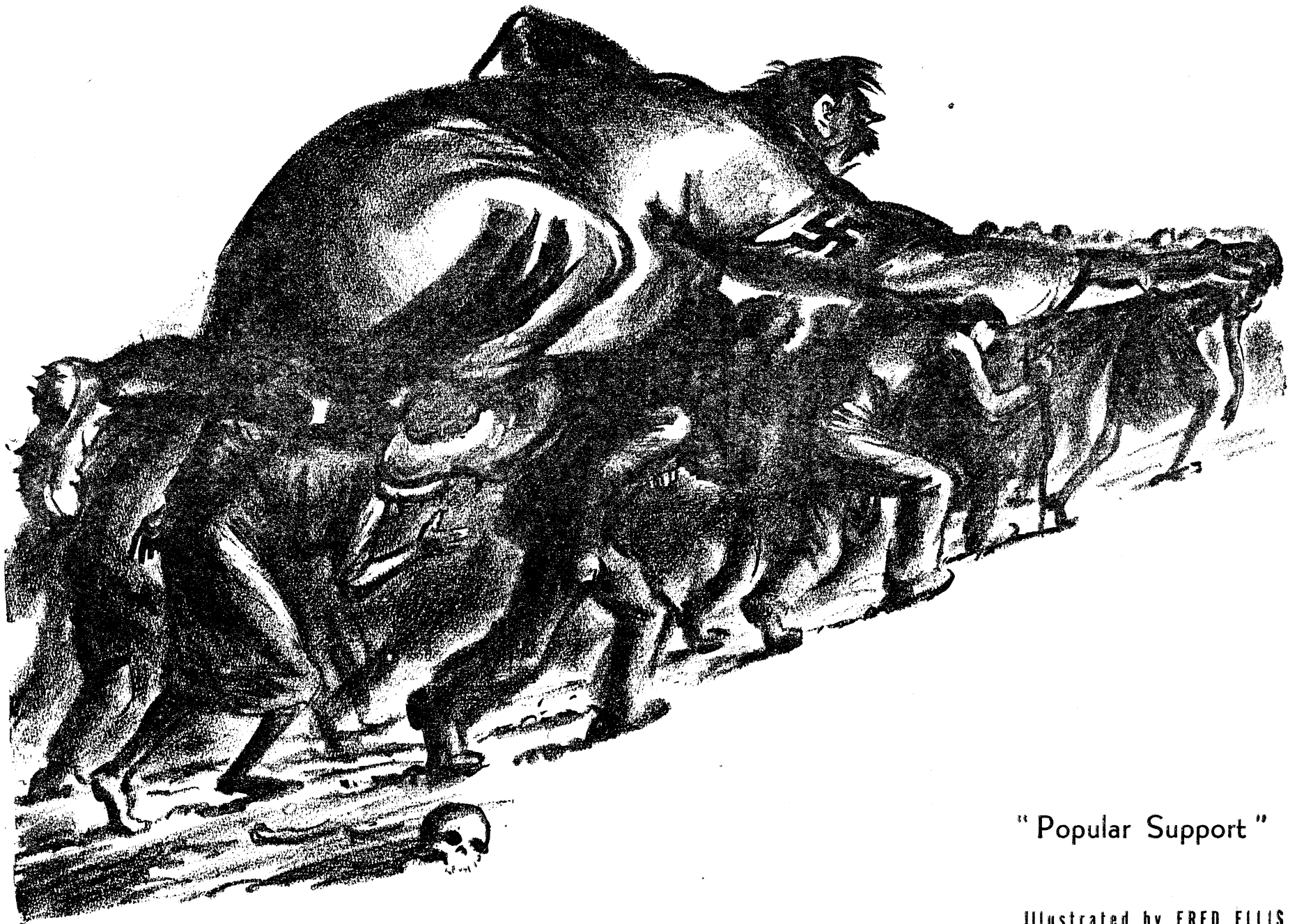
(Continued on Page 9)

The Daily People's World

# MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 5, 1938

IN TWO SECTIONS, SECTION 1



"Popular Support"

Illustrated by FRED ELLIS

## FIVE YEARS OF NAZI TERROR

by **FREDERICK SCHUMAN**

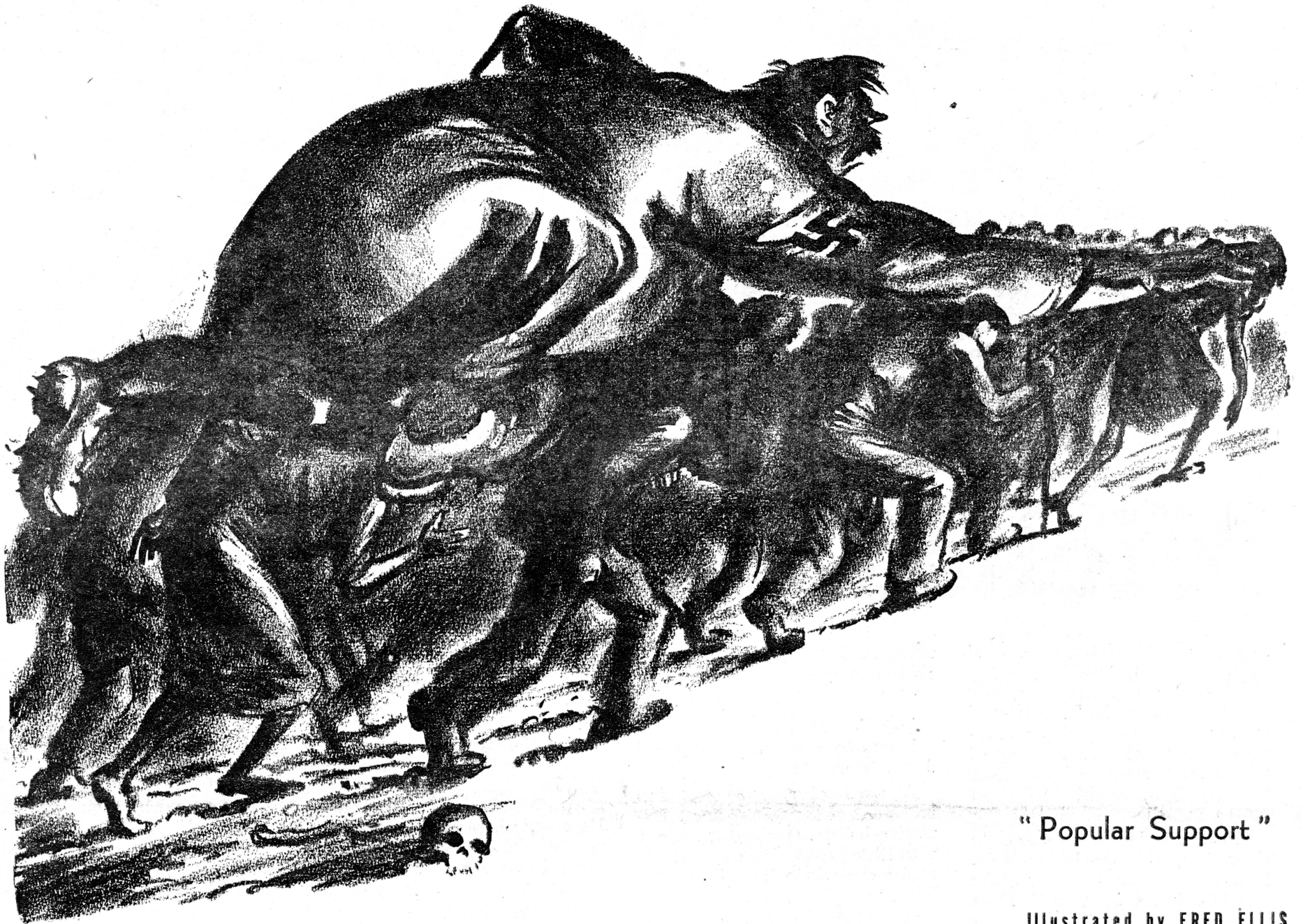
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"Popular Support"

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# They Met in the Heart of Old France

by LYDIA GIBSON

Illustrated by the Author

**"A whole town in festival mood welcomed the convention of the Communist Party of France."**



Maurice Thorez

PHOTO BY ROBERT CAPA, BLACK STAR

Arles, France.

RECENTLY the Ninth Congress of the Communist Party of France came to the beautiful resort town of Arles on the River Rhone, and 3,000 delegates and visitors poured in through the railroad station and were assigned to hotels and rooming houses.

Before the sessions of the Congress opened, the first festivity was a Christmas party given to the workers' children of Arles by the Communist Party of France. Led by the Pioneers in their red berets and scarves, the children passed the tree and took their presents. They came all bundled up in mufflers and shawls, their little noses red with the cold "mistral," the famous wind that blows down the Rhone valley all winter, and they carried off scooters, dolls and aeroplanes with their black eyes shining.

Then we saw the exposition of Labor in an old Roman Temple now

used as a club. Here the Communist branches of the factories and regions of France exhibited work ranging from pictures and glassware to metals and textiles, models of locomotives, agricultural products, fisheries and silkworms.

That afternoon the delegates gathered in the ancient Roman Arena with the Popular Front supporters of Arles. Someone said

12,000 people were there. In spite of the cold wind, it seemed very festive in bright sunlight under a blue sky. We were entertained with music, provincial dancing and a display of fine riding by the "cowboys" of Camargues, the "cow-country" near here, very much like Texas. The cowboys looked so familiar even to their bright plaid shirts, that we Americans felt very much at home.

THE local variety of bullfight provided lots of excitement and no disgust, since the bull was not injured in any way. There were money prizes for the boys who could snatch red cockades off the bull's horns, which involved a great deal of dodging and jumping



L.G. Ducloux

the high fence around the ring, and yells from the public, but no blood and no cruelty.

Cachin in his speech of welcome told us how fitting it was that the Communist Party, heir of the aspirations and progress of mankind, should take over this old Arena which has seen so many centuries of human struggle, since it was built by the Romans nineteen hundred years ago. Now the Communist Party and the Popular Front fill the Arena in token of the new world civilization which is arising.

The speeches of Cachin and Thorez were heard with enthusiasm not only by the delegates but by thousands of supporters of the Popular Front from this region. There is a tremendous feeling of unity here between the Party and the non-Party masses.

THE sessions of the Ninth Congress took place in a very large hall, formerly a garage. The workers of Arles gave their eve-



L.G. Cachin

nings for weeks before the Congress to make over this garage, covering the cold floor, wiring for light, heat and sound amplifiers, hanging banners, portraits, draperies and garlands in the building and over the street outside.

The sight of a whole town in festival mood doing honor to our Party was something to warm the heart. Only a few years ago the Party had to struggle for recognition, now the workers, the farmers and all the common people recognize in the Party the spearhead of the Popular Front, their very real defense against the fascist menace which seems even sharper here, so close to the Spanish frontier, than it does yet to the people of the United States.



L.G. Ramette



There could be no more appropriate time for starting a Midwestern progressive paper than on Feb. 12, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. We take out hats off to Louis Budenz, new editor, his staff and the thousands of trade unionists, farmers and professionals who have worked like rail-splitters in building the foundation for such a paper.

Our magazine will be included in the Saturday issue of the Record each week and for the first issue we've planned, among other features, articles on Lincoln, Frederick Douglass (whose birthday is also Feb. 12) and other material dealing with the Midwest.

Our short story about the Irish lads in Spain was written by an author who is acquainted with his subject, for Paul Burns, Irish-American was a captain in the International Brigade. We think it's an unusually fine job of writing and would like to have our readers' comments on "Michael Kelly Reports."

Other contributors include Milton Howard of the New York Daily Worker editorial board, who wrote the analysis of American monopolies which appears on Page Six. . . . John J. Ballam, now in New Orleans, has made a close study of Southern working conditions. . . . Julius Rosenthal, veteran newspaperman, worked in Miami for some time and was active in the American Newspaper Guild there. . . . Howard Rushmore, a native of South Dakota, grew up near one of the largest Sioux reservations in that state.

Art gallery: Somers (pseudonym for a well-known mural painter) was a former cartoonist for one of New York's largest metropolitan newspapers. The creator of Sir Hocus Pocus claims his eight-year-old daughter is the best artist in the family, with her mother a close second. His strip, which appears regularly in the magazine, is one of our favorites.

Coming issues will include a series on Henry Ford by Lawrence Emery, one of the Detroit's leading labor journalists; a story on Kansas City's Tom Fendergast by Jack Conroy; a vivid story of New England textile towns by Frank O'Flaherty, and a number of other articles and short stories well worth waiting for.

Our front-page article "Five Years of Nazi Terror" by Prof. Frederick Schuman, was reprinted from the pamphlet "Five Years of Hitler" issued this week by the American Council on Public Affairs.

## Singing Warrior

(Continued from Page 5)

the Black Hills, Long Hair and his men were dead.

THE so-called massacre was the signal for a wave of propaganda against the Sioux. New troops were sent in and Sitting Bull was forced to call a retreat. He was aging now and, when the inevitable split came in the ranks of his warriors late in 1876, he took a few hundred of the bravest across the line into Canada.

"Why doesn't the Great White Father leave us in peace," he asked members of the War Department in 1878 when they asked that he surrender. "I have tried to make peace. We are sick of war."

But the War Department was adamant. Rations for his people were shut off. They were hounded from place to place and on July 19, 1881, Sitting Bull surrendered to authorities on condition that his people be given food and land.

War Department officials not only broke their promises, but held the old chief in jail two years. Then they returned him to Standing Rock reservation where the remnants of the once-proud Hunkpapas were gathered. Buffalo Bill came to see him and persuaded Sitting Bull to join his Wild West show.

For a few months the bent old warrior toured the country. The anti-Indian hys-

## Michael Kelly Reports

(Continued from Page 2)

And it did seem that the doctors had made a mistake, but you couldn't blame the doctors, for hadn't the entire British empire made the same mistake about the Kellys since time immemorial?

And there is no doubt that the word went round in the fascist lines that Michael Kelly was back. Hearing which, General O'Duffy and his men slunk ignominiously into the last pages of history, and Generalissimo Franco frantically cabled Mussolini for another hundred thousand "Black Arrows," "the kind you sent me for Guadalajara."

There came the day when Captain Martin Hourihan, "Slim" Hourihan, from "Philly" was promoted to rank of "Line Commander," just before the Brunete offensive. Sergeant Michael Kelly was attached to his staff for special duties. Duties "definitely not of a clerical nature," said Kelly triumphantly. "Definitely."

When Line Commander Hourihan got it bad at Villanueva de la Canada, Sergeant Kelly helped bring him in.

Later that day the Lincolns crawled in a field of wheat overlooking the town. Fascist machine guns packed in church towers sprayed the field.

The flies were there ahead of time waiting for the dead. Flies know about war.

Back of the infantry the Tom Mooney machine gun company gave covering fire for the men painfully advancing.

SUDDENLY, on the left, a brogue lifted above the din. "Don't shoot, lads, it's me, Michael Kelly. There's a catch. General Miaja says the town is to be taken tonight." And through the wheat came Kelly.

He crawled over to the infantry commander to murmur in his ear, "And 'tis ourselves will take it tonight." Then he crawled back.

Sergeant Kelly and General Miaja were right. The town was taken that night and 'twas ourselves that took it.

And among those who charged into the town that night was a thin little wreath of a man with a lean, dangerous face.

Others saw him fall, get up again and pitch forward on his face.

In the shell-streaked dark they turned him over.

The little man was dead.

Some one took his papers and militia book. Pasted in the book was his picture and underneath his name was scrawled, "—and the name was 'Michael Kelly.'"

teria had left its mark and he was often booed from the ring.

He returned, sad and lonely, to his people at Standing Rock.

HIS voice was cracked now, but he sang again, songs of protest and of hope. Over 60, he made one last attempt to help his people and urged they join in a united plea for adequate land and food.

"The old trouble-maker has to be silenced," officials said, and on Dec. 15, 1890, they sent a band of Indian police to the reservation to arrest Sitting Bull.

There were only two hundred members of the Hunkpapa tribe on the reservation at the time. Most of them were old, tired warriors like Sitting Bull. Few had fire-arms and all were hungry.

The Indian renegades rode into the camp before dawn. While the tribe shivered in the Dakota snow, the police jerked Sitting Bull from his tepee and shot him through the heart.

The honest officials of the Bureau roared with indignation at the uncalled-for murder. But the Hunkpapas, too sad to protest, carried the body of their chief up a little hill and buried him under a pile of stones.

That night they sang songs about him, songs that he had composed.

But none of them could sing like Tanka Iyotake and there was no music in their hearts.



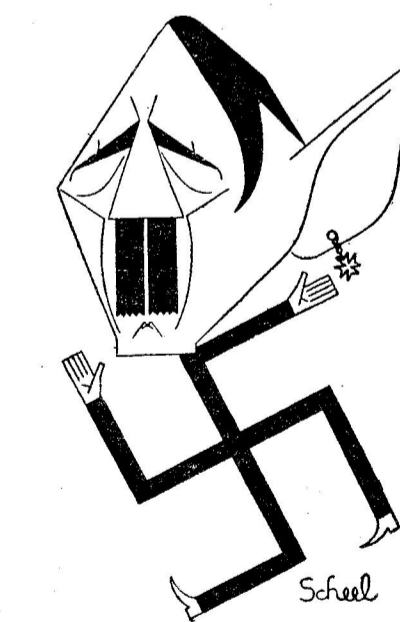
"he's the cutest thing, Gertrude . . . when we asked him what about the cornerstone for the Jersey City Patriotic Monument, Mayor Hague says, 'Ladies, I AM THE CORNERSTONE. . . .'"

## Five Years of Nazi Terror

(Continued from Page 1)

the magnates of land and money, typified the attitude of the entire Kleinburgertum. Since the impoverished little men of the middle-class cannot bring themselves to attack and destroy those whom they envy and emulate, they must discharge their aggressions vicariously and irrelevantly against Marxists, Jews and other scapegoats. "National Socialism" thus becomes a hollow phrase. The party which begins its career with anti-capitalistic and anti-feudal slogans ends its career as the docile slave of capitalism and feudalism in their most vicious form.

This paradox manifested itself in the party from the beginning. It has never been resolved. Even before the abortive beer-hall Putsch of 1923, Hitler had placed himself in the hands of industrialists, Junkers and reactionary politicians. He persuaded himself that he was master of his masters as well as of his followers. He met defeat, disgrace and imprisonment because his masters were



Schuel

more powerful than he and were not yet ready to use his movement for their own purposes.

After the reorganization of the party in 1925, he never again departed from "legality," nor did he ever undertake to achieve power in defiance of his social superiors. On the contrary, he disowned those of his followers who took "socialism" and "revolution" seriously, and constantly reassured Junkers and industrialists that they had nothing to fear from the movement.

This contradiction inevitably generated resentment among such proletarian followers as were converted to the cause and even among some of the less naive

burghers who swore by the swastika. It was therefore necessary from the outset to silence all opposition or criticism by organizing the party on a strictly military basis. Orders came from the top. Obedience was due from the bottom. Any questioning was intolerable.

Blind obedience to dictatorial commands was magnified into a doctrine and an article-of-faith because any departure from blind obedience would inevitably have revealed the actual role of the N.S.D.A.P. as the tool of monopoly and feudalism. Hitler and his aides could not, and can never, afford to permit such a revelation. Their more ardent followers were anxious, and are today anxious, to deceive themselves rather than face disillusioning realities.

For this reason, above all others, it was necessary at the start to burn the Reichstag, to suppress the Communist Party and to terrorize the electorate in February and March, 1933. For this reason it was necessary for the leader to resort to soothing reassurances as a means of obtaining dictatorial authority from a docile parliament. For this reason it was necessary to suppress parliamentary government and civil rights, to outlaw Social-Democracy, to betray the Nationalist allies of the N.S.D.A.P., to suppress the Catholic Centrum, the State Party, and all other political groups, and moreover, to make the N.S.D.A.P. the only legal party in the Reich. For this reason it was necessary for the Leader of National Socialism to suppress the demand within the ranks for the "second revolution," i.e., socialism. For this reason he found it necessary on Bloody Saturday (June 30) of 1934 to murder Gregor Strasser, Ernst Roehm, Kurt von Schleicher and scores of others, inside and outside the party ranks, who questioned the Leader and opposed his subservience to Junkers and industrialists. For this reason it was necessary to organize systematically the persecution of the Jews and to intensify that persecution in every new crisis. For this reason it is necessary to mobilize hatred of democracy and "Bolshevism" and to prepare for the bloody catharsis of war which will serve, better than any other device, to save industrialists and Junkers from the economic dilemma of monopolistic capitalism.

Some lies live long. But when those who are the victims of delusion and self-deception ultimately find themselves ground down into bitter poverty by their exploiters, when at last they discover that they are merely cannon fodder for the military machine they have themselves created for their own destruction, then truth will out. When the lie is fully exposed, Germany will again be free. The lie will be exposed without world disaster only if democratic forces in other lands combine to make Nazi aggression dangerous and impossible by collective defense against it.

# 'It's Great To Be in Miami'

by JULIUS ROSENTHAL

THE waters of Biscayne Bay shimmer in the soft winter sunlight; gracefully arching palm trees line the pavements; the air is clean, and the semi-tropical blue sky sweeps overhead, a vast symbol of nature's grandeur. Picturesque stuccoed homes occupy the better residential sections of the city; along Brickell Avenue, which extends southward from the business district, are spacious mansions and estates. And in Bayfront Park, where the flowers bloom and the birds sing, people stroll leisurely along the walks or relax on benches and watch the sailboats, or gaze at the palm trees and the sky.

"Isn't it great to be in Miami?" the signs ask. As if in answer, cars bearing license plates from states throughout the nation speed along Biscayne Boulevard. Across Biscayne Bay, in the sister-city of Miami Beach, the real Mecca of the tourists exists. Here, in south Florida's haven of warmth, thousands of visitors flock annually to escape the frigid blasts, the snow and slush of the North. Hotels, ranging from two-story affairs to swanky edifices which casually charge—and get—\$25 a day, heavily dot the community, especially on those avenues near the ocean. Stores and restaurants flourish, many of them open for only a three or four-month season.

Yes, the "season" is now under way, in full swing—although merchants have been complaining that the tourist business is not what it was last year. Despite these complaints, the luxurious yachts of the wealthy are moored in port, and at Hialeah race track, just northwest of Miami, the horses streak along as swiftly as ever, and thousands of dollars daily pass through the betting windows.

THERE'S plenty of fun for the tourists, especially for the wealthy, who frequent the night clubs and the race tracks, who live on their yachts or in ritzy hotels, and who get their names and pictures spread over the society pages. . . . But what about the ordinary working man or woman who lives in Miami the year 'round—what about the unemployed—what about the poor folks here, Negro and white? That's a story that isn't broadcast by the Chambers of Commerce, and which is hushed up by the authorities.

Just a short distance west of sparkling Biscayne Bay, on the other side of the Florida East Coast railroad tracks—almost within the shadow of the sedate and impressive Dade County Courthouse—huddles Miami's squalid Negro section. Crowded into an area of perhaps a few square miles, small and dilapidated frame shacks fill block after block. Often you will find directly behind a shack fronting on the street, one or two similar abodes. In these ill-constructed, pitiful homes Negroes live—frequently a family of several is housed in one or two tiny rooms.

Approximately 20,000 of Miami's 130,000 permanent population are Negroes. Despite a new Negro housing project in Liberty City, in northwest Miami, the old Negro

**But there's another side to the nation's vacationland which the wealthy tourists never see**

quarter remains an unsightly sore-spot and a menace to health. Recently there has been some investigation of this condition by the Miami Housing Authority, on complaint of civic groups.

The white slum section a few miles west, along Northwest Twentieth Street, is composed of clusters of little wooden dwellings resembling nothing so much as slightly enlarged outhouses.

WHERE Winter spends the "Summer"—or maybe it's the other way around. Anyway, that's what the Chambers of Commerce love to spout about the Greater Miami region. But for the human beings, black and white, who live in these slums it is winter all the time, even though snow and blizzards are absent. The winter of exploitation, of suffering, of frustration, of shameless Jim-Crow discriminations.

Because of the influx of tourists from the North, and because of the large number of permanent residents who have migrated here from the North and West, Miami has a more cosmopolitan atmosphere than other cities more typ-

ical of the Deep South. But the basic Old South-chauvinist prejudices, engendered by the plantation ruling caste of a century ago, remain; racial segregation is strictly enforced; Negroes found in "white town" after nine or ten o'clock at night are subject to arrest unless they have a signed statement from their employer certifying that they are there on business.

The plight of the poor white worker is not much better, although he is free to go swimming in the ocean off Miami Beach—if he has the car fare or jitney fare to get there. But the pale, toil-worn faces and the often gnarled hands of these people are enough to convince you that they don't have much chance to visit the beaches. They're too busy working or looking for work, or trying to get certified for \$36-a-month WPA jobs.

"I've done laundry work," a thin, blue-eyed man told me. He was waiting to be certified—in other words, placed on a relief basis—by the state welfare board. Middle-aged, he was old beyond his years. "When work was steady, in the

winter season, we could get along," he continued. "I got paid 25 cents an hour, and, by working all week, we managed to get along. In the summer, though, there's not much work. Now my wife is sick. . . ."

STORE clerks are lucky if they make \$15 a week, when they get work. School teachers are among the lowest paid in the country.

A few months ago seven bakery workers, members of a small A. F. of L. local union, went on strike against a bakery firm in protest against unbearable hours and microscopic pay. One picket was placed outside the main plant of the bakery, and another was stationed outside of one of the company's branch stores. The pickets scrupulously observed their instructions not to talk with the public. Nevertheless, when the owner of the firm went into Circuit Court, he promptly obtained an injunction prohibiting the picketing.

The Ku Klux Klan may not ride quite as handsomely here as in Georgia or Tennessee, but it manages to gallop along pretty high and wide. Not so long ago, after holding initiation ceremonies in a public park, a band of white-robed, hooded Klansmen descended upon a night club, a reported "low dive," ordered the patrons out and proceeded to smash the furniture. The next day the sheriff stated that the place would remain closed—but said nothing about the Klan.

Beneath the palm trees, the sweeping azure sky, the effulgent moon and night-heavens strewn with countless bright stars, life in Miami and Miami Beach goes on, a gay round of pleasures and luxuries for the wealthy vacationists, but a stretch of uncertainty and insecurity for the workers.



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DUGAN  
Negroes found in "white town" after nine or ten o'clock at night are subject to arrest. . . .



# Singing Warrior

The Hunkpapa Sioux Still Honor the Memory of Sitting Bull

by HOWARD RUSHMORE

THERE was once a time when the bald majesty of the Black Hills was undisturbed; when the multi-colored rocks echoed only to the songs of the happy Hunkpapa Sioux.

But the white man's hammer and drill now pound where once the tom-toms beat and the Indian trails have broadened into asphalt highways over which tourists come to gape at the stone faces of the nation's immortals carved high on towering Mt. Rushmore.

These noisy visitors may wonder why the Indians look at the work of Gutzon Borglum with a certain sadness and disrespect. Not many Hunkpapas can leave the dust and heat of the Rosebud reservation to visit what was once their homeland, but when they do, they go back unhappy.

To them the faces of Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson are those of the great White Fathers. And they feel that somehow, far to the east, the people who caused the monument to be built purposely forget what the Sioux think is South Dakota's leading citizen.

Let He-Who-Chips-Stones put a picture of Tatanka Iyotake alongside the faces of the Great White Fathers," the Hunkpapas say. "Give a red man his place in the sun of the prairies."

It is more than a question of tribe or race to them. That name was once known wherever council fires were built, whenever the buffalo hunt was finished and the warriors sang the stories of their kills.

In the white man's language the name is Sitting Bull.

IN 1841 a big council-fire was burning near the banks of the Missouri river and the Hunkpapas, a tribe of the Teton prairie Sioux, were celebrating. That day the youngest of their warriors, an 11-year-old stripling, had single-handed captured an enemy tribesman without leaving his horse.

The proud father led the youth into the circle of squatting Hunkpapas. He chanted a song that told of the stripling's deeds, how one day his son would be the leader of the Sioux.

That night the Hunkpapas named the youngster Sitting Bull. After the council-fire had died down and the coyotes howled at the cold Dakota moon, Sitting Bull left his father's tepee and sang of his dreams as a great chief.

As he grew into a powerful warrior and a leader, Sitting Bull would always sing. Born of a tribe noted for its music and for its bravery, the homely squint-eyed warrior would compose poems and sing them by the campfire at night. Gradually his name became known among other tribes and it was no surprise when, in the late 50's, he was named chief of the Hunkpapas.

THE Teton, divided into migrate tribes, found need of the singing, courageous chief. They had conquered the Cheyennes and the Crows but a new enemy came out of the east and the guns of the pale face were loaded with death.

"Let us not make war," Sitting Bull would council his warriors.

Many minor battles had taken place when the old treaties were openly violated by the Indian Bureau and the War Department. Around this time the Sioux chief composed his favorite song:

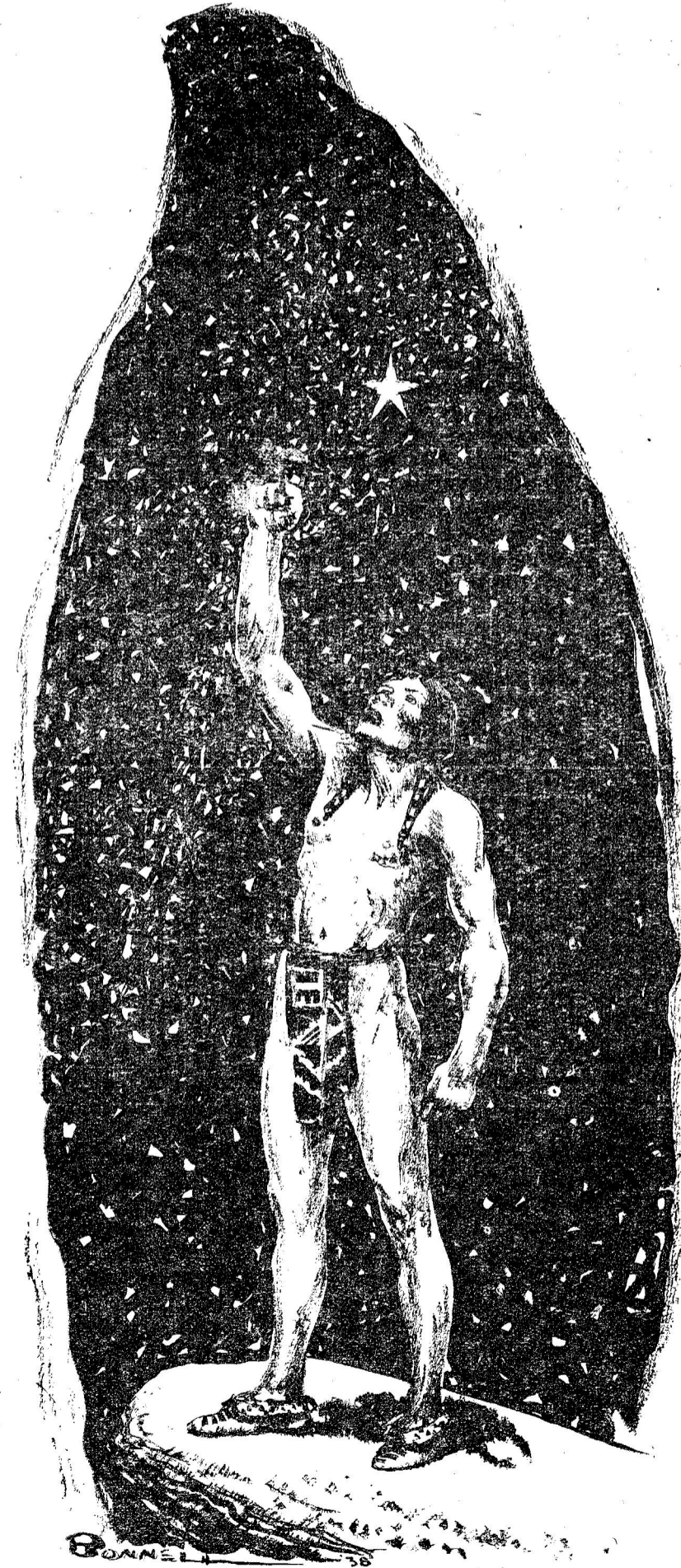
"I love my country so,  
It is my land and I love it  
That is why I am fighting."

The tom-toms were apt to stir the hot-blooded warriors into a fever of war and Sitting Bull knew it. When Southern white traders in-

vaded the Teton territory shortly before the Civil War and sought to turn the Indian tribes against the Union troops, Sitting Bull refused to play a part in the conspiracy.

"We do not want your goods; we do not want to fight your wars," Tatanka Iyotake told them. "Leave us in peace."

And when the guns roared in the east, the Sioux went about their hunting and their singing,



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BONNELL  
While coyotes howled at the cold Dakota moon, Sitting Bull left his father's tepee and sang of his dreams. . . .



mixed with minor tribal wars. Always at the head of action, whether moving the village or battling the Crows, Sitting Bull led his Hunkpapas.

AFTER Appomatox, the frontier movement swept further westward toward the Land of the Setting Sun and the Mountains of the Great Spirit. Farmers came in their covered wagons and, on the whole, had little trouble with the Sioux. The settlers respected the Federal land treaties with the Sioux and, as the wise heads in Washington had warned, that was the first step towards peace with the tribes.

But traders and big industrialists did not show the same respect for government obligations. Treaties were broken at will. Industrialists surveyed and roamed over grounds that signed documents had made sacred for the Teton. And to make matters worse, politicians swarmed into the Indian Bureau and the border offices became centers of corruption and grafting. The honest commissioners, who believed in keeping treaties, were either fired or placed in unimportant positions. The War Department, a political football on the border, fought over questions of Indian policy with the Bureau and paid little heed to commands from Washington.

"The white men have too many chiefs," Sitting Bull said. "The Black Hills belong to us and we want to keep our hunting grounds."

But they were pushed back farther and farther. Pushed back from the Missouri to the Yellowstone and Powder rivers. In 1874 they halted and called a council of all tribes.

IT was a united front of all the prairie Indians and almost entirely under the leadership of Sitting Bull. Thousands of Shoshones, Cheyennes, Crows, Sioux joined in a war-like army and the battle was on.

In 1875 Gen. George A. Custer, boasting that he was to be "the next Great White Father in Washington," used his troops for a political build-up and marched through the Black Hills.

"There is gold throughout this territory," he wrote eastern newspapers. "It was a paradise we must conquer."

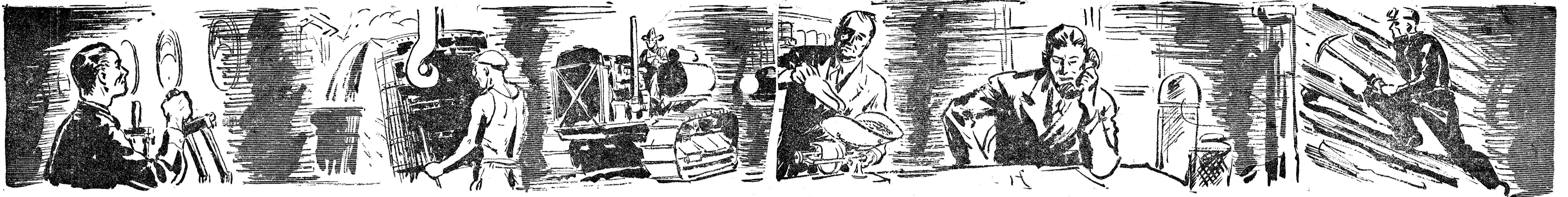
The "paradise" was Indian property, according to the treaty of 1869. But Custer's publicity brought thousands of miners and fortune-hunters to the hunting grounds. They found little there but aroused Sioux.

And Sitting Bull composed a song about Custer that swept over the prairies like wildfire.

"Long Hair, what are you looking for in our land?  
You were looking for death  
and you will find it?"

The prophecy was true. The united tribes hemmed in Custer and his troops on the banks of the Little Big Horn June 25, 1876 and when the sun dropped down behind

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Illustrated by STEVE BARKER

# TRUSTS--Organized Robbery

by MILTON HOWARD

**T**HE immediate fate of millions of American families is bound up with a single word—Monopoly.

The problem of Monopoly is not just a problem concerning economics. The problem of Monopoly is the deepest political problem in these United States today.

Secretary Ickes said recently, "where you have monopoly domination and control, you cannot have democracy or freedom." He is right. Where you have economic power concentrated in the hands of a tiny group of enormously powerful financial groups, there is the menace of their taking the political life of the country completely into their hands.

America used to be a land of small proprietors, the small farmer, the handicraftsman, the mechanic, the shop owner. It was the era of free competition among industrialists. It was what President Roosevelt has well called the "horse and buggy era."

But competition, in a system of private capitalist ownership of factories, railroads, banks, etc., has this peculiar result—*competition breeds monopoly*. In the fierce scramble for profit, the little man goes under. The little fish get swallowed by the whales. Read the story of Standard Oil. The oil trust grew by swallowing the little oil companies. And woe to the little man who stood in the way. He was ruined, sabotaged, and destroyed. It is a bitter irony that the present-day propagandists of Wall Street monopoly, the men whose power was fed on the carcasses of the "little man" should now shed tears at what government regulation of business is doing to the "confidence" and "savings" of the little man.

**I**N THE beginning of the struggle, in the days following the Civil War, it was the farmers and the "little man" who sent up their lamentations against the trusts. It was the era of "trust-busting." It was the days when Bryan, the "silver-tongued orator" called down the curse of the prophets on the "malefactors of great wealth." What was the cry of the "trust-busters"? It was the anguished cry of the little man and the Western farmer going down before the advance of the modern industrial and financial giants.

In the "trust-busting" days, the small, separate, undeveloped business was making way for modern, concentrated, highly-developed intricately organized industry. In crying out against the ruthless raids of the trusts in which hundreds of thousands went down to ruin, the early "trust-busters" were right. In raising a cry of protest at the criminal plunderings of the pools, syndicates, etc., the "trust-busters" were right.

But in dreaming that America could return to the idyllic days of small proprietorship, small factories, dispersed industry, they were wrong. That is why they were ineffectual. They were crying out against monstrous abuses without understanding the cause or the real nature of these abuses. Hence, they could not know how to cope with them in a progressive, forward-looking, revolutionary way. In fighting legitimately

against the outrages of monopoly they mistakenly aimed their shafts at large-scale production.

And there is a world of difference between these two.

**M**ONOPOLY control through interlocking directorates, through banking connections, through gigantic combines arranged in Wall Street offices, through a maze of holding companies and stock-certificate networks for the purpose of bleeding competitors, farmers, workers, and every group of the country not directly connected with the inside clique—that is monopoly.

Concentrated industrial operation, large-scale production, vast tie-ups of productive units for the purpose of increasing output and making goods cheap and plentiful—that is not the same as monopoly control. That is part of the industrial advance on which capitalist monopoly fastens itself as a parasite, inextricably involving its own greedy interests with the development of industry. Large-scale production, with the highest efficiency, does not necessarily require the parasitic plundering of the financial-industrial monopolists who now sit in the seats of control. Look at the Soviet Union, for example. They have tremendous large-scale combines for the purpose of achieving the highest possible organization, to produce efficiently and cheaply for the people. But they don't have the ghost of a monopoly as we know it under our system.

That is the key to our present-day problems. We need large-scale production, railroads, banks, etc. But we most certainly do not need to pay the Wall Street cliques the super-profits which they wring from the whole population. *The Monopolies must be curbed, of their power to rob and destroy. They must be deprived of their piratical privileges. Their affairs must be smoked out into the light of day, their financial secrets made public to the people, their price-fixing apparatus investigated and controlled, and their huge super-profits heavily taxed.*

**P**RESIDENT ROOSEVELT set the country thinking with his recent example of the four-inch tail wagging the ninety-six inch dog, using the utility holding companies as an example. Secretary Ickes denounced the "sixty families" who dominate America's wealth. Robt. Jackson, assistant Attorney-General, painted a similar picture. But the real extent of monopoly domination is not often grasped by the average American. For example, two admitted authorities in the field, two Columbia University Professors, Berle and Means, in a recent volume, estimated that out of the 300,000 industrial corporations in the United States, less than 200 controlled and dominated 50 per cent of the nation's business. *And that was before the 1929 crash. Since then, this handful of corporate monopolies has extended its grip by swallowing the non-monopoly corporations that went down in the crash.*

But that is only half the story. These giant corporate monopolies are themselves dominated and controlled by still more powerful interests—the financial cliques which center in less than a

half dozen giant banking interests, the Morgans, Rockefellers, and the "smaller" interests, like the Mellons, duPonts, and one or two others. But essentially, the economic life of America is in the hands of the Morgan-Rockefeller banks.

**A**NNA ROCHESTER, a Marxist writer on the subject gives a startling picture of this financial control.

She gives the following table whose cold figures can hardly make us feel intimately the gigantic power of the two financial-industrial monopolists, but which, nevertheless, state the facts:

*The Morgan tie-ups with corporations all over the country, as of January, 1932, gave control of over 48 billion dollars of corporate assets. The Rockefeller tie-ups gave it control 15 billion dollars of corporation assets. In other corporations where they share the control, they jointly dominate assets totalling 29 billion dollars.*

The combined financial control of these two Wall Street banks gives them, together with their allied banking groups, like Kuhn, Loeb and Company, Harriman, etc., the decisive grip on every important American industry.

This is not to say that they have abolished rivalries. On the contrary, there goes on an uninterrupted and increasingly bitter warfare among these monopolies for decisive control. There is a constant shifting of groups and allies, the smashing of old line-ups and the erecting of new ones to take their place. There is ruthless warfare among the rival industrial monopolies—the railroads, for example, demanding higher rates, and the packing trust fighting for reduced rates; the utilities fighting for low-priced coal, and the coal operators fighting to sell their coal to the utilities at the highest possible price. But all this is part of their tigerish scramble for the spoils which they wrest from the population.

**T**HERE is not the space for a detailed description of the way in which the Wall Street monopolies send their greedy fingers into every American home, from the poorest to the fairly prosperous middle-classes. But you cannot sit down even to breakfast without paying tribute to the Morgan-Rockefeller monopolies. Your coffee—if it is any of the numerous national brands, Chase & Sanborn, Maxwell House, Beech-Nut, etc.—comes from a Morgan or Rockefeller corporation. Your milk, cream or cheese in nine cases out of ten, will be one of the Borden or National Dairy Product (Sheffield) subsidiaries—Morgan-Rockefeller corporations. And so on down the line, all through the day from your tribute to the Standard Oil or Shell monopoly to your payment of carfare, utility bills, etc., etc.

The monopolies rob not only the worker and farmer. They rob the small investors, the small business man, the independent industrialist, the professional classes, home-owners, etc. What a tale of piracy has been unfolding in the recent Senate investigations of the stock market crashes and various "reorganizations"!



Two huge banks and a few plundering families take toll from every American home

How many hundreds of millions of savings were swallowed up by the Wall Street banks when they fleeced the thousands of small investors who placed their savings at the mercy of the stock market sharks working with the big banks! How many millions of "guaranteed" bonds and mortgages, sold to the public by the financial syndicates turned out to be stupendous frauds which left the small investor high and dry!

I cannot refrain from giving one example, taken from the recent book called "False Security," by Bernard Reiss. He tells of a certain multi-millionaire, Harrison Williams, who, by investing two million dollars, was able to control almost four billion dollars' worth of public utility companies by using the public's money. When the crash came, Mr. Williams was able to pull out with a \$40,000,000 profit, leaving the small investors

thoroughly fleeced. This is typical of Wall Street monopoly practice.

**M**ONOPOLIES are parasitic, wasteful; they stand in the way of progress; they smother invention whenever new machines will hurt their investments. It is well known that big monopolies like Standard Oil, General Electric, Goodyear Rubber, etc., have a policy of buying up whatever new inventions threaten to cut into their present super-profits, and "freeze" these improvement away from public use.

What more glaring example of the parasitism and destructiveness of the monopolies could be given than their present use of their power to aggravate the crisis elements rising up again before the people? With what brutal irresponsibility they use their tremendous profits and control of

credits, prices and capital to spread alarm, un employment, stock market scares, all in the hope of spreading a fear that will drive the country into the arms of reaction! This sitdown strike of Big Capital has been noted already by the President and his most progressive advisers. In France, the monopolies, controlling the Bank of France, dumped francs on the international money market in order to hurt their country and bring on panic against the People's Front. The tyrants of monopoly act the same everywhere, ready to smash everything that stands in their way, willing even to sacrifice profits to win complete control.

But, with the development of the world-wide struggle between fascism and democracy, the real menace of monopoly emerges. For it is the monopolies, the most reactionary, brutal cliques among them, which nourish, organize and finance the advance of fascism. In Germany, it is the steel and chemical trusts which pull the strings that make Hitler move. In Italy, it is the banks and utility monopolies which stand behind Mussolini. In America, it is the reactionary financial monopolist cliques who stand behind the drive to kill the New Deal, crush the trade unions, outlaw civil liberty and Hitlerize America.

Monopoly is anti-democratic, reactionary and moves toward fascism as the people of a country begin to awaken to a struggle for their needs.

The technic of monopoly is to isolate the working class and its political parties from the farmers, small businessmen, and middle-classes. For this purpose, monopoly unleashes a torrent of vile propaganda of every description, promising everything to everyone, inciting hysteria and prejudice, aimed at stampeding the people into the fascist trap. This is the way Hitler operated. Hitler also denounced the "bankers" whom he painted as "Jews." But that did not prevent Hitler from doing the bidding of the steel and chemical trusts which operated behind the scenes and smiled at his fake anti-trust tirades.

**T**HE People's Front is the mortal enemy of fascism because it is able to unite all the elements of the population against the monopolies and the pro-fascist politics of the monopolies.

In America, it is the peculiarity of our development that the worst reactionary monopolies are hiding behind the most democratic-sounding sentiments. Thus we have the brutal, all-embracing monopolist corporations labelling themselves the "Liberty League." We see the monopoly corporations which exercise sweeping national power, over-riding all state and even national boundaries, seeking to protect their privileges behind the plea of "state's rights."

President Roosevelt has struck a new note in the governmental fight on the monopolies. He has come to recognize that the fight for the New Deal reforms demands a frontal attack against the monopolies—the invertebrate hater of democracy and social reform. In his warning this week that wages must remain up, that prices must be cut without cutting wages, Roosevelt has struck the keynote of the fight against the monopolies. In this, he will have the enthusiastic support of the working population of America. With such a platform, worker and farmer, storekeeper and independent business man, can cooperate in defense of the people's living standards and their political liberties.

The People vs. the Monopolies is how the issues shape up today. This is another way of saying Democracy vs. Fascism.