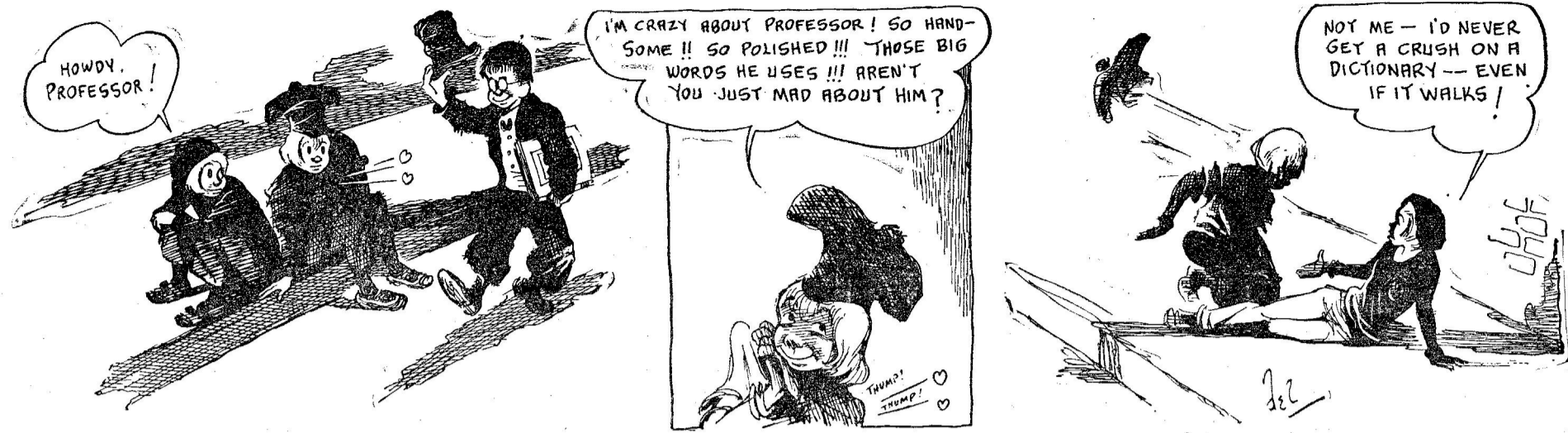
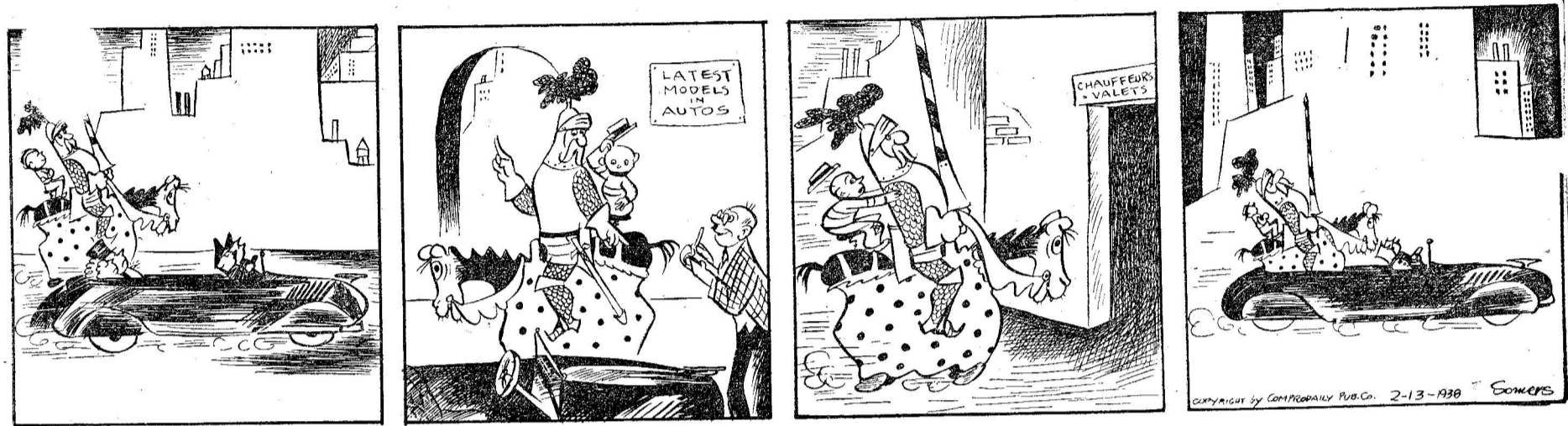


LITTLE LEFTY



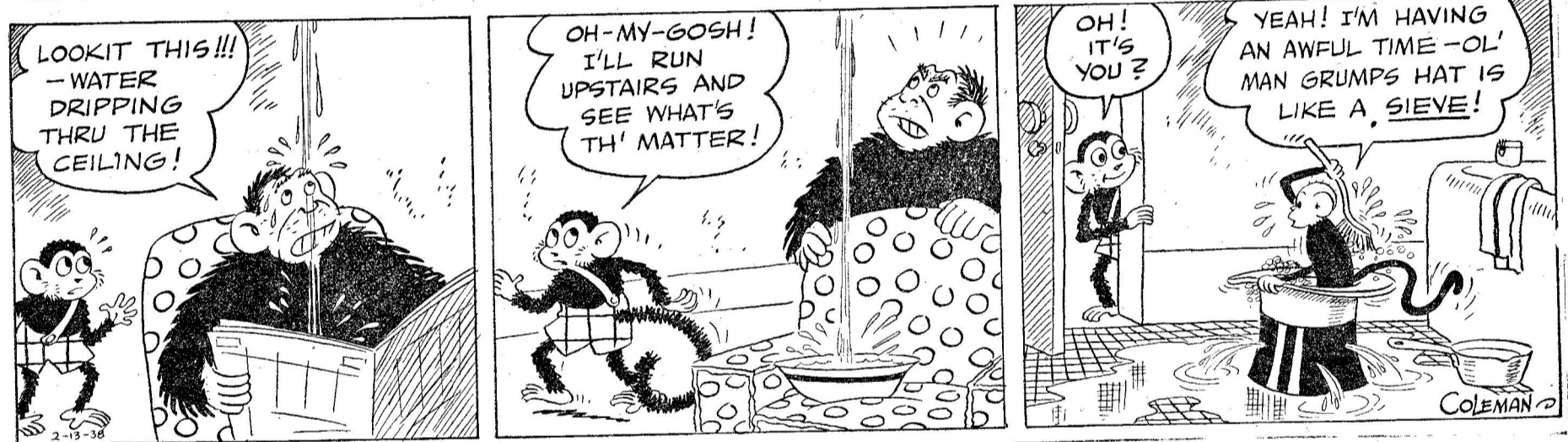
by Del

SIR HOKUS POKUS



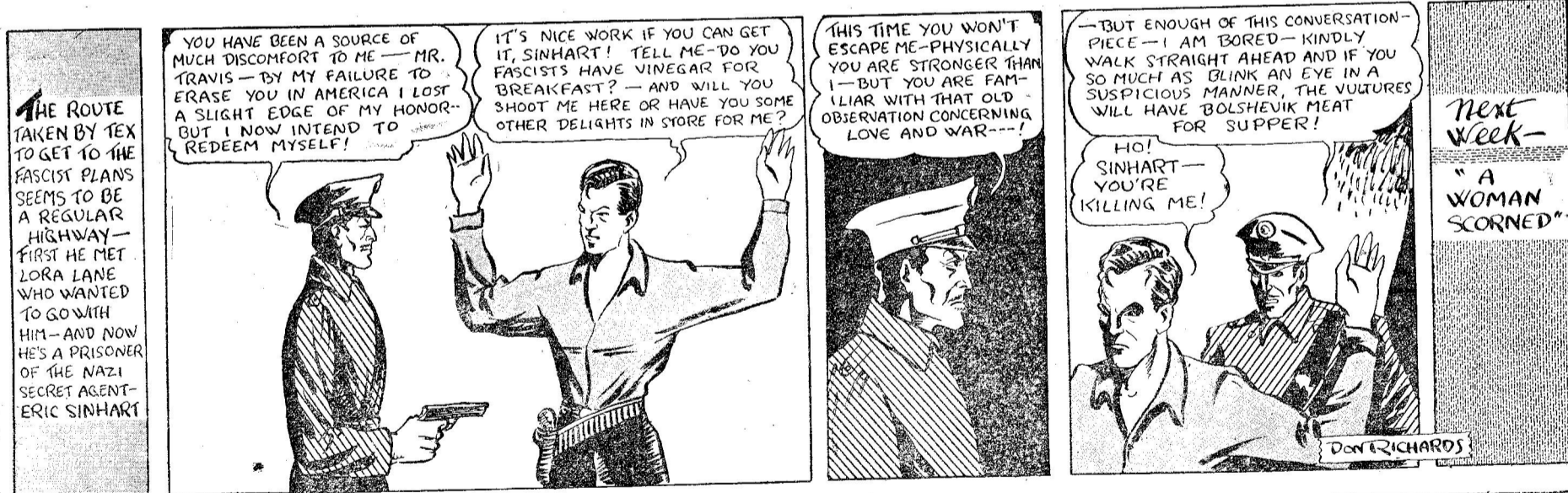
by Somers

MUFFY THE MONK



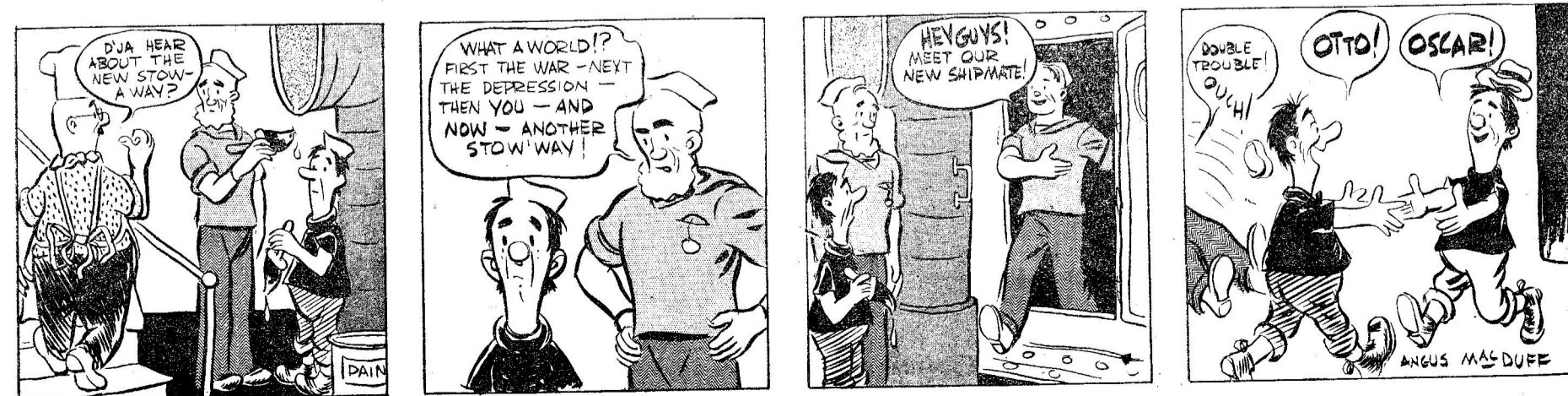
by Coleman

TEX TRAVIS



by Richards

BARNACLE AND THE PINK



by MacDuff

The Daily People's World MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 12, 1938

SECTION TWO



Drawn by FRED ELLIS

"... that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." --- from Lincoln's Gettysburg address

Frisco Joe

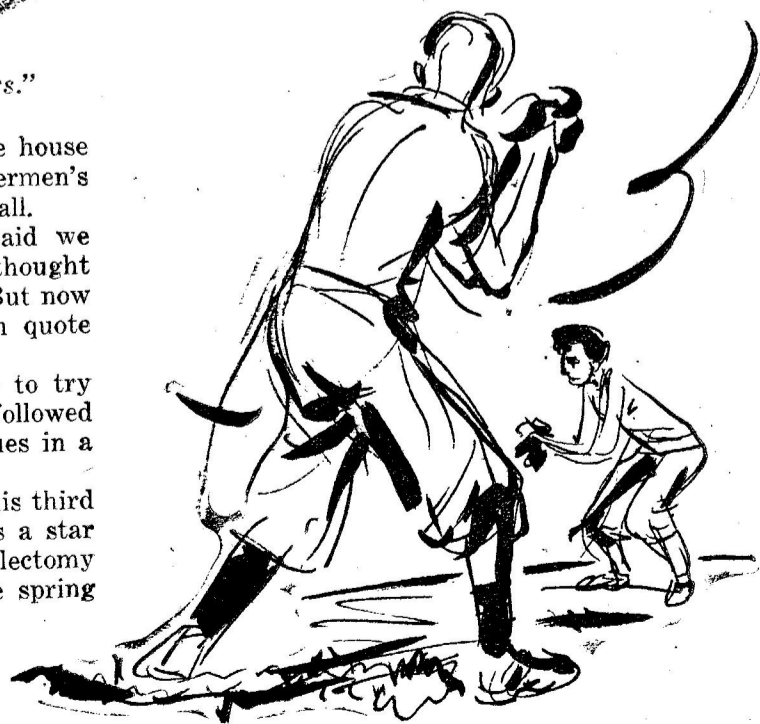
How young DiMaggio came from the waterfront to baseball's top spot in two years

by ROY PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY DIXON



"Last year Joe knocked out 46 homers."



and raised the dickens when we returned to the house about six or seven blocks away from 'Fishermen's Wharf,' and told him we wanted to play baseball. "He thought it was football, and was afraid we were going to get hurt . . . and anyway, he thought there was more money in the fishing business. But now he's glad we went out for the game, and can quote averages with the best of them. "Vince started first, and that inspired me to try my luck," DiMaggio continued, "and Dominick followed shortly afterwards. He'll be in the major leagues in a year or so." Try his luck is right. Joe is only entering his third year as a major league ball player, but he was a star from the outset, despite a burnt instep and tonsillectomy which delayed his start with the Yanks in the spring of 1935.

LAST year Joe knocked out forty-six home runs and was one of the leading batters in

the American League. This year he expects even greater things.

And the Frisco kid is not one of your "Good field—no hit" players. He totes mercury spikes in the outer gardens, and opposing base runners have often asked him to take "the gun" out of his right arm.

Joe is an athletic natural. He does things instinctively that ball players have never tried before.

The first day he wore a Yankee uniform, he pulled a play that still has Manager Joe McCarthy talking.

He was in left field, with one down and Pete Fox, Detroit's speed boy, waiting to scoot home from third base. A medium size fly came out to Joe who circled under it in an odd manner. The ball came down right smack into his bare throwing hand, which was cocked to throw. The amazed Fox heard something whiz over his head as he started for home, and the ball shot into catcher Dickey's mitt for a perfect strike. Fox was out by fifteen feet.

When Joe trotted in to the bench, McCarthy was waiting for him with arms akimbo.

"Where in the world did you ever learn to catch a fly on your throwing hand?" he asked.

"Well," replied Joe casually, "it just seemed like the best way to get the throw off—that's all."

THERE isn't any doubt in Joe's mind as to who will win the American League flag. You guessed it, the Yanks.

"We've got a swell ball club," he declared, the grin on his face growing wider and wider, "a bunch of swell fellows who know how to play the game."

According to DiMag, Lou Gehrig, baseball's "Iron Man," who has held down first base for the Yanks for nearly two thousand consecutive games, is the top man on the team. In fact, they're all stars, he added.

And now the Yankee slugger is champing at the bit, waiting for spring training to get under way on March 1 or thereabouts. He loves baseball and wants every "kid who can to get a chance at the game."

Joe will support anyone who wants to give youngsters an op-

(Continued on Page 9)

JUNIOR AMERICA

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO—
Junior America
50 East 74th Street
New York City

Conducted by
Johnny McGee
and
Mary Morrow



CORKY FIGHTS CITY HALL

Story by
ERIC LUCAS

Pictures by
MARY MORROW

PART ONE

SO you gotta sled—so what!" Corky kicked at a chunk of ice peevishly. "Best sled on the block," said Katie calmly, trying to catch snow flakes on her tongue.

Corky glanced hopelessly round at the tangle of pushcarts, trucks, wagons and bustling people. "Gotta be skinnier'n a worm to bellywhop more'n two inches without gettin' chopped to pieces." He pulled down his cap, hunched his shoulders and started to walk off. "Snow—koloney! Might as well go peddle bananas on your ol' Snow Queen Flyer."

Kate twisted her mouth wryly and sighed. Then she brushed the snow off her braids, tucked them under her tam, and sauntered off towards High Street.

WITH all her pretended calm, Kate felt as miserable as the rest of the gang standing on the top of High Street. Oh, they had their hill alright! Long and smooth, packed with snow—a hill two blocks steep with a happy bump on one side to send your sled flying up into the air. Perfect—if it weren't for trucks, horses and that tall fellow with the brass buttons.

"Snoot" wasn't a really bad cop. It's true his face looked as if all the juice had been squeezed out. Then, too, when he spoke to the kids—and he did it very seldom—he never looked at them.

"Orders is orders," he said, "no sleigh

THE Cop closed the matter by drawing: "Lemme alone—go fight City Hall!" Corky's eyebrows shot up. "Gee whizz!" He waved frantically to the gang. "Come on—we got no time to waste—Rollo, Sandy, Kate, all of you!" Then he turned and stalked off down the street, the rest of the gang following. "Where do you think you're going?" said Kate, calm as ever.



"Where? Huh—we're gonna fight City Hall—that's where!"

WHEN Corky and his friends pushed into the waiting room of the Mayor's office at City Hall, the secretary was bending over to balance a nickel on his top of his desk.

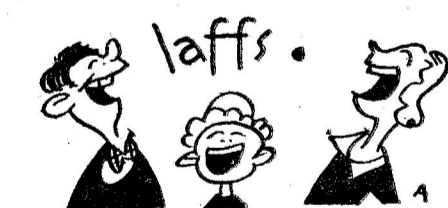
"What's the big idea barging in without knocking?" he shouted. "Way you act ye'd think this wuz a playground."

"Gosh," said Corky advancing, "you'll never balance that nickel on that glass top—why'n't you use your blotter. Here, I'll show you. . . ."

The secretary waved back the kids with a beady glare. "What do you want?"

Kate licked her lips and explained. The secretary frowned and shuffled some papers on his desk as if he were anxious to get back to work. "His Honor, the Mayor," he said slowly, "is not interested in sleigh riding. Good day."

(Does Corky and his gang win their fight with City Hall? This and more next Sunday.)



HERE are a few jokes that have been sent in by readers of the Junior America page. Do you know any good "laffs"? Let's all share them, then, so send them in.

"There goes the guy that all the girls tumble for."

"Yeah, where?"

"Over there, he's the gym instructor."
Peter Mentoni, Buffalo, N. Y.

Son: Granpa, that's a swell moustache but isn't it hard for you to eat soup?
Granpa: Yes, I find it quite a strain.
Meyer Shapiro, New York City

"Listen," said Snoot, "don't bodder me, orders is—"

"Okay. Orders is orders!" snapped Corky. "We live on this here block an' our first order is to make it a play street!"

—Helen Ferich, Meadowlands, Pa.



WAR IN SPAIN

By ELLEN SOSNOW, Age 10

The soldiers' clothes are tattered and torn,
The buildings are shattered to bits;
Broken-hearted mothers wait for their sons,
Who fight in the trenches with shells and guns.
They patiently wait for them to come home,
But whether they will is yet not known.
They hate to be under fascism's rule,
Whose leaders are treacherous, merciless, cruel.
If they were kept off the Spanish ground,
The world's democracy would be safe and sound.



GOOD BOOKS

HAVE you read any of these books? If you haven't you will enjoy some pleasant reading when you do, so try to get them at your local Public Library.

A Norwegian Family, by Marie Hamsun (J. B. Lippincott Co.).

Good Wind and Good Water, by Alice Cushing Gardiner and Nancy Cabot Osborne (Viking Press).

Branches Green, by Rachel Field (Macmillan Co.).

Jimmy the Groceryman, by Jane Miller (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

Farm Boy, by Phil Stong (Doubleday Doran & Co.).

Flash, by Esther Averill (Harrison Smith & Robert Hass).

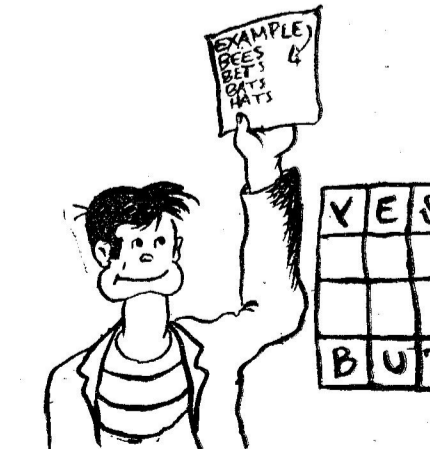
Young Mexico, by Anne Merriam Peck (Robert McBride Co.).



MAGIC

changes are lots of fun, did you ever try one? Well, Pepe is holding an example in his hand so it ought to be easy to solve.

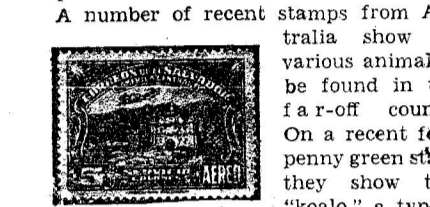
Change one letter at a time, filling in the empty spaces with three letter words, to finally come to "but."



If you aren't a puzzle club member yet, send in the solution (a penny postal will do) and you will receive a membership card.

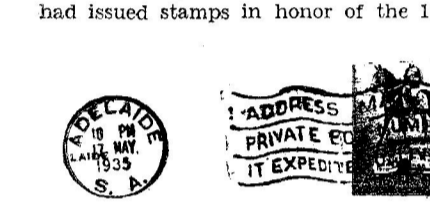


QUITE a few new stamps have been appearing in the last few weeks. A new air mail issue from the Republic of Salvador recently came off the presses; we illustrate the five colonies value. It shows an airplane over the capital of Salvador.



A number of recent stamps from Australia show the various animals to be found in that far-off country. On a recent four-penny green stamp they show the "koala," a type of small bear found in Australia. It is a very strange type of bear, since it exists only on the leaves of eucalyptus trees. While we are on the subject of Australia, here is a new slogan cancellation that speaks for itself.

If you remember, we said a while back that France and some other countries had issued stamps in honor of the 150th



anniversary of the American Constitution. Well, last month Brazil joined the group by printing a 400 reis stamp in a bright blue color.

Norway has issued a 1 kroner green stamp with a new portrait of their king, Haakon VII, in full dress uniform.

The U. S. will soon issue a new five cent piece, showing Jefferson on one side and his home at Monticello, on the other side. The new nickel will appear in place of the present Indian head as soon as the judges select the design.

ODDS AND ENDS

JOHN McCLOSKEY, of New York City, sends in this Costa Rican stamp. It came from a ballot in their 1936 elections. Another type of tax. Have you joined the Stamp Club yet? If you haven't, send in for a membership card right now; be sure to state whether or not you want to correspond with other Stamp Club members. If you have any "queer" stamps, send them in to be chronicled in the Stamp Corner.

LETTERS sent to the following three people were sent back to the Junior America Page by the post office. Please send in your correct address. Ernest Gelman, Beatrice Fogel and L. Partnow.

Simp: We're giving the groom a shower, will you come?

Sap: Sure, I'll bring the soap.
Ben Mulderig, Boston, Mass.

What's your occupation?
I used to be an organist.
Why did you give it up?
My monkey died.
Shirley Abrams, New York City

I had to stay after school because of perseverance, Dad.
What, how did that happen?
I couldn't spell it.
Marjorie Miller, Bayonne, N. J.

COMING NEXT WEEK!

Molly McGuire and her friends will appear each week beginning next week, in a comic strip by Ida Bailey. We have seen the advance printings of it and we can safely promise that it will be interesting and that all the readers of the Junior America Page will enjoy this new member of the Junior America family.

Let's Talk It Over

Julius loves Nora but finds her lack of understanding about unionism unbearable

By MARY MACK

MY STEP-MOTHER, even in the middle fifties with greying hair and skin now drooping with age, is still a handsome woman. She's the sort of person you look at twice and then say, "My, but she must have been a beautiful girl." And she was. I was just a kid when my father married her, yet I still remember her beauty. She had golden hair and blue eyes and a soft milk-white skin. A great contrast to my own young mother who had had such large, flashing black eyes, such full lips always parted in ready laughter, and such dark curly hair.

I remember how my father and my step-mother loved each other, the sly looks they gave one another (when they thought we kids weren't looking). But I remember too the quarrels they had when my father went to meetings at night.

It all comes back so vividly when I read Julius' letter, reproduced below.

Julius asked that I don't print his full name because he is "ashamed" to have his friends know of his troubles at home.

Now I want to help Julius—and I know you do, too. So

I'm going to offer a prize for the letter I receive offering the best solution to his problem. But first read his letter:

DEAR MARY MACK:
As editor of the Woman's Page, I am bringing my troubles to you. I sure hope you can help me because I don't know who else to turn to.

I've been married for a little over 9 years and we have a kid, a girl, almost eight years old. Now, I love my wife and daughter very much. And I feel that my wife also loves me.

But here's my trouble. I'm a union man and I have been one for years. It's in my blood. I serve on committees and am also a member of the League for Peace and Democracy and of the I.W.O.

But Nora wants me to spend the evenings with her. I've tried to get her to go with me but she says she doesn't like meetings—that she can do much better things with her time off from household cares and duties than sitting for hours listening to somebody talk about things she doesn't understand. And Nora does not like me to go, either. Whenever I'd tell her I love her, she'd say that I don't love her, that I love my union and my meetings better.

And this is not all. I've noticed several times that she doesn't watch for union labels. If the grocer is out of union made bread, for instance, she doesn't go next door, but buys a loaf of scab made bread. And the same is true about her laundry. I wouldn't be surprised if she walks through picket lines when I'm not with her because it means nothing to her.

When I try to explain, she gets angry and says it's bad enough I go to meetings all the time, but I don't have to nag her about what she does.

This has been going on for years now but I feel that I simply can't go on the same way any longer. It's just like a stone wall coming up between us. Lately, she hardly speaks to me though she still takes perfect care of the house and my clothes and meals, etc.

Now, I love Nora and I can't even think of leaving her. She is really at heart a good person and a good mother. She is kind and whenever the neighbors are in trouble she is always helping them. And yet, we simply can't seem to get along. Can you tell me what the trouble is?

In reading this letter over, it all seems very hopeless. But I'd appreciate any help you may be able to give me.

JULIUS.

What would you do if you were in Julius' shoes?

For the best letter in answer to the Julius' problem, I'm offering a copy of Anna Louise Strong's famous book, *I CHANGE WORLDS* (retail price \$3.00). So send your letters immediately in order to be eligible for this prize, to Mary Mack, Women's Editor, 35 E. 12th St., New York, N. Y.

Congratulations, CHARLES MAZANEK, for writing the best letter in reply to Anne B.'s problem. Your prize is already in the mails to you.

'Petticoat Insurrection'

Years ago free speech was for white males only, and not for women or Negroes

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

WHEN you stack the supper dishes, tuck the baby in, leave your husband listening to the radio, reading his paper (this one, I hope) and dash off happily to an auxiliary, a union or a lecture—give a moment of silent tribute to some grand fighting women of bygone days.

They made it possible to hold meetings of women, with women speaking and presiding, without a family row or a public commotion. Sure, it was written into the Constitution. The first amendment said "free speech, free press and free assemblage." But that was for white males. Women just didn't count as people, no more than Negroes, who were slaves. A big anti-Negro slavery movement grew all over the world. A convention was held in London in 1840. Two women delegates, Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton went from America.



Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

They were excluded as females, only allowed to sit in the balcony as spectators. These earnest young American women, who were fighting slavery, came back aflame with indignation. They wrote and spoke to other women till they gathered together a Women's Right Convention in Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848. Only one man had the courage to speak at this "gathering"—Frederick Douglass, the great Negro orator, an escaped slave. Their Women's Declaration of Rights, which included political, legal, education and social equality, was the target of editors, preachers and humorists. They were ridiculed like this:

"Gibbering, gibbering, gat, The women held a confab, And demanded the rights To wear the tights Gibber, gibber, gat."

This was particularly silly as many of them were Quakers and wore little bonnets and modest, dark dresses.

Newspaper headlines said, "Reign of Petticoats Demanded!" and "Insurrection Among Women." Some of the pioneers were Mary Lyons, who founded the first college for women (Mt. Holyoke), which was called a "rib factory"; Julia Ward Howe, who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." When Lincoln met her he said, "so you're the woman who wrote the little book that made this big war?"

From 1820 to 1870 there were many "flare-ups and turn-outs" as they called strikes of women. A girl textile worker spoke on a pump in Lowell, Mass. Amesbury, women held a meeting in Baptist vestry to protest doubling the looms.

Susan B. Anthony was conscious of the labor struggle. She called her suffrage paper "The Revolution" and organized the Working Woman's Association.

My mother heard all these famous women's righters speak in Concord, N. Y., before I was born. So I guess it is in my blood to say "Thanks to you, brave old girls, known and unknown, who fought for 'free speech for women.'"

The struggles of labor to organize, of women to gain their rights and the Negro people to be free, have gone hand in hand in American history. It's all one fight for human freedom.

Take a Tip

One of our readers sent in these tasty recipes. How about sending us your favorite dish to be published in this corner?

STEWED LENTILS
1 cup lentils
1 tbs. butter
1 tbs. parsley, chopped
1 ts. salt, 1/2 pepper
1/2 cup milk

Wash lentils, cover with cold water over night. Drain and cover with boiling water. Cook about 1 hour until soft. Drain, put in saucepan with butter, seasoning, parsley and milk. Shake over fire until milk is absorbed.

BUTTERED DRIED LIMA BEANS
2 cups dried limas
1/2 lb. salt pork, fat
1 tbs. butter
salt and pepper to taste
1/2 cup milk

Soak limas over night. When ready to cook, rinse, cook with the pork until tender. Drain, season, add milk. Allow to stand over low heat until absorbed, then add butter and serve.

Understanding Your Child

YOU remember last week we asked parents to write us their problems in bringing their children up with a knowledge of the trade union movement. Here's a letter which we received from one parent:

"I am very much interested in your column and now I need your help. It's about my child. She is now eleven years old and goes to a public school. Since both my husband's trade and my own have been bad lately we have very little money. We live in a middle-class neighborhood and most of her friends come from families that are better off. I always try to see that she dresses as well as the other children.

"Now, here is my problem. She isn't the least bit interested in the workers' movement. Her father and I are both working in industry and we're proud of it, but she acts as if she belonged to another class. Her friends persuaded her to join the Scouts. Now, every week there's some new kind of something she needs. And I have to buy it.

When her father was on strike she was ashamed to have any of her friends know it and she told me her teacher said strikes were not the thing for good Americans. When I try to get her interested in the war in Spain or point out unemployed people, she changes the subject or tells me I'm always talking about that. What she really likes is to go to the movies and I've found her playing "rich lady" with some of her friends, imitating what she has been seeing.

"I've tried every child's book in the Workers Bookshop, but just seeing the cover seems to be enough for her and I always have to return it. When I go to union meetings she gets mad and says I ought to stay home and read to her.

"So there's my problem. Won't you help me? If I thought my daughter was growing up to be a fascist, I just couldn't bear it. What shall I do?"

We invite our readers to write in telling us how you would answer this mother. Perhaps some of you have had the same problem? How did you handle it? We want to open this column to a discussion on this vital subject, which will be again taken up next week.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY BOARD.

COMRADE KITTY

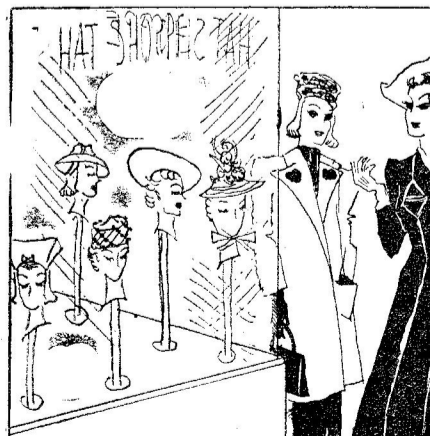
By Mississippi Johnson and Elizabeth



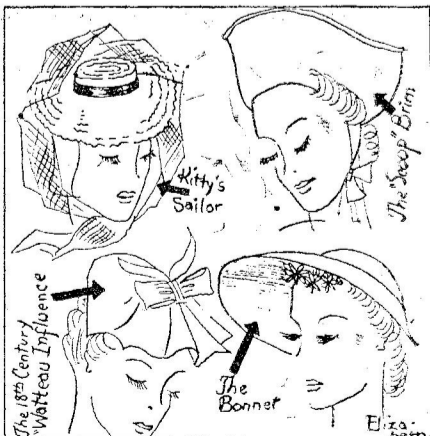
"I suppose," Abby says, "that it's just natural for a girl to want some new clothes about this time of the year, but I don't know what to get . . . actually I don't suppose I really need anything new right now."



"Well," Kitty says, "what you want is a sort of pick-up for the old winter things you've been wearing. With most girls a new hat will do the trick, but I don't know about you. You seem to have enough hats."



"Yeah. Guess I have," Abby admits. "And anyway . . . take a look at this window full. Wouldn't it look silly in the middle with the geraniums piled in the middle. Anybody'd think you were a walking garden."



"Ah now," Kitty says, "they aren't so bad. I could do with that little black sailor with the pink veil, myself. It would certainly be handsome with my black suit and pink blouse. Pink is the news now, too!"

Tom Girdler's Boys

Reactionaries in Congress gang up on the Labor Relations Board



the Labor Board and to amend the Wagner Act so as to pervert its original meaning and intent.

THE Labor Board has long been under attack. Any body devoted to the letter and spirit of an act giving labor the right to organize would be.

During the early months of the board, before the Supreme Court upheld the Wagner Act in the Jones & Laughlin case, it was hamstrung by endless litigation. From August, 1935 to March, 1937, 82 injunction proceedings came up in Federal district courts. Temporary injunctions were granted in 18 cases, and permanent injunctions in two cases. Court decisions did not end the matter. In 23 of 52 decisions denying injunctions, appeals were made. The possibilities of sabotage were endless in those days.

The Supreme Court decision did not, of course, stop the attacks on the board. Some months ago, Senator Nye shot off about the CIO prejudice of the board in a statement handled by the publicity man for Tom Girdler. A mere coincidence, of course, that Little Steel had engaged in a life and death struggle with the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, and was in mortal fear of aggressive action by the board.

With that happy flair for co-operation between capital and labor at which A. F. of L. leaders have of late become so adept, fiery ora-

tions attacking the Labor Board at the Federation's Denver convention gave big business the opening it wanted. Even labor was not satisfied either with the board or the Act.

More recently a number of events have tallied so closely as to resemble the kind of coincidence involved in the Nye blast. A number of bills amending the Wagner Act were introduced in both Houses. The Senate Appropriations Committee has refused to grant the board the \$400,000 increase it needs to carry on its work, and which was requested by the President in his budget message. A resolution by Senator Burke asking for an investigation of the board is being discussed by the Senate Judiciary Committee. Senator Burke told the Senate Committee for two days of the iniquities and sins of the board. Just as he finished, the United States Chamber of Commerce echoed his demand in almost identical language.

The campaign, of which CIO director John Brophy had warned in a letter to all CIO bodies, has obviously begun.

But the bills which have been introduced represent a more permanent program and will undoubtedly be rallying points for reaction during this session of Congress.

Bills introduced in the House by

(Continued on Page 9)

by ADAM LAPIN

Washington.

PUFFING vigorously on his cigar, Senator Vandenberg declared that he is 100 per cent in favor of unions. He has been all his life, he said. He scoffed at the very suggestion that he wants to limit the right to strike, curb labor organizations and destroy the meaning of the National Labor Relations Act.

A hearty smile, a firm, vigorous handshake, another admonition not to forget to say that he is unequivocally for unions, and the friend of auto kings, who aspires to be President of the United States on the Republican ticket, was off.

Now, of course, Vandenberg didn't wait to explain how he could support labor and still be the author of the slickest and most dangerous attempt to knife unionization that has been introduced into the Congress of the United States in recent years.

But, after all, Vandenberg does want to be President, and he does come from Michigan where labor is strong. And that explains many things: why, for example, he says one thing and means another.

VANDBENBERG'S conduct is typical of the concerted big business attack on the rights of labor which is now beginning to assume definite shape and direction in the halls of Congress.

The big boys are worried by the advances made by the labor movement in the past two years. They

are worried because the CIO has been able to organize the open shop untouchables of steel, rubber, auto and other mass production industries. They are worried lest labor will get too strong if it is not crushed soon.

Their objective is to crush the growing trade union movement before it is too late. The method which they ultimately hope to employ is equally plain: it is incorporation of trade unions.

But in pursuing these aims, big business is as tricky and devious as a Vandenberg smile.

In a number of bills already introduced, in statements made by the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers and other employer groups, in scores of editorials, in speeches by reactionary Senators and Representatives, these goals are being pursued.

Always there is subterfuge. High-falutin' phrases about free speech and a free press, the inalienable rights guaranteed in the Constitution, fair play for the business man, the need for union responsibility.

The fact remains. The fundamental rights of labor, as guaranteed in the National Labor Relations Act and protected by an honest and conscientious National Labor Relations Board, are being challenged today as never before in the past years.

The immediate aspirations of the big business attack are to cripple



Above, left: Sen. Vandenberg "points with pride" (to his Wall Street backers) "views with alarm" (the growth of organized labor). Below, right: Sen. Copeland proposes length of club to be used against unionists.

Fighting Statesman

by BEN DAVIS, Jr.

THE "accepted historians" try to make of him a "forgotten man." But he simply won't down.

Orator, statesman, fighter for freedom—and literally, born out of the travail and suffering of his enslaved people—Frederick Douglass shines today as one of the greatest figures in American history. He became the leader and untiring dynamo of the great Abolitionist movement which finally culminated in the Civil War, and broke the shackles of chattel slavery from the necks of an oppressed people.

This month is the anniversary of his birth, and celebrations will take place throughout Negro America in connection with Lincoln's birth anniversary and Negro history week.

Old "Honest Abe" had no more capable friend or adviser than "Fred" Douglass who fought side by side with him against the Southern slave owners, to free the wheels of progress and democracy in America. Douglass recruited among his people for the Union army; used his matchless oratory against Southern reaction on the platform, and traveled at home and abroad to win support for the anti-slavery cause.

Douglass' life was the very embodiment of the revolutionary traditions of the Negro people. He saw that the ending of chattel slavery could be accomplished only through the alliance of his people with all of the progressive and democratic forces of 1860. The necessity of that unity pervaded his speeches—his every move. He knew that this unity was necessary to defeat the reactionary merchants in human souls.

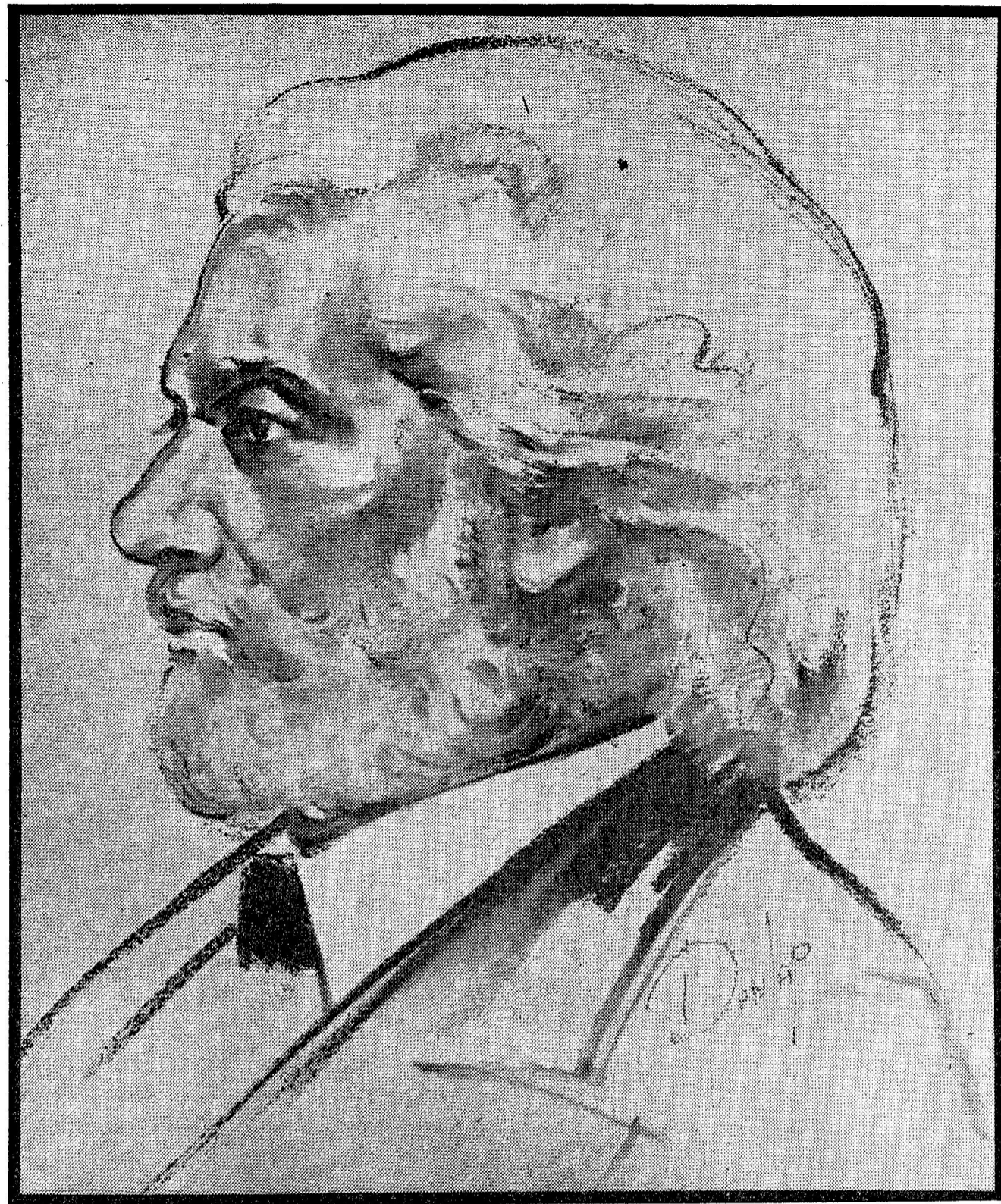
DOUGLASS' camp today would be the workers, sharecroppers and poor farmers, the liberals and progressives, who see in the struggle for Negro rights the path to the preservation and extension of democracy. The slave owners' camp is represented by the Southern landlords and mill owners, the Liberty League Republicans and Democrats but graphically reflected by the Senate filibusterers against the anti-lynching bill and the "unreconstructed rebel" Tories of the South.

The rich fighting traditions which Douglass left to his people account for the efforts of the silk-hatted historians to bury him. It accounts for the slanderous historical distortions of other such militant Negro slave leaders as Nat Turner, Gabriel, Denmark Vesey and Sojourner Truth.

One cannot resist the comparison of love and honor which the great Soviet people give to the Russian Negro poet, Pushkin, while the capitalist historians in America seek to bury Douglass.

For in these traditions the Negro people have fought side by side with their white brothers to free four of the Scottsboro boys, Angelo Herndon and are now sweeping toward a new and brighter day of equality in such progressive movements as the CIO and the National Negro Congress.

DOUGLASS was born a slave on the eastern shore of Maryland, in February, 1817.



DRAWING BY DUNLAP

America observes the anniversary of Frederick Douglass, orator, statesman, leader of his enslaved people

He was one of five children of a slave mother, Harriet Bailey. From the earliest he showed great courage, and risked his life to learn reading, writing and how "to cipher." At 18 he gave a slave "breaker" a thorough licking and had to flee for his life.

It was then that he learned that "men who are whipped easiest are whipped oftenest"—a slogan which he used in exhorting his people to fight against their oppressors.

Three years after his escape he appeared at an anti-slavery mass meeting at Nantucket, Mass., where he spoke. Many of the white Abolitionists were there—Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and others. He made such an indelible impression that he was immediately put on the staff of the anti-slavery society as an organizer.

But before he died he was to play an historical role by leading his people to a progressive stand on virtually every national issue facing the American people in his day.

EVEN as Lincoln, Douglass saw in the United States Supreme Court an enemy of the Negro people and of liberty. He saw the pro-slavery Dred Scott decision (which led to the Civil War) re-enacted by the nine old men when they held the Civil Rights Act "unconstitutional" in 1883. Like President Roosevelt today he recognized that the court was retarding the whole course of democracy and progress in America. He condemned the Supreme Court as a body which "has hauled down the flag of liberty" and warned that the court could expect no respect because "it is the duty of the possessors of power so to use it as to deserve and to insure respect."

Life itself has seen the truth of Douglass' words. The Supreme Court has upheld the jim-crow disfranchisement laws in the Southern states and just recently it gave its blessings to the vicious 75-year sentence against Haywood Patterson, one of the five imprisoned Scottsboro boys. But Douglass always took his cause to the American people in whom he had abiding confidence

(Continued on Page 9)

When Douglass saw the reactionary turn that the Supreme Court was taking, he declared eloquently to the American people:

"Who can blame the Negro if, when he is driven from the ballot box, the jury box and the school house, denied equal rights on railroads and steam boats, compelled to live in rags and wretchedness, and his wages kept back by fraud, denied a fair trial when accused of crime, he shall imitate the example of other oppressed classes and invoke some terrible explosive power as a means of bringing his oppressors to their senses and making them respect the claims of justice?"

Thus he revealed that he saw the oppression of the Negro people as a class question.

UNDOUBTEDLY, Douglass' mention of "oppressed classes" grew in some measure out of the influence the great founder of scientific socialism, Karl Marx. On his trip to England, Douglass, the internationalist, saw that it was Marx who had guided the English working class into a

Tom Girdler's Boys

(Continued from Page 3)

Representative Dies of Texas and by Senator Walsh of Massachusetts in the Senate would require the board to hold elections along craft lines regardless of the desires of the majority of workers in any given plant. By opening up the possibility of inspired by the A. F. of L., would play amending the Wagner Act, these bills, into the hands of big business.

More fundamental are the proposals introduced by Senators Copeland and Vandenberg. Copeland would have all trade unions compelled to incorporate. He is also proposing that all decisions of the Labor Board be subject to re-examination in the courts, thus permitting a process of review which could take years before any decision is reached.

Vandenberg's bill points in the same direction, although it does not declare outright for incorporation. Offered as a series of amendments to the Wagner Act, it would leave nothing but an empty-sounding name.

VANDEBERG is a great humanitarian. His are the ringing, resonant phrases of Tom Girdler, of the Chamber of Commerce and the N.A.M. He is against coercion of workers from any source. Sounds good. But what does it mean?

Simply this. That a hostile court could rule that a leaflet has the effect of coercion. That a picket line could be construed as illegal. That a mass meeting could be declared coercive.

Our knight-errant then proceeds to protect the poor, poor workers who are forced to go out on strike by wicked trade unions. He proposes to ban strikes unless called by a majority of the workers in a particular plant. Now, of course, this is the practice of most unions. What Vandenberg is interested in is something else. How can you tell if a majority favors a strike? The Labor Board must hold a hearing. It must order an election and give down a decision. Only then can the workers strike. The idea is to prohibit the right to strike during months of delay, to take a decisive step toward outlawing strikes completely.

These are perhaps the prettiest features in S. 2712, Vandenberg's baby which is now before the Senate Education and Labor Committee. Other provisions prevent workers who are not citizens from holding office in unions, give employers the right to ask for elections when they think that the union is weak and unprepared, and bar unions from contributing to political organizations, thus hitting directly at Labor's Non-Partisan League.

To enforce these provisions, extensive government supervision and regulation of trade unions would become necessary; important steps to the compulsory arbitration close to the hearts both of Vandenberg and Copeland.



Frisco Joe

(Continued from Page 2)

portunity to bat the ball around and learn the game.

That's the reason he skipped batting practice to throw out the first ball at an International Workers Order tournament in New York last summer.

"There were a lot of kids there . . . playing baseball," Joe said. "That's what I like to see."

THE climate makes playing baseball on the coast much more pleasant than in the Midwest and on the East Coast. "No terrific hot or cold spells to worry about," was Joe's opinion. He had a great time playing for the Frisco Seals. Lefty O'Doul was classed by DiMag as a "swell manager who knows plenty about the game." O'Doul used to play for the New York Giants and Brooklyn Dodgers before taking over the Frisco club.

When asked how long he expected to be playing for the Yanks, Joe thought for a moment and then declared that he ought to be good for another ten years at least. And with Vince going strong in Boston and Dominick on another big league club, it looks like the DiMaggio family will have plenty to say about what happens in the future pennant races.

JOE manages to keep busy during the winter, running his restaurant in San Francisco. It's the spaghetti part of the restaurant that Joe likes most.

Side by Side

(Continued from Page 5)

Though she knew that capture or discovery meant certain death, she joined in the fight to free them from oppression.

Her close association with Mao Tse-tung, in the struggle which followed, blossomed from friendship into love. They were married a year later and in the nine years hence, she has never left his side. She has fought on many battlefields with him, from Kiangsu to Shensi, carrying full grown men to field hospitals from battle lines, nursing the sick, organizing corps of women fighters.

She was at his side on the "long march" of 8,000 miles from South to North China. It was during this long journey by foot that she was injured by a bomb dropped from a government plane. Shrapnel pierced her slender body in twenty places. She recovered, though even to this day she carried bits of shrapnel embedded in her slim young body.

The brave and daring Commander Ho Tze-chun, as she prefers to be called, has served as an inspiration to all of China's women.

BOOKS could be written about the role Chinese women, in every walk of life, are playing in the struggle for the freedom of their country.

Tea parties and mah-jong are completely forgotten. Women spend their days in sewing first aid materials, in rolling bandages, in cutting and folding squares of gauze.

The Y.W.C.A., the W.C.T.U., the Chinese Women's Clubs, the Girl Guides—all have united for one cause. They have contributed thousands of warm sweaters to soldiers, hundreds of thousands of first-aid bandages, food and shelter for wounded soldiers and refugees.

The action of China's women is all the more significant when coupled with the realization that their emancipation from

Fighting Statesmen

(Continued from Page 4)

close solidarity and sympathy with the Negro people and with the Lincoln government. And it was the power of the English working men which kept England from entering the Civil War on the side of the Tory Confederacy.

The breadth of Douglass' statesmanship was revealed also in his clear penetration of the Tory landlords' trick of playing the Negroes against the "poor whites" of the South.

Exhibiting his indomitable courage, he stated in a White House conference with Lincoln's reactionary successor, Andrew Johnson:

"Let the Negro once understand that he has an organic right to vote, and he will raise up a party in the Southern states among the poor, who will rally with him. There is this conflict between the wealthy slave owner and the poor man."

"The hostility between the whites and blacks of the South is easily explained. It has its roots and sap in the relation of slavery, and was incited on both sides by the cunning of the slave masters. Those masters secured their ascendancy over both the poor whites and blacks by putting enmity between them. They divided both to conquer each. The cause of this hatred removed, the effect must be removed also."

THE development of a progressive movement in the deep South today bears out these sterling words of Douglass and is manifest in the unity of Negro and white in the CIO, in the sharecroppers' movement, the Farmers Union which are bringing forth New Deal progressives in the Southern Democratic Party.

After the Emancipation Proclamation, Douglass continued his brilliant activities to make the Negro's freedom real. Once he took up the cudgels against his fellow Abolitionist Garrison, when Garrison declared that "it is not practicable" to give a people so close to slavery immediate "political equality."

Douglass then broke with Garrison, who was editor and publisher of the "Liberator," and started his own newspaper based upon his own uncompromising principle: "I am for the 'immediate, unconditional and universal' enfranchisement of the black man, in every state in the Union. Without this his liberty is a mockery."

THE great Negro leader was also an ardent advocate of political as well as economic action by Negro labor. To the Colored National Labor Union, which was headed by Isaac Meyers, the first outstanding Negro labor leader, he wrote in 1870 that "Negro labor could achieve its end only by political action." (Black Reconstruction, by W. E. B. Du Bois, p. 367.) Of course, he exhorted the Negro workers to join the Republican Party, which was then the Party of the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments and which had not yet fully revealed the course which was to make it the party of the Liberty League and Hearst in 1936.

Douglass' magnificent battles for the freedom of his people, his inseparable union with the forces of progress and democracy, his castigation of the Supreme Court, his clear-headed advocacy of the unity of the Negro people with the oppressed whites, stamp him as a true son of the Negro people and of the democratic American people as well.

These are the real traditions which burn deeply in the breast of the Negro people. And it is these traditions out of which sprang the present-day National Negro Congress, with its militant all-inclusive program for Negro rights.

While showing to the democratic white people that they must fight for Negro rights in their own interest, Douglass' life was a decisive refutation of misguided Negro nationalism that the Negro people must "isolate themselves from all whites" to achieve their freedom.

Douglass held a number of governmental posts, such as Recorder of Deeds and Minister to Haiti. In 1872 he was candidate for Vice-President of the United States on the ticket of the Equal Rights Party. Since that day the only Negro to have been chosen for this honor, is James W. Ford, outstanding leader of his people, who was the Communist vice-presidential candidate in 1932 and 1936. Ford constantly refers to Douglass' life as an inspiration to his people.

Douglass died in 1895. But the fighting traditions of his life live. And they belong with the American people's Front—the developing national Farmer-Labor Party—as to the Negro people.

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Ishigaki, well-known artist who illustrated the article on China's fighting women, is one of the many Japanese-Americans who are doing their bit in this country to defeat Emperor Hiroto and his militarists.

Other contributors: Roy Parker, New York baseball writer and well-known in the labor sports movement. . . . Ben Davis, Jr., former star Negro tackle for Amherst College, is a well-known journalist and lawyer. . . . he was Angelo Herndon's first trial attorney. . . . born and raised in Atlanta, Ga. . . . Adam Lapin is our magazine's Washington correspondent, and Mary Mack, editor of the woman's page. . . . Francis Franklin, graduate of the University of Richmond, comes from an old Southern family and has contributed numerous authoritative articles on that region of the country to various papers and magazines.

A Castle for Sale



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DUGAN

a short story

by ED ROBBIN

A SIGN on the front of the new house said "Open for Inspection." Rudy and Laura walked in followed by the agent. It was a brand new five-room Spanish stucco.

"This front room is rather nice. I like the exposure," said Laura looking around appraisingly.

"No fireplace though." Laura walked through the house counting the closets. The bedrooms were small.

The agent stood over by the door looking through his notebook. Laura and Rudy met in the patio coming through different doors.

"This would make a nice chicken coop," said Rudy in a low voice.

"Don't be silly," Laura giggled. "We could sit out here and rub noses in the sunlight every morning."

"It's such fun looking for a house. I'll tell you the truth, Rudy. I've dreamed of owning our own house."

In the house Rudy examined the woodwork. "Built rather cheaply," he remarked to the agent. "They sure throw these things together in a hurry."

"Well, it's true. Why should I try to tell you something when you know better. You get what you pay for in a house," said the agent complacently. He was a round-faced, good-natured man of about forty.

IT'S such a job finding what you want," said Rudy as they walked out. "We've been looking for weeks, haven't we, honey? I'll tell you one thing. We're determined to buy a house. Rents are just too high. But we want something we can settle down and live in."

"Well, folks, no use buying unless you really get something that suits you. I never try to high-pressure anybody into anything. I get along nice and comfortable and I like to see everybody happy."

"I'm happy. Are you happy, Laura?"

Laura pinched Rudy affection-

ately as they got in the car. They drove around all afternoon looking at houses. They stopped to buy chocolate ice cream bars from a vendor.

It was a fine sunny afternoon. Everything but house-hunting was forgotten. Each new house they came to they tried to imagine living in. Laura even thought to set aside one room for a nursery, though goodness knows they had long ago decided not to have a baby. Of course, she didn't say anything about it out loud but as she stood in each little sunlit room where in her mind's eye she had set the crib and all the little white things

that go in a nursery, she felt like purring.

LATE in the afternoon the agent drove up to a house on a low hilltop. Laura looked at the house and at once she turned to the agent in alarm. It was as though he had purposely saved this for the last. It was a low rambling English house, about five years old. Just old enough to be seasoned like a good pipe that has been sweetened with use. It looked out over the Santa Monica hills and down to the sea.

Rudy and Laura looked at the house from the outside lawn in

silence. Laura seemed afraid to go in, but finally she followed the men.

Large living room with bay windows and fireplace. Hardwood floors and the effect of rafters on the ceilings. A two-step rise to the dinette. A fine simplicity and warm homeliness. Laura walked around the house, from room to room and back again. This was her house. This was built for her life, it was part of her fibre. She knew exactly where each piece of furniture belonged. The house was warm to her flesh and nostrils.

Rudy, sensitive to her mood, hardly dared move through the house. He, too, felt the kinship. This was the kind of house he had so often described to Laura. He had built it for her, the red bricks, the rambling low-ceilinged room, the odd little den in the back. He avoided her eyes.

THEY left the house. The agent could not understand their silence. Briefly he restated the price and terms which were reasonable. He outlined how easy it would be to own as he drove them to their apartment house.

They promised to let him know soon. They climbed up the two flights to their kitchenette apartment. It was darkening but they did not turn on the light. Laura sat down on the couch with her chin in her hands. Rudy fingered a piece of paper that lay on the table.

"If we don't get that rent check tomorrow I'll have to go down to the relief office," he said. "They'll dump us out of here."

"Yes."

"That was a hell of an idea for a Sunday outing, Laura. I'm sorry."

"That's all right," said Laura. She got up slowly and turned on the light.

Food for Thought

by J. B. S. HALDANE

MEN, women and children need food for a variety of reasons. The purposes which food serves may be classed as fuel, growth and repair. Some foods can only serve for one purpose, some for all three.

The simplest requirement is fuel. In order to produce work or heat, a man needs fuel, like a steam engine. Most plants and a few animals need a chemical source. None can use electrical energy. And none get energy from any immaterial origin.

If you put a man in a calorimeter and leave him there for some days on a diet which keeps his weight just steady, the amount of heat that he produces is just the same as the amount which would be got if his food were burned, when allowance is made for the fact that some food is excreted unchanged or partly changed.

To be quite accurate, the observed and calculated heat production in a good experiment agree to within one part in five hundred.

If the man works, ten or even twenty per cent of the energy in the food may appear as work. Animals give similar results.

A STEAM engine or a gasoline motor is a heat engine. All the energy of the fuel is converted into heat, and then some of the heat is converted back into work. Hence an engine can use a great variety of fuels.

But an animal is not a heat engine. Some of the energy developed from the union of the food eaten and the oxygen breathed is converted directly into muscular work, as the chemical energy stored in an electrical battery can be converted into mechanical work without passing through the form of heat.

This transformation is a regulated process. There are dozens of intermediate stages in the oxidation of sugar to carbon dioxide and water. Each intermediate can only be oxidized further if united with a special kind of protein found in the living cells.

These proteins are called oxidases. Hundreds of different substances which act in this way have now been isolated, and it is clear that the apparently formless slime found in cells, which used to be described summarily as protoplasm, is an organization of many different sorts of chemical molecules.

The chemical substances which

we can use as fuel fall into three groups. The carbohydrates include sugars, and also substances such as starch and insulin (the starch-like substance in artichokes) which change into sugar on digestion. The fats, and most animal and vegetable oils, are an even better source of energy per ounce, although not per pennyworth. Finally the proteins, such as make up most of the dry weight of meat, cheese and egg-white, can be used either for fuel or growth.

A few other substances, such as alcohol, can be used as a source of heat, though probably not of work. The energy or fuel value of foods is easily found, and the number of calories per penny calculated. Among the cheapest energy sources are sugar (720 calories per penny), oatmeal (420 calories per penny), white bread (530 calories) and lard (580 calories).

A man doing light work needs about 2,500 calories per day. Those doing heavy work may need over twice as much. In Britain (though not in China, India or Spain) most people get sufficient fuel value in their diet, though many do not get it in the most digestible form, nor do they get food which is adequate from other points of view.

Side by Side

In war-torn China, maidens with peach-blossom skins and warm, slanting, dark eyes fight alongside their men for their country's freedom

by MARY MACK

DEEP in the regions of the Shansi mountains, slim Chinese girls fight side by side with their menfolk in guerrilla warfare against the invading Japanese troops. Peasant women carry heavy loads of food and supplies from the immediate rear to the soldiers on the front lines. Maidens with "peach blossom" skins and warm slanting dark eyes brave death and maiming, traveling through raining bombs and bursting shells to bring clothing and comforts to soldiers in action.

Behind the lines, Chinese women doctors and nurses remain at their posts while shot and shell reduce their quarters to masses of ruins.

Throughout war-torn China, Chinese women are busily engaged night and day for the comfort and relief of both soldiers and refugees. Women and young girls have been "killed in action" on the battlefields, beside operating tables in hospitals and cots, in bombed first-aid stations and on Red Cross ambulances, while heroically serving their country.

It isn't so many years since modern nursing has been introduced into China and only just recently have Chinese girls begun to nurse men patients. Nursing was purely western in background and outlook. Even Red Cross nursing as understood in other countries, was unknown until this year.

But today Chinese women are making history. They are proving to the world their courage, their perseverance, their adaptability.

During the Shanghai raids,

many babies were born in the streets. Often the mother died or the babies died and the mothers were dangerously ill as the result of flight, fear and malnutrition. And there were only untrained Chinese women to care for them. But they swung into action undauntedly.

When forced to evacuate, they have taken their patients along too. They have gone into the front line with relief units to pick up the wounded. Air raids, bursting bombs, exploding shells didn't stop them.

EVEN China's cabaret girls are doing their part in her struggle for freedom.

Exploited in normal times, war conditions found their burden doubly heavy. They were thrown out of employment—thousands were left without even the meagre security they once had. Criticized by the government, frowned on by society, socially disowned, yet they rallied to their country's cause.

Unable to shoulder arms, the Chinese dance hall girls banded together and formed the Taxi Dancers' National Salvation Association. Many cabaret owners were compelled by these organized dancing hostesses to convert their establishments into hospitals for wounded soldiers. Later, when countless thousands of refugees thronged the streets, the organization persuaded many cabaret owners to open their doors to shelter these homeless refugees.

Slender, bobbed-haired dance hostesses lost no time in engaging in war relief work. Many joined relief organizations and went about the business of ministering to the wounded. Others prepared bandages and comfort kits for the men at front and in hospitals. Still others engaged in collecting donations for the destitute refugees who thronged the streets, hungry, unable to find food or shelter.

One daring dancing queen even captured a traitor.

Liu Chi-chow is a beautiful girl



ILLUSTRATED BY THE JAPANESE ARTIST ISHIGAKI

employed at a leading Chinese cabaret as a "wu niu," or taxi dancer. One evening she was approached by Ong, who described himself as a sort of liaison officer of the Chinese Government.

He showered the lovely dancing girl with attention, flowers and presents. But she'd send his flowers and presents to the hospitals for wounded soldiers.

After a few nights of attention to the girl, the self-described officer openly asked her if she would like to earn a handsome sum of money in the pay of the Japanese.

The clever girl, with a view of trapping Ong, agreed. Ong proposed to send her to Nanking, where she would be required to seek the company of Government officials and employes and try to get military secrets from them.

Liu Chi-chow arranged for Ong to meet her the following day to supply her with money and certain names.

She also arranged for three Chinese detectives of Nantao to secret themselves at the meeting place and listen to their conversation. The detectives heard Ong's instructions to the girl and saw him pass her a roll of banknotes. With this evidence it was an easy matter to capture Ong and convict him.

KANG KE-CH'ING, better known as Mrs. Chu Teh, wife of the Commander-in-Chief of the Eighth Route Army, began life as a peasant girl of a family so destitute that she could not be fed at home. Her parents rented her out in the small village of Wanan, Kiangsi as a servant, cow-herder and cook. Slavery and drudgery became her life.

She had never been out of her native village, could not read nor write a single Chinese character, yet Kang Ke-ch'ing knew there must be a broader horizon to life, and the peasant girl was determined to fight for it and for the rights of her equally oppressed sisters-in-slavery.

She organized the Women Vanguards of her district, becoming a director of the Women's Revolutionary Society. She had many bitter experiences, including imprisonment, but nothing daunted her. Finally she had more than 3,000 women organized. They armed themselves with everything they could put their hands on, from rifles to pots and joined Mao and Chu when they appeared in that district in 1928.

She married Chu Teh shortly thereafter.

During the first and second expedition of the Nanking troops against the Red Army, Mrs. Chu was in command of the Headquarters and Communications Guards, also finding time to organize 200 women cadres, many of whom became officers in the two battalions of Women Vanguards which defeated and disarmed a brigade of provincial troops in Szechuan.

During the twelve years of political struggle and armed warfare by the side of her famous husband, she developed from a simple peasant girl to a teacher of political science in the Yennan Red Army schools and teacher of military science to the Women Vanguards.

Now, at 26, she is with the Eighth Route Army in Shansi, participating in the guerrilla warfare being waged against the Japanese invaders.

FOR ten years now Madame Mao-Tse-tung, wife of the Chief of the Soviet Military Council, has worn only the simple uniform of the Red Army, the guns strapped around her slender waist, heavier than her own weight.

This ex-farm girl, the daughter of a small landlord who went bankrupt in the 1911 revolution, was born twenty-eight years ago in Yungshan, Kiangsi.

At seventeen, when only a shy and fragile young girl, Ho Tzechun could not longer bear to witness the suffering of her people

(Continued on Page 9)



CHILD of the Union, whose free institutions he fought to preserve. Abraham Lincoln was born in the South, and lived and worked in what was in his day the Northwest. His grandparents had lived in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley of Virginia—staunch and sturdy farmers and Baptists. A friend of Daniel Boone, Lincoln's grandfather had journeyed with his family over the long trail through Cumberland Gap to the hill country near Hodgenville, Kentucky.

The first seven—and, the most impressionable—years of his life, young Abraham spent in the hill country of Kentucky. And all during his youth in Indiana, he sang and heard those lovely old English songs and ballads of the Southern Highlands. Like a true folk-troubadour, Lincoln in his youth composed poems and ballads of his own upon such occasions as weddings, violent deaths and the like.

Thus, Lincoln, who continued the traditions of the revolutionary founders of American democracy by fighting to preserve the Republic, was himself a *Southerner*, of old Virginia stock, and nurtured in the folk traditions of the Southern Appalachians. Throughout his entire life, he continued to represent the interests of the Southern people as well as of the Northern people. For Lincoln did not spring from the small oligarchy of Southern bourbons, but from that hardy breed of poor toiling farmers of the Southern mountains, who always hated slavery and who always gave support to the Union.

It was this "free population" which caused West Virginia to "secede" from Virginia, in order to support the Union; which caused Kentucky and East Tennessee to vote support for the Union and which produced similar tendencies in Western North Carolina, Northeastern Georgia, Northern Alabama, and elsewhere.

It was these same hardy mountain people who helped to create that vast popular movement in American history known as Jacksonian democracy. Andrew Jackson—another Southerner, representative of the free, independent small farmers of Tennessee—was elected to the presidency when Lincoln was a lad of nineteen; and the young Lincoln was deeply impressed with the popular movement which had borne a man of the people to the highest office of the land in spite of all the calumnies of the small group of arrogant Tories, the same class who had with equal fury attacked that earlier revolutionary democrat of Virginia, Thomas Jefferson.

LINCOLN embodied the noblest elements of frontier democracy. Born in a log-cabin of dirt floor, he was ever a "son of toil," as was the honorable title given him by Marx. As a boy, he walked nine miles to school. He farmed, fished, hunted, worked as a hired hand, split rails, twice piloted a boat down the Mississippi and round the bend to New Orleans, worked in a store, peddled goods. Always he was fired with a zeal for knowledge, and set the most inspiring example of self-study.

Life in those days in the prairie "back country" was raw and elemental, and books were almost unknown luxuries. Yet the young Abe knew that locked in their secret depths lay treasures. He would walk ten miles to borrow a book, and declared that the greatest favor a man could grant was to lend him a book. He pored over the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, the life of Benjamin Franklin, statute books of Indiana, whatever was accessible. From the speeches of Jefferson, he learned much of the principles of revolutionary democracy, which later his life was to expound so clearly.

While the great democrat, Jefferson, as spokesman for the people, was still a polished gentleman, nurtured in the revolutionary theory of eighteenth century Europe, Jackson and Lincoln were popular democrats of a more homespun variety, who had applied Jeffersonian democracy to the conditions of the frontier. This was in the day when America had passed from the period when world commerce was its main business to the period of internal development. To Jackson and Lincoln belonged the rugged frontier tradition of Mark Twain and Walt Whitman.

BY THE time Lincoln's family migrated from Kentucky to Southern Indiana, whose inhabitants came mainly from Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee, fully half of the population of his country consisted of Negro slaves. Thus Lincoln in his childhood felt the influence

"A New Birth of Freedom"

Native of the Southern mountains and Northern prairies, Abraham Lincoln fought for a united nation and for the freedom of the Negro people

by FRANCIS FRANKLIN



DRAWING BY DUNLAP

of slavery as only a Southern "poor white" could feel it. It was his people who had been forced to leave the fertile soil of the lowlands, entirely controlled by slavery, for the hills and wilderness, which they as pioneers opened for future development. At the age of nineteen, when he piloted a flatboat down the Father of Waters through the Far South to New Orleans, he saw slavery at its worst, saw with his own eyes the horror of the auction block.

The revolt of the Confederacy was a blow aimed at the entire American people. The 300,000 slave-owners, who held the whole South under their whip-lashes, had sought, by a whole series of acts, to enslave the entire Republic. The slave-system depended for its very existence upon the constant expansion of its territory, because methods of production under slavery led to wanton wasting of the soil and because the constant increase in the number of slaves led to a demand for new territory to which the ever-increasing slave population could be sold.

This desire for new territory had thrust upon the people the Mexican War, which led to the conquest of about half of Mexico; and, prior to 1861, was leading to grandiose schemes for conquering more territory in Mexico, the West Indies, and even the Amazon Valley. This same desire led to efforts to extend slavery into the American territories. When territories became states, the battle as to whether they should become free or slave states became a political battle over whether the free or slave states should have a majority of votes in the Senate and thus dominate the nation in the interest of their respective systems.

By a series of acts, the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the Dred

scott decision, etc.—the slave-owners broke down the original boundaries set to slavery, reopened the slave-traffic, imposed slavery by trickery and force of arms on territories whose populations were against it, and declared it legal for a man to take his slaves *anywhere* in the Union.

The slave-owners were also beginning to advance the theory that the employers in the North would have to learn the "superiority" of slave-labor over free labor in the factories. Their views on race were leading to specu-

lations on the "natural inferiority" of the "foreign" German and Irish workers in the North. The Confederate Revolt thus threatened to substitute slavery for free labor throughout the entire Union.

The manner in which the share-cropping system in the Cotton Belt has enmeshed the poor whites as well as the Negroes since the end of Reconstruction, shows how, with even the limited degree of power left to them, the Southern landlords have applied their system of virtual slavery to all labor, white as well as black. Today, although the Negro people form a majority of the population in one part of the Cotton Belt, viz. the Black Belt, two-thirds of the sharecroppers in the Cotton Belt as a whole are white. While the system of national oppression under which the Negro people suffer indicates that the Negro people have a special task of national liberation, the problem of emancipation from the stultifying oppression of farm tenancy is a common problem of both Negro and white people on the old worn-out plantations.

The Confederacy claimed for itself not only the states which had voted for secession, but also all the border states, some of which had voted to remain in the Union. By force of arms, it sought to violate the popular will by forcing secession on those Southern states which sought to remain in the Union. It claimed as its own Maryland, Delaware, Missouri, and all the Southwest as far as the Pacific—in other words, fully two-thirds of the nation.

THE acts of secession were not carried out by the will of the Southern people. The Confederate Constitution, adopted by the rebel slave-owners at Montgomery, openly based itself upon slavery, and wiped out the last traces of those principles of democracy upon which Jefferson, Henry, and others had sought to found America. The Confederacy, from the very outset, was on the offensive against the Union. At the mo-

ment when the 300,000 slave owners lost political power, as a result of the growth of the Northwest and the establishment of economic ties between the latter and the industrial North; the slave holders had no more need of the Union, which only hampered their efforts at unlimited expansion. Secession was merely the first step in an offensive which had as its real aim the "reorganization" of the Union upon the basis of slavery as a means of further expansion to the West and South.

The Civil War was a battle to decide whether the system of free labor should prevail or whether chattle slavery should engulf the New World in its monstrous tentacles. In that combat, labor and all that was progressive throughout the world was on the side of the Federal government; while the Tories, Czars and all the feudal reactionaries of old Europe were on the side of the slave-holding gentry of the Confederacy.

In this battle, the Negro people played an heroic role. Two hundred thousand freed men fought in the front ranks of the Federal army. Others gave unstinted aid in the production and conveyance of needed supplies. After the defeat of the slave-power, the Negro people were in the forefront of the democratic movement which spread throughout the entire South.

THE laws passed by the Reconstruction legislatures, on whose benches sat poor Negro and white farmers, laborers and professional men, were among the most progressive ever passed in America. It was these legislatures which laid the foundations for free public education in the South. Thus, the Negro people gave incalculable aid in carrying forward the whole country on a democratic path. Today, the complete liberation of the Negro people must form an integral part of the general progressive movement throughout the country.

The revolt of the Confederacy bore many similarities to the present revolt of Franco against the free democratic government of Spain. In both instances, the revolt was engineered by an handful of all that was reactionary against the popular will. Both have sought to impose upon a progressive people old outworn social relationships, hanging over from the days of slave or serf labor.

Just as international revolutionists from old Europe came to our country during our Civil War to fight for the freedom of America in the interest of the freedom of labor throughout the world; so today heroes from America and every land are giving their lives for the freedom of

The international aspect of the conflict in Spain today is revealed not only by the aid given Franco by Hitler and Mussolini and by the Berlin-Rome-Tokio pact, but by the actions of the Sixty Families in our own country. News has come of the first emergency into the open of armed fascist rebellion against the People's Front government in the northern provinces of Mexico. These fascist plans for insurrection in Mexico are being given full support by our financial barons.

At the same time, we are in our own country rapidly rushing toward a crisis similar to that of 1861. The insurrectionary talk of the Sixty Families against the Roosevelt administration; the economic sabotage of the Sixty Families during the grave period of economic recession we are now entering, as a means of discrediting Roosevelt and organized labor, are indications that we face a revolt of the Sixty Families against American democracy.

WHEN members of the government make speeches like those of Jackson and Ickes in recent weeks, the gravity of the situation becomes clear to everyone. This time, the danger of revolt against the Republic does not come from the South, but primarily from Wall Street, the center of finance capital, although in its domination of the entire nation, Wall Street has its agents in every region of the country.

The popular forces gathering around Roosevelt and the growing American labor movement are democratic mass movements continuing the tradition of similar popular movements led by Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln. Jacksonian democracy and the people's movement rallying around the Federal government at the time of the Civil War were forerunners of the American People's Front, which we now see in process of birth. As in Lincoln's day, a new political realignment had to be made, in order to meet the crisis; so today life is necessitating those political realignments which we see taking shape before our eyes.

The Republican Party, fathered by Lincoln as a party of progressive democracy, has long since abandoned the principles of Lincoln, and in becoming the party supported by the Liberty League, has become an instrument which the Sixty Families hope to use to negate everything for which Lincoln lived.

IN THE South, from which Lincoln sprang and which he sought to save from the oligarchy of 300,000 plantation owners, where a great democratic movement arose during Reconstruction, we are again seeing the emergence of a progressive people's movement. The Southern people have gone on record in the Gallup Poll and elsewhere for the Federal anti-lynching bill in order to remove the shame of lynching forever from their states. They are beginning to repudiate the agents of Wall Street, who have been falsely claiming to represent the South in Congress. They are throwing out the Talmadges and Heflins and turning increasingly to men of the progressive character of Maury Maverick.

Lincoln may have hesitated at times in applying firm blows at the slave-power, because of his desire to win over allies among the Southern states; but in the end, he was always single-minded in his unswerving devotion to the cause of progress. He did not weaken at the decisive moment in proclaiming emancipation of the slaves, in rallying the freedmen against the Confederacy and in carrying out stern repression of slave-owning insurgents.

The forces in the developing people's movement today must be just as firm in taking decisive action against the efforts of the Sixty Families to undermine our democracy. Those forces must learn that the best defense of democracy is an offensive against the powerful anti-democratic minority—an offensive which will broaden and extend the democracy we now have.

Just as Lincoln recognized that "nations do not live for themselves alone," so today, the democratic movement of the American people must recognize that if we are to achieve and maintain security and democracy in America, we must at the same time join forces with all the democratic nations of the world to curb the aggressions of international fascism, now threatening to engulf the whole world in bloodshed. The battle for security and freedom at home is inseparable from the battle for the peace of the world as a whole.

Our old frontier democracy of Jackson and Lincoln must today, in the manner outlined by President Roosevelt in his Chicago speech, assert itself on the world-frontier in behalf of international peace.



DRAWING BY BONNELL

ment when the 300,000 slave owners lost political power, as a result of the growth of the Northwest and the establishment of economic ties between the latter and the industrial North; the slave holders had no more need of the Union, which only hampered their efforts at unlimited expansion. Secession was merely the first step in an offensive which had as its real aim the "reorganization" of the Union upon the basis of slavery as a means of further expansion to the West and South.

Spain in behalf of the world-wide fight to defend democracy from the threat of international fascism. What could be more fitting than that our American heroes in Spain should fight under the name of that great American "Son of Toil," Abraham Lincoln! Just as Lincoln led our people in the fight which prevented in our country such a regime of reaction as the fascists today seek to impose on Spain, so the Abraham Lincoln Battalion is now fighting truly in the spirit of the "Great Emancipator."