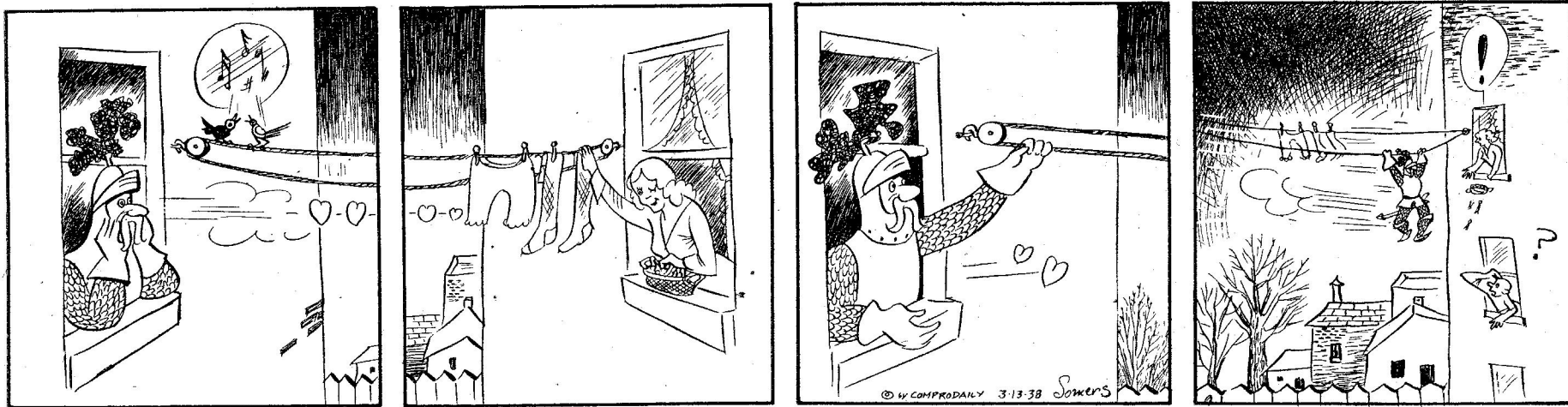


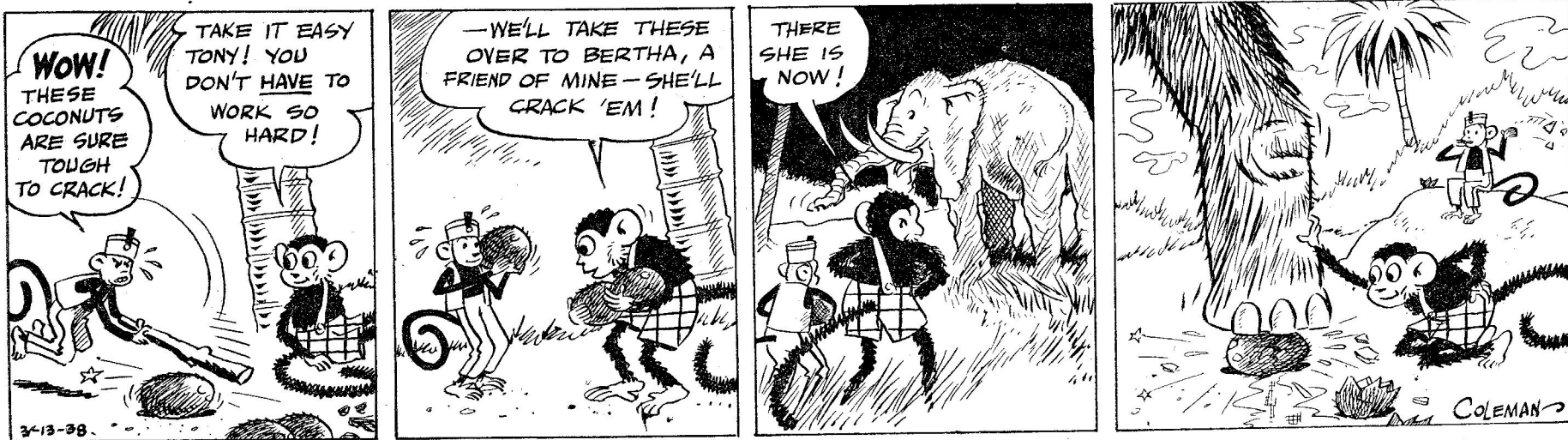
SIR HOKUS POKUS

by Somers



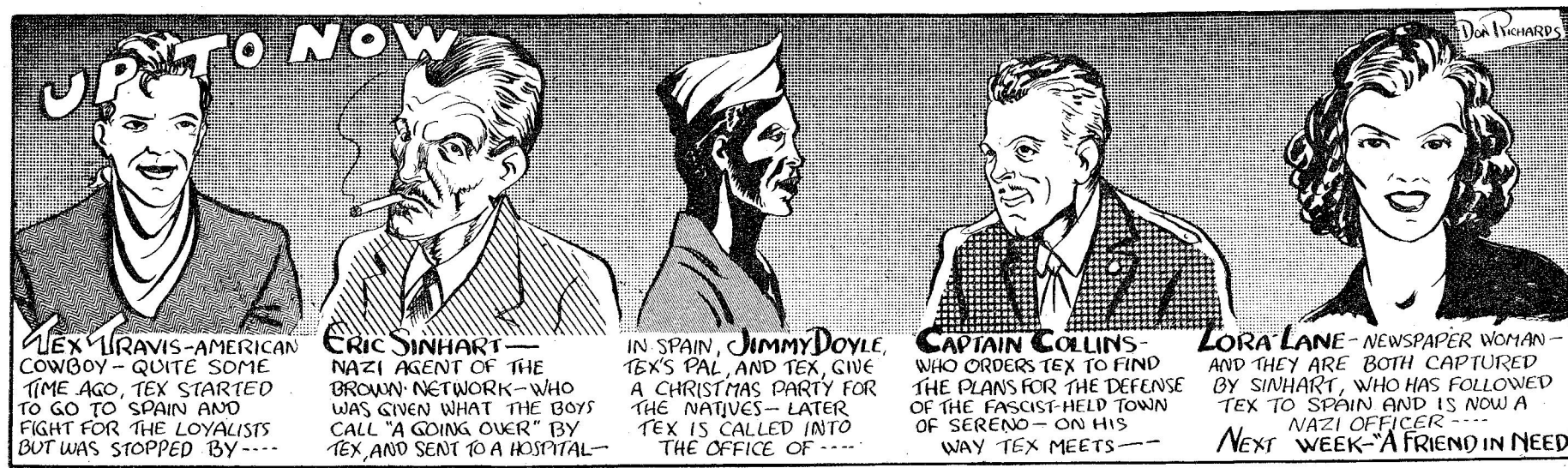
MUFFY THE MONK

by Coleman



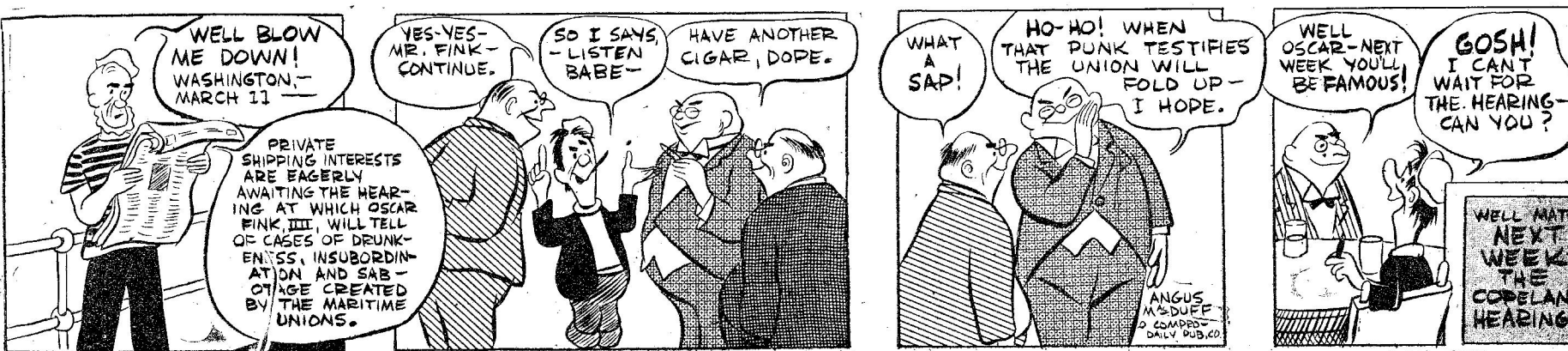
TEX TRAVIS

by Richards



BARNACLE AND THE FINK

by MacDuff



# The Daily People's World MAGAZINE

MARCH 12, 1938

SECTION TWO

## .. our daily bread

**how a few huge companies control the bread market and cheat both farmer and worker**

By MILTON HOWARD

GIVE us this day our daily bread. It is a prayer which means a fortune in yearly profits for a new trust in America—the Bread Trust.

"There are three trusts which control America's food," Senator Borah told the United States Senate three weeks ago.

One of the most thorough and most powerful is the Bread Trust into whose treasuries America's farmers, on the one hand, and America's families on the other, pour their daily tribute for the "staff of life."

On Jan. 9 of this year, a leading expert on food, Dr. D. E. Montgomery, Consumers Council of the Agricultural Administration declared that "the retail price of bread is the highest in seven years; but the wholesale costs of the ingredients that go into the making of bread are the lowest since 1934."

But it is not the farmer, nor the worker in the baking industry who is reaping this golden harvest. It is the Bread Trust.

In 1935 the farmer got 1.1 cent for every loaf of bread—the retail price was 8.3 cents. Somewhere in between the waving grain in the fields and the chain store counter a tribute of more than 7 cents per loaf was collected, a 700 per cent "spread" between producer and consumer. Since then the "spread" has widened with the advance of bread prices to an average of 9 cents a pound.

The Baking Trust gets 4.6 cents out of every loaf, the retailer gets 1.6 cents, and the rest goes for the "incidental expenses."

Giant corporations stand between the farmer and the consumer at every step, robbing at both ends of the bread process.

When he sells to the milling companies, the farmer faces a tremendous Flour Milling Trust which dictates prices of flour. Two companies alone, General Mills and Pillsbury Flour dominate 32 per cent, fully one-third, of the entire American flour milling business. If we add to these two giants, two other companies, Colorado Milling and Commander-Larrabee, we have four corporations which buy 43 per cent of America's total flour supply. The Federal Trade Commission of the U. S. has charged these companies with "price-fixing" and the "blacklisting" of com-

petitors and bakers who will not play ball. But their control grows all the time.

Then there is the Baking Trust, consisting of the Big Four, Continental (Wonder Bread, White Rose and Certified), General Baking (Bond Bread), Ward Baking, and Purity Baking. These four corporations control \$200,000,000 of assets, Continental alone supplies 150,000 grocers daily from its 100 plants in 70 cities. Combined, this Bread Trust sells \$1,700,000,000 worth of bread, nearly 50 per cent of the total supply.

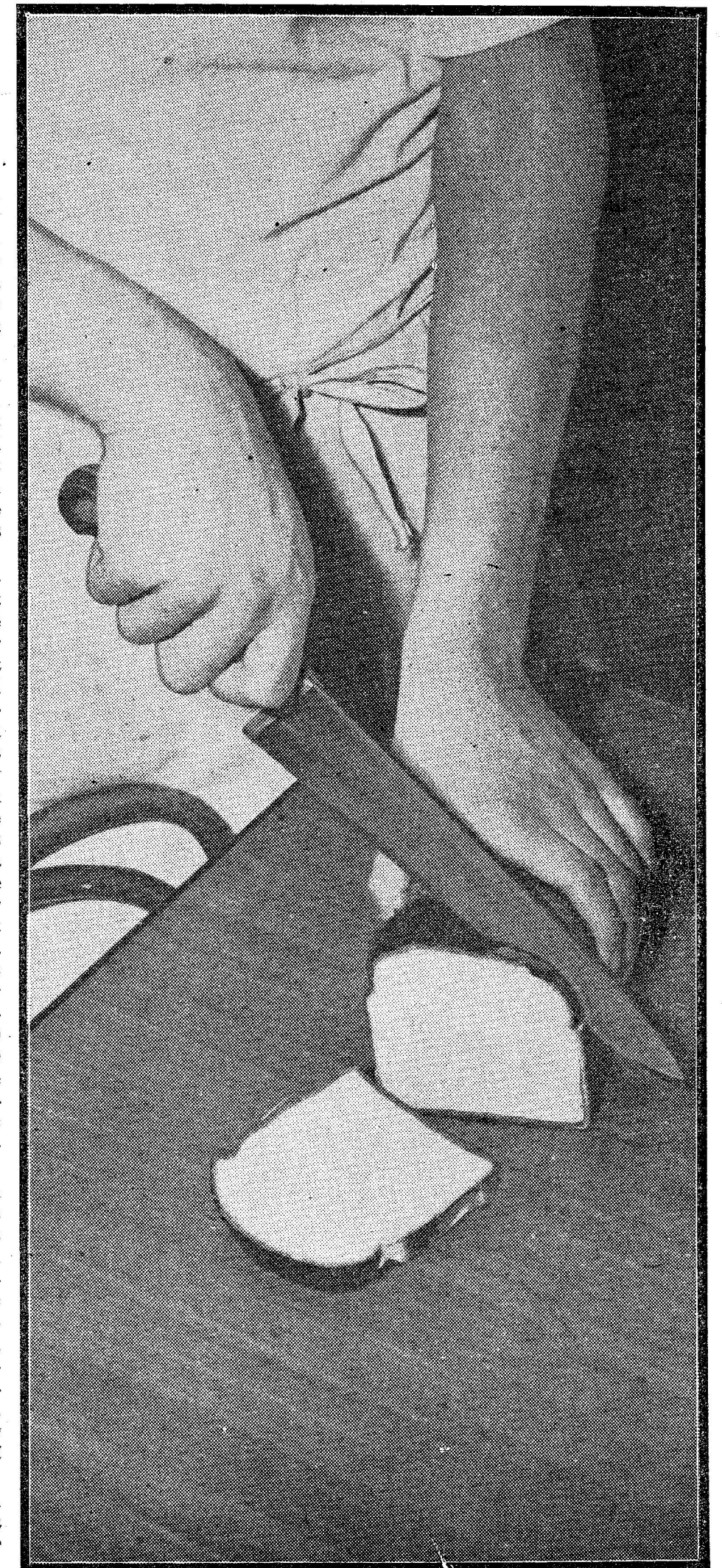
In 1926, the Ward Food Products Corp. was formed to unite all these companies into a single giant Bread corporation. It was ordered "dissolved" by the Courts. But the inner control and domination grows all the same with the same interests dominating America's Bread.

A monopoly has a double advantage. It can skin the farmer. It can also rob the consumer at the same time. If prices go down for raw materials, the Bread Trust does not have to lower the retail price of bread. That is its monopoly advantage. For example, from 1929 to 1933, when the farmers of America were being ruined by falling prices, farm income from wheat fell 70 per cent; but one of the giant biscuit monopolies which buys wheat suffered only a 37 per cent decrease in income during that period. Or another fact, still closer to home. Last year, 1937, the farmer received a total of \$57,000,000 less for his flour than in 1936. Did this lower the cost of bread? On the contrary, bread went from 8.2 to 8.9 cents a pound, adding \$50,000,000 to America's bread bill, giving the Baking Trust a \$100,000,000 bonanza while raw materials were falling in price, and labor costs remained stationary.

The Bread Trust does not even make good bread. In its eagerness for profit it works with chemicals instead of yeast and sugar. A Senate Committee in 1931 discovered that "bread baked in large commercial bakeries contains calcium sulphate (plaster of Paris), ammonium chloride (sal ammoniac) potassium bromate, or sometimes a peroxide or other chemical. Their purpose is to save money by economizing on yeast and sugar..."

Slice another piece of bread. The Bread Trust will make 5 cents on every pound and the farmer will get a cent.

PHOTO BY PETERS





# STREET SINGERS

a short story

by JEEMS ADAMS



"... play 'Carry Me Back to Ole Virginia'."

take in a penny but then on other days he would do fairly well.

Other blind fellows would hit town ever so often. One fellow, in particular, helped Jimmie a lot. He could make a banjo almost talk and he could sing like nobody's business. He called himself the Sightless Sinner and had a happy-go-lucky way about him. He didn't compete with Jimmie but when he came to town always made it a point to hunt him up and they would stand side by side and sing and play. The Sightless Sinner sang jazzy ragtime songs in a rollicking, booming voice and you could hardly hear Jimmie for the noise the other fellow made. Jimmie's half of the money was always more'n he could take in by himself.

But one day the Sinner got run over with a truck as he was trying to cross a street. He was rushed to a hospital where he died.

SOMEHOW Jimmie just couldn't be like the Sinner. It just wasn't his nature. Most of the time he just stood slumped against a wall and plinked away almost tunelessly and his voice so low one had to be right up at him to understand what he was singing. Several years went by like that.

Jimmie and his wife had a couple of kids. The oldest one was a girl—an awful pretty little tyke. Of course Jimmie couldn't see she was pretty but he thought the world of both of 'em. The older one got to wanting to go uptown with her daddy. When she was about six he let her go with him one day. While he stood on the corner and made his music the kid skipped about on the street and played. Sometimes she'd come and hunker down on the sidewalk by Jimmie's feet and sing with him.

He could hear folks talking and making remarks about what a pretty little girl she was and how sweet she sang.

But I recall that the last time I saw Blind Jimmie and his girl she didn't seem to be enjoying it so well. She must be around 14 now. They were in front of the courthouse. A big murder trial was going on upstairs. A lot of kids and young folks were romping and playing on the courthouse lawn. Jimmie's girl looked like she wanted to climb over the wall and join them. I heard one of the girls about her own age come up and ask her why she didn't come over and play with them. She pretended she didn't care about playing but when the girl persisted she said she had to stay there and sing with her daddy.

Jimmie was sitting by the courthouse entrance with his feet spread apart and

with an old worn-out straw hat on his head.

He was singing and playing almost tunelessly. To the guitar was tied an aluminum drinking cup that dangled from a black shoestrings and when he'd play it would sway and seem to keep time to the music.

The girl stood beside him and sang too. She was standing with her back to the stone wall around the lawn and sang in an easy, natural voice and her friendly-looking gray eyes looked calmly about at the small gathering of folks who had paused to listen to their singing. She didn't seem to notice she was singing and her only movement were to sometimes toss her head and throw the curls out of her face.

I NOTICED there wasn't many coins going into the drinking cup. Most of the crowd was just young folks who didn't have jobs or any money. I sat on the steps and listened anyway like others were doing.

I felt a little hopeful for the singers when I saw Senator Price and a couple more bigwigs acting fellows stroll up and stand listening to them. The Senator hooked his cane over one arm and ran his hand in his pants-pocket and

pulled out a handful of change of all kinds. He fingered around in the mess as though he couldn't find the proper contribution for the singers.

I had an idea at first he was going to dump the whole handful in. Of course Jimmie couldn't see what was taking place and the girl didn't seem to notice. She just tossed yellow curls out of her eyes and kept on singing. But I believe Jimmie heard the money rattling as Senator Price searched through it, for it seemed to me he put a little more pep into his guitar playing all of a sudden.

"Play 'Carry Me Back to Ole Virginia,'" Price said, fanning himself with his silver colored sun helmet, when the singers had finished the song they were singing.

The girl shook her head. She said, "I don't know all of it. Do you, Daddy?"

I COULDN'T understand what Jimmie said but he fingered the set screws on the guitar a little and started singing in his low voice. The girl joined in from time to time, especially in the chorus but mostly she just moved her lips like she was trying to learn the song.

"Carry me back to old Virginia That's where the corn . . ."

The Senator tilted back on his heels and looked soulfully at the sky.

"That's where the cotton . . ."

The girl-rimmed spectacles on the Senator's nose seemed to glisten with a tear. He wiped his eyes with a big white handkerchief and said, real loud for the crowd to hear: "That song's got 'em all beat to my way o' thinking."

Then he put his hands in his pockets and dropped a coin into Jimmie's cup.

The girl looked down at it and then at the Senator. But he had gone down the walk, humming.

I went over and put a nickel in the cup. It looked nice and shiny beside the copper penny the Senator had dropped there.

"The Senator liked the song, Jimmie," the girl said.

She put the nickel in her pocketbook. Then she took the penny and threw it down the walk where the Senator had gone. It flashed in the sun and lay there. No one picked it up.

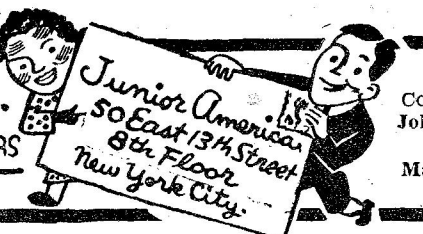


"... he lost his eyes in a mine."

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE BARKER

# JUNIOR AMERICA

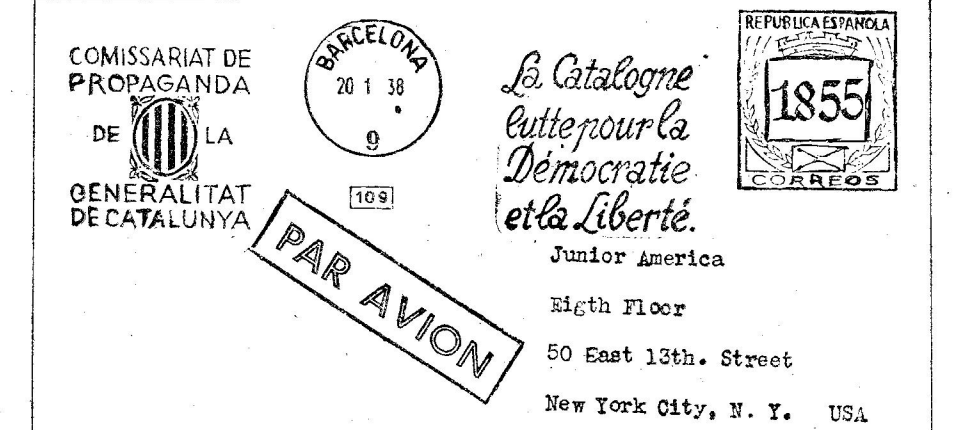
ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO



Conducted by Johnny McGee and Mary Morrow

STAMP CORNER

By Johnny McGee



HISTORICAL covers, envelopes that just scream history, are very rare. But most of all, it is hard to recognize one, once you see it.

This week we show the most interesting cover we've ever seen. Most of you who have followed this column regularly, know what a "meter" is but for the benefit of new readers we will explain again. Large companies that mail hundreds of letters each day save themselves money and labor by buying and renting a metering machine. Most of you have seen meter cancels on phone bills and all sorts of "ads." Well, another advantage is that the user can advertise his wares with a "slogan" if he so desires. This means that not only can we collect meters, but we can go still further and collect "slogan meters." Foreign ones are rare indeed.

The cover illustrated is: 1. a meter, 2. a foreign meter, 3. a slogan meter, and 4. a historical cover to boot! The slogan which appears below the Barcelona cancel and the stamp is Catalan, the language spoken in part of the southern section of Spain. It reads: "CATALONIA FIGHTS FOR DEMOCRACY AND LIBERTY!" What more could any stamp collector ask for? Keep your eyes open for covers of interest. Do you belong to the Junior American Stamp Club? If not send in for a membership card and some stamps. Be sure to state whether or not you want to correspond with other members.

GOOD BOOKS

Lending Mary, by Eliza White (Mifflin Co.).

The Lost Merry-Go-Round, by Dorothy Lathrop (Macmillan).

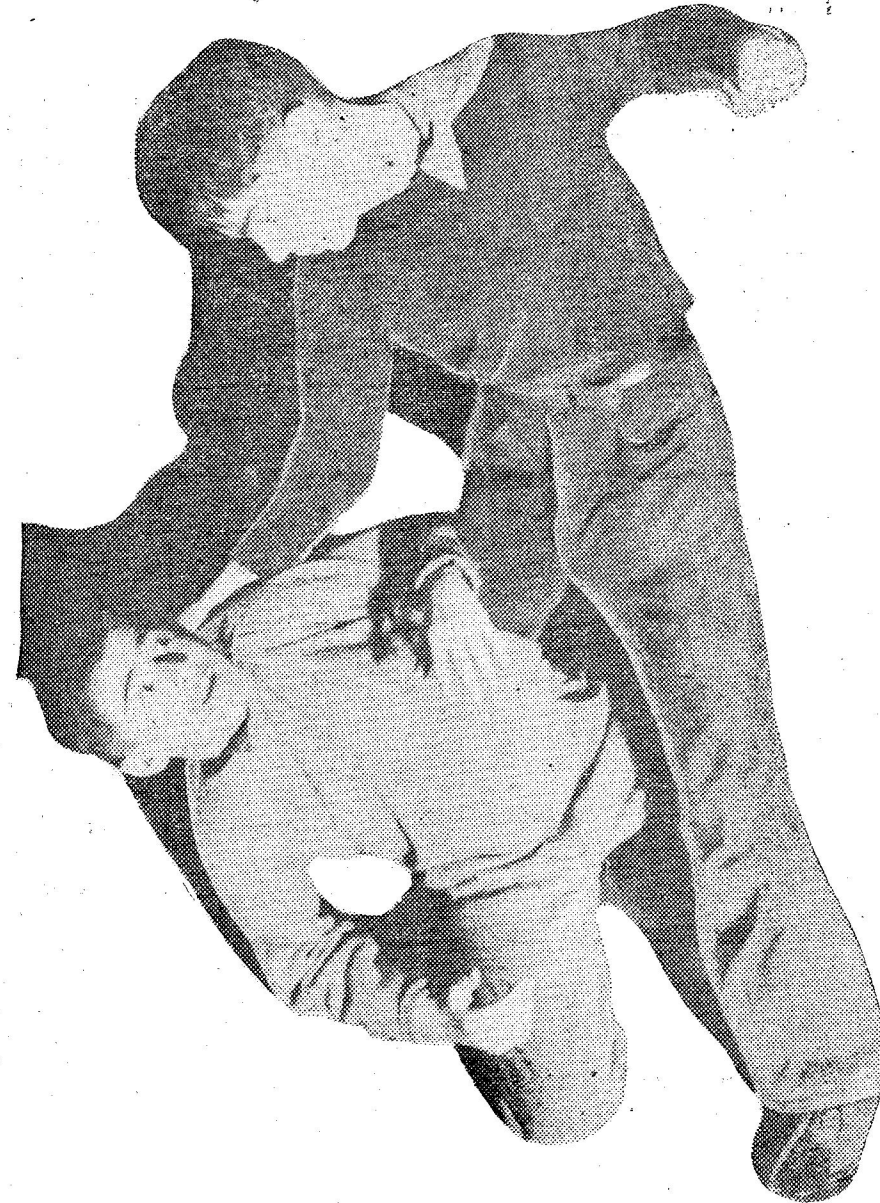
Kees and Kleintje, by Marian King (Whitman Co.).

Miki and Mary, by Maud and Miska Petersham (Viking Press).

The Gold Laced Coat, by Helen Orton (Stokes Co.).

MOLLY McGUIRE

by Ida Bailey



Mickie Jacoby and Roy Lentay, actors in the W.P.A. Play, "One-Third of a Nation." Now at the Adelphi Theatre, New York

## Something Worth Seeing By Eric Lucas

THE history of housing made interesting? Say, that's asking us to believe too much. History at school isn't so much exciting—but history of the houses we live in? Must be pretty dull stuff. What's that you say? The play is a wow? You mean it's told by a play—with costumes and scenery and a lot of actors and actresses and thrills and excitement? Well, that's different! Tell us more about it.

The play is one of the many excellent W.P.A. shows put on by our government. It is called "... one third of a nation..." and is presented in New York City. The stage shows a built-up four-story tenement house with the front wall torn off so you can see all the rooms and the staircase. Someone accidentally drops a cigarette on the heap of rubbish under the step. The house—like most of the slum tenements, it's over 100 years old—is made of rickety wood. The gathering flames from the rubbish heap soon bound up the steps. People in night clothes smell the smoke and feel the fire . . . they rush into hallways . . . smoke and mounting flames tumble higher . . . the stairway is seething, quivering red . . . men and women and children in panic . . . they scream in helpless terror . . . the ladders of the fire escape are built flat against the burning building . . . there is no escape . . . but wait, hold on! There is escape! Slums full of tenants are not doomed to death! "What is this way of life?" you say. That, we'll come to . . .

ALL this the play tells with breathtaking speed. Only, it doesn't stop there. "What can be done," it asks. "Must one third the nation through no fault of its own be doomed to disease and crime and death and poverty just to further enrich a fistful of ruthless men?"

"Is there no escape?"

"And the answer thunders back: "Yes, there is a way. . . ."

WHOLE houses, whole blocks of houses, organize, form large tenant unions, demand that rents be lowered, that houses be made fit for more than rats and roaches and lice. . . .

And when the landlords poo-poo their demands, the united tenants act! They refuse to pay their rents, they petition their representatives, their congressmen, their mayor, their governor, their president! "Tear down our slums! Build homes for humans for rents that we can pay!"

And when the landowners wave their fists and cry: "We can't make enough money if we build new houses for lower rents!" the people hurl back: "Then let the government rebuild the slums! See how the government-run plants have already lowered the price of electricity, of milk—why not let the government run housing?"

And the mounting voice of an awakened and united people grows ever louder—its thunderous demands will and must be met—for one third the nation cannot be silenced. . . .

HE DIDN'T care a heck of a lot for music while he was growing up. He wouldn't go out of his way to hear the best music in the world. So, it's kind of a joke how things worked around so Jimmie makes his living playing a guitar and singing.

When Jimmie was little more'n a boy he got both his blinkers blowed out in the Fuel City coal mines. The coal company figured it was caused by carelessness or something on Jimmie's part but they did give him four or five hundred dollars. Maybe if he'd sued the company he could have made them pay more. Then again maybe he'd have got nothing. The courts in this part of the country are pretty rotten when it comes to cases twixt miners and companies.

Anyway, Jimmie took the few hundred dollars and rented a little house in the out-edge of town and bought himself a few pieces of furniture and put it in. He married the girl he had been going with and they moved in.

Everybody said Jimmie's wife sure must have loved him to go ahead and marry him after he'd got his eyes put out.

WHEN the money Jimmie'd got for his eyes was about gone he bought a five-dollar guitar. He couldn't think of anything a blind fellow like himself could do to make anything at all unless it was to learn to play some kind of a musical instrument. He wasn't fond of music, though, and his voice wasn't anything extra for singing.

He learned pretty soon to play enough so you could recognize the tune he was playing most of the time. He learned a few popular sentimental songs and took his music box uptown and stood on the street corners. He'd stand on the sidewalk backed up to a building and plink-plink day in and day out.

Sometimes he would hear there was going to be a big to-do in a neighboring town or community and Jimmie'd always be on the spot with his guitar. Lots of times he'd whang away all day and not



## Let's Talk It Over

They say 'the way to a man's heart is through his stomach' but women enjoy good food too

By MARY MACK

**T**ILLIE, the stenographer in the circulation department, got married yesterday. We kept her phone extension pretty busy, wishing her luck and happiness and around five o'clock the staff threw a little party. We're very friendly that way around here. Today she called me from the business office. "Mary," she said, "I've been trying to think what I should make for supper tonight." It was going to be the first meal prepared for her husband and of course "it had to be nice." She wanted to know what vegetables blended well together, what could be prepared quickly after work, and too, there was the family purse to consider.

After putting our heads together, via the telephone, we decided on a delicious hot soup (canned) first, a colorful vegetable dinner of red beets, creamy mashed potatoes, spinach, carrots and peas, hot biscuits (also



Mary Mack

and Fred Ellis, that ace cartoonist, told of his favorite recipe—well, that clinched it.

I've decided to devote to at least one column a month to publishing recipes contributed by our readers. After all, food does play an important part in our daily life. It's something we (at least the more fortunate ones of us) indulge in three times a day.

Then, too, there's always the problem of the working wife. She has to regulate her day to include shopping and cooking besides the eight and sometimes ten or more hours she spends at business. She needs tasty recipes which are easy and quick to prepare and are balanced and nutritious. Surely, there are many of our readers who have developed these recipes through years of experience. How about passing them on to others via this column? Perhaps after the recipes have been tested we could even have them printed in pamphlet form, easily obtainable for the working mother. What do you say, do you like the idea? By all means let us know.

As a starter, here is my favorite not-more-than-thirty-minute menu:

PAN BROILED CHOPS  
CANNED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE  
BUTTERED CABBAGE  
TOASTED ROLLS BUTTER COFFEE  
SLICED PINEAPPLE (CANNED)

You'll find that quick dinners are easy to prepare if you'll keep the pantry shelves stocked with an assortment of canned goods. Buy them on specials at the grocery store, several cans of each at a time—they're cheaper that way—and then on nights when you work late and the stores are closed, you still have the makings of a meal.

Here's another of those tasty menus which can be prepared easily and swiftly:

CHEESE OMELET  
BUTTERED SPINACH WITH DICED BEETS (CANNED)  
HEATED ROLLS CELERY HEARTS  
TAPIOCA PACKAGED COOKIES TEA

And the next time you have some cake left-overs, turn it into this tasty dessert: arrange the cake in individual plates. Open a can of fruit (your choice). Place a slice on each plate on top of the cake. Sprinkle with a little grated coconut and there you are! Just the thing to serve with coffee!

This gives you an idea of the food recipes, menus and money-saving and time-saving devices we can exchange through this column. Now, don't forget that once a month this space will be turned over to you for the publication of your own home inventions.

Write in and tell me how you like the idea and submit your recipes, menus, plans, etc. And don't forget to be elementary. There are plenty of folks—and I don't mean just newly-weds—who still don't know how to make good coffee. Send your letters to Mary Mack, Women's Editor, 35 E. 12th St., New York.

Don't miss next week's column! We're going to publish Fanny's problem and will offer a new prize for the best answer.

## You Can Help Them

Though Spain is 3,000 miles away, there are many things you can do here to lessen the suffering there

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

**T**HE first memories of normal childhood are usually pleasant, even in poverty. The all-loving care of the mother, the sense of security in the presence of the father, a peaceful life, so necessary to a healthy and happy childhood, the first days of school, are vivid to all of us. How tragic in comparison is childhood in Spain today! Children are heartrending casualties of war. Helplessly dependent, everything is torn from them, parents, homes, security, life itself—in the ruthless raids of fascist bombers. For children, the war zone is a horror; behind the lines a terror. If we could take the so bewildered refugee babies in our arms, we would care for them tenderly. But they are over 3,000 miles away. Does that lessen their anguish? Does that lessen our indignation? The American League for Peace and Democracy in a recent bulletin tells us what we can do. Since last June a campaign has been carried on to establish five homes for children in Loyalist Spain. To date over \$4,000 has been raised. The first American League home is now located in Sueca, outside of Valencia. Twenty children are cared for in the Anita Garibaldi wing of an ancient convent, formerly a school. It is described as follows:



Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

"There are walls all around which facilitate the supervision of children. The house has been changed and showers and toilets installed. There are nice school rooms, a library and spacious dormitories. The farmers have decorated the walls with designs of childish character. The building is surrounded with a big garden.

"The children have their own organization and are very disciplined and remarkably clean. The older children take part in the administration of the colony. In addition to the general instruction and the educational task, there are songs and recitations by the little and big ones.

"The children also do manual work, above all on plaster. Relief cards made by the children representing Spain and its provinces are even used as school material in the other colonies. The relationship between this colony and Municipal Council, the National School and the population of the village is remarkable owing to the fetes and conferences organized in favor of the refugees."

"The number of the Spanish refugee children increases with each murderous bombing. What is being done for forty can be multiplied a thousand fold and is needed.

Here is how to help: Write for a supply of Spanish Children's Home leaflets and collection cards (free of charge). Keep up the maintenance of this home. It takes \$9 each—\$360 per month—food, clothes and educate these 40 little Loyalists. Try to get individuals or organizations to undertake the support of one child by giving \$9 per month regularly. And all contributions should be sent directly to the National Office of the American League for Peace and Democracy, 268 Fourth Avenue, New York.

### Take a Tip

Did you know that "orange pekoe" doesn't mean a certain kind of tea? It just means the little top leaves on the tea plant. That's all.

Tea is susceptible to odors it comes in contact with, so be sure to keep it covered. (And when you buy your tea, be sure it does not come from Japan.)

### A BOYCOTT SONG

(To the tune of "Smile a While")

By LILA C. TEMPLE

Lisle a while  
We'll lick the Japanese.  
Lisle's the style  
To wear on pretty knees  
Now that skirts are worn so high,  
Lisle's the thing to catch the eye.  
Lovely legs look swell in cotton mesh,  
Don't wear bloody silk next to your flesh  
Until peace shall reign afresh,  
We will lisle awhile.

## Understanding Your Child

**I**F YOU play by yourself and don't bother me this morning," explained Mary's mother, "I'll take you to the movies this afternoon." So Mary played on quietly, waiting impatiently for the afternoon. Soon it was lunch time and then afternoon.

"Are you going to the movies now?" "Later," replied mother. Mary played on, soon asking her question again and receiving the same reply as before. At the third repetition of the question, mother angrily replied, "I have no time to take you to the movies today."

When supper hour neared, mother went out to call Mary in. But Mary wasn't in front of the house, nor in the backyard. Finally mother spied her playing in front of a house across the street. Mary was called and came into the house. Mother asked, "Mary, didn't you promise that you wouldn't cross the street?"

"You didn't keep your promise today either, you said you would take me to the movies and didn't."

"But I was too busy today," logically explained mother. "But the children were playing across the street today and didn't want to come over," explained Mary also logically.

Adults are the child's source of strength and security. His faith must not be treated carelessly. There is no doubt that some promises faithfully made must be broken. However, to make promises freely without regard to the possibility of their fulfillment can only lead to having the child give little heed to the value of a promise and to feel that his reliance on the dependable adult is insecure.

When an occasional promise must be broken, let the reasons be explained as carefully as possible so that the child can feel that it is not disregard for him and the intention was sound.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY BOARD

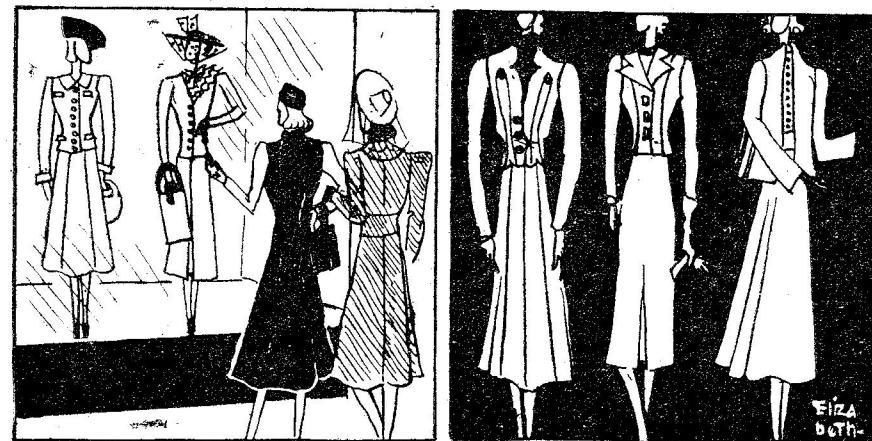
## KITTY AND ABBY

By Mississippi Johnson and Elizabeth



"Remember last year," Abby asks Kitty, "when I wanted a new suit and you made me pay my union dues instead? Well, this year I've kept my dues paid up, and I still want a new suit . . . and what's more, I need one, and what's more, I am going to have one."

"Militant, eh?" Kitty says. "Lady, this year I think you are entitled to one. In fact, I'll help you pick it out. I'll give you the entire benefit of all my knowledge concerning suits." Abby smiles. "Well, I don't know just what kind to get . . ."



"Tailored ones are the real news this year," Kitty tells her, "very sleek and narrow and sort of chiselled looking, with frills under the chin, like that one," and she points to a shop window. "But the softer type is doing a lot of business, too."

"That one there, with the little fitted jacket, and the skirt with the slight flare is also considered very smart. Personally, I go for the tailored kind, but if you're a girl to wear your suit to parties as well as the office, I'd pick this one."

# Hitler in a Model T

The second article of a series on the Dearborn King who drove workers away from his plants with a fire hose

by LAWRENCE EMERY

**H**ENRY FORD is one of America's leading fascists. He is not intelligent enough himself to fashion political theories, nor to command great mass movements. But he possesses the incalculable power of a billion dollars and more and he stands at the head of the biggest individual business enterprises in the world—a structure that stretches like an octopus into 7,000 cities and towns and hamlets in this country.

He can, and does, buy and command others who have theories; he can, and does, buy and control others with mass followings.

Way back in 1922 Ford said: "There surely ought to be flying squadrons of young men who would be available for emergency conditions in harvest, mine, shop, or railroad."

Along about the same time he delivered himself of this observation: "Democracy has nothing to do with the question: 'Who ought to be boss.'"

**W**ITH those statements he drew a self-portrait: Henry Ford the Boss with Flying Squadrons of Young Men and To Hell with Democracy. And ever since there have clustered all about him Ku Klux Klans and Knights of Dearborn and Black Legions and organized detachments of criminal riff-raff recruited from the penitentiaries of the land and in Germany his portrait hangs in Hitler's quarters.

As this is written thousands upon thousands of Ford agents together with other thousands of persons controlled by the Ford billions are distributing petitions throughout the country bearing a vicious, fascist attack against President Roosevelt.

But there are still those who persist in regarding Ford as a genius who has helped to advance civilization. Let's delve into the past a bit and see how much genius there is in Ford, and what he has advanced besides the Ford family.

**H**E was born seventy-five years ago on a little farm in what is now Dearborn, of immigrant parents.

It was forty years from the time of his birth before he got to putting his "genius" into operation, and ten years more before it finally burst upon a startled world.

As a young man Ford was a great tinkerer, but no inventions of great importance were ever made by him. The automobile was a standard product before he got around to the Model T.

His earliest interest was in watches. He once owned 300, and loved to take them apart. He dreamed of making a "fivver" watch that would cost thirty cents and sell for fifty cents, and he was already to embark on the production of 2,000 a day when he abandoned the idea. It was a watch that won him his wife, Clara Bryant. Clara showed little interest in the gawky farm boy until he showed her a watch he had made with two dials to show "sun time" and standard time simultaneously. That got her. She ran home and said: "Mama, Henry Ford is different from the rest of our crowd. We sat out two dances last night because I wanted to see a watch he had made. He says he is going to make something else and let me see it."

His first connection with an automobile firm terminated quickly because, as chief engineer, he felt that he was being slighted by those in control. He withdrew from what later became the Cadillac Motor Company. His most characteristic trait had asserted itself: either Henry would be captain or he wouldn't play.

**F**ORD tinkered around until he built a car of his own that would run, but he could find no financiers to

back him. Finally he got a coal dealer named Malcolmson and his bookkeeper James Couzens, and two brothers named Dodge who owned a machine shop, and a small banker and two lawyers to put up enough to start production.

It was at this time that Ford conceived the only idea he has ever had in his life. It was simple: build a car that will go there and back, to sell at a price an average person can afford. No frills or comfort in it, just a bare, mean little car that will be cheap and run. For twenty-three years that formula was a gold-mine. For twenty-three years Ford did not have a single competitor. He was the only frog in the puddle, and his loud croaking indicated that he thought the puddle was the world. The monopoly that Ford enjoyed for nearly a quarter century explains the rise of the Ford empire. Call it genius if you like. But when Ford's monopoly disappeared, he was saved from disaster only because others succeeded finally in blackjacking him into abandoning the Model T and embarking on a course which he hated but had to take.

In the beginning it was the business ability of the bookkeeper James Couzens and the engineering ability of the Dodge Brothers that gave the Ford Motor Company its successful start.

Ford, in his official biographies, does not even mention these men who founded and built the company. Ford, the intolerant, narrow-minded, domineering individualist, quarreled with his associates from the very start, could not be happy until his was the only voice, his whims the only law.

**A**S chief engineer and general manager he saved his wages for five years and then bought up fifty-one per cent of the stock. From then on he was boss. Later he acquired fifty-eight and one-half per cent of the stock, still later all of it. The unscrupulous, ruthless and unprincipled methods he used to accomplish this will be told later.

Ford made his first big splash in the newspapers early in 1914. If he has a genius for anything it is for having his meanest acts surrounded with praiseworthy and free advertising.



He was making huge profits in 1913, but was having labor trouble. The conveyor belt and the speed-up was already making life hell for Ford workers at the average wage of two dollars and forty cents a day. The labor turnover in the Ford plant ranged from 100 to 200 per cent per year. He would do anything to stop it—and he hit upon the idea of raising wages to a five-dollar daily minimum.

It was blazoned to the world as a revolutionary step that would end poverty and introduce the millenium. But Ford had it so figured out in advance that he could give the raise with such savings that it would not add a cent to operating costs. He still enjoyed a monopoly.

Here is the explanation Ford himself gave later in an unguarded moment: "I noticed that the men came to work drunk every Monday. I scolded them and they told me to go to hell. I saw, that if I was to make demands of them, I would have to make their wages so high that they wouldn't dare lose their jobs."

**A**ND Henry was going to make demands. But before he got around to that, a little incident occurred in which the Ford mailed list appeared for a moment in the midst of the oozy publicity.

So was the five dollars minimum wage, that "fascinating mountain peak of industrial visioning," installed.

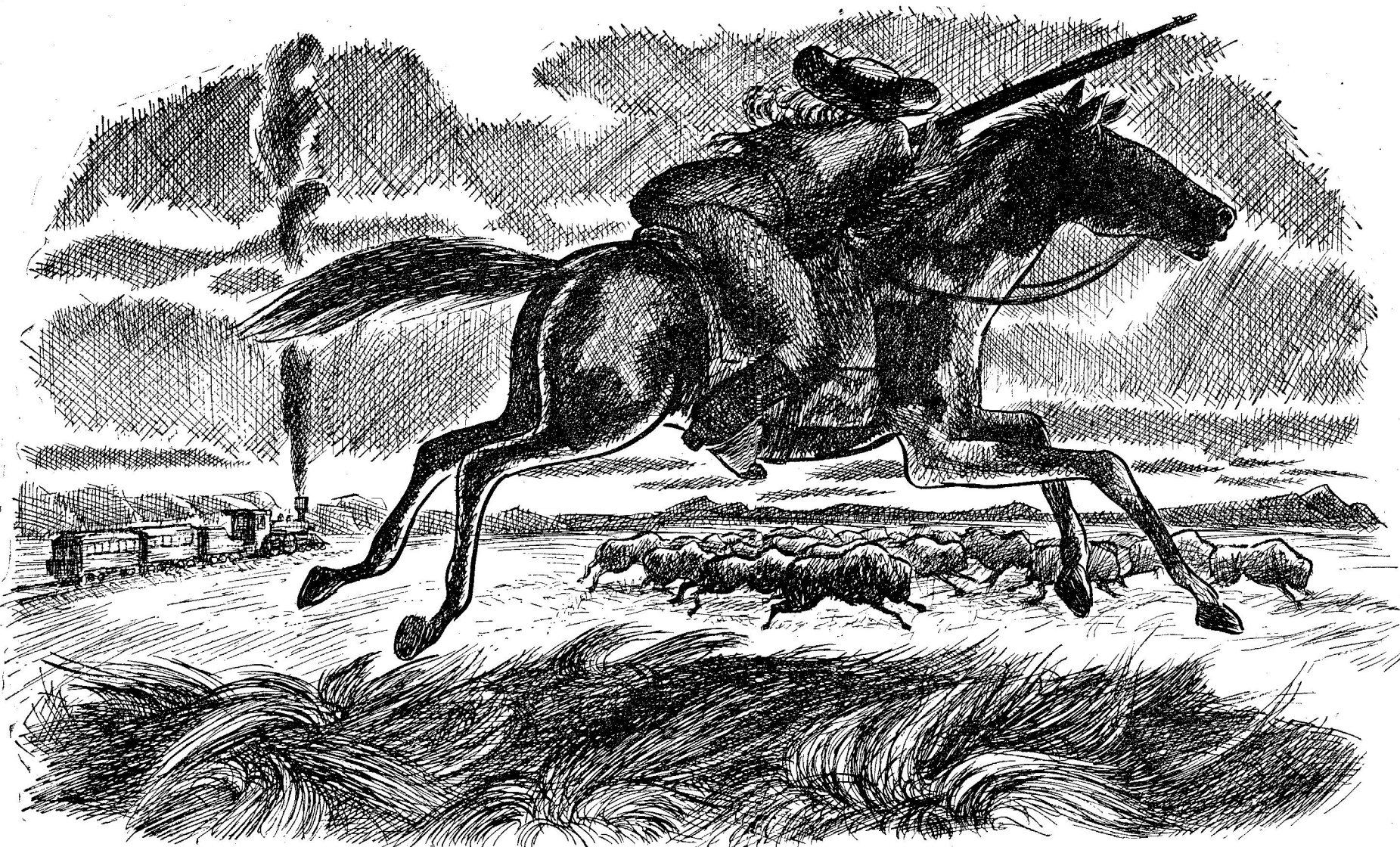
But this was only a beginning. Henry Ford had demands to make of his workers. How they were compelled to deliver themselves, body and soul, into the hands of Henry in return for the five dollars will be told in the next article.

"... freezing bursts of water poured out of the factory."

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED BULL



# Son of the Prairies



**Buffalo Bill was as much a part of the early American frontier as the long-horn steer and the Colt .45**

By HOWARD RUSHMORE

THE visitors at the trading post eyed the distant cloud of dust and wondered if the approaching horseman was being pursued by Sioux.

"He's in an awful hurry," they told the wagon-master. "Maybe you'd better send him some help."

The grizzled old trader shifted his tobacco to the other side of his jaw and guffawed. "That lad doesn't need any help," he said.

The tenderfeet gaped as the rider whirled into the corral, leaped from the panting bronco and fastened two huge saddlebags marked "Pony Express" on a fresh mount.

"Dull trip," he told the wagon-master. "Seventy-five miles and nary an Indian." He took out two six-shooters, inspected them and a moment later was out of sight down the trail.

"Why, he's only a boy," said one of the women in amazement. "It's downright mean for the Pony Express people to let such youngsters ride this dangerous country."

The old scout's eyes twinkled. "Well, ma'am, even if he's young we figure Bill Cody will get through if nobody else does."

NINETY-TWO years ago this month, Buffalo Bill, the lad who always "got through," was born in Leclair, Iowa. On his broad shoulders fell the distinction of being the most romantic figure of our frontier, a rough and robust character who as a boy participated in the opening of new frontiers, as a man fought the Indian Wars and as a handsome old relic of the past appeared before the European audiences to startle them with his Wild West Show.

Few frontier heroes survived those three periods of the nation's growth. His friends, Kit Carson, Wild Bill Hickock, Gen. George Custer, either died with their boots on or faded out as the Iron Horse drove the buffaloes from the prairies. But William Frederick Cody, romantic to the last, never left his buckskins and his gun.

HE WAS brought up like many another boy of the pre-Civil War days, on a farm in Iowa. The gold-rush left a path across his native state in 1849-50 and Isaac Cody, Bill's father, started to follow the trail. But the overland route wasn't easy for the Cody family and Isaac filed on a claim in Kansas and went back to farming.

"It was a great life for us kids," Buffalo Bill would reminisce in later years. "There were Kickapoo Indian kids to play with, trappers to talk with and all the wild game we could shoot."

Kansas, however, proved to be an insecure haven for the Iowa immigrants. Often open gun fights flared up between the abolitionists and pro-slave factions, and Isaac, who was a friend of John Brown, leader of the abolitionists, soon became involved.

One day in June, 1856, Buffalo Bill's father was stabbed by hoodlums after making a speech against slavery. The wound proved serious and when the family moved to another region. The pro-slave guerrillas followed them and destroyed Cody's livestock and property. Isaac died from the effects of his wound in 1857, and Buffalo Bill later declared his dad was the first man "to die in the fight against slavery in Kansas."

ILL, as a child of ten, became the breadwinner. His first job was driving cattle for Federal troops and his initial trip found the boy following a regiment into Utah. The cattle-drivers were captured, their supplies burned and the whole company forced back to Fort Leavenworth.

It was a thousand-mile walk and Buffalo Bill later told friends, "I learned to appreciate horses from that day on."

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DUGAN

troops in the Indian wars and made a half-hearted attempt to settle down after his marriage.

Buffalo Bill tried his hand at the real estate business, but he didn't like the inactive life. Railroad men needed meat and thousands of buffaloes roamed the prairies. He signed a contract with the Union Pacific and for two years he ran a meat market with a bronco, a rifle and a Bowie knife.

The Indian wars found Cody leading Federal troops over the prairies he knew like a book. He escaped death many times and his duel with Chief Yellow Hand, while tense troops and warriors looked on, is one of the sagas of the West.

BUFFALO BILL, unlike many of the generals, bore the Indians no grudge. "No scout that I knew ever hated them," he wrote in his autobiography. "The Indian is a real American and all of those of us who have come to share with him the great land that was his heritage should do their share toward seeing that he is dealt with justly and fairly and that his rights and liberties are never infringed by the scheming politicians and the short-sided administration of the law."

After the death of Sitting Bull, the frontier became studded with farms and bustling towns. In recognition of his services, Washington gave Buffalo Bill a grant of 200,000 acres of land in Wyoming and around the ranch a community sprang up that was named "Cody" in honor of the scout.

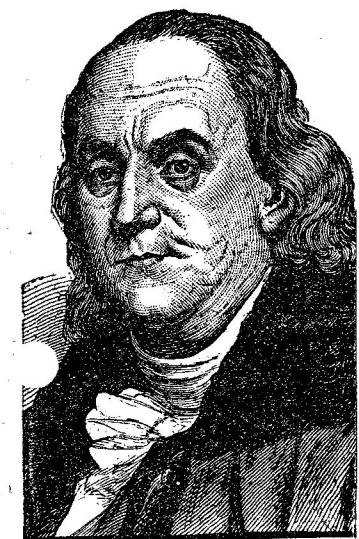
But Buffalo Bill refused to settle down to ranching. Always a super-showman, he rounded up pals, both white and Indian, and toured the world with the famous Wild West Show. Being wine and dined by royalty everywhere turned his head a lot but he was always happiest with his troop of cowboys and chiefs, who like himself, represented something that was of the past, yet would always be life for them.

He died in 1917, rough and ready to the end, "last of the Great Scouts" and a deathless figure in the history of a frontier that gave birth to many great Americans.

# Philadelphia, A City Of Great Traditions

Here, in 1827, the first American labor movement was born

by ERNEST PENDRELL



Benjamin Franklin

Philadelphia.

THE scene is any day, any moment in the City of Brotherly Love. It may be a trade unionist, a housewife, a student calling for all to hear "Boycott Japanese Goods." The slogan has grown into a mighty shout that rings around Constitution Hall and stirs old memories and echoes there.

That word "boycott" has been heard before in Philadelphia, city of democratic traditions. Many decades ago...

It is Dec. 27, 1773, and the Philadelphia newspapers report a shipload of British tea arriving here. A boycott has been ordered on English products as a result of the notorious Townshend Acts which placed duties on tea, glass, lead and paper.

The people of Philadelphia are determined that the tea would not land. And it doesn't. Very neatly and politely they inform the captain of the Polly, anchored across the Delaware not to land his tea. When he protests, they become firm. Philadelphia stages its Boston Tea Party.

At a town meeting that day, solidarity with "their Bostonian brothers is voted. And June 1, after the Port of Boston has been closed by George the Third's troops, a demonstration is staged here protesting the action.

LET'S start from there to trace the rich revolutionary tradition that this city holds for its heirs, for the true fighters for liberty, progress, peace and prosperity.

Philadelphia was truly the crucible of the Revolution. Here the Declaration of Independence was written, revised and signed.

The filibuster by the Southern reactionaries against progress and the anti-lynching bill, is no new thing.

This town has been called the wartime city. Philadelphia was looked upon by the Revolutionary Army and the British Tories as a tremendously important military objective. It was the seat of the Government.

Five Philadelphia battalions were sent to fight with Washington in and about New York. Philadelphians were wholehearted behind the American Revolution. Its citizens contributed heavily to finance the army. Many of its sons died that democracy may live.

When on June 14, 1777, Congress needed

a flag, it came to the home of Betsy Ross in Philadelphia for it.

THE Constitutional convention met in Philadelphia. It met at Independence Hall on May 14, 1787, and was presided over by George Washington. The purpose of the meeting was to revise the none-too-adequate Articles of Confederation. As a result of this and later meetings the Constitution was framed. Led by progressives here the struggle to include the first ten amendments, the Bill of Rights was begun. Philadelphia contributed its share to that fight, too.

The first public school for Negroes was organized here in 1820, and in 1827 the first American labor movement was born in Philadelphia. This was the first time anywhere that American labor acted as a class, uniting all trades, in a struggle against employers. And out of this movement the first union of many unions was organized, the Mechanics Union of Trade Associations.

HOW many people can forget the valiant work of the Working Men's Party founded here in July, 1828. The first manifestation of labor organizing politically. In its first test it didn't score very highly, but as his-

## BOOKS

Reviewed by Jack Conroy

SPONSORED by the Guild's Committee for Federal Writers' Publications, *American Stuff*, the second anthology of off-time creative work by members of the Federal Writers' Projects, has been issued as a special edition of *Direction* magazine. The painless price of 25c should assure the collection wide circulation, since it contains more worth-while material than many a \$2.50 book.

The introduction points out that organization of the Writers' Projects only partially solved the dilemma of the novelist or poet in the depression. He was enabled to eat while he was pursuing his chosen art in his spare time, but the manner of publication and recognition remained as uncertain as before. What is said here about the vital role of "little" magazines as a laboratory and harbinger of new literary trends has been voiced frequently before, but it is something that cannot be mentioned too often as long as literature is in a sense chained to the chariot wheels of big business with its sales psychology for books essentially the same as that used for the purveying of tooth-paste or toilet tissue.

As in the previous volume, the most significant contributions in *American Stuff* have been written by authors who have hitherto reached a relatively small audience. The magazines of mass circulation are as squeamish as ever about the innovators of today, though they have accepted and utilized the innovations of yesteryear. A young writer comparable to the Erskine Caldwell of eight years ago is Weldon Kees, whose four library sketches in *American Stuff* possess that close-to-earth flavor that the successful fictioneer perhaps unconsciously but almost invariably loses when he begins to conform to standard requirements. Fred Rothermell is represented by a poignant little tale about the loneliness of a giant who has been a side-show freak. Guy H. Rader's bacon-and-beans chronicle of homesteading in Mon-

torians of the period correctly indicate, that wasn't important. For 21 candidates on the Jackson ticket, those that favored the rights of labor were endorsed by the Working Men's Party, were elected. Is this not precedent for the correctness of the policy of Labor's Non-Partisan League in the 1938 elections?

Now that the working people had achieved a measure of suffrage they believed they should have sufficient education to be able to best carry on their new responsibility. So their first fight was for free public schools. In one of its first reports to the Legislature, the Workingmen's Party sent two bills which provided for the establishment of a public school system.

And what was the first organized body of working women in the country was founded in Philadelphia in 1835, with the formation of the Female Improvement Society, whose members were needle trades workers of all kinds, seamstresses, binders, milliners and so on...

THE panic of 1857 closed the doors of many factories and impoverished the population. Mayor Vaux forced by a mass meeting of 10,000 citizens established a system of public works. It was during the fight to obtain these projects that the slogan, "Bread or fight" was raised.

The anti-slavery sentiment was so keen that when on Dec. 2, 1859, John Brown was hanged, demonstrations protesting the murder were held all over town. Mayor Alexander Henry, fearing bloodshed and thinking it his duty to protect the Southerners in town, prevented the body of John Brown from being brought into the city.

tana is as simply, graphically and effectively recited as *Robinson Crusoe*. Murray Godwin's "Fordjob" is more than a little successful as an attempt to vivify the mechanical processes of an automobile factory.

WE have been hearing a plenty, and often too much, of the G-Men of late. Whenever a G-Man takes snuff, newspaper editors sneeze with delight and order an eight-column front page spread. Our children listen avidly to their daring exploits as retailed over the air waves, and demand a dime with which to buy a box of Krunchy Krispies in order to send off the top with ten cents in stamps or coin for a Junior G-Man badge and secret code book. Activities of inspectors attached to the Post Office Department are not so widely publicized, but these operatives could tell dramatic, weird, pathetic, and fantastic stories if they chose. Karl Baarslag has volunteered as their proxy, and in his *Robbery By Mail*, (Farrar & Rinehart \$2.50) he digs into the files and official documents to expose the schemes of ghouls who make it their business to prey on the credulous and—too often—the unfortunate.

Sometimes the sharpeners hold out the hope of "home work" such as decorating post cards, embroidering pillow slips or addressing envelopes for handsome emoluments. You may be invited to take a flyer in mushroom raising in the cellar, bullfrog rearing, or to cash in on the multiplying capacities of rabbits. The glass casket, in which the body of a loved one might be sealed much as a peach is preserved in a mason jar, mulcted innumerable investors over a period of years. Hoary dodges such as the Spanish prisoner and varieties of the Ponzi get-rich-quick plan still crop out. Mr. Baarslag's book is often as prosy as an official report, but essentially human juices are in its texture, often barely suggested or hidden behind the lines.



Jeems Adams of Virginia responded to our appeal for short stories packed with "Americana" and his short story on Page Two is both unusual and entertaining. Let's have more like it.

A few U. S. newspapers have carried general stories on fascism in Canada, but we believe the article by Norman Freed this week is the first thorough analysis to appear in American publications. Freed is a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Canada.

Mary Mack, editor of the woman's page, spent a day in Paterson talking to the women who fought for their nurseries, and her story of their battle appears on Page Five... The Ford article is the second of a series by Lawrence Emery, Detroit newspaperman... Howard Rushmore, author of "Son of the Prairies," has contributed other historical pieces on Sitting Bull and Jesse James... Ellen McGrath is Seattle correspondent of the People's World... Ernest Pendrell is a Philadelphia journalist... other articles on the Keystone State from his pen are forthcoming.

## This New Age

(Continued from page 5)

ing to give the officials a chance to renege. They are planning a baby carriage parade on March 17 and another mass meeting on March 31.

I walked down the street with Mrs. Bella Salzberg, an unemployed silk worker.

MRS. SALZBERG pointed out the large house on Broadway which, though not yet definitely settled, the women feel will be given them by the city. Every now and then, she said, women stroll by and look at it lovingly. They delight in the lawn on which the children will be able to play. In their mind's eye they picture the house already repainted, the repairs made, healthy children running through the rooms.

We walked down Carrol Street. At the intersection of Harrison, a child ran into the street after her ball. A slowly moving truck managed to miss her.

Mrs. Salzberg said: "When we have our nursery there will be less of these happenings. And don't forget," she added, "to put in your paper that the Women's Progressive Council worked with us hand in hand in every way. They were the ones who gave us guidance."

I've heard women praise the Council before. I smiled at her: "Are you a member?" "You bet!" she said.

I wanted to go into some of those dreary frame tenement houses down in the hollow near the mill and talk with some of those mothers there.

Also, there was a train to catch, a ferry to make, and another bus connection before I could get back to the office and my typewriter. And the urge to tell the country of what Paterson, New Jersey, women are doing, what they are achieving not far away from Mayor I-Am-the-Law Hague's domain, was stronger.

**TOURS CRUISES**

**SOVIET UNION MEXICO EUROPE**

**WORLD TOURISTS Inc.**

Wherever you want to go... whatever kind of trip you are planning... we can help you make it a real pleasure trip. Let us send you lavishly illustrated Brochures about any countries or trips you are interested in... without obligation.

Call Algenquin 4-6656

Every WORLD TOURIST Trip is a PLEASURE Trip

175 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



# 'He Belongs to Us'

The big timber country is resounding these days to the mighty shout of "Let Our President Hal Pritchett Stay!"

by ELLEN McGRATH

of L. leadership. Negotiations for new contracts with the lumber industry in the Pacific Northwest open in the spring. The lumber barons know that Pritchett will strike a good bargain for the lumber workers—a far better bargain than ever made by the old dying A. F. of L. Lumber and Sawmill Workers Union, affiliated with the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners Union.

Leaders of a committee to fight for Pritchett's right to entry have pointed out that barring him from the United States set a dangerous precedent that can be used against international labor.

Many international union officials could be prevented from crossing borders to attend meetings of locals in another country. This ruling, carried out, would seriously hamper the international solidarity of labor, one of the strongest

forces for democracy and peace.

That's why the big timber is resounding these days to the mighty shout of "Let our Hal Pritchett in—he belongs to us."



Harold Pritchett

Seattle

The leadership of Pritchett has been the key to this victory. It is now felt by the lumber operators and the A. F. of L. czars that if they can get Pritchett out of the country where he will not be in touch with the rank and file membership of the I.W.A., they might be able to cripple that union from accomplishing better working conditions and also be in a good position to break down this powerful lumber organization.

"Wreck the International Woodworkers of America," says labor misleader "Czar" Bill Hutcheson, president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.

Thus the conspiracy of the employers and of the A. F. of L. officials make the keeping of Pritchett out of the United States their most important objective. They count on depriving the woodworkers of Pritchett's leadership in order to weaken this important organization, thereby dealing a crushing blow to the hopes and aspirations of the woodworkers.

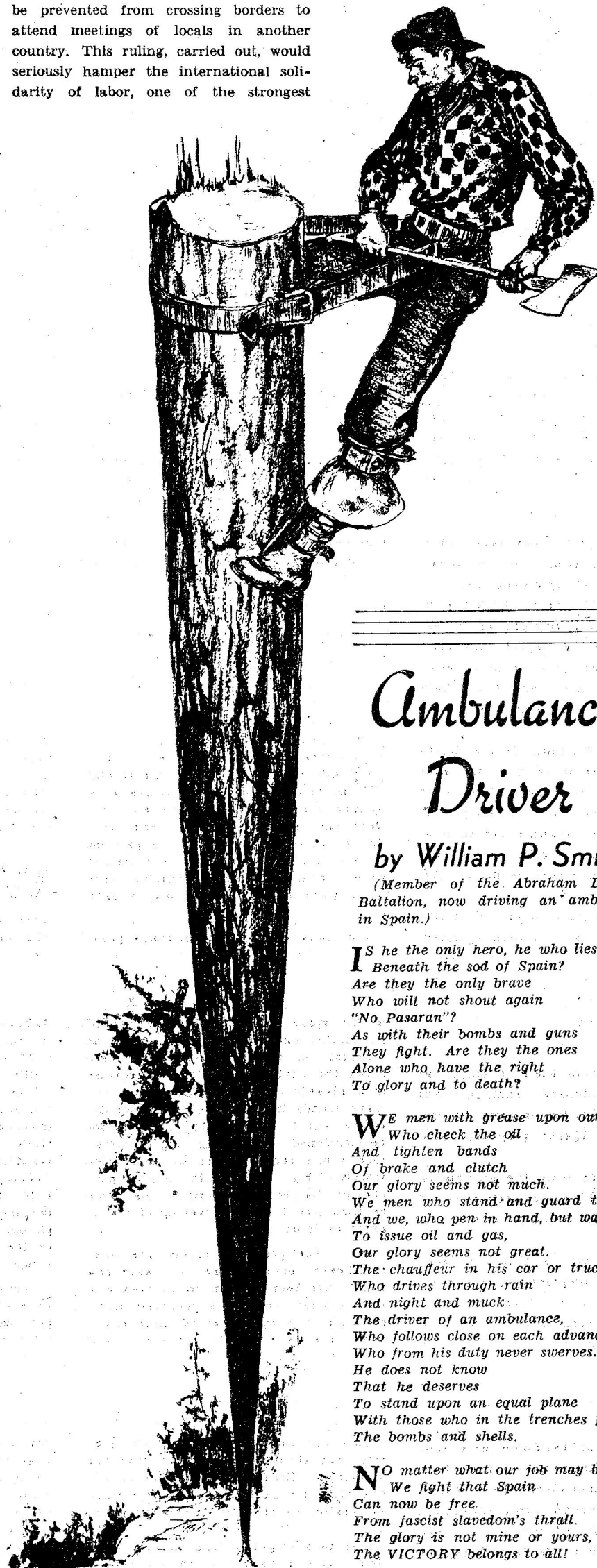
Now from the deep South, Alabama, the Carolinas, Texas and Mississippi comes the demand for the I.W.A. Organization of these workers will be accomplished—such organization that the A. F. of L. craft unionism has failed to accomplish in fifty years.

In addressing a group of citizens at a luncheon held on January 26, 1938, in Seattle, to begin the campaign for Pritchett's right to become an American citizen, Pritchett said:

"It has been something like one and a half years since I first entered the United States, admitted as the President of the British Columbia Coast District Council of Lumber and Sawmill Workers; a delegate to the Vancouver Central Labor Council; President of the Federation of Woodworkers under the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners; and President of the International Woodworkers of America.

"Twice during that time I have been denied entrance by the Immigration Department—both time on the grounds that I might become a public charge—and in both cases Madam Perkins, Secretary of Labor, overruled the Department and granted me admittance.

"It is quite interesting to note that there is pressure being brought to bear now on the State Department by the lumber operators, fully supported by some A. F. of L. officials, with view of attempting to influence the Department to refuse to grant me a permanent visa."



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BONNELL

## Ambulance Driver

by William P. Smith

(Member of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, now driving an ambulance in Spain.)

IS he the only hero, he who lies  
Beneath the sod of Spain?  
Are they the only brave  
Who will not shout again  
"No Pasaran"?  
As with their bombs and guns  
They fight. Are they the ones  
Alone who have the right  
To glory and to death?

WE men with grease upon our hands  
Who check the oil  
And tighten bands  
Of brake and clutch  
Our glory seems not much.  
We men who stand and guard the gate  
And we, who pen in hand, but wait  
To issue oil and gas,  
Our glory seems not great.  
The chauffeur in his car or truck  
Who drives through rain  
And night and muck  
The driver of an ambulance,  
Who follows close on each advance  
Who from his duty never swerves.  
He does not know  
That he deserves  
To stand upon an equal plane  
With those who in the trenches face  
The bombs and shells.

NO matter what our job may be,  
We fight that Spain.  
Can now be free  
From fascist slavedom's thrall.  
The glory is not mine or yours,  
The VICTORY belongs to all!



"... When he'd come home ..."

Paterson, N. J.  
HE asked me not to tell her name and when there are so many like her in Paterson's new Parents' League, which just scored such an amazing victory, what does one name matter?

She lives in New Jersey, in Paterson's Fourth Ward, down in the hollow near the silk mills. She was born there, went to school, worked in the silk mills and got married there. Though New York is only 70 cents away, she's never made the trip.

Now she's 22, the mother of a three-year-old child. Her face is lined and tired and her hands are rough and wrinkled, as though with age.

When she married Tom, they were both working in the mill. He made fifteen and she usually could depend on ten, especially during the "season"—on their combined pay they could get along. They bought furniture, curtains, dishes. They even had a three-room flat on Fair St., steam heated, too! And though they worked long hours and some weeks had to charge at the corner grocery store, they were happy.

Then she became pregnant with Susan. This was before the women had gotten together in Paterson and forced the establishment of a Maternity Health Center there, and she didn't get proper care. She held on to her job until almost the last minute, as she tells it, because it was the busy season then and she wanted to take advantage of all available funds.

Of course, with only Tom working and an addition to the family, they had to move. They found a \$12 cold flat on Governor St., with the toilet in the hall, and they called it home.

A 19-year-old sick girl-wife, a newborn baby, cold rooms, fires to build, water to heat, steps to climb. It doesn't make a pretty picture, but there are a lot of such pictures among the silk workers in Paterson.

They kept hoping with that eternal optimism of people in love. . . .

THEN Tom was cut to \$12 a week. Twelve dollars and three mouths to feed, rent to pay, coal to buy.

# This New Age

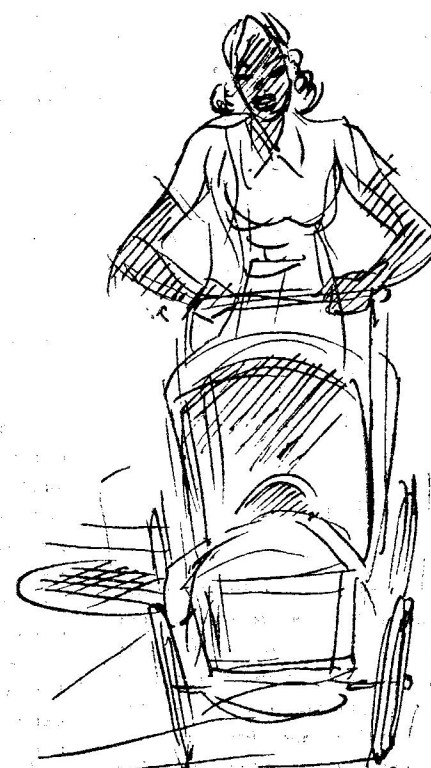
Not far away from I-Am-the-Law Hague's domain, Paterson mill mothers fight for a day nursery to take care of their babies

by MARY MACK

Another family moved in with them to share expenses; six people in three smoky rooms.

But while she cared for her Susan, she also took care of the other couple's child so the other young wife could get a day's work in the mills. Then they started taking turns; one day she'd work and the other would stay home, taking care of the household, the shopping, the children; and the next day the other wife would go to the mill—if there was work to be had.

It's quite a common practice down there in Paterson's Fourth Ward, leaving your child with a neighbor to care for.



"... a baby carriage parade ..."

Since one wage-earner (under the mill's pay scale) can't support a family, mothers and fathers have devised various schemes to care for their children so both can get away to work.

In some households, the father works the day shift, 7 A. M. to 3:30 P. M., and when he arrives home, the mother goes to work on the night shift, after a day of housecleaning, shopping, cooking, clothes-washing and caring for the family. Then she doesn't get home until after midnight.

There are only 30 WPA nursery schools in the State of New Jersey and only one day nursery in the whole city of Paterson.



"It all started at a picnic last summer ..."

ILLUSTRATED BY DIXON

—not even an orphanage! It's no wonder that the Negro women are among the most active in the Parents' League.

Twenty-five-year-old Mrs. Gertrude Kirschbaum, secretary of the League, is the mother of a lovely little girl one year old. She and her husband are both textile workers in the Fourth Ward. Mrs. Kirschbaum has not been able to work since the baby came because she has no place to leave her child. Her loyal and sincere activity, like that of the most of



"... not a pretty picture ..."

members, is a direct reaction from her own pressing needs.

Since its formation last September, the Parents' League has been going places.

It took time. They had to make the rounds over and over again—the Board of Health, the Board of Education, the Board of Finance, the Mayor's office. They were fought by the Taxpayers' League.

OPPOSITION left the mothers undaunted. They mobilized mass meetings. They called a conference to which thirty delegates from 19 organizations, representing 17,000, were present. The Trades and Labor Council of Passaic County, a membership of 40,000, sent out notices to their locals supporting the nursery. The Jewish Women organizations were present, also the Teachers Union, representatives from four Negro churches, the St. Paul's Episcopal Church, the Hosiery Workers Union, the I.W.O. and the Progressive Women's Council of Passaic County.

Yes, it took a lot of work, a lot of action, a lot of pressure, but the women have finally gotten what they want. Mayor Stafford has promised them a building, heat, gas, electricity and food. Arrangements are being made for painters and plumbers. Miss Vera Noon, head of the Women's Work Division (WPA) of Passaic County, has promised to supply a trained and efficient personnel. The Board of Health has promised special medical attention.

Nearly all arrangements have been completed to give the fourth ward a day nursery, but the Paterson women are not resting on their laurels—nor are they go-

(Continued on page 9)



# FASCISM in Canada

by **NORMAN FREED**

Toronto.

**T**HE emergence of a new economic crisis in Canada coupled with the imminence of a new world war developing out of the war now raging on two continents, the sharpening of the international situation as a result of the crisis in the British Cabinet and the open, brazen support of fascist aggression by the Chamberlain pro-fascist government, constitutes the background behind which Big Business in Canada is speeding up its plans for coalition of all reactionary forces.

The recent political developments in Canada have received considerable attention in the newspapers and political circles in the U.S.A. and other countries. The reason for this interest is to be sought in the position which Canada occupies in world affairs. Notwithstanding her small population (11,000,000 people), Canada occupies fourth place in world export trade. The importance of Canada in world affairs emanates not so much from the quantitative volume of her export trade, but more from the qualitative make up of the materials exported on the world market, composed as it is in the main, of nickel (Canada produces 90 per cent of the world's nickel), copper, asbestos, wheat, lumber, etc., materials that are decisive in the present frantic armament race, and particularly to the Japanese war machine in its undeclared war against the Chinese people.

Big Business is attempting to turn Canada into a reservoir of war materials to be supplied to the fascist aggressors. Even today, despite the growing opposition of the Canadian people, about 70 to 90 per cent of copper and nickel going into the Japanese war machine is supplied by Canadian Big Business.

The present political situation in Canada is characterized by rapid changes and re-alignment of class forces. Reactionary finance capital is displaying the utmost flexibility and is pursuing a many-sided policy to achieve its aims. Because of the moods of the people, their demand for social legislation and economic security, maintenance and extension of civil liberties and preservation of peace, Big Business is putting forward demagogic programs, calculated to cash in on the sentiment of the people and direct these sentiments into reactionary fascist channels.

Because the people are opposed to the traditional chief mouth-piece of Big Business, the Conservative Party, Big Business is scouring around to find new channels, new party set-ups through which to operate its policy. Recent developments in Canada have shown how skillful Big Business is. It follows events very closely, it changes its tactics and policies in accordance with the changes in the situation.

**D**URING the Federal election, held in 1935, the people of Canada delivered smashing blows to the Conservative Party. The people showed, during the election, in no uncertain terms, their opposition to the iron-heel rule of the Bennett Tory government, the government that outlawed the Communist Party in 1932, and sent eight of its national leaders, including one of the foremost leaders of the Canadian labor and progressive movement, Tim Buck, to five years imprisonment. The results of the Federal election showed the "writing on the wall" for Big Business.

While the Liberal Party won the election, it was not so much a victory for the Liberal Party, but rather a smashing defeat for the Conservative Party, the main mouth-piece of reactionary finance capital. The election results also showed that about a million people, out of a total of about four million electors, voted for other than the old-line parties. This was a new phenomenon in Canadian politics. It showed that the Canadian people were moving away from the traditional two-party system and were beginning to enter independent political action. The unfortunate situation was that the million voters were split four ways, i.e., the Reconstruction Party, a progressive break-away from the Conservative Party, under the leadership of a member of the Conservative cabinet, the Minister of Trade and Commerce Stevens; the C.C.F. (Socialist), Social Credit and the Communist Party. Had these forces united, Canadian politics would now present an entirely different picture.

The same development took place in the subsequent Provincial (state) elections. The Conservative Party was ousted from every gov-

ernment position. Today the Conservative Party is not in power in a single province.

While Big Business is not giving up the Conservative Party as its channel of operation, it, however, begins to create new channels through which to operate. During and after the Federal and Provincial elections, it became clear to Big Business that its traditional mouth-piece, the Tory Party, could not return to power. Big Business then began to shift its support behind the Liberal Party (financial support during the election), trying to utilize it as the channel through which to operate its policies, but Big Business knew from experience that the Liberal Party was not as solid and consistent as the Conservative Party. It knew that the Liberal government was more susceptible to mass pressure. While planting its henchmen within the Liberal Cabinet, with such men as Dunning, Minister of Finance, and Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture, Big Business began to work out its strategy to bring about a more stable set-up, a coalition of reactionary forces in both parties, provincially, and with the perspective of a national government, made up of reactionary Liberals and reactionary Tories.

**T**HE first point of concentration was the Province of Quebec, the weakest link in so far as the labor and progressive movement is concerned. Big Business made full use of the situation in Quebec—French Canada, a province of about 3,000,000 people, two-thirds of whom are French-Canadians, who are among the most exploited sections of the Canadian people, exploited by both French as well as Anglo-Saxon profiteers. It made use of the hatred of the French-Canadian people against the corrupt Liberal government which had been in power in the province since 1897.

It made use of the weaknesses of the labor movement, of the strangle-hold on the French-Canadian people held by the hierarchy of the Catholic Church, it put forward pseudo anti-trust slogans, developing chauvinist-nationalist agitation directed against the national minorities in Quebec and other parts of the country, to establish a reactionary base in French-Canada. Big Business was successful. It ousted the Liberal government and replaced it with a Union Nationale government, composed of reactionary Liberals and Tories, supported by the hierarchy of the Catholic Church, under the leadership of the arch-reactionary Duplessis.

The so-called Union Nationale government is actually a Tory government (Duplessis was the leader of the Conservative Party in Quebec). The tremendous vote received by the "Union Nationale" was in the main an expression of the disgust of the French-Canadian people with the corrupt Liberal government; more, it was an expression of the great urge among the French-Canadian people for a change of their economic plight. The main slogan issued by Duplessis during the election campaign, "Down with the Trusts," was the means used by the agents of the Trusts to utilize the anti-monopoly sentiment among the French-Canadian people for their own reactionary aims. Thus the policies of the present government are the opposite of the mandate given to it by the French-Canadian people.

It is this Union Nationale government of Quebec that passed the infamous Padlock Law, a law that gives full power to the Attorney General to raid and padlock any home, hall, underground or over the ground, and confiscate any literature that, in his opinion, is of a Communist nature. In Quebec, Zola, Dickens and even the New Testament, are considered as Bolsheviki literature. The law purposely does not define the word "Communist," so that it can be used against everything and anything that is progressive. Over sixty raids have taken place under this law in the last few weeks. The law does not permit any recourse to the courts, it is one of the most reactionary pieces of legislation ever passed in the history of parliamentary government in Canada. It is a fascist piece of legislation for the purpose of muzzling the labor and democratic movement and to be used as a screen behind which to build up fascist shock troops.

**T**HE next point of concentration on the part of Big Business was the Province of Ontario, the province that constitutes the heart of Canadian industry, finance and commerce. The

Hepburn Liberal government which ousted the reactionary Tory government has quite willingly entered into the reactionary camp. The crusade of Hepburn, Premier of Ontario, against the CIO during the auto workers' strike in the city of Oshawa resulting in a cabinet crisis and the ousting of two progressive ministers, was the means through which Hepburn entered the camp of reaction. The Ontario Premier, it will be remembered, was embraced by the Hearst-Liberty League forces in the U.S.A. as the savior of Canadian and American constitutions supposedly threatened by the CIO.

When the Hepburn government came to power about three years ago, it repudiated the electric power contracts concluded with the Quebec barons by the former Conservative government. This move was proclaimed by Hepburn as a move against monopoly interests. (Actually it was merely a transfer of enormous profits from one group of financiers to another). Under the slogan of ousting the CIO from Canada and a promise not to include any power deals with the Quebec power barons but rather further develop hydro-electric power in Ontario (a publicly owned system), the Hepburn government sprang an early election last year, and was successful in returning to power. But only about a day after the election, the Hepburn government announced that it had bought millions of dollars worth of power from the same power magnates in Quebec, contracts with whom they had supposedly repudiated before and openly admitted that this power was not bought because it is needed in Ontario, but supposedly for future export to the U.S.A.

Thus the Hepburn government on the morrow after the elections repudiated its own program, betrayed the people of Ontario by presenting millions of dollars of the Ontario tax-payers' money to their friends, the Quebec power interests, for power that most likely will never be used.

This was the second step which was finally brought to a climax in the establishment of an alliance between Ontario and Quebec, known in Canada as the "Hepburn-Duplessis axis." Thus Big Business was able to bring the two main provinces in Canada, composed of two-thirds of Canada's population, the heart of Canadian industry, finance and commerce, under its control, directed against the Federal Liberal government and the Canadian people.

Utilizing the reactionaries in the Federal cabinet, Messrs. Dunning and Gardiner, who are entrusted with the task of bringing the western provinces into this unholy alliance, Big Business is bringing closer the realization of its perspective of establishing a reactionary National Government at the next Federal election. The Hepburn-Duplessis alliance, therefore, constitutes, at the present time, the center of reaction, and it is against it that the main fire must be directed, if the plans to foist a reactionary government on the people of Canada are to be prevented at the coming Federal election.

**I**T IS in the light of these new developments that a correct appraisal of the emergence of the Arcand-led fascist party in Quebec can be made. The fascist party is now primarily confined to the Province of Quebec. It is, of course, no accident that the fascist party first started in the Province of Quebec. There exists in this province a whole number of circumstances that made it favorable as a starting point and a point of concentration.

These circumstances can be summarized as follows: extreme poverty, the highest rate of malnutrition and child delinquency, the general low standard of living, certain national movements among the French Canadian people, the strength of the Catholic Church, the weakness of the labor movement, are all factors making it more favorable than any other part of the country, as a fertile ground for extreme chauvinism and nationalism, the basic appeal of fascism.

Adrien Arcand, leader of the fascist party in Quebec, claims to have about 80,000 members. This number is grossly exaggerated. The strength of the fascist party does not lie so much in its numerical strength, but rather in the fact that it receives full government support in the Province of Quebec. The connection between the fascist party and the government can be seen from the fact that Arcand, the leader of the fascist party,

is, at the same time, the editor of the official organ of the Duplessis government. The fascist party is receiving moral as well as financial support from Big Business in Canada. They have connections with the fascists in Italy as well as in Germany. They receive instructions from Fritz Kuhn and other fascist agents in the U.S.A.

The organizational form of the fascist party is modeled after the German and Italian fascist parties, uniformed in brown shirts and swastikas, the German salute, organized on military lines. Big Business is supporting and financing the fascists and preparing them as their shock troops to be used against the Canadian people at the proper time. With the Hepburn-Duplessis alliance a reality, with the assistance of the reactionaries

in the Liberal cabinet, with the Padlock Law as an instrument to muzzle the labor and democratic movement, and used as a screen behind which fascist shock troops are being prepared, Big Business hopes to be successful in carrying out its reactionary aims.

**T**HERE is developing in Canada a constitutional crisis. The labor and democratic forces are demanding changes in the British North American Act (the constitution of Canada) to give Federal government authority to pass social legislation—unemployment insurance—the right to organize into trade unions—collective bargaining. Big Business is bent on preventing any such changes in the constitution. Instead of giving

**What forces are behind the sinister shadow of the swastika that falls over our neighbor to the north?**

more authority to the Federal government, it is demanding more power to the provinces, particularly Quebec and Ontario, the two provinces that it controls. Instead of uniting Canada to meet the present grave problems, Big Business is working to divide it still further, playing one province against the other and the provinces against the Federal government.

Big Business is planning to carry through railway amalgamation—to hand over the Canadian National Railways (publicly owned) to the Canadian Pacific Railways (privately owned), thus creating one of the mightiest monopolies that would control the life-line of Canadian economy and at the same time eliminate from the railway industry about 70,000 workers. Big Business is planning to hitch Canadian foreign policy more closely with the pro-fascist policy of the Chamberlain government, making it impossible for Canada to play a constructive role in the struggle for world peace. In one word, the aim of Big Business is to direct Canada on the path of reaction, fascism and war.

**R**EACTION is, however, not having very easy sailing. The people of Canada are beginning to view these developments with alarm. The people are beginning to realize that the Hepburn-Duplessis alliance is the chief danger zone and are preparing to deliver smashing blows to this reactionary concentration. Many voices are being raised in various political circles in Canada, in opposition to the plans of reaction. The caucus of the Canadian Commonwealth Federation (Socialist) in the House of Commons has issued a warning against the Duplessis-Hepburn alliance and is thus coming closer to the position of the Communist Party in regards to this "unholy alliance." Even the Catholic Syndicate (Trade Unions) leadership which often takes a stand with the reactionary forces in Quebec has now been forced into joint action with the International Unions against the anti-labor measures which have been adopted by the Duplessis government.

These voices do not only come from the labor movement, but also from the Liberal and even Conservative circles. An important section of the Liberal Party in Quebec, led by Damien Bouchard, is now coming out in defense of democracy, Bouchard having joined the Montreal Civil Liberties Union. Mass pressure has forced the Federal government to start an investigation of drilling of fascist shock troops and promise a review of the legality of the Padlock Law.

**T**O ACHIEVE labor unity is, of course, the decisive question at the present time—unity between the Communist Party and the C.C.F. (Socialist) to bring the trade union movement on to the path of independent political action would help considerably to attract whole sections of farmers and middle-class people in the fight for economic security, democracy and peace.

Because of the sharpening situation, clarity of issues, it is possible and most urgent to include in the People's Democratic Front, not only the Communist Party, C.C.F., trade union movement, Social Credit movement, but also whole sections of the Liberal Party and even sections of the Conservative Party who are opposed to fascism and stand for democracy. It is around the following main issues that the fight against reaction is being waged by the democratic forces in Canada:

Constitutional amendments of the British North America Act; to enable the Federal government to pass social legislation for unemployment insurance, the right to organize, etc.; immediate assistance to the dried-out, poverty-stricken farmers to save agriculture; to prevent railway amalgamation; to smash the Padlock Law and extend civil liberties; to pursue a foreign policy of collective security. Placing of an embargo on shipment of nickel, scrap-iron, etc., to Japan, and for a united Canada, for economic security, democracy and peace.



ILLUSTRATED BY WARR