

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS

MARCH 11, 1941

\$15,000,000,000

Inside the "defense" setup. The dollar-a-year men, their corporations, and their Nazi connections. Shades of the Nye investigation.

First of a series by BARBARA GILES

R. PALME DUTT *Downing Street Myth*

A. B. MAGIL, ALVAH BESSIE, SAMUEL PUTNAM, WILLIAM GROPPER

Between Ourselves

WE WENT to the birthday party for Mike Gold, celebrating his twenty-five years of literary activity, and came away feeling almost as good as Mike must have. It was good to sit among those 3,500 people who managed to get into the meeting (a lot of others didn't—there just wasn't room) to hear the tributes to Mike and feel the response of the audience. "In doing honor to him," said Earl Browder, "we are honoring the great workers in the army of culture at whose head Mike stands." And similar tributes were paid by Richard Wright, Joseph North, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Louis F. Budenz, Ben Davis, Jr., who was presiding, Mrs. Anna M. Pennypacker, and Bill Gropper. The telegrams came from all over, from Art Young, Ben Gold of the Furriers, and scores of people who know Mike through his *Daily Worker* column, his books, and his contributions to *NM* and the old *Masses*. It was a swell meeting—worthy of the subject.

There's still time for you to get in on *NM*'s theater party, which will give you a chance to see an early showing of *Native Son*, dramatized by author Richard Wright in collaboration with Paul Green, staged by Orson Welles, and produced by Welles in conjunction with John Houseman. *NM*'s party will take place the evening of March 14 (Friday) at the St. James Theater in Manhattan. Most of the eighty-three-cent and \$1.10 tickets have been sold but there are still some good locations left at these prices, as well as at \$1.65 and \$2.20. If you plan to see the show, you are urged to get your order in early. Tickets may be obtained at *NM*'s office, 461 Fourth Avenue, at the theater's box office, or the headquarters of the Veterans of the Lincoln Brigade, 66 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Two important contributions by Joshua Kunitz, a foremost authority on the Soviet Union, will appear in forthcoming issues of *NM*. One is an article on recent social achievements of the USSR, and the other, scheduled for next week, is a review of the Soviet film, *University of Life*, now showing at the Miami Playhouse in New York City. This movie is the third in the famous film trilogy on the revolutionary development of Maxim Gorky, and deals with Gorky in his 'teens. It is, from all reports, a brilliant sequel in a brilliant film series.

We regret that "Strictly Personal" had to be omitted from this issue. Ruth McKenney was called to the West Coast on business. The column will not appear next week either,

but will be resumed in the issue following.

NM foreign editor Joseph Starobin concludes a series of five lectures at the Fordham Forum this Friday night, March 7, with a discussion of "Soviet Foreign Policy." The Forum meets at the Senate Paradise, 2413 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N. Y., at 8:30 P.M. Joseph North, *NM* editor, will speak in Boston on that same evening, March 7, at the Ritz Plaza, 218 Huntington Avenue, under the auspices of the Progressive Book Shop. His topic will be "Mexico, Key to the Continent."

Bruce Minton, William Blake, Joy Davidman, and Myra Page are among the *NM* editors and contributors who are teaching at the current term of the Writers School, of the League of American Writers. Minton conducts a "Workshop in Political Writing," Blake teaches a course in "Writing the Historical Novel," and Joy Davidman is instructor in "Theory and Technique of Poetry." Myra Page has charge of two courses in short story writing, introductory and advanced. The Writers School curriculum also includes such subjects as radio writing, articles, writing for the labor press, and short stories for different varieties of magazine. The spring term, which opens April 21, will also feature courses on the technique of playwriting and writing for Hollywood. Classes in each of these subjects are held once a week. Further information can be obtained from Nan Golden, the school's secretary, at 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

We have a communication from Max Yergan, director of the Council on African Affairs, announcing a symposium on the subject of Africa. Dr. Yergan writes: "The imminent collapse of Mussolini's African empire draws further attention to the significance of Africa in the war and the problems of Africa in any peace settlement. Africa is being profoundly affected by the economic dislocations consequent upon the war. The recent imperial conference at Delhi noted the strong tendency toward the formation of an 'Indian Ocean Basin Economic Unit' in consequence of wartime interruptions to trade with England and remarked that 'Together with its economic move away from the mother country a note of increased impatience with the bonds of the colonial office is sounded in some of the colonies.' In Nigeria and elsewhere trade dislocations are already so serious that actual starvation is feared.

"Acute political problems are intimately involved with these economic

ones. The relations between the Free French and the Vichy colonies, the status of the Belgian Congo, the filtration of Nazi ideologies and organizations into South Africa, above all the intensification of racial conflict through the war, make Africa a testing ground for democracy."

The symposium announced by Dr. Yergan will take place Saturday, March 8, at 8:15 P.M., in International House, 500 Riverside Dr., New York City. Dr. Henry E. Sigerist, Paul Robeson, Madame Kamaladevi of India, and Dr. Yergan will speak, and Mary van Kleeck will preside. Admission cards may be obtained without charge by writing to the Council on African Affairs, 8 West 40th St., New York City.

Correction: In our editorial on the Ben Rubin case (February 25 issue) we stated that Rubin had already received a seventeen-year sentence after two trials on trumped-up charges of "perjury," etc., for soliciting signatures to the Communist Party election petition in Berks County, Pa. We now find that while Rubin faces a possible seventeen years or more in jail (he has been tried twice and faces a third trial), the sentence has not actually been imposed yet, and the progressive forces of the nation are putting up a stiff fight to prevent its imposition. Through an oversight, *NM* failed

to mention the fact that Genevieve Taggard's poem, "To the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade," published last week, appeared in our pages through the courtesy of the Veterans who first introduced it to the public. Incidentally, the current issue of the Vets' publication, *Volunteer*, is now on sale at the organization's headquarters, 66 Fifth Ave., and the Workers Bookshop, New York City.

Who's Who

R. PALME DUTT has been editor of the *British Labour Monthly* since its inception in 1923 and is a leading figure in the British Communist Party. . . . Herbert Ashcroft is a South Dakota sheep rancher. . . . Sid Rosen is a native of Boston and a graduate of Massachusetts State College, where he was editor of the literary publication. . . . T. P. Wickard is a Chicago trade unionist. . . . Samuel Putnam's critical articles and reviews have appeared frequently in *NM*. . . . Elizabeth Lawson is an instructor at the Workers School. . . . Isidor Schneider was formerly literary editor of *NM* and is the author of *From the Kingdom of Necessity*. . . . Millen Brand is the author of *The Heroes* and *The Outward Room*. Frances Steuben's dance reviews are familiar to *NM* readers.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification sent to *NEW MASSES* rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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ALMOST A FULL ISSUE . . .

Our drive for \$25,000 has not really gotten under way. Three weeks have sped by and so far we have received less than \$500.

We know by this time that you understand how NEW MASSES operates. We know, too, that you plan to send your share of the \$25,000 "sooner or later." But we urge you, as earnestly as we know how, not to delay. We are not exaggerating one bit when we say that the printer, the paperman, the landlord wait for this drive so that they can get their accounts settled. It is terribly hard to work effectively with a lineup of creditors outside the door.

Furthermore, let's get this drive over more quickly than ever before. The times demand it. We are in desperate need for space in the magazine: each week we practically fit our articles into the issue with a shoe-horn. Let's not drag the drive out for 25 weeks as we had to last year: that would mean the loss of 25 pages (almost one full issue) in financial appeals that could have been more fruitfully used to print articles by any number of our leading contributors.

You DO plan to send your contribution in eventually. Why not now?

THE EDITORS.

(Please turn to page 30)

NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXVIII

MARCH 11, 1941

NUMBER 12

Washington Gold Rush

How \$15,000,000,000 are being spent. The dollar-a-year men are back in Washington again, doing the job for their corporations. Who they are. Shades of the Nye inquiry.

DURING six weeks in Washington I heard little about "democratic defense." But then, I wasn't talking to Archibald MacLeish or Eleanor Roosevelt. I talked, as far as was permitted, to persons who speak in more earthy terms—men in the National Defense Advisory Commission and the procurement agencies of the army and navy. Sometimes they forgot and said "while we're at war" instead of "during the emergency." A natural enough slip. After all, when you're spending \$15,000,000,000 on guns, bombers, warplanes, etc., "peace" must hardly seem more than a word in a quaint old Christmas carol. As for democracy, why should they talk about it? That's the job of the administration's commercial pen men and orators. They know, these men who carry on "democratic defense," that it isn't democratic and it isn't defense. It's a war program, so let's call it that.

For twenty cents, a taxi will take you from Capitol Hill to the hangouts of the dollar-a-year men who direct this war program. You leave the halls of our elected representatives and arrive in less than ten minutes at the real headquarters of government. Very likely you won't get into the offices. Only persons "having business with" the war agencies, whose identity has been properly certified, are welcome.

That rule is fairly recent, however—when I was there it was possible to enter offices of assistants and subordinates at least, and ask questions. The atmosphere was not unfriendly, not unusual in any way. It harmonized with the rest of the capital. Washington is a smooth city, bland and in many ways beautiful. Its avenues are wide and curve gently. No factories dirty the statues and monuments or the shining marble of government buildings. The white collars of its tremendous middle class stay clean. In the government departments you get an unvarying impression of continuous, pleasant if rather dullish industry carried on without noise or hurry. So in the war-agency offices, except that there seem to be more soundless typewriters and indirect lighting, shinier equipment, a quicker pace.

But you won't get the whole story—or even half—of the war program in those offices. That will have to wait on another Nye committee armed with subpoenas of witnesses and corporation files. For the secrecy with which \$15,000,000,000 is being spent for war, with which the nation's economic life is being taken over—in peacetime, do not forget—is one of the most conspicuous

features of that program. "Military Secrecy" is the handiest phrase in Washington. I met it at every turn, until it began to assume the forms of some powerful, invisible presence. Military Secrecy is the guardian angel, the bodyguard, the fingerprinting flunkey of dollar-a-year men. It enables any one in the war commission to turn off a distasteful question. Military Secrecy can tell a senator or representative that certain details concerning the disposal of \$15,000,000,000 appropriated by Congress are none of his damned business. It is said more politely than that, of course; for these are polite people. But when it comes to such matters as profits on war orders, employer sabotage and inefficiency, monopoly grabs, you may as well question the figures in Statuary Hall.

WHAT IS IT these gentlemen have to conceal? We can get a sizable answer to that simply by setting forth some things they can't conceal. It is not too difficult to discover such things. And the facts about the gentlemen who run "defense," about the program itself, are not what these 150 or so men want 130,000,000 people to know. The truth too deeply and urgently concerns those 130,000,000 ordinary people: farmers, consumers, students, professional men and women—and above all the worker, the trade unionist, whom Roosevelt and his "defense" boys recognize as their foremost enemy because he will be their foremost victim if they cannot trick him with Hillman promises or Churchill phrases.

In this series I intend to establish the following facts about the war program:

That contracts are being made on terms and under conditions that open the way wide for scandals equal to those uncovered by the Nye and Graham committees.

That a good percentage of the dollar-a-year men represent corporations which had, or still have, direct ties with Nazi Germany.

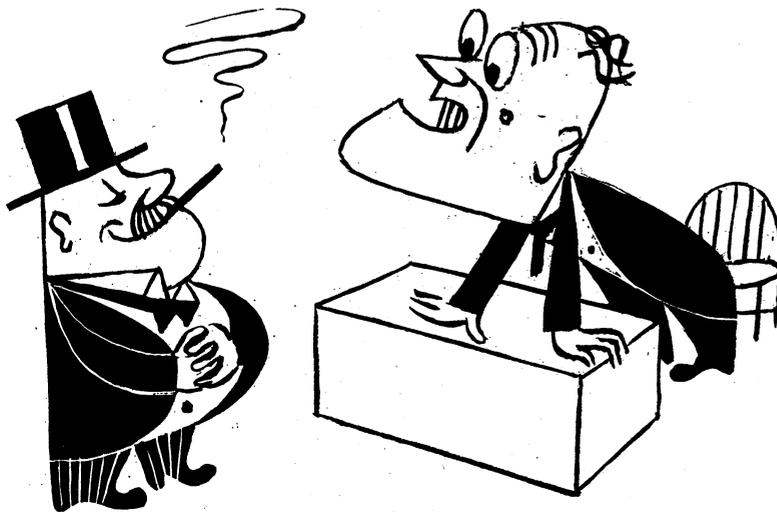
That Morgan, Mellon, Rockefeller, du Pont run "national defense" either through direct representatives or indirect control and influence in the firms of dollar-a-year men.

That tremendous sums of money in war orders are going to the corporations, subsidiaries, or other companies related to the businesses of dollar-a-year men.

That a large part of the money handed out in war contracts is going to corporations which figured in the Nye investigation as profiteers, grafters, saboteurs, and swindlers.

That Sidney Hillman, who was presumably given a top position in the war setup in order to look out for labor's interests, is acting as one of labor's most dangerous enemies.

Let's look at these dollar-a-year men. What exactly do they do? How much power do they have? In the cheery language of their own publicity releases they "advise," "supervise," "analyze," "coordinate." But let us be specific. Sitting atop the dollar-a-year heap is the OPM, Office of Production Management. Roosevelt was fairly explicit about the OPM's powers when he established it January 8. In effect he announced that this office—



"Of course, a dollar a year isn't much, but it's the opportunities that count."

Rodney

under "Knudsen-Hillman" and Knox and Stimson—could do practically anything in the way of all-out mobilization. It can "coordinate" the needs of our army, navy, and other government departments with those of "foreign governments." It can virtually control imports and exports. And it is free to "formulate," to "facilitate and execute" plans for war production—meaning that it can hitch the country's entire business to war, taking over factories if necessary.

Subordinate to the OPM is the original National Defense Advisory Commission set up last June. Two of its most important divisions, Production and Materials, have moved into the OPM. Both these war agencies are divided and subdivided according to particular industries and problems in the "defense" program: Transportation, Metals, Aircraft, etc. There are, roughly, 150 executives in the OPM and NDAC. With scarcely an exception they are corporate and monopoly men, many of them presidents and directors of business fortresses. The few exceptions, of course, are the window-dressers, the labor and consumer "representatives," whose role I shall discuss later.

A DOLLAR-A-YEAR MAN need not cut his business connections. Few of the present personnel have. At any rate, the act is pure gesture. The American public is surely not naive enough to assume, for example, that if Mr. Blank of Blank Cartridges "resigns" his presidency of the firm while he is in Washington, he is any less an agent for that firm. Indeed, most of these business chiefs are not only executives in the companies listed by the NDAC handbook, but directors of six or seven other companies as well. Many of them hold one or more directorships in banks. In addition, there are several representatives of large trade associations, which are dominated by the biggest corporations.

Now the \$15,000,000,000 which these men are now spending is a nice chunk of money. It is about one-fifth of the total national income. It is about twice the total federal appropriations for 1935. And, as everyone knows, it is no more than the beginning of the war budget. With a \$15,000,000,000 appropriation (and \$6,000,000,000 more authorized), plus the billions to come, with dictatorial powers over industry, 150 men can do a terrific lot to your daily life, even excluding the possibility of war. It behooves us to take a long, hard look at them.

I prefer not to begin with Knudsen and Stettinius. They are important of course—extremely so—but they have been publicized to the extent that people are apt to think of them as the sole representatives of Morgan and monopoly. The truth is that at least thirty of these dollar-a-year men represent firms that are controlled, dominated, or strongly influenced by Morgan. Du Pont (which also has banking ties with Morgan) is well represented, as are Mellon and Rockefeller. Some of the firms have ties with more

to follow as it has and disarmament was destined never to get beyond the conference stage.

In this connection it is to be noted that under the gentlemen's agreement of 1926 which du Pont has with the two great German explosive concerns—D. A. G. and Koln-Rottweiler—the companies agreed to exchange full information regarding patents and secret inventions covering commercial explosives. The products enumerated included black powder, disruptive explosives, smokeless propellants for sporting purposes, detonators, safety fuses, powder fuses, and generally all devices for initial detonation or ignition.⁹ Mr. Lamot du Pont testified that the du Pont Co. was operating under that agreement.¹⁰ The du Pont witnesses admitted the interchangeability between explosives for commercial purposes and for military purposes, even though explosives considered primarily commercial could not be used for military purposes with as great facility as the explosives classed as primarily military.¹¹ In this connection Senator Clark pointed out that in case the Germans were to engage in a war they could use these processes in the manufacture of war explosives even though less economically and efficiently than processes for military explosives.¹²

In view of the prohibitions respecting arms, ammunition, and war material of every kind, laid upon Germany by the Treaty of Versailles,

violation of articles I and II would constitute, therefore, not only a violation of Germany's obligations to the other parties to the Treaty of Versailles but also a violation of its treaty obligations to the United States.¹³

Sales to Germany of the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Co., a subsidiary of United Aircraft Corporation, in 1933 included 29 engines, 13 propellers, and other parts amounting to a total cost of \$272,000, as compared with a \$6,000 business done there in 1932.¹⁴ For the first 6 months of 1934 the sales figures to Germany took a tremendous jump to \$1,445,000,¹⁵ which included 176 engines, 2 large Boeing transports, and 6 two-seater planes described as mail planes.¹⁶

It was brought out in the testimony of the Pratt & Whitney officials that the two-seater mail planes were of the same type of planes sold by the company for observation and light bombing work, and that they were readily convertible into observation or light bombing

⁹ Ex. 4697.

¹⁰ Ex. 4698.

¹¹ Ex. 597, Hearings, Part 6, p. 1596.

¹² Hearings, Part 6, p. 1496.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 1496.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 1496-1497.

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planes.¹⁷ There was still on order on August 31, 1934, and undelivered, 21 engines and another large transport.¹⁸ It was further pointed out that the engines shipped to Germany were of considerably larger dollar value than the total of the planes. Pratt & Whitney shipped to Germany engines in great quantities and the rest of the planes was supplied in Germany.¹⁹ It was admitted by Mr. C. W. Deeds, an official of Pratt & Whitney, that the 176 engines sold to Germany could have been placed into military planes as well as commercial planes.²⁰

Prior to 1933 Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Co. (the engine-making subsidiary of the United group) had granted a manufacturing license to the Bayerische Motoren Werke (Bavarian Motor Works) under which Pratt & Whitney received royalties for such manufacture. Referring to this arrangement Mr. E. P. ... former

PALS OF HERR HITLER. These excerpts from the Nye committee reports (Part 3, pp. 255-6-7) show how du Pont and Pratt & Whitney, whose dollar-a-year men are "defending democracy from the Nazis," contributed to the efficiency of Hitler's bombs and the "Luftwaffe" which drops them. Other corporations which have men on the Defense Commission did their bit for der Fuehrer. Do we have to wait eighteen years for another Nye investigation to make known the facts about the "defense" setup in this war?

than one of the three biggest monopoly groups. A few are more closely associated with banking houses like Lehman Bros., Goldman-Sachs, and Kuhn, Loeb.

CONSIDER SOME of the less known "defense" personnel:

One of the least known is Robert L. Hallett, of the National Lead Co. Mr. Hallett is one of the NDAC's specialists on tin. An exhibit in a Nye report made in 1936 shows close financial arrangements between Mr. Hallett's company and the great German cartel, IG Farbenindustrie. The latter company is licensed by National Lead for the production of titanium white. According to Poor's Directory for 1940, National Lead owns fifty percent of the Titangesellschaft M. B. H. at Leverkusen, Germany. It is co-owner with the St. Joseph Lead Co. of two other mining and lead companies—and St. Joseph Lead also contributed a dollar-a-year man to "defense": Irwin Cornell, who was chosen as "producer representative" on the Non-Ferrous Metals and Minerals Committee. (National Lead has strong Rockefeller ties.)

Or take S. D. Heron of the Ethyl Gasoline Corp., assistant chief in the Defense

Commission's Aircraft Engines Section. Ethyl Gasoline stock is fifty percent owned by General Motors (Morgan-du Pont) and fifty percent by Standard Oil (Rockefeller), whose contracts run into the hundreds of millions. The IG Farbenindustrie has (or had) close relations with Standard Oil in regard to the synthetic manufacture of benzene, in addition to an arrangement with both Standard Oil and the British Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., for the hydrogenization of coal. IG Farbenindustrie and Standard Oil of New Jersey together own the Standard IG Co. of the United States. As for General Motors, NEW MASSES readers will recall an article in our February 11 issue, titled "Germany's Real Rulers," in which the author, G. S. Jackson, pointed out that Opel AG, the German auto works, is completely owned by Mr. Knudsen's corporation.

I have chosen these two cases to demonstrate not only the curious inter-relations between dollar-a-year firms but, more important, how fantastic it is to call them "defenders of democracy." Especially do I want to emphasize that General Motors is by no means the only corporation involved in this "defense against fascism" which is or has

been allied with Nazi and fascist concerns.

For example:

Pratt & Whitney has three men in the "defense" agencies. Wesley A. Kuhrt of that company is assistant chief of the Aircraft Structures Section. And the parent company, United Aircraft Corp., is represented by George J. Mead, director of the Aircraft Section, and M. S. Burke, member of the Committee on Training within Industry. One of the major scandals dug out by the Nye committee was the part played by Pratt & Whitney and United Aircraft in violating the Versailles Treaty and building up Hitler's *Luftwaffe* through sales of aircraft that could be converted into military craft. Yet these companies not only sit on a commission which was presumably set up to keep the *Luftwaffe* away from America—they have received in war contracts a total of \$201,411,000.

Lockheed Aircraft also has a delegate to the congress of warmakers. Its president, Robert E. Gross, is a member of the Committee on Training within Industry. In 1935 Lockheed's export agency in the Far East was selling planes to the Japanese firm of Okura & Co. with the knowledge that they would be sold in turn to the Japanese Navy. At about the same time, Lockheed was negotiating with a subsidiary of the Czechoslovakian Skoda Works, which participated in the rearming of Nazi Germany, for a license agreement by which the Skoda subsidiary would obtain the military version of Lockheed's "Electra" model. (Incidentally, Lockheed's airplanes are powered by Pratt & Whitney engines.) War orders amounting to \$45,934,000 have been granted the Lockheed corporation.

Or consider General Electric, whose chairman, P. D. Reed, is consultant to the Priorities Division of OPM. In 1928, GE made a contract with the Frederick Krupp Co. of Essen, Germany, by which this firm would license no one in this country to sell its tungsten carbide steel except a GE subsidiary, the Carboloy Co. Tungsten carbide steel is a highly important material in wartime. It's scarce and precious in this country since GE conspired with Krupp to limit the exports to the USA. But not until this year were GE and its Carboloy subsidiary indicted under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. And General Electric continues to receive war contracts—\$33,202,000 so far. The company, it also should be mentioned, owned until recently twenty-five percent of the German Allgemeine Elektrizitaets AG and was also linked with Siemens-Halske of Germany.

General Electric is a Morgan firm. But Mellon, also, has its little case history of alliance with Nazi capitalism to restrain trade in this country. For Mellon, whose Mellon Institute is directly represented in "defense," owns the Aluminum Co. of America (ALCOA), which was indicted Jan. 30, 1941, for conspiring with the IG Farbenindustrie to control the production of mag-

How Much Did You Get?

THE big-business press is doing its utmost to play down the profits made last year in war goods industries. Labor Research Association in its March *Economic Notes* publishes the following figures of individual companies whose rise in net profit in 1940 was at least 100 percent above 1939. LRA in addition points out that "In many cases, conservative economists note, excessive reserves have been set aside for taxes which will not have to be paid. These excess reserves would have to be added to the profit figures to get an accurate picture of the real net profits piled up by these concerns."

Name of company	1939	1940	% Increase
General Steel Castings Corp. \$	5,661	\$ 1,106,196	19,441
Bell Aircraft	9,203	284,745	2,994
Phillips Jones Corp.	35,556	326,523	818
Liberty Aircraft Products Corp. ...	37,541	247,440	559
Sharon Steel Corp.	255,497	1,336,822	423
Soundview Pulp Co.	493,399	1,942,164	294
Douglas Aircraft Co.	2,884,197	10,831,971	275.5
United Aircraft Products	104,713	381,089	264
Baldwin Locomotive Works	542,026	1,944,072	259
Otis Steel Co.	214,965	717,007	234
Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp. ...	3,188,944	10,277,029	222
Bath Iron Works	660,703	2,052,179	211
Pittsburgh Steel Co.	564,870	1,555,794	175
Saco Lowell Shops	335,673	883,897	163
U. S. Steel Corp.	41,226,039	102,181,321	148
Woodward Iron Co.	631,177	1,425,214	125
Monarch Machine Tool Co.	529,577	1,183,103	123
Gisholt Machine Co.	437,163	969,161	122
Crucible Steel Co.	2,803,569	6,230,180	122
Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. ...	5,004,484	10,815,468	116
American Steel Foundries	1,368,514	2,943,534	115
General Railway Signal Co.	247,593	526,761	113
Bendix Aviation Corp.	4,485,972	9,310,074	108
Westinghouse Airbrake Co.	2,765,629	5,591,606	102

nesium, another highly important war material.

In view of these men's pretense of fighting Hitlerism, their Hitlerite connections are the most striking of their international interests. However, it should be observed that most of them also have interests in Britain, giving them a stake in both sides of the war. Those which are linked to the German IG, for example, are usually linked also with ICI, the British chemical trust.

I have spoken of Rockefeller's Standard Oil and its dickering with the IG. It should be noted that Standard Oil's representation on the Commission does not stop with Mr. Heron of Ethyl Gasoline. No more than General Motors' stops with Knudsen, or Mellon's with Mr. Weidlein of the Mellon Institute. The NDAC's Petroleum, Natural Gas and Products Division is headed by Robert E. Wilson, president and director of eight subsidiaries of the Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Co., which is controlled by Standard Oil of Indiana. Mellon controls the Koppers Co. and the Carnegie Institute of Technology, both of which have dollar-a-year men. Mr. Knudsen not only brought along his own secretary from General Motors, but installed George A. Brooks of GM's legal staff on the legal staff of the Defense Production Division, and Eugene J. Barney of GM Sales Corp. on the Aluminum and Magnesium Priority Committee. E. J. Johnson, GM vice president (retired), is chief of Aircraft, Ordnance, and Tools in the OPM. And Dr. W. S. A. Pott, secretary to the OPM Priorities Division, has been connected with General Motors (he is now president of Elmira College). Besides, Mr. Knudsen has close to him, as director of the Production Division of OPM, John D. Biggers, president of Libbey-Owens-Ford, which manufactures plate glass for GM.

Du Pont, monstrous spawn of the last world war, has played with the Axis powers and not only through GM, which Morgand Pont control. In 1932 the company sold its hydrogen process to Japan. And as late as 1936 at least, perhaps even now, the common stock of the German *Dynamit-Aktien Gesellschaft* was largely held by du Pont, Imperial Chemicals Industries, Ltd., and the IG Farbenindustrie. The du Ponts have a million-dollar investment in the IG. Dollar-a-year man for du Pont is H. J. White, head of the company's Viscose Division, who acts as "defense" specialist on Synthetic Textiles and Miscellaneous Products. Already \$174,526,000 in war orders has gone to du Pont alone, exclusive of the amount its subsidiaries like Remington Arms have received.

And let us not forget William L. Batt—Mr. Batt of SKF Industries, Inc. SKF is a subsidiary of the great Swedish ball and roller bearings company, with offices located in Germany, France, England, America, and other countries. On the board of Mr. Batt's SKF sits Uno Forsberg of Sweden, who is also on the parent-company board which sup-

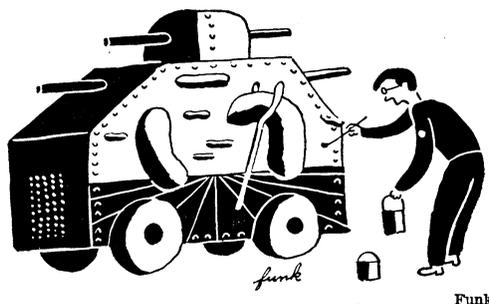
plies both Germany and England with ball and roller bearings.

So much for the more obvious Nazi connections of these "democracy defenders." Remember that this does not touch many large corporations not directly represented by dollar-a-year men—corporations who are participating in the war program to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars. Their chumminess with Hitler, Mussolini, and the Mikado will be treated in a subsequent article. HOW MUCH are the dollar-a-year men's corporations getting in war orders? On this subject the professedly liberal press has been curiously silent. A few weeks ago the *New Republic's* Washington correspondent, T.R.B., remarked happily that the OPM was a healthy change from the NDAC, because "Under the NDAC the spectacle of corporation heads valiantly negotiating with their former office associates was a daily spectacle." Now a daily spectacle of this sort is certainly a scandal—and if a Nye committee airs it twenty-five years from now the *New Republic* editors are going to be very, very indignant and outraged. For the present, however, they prefer not to mention it until the situation has "improved," and then the mention is casual. And how far has the situation improved? The *New Republic's* correspondent offers in proof the fact that two or three shifts have been made in the dollar-a-year positions so that "dollar-a-year businessman patriots no longer preside over contracts granted to their own companies or their chief competitors."

There are two things to be said about this. One is that plenty of dollar-a-year men continue to preside over contracts granted to their own companies, or certainly in their own fields of business. It is one of the weird features of "democratic defense" that a director of seven textile mills acts as "defense" specialist on cotton products; the chairman of the Mica Insulator Co. as specialist on mica; a president of the Edison Electric Institute as group executive on Heat, Light, and Power—and so on. In the second place, a dollar-a-year man does not have to preside over a division affecting his own business in order to influence the awarding of orders.

Up to February 15, the following firms having dollar-a-year representatives had directly received contracts:

US Steel	\$444,308,000.00
General Motors	\$321,617,269.00
Koppers Co.	\$13,681,000.00



Newport News Shipbuilding	\$475,961,000.00
Eastman Kodak	\$26,633,016.87
Studebaker	\$86,585,449.00
Amer. Tel. & Tel.	4,185,000.00
Lukens Steel	\$2,160,000.00
Westinghouse Electric	\$29,509,000.00
J. P. Stevens & Co.	\$18,084,000.00
Lockheed Aircraft	\$45,934,000.00
United Aircraft	\$204,972,746.00
Curtiss-Wright	\$317,016,170.65
du Pont Co.	\$174,526,000.00
Procter & Gamble	\$17,585,600.00
J. G. White Engineering Co.	\$703,000.00
US Rubber Co.	\$2,573,000.00

Total, \$2,186,034,251.52—nearly one-seventh of the total war orders. But that's not the whole story. For example, the NDAC's consultant on Inland Waterways is Mr. Alex W. Dann, president of the Union Barge Line, which is controlled by the Dravo Corp. Union Barge is not listed as having received any contracts, but Dravo is—\$3,858,000. General Motors gets additional slices of pie through its Yellow Truck & Coach Mfg. Co. and its heavy interests in various aviation companies. It is impossible at this point to go into the criss-cross of subsidiaries, affiliates, and related companies in the dollar-a-year grab. The story of contracts is itself a story of monopoly capitalism, which will be dealt with in the next article of this series.

They're an extraordinary crew, these men to whom our "democracy" has been entrusted. I wish I had space to describe them more fully. Some of them certainly deserve a mention at least: Blackwell Smith, for example, whose long record of defending trusts against the Sherman act eminently qualifies him to act as the legal adviser of these dollar-a-year monopolists. Or A. C. C. Hill, Jr., of Morgan's Guaranty Trust Co., third largest bank in the United States, which is operating a "clearing house for defense contracts loans" in conjunction with Chase National, the National City Bank, and the Bankers Trust Co. And Gano Dunn of the J. G. White Engineering Co., who used his position on the NDAC to fight the building of an ammonium nitrate plant to be operated by TVA instead of private companies. (Mr. Dunn is also a director of Guaranty Trust.) Even Hearst has a man in the OPM, Merrill C. Meigs, chief of Aircraft, who is "on leave" as publisher of the Chicago *Herald-American*.

It's almost superfluous to say that this dollar-a-year crowd is anti-labor. Most of them are fascist in the real sense of the word, by their determination to hold on to an economic power which they see threatened by the very forces that Hitler fought with storm troopers. "Peace" is a fearsome word to them. It would smash their \$15,000,000,000 palace, their fortress of war economy.

BARBARA GILES.

This is the first of three articles by Barbara Giles on "defense." The second, which will appear in an early issue, will deal with war contracts: how they are made and who is getting them.

Downing Street Myths

R. Palme Dutt probes the pretense of Churchill's "democracy." Transformations in the economic and political structure of Washington and London.

London.

AS THE scale of the present world conflict enlarges, as the tasks of technical and economic organization expand and reveal their protracted character, so the perspective of the war is extended, and the will o' the wisp of victory is postponed to remoter horizons by the statesmen of both sides. Churchill revises his former estimate of the approaching decisive campaigns of 1941 and 1942, and substitutes the decisive campaigns of 1943 and 1944 (thus incidentally rebuking Bevin's empty prophecy, on the day before Churchill's speech, of victory in six months). Hitler speaks of "the second cycle of the four years' plan" as "just beginning to run," and prophecies that its completion will finally make Germany economically independent of the British blockade—that is, by 1944. Roosevelt, successfully reestablished for his third term to run till 1944, launches a vast conscription and armament program, the fruits of which will only begin to become effective in a period of years.

Such is the prospect which the rulers of capitalism are now offering mankind for years ahead. In the face of the beginnings of new economic crisis, and of the rising discontent of the peoples, these same rulers of capitalism plunged into war in 1939. How much hope can they have that the human race will accept this grimmer program, extending over years and years of misery, servitude, and ruin?

THE IMPERIALIST RULERS and their advertising agents seek to dress up this organization of super-imperialist war blocs with high-sounding prospectuses of a "new order" and "higher international organization." Hitler proclaims the birth of a "new order" in Europe, which will end its economic and political fragmentation, and establish the old dream of European unity—under the leadership of German monopoly capital (replacing the previous similar aims of Anglo-French monopoly capital, dressed up under the guise of "Federal Union"). Japan proclaims the "new order" in Eastern Asia, whose elastic definition begins to reach out to the Anglo-French colonial possessions in the Pacific, the Dutch East Indies, and India. The Federal Unionists, temporarily silenced after their rebuff in Europe and the collapse of their dreams of Anglo-French hegemony, now begin to lift up their heads anew and discover in Anglo-American co-operation the nucleus of a "new world order," to be hastened by the political unification of the British empire and the United States. In this way the ideology of the servants of imperialism shifts and adapts itself to the requirements of the successive stages of imperialism and its drive to increasing concentration in the forcing-house of war.

The super-imperialist war combinations, which are now being organized, not for the purposes of peace, but for war, intensify the anarchy of capitalism. They involve the most intense suppression of national rights and independence; the destruction of civil rights under war emergency dictatorship regimes; the depression of the standards of the people to the lowest levels; the organization of all states and peoples for war and destruction. The organization of the super-imperialist war combinations, which seek to find means of integrating their economy and political forms for the purposes of war, is accompanied by the parallel intensified organization of the economy and state forms within each country, of the entire life of the working populations, to the last ounce of labor and sacrifice that can be extracted, for the same purposes of war. Unlimited sacrifice for the war, conscription of everybody and everything (except big capital), harnessing of the whole population to the war machine, unlimited economic and political dictatorship: this is the meaning of total war; this is the reality behind the "new order"; this becomes the aim of organization in both war camps.

During these past fifteen months a considerable journey has been traveled in the transformation of the economic and political structure of Britain and the United States to

correspond to the war dictatorship of monopoly capital, although the change has not yet been completed. In Britain, in accordance with the traditional mechanism of monopoly capitalist rule on the basis of the corruption of the labor aristocracy, the upper Labor Party and trade union leadership has played the principal part in this transformation. The old parties have not been liquidated to give place to a new single governing fascist party; instead, the coalition of all the official recognized parties has constituted in effect a single governmental party, with monopoly rights in the usual channels of publicity, broadcasting, etc., and on the basis of which the Coalition Government rules. The Parliament has not been abolished; instead, an obsolete Parliament under Tory domination has been maintained, with suspension of elections and the disappearance of an official opposition. The Labor organizations have not been dissolved; instead, the workers find the independent functioning of their organizations paralyzed by their own leadership. The right to strike has not been destroyed by a fascist enemy; instead the workers find their own leader, as Minister of Labor, instituting the legal prohibition of strikes. There is no labor front or corporate system; instead, there is the state capitalist organization of industry and economy under the domination of big business controllers, with the labor movement drawn in as a mechanism of class collaboration through a network of joint committees. The restricted and precarious democratic rights still continuing, while heavily thwarted in their practical operation by the social, economic, and political weight of the war machine and monopoly capital and by the official regimentation of the labor movement behind the government, partly hide from view the full extent of the changes which have taken place. This is not yet fascism, but it is certainly not democracy. When Lenin described the freest bourgeois democracy as the hypocritical cover of the dictatorship of the capitalist class, what would he have said of the present system in Britain?

IN THE THEORY of Transport House fascism can be avoided, not by the organized working class leading all the working class and democratic forces in the struggle against monopoly capital, but by the chiefs of the Labor movement themselves fulfilling the role of the lieutenants of monopoly capital to control the workers, entering into alliance with monopoly capital, both governmentally and in industry, establishing the mechanism of class collaboration, prohibiting strikes, disciplining the labor organizations, holding down the militants (if necessary, with a little police aid), preaching imperialist jingo propaganda, and presenting



Burton

Burton

the whole in a dress of "war socialism" or "national socialism." This is the familiar theory of Social Democracy. Where it has led has already been seen in Germany and in France, as well as in other countries. The real fight for democracy against fascism can only be conducted against monopoly capital, since it is precisely monopoly capital which under modern conditions leads the drive to fascism. This is what is concealed when fascism is identified with a special foreign regime called "Hitlerism," instead of being recognized as the policy and system towards which the most powerful reactionary forces of monopoly capital drive in all countries.

At the outset of the present war the Communist International declared that the distinction between the "democratic" and fascist imperialist states had lost its former significance. After fourteen months of war the former American ambassador to London, Joseph Kennedy, caused a commotion by declaring, according to the report of an interview, that "democracy is finished in England and National Socialism will be the result," that the talk of England "fighting for democracy" is "the bunk stuff," and that "democracy is all done." The commotion was not quieted by his subsequent explanation that he was speaking "off the record" and that the reporter had no right to publish a version; he characterized the version as "inaccurate" in "many" of the statements given, but did not explicitly repudiate the sentiments expressed. The significance of the episode did not arise from the sentiments, which were not novel, but from the fact that the American ambassador was known to have been in the closest and most constant touch with the inner circles of the ruling class in Britain, that he shared their outlook, and was one of the most fervent advocates of Anglo-American collaboration in the prosecution of the war. Whether consciously or unconsciously, he had let loose the kind of cat that is very difficult to put back in the bag, precisely because his judgment was not that of a socialist critic or opponent of the war, but obviously reflected what he had learned from the ruling class in Britain. The leaders of monopoly capital in Britain and the United States are perfectly well aware that the old democratic forms are no longer compatible with the continuance of their rule; but to admit this openly at the present stage, when a gigantic world war front is being organized on the basis of this myth, would be equivalent to lighting dynamite at a moment when chloroform is essential for the completion of the operation.

The "war for democracy" is in fact hastening at a lightning pace the process of fascization of all the countries of the capitalist world insofar as they are drawn into the orbit of the war; nor can any other outcome be possible in a war led and conducted by monopoly capital, by the big business enemies of democracy, for the maintenance and extension of their regime of domination and spoliation. Hence the complete falsity of comparisons of the present war with genuine democratic wars,

such as the war of democratic Spain or democratic China, where the very needs of the war strengthen the attack against the big landlords and big capital and accelerate the pace of democratic advance. By the second year of this war the economics and politics of totalitarian war of modern imperialism are more and more completely dominating both imperialist war blocs, irrespective of the formal distinction between "democracy" and fascism. In this way living experience is tearing to pieces the fiction which seeks to conceal the real character of the war between Anglo-American and German monopoly capital for world domination by presenting it as if it were a war between "democracy" and fascism. Living experience is teaching millions that the real fight for democracy, the struggle against their oppressors, for their own liberation, is inevitably a struggle against monopoly capital and its war, for the victory of the working people and a peace made by the working people.

IN MANY WAYS, in many parts of the world, this real struggle for democracy is breaking through—not for the sham democracy of the old liberal capitalist era which has vanished never to return, but for the real rule of the working people, which can alone end the war and advance on the road to socialism and the abolition of classes and class privilege. The clouds of confusion are rolling away; in the midst of deepening war, through limitless obstacles and hardships, the front of the peoples is forming over the world against the im-

perialists and warmakers. It is expressed in the battle of the Indian people, the overwhelming majority of the population of the British empire, for liberation and against participation in the war. It is expressed in the awakening movement in Britain which is seeking to find a common rallying ground in the People's Convention. It is expressed in the heroic struggle of the French Communist Party, shoulder to shoulder with the German Communist Party. It is expressed in the unbreakable war front of Chinese democracy. Everywhere the true fight for democracy, for the real freedom of the people, is inseparably united with the fight against the imperialist war. Everywhere the front of the peoples, of the peoples in the warring imperialist countries and in the colonial countries, is inseparably united with the only complete democracy in the world, the socialist democracy of the Soviet Union, which maintains its power, independent and impregnable, against all imperialism, and shows the way forward for the peoples of the whole world. Here, and not in the false choice between the rival imperialist war camps which are massacring mankind in their battle for the spoliation of the world, but in the rising front of the working people in all countries, in the "democratic" and fascist imperialist countries, in the colonial countries, together with the people of the Soviet Union, against all imperialism, lies the real world alignment which holds the key to the future and which will bring real freedom and peace to the peoples of all countries.

R. PALME DUTT.



A Print from a Lenin Memorial Folio Produced by Chicago Artists



A Print from a Lenin Memorial Folio Produced by Chicago Artists

From a Country Postoffice

How they're trying to sell the war to the farmer. Herbert Ashcroft, from out in the sheep-country, says the buyers are scarcer this time than in 1917.

South Dakota.

NEARLY all the patrons of our little country post office received copies of the 1941 *Farm Outlook*. They were mailed out by the Extension Service at the state college which cooperates with the Department of Agriculture in Washington. The bulletin is a neat two-color folder and no one remembers getting anything like it before. On the front cover appears a fine-looking soldier boy with overcoat, cartridge belt, helmet, and rifle, who has walked halfway into the picture—perhaps to convey to us that we are only part way into the war.

The folder bears this encouraging title: "Defense Program Brightens 1941 Farm Outlook." Dairy products were to be higher along with livestock and wheat. Grasshoppers were on the decline, too. But what caught the eye of people here was wool. Wool, the next cash crop to be marketed, was going to be higher. Some suggested that it might go as high as it did in the last war. Because, as the folder pointed out, it took the wool from twenty-two sheep to clothe one soldier. This is 200 pounds in the grease or about half that washed. And this means there can be an expansion of 22,000,000 head per year in our present sheep numbers (about 50,000,000) for every million boys conscripted without making any serious "surpluses"—that is, as long as the "defense" spending continues and boys are taken into the armed forces.

THE SIGNIFICANCE of this sheep news lies in the fact that our state, on the farms as well as the ranges, has, as a sort of a last resort, been going over into sheep since the drouth years. "People are sheep crazy," they say. And this was good news to a great many. One of the big sheep raisers smiled all over himself when he talked about it: "Hi gad, that's pretty good, takin' about four dollars a head off of them old ewes this year." And for him it will be a bonanza of perhaps \$10,000 more than he got in 1940. But there is a joker which sheep raisers are just learning about: 250,000,000 pounds of Australian wool is stored, on contract for Britain, which will be marketed if our domestic wool runs "too high."

But not all people here "run sheep." Many would like to get a start in some cows or sheep but there isn't enough land to go around. It is being gobbled up by the "big fellers." And besides it is not always easy to get loans which are calculated to rehabilitate the victims of drouth and depression. "I can't get a loan and I've been trying for two years," a middle-aged stockman told me. "They won't let me have a loan 'cause I can't get hold of enough grass. The county leases it to them other fellows. Hell, I can't even

get a grant, can't get anything." I asked him if he got a 1941 *Outlook*. "Yes, that's how they are trying to sell us this war," he answered sarcastically. "Make us think we are all going to get rich."

HE WAS ONE of the little fellows the New Deal farm program merely kept from starving to death and who are now more than ever being shoved around—and off the land. There are thousands more in his fix, both in the range country and where straight farming is done. The federal farm program held body and soul together for the weak. But the program helped grow sharp horns on the strong which they now use to horn out of existence their less fortunate neighbors. Corporation stock ranches are using their government subsidies to buy up cheap grazing land on the range. In the grain-growing sections the well-equipped farmers can now operate as far as thirty miles from their home bases. With trucks and rubber-tired tractors and machinery they can sail over the highways. One man now does the work of ten, with very little time lost in changing fields.

Even with government loans and grants the rehabilitated man leads a precarious existence. He is at the mercy of congressional whims, of relief administration red tape.



A SKETCH by Abraham Walkowitz. One of 300 paintings, drawings, and prints presented to the Newark Museum and exhibited through April 6.

Then there is the constant fear of being competed off the land. In one country the relief administrator said: "We lost eleven 'clients' when a horse outfit came in and bought up all the land these people were using. They'll have to be liquidated, I guess. No land and no place to go."

Relief is cut off now because prospects for farm prices are supposedly better. Only those who are eligible for rehabilitation loans are now eligible for cash grants, which are intended to see the recipient through until he is self-supporting from his cows or sheep. "Two hundred sheep should make a man a living," the "setup" man told me. "No, we have seen this coming on for a long time," he answered when I asked if the relief cut was because of the promised prosperity. "We advised people to get themselves in shape." Which is like advising a man in the middle of the ocean to hunt up a boat because he would soon have to give up his life preserver. "The counties will have to care for their own indigent cases like they used to do," he said.

Few counties are able, however, to care for many poor people. "We can't feed 'em," said a county commissioner. "We're broke, worse than broke. I don't know what they'll do," he said with a puzzled look, like a bronc the first time he is shut in a pole corral. The governor has turned thumbs down on a proposal to turn one cent of the present three-cent sales tax over to the counties for relief on the grounds that it only extended "questionable benefits to some special group."

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS are under discussion nowadays more than ever but still are secondary to trying to make a living. Since September 1939 the jitters have run their course and are now less effective than before. The speed of events and the quick changes in propaganda in comparison with the last wars have not gone unnoticed. Broadcasts intended to create hysteria don't seem to be as virulent as the dope handed out during the World War. A tremendous resistance has developed since people were clamoring to go down and "clean up Mexico" or drag the kaiser behind their Model-T Fords. The constant radio hammerings of sinkings and bombings have sort of hardened them. It is something like a tired horse that no longer jumps when he is spurred, just wrings his tail. No one thinks Germans or Japanese will come rolling over the skyline divides any more.

During the "help poor little Finland" campaign some were all "het up" and repeating the fairy tales that Soviet troops would sweep over Sweden and Norway after they had finished Finland. Now many of these same



A SKETCH by *Abraham Walkowitz*. One of 300 paintings, drawings, and prints presented to the Newark Museum and exhibited through April 6.

people are asking what Hoover did with the money he collected. Hitler is cordially hated. But following the frontier tradition farmers and ranchers here feel that at least some help should be given to what they think is the underdog.

Many people favor aid to Britain. But there is also a practically unanimous apprehension about the US getting involved and its subsequent disastrous results. "It's what comes after. We haven't seen anything yet," people keep saying. They still remember when bankers foreclosed on eighty-dollar cows mortgaged for sixty which went under the hammer at forty.

FEW AND FAR between are the ones who want an immediate declaration of hostilities. "Those birds are either too old for the army or else don't have sons old enough to go," said an old man when I asked him if he knew anyone who wanted to go over and fight. "To tell the truth I don't know of one."

The youth in the farming states will be called upon in proportionately larger numbers to "do their bit." There is no longer the valid reason for staying home as in 'seventeen: "necessary to necessary industry." Larger agricultural units with modern equipment operating day and night release thousands of young people. "Safe and sane" local draft boards can help make farming safe for the big operators. But the youth seem to be more politically wise than their elders. Some think of training camps as a place to go for a vacation that "wouldn't hurt anybody" and an escape from a dull home existence; but on the other hand, many young folk have the feeling that this war is a gigantic swindle for the enrichment of the rich. "Tell me," I heard one lad say, "how the heck did England get all her empire on which the sun never sets?"

Yes, the war situation is bringing changes in the country. And reaction is climbing into the saddle, planning to keep any slack out of the rope they have on the people and take another wrap on the saddle horn. The lawmakers at the capital are lining up behind the governor's tax reduction program: one cent reduction on the sales tax for the people and repeal of the net income tax for the corporations. The Farmers Union homestead exemption and graduated land tax plan to help the family-sized farms now finds hard going at the seat of government.

A labor lobbyist summed up the situation like this: "I'm about the only one left who is picketing the session. To me it is a waste of time but God knows what they would do if the working people did not have a lobby here."

IT IS EIGHT hectic years since the Farmers Relief Conference marched into the state house to the tune of *Solidarity*, booming the politicians out of their seats into the corridors. The people have learned a good deal since then, but the politicians very little. The poor-cousin Democratic Party which stepped

so proudly those first days of 1933 had two sources for guidance. One, their enemies, the case-hardened Republican diplomats whom they looked up to and secretly admired; the other the people. The voice of the Republican diplomats who spoke for the exploiters was strong and very smooth, the voice of the people went mostly unheeded. The New Deal decline was steady and rapid, ending with last November's debacle. Even the President failed to carry. Frantically the South Dakota state chairman wrote the precinct committeemen asking how such a terrible thing could happen. The politicians blamed the people for being unappreciative. But the people knew. They knew what the "liberal" New Dealers had done and how they felt. Once a high-ranking Democrat, who said he had been a Social Democrat in the old country, told me: "You can't buck big money and win out." And again: "Promise the people everything and give them nothing." The people voted against.

There was a crisis in 1933 when the farmers were marching. The politicians said it was caused by the last war. But the problems remain still unsolved. The gulf between the farmer and his exploiter is greater now; and the gap between rich farmer and poor farmer is greater. There is another crisis approaching. The little pamphlet with the soldier on it said prices were going to be higher for the farmer as long as "defense" spending continued, and it also said costs of living were coming up, too. Farmers are not dumb; they remember the wild stories by

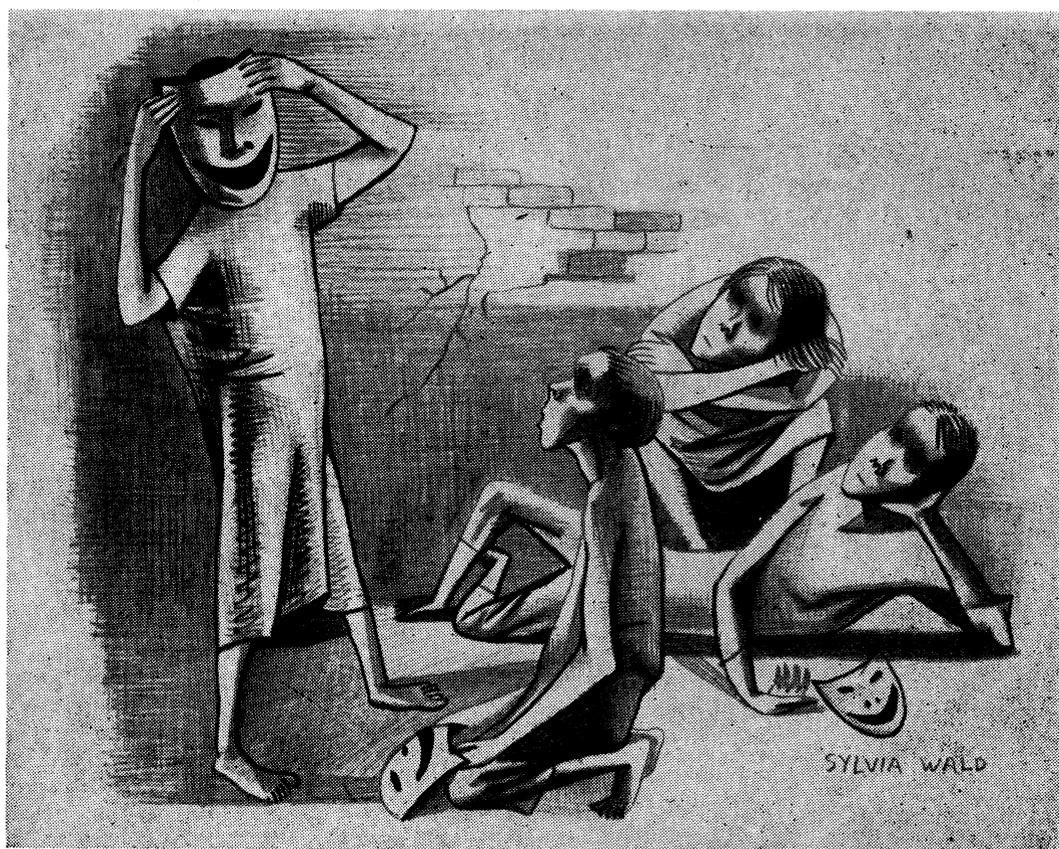
the politicians of how New Deal relief would ruin the country and make a burden for the grandchildren to bear. They know that spending multiplies with war. They have already heard news that "defense" bonds would soon be issued to the public. They know that they will be the goats. They know the band can't play all the time.

BUT, IN THE CLEAR RINGING WORDS of North Dakota's fighting Jasper Haaland, state chairman of the Communist Party: "We don't get into a panic every time we hit serious trouble—we have known too many hardships for that. Those of us who have lived on the prairies or for that matter in any of America's farming communities have experienced plenty of hard times. We have seen drouth and pests take our crops and knock a year's work into a cocked hat. We see powerful forces behind the scenes rig the prices of our products so we come out on the short end.

"We have to fight even to stay on our land, and every day we see neighbors being put off through no fault of their own. Those of us who are still raising a big crop each year, and those of us who have been pushed out on the subsistence plots where you can't raise much, suffer from the oppressive control of giant business. In the name of their profit we are kept poor.

"These are the sobering experiences which equip us to keep cool heads in the present war crisis."

HERBERT ASHCROFT.



News Item: "His majesty's government decrees laughter for Britain's children."

Sylvia Wald

Child with a Question

Pa knew he was doing wrong but it was the kid who took the beating. A short story by Sid Rosen.

WHEN I woke up in the morning, the first thing I did was stick out my legs till I heard my knees crack. The white iron bed was getting too small for me. I had to sleep either curled up, or with my feet sticking out through the bars. I asked Ma the day before, was I going to get a new bed, but she only looked mad and said no, there was a strike and Pa didn't have money for beds, the Lord only knows it's little enough we have for food the way it's lasting.

Strike. I knew what that meant. It meant Pa wasn't going to work no more in the morning. He always used to be ready to go in his overalls, when I came into the kitchen to wash my face. Now I didn't see him. Ma said he was sleeping. All the fellows in my gang said their Pa's were on strike too. We didn't talk about it much, we played Kick-the-Can most of the time.

I stayed in bed a minute, watching the big crack in the middle of the ceiling. The crack looked like the Mississippi River in my geography book. That was a big river, all right. I closed my eyes and made believe I was floating in a balloon right up to the clouds. It made me feel wonderful and dizzy all over. When I opened my eyes again, I thought my head would be touching the ceiling, but there was the crack just as high as ever.

I jumped out of bed and began pushing my legs into the long underwear Ma made

me wear. While I dressed, I could hear voices in the kitchen.

"Sure I brought it up at meeting," Pa was saying, "but they said we have to stick it out. They said help was coming."

"Sure," said Ma, and she laughed a crazy kind of laugh, "from who is help coming? From God? From the President, maybe?"

"It don't feel right," said Pa, "I should do like the others. It don't feel right."

"It's right," said Ma, "when the kids are hungry all day and their clothes are all holes. What else can we do?"

She sounded like she was crying a little. I listened, but I didn't understand what they were talking about. I thought that if Pa was up, the strike must be over. Pa made a kind of groaning noise.

"I don't know. There's other people besides us."

"Hey, Ma!" That was my big brother, Joe.

"Hey, Ma, where's my toothbrush, Ma?"

"Find it yourself!"

"The CIO man told us—" began Pa.

"What if he told you to jump in the lake?" yelled Ma.

"Maybe I'd do it! It just don't seem right, that's all!" Pa yelled right back.

Ma was crying good now. "Last night you promised. What are we gonna do? There's no more relief. Do you want me to beg in the street? Maybe if we all starved to death, you'd

like it better. You could go on strike the rest of your life. Maybe it would feel right then?"

"All right," said Pa very low, "all right. Stop crying. All right!"

I ran into the kitchen, ready to ask Ma why she was crying. But when I saw Pa, standing in his overalls, I forgot to ask her. Her back was turned to me, anyways; I could see she was filling his lunch pail. Seeing Pa made me feel pretty good. I jumped up and down and yelled, "Strike's over! Strike's over!" Then I made a noise like the factory whistle, whooh, whooh!

My big brother Joe, with his head stuck under the faucet, said, "Shut up, louse," only the water in his mouth made a gurgle, lrrrouse. "Lrrrouse!" I yelled, jumping some more, "lrrrouse!" I felt pretty good. Pa came over and slicked his hand through my hair.

"Pretty smart for a brat," he said, and made a funny face. I nearly died laughing.

"Nope," said Pa, "the strike ain't over yet." Then I didn't feel so good, because I knew that if the strike wasn't over, I would have to sleep in the same white iron bed with my feet sticking out.

There was a knock on the door. Pa opened it. A big man came in. He was all dressed up, like Pa in his Sunday suit. "We're ready," he said. "Okay," Pa told him and picked up the lunch pail. "You're doing the smart thing," the big man said, as they went out.

I watched out the window. Pa and the man got into a big auto parked in front of the house. There was a cop in the car. I saw him through the back window, when it drove away.

"Hey, Ma!" I yelled. I was excited. "What's the cop for? Is Pa goin' to jail?"

"No," said Ma, "you keep quiet. Everything is all right. You go wash now."

"I know what the cop's for," said Joe, "I know—"

"Shut up," said Ma, "and eat your breakfast and go to school."

"I know," said Joe. He sat at the table.

"O boy," I said, "a cop. Wait'll the gang hears about my Pa's friend who's a cop."

Ma grabbed me and shook me a little. "Don't you say a word to nobody!" She meant it, too. I was a little scared. "Go wash now."

"Aw, do we have to eat this junk again?" groaned Joe. "I'm getting sick of it. It ain't enough."

"Too bad for you," Ma said. She gave him a dirty look. "You ain't the only one who has to eat it."

Joe picked up his books and slammed the door as he went out.

I sat down to the table and ate the cocoa and bread with pork-dripping. The cocoa didn't taste so good, on account of it was mostly hot water. But I wasn't like Joe; I

The Horses

Near Quakertown in the woods where
the carnival is marked off, the great
circle of horses wait,
quiet as those hurt by the bit—
taking the legs of children to their sides:

so children in other countries ride,
so rode until war.
A bell signals the horses into movement
with the children; they slide up,
down the posts holding them to the gait

of a rigid wave; the children laugh and one girl
straightens for a ring.

The fathers at the rail see what
is yet theirs through the far
whistle of the planes' nostrils.

How many fathers see in laughter
and the eyes of their children
the love they cannot face, being quiet
and not making from land to land
the one refusal?

MILLEN BRAND.

kept quiet and ate it all up. Ma kissed me.

"What does Joe know about the cop, Ma?" I asked.

"Nothing. He's a big mouth. Go to school," she said. She shoved me out the front door. The sun was warm for the first time. It made me feel pretty good. I skipped a little, then half-ran to school. My whole gang was standing in the school-yard when I got there. They were talking. That was funny; they should have been shooting marbles.

"Hi, fellas," I yelled.

But they didn't answer.

"What's the matter," I asked, "did the teacher die?" I laughed.

They just looked at me. I stopped walking. Then a fellow called Fatso came over.

"Ya!" he yelled. "Where's your Pa this morning?"

"What do you care?" I answered. "He went for a ride in a car."

"He's a scab, that's what! My Pa's on strike. You're a scab!" He pushed me.

I didn't know what he was talking about. I didn't know why he called me that word. "My Pa's on strike too," I said and pushed him back.

"You're a liar!" he yelled, and before I could move, he hit me in the mouth and

jumped on me. I tried to get up, but he was too fat and heavy. He sat on my head and yelled, "Shrimp the Scabby! Shrimp the Scabby!" All the other fellows hopped around, yelling the same thing. My head hurt, and I started in crying.

Then somebody pulled Fatso off my head. I sat up. It was Mitch. He was older and bigger than me, like the other fellows, but he was my special friend. Mitch was kicking everybody away from me and swearing. "Leave Shrimp alone, you bastids!" I got up. My head hurt terrible.

"Listen, Mitch," I said. I was crying, but I couldn't help it. This was a funny way for the gang to be kidding around. Maybe Mitch would know. "Listen, Mitch," I said.

"G'wan home, Shrimp," he said. He pushed me toward the school gate. "G'wan home."

I was scared. I grabbed hold of Mitch and made him stop. "Whatsa matter, Mitch?"

"I can't play with you no more," he said. "My Pa told me not to play with you no more. The other guys, too. My Pa said for you to tell your Pa that scabbing was yellow. My Pa said workers have to stick together all the time, not just when it's easy. He said it takes guts to stick together when it's hard. G'wan home and tell your Pa that. We don't

wanna go to school with no lousy scab. G'wan home."

I was shaking. "What's a scab, Mitch?"

"G'wan home," said Mitch, "we can't play with you. G'wan, you—you goddam scab!"

He shoved me out the gate. Then he walked back to the other guys. They were all standing quiet, watching me. Fatso picked up a handful of dirt and stones. He threw it at me with all his might. "Scab!" he yelled. All the fellows, even Mitch, started to do the same thing. I didn't wait to get hit. I ran home, hearing them yell, "Scab! Scab!" all the way.

I ran up the steps of my house. There was a piece of cardboard nailed to the piazza wall. It said, in big letters, SCAB. I ripped it off and ran into the house. My Ma was sitting in the kitchen. I gave her the cardboard.

"What's a scab, Ma?" I asked.

She didn't say anything. She tore the sign in half and threw it on the floor. I was crying a little.

"What's a scab, Ma, huh? What's a scab?" She held my head up close to her and started in crying. Her crying made me cry harder. I cried and held on to her dress and said, "What's a scab, Ma? What's a scab?"

SID ROSEN.



Mr. Knudsen Gets Down to Brass Tacks



W. C. P. 4-

man to vote any number of times. LaConti, the AFL organizer, was stationed at the entrance of Joseph Goldblatt's office and was permitted to advise each man to give preference to the AFL. No representatives of the CIO were permitted to be present when the ballots were counted. Lieutenant Egan and his men saw to that.

This was Jan. 6, 1941. The CIO has not yet been able to find out the number of ballots cast or the vote for either union. The company simply announced that the AFL "won the election by an overwhelming majority."

Case No. 3—On Jan. 28, 1941, the AFL office workers union struck against the J. O. Stoll Co., a periodical distributing house, which was being organized by the CIO office workers (UOPWA). When employees came to work one morning, they were met by AFL pickets and told not to go inside. Those who stayed out went over to the office of John Fitzpatrick, president of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and milled around the anteroom to his office. Sergeant Barnes of the police "labor" detail took charge of the meeting in the offices of the Chicago Federation of Labor. He told the strikers they would have to go back to work. When several protested that they had just been called out and would be going back without gaining anything, Fitzpatrick's secretary and Sergeant Barnes "agreed" with them. Sergeant Barnes told the strikers that he would go over and see the employer and get some kind of concession. The AFL organizer and Sergeant Barnes presently returned with a statement from the employer that he would meet with the AFL. On that basis, Sergeant Barnes again ordered the men back to work. Here the police worked openly to forestall the CIO and to prevent the employees from expressing a preference as to which union should represent them. The police "supervise" an election to give the appearance of legality to a phony deal. Such action is, of course, nothing new in Chicago. The AFL Teamsters' elections, when they have them, are under police supervision. A few years ago the Chicago papers carried pictures of a Teamsters' election at which the union members were lined up against a wall under the drawn guns of the police in order to "insure" an honest vote. Mr. Goudie, running for president of the local, and by chance brother-in-law of State's Attorney Courtney, won the election—which may have been only a curious coincidence.

THE CHICAGO FORMULA is more than a threat to the CIO. It menaces the AFL as well. Employers are taking the AFL company-dominated union as a "lesser evil." If the employer no longer has a lesser evil to choose, he reverts to straight anti-unionism. Officials of the Chicago Federation of Labor are encouraging a method which can and will be used against themselves.

In the Goldblatt situation, for instance, although the company announced that the

AFL had won the police-supervised election by an "overwhelming majority," the employees were forced to sign individual agreements with the company. One of the clauses states:

The Employee agrees to devote and apply himself faithfully and diligently to the business of the Employer and to abide by and comply with all of the Employer's rules and regulations now or hereafter in force. In the event the Employee fails for any reason to adhere to the foregoing, he shall be subject to immediate dismissal without advance notice.

A photostat of this agreement with its "yellow dog" implications is in the possession of the Labor Board.

Now the pattern of the Chicago Formula has emerged in the International Harvester strike of the Farm Equipment Workers. Following the NLRB decision disestablishing the six independent unions throughout the vast Harvester organization as being company-dominated, the AFL has begun to take over the company unions.

On February 14 the "independent" union at the West Pullman plant voted to affiliate with the AFL. The "independent" union at the McCormick works also voted to join the Federation. It is known that AFL organizers have been talking to the "independent" union heads in Milwaukee.

These actions immediately followed the company's announcement that there could be no collective bargaining in the plants where the company unions were ordered disestablished, until official agencies have been designated by the NLRB.

The stage is being set for police provocation to "protect" the AFL. The Chicago *Sunday Tribune* carried a column of praise for Sergeant Barnes and his "labor" detail.

"The availability of the labor detail," says the *Tribune*, "is believed to be its greatest asset. With two cars assigned, they can cover several strikes and meetings in remote corners of the city daily."

The *Tribune* quotes Gordon L. Hostetter, executive director of the Employers' Association of Chicago, Harry E. O'Reilly, regional director of the AFL, and Leverett S. Lyon, executive director of the Association of Commerce.

"The sergeant is doing a good job," said Hostetter.

"The labor detail has functioned splendidly," said O'Reilly.

"The most constructive work done in any city in the country," said Lyon.

But the CIO and other organizations interested in civil liberties are not asleep. The Midwest Federation for Constitutional Liberties has already asked Federal District Attorney Woll to investigate the Chicago Formula as a violation of the Wagner act.

T. P. WICKARD.

News Note

WALTER DURANTY has been sending dispatches from Moscow to the New York *Times* that are in many respects a refreshing antidote to that paper's editorial attitude toward the Soviet Union. We hold no brief for Mr. Duranty, whose chameleon-like qualities are too well known. But for some reason the *Times*—perhaps in the effort to utilize the USSR against Japan and Germany—has told him to tell something of the truth this time. And the picture he paints is quite different from that which the Krivitsky-Lyons *Nation-New Republic* school has made sickeningly familiar. One passage in Duranty's dispatch of February 25 is particularly striking. He writes:

It has often been said abroad that the socialist system does not provide sufficient incentive for the individual. In point of fact, the USSR, as at present constituted, gives probably higher incentives to good laborers in any field than any other country in the world—as far, that is, as wages and good repute and the esteem of one's fellows, and even state decorations or special rewards, are concerned.



Clinton

"I see where Dr. Robey's been reading a lot of good books lately."

ster and Clay, in opposition to Jackson. Thus it is a mistake to regard the Democratic Party of Jackson as essentially the same as the Democratic Party of Buchanan; it was, in fact, far closer to the Republican Party of Lincoln. And it was the defeat of the Jacksonian Democratic Party and its candidate for reelection, Martin Van Buren, by the Whigs in 1840 that placed the slavocracy in control of the federal government through the accession of the Calhoun Democrat turned Whig, John Tyler, on the death of President William Henry Harrison. This growing cleavage within the Democratic Party was further emphasized in 1848 when Jackson's disciple, Van Buren, became the presidential candidate of the newly organized Free Soil Party, which opposed the extension of slavery into the western territories.

Jackson's attack on the Bank of the United States (most of its stock was privately owned, with English capital an important participant) was a fight against a monopoly of the dominant commercial bourgeoisie. He wrote to an unnamed correspondent that the profits of the institution should "inure to the whole people, instead of a few monied capitalists who are trading on our revenue." [Emphasis in the original.—A.B.M.]. The historic significance of Jackson's struggle has been well pointed out by Claude G. Bowers in *The Party Battles of the Jackson Period*:

The prolonged battle has left a lasting impression upon the political life and methods of the Republic. It aroused, as never before, that class consciousness, to which politicians have ever since appealed. . . . It marked the beginning of the active participation of powerful corporations, as such, in the politics of the country, witnessed the adoption of methods of intimidation and coercion, of systematic propaganda, of the subsidization of disreputable newspapers. From that day on, the powerful corporation has been anathema to the masses, monopoly has been a red rag, and the contest between capital and labor has been a reality.

But Jackson's victory over the Bank of the United States could not for long accomplish the ends he sought; for the dynamic of capitalist development made inevitable the emergence in a later day of a money monopoly and its ultimate fusion with industrial capital to form what we now know as finance-capital. Thus the frustration of Jacksonian democracy underscores for our own age the imperatives of the fulfillment of the Jacksonian dream: the abolition of finance-capital and the establishment of a cooperative society in which all social wealth will truly "inure to the whole people."

The capital-labor issue implicit in the struggle against the bank could not develop to the full until the conflict between capitalism and the slave system had been resolved. In the evening of his life Jefferson sensed with dread the approaching storm. During the first test of power between the northern bourgeoisie and the southern slavocracy over the admission of Missouri in 1820, Jefferson, in a letter to a friend, wrote that the Missouri question "is the most portentous one

which ever yet threatened our Union." Only a little over a decade later that threat became explicit and clear. And it was this conflict, gathering tension until it exploded in the Civil War, that conditioned the development of the national, social, and international aspects of American democracy.

THE SLAVERY ISSUE emerged in Jackson's administration disguised as a conflict over the tariff. The President was himself an owner of slaves, and unlike Jefferson, was not, so far as is known, an opponent of slavery. But as in the case of his great predecessor, Jackson's acts towered over his ideas, and he became the instrument of that capitalist development which was essential for the growth of democracy. When John Calhoun's South Carolina raised the flag of secession in a declaration nullifying the tariff of 1828, Jackson acted with characteristic vigor, dispatching troops

Gallantry

Picked from the belt line after forty,
age showing on the production card
like hypercrystals on a sonic graph—
consigned to scrap, that singular human heap,
that clears itself away and limping, hunts
new furnaces to consume it;
unused yet spent, he here stands bent
Mining the garbage can.

Beside him a farmer, tractored out,
so long ago the grief is old and wrath in rags,
an old man snickers at himself
for having proved no higher than a horse,
only another workbeast, bumpered soon
into the boneyard by a new machine.

Behind him stands a dust bowl refugee
drouth's dryprint on his gullied face,
one more shrunk off the shrivelling clay
on which the sheep tooth and the plough
had gnawed too often.

And he laughed also
saying, "there's a dust grit in my ear
sings like a cricket, 'dust to dust.'"

The fourth was a narrow, palsied youth.
Uncovered nerves made him piteous
like a sick crab with shell ungrown.
"The confidence that completes a man
Comes with a job, and I have none,"
Spoke his eyes, his mouth too meek to say.

Then came a feeble thing which habit pushed
in a rind of cloth, in human motion.
It paused and gaped at a heel of bread
in one man's fist. Its eyes acquired ambition,
and like a suddenly reddening scar,
and taking a remembered angle of seduction
a thin smile spanned the face
defining it a woman's.

Slowly the man's hand reached and gave.
ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

and warships to the scene of the rebellion. Characteristic, too, was the proclamation which the President issued; it appealed to the people of South Carolina to repudiate their leaders. Jackson, who had branded the tariff question a pretext, understood the real issue. After the nullification ordinance had been rescinded he wrote with uncanny prescience to his close friend, Gen. John Coffee: "The nullifiers in the South intend to blow up a storm on the slave question. . . . This ought to be met, for be assured these men would do any act to destroy this union and form a southern confederacy bounded, north, by the Potomac River."

The emergence of the slavery issue was also reflected in two other phenomena of enormous significance: the widespread Negro slave revolts which began in 1831 under the leadership of the heroic slave, Nat Turner; and the passing of the Abolitionist movement from the stage of isolated propaganda to that of active organization and struggle, signaled by the founding in the same year of William Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator*. It was the Abolitionist movement, the vanguard of bourgeois democracy, that in this period most clearly expressed the internationalism of the revolutionary bourgeoisie, the internationalist spirit of Jefferson, Tom Paine, and Benjamin Franklin. Garrison chose as the motto of the *Liberator* words which might have been uttered by Paine himself: "Our country is the world; our countrymen are mankind." Thirty-three years later Abraham Lincoln expressed this internationalist spirit in a new form—a form which reflected the imminent maturing of new class relations—when he told a committee which informed him of his election to honorary membership in the Republican Workingmen's Association of New York: "The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations, and tongues, and kindreds."

Though its major scene of operations was in the United States, the Abolitionist movement was worldwide in scope. In 1840 a world anti-slavery convention was held in England which Garrison and other American Abolitionists attended. One of the supporters of the movement was the Irish revolutionist, Daniel O'Connell, whom Garrison met on this occasion. In the United States the fighters for the abolition of chattel slavery were hounded and mobbed, accused of plotting sedition, and, in fact, subjected to very much the same treatment as those who today seek to abolish wage-slavery—capitalism. History caught up with them. "I have been only an instrument," said Abraham Lincoln. "The logic and moral power of Garrison and the anti-slavery people of the country and the army have done all."

A. B. MAGIL.

In his third article Mr. Magil will discuss the further development of American democracy in the struggle against slavery, culminating in the Civil War and the Reconstruction era.

The Chicago Formula

The latest wrinkle in breaking strikes comes from the Windy City. Collusion among the police, the employer, the company union, and AFL officialdom.

Chicago.

CHICAGO is the birthplace of the "Mickey Finn," a potent drink which can knock out a strong man. Only recently, the employers thought up a new "Mickey Finn," this time for the workers. Although the anti-labor Mohawk Valley Formula originated elsewhere, Chicago is busily adding new frills of its own, and calling it, not too originally, the Chicago Formula. The backbone of the plan as it is conceived here is the police department—a branch of it working under Lieutenant Egan, who is assigned to the state's attorney's office, and another branch working under Sergeant Barnes of the regular police. The plan departs from the usual crude violence against picketlines and strikers (except when the CIO is involved); instead, Lieutenant Egan and Sergeant Barnes work with the employers and certain AFL officials to force workers into company-dominated unions replete with an AFL label, and with police-directed elections to make sure nothing goes awry. Sometimes the police actually enter into negotiations with the employers on behalf of the AFL. The individual steps vary, of course, with each situation, but the goal is the same. The Chicago Formula might be defined most accurately as company *plus* company-dominated unions *plus* AFL officials *plus* police "labor" details, all of which *equals* AFL company-dominated union *minus* CIO union.

Here is how the formula works:

Case No. 1—Last summer the Negro taxicab drivers on Chicago's South Side went on strike. Eventually they joined the United Transport Workers (CIO). Behind the Taxicab Owners Association stood the Manhattan Mutual Insurance Co., which not only provided the owners with liability insurance but also helped finance many of the cabs. The insurance company threatened to cut off credit and insurance if the owners signed with the CIO.

At this point the AFL Teamsters' officials obligingly rallied to the aid of the employers, importing goons and scabs from Kansas City, with thugs instructed to beat up strikers on their way home at night. And these same officials, without bothering to ask the consent of the drivers, signed a "closed-shop check-off" contract with the owners. As a result, every driver was forced to pay five dollars in initiation fees, and dues of three dollars a month to the Teamsters' officials—though the workers got none of the benefits for which they went out on strike and which the Transport Workers had promised to obtain for them. More, the AFL Teamsters Jim Crows Negroes, and in this case the drivers were segregated into a car washers' local for Negroes only.

Nor did the police proceed with any greater

The Harvester Strike

THE six-week-old strike of tractor workers in Chicago, mentioned by Mr. Wickard in the accompanying article as another instance where the Chicago Formula has been put to work, also sheds light on the uses to which "national defense" lends itself. With 6,000 men on the picketline demanding union recognition and permanent seniority rights, the International Harvester Co. has suddenly thought itself of the "defense" emergency as sufficient reason not to grant demands. Blatant patrioteering becomes a new weapon in the arsenal of strikebreaking. To meet this offensive, the CIO unions of Chicago held a vast mass meeting at which seventy-seven locals pledged full support to the tractor workers. The Farm Equipment Workers Union, in pressing organization in the Chicago plant, is putting into practice the resolution passed at the last CIO convention—to put all energy behind the drive to organize the unorganized.

At the mass meeting, an eighty-one-year-old woman came forward on the platform and told the strikers and their friends: "Your fight is a just and honorable one." She has seen many just and honorable struggles on the part of labor since that day fifty-five years ago when her husband, Albert Parsons, was arrested immediately after the Haymarket Massacre and later murdered on the gallows by the same kind of men who now cry halt to the Harvester strike in the name of "defense." Workers are not permitted to build strong unions—but last year International Harvester made a profit of \$23,161,000. The Chicago Formula, it seems, may have some new wrinkles, but essentially it remains the same old game—the corporation hoards the profits, the workers take the rap. The only trouble is, the CIO has decided not to play that way.

caution in their treatment of the strikers. Without warrants they raided CIO strike headquarters, broke down the door, and arrested seventeen strikers present. When Jack Ryan, the organizer, resisted the illegal entry, he was beaten. The seventeen victims were then held "incommunicado" for two days, despite repeated attempts to secure their release. Finally, they were booked on a charge of disorderly conduct. The complaint entered by Sergeant Barnes read in part:

... Taken into custody at 5125 South State Street and was held pending further investigation relative to cab strike violence and did make or aid in making improper noise and disturbance, breach of peace, or diversion tending to breach of peace, within the limits of the city.

But the magistrate before whom the men ap-

peared was forced to discharge all the defendants.

Once the CIO strike was broken, Sol Ash of the striking drivers was reemployed by the Harris Cab Co. Yet after a week's employment, he was told by the owner that he would have to see an official of the Manhattan Mutual Insurance Co. about his job. On doing so, Ash learned that he could no longer drive a cab for any member of the Taxicab Owners Association. Ash's employer called the insurance company to ask why his employee had been barred from driving—and was told that Ash was ineligible for a job because he had dared file a complaint against Sergeant Barnes.

Case No. 2—The Warehouse and Distribution Workers Union (CIO) was organizing a warehouse owned by Goldblatt Bros., a chain department store. On Nov. 15, 1940, the union struck in protest against the discrimination shown its members and because the company refused to hold a consent election to determine the proper bargaining agency. The AFL Upholsterers Union also desired to be named the bargaining agency.

On Dec. 6, 1940, the "Back of the Yards Council" made up of various organizations, both union and non-union, operating in and about the stockyard area of Chicago, intervened in the strike as an intermediary. A conference was arranged between the union and the company, and the strike was settled. The employees returned to work; the company agreed not to sign a contract with either the AFL or CIO until after an NLRB election. Until then, the company orally agreed to recognize a committee of the "Back of the Yards Council" as agent for all employees.

Almost immediately, however, the company began to discriminate, refusing to pay CIO members for overtime, while AFL members received wages for extra work. Another meeting was held between the Council, the CIO, and the company, at which time Leonard Boltz, personnel manager, announced that the company would call in prominent disinterested citizens to supervise an election. The CIO stated that it would not sanction any election held under such supervision.

A few days later, without any notice to the CIO, Lieutenant Egan, County Judge Jarecki, Circuit Court Judge LaBuy, Sam LaConti, AFL organizer, Stanford Clinton, attorney for the company, and I. Fish, warehouse superintendent, appeared at the warehouse and informed the workers that an election to determine the proper bargaining agency would be held at once.

And while the vote was held, no attempt was made to determine which employees were entitled to a ballot, and no check-off was taken of those voting. It was possible for one

When Jackson Was President

The middle-class frontier emerged, during that day, as the driving force of American democracy. A. B. Magil continues his series on our heritage.

This is the second in a series of articles on the driving forces in the past development of American democracy in relation to the problems of the present and the future. The first article, published in the anniversary issue of NEW MASSES, discussed the struggles during the early years of the Republic, with special emphasis on the role of Jefferson. NEW MASSES presents these articles as a reply to those who seek to pervert the American tradition and thwart the effort to fulfill the promise of American democracy.

WHEN Andrew Jackson entered his first battle for the presidency, Thomas Jefferson was still alive. But a new era was at the threshold; and although John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay succeeded in bolting the door against it for a while, four years later it burst through and took possession of the house of state. The victory of Jackson in 1828 marked a new phase of the *bourgeois democratic* revolution (as distinguished from the *bourgeois* revolution which won independence from England and placed our merchant capitalist class in undisputed power). This democratic struggle within the framework of capitalism, waged by the little people against entrenched wealth and its reactionary conceptions of government, had begun with Shays' Rebellion and the fight for the Bill of Rights; it triumphed with the election of Jefferson in 1800. The Jacksonian era was not a mere continuation of Jefferson's middle-class democracy, but a bold extension of that democracy toward new frontiers.

It was Jefferson's great achievement that under his leadership the American people prevented the establishment of a bourgeois absolutism which would have nullified the Bill of Rights and many of the gains of the Revolution. Against Federalist reaction and treason—the politics of the wealthy merchants, bankers, and land speculators—Jefferson posed the preservation and enlargement of the national, social, and international principles of 1776. And in this crucible the whole future development of American democracy took shape. But the petty-bourgeois democracy of Jefferson operated in a sense by proxy. Not only were the Negro slaves disfranchised, but the majority of the adult white population were deprived, through property and tax restrictions, of the right to vote. Though in the ensuing administrations of Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams these restrictions were in most states abolished or greatly modified, the essential orientation of these Presidents was not toward the new voters, but the old, not toward the expanding western frontier, where a society composed predominantly of small farmers fed the demo-

cratic flame, but toward the eastern seaboard, where the rising and conflicting plutocracies of North and South were shaping a different kind of world.

WITH JACKSON, the middle-class frontier emerged as the driving force of American democracy, a force which ultimately struck down slavery and raised to power the big bourgeoisie—industrial capitalism. Jackson himself, though he had become well-to-do, was a product of this frontier, the first true commoner to hold the office of President of the United States. And no President has expressed so completely the interests and aspirations of the common man of his day. It should be borne in mind that the middle classes of Jackson's time played a different historic role from the middle classes of today; they represented not the past, but the future of capitalism. It was primarily from the class of small farmers that there sprang the industrial bourgeoisie which rose to full stature after the Civil War. And in Jackson's own stormy personality there is the energy, the decisiveness of the future industrial entrepreneur.

The Jacksonian era cut across the beginnings of the two great social conflicts of American history: between capitalism and the slave system, and between capital and labor. Neither industrial capitalism nor the slave system, the two forces which later undermined the petty-bourgeois democracy of Jefferson and Jackson, was as yet fully developed (the former was, in fact, still in swaddling clothes). A situation of relative class equilibrium was created which made possible the peculiar ascendance of the middle classes in this period. Given a personality like Jackson's in the executive office, the federal government was able to act, as never before or since, in behalf of the middle classes in town and countryside, with whom the emergent working class was closely joined. But this relative class equilibrium was, paradoxically, the product of a new accentuation of the class struggle, with the masses, including the working class, participating more actively in the political life of the country, reaching out for the fulfillment of that democratic dream which the Declaration of Independence had put into words. It was in Jackson's administration that the irrepressible conflict between capitalism and slavery first came to a head in the issue of nullification. And it was in his administration that the other irrepressible conflict was foreshadowed in his struggle against the Bank of the United States, in the growth of the trade union movement, the organization of the first working-class political parties, and the founding of the first national federation of unions in 1834. Thus Jack-

sonian democracy was the seed-bed of the democratic struggle of two succeeding epochs, continuing into our own day.

IN THE CONTROVERSIES of the Jackson period there is much that is strikingly modern. The rugged figure of Andrew Jackson himself seems in many respects to have stepped out of our own day. He was the first President of the United States to speak in class terms, to appeal directly to the poor against the rich. "Every man is equally entitled to protection by law," he wrote in the famous message vetoing the bill to recharter the Bank of the United States; "but when the laws undertake to add to these natural and just advantages artificial distinctions, to grant titles, gratuities, and exclusive privileges, to make the rich richer and the powerful more potent, the humble members of society—the farmers, mechanics, and laborers—who have neither the time nor the means of securing like favors to themselves, have a right to complain of the injustice of their government."

In the latter eighteen-twenties the growth of capitalism had made the old political divisions obsolete. The Federalists had completely disappeared from the scene, while within the Democratic Party serious contradictions were coming to the surface. These expressed themselves in the bitter struggle between Jackson and Vice-President John C. Calhoun, the foremost representative of the southern slaveholders. On the issue of nullification precipitated by Calhoun and his cohorts Jackson formed a temporary alliance with the commercial bourgeoisie, whose chief spokesman was Daniel Webster, while on the issue of the Bank of the United States Calhoun aligned himself with the Whigs, Web-



Lozowick



Lozowick

Labor's Militancy

AN EDITORIAL

THE STEEL WORKERS ORGANIZING COMMITTEE has broken through. After a two-day strike at Lackawanna, New York, 8,000 unionists forced the Bethlehem Steel Co. to bargain. It was a telling blow, a promise of things to come. When the Bethlehem management agreed to reinstate 600 militants who had fought speedup in the mill and who had been promptly fired, working people everywhere realized that aggressive unity can bring even recalcitrant employers into line.

The corporation agreed to reinstate the 600, to discuss grievances with union representatives—a notable advance over the former refusal to meet labor leaders at all. But Bethlehem has not by any means capitulated: it anticipates endless negotiations over the demand for a twenty-five percent wage increase. It consented to collective bargaining elections at Lackawanna under the supervision of the National Labor Relations Board. But with the workers back in the mills, the management suddenly recalls that it did not really *promise* elections; rather it agreed that the Office of Production Management “explore possibilities.”

To be sure, Bethlehem retreated, but it still plans to wriggle and maneuver. It can count on invaluable help from the administration, which willingly granted Bethlehem more than a billion dollars in defense contracts, even though the corporation was cited repeatedly as a violator of the national labor law. It can count on the OPM, with Mr. Knudsen helping to arrange things for his friend and fellow employer, Mr. Grace, president of Bethlehem. The OPM played a threateningly large role in the Bethlehem strike. Had not the workers been so determined, Mr. Knudsen could have done more for Mr. Grace.

At Lackawanna the workers won the first round, but they have a long way yet to go. If the organizational power that showed itself during the strike is maintained and strengthened, if unity is preserved in the face of the inevitable attack on the SWOC that will come from high places—with the OPM in the lead—the workers will be able to enforce terms already won, extend them, apply them to other Bethlehem plants. The strike was long-needed proof that labor is in the position to launch a drive comparable to that which in the early days of 1937 established the CIO.

The militancy is there. Throughout the nation, workers are protesting against speedup accompanying so-called “defense” production. Hours in industry are lengthened, the rate of work accelerated, while the unemployed are refused jobs. Wages remain stationary though the productivity of the individual worker rises out of all proportion. Living standards fall as profiteering sends prices to the sky. Above all, workers are increasingly conscious of the administration's frenzied drive toward war. The cause for militancy is there. And the response is growing.

For example, the CIO automobile union at Ford's River Rouge plant is strong enough to warn that unless an NLRB election is granted, a strike will close the vast shops. In the industrial valley of Pittsburgh, coal miners and steel workers are preparing to

negotiate for new contracts that must yield better conditions and higher pay; unless these necessities are forthcoming, workers are resolved to take the only recourse open to them—strike. The Bethlehem action was only a fortaste. The organizational drive of labor has invaded the very heart of American economy—in mining, steel, automobile, radio. Labor wearies of being cheated while the corporations amass profits larger than ever before.

But the administration, proxy for the monopolies, has also prepared for the showdown. Consider what it has done. The recent decision of the Supreme Court, cancelling the anti-injunction law, allows corporations to put an end to peaceful picketing if violence occurs during a stoppage. The Court, in truth, has placed a premium on provocateurs and labor spies; an owner has only to hire a few thugs to throw stones or start a fight, and labor's vital weapon, the right to picket, is forbidden. Mr. Knudsen of the OPM pushes in Congress for legislation forcing unions to render forty-day notice before striking, forbidding any action until the OPM has had a ten-day period for “fact-finding,” and delaying all strikes. Besides, the proposed law would require the Conciliation Service of the Labor Department to investigate whether sixty percent of the employees favor such action. This is no-strike legislation with a vengeance, for all the careful circumlocutions. The executive board of the AFL, not to be outdone, has renounced strike action for the duration of the “emergency,” which it has not yet defined, while simultaneously it attempts to forestall organization by blessing company unions at Ford, at International Harvester, and elsewhere.

Sidney Hillman, who refused to prevent fat contracts from being awarded to the worst offenders against the Wagner act, has just given an example of how to treat militants when he sanctioned the expulsion from an affiliate of his own union of fifteen executive officers because they opposed his anti-CIO policies. President Roosevelt is considering plans for a War Labor Board which would put labor under annihilating restrictions. The periphery of war-minded “liberals,” typified by the *Nation*, calls for the William Hutcheson method of expulsion to be exercised against any union that does not toe the administration line. The campaign of Red-baiting is directed against Communists who support the CIO, and against all others (they, too, are called Communists) who refuse to take the Hillman collaborationist way of abandoning labor to the employers. A myriad of legislative plans is pushed for concentration camps, wire tapping, deportation of the foreign-born, registration, fingerprinting, and other restrictions on the liberties of the people.

And still the militancy is there. The Lackawanna strike, brief as it was, forced Bethlehem Steel to retreat. It is the promise.

Labor is stirring, its organization is strong, it has unity. In steel, in coal, in the tractor plants of Chicago, along the waterfronts of the Gulf, in the Ford plant at River Rouge, in radio, the push has started. What happened in Bethlehem is proof that even the strongest corporations are not immune.

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Priorities Economy

TWO developments of the past week mark the official opening of the assault on the needs of American consumers in the name of "national defense." The Office of Production Management invoked mandatory priorities for aluminum and machine tools, and President Roosevelt rejected proposals for the expansion of the steel industry. The average American may ask just what these measures have to do with him. They have a great deal to do with how millions of us will live in the future.

The OPM decree requires all producers of aluminum and machine tools to fill orders for war production first and only secondly to satisfy civilian needs. As far as aluminum is concerned, this will have two effects: an estimated fifty percent reduction in the supply of the metal for civilian needs in 1941; a rise in the price of aluminum and aluminum products, with resultant greater profits for Mellon's Aluminum Corp. of America, which controls almost the entire output of the metal. The housewife will be paying more for aluminum pots—if she can get them—and all sorts of other consumption articles which use aluminum (radios, for example) will either rise in price or be compelled to employ inferior substitutes.

President Roosevelt's veto on plans to expand the steel industry is a less direct expression of the same trend. Though the President is presumably basing himself on an impartial scientific survey of the industry, he is actually upholding the position taken many weeks ago by Edward Stettinius, Jr., US Steel's gift to the Defense Commission and the OPM. The steel industry doesn't want to expand because this would involve a heavy investment, with the probability that when the war is over, the new facilities will prove to be so many white elephants. According to the survey prepared for the President, no expansion is needed since existing facilities can take care of both "defense" and civilian needs for 1941 and 1942. But what neither the President nor the survey states is that the same priorities order which will reduce the civilian supply of aluminum and machine tools can be invoked for steel. "Prospect is that government will need to apply some priorities in steel," states the March 7 issue of the *United States News*.

There is another meaning in all this. The pet plan of certain liberals to usher in an "economy of abundance" via intensified war production is put on the skids by the President's

statement. Capitalism will expand production only where it is profitable. Thus the millions of additional tons of steel that would be required for a large-scale federal housing program—to mention only one possibility—will not be produced because King Profit says no. This is war economy, pregnant with suffering and heartbreak for millions.

It's Not too Late

ONE of the most significant developments of the last two weeks has been the upsurge against the lease-lend bill. Timetables have had to be revised and smiles on administration faces have been replaced by frowns. A rising tide of critical letters has been pouring in on members of Congress from all parts of the country. Senators who had been set merely to go through the motions of opposition have been galvanized into waging a fight. It is nothing heroic, the job that Messrs. Wheeler, La Follette, Clark, Nye, etc., are doing; and it is heavily handicapped by the fact that these gentlemen accept the basic principle of the bill: aid to British imperialism in a reactionary war. But even through these inadequate lips the voice of the people has made itself heard.

Meanwhile the administration has given a number of indications of what HR 1776 really means. President Roosevelt rejected the idea of an amendment that would bar—or even seem to bar—the sending of troops outside the Western Hemisphere. And Secretary of the Interior Ickes told his press conference that "we are at war." He is the second Cabinet member—Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones was the other—to use this expression. It is a small revelation of the vast deception that has been practiced on the American people since Sept. 1, 1939. It shows what contempt the administration has for democratic processes and for the will of the people, ninety percent of whom are against going to war.

The fact of the matter is that HR 1776 passed the House largely by virtue of the votes of reactionary representatives from southern poll-tax states elected by a tiny minority of their constituents. And it is the poll-tax contingent in the Senate—men like George of Georgia and Connally of Texas—that are the most vociferous lease-lenders. The Gallup poll, which shows a narrow majority for the bill, is also unfairly weighted as a result of this situation in the South.

President Roosevelt's letter to Representative Eliot of Massachusetts urging a wire-tapping bill is another sign of which way the winds of war policy are blowing. The President expressed hypocritical concern about the possibility of abusing wire-tapping powers and suggested that, to avoid this, such authority be granted only to the Department of Justice—in other words, to J. Edgar Hoover!

This is truly a race against time. HR 1776 can still be defeated if the people bestir themselves. And defeat of this bill would strike at every other measure that now threatens to Nazify America.

Anti-War Candidate

EUGENE P. CONNOLLY, progressive American Laborite, is the only anti-war candidate in the special congressional election of March 11, in New York's Seventeenth District. Mr. Connolly is still on the ballot because of a victory for free elections. Tammany, FDR's local men, and the pro-war faction of the ALP tried to throw him off, working through the cooperative NY Board of Elections. Three members of the board, two Democrats and a Republican, decided in the face of flatly contradictory evidence that Connolly's nomination had not been properly certified. A fourth member, David B. Costuma (Republican), protested his colleagues' action as "the lowest form of partisan politics that I have ever witnessed." Now the State Supreme Court has overruled the Board.

By "partisan politics" Mr. Costuma was referring to the fact that with Connolly out of the race, the Tammany candidate, Dean Alfange, would stand a better chance. But more than that is involved. The important fact is that both Alfange and the Republican candidate, Joseph Clark Baldwin, are for Roosevelt's lend-lease bill and his other war policies. Action against Connolly's candidacy was taken on the complaint of three members of the old-guard ALP faction which has attempted to make war support the decisive test of ALP candidates. Neither the ALP old guard nor the Republican and Democratic followers of FDR want to see the people's anti-war sentiment registered at the polls. These men have been defeated once by the Supreme Court's decision. A far worse defeat for them would be the election of Connolly on March 11.

Censors' Mask

THE opposition aroused by the Robey textbook report has been encouraging. So immediate and widespread was the resentment of educators, trade unionists, and civic leaders that the National Association of Manufacturers was forced to "dissociate" itself hypocritically from the report which it had sponsored. The American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom has set up a group of outstanding social scientists to "combat the censorship threat inherent in the textbook investigation." A conference of book publishers, several locals of the American Federation of Teachers, the editors of *Science and Society*, the convention of the American Association of School Administrators, and many other individuals and groups protested the effort to stifle critical inquiry and pointed out that the real issue behind the NAM's patriotic camouflage is the effort of entrenched groups to cut school budgets.

But it would be folly to assume that the issue is closed merely because of this strong expression of resistance. A new and even graver danger has appeared in the reactions of newspapers like the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*, and columnists like Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson. Like the NAM they dissociate themselves from the

flagrant Robey report, but only in order to improve the technique of educational repression. Walter Lippmann, for example, has raised a question as to the validity of *any* textbook dealing with contemporary issues. Arguing that the past is "more intelligible" than the present, he advises the schools to confine their attention to the struggles between Hellas and Persia, between Athens and Sparta, between Rome and Carthage, rather than to the two world wars of our own time.

Mr. Lippmann's proposal illustrates the abysmal lack of confidence which capitalist apologists have in their own world. As we pointed out in our editorial last week, the system of imperialism cannot tolerate objective analysis; it fears even "friendly" textbooks which must to some degree, at least, reflect the world about us.

While Lippmann argues against textbooks dealing with vital social issues, Dorothy Thompson complains that we have too many

textbooks altogether. She does not object to students reading Marx, she says, provided they are equipped to do so; but since they are not equipped to do so, she adds, it is perfectly obvious that they should not read Marx. Having established her eagerness to have "non-existent" students read Marx in the original, she goes on to attack books which seek to explain Marxism, even incidentally and inadequately, because students should also be

(Continued on page 22)

What the Occupation of Bulgaria Means

BULGARIA'S adherence to the tri-partite alliance, and its simultaneous occupation by German troops did not take the world unawares. It was a move which Hitler had been trying to make since last November. Strategically that move became possible when German troops moved into Rumania. Politically, it became a virtual certainty when Turkey signed that non-aggression treaty with Bulgaria, a treaty which meant that Turkey would not take it upon herself to challenge Hitler's southward movement.

One need not go much further to understand these latest events. For half a decade, German economic influence had predominated over all others in Bulgaria. Its ruling class, governing through the personal dictatorship of King Boris, had looked to Berlin for years in the hope of regaining territories lost in the last world war. Once again, as in western Europe, the leadership of a capitalist nation has preferred to come to terms with Germany rather than pursue the alternative of a resolute neutrality. Once again, the fact stands out that only where the people take full control of their destinies, and base themselves on cooperation with the Soviet Union, can the small nations of Europe maintain their neutrality in the face of spreading conflict.

Nor is there much of a mystery in Hitler's immediate objectives. His purpose is to settle the Greek-Italian war. So long as this war continues, Mussolini is under increasing strain; Britain gains time in which to bring up reserves from her vast empire, and from the United States, and opposition to full collaboration with Germany tends to stiffen in the French colonial empire. By moving through Bulgaria, Hitler places his forces in a position to settle the Albanian conflict without becoming involved in it. Yugoslavia is encircled, and quite helpless; Turkey is immobilized at her Thracian borders. The Greek ruling class, traditionally divided between pro-German and pro-British groupings, is compelled to consider a choice of evils, and the chances are that, in the face of a relative superiority of the German position as contrasted with the British, the Greek ruling class may accept German terms.

Already the news comes through that the Greek have rejected a British offer of a large expeditionary force. Whether the offer was genuine, or just a face-saving gesture in advance, at least the crisis in Greece is obvious.

Nor should it be forgotten that the war is causing great hardships in Greece, which the American press has largely concealed. Greek armies have been victorious in Albania, but open towns and villages have suffered heavily from Italian bombardments. Peasants and townsmen have been forced to move to the hills and epidemics are rife. The entire able-bodied male population has been mobilized, which is a serious thing for an agricultural country in the face of spring planting. "Peace," even on Hitler's lips, can be a powerful although a perverse, hypocritical slogan.

By gaining Greece, Hitler would gain a great deal. From Greek airports, German planes could seriously hamper the freedom of the British Navy in the eastern Mediterranean. Naval bases on the island of Crete, in Cyprus, in Palestine and Egypt would come under the shadow of German aircraft. What is more, the Vichy government would find it increasingly difficult to postpone full cooperation with Germany, especially in the key colony of Syria. And although Turkey is committed to an alliance with Britain, Hitler's victory in Greece would compel important sections of the Turkish ruling class to reconsider their position. Ultimately, since Germany is not a naval power, Turkey commands the only route to Suez.

On the other hand, Turkey is the strongest of the Balkan powers. Britain's position in the Near East is not easily shaken. British communications with the vast empire east of Suez make it possible to bring up reserves in men and materials. Furthermore, Germany must reckon at all times with the interests of the Soviet Union, which from motives fundamentally different from Britain's would like to keep the war away from the Black Sea region generally. The Soviet statement of March 3 must be interpreted not only as a criticism of both Bulgaria and Germany for spreading the war, but perhaps primarily as an indication that the USSR looks with displeasure at any involvement of Turkey. Thus, last week's events cast their shadows before. The Anglo-German struggle for Turkey is already proceeding, and will form the nub of political developments well into the spring.

The plain fact of the matter is that Hitler still continues to reap the dividends of the Munich conference and the defeat of France. Because there may have been gaps in time between the occupation of Rumania and the

gleichshaltung of Bulgaria, the Nazi steamroller seems to have scored still another triumph, unrelated to the last. But they all flow from the root fact that Hitler had a long headstart in this war. The full consequences of this initial advantage continue to operate and unfold.

This truth would impress an innocent bystander, viewing world events in their perspective. Yet the same bystander would also observe that while Hitler is completing his conquest of Europe he is moving into a new stage of his career, a world struggle of enormous dimensions in every respect, a world struggle with the combined powers of British and American imperialism. For some time to come, Germany may continue to capitalize on the successes of the past. But Germany's future is already governed by the economic and strategic problems of a world conflict.

Finally, it is worth remembering always that a new front is being created in Europe. That is the internal front, the front of the masses of people, led by the working class and rallying around itself every element in the population which has the strength and courage to visualize the regeneration of their nations on new economic foundations. The old fronts are disappearing. French and British influence is going, and those people who think that Europe will look toward British imperialism when the long torture of this war is over are simply deluding themselves and deluding others.

German domination of Europe is already passing from the blandishment of the conquered peoples to direct violence against them. This has happened in Poland and Rumania; it is happening in Czechoslovakia. Last week this violence broke through the news from Holland. It is becoming a fact in Norway, and in France, and so it will be in Bulgaria, too. For German imperialism solves no problems. As it grinds down whole populations, *it only creates the conditions of a general and profound revulsion against imperialism as a system.* It creates the preconditions for movements of national liberation, whose only direction can be Socialism. Britain's loss is therefore not a loss for the common folk of Europe, just as Germany's gain is not their gain. Those who understand this truth will see through the present phase of this conflict. And they alone will share the joys of the common folk of Europe in its inevitable outcome.

prevented from reading secondary sources.

Thus, three alternative patterns of repression have been offered for the inspection of reactionary school boards and legislators. Dr. Robey wants textbooks dealing with the present and directly glorifying the bankers and munitions makers. Mr. Lippmann wants to eliminate textbooks dealing with the "unintelligible" present. Miss Thompson wants to get rid of textbooks altogether as an outmoded pedagogical device. There may be other variations on these patterns. But it is clear that they have the same intent: to keep the truth, or even a measure of the truth, about world problems today safely hidden.

Tyranny in Canada

HIS MAJESTY'S government in Canada has capped a long series of outrages against civil liberties by suppressing for a three-week period the only remaining free source of information about life to the north of us: the *Canadian Tribune*. And judging from the discussion in the House of Commons, the old men of Ottawa are seriously considering the extension of this ban for the duration of the war. It was only a month ago, that the *Canadian Tribune* celebrated its first anniversary at a banquet in Toronto, at which, incidentally, that brave American liberal, Dr. Harry F. Ward, made a most inspiring address. It was little over a year ago that a group of Canadian progressives, trade unionists, church and university people, some of whom had gained dominion-wide prominence for their defense of republican Spain, got together to found the *Tribune*. Despite official censorship, this four- (and occasionally) six-page paper, spryly edited, gave an invaluable picture of what had happened to Canada since the declaration of war. It reflected the groundswell of popular dissatisfaction so courageously that it soon gained a readership of several tens of thousands, influencing the thinking of even wider circles.

The *Tribune*, now a victim of Ottawa's arbitrary powers, has been an outspoken critic of the infamous "Defense of Canada Regulations" under which some 1,500 people have been interned in Canada in the past year. At least seventy of these are trade union leaders; the best known is "Pat" Sullivan, president of the Canadian Seamen's Union, whom the Royal Canadian Mounted Police arrested last June in the midst of contract negotiations between his union and the Great Lakes ship owners. In Winnipeg, a score of progressives have been jailed, among them former alderman Jacob Penner. In Toronto, the brilliant young physicist, Dr. Samuel Levine, was put away for six months, while in Vancouver, one Wilfred Ravennor, owner of a bookshop, has been interned because among the many books in his shop, some were considered "subversive," such as Dmitrov's speeches at the Reichstag fire trial. The *Tribune* also carried the full story of why forty-six workers at the Windsor, Ontario, Chrysler plant were arrested for picketing in one of Canada's most significant strikes.

More recently, this newspaper has reported the remarkable cross-country tour which Mrs. Dorise Nielsen, Canada's only woman MP, has been making. Mrs. Nielsen was elected to Parliament by the Saskatchewan farmers: hers has been one of the more fearless voices in Ottawa, and in her recent tour publicizing a ten-point program to ameliorate the hardships of the war, she has been getting meetings of thousands of people clear across the prairies.

The Canadian government is sensitive to American opinion. Friends of Canadian freedom will honor their good-neighborly obligations if they write or wire the Hon. Mackenzie King, Ottawa, Canada, protesting the ban on the *Canadian Tribune*. Copies might be sent to A. A. MacLeod, editor of the paper, at 95 King Street East, Toronto, Canada.

Nailing a Lie

CONSTANTINE OUMANSKY, Soviet ambassador to this country, has issued a formal denial that any American exports to the USSR were being transshipped to other countries. Since truth doesn't rate as high as falsehood in the American commercial press, most newspapers either ignored Oumansky's statement entirely or buried it under a small headline. Nevertheless, his declaration is of great significance. It points up the true character of British proffers of "friendship" to the Soviet Union, for it was the British government which invented the canard that the USSR was buying goods in this country and shipping them to Germany. The American government and press saw fit to fall in with these anti-Soviet schemes and made preposterous demands of the Soviet government. What the USSR does with the products which it imports is, of course, nobody's business but its own. It does not presume to dictate to this country how it shall dispose of goods imported from the USSR. But apart from this principle, the charge that the Soviet Union was acting as broker for Germany was invented out of whole cloth.

Now that this lie has been nailed, new efforts are being made to exacerbate relations between the United States and the Soviet Union. The Soviet government has protested the seizure of mail to this country, including publications sent to the Soviet embassy. The official pretext for this seizure is that all persons distributing foreign propaganda in the United States must register as alien agents. But what about the tons of British mail coming to this country? It is obvious that despite the resumption of negotiations between Oumansky and Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles, the real attitude of the Roosevelt administration is that expressed last week in a violently anti-Soviet speech by the President's confidant, William C. Bullitt. This notorious appeaser and fifth columnist, whose machinations are described in the late Ambassador Dodd's diary, gives away the cat-and-mouse game the administration is trying to play with the foremost peace government in the world.

Prelude to a Showdown

WHILE Nazi troops were rumbling through the valleys that lead to the Greek border, in the Far East the Vichy government capitulated to Japanese demands which grew out of last January's undeclared war on the borders of Siam and Indo-China. This second event will be more difficult to comprehend than the first; the background is more obscure and the geography very unfamiliar. But in essence, just as Germany's occupation of Bulgaria brings the war to the corner of southeastern Europe, so the French capitulation in Indo-China takes Japan a long step in her southward expansion.

France has finally been humbled as a Pacific power; this is just an epilogue to the agreements of a year ago June and of last September when Japanese troops took over the railways, airports, and naval bases of north Indo-China. The second result is that China is even more completely encircled from the south, and Japan brought closer to cutting the Burma road. Third, Siam is revealed more and more as a sort of Hungary in the Far East, a Japanese puppet. The territories in the Mekong river valley which Siam regains were torn away by imperialist France in a series of wars at the close of the nineteenth century, but the rich tin, rubber and rice plantations will only go to help Japan. Finally, Japanese troops and airplanes have now come within striking distance of Singapore and threaten the borders of British Burma.

All of this is clearly a prelude to the Far Eastern showdown among the big imperialist powers that has been in preparation for over a year. In a recent editorial we indicated our attitude toward this war which is brewing in the South Pacific: it would be a reactionary war, flowing inevitably from the reactionary course which Britain and the United States have pursued toward China since the Japanese aggression unfolded in 1937.

But what happened to Indo-China points still another moral. For fifty years the French people had been taxed in money and in men to maintain this colony, which was originally won from native peoples by fire and sword. The French bourgeoisie defended its policies on the grounds that they redounded to the greater glory of France, advanced its prosperity, and after all, protected the humble peoples of Annam and Cambodia. These are the classic apologies for imperialism in every language including the American.

But what has been the outcome? Within the past year, the French ruling class—those who profited from colonial exploitation—have not only betrayed their own people into servitude at home, but they have handed over millions of native peoples, whose independence movements they fiercely repressed, to the tender mercies of Japan. When the balance sheet is struck, it becomes terribly obvious that imperialism as a system is not worth support, either in the colonies or in the country whose ruling class presses imperialist policies forward.

Readers' Forum

Obscuring British Investments

TO NEW MASSES: Following Secretary Morgenthau's statement on British assets made to the Foreign Affairs Committee on January 21, the press has been filled with sob-sister tales of the imminent bankruptcy of the British empire—"Britain is scraping out the bottom of the till," and the like. That this picture is a crude distortion of the meaning of the available facts can easily be demonstrated. In fact it is unnecessary to go beyond the published statements of the Federal Reserve Board itself as given in two successive issues of the Federal Reserve Bulletin for January and February 1941.

The January issue presented a Department of Commerce statement which gave a clear and highly enlightening summary of the financial position of the British empire. According to this report the gold and dollar resources of the empire were \$7,115,000,000 at the outbreak of the war, divided as follows:

	(millions of dollars)
United Kingdom	\$4,860
Canada	1,570
Other British empire.....	685
Total British empire.....	\$7,115

The seven-billion figure included only gold reserves, dollars balances, US market securities, and direct investments in US business enterprises. In other words, no attempt whatsoever was made to evaluate the gigantic empire holdings in Central and Latin America, Europe, Africa, India, and Asia. However, let us hold on for the moment to the seven-billion figure because, as will be seen, the next issue of the *Bulletin* attempts to forget about it completely.

Having presented the empire position at the beginning of the war, the January *Bulletin* goes on to discuss events since that time. It points out that "in the intervening period the empire has produced \$1,100,000,000 of gold and sold \$1,400,000,000 of goods to the US"—an increase in assets of about \$250,000,000. As against this increase in assets, drafts were made of \$2,600,000,000 for goods already delivered by the US, and additional sums "to cover substantial withdrawals of capital from England as well as other purposes." If we estimate these additional sums as \$1,500,000,000 (actually it can be shown that this is high), the following balance sheet would indicate the present picture:

Balances (in millions of dollars)	
Original Balance	\$7,115
Add: Sales to US and Gold Production	\$2,500
Deduct: Purchases from US Additional Expenditures..	2,600 1,500
Net Deducted	1,600
Present Balance	\$5,515

Since the date refers to Dec. 3, 1940, it would appear that after sixteen months of the war the Empire has used something less than a quarter of

its gold and dollar resources, and had between five and six billions left.

Further data presented in the January *Bulletin* also makes it possible to estimate 1941 expenditures. Quoting the *Bulletin*, "If rapid progress is made in production and the British share of the output is increased, it is possible that exports to the empire may attain a level of \$3,500,000,000 in 1941. . . . This would mean a US export balance to British countries of considerably more than \$2,000,000,000," but, since in the meanwhile the empire would produce about \$1,000,000,000 worth of gold, the net drain would be in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000,000. If another \$500,000,000 is added for all other expenditures draining gold and dollars resources, the balance at the beginning of 1942 would still be about four billions; in other words, more than half the original holdings in the summer of 1939. Certainly this picture does not add up to any immediate depletion of British resources.

Confronted with this picture, Secretary Morgenthau hastened to the rescue with his letter to the Foreign Affairs Committee which is published in part, together with supporting data, in the February *Bulletin*. According to this letter, the net amount of money available had suddenly shrunk to under \$2,000,000,000, practically all of which would be gone before the year was out. The fancy figuring which leads to this conclusion is highly reminiscent of the county fair," Now you see it, now you don't."

The first thing that happens is that all holdings of the empire are completely eliminated for consideration except for those held directly in the United Kingdom. By this device over \$2,000,000,000 are neatly wiped off the slate leaving only about five billions.

Another half billion is disposed of by the simple device of estimating the value of market securities on the basis of reports of British nationals rather than official tax returns which were used in the previous study, and by writing off about 25 percent of the value previously assigned to businesses, wholly or partly owned by citizens of the empire.

The next device is even more interesting. Having written off all empire holdings as unavailable, the February statement turns right around and considers practically all war expenditures (that is, expenditures for the *defense of the empire*) as having been made by the United Kingdom alone.

Next we have a deduction of \$200,000,000 for internal empire balance, i.e., between the sterling area and Canada and Newfoundland. To this is added \$570,000,000 for advance payments for goods scheduled to be delivered in 1941 or thereafter, and gold and dollar payments to other countries (admittedly "some for capital purposes").

It can be seen that Secretary Morgenthau delivers on assignment. What is, of course, equally clear is that the January statement of the Federal Reserve

Board presented the situation a little too clearly to suit administration aims.

That American finance would like to get complete control of empire investments both in this country and elsewhere is, of course, obvious. In its double game, it will proceed toward capturing British holdings by its own methods while simultaneously attempting to convince the American people that these holdings no longer exist and that no alternative remains but that of underwriting the war with American labor power and American manpower.

Chicago, Ill.

ARTHUR M. ALTMAN.

Objection

TO NEW MASSES: Congratulations on Jack Lawson's well pointed article, "The Promise of a People's Theater" (NEW MASSES, February 18). However, I believe he does me an injustice in saying that I dismiss the American theater from the beginning to O'Neill in "a few paragraphs" in my *Masters of the Drama*. Actually my treatment of this subject covers seven and a half closely printed pages (from page 632 to page 639) or approximately 3,600 words. He is right in assuming that I don't think very highly of the plays in that period, as a matter of fact, I don't believe any of them could hold a candle to Lawson's *Processional*, *Success Story*, and *Marching Song*. However, when I wrote that the playwrights were "of no importance whatsoever," I meant that they cut no ice in world drama, which was the subject of my book; this is, I believe, substantially correct. Moreover, the complete sentence, of which he quotes only the first part, reads: "For a century, American playwrights were of no importance whatsoever to the world, although they had the seeds of a vigorous democratic art in their matter and their bias."

I thought this worth mentioning to your readers, because I am substantially in agreement with the content of Lawson's article. In noting the prevalence of social drama or social satire in early American drama, I actually go out of my way to remind readers of my book that the left-wing social drama of the thirties was in the American tradition; that so-called propaganda drama had American precedent: "American propaganda plays did not begin with the depression of 1929 but with the American Revolution."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOHN GASSNER.

TO NEW MASSES: My reference to John Gassner's book may have been inadequate. It is true that he devotes seven and a half closely printed pages to the American theater before O'Neill. But only a small part of this (five paragraphs, to be exact) covers what I believe to be the most exciting part of American dramatic history—from the Colonial period to the eighteenthies. *Masters of the Drama* is a work of remarkable scope and thoroughness, but I wonder if the space devoted to the origins of our national drama is sufficient in relation to the general design of the book. Also, it may be noted that neither *The Fall of British Tyranny* nor *The Gladiator* is mentioned.

However, this is of less importance than the content of Gassner's letter. The comment in my article was offered less as a compliment than as a hope that Gassner might apply his wide knowledge and critical insight to this neglected field. His letter gives a heartening indication that this hope may be justified.

Hollywood, Calif.

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON.



Writer as Cynic

The essence of Jules Romains' attitude toward life. Samuel Putnam looks into "the little bourgeois' perfect paradise." . . . A review of "Let My People Go."

M. ROMAINS' "stream of life" novel burbles endlessly on; but the "portrait of a society" which the author promised in the beginning to give us is still as far as ever from being realized.

Let us confine our attention for the moment to this latest volume in the series (*Aftermath*, Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.75). M. Romains is now down to the world that followed Verdun, the world of post-war chaos. The great disillusionment has set in, and the overpowering futility of the holocaust is apparent to all the "Men of Good Will." Populations are starving; women in Vienna are selling their bodies for a cup of coffee, almost; revolutions are flaring, being put down and betrayed; and in Russia the greatest event in the history of mankind has just occurred.

In France, meanwhile, the new *apres-guerre* generation is making itself heard in the noisy syllabic stammerings of Dada, parent of surrealism. The famous "revolt of the sons"—a revolt which really started in Leipzig, in 1916, with the performance of the late Walter Hasenclever's play, *Der Sohn*—is now on. The sons of the bourgeoisie, verbally and in cafe antics, are rising against their fathers who made the war. This, while the French workers are fighting for a few francs on which to keep their families from starving. Yet Dada, when all is said, was something more, a good deal more, than a hoax. For the first time in history a generation had arisen to cry a resounding *Merde!* to the whole of human civilization that had gone before. And that generation came as an "aftermath" of the first imperialist war, all the bitterness of which was condensed in the phrase, "*apres-guerre*."

At the same time, it is to be remembered, these Dadaistic sons of the bourgeois were well fed, well clothed, well housed. As was the case with the Romantics, the Mussets and others of the mid-century preceding, their "disillusionment" battened on a full stomach, and they knew nothing of that other world of toilers where the difference of a few centimes meant a breath of life for another day. Their quarrel was with the no longer bearable pomposity of their pot-bellied elders and that "*bourrage du crane*" or "head-stuffing" to which they had been subjected all these years. (The tyrannical French family system played its part in the affair.) Nevertheless, they continued blithely enough to go on living on father's unearned increment, and save for an occasional pretty toying with the name of Marx or Lenin, gave no sign of any social conscience or consciousness.

The not surprising upshot of it all was to be viewed a few years before the start of the

present imperialist war, when the surrealists, successors lineal to the Dadaists, began consorting with the young storm troopers from across the Rhine. But with his exceedingly peculiar ideas of "peace" and how peace is to be brought about, M. Romains would probably say that this was all to the good.

If so much attention has here been paid to the French young, it is because M. Romains has seen fit to take this particular facet of the post-war world as the theme of his Book XVII ("Vorge against Quinette") which constitutes the first half of the current volume. It is safe to say that, without some such explanation, this tale of the young poet who goes in for murder as a fine art, and his "master," the elderly bookseller, who kills for the sake of killing, will appear to the average American reader to be a pure mystification or an incredible bit of novelistic spoofing. The point is, the author doesn't provide any explanation, any motivation. It is all supposed to be, one assumes, an expression of the chaos wrought by the war. Did not the Dadaists cultivate the "*acte gratuit*," or "pure" unmotivated act, by way of counteracting that impotency which they felt and preached, and manifesting their "power to act"?

M. Romains does not tell us even this. Above all, he does not tell us why Vorge, the poet, or the petty-bourgeois Quinette should be affected in this way, while the French worker, who is wholly absent from these pages, reacted in quite a different way. Can you imagine an *ouvrier* in his right mind worrying about the "gratuitous act"? The resulting effect is that of a meaningless dance of puppets.

This, it must be stated, is more or less in keeping with M. Romains' method throughout *Men of Good Will*. He appears to feel that a sufficient number of slice-of-life episodes jerkily strung together over an endless number of volumes, with familiar characters bobbing in and out, will go to make an epic poem. The reader, on the other hand, is entitled to judge the novelist's performance on two scores: first, the general convincingness of the narrative, the degree of its successful immersion in life; and second, since M. Romains has announced he was out to do a "portrait of a society," the degree to which he succeeds in achieving that portrait—our Crocean friends should be satisfied here: are we not judging the artist by his aim?

If, as Engels insists, the novelist should give us "typical characters in typical situations" (and this is especially true of the social chronicler in the novel), then Romains

is just about as much a novelist as Mr. Saroyan is a playwright, and just about as convincing, frequently. The heart of the creative process is selection, a selection based upon the criterion of significance; and by his selection as well as by his arrangement or construction we have the right to assay an artist. And in accordance with what has been said above, we have, surely, in the case of the professed social novelist, the right to ask for that type of social significance which comes from the typicality of which Engels speaks, the fruit of a dialectical deepening of reality.

The absence of a significant typicality of this sort is apparent throughout the *Men of Good Will*. Writing of the earlier volumes in the series, the late Prof. Regis Michaud says: "All the characters, lovers, intellectuals, priests, laborers, politicians, are mediocrities or failures. . . . Romains' epic is an epic of mediocrity and decadence, the very epic of our times." This last remark holds a truth, but only a half-truth, and one that is fatal unless we attain an awareness of the complementary and redeeming truth, through realizing that, if there is always something (the old) dying away, there is at the same moment always something new being born, out of the old. A writer who undertakes to deal with social forces and who does not, or will not, recognize this fact, can in the nature of things be no more than a prophet of despair for a perishing "civilization as we know it"; and that in the end is what Romains is.

The essence of his attitude comes out rather clearly in *Verdun*, the volume that preceded the present one and which deals with the war itself. What is the war for Romains but a wrath-of-God punishment for that "mediocre" world which the novelist is bent on recreating for us, a world of "blind forces, ambiguous longings, half-hearted ambitions" (Michaud)? And how does this view differ essentially from that of a Mussolini or any other "ideologist" of fascism? Does not the very stock-in-trade of the fascist spokesman consist in a railing at the "mediocrity" and "decadence" of the world of "parliamentarism" and democracy, at everything which the forward-moving spirit of man has achieved since 1789—or 1776?

That the novelist's blind spot toward the new, developing forces in society is a willful one, there can be little doubt—especially after reading M. Romains' recent *Saturday Evening Post* series, one of the most obscene acts of spiritual denudation of which a writer of standing ever was guilty. After we have heard the author of the *Men of Good Will* drop his vicious little sneer at the "few miserable shots" which were fired in the Place de la

Concorde on that fateful sixth of February 1934—a “few miserable shots” that snuffed out half a dozen proletarian lives; after we have heard him refer to these demonstrating workers as “the scum of the Parisian population,” we are in a better position to understand some of the principles that serve to guide Romaines the novelist. We understand, for example, why it is that Maillecottin, the one representative of the working class who appears anywhere in the series, is depicted as an utter and impossible moron.

And so with the volume here under consideration, we begin to see what the basis of the author's selection is, in treating of the “Aftermath” of the first imperialist war. Not a line as to the condition of the French masses; instead, a thrill murderer or two and a young esthete dabbling in murder; and in the second portion of the book (Book XVIII—“The Sweets of Life”), a tired middle-class intellectual taking an easeful respite on the Riviera and thinking about how “charming” life could be, if only the bourgeoisie would stop killing each other off. The misery and famine of Central Europe are embodied in a fleeting glimpse of a Viennese young woman of the middle class who finds herself facing prostitution. The dozen or more post-war revolutions are dismissed with a deprecating gesture as “merely local disorders.”

As for the one great event of the epoch, the Russian Revolution, M. Romaines, it is plain to be seen, is already laying the groundwork for a big letdown a little later. It is really too bad! He (i.e., Jerphanion or Jallez—they are both foils for the author) had hoped for so much; but the latest reports, don't you know? are so “disquieting.” The Bolsheviks, it seems, are creating a Red Army to defend themselves against the “Men of Good Will,” and that is so disillusioning. But then, the Russians always were so fond of “mystery.”

Meantime, life on the Riviera is so very gracious. Why can't we get back to “a comfortable Europe well policed and organized to run on oiled wheels,” and, presumably, with the trains running on time! If one could only get away from the Europe of “plumbers, scavengers. . . .”

And then at last we come to M. Romaines' great dream. It is one that overshadows even the “Universal Church” (the Unanimist speaking) which he half hopes the League of Nations may turn out to be. Let us listen to the pious recitation of his creed:

I believe in the universal; and I am coming to believe more and more in everything in this world of ours that makes for good fortune and rich flowering, for fenced fields, for success, for distinction, for graciousness in times and places.

The little bourgeois' perfect paradise! “Fenced fields” and all. This makes plain a number of things. Among them: all those salon plottings for which M. Romaines has such a passion, in the novel and in life; all the Munichman “peace” schemings and Nazi consortings which he so coyly revealed to us in his *Saturday Evening Post* strip-tease act.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

Underground Railroad

LET MY PEOPLE GO, by Henrietta Buckmaster. Harper & Bros. \$3.50.

THE Negro slave, we are often asked to believe, was content with his slavery. A complete refutation may be made in one sentence: the Underground Railroad ran in only one direction. This book is the story of that great illegal network of travel, over which uncounted thousands of enslaved Negroes reached freedom. Its title is a line of a spiritual used as a signal by runaway slaves.

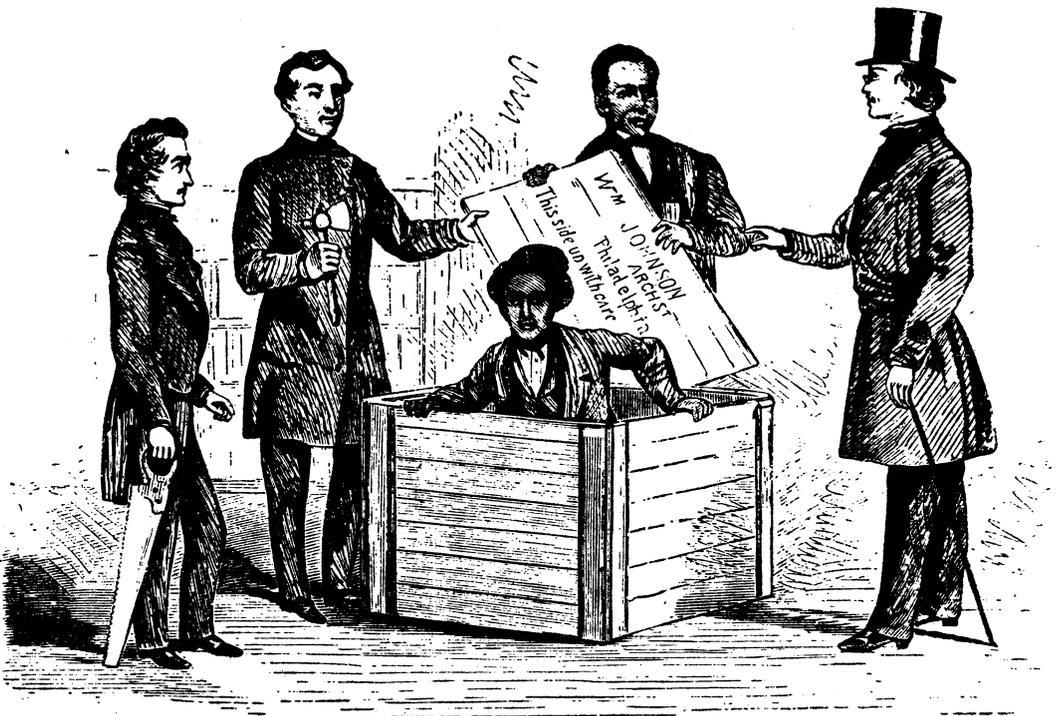
Less than half a dozen books have been written on the Underground Railroad, and it is almost half a century since William H. Siebert's study came from the press. Miss Buckmaster's work is, in fact, the first complete account, dealing with the railroad in all its aspects. For despite its dramatic character, the story of the “underground” has been deliberately neglected. The publication of the present book indicates a trend in historical writing which is in sharp opposition to the *Oliver Wiswell-Gone With the Wind* school of historical falsification. The progressive trend has been maturing for some years. At long last, under the leadership of a new school of left-wing historians, we are beginning to recover for our own generation the great mass movements, the inspiring revolutionary traditions of the American past; the special contributions of the Negro people to that past.

Miss Buckmaster's book is the fruit of three years of accurate and painstaking research. Yet it is not one of these detached and cautious studies, in which justice and in-

justice are weighed and balanced and measured with an ostensibly cool and steady hand. It is hotly partisan; it was written in burning indignation and in glowing triumph; it has the ardor and intensity of the Abolition movement itself; the words pour forth, fervent and bitter and passionate. The story moves with breathless excitement—it is a tale of daring, of chance, of narrow escapes, of codes and passwords and disguises, of secret compartments and hidden passageways, of swiftly conceived ruses to outwit the slavecatchers.

Here is the story of Henry “Box” Brown, a Virginia slave who had himself nailed into a box and shipped to Philadelphia by Adams Express; of Eliza Harris—yes, there was an Eliza Harris—who fled over the ice floes with her baby; of William and Ellen Craft, who disguised themselves as a young planter and his manservant and traveled in first-class cars and stopped at the best hotels from Georgia to Pennsylvania; of the twenty-eight slaves placed in buggies which formed a funeral procession and drove the fugitives right through the heart of a city alive with slavecatchers; of the Abolitionist undertaker who transported runaways in his hearse; of the Negro shoemaker from Virginia who lost both legs above the knee, but reached Ohio on the stumps. Here are warm portrayals of Harriet Tubman and Levi Coffin and the other great “conductors” on the railroad, Negro and white, Northerners and Southerners, men and women and even children. Here is written also the drama of the forcible rescue of fugitives recaptured by slavers' agents.

Miss Buckmaster carries the story of the railroad from its inception in the seventeenth



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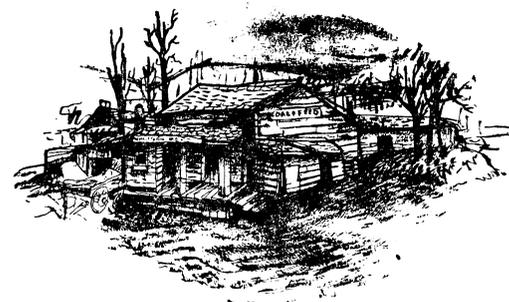
century to its formal abandonment after the Civil War. There is also an excellent chapter on Reconstruction, which treats it as a period of democracy and progress—rare insight among historians. And because Miss Buckmaster places the railroad in its proper setting, the book is also a history of slavery and Abolition, and thus in a broad sense a history of the times, since slavery was the motive force of our history for half a century. It is a story that is likewise international, for fugitives found welcome not only in the North, but in Canada, Mexico, the West Indies, Indian territory, and England.

While the book represents a great advance in research and interpretation, a few criticisms must be made. The point of view is that of idealism rather than of historical materialism; the underground railroad movement and the anti-slavery movement are traced to the “Puritan way of thought,” the “moral sense,” the “crusade of the conscience,” and “Christian indignation.” We must recall here Engels’ analysis: “. . . the final causes of all social changes and political revolutions are to be sought, not in men’s brains, not in man’s better insight into eternal truth and justice, but in changes in the modes of production and exchange. The growing perception that existing social institutions are unreasonable and unjust, that reason has become unreason and right wrong, is only proof that in the modes of production and exchange, changes have silently taken place, with which the social order, adapted to earlier economic conditions, is no longer in keeping.”

Because of this same idealist viewpoint, Miss Buckmaster fails to analyze correctly the class forces of the day. Thus she lumps all Northern capitalists together, failing to make the necessary distinction between the banking, shipping, and merchant interests, which were pro-slavery, and the manufacturing interests, which were for the most part anti-slavery. Again, Andrew Johnson is termed “the servant of the financial and industrial oligarchy.” He was actually a representative of the petty-bourgeoisie, entering upon its struggle with the big bourgeoisie and therefore joining hands with the plantation owners, the enemy of its enemy. And the role of the American working class in Abolition is almost wholly neglected.

Yet Miss Buckmaster’s work is a magnificent achievement; it is history and polemics, and it is also literature of a high order, imaginative and stirring. It should have a profound effect upon American historical writing.

ELIZABETH LAWSON.



Heliker

“The Talley Method”

Alvah Bessie discusses S. N. Behrman's new play. A mechanical heart, a poetess, and a young daughter . . . Martha Graham moves away from reality. Tamiris and her group.

NO ONE will ever accuse S. N. Behrman of being a great playwright, but there can be little doubt that he is an honest craftsman who, with all the wit and urbanity and sophistication for which he is so greatly praised, possesses a more serious side, and a valid urge to handle the more important problems of our time. For all its faults, his new comedy, *The Talley Method*, is a distinctly progressive play that provides a rather curious evening in the theater.

You may forget the drama after you have seen it, for like all Mr. Behrman's work, the action on the stage takes place largely in the head; and the emotions, while written about, are rarely externalized. In *The Talley Method* this particular limitation of the author is most conspicuous. For while what he is saying engages your attention almost all the time, you are unlikely to feel anything about his characters, care what happens to them, or remember them after the curtain falls. This is a pity, for Mr. Behrman is saying something of more importance than his colleagues of the Playwrights Company have currently been interested in saying.

For purposes of dramatic dialogue and action, Mr. Behrman poses the characters of a great successful surgeon, his two neglected children, the surgeon's middle-aging fiancée, and a German refugee. Attracted to marriage with the doctor by his wonderful skill and his professional manner, Enid Fuller (Ina Claire) the poetess, enters his home and meets his children. She finds them unhappy, dislocated, all but destroyed by their domineering father, whose concern for humanity apparently goes no further than his operating room. “I watch the disintegration of the cell,” he says, “and am furious that I cannot arrest it.” Yes, says the poetess, but you are not concerned about the disintegration of people, of their society, of their happiness in this present world crisis. She is correct, and being an honest, if somewhat confused liberal herself, she must break her engagement with the doctor, leave him alone with his passion for order, his insensitivity, his cruelty. His children are in process of leaving him, and she will help them. The young daughter is a radical, the son is still unformed. The German refugee poet with whom the daughter was in love has killed himself, defeated by his inability to continue the fight which brought him exile.

Since the character of the poetess serves as Mr. Behrman's mouthpiece here, what she has to say must be both the measure of his success and his failure in understanding the problems he has posed. He is obviously

attracted to the vitality, the articulateness of a youth determined to fight for a better world and a place in that world. At the same time, the poetess frequently reiterates a sentiment that seems to limit Mr. Behrman's grasp of the problem: “It is impossible,” she says, “to feel pity for more than one human being at a time.” If only Mr. Behrman will think this problem out, he may find that the young girl's identification with all who suffer comes close to the solution of his personal confusion. It is all very well to be filled with genuine impulses of decency toward one's fellow man, and a desire to see a better world. But that better world cannot be brought to birth without a program of action, an organization and an inflexibility of purpose that the liberal definitely lacks.

In the major roles, it is gratifying to find Philip Merivale (Dr. Talley) giving a performance for a change; Miss Claire, while earnest and intelligent, does very little with the poetess, which is not entirely her fault, for the character is missing in the writing. Hiram Sherman, in a straight comedy part, is excellent. The German Social-Democratic suicide is played ably by Ernst Deutsch, whose art conveys much of the feeling of a certain type of exiled intellectual. But pay close attention to the role of the daughter, which is played badly by Miss Claire Niesen. (She was excellent in the recent *Cue for Passion*.) The lines this character speaks and the pivotal role she plays indicate that Mr. Behrman intended his play to hinge upon her character. The way the actress has been directed (by Mr. Elmer Rice) is something else again. In-

stead of commanding the complete sympathy of the audience, she has been forced to alienate it; she is brash, loud, combative, obstreperous, parades all the most obnoxious characteristics reactionaries falsely associate with radicals. This was undoubtedly done by the director for a purpose. I leave you to figure out why he did it. And with the fact in mind that Mr. Behrman has written a truly anti-fascist play along lines that indicate some understanding of the real nature of fascism, you will also understand why the fraternity of daily newspaper critics distinctly did not like his play. ALVAH BESSIE.

“Letter to the World”

Martha Graham's performance yields very little.

A REVIEW of the recent recital by Martha Graham and her dance group is a review not only of an artist, but of an era—not only of an isolated performance, but of a social phenomenon which raises the issue of the bourgeois artist and his creative work during a great social crisis. The artist can be aware of his role as an organizer of social thought, and can assume his responsibility among the vanguard. Or he can diplomatically withdraw into the “innocent” labyrinth of escape and mysticism.

Martha Graham is a great bourgeois artist who made her decision before a crowded house recently at the Mansfield Theater. In a world of epochal events and soul-shaking experiences, her artistic pilgrimage of the past decade has been consummated in a cloister.

True, in the course of this peregrination, she was able to raise her art to a position of dignity by sheer integrity and purity of purpose. True, when to be progressive was an easy virtue, she took a brief excursion into the real world and produced an “American Document.” But in both these achievements, a host of little people, earnest young dancers, socially conscious students and disciples laid the groundwork and fought many of the harder battles in advance. Today, little remains of Martha Graham, the heretic and revolutionary. The average reviewer tactfully evaluates her craft and ignores her philosophy.

One can speak of the music at this recital as capable and adequate. Or deplore the fact that the group, once the most exciting in the field, has become an undistinguished accompaniment to a brilliant concerto for one instrument. Or acknowledge the flashes of poetic insight and sensitiveness in “Letter to the World,” or recommend the sincerity



Helen Tamiris



Helen Tamiris

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of Eric Hawkins' performance, or the agility of Jane Dudley, the litheness of Merce Cunningham. The daily press has already done its duty here, however. This reviewer is more deeply concerned with the revelation at this recital which said simply: "At this time, under these circumstances, this is what Martha Graham wants to dance about."

Her works exposed a creative impulse which was ego-centric, not social; an inner vision which was mystic, not derived from the real world; and evolved a statement which was negative, not affirmative.

As an artist, Graham has achieved brilliant mastery over her medium, a positive genius for technical invention, and a facility to resolve the most complicated choreographic problems. But all this is employed to people a dance arena with legendary figures, flagellant sinners, sorrowing Christs, condoning Magdalenes, frustrated lovers, surrealist fancies. "El Penitente" deals self-consciously with a Mexican mystic purification from sin through severe penance; "Letter to the World" with the legend of the life of Emily Dickinson, "laid in the shadow world of her (the poet's) imagination"; "Every Soul is a Circus" dramatizes, with exacerbating brilliance, the silly conduct of a silly woman by projecting her psychological fancies into a circus performance. This is the content of the program.

The soil which now nourishes Martha Graham's art may continue to produce fantastic foliage and luxuriant flowers for the dilettante, but it will yield little fruit and less sustenance for the real inheritors of American culture.

Helen Tamiris and her little group of well trained dancers gave excellently planned studio recitals at 434 Lafayette Street in New York, a few weeks ago. An intimacy in presentation and a variety in the program insured complete audience participation and satisfaction.

A suite of nine Negro spirituals, some of them first performed many years ago, opened the program. They are all, for the most part, workmanlike adaptations in movement of the quality of the music and the essence of the words. Most successful was "When the Saints Go Marchin' In," a new group dance which had a jazzy exuberance and healthy vitality deeply appreciated by the audience; most beautiful and sensitive was "Wade in the Water," danced by Bettina Harris, Ida Little, and Ida Soyer, and choreographed by them. Laura Duncan, Dora Thompson, and Bob Moman sang the spirituals well.

"Song of Today," a solo by Miss Tamiris, proved to be one of the best lyrics ever composed by this dancer, and Genevieve Pitot's sensitive music for this dance was outstanding.

"As if in a Dream," a suite of group and solo dances, performed without pause, is based on the theme of one who withdraws from the world, wanders, and then returns. No organic development molds the material which is thereby unable to reach either formal or thematic climax. "Durability," danced by Ida Soyer and the choreographer, however,

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GOINGS ON
MARXIST ANALYSIS OF THE WEEK'S NEWS, by Joseph Starobin, editor New Masses, Sunday, March 9, 8:30 P.M. Workers School, 50 East 13 Street. Admission 25 cents.

3rd of series 4 SUNDAY AFTERNOONS AT 4. WHAT IS DALCROZE EURYTHMICS? Alison Burroughs will give a lecture-demonstration at the studio of the Associated Schools of Theater Dance Music. Of especial interest to musicians, dancers, actors. Admission free. DANCING & Refreshments follow. 303 West 125 Street. At 4 P.M.

emerged, as an interesting duet in its own right and might be salvaged.

A highly amusing, brash take-off on night club entertainment, of the type of dance satire encouraged by former Cabaret TAC, "Floor Show," ended the program. The dancers had a swell time kidding the tights off sister acts, exhibition dancing, honky tonk dives, acrobats, oriental novelties, torch singers. Special honors must go to Ida Little, whose sense of the ridiculous was as mischievous as they come.

"Floor Show" was a new departure for Helen Tamiris, and one which, judging from the success it achieved, might be more often exploited by this dancer.

FOLK DANCER

Although in the past few years there has been a great resurgence in the movement to preserve national folk dances in this country, little has been done in the field of the traditional Jewish dance. It is therefore of utmost importance when one finds a dancer who is performing this function and who uses as his main source of inspiration the cultural tradition of his own people. I am speaking of Benjamin Zemach, whose two recitals contained many rich examples of Chassidic dance, and many themes that used Biblical and folk backgrounds to tentatively suggest a modern moral. Mr. Zemach was an original member of the great Habima Theater; and in numbers such as "Farewell to Queen Sabbath," wherein he permits himself the full use of theater in make-up, masks, costumes, *decor*, pantomime, and movement, he achieves a rich result and uses to the best advantage the support of his male dancers. When, as in the story of "Ruth," he lets abstraction hold sway in the graceful bodies of his female assistants, the result is not convincing. The long ballet, "Benyomen the Third," would with the paring down of extraneous matter, such as the episode of the rich man's son and superfluous group action of the women, emerge as a fine theater presentation. Mr. Zemach's own performance was, in the "Monologue" and in "Sabbath," ecstatic, and at all times excellent. Miss Helen Lanfer at the piano, the vocal ensemble led by Max Helfman, the fine tenor Saul Meisels, all lent harmonious support. The charming sets were by Nat Lichtman.

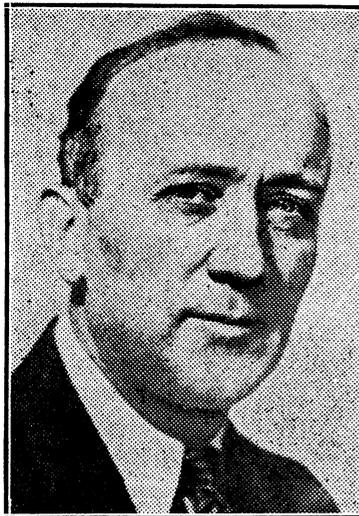
The Ballet Theater is in town again, at the Majestic, and although this reviewer has seen one performance only, he ventures to recommend certain works from the repertoire.

"Billy the Kid," choreographed by Eugene Loring, is a must; it is an authentically modern American ballet. "Gala Performance" and "Three Virgins and the Devil," the former ballet comedy choreographed by England's most talented younger men, Anthony Tudor, the latter a delightful divertissement by Agnes de Mille, should also be seen.

As for the dancers, you are bound to witness good performances when Nana Gollner, Karen, Conrad, Hugh Laing, or Eugene Loring are on the stage.

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FRANCIS STEUBEN.

Blunted Edge

Hollywood's version of "Tobacco Road" is found wanting.

It would be unfair to say that *Tobacco Road* as a film is completely without honest social comment. There are moments in it when John Ford seems about to say what he said with such biting effect in *Grapes of Wrath*; when the banker and landlord combine to "tractor off" the sharecroppers, when Jeeter and his wife start miserably to the poorhouse. But instantly the effect of these moments is deliberately destroyed. The banker is represented as a nice guy who does his best to save the land for Jeeter, and the landlord gives his last fifty dollars to save Jeeter from the poorhouse!

In other words, the social comment is no more than a graceful gesture toward John Ford's past. And the general tone of the film is in the tradition of Hollywood comedy. This reviewer is probably the only living person who has not seen the stage play; but rumors have reached her that it dealt with the abominable degradation of southern sharecroppers' lives. In the screen version this degradation is made to seem funny. There may be a good deal of humor in Jeeter's grotesque expedients for saving his land; yet it is a rather heartless humor. And the astonishing quantity of footage devoted to Dude's automobile collisions with trees and fences is not even funny.

The cleanup of the play has necessitated considerable rewriting. Nunnally Johnson need not, however, have rewritten Jeeter into a lovable old mountaineer with a heart of gold; or made it seem that his shiftlessness was solely his own fault; or loaded the script with knockabout farce. Certainly *Grapes of Wrath* was a faithful translation of a magnificent original; but *Tobacco Road*, on the screen, is like a Saroyan travesty of *Grapes of Wrath*. Its offensive assumption that there is something inherently amusing in abject poverty is not what we have been accustomed to expect from either author or director.

There are moments of power and humanity; Jeeter's pleasure in his hotel room with its electric light and porcelain chamberpot is genuinely effective, Ellie May's amorous writhing gives you the creeps, and the sequence of the walk to the poorhouse, where Jeeter and his wife are two small human figures against enormous lonely spaces of sky, is in Ford's best manner. The photography glitters with perfection; and some of the acting, particularly Elizabeth Patterson's as Ma Lester, is well done. On the whole, nevertheless, the direction is not up to Ford's technical standard; the film has been mishandled in the cutting room so that episode leaps out of episode with the slightest connection. The pathetic Grandma is reduced to a momentary

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and unexplained flash of an old woman crawling through a fence. And the final scenes drag like a deathbed in *East Lynne*.

Worse still, the cast is allowed to clown to its heart's content. Charley Grapewin, as Jeeter, is picturesque till it hurts; Marjorie Rameau is downright kittenish as Sister Bessie, and William Tracy's Dude is both over-acted and under-enunciated. Everybody except Miss Patterson leaps about like a set of Keystone cops. The film is hampered by a mawkish musical score, sabotaged by a sticky happy ending; and its message of landlords' love for sharecroppers comes strangely from the makers of *Grapes of Wrath*.

The Lady Eve, Preston Sturges' latest, is a string of airy improbabilities. A lady card-sharp falls in love with a snake-collecting millionaire; he jilts her on learning of her disreputable profession; revengefully, she poses as Lady Eve Sidwich of the ultra-respectable British aristocracy, marries the guy, and disgusts him so completely with the British aristocracy that he turns back to the card-sharp with relief. Slight enough; but the satire, wit, and fantasy with which Sturges embroiders this theme raise it from just another screwy fairytale to an incisive comedy of manners.

In *The Great McGinty* Sturges punctured political pretentiousness; in *The Lady Eve* he deflates high-society balloons. The bite of a scene in which, to an acid commentary by Barbara Stanwyck, a whole ocean-liner full of ambitious women stalk the embarrassed millionaire, is only equaled by a later sequence in which a roomful of society snobs gurgle over "Lady Eve." And Miss Stanwyck, strangely enough, inspired to an excellent performance, does a job on the British noblewoman that would get a laugh from Lady Astor's horse. It's all there; the shrill empty voice, the gurgle of inane laughter, the floppy waving around of hands. Eric Blore as a fake baronet doubles in brass.

Preston Sturges is one of the few directors who really understand the wicked satiric possibilities of the camera. Panning for ten seconds along the rail of a steamer, with a few fragments of dialogue, he achieves a brilliant group portrait of a crowd of tourists. Even such a routine affair as a montage—usually a succession of newspaper headlines or of Jeanette MacDonald's tonsils vibrating to high C—becomes in Sturges' hands a one-minute satire on society weddings. His mastery of clever but unobtrusive camera angles makes even a comic fable a thing of beauty.

Here and there the humor gets a bit heavy. Sturges should not have allowed that large horse (really a large horse) to kiss Mr. Fonda quite so often. But the speed and fluency of the direction cover these moments. A good cast, guided by the director with an iron hand, helps considerably; Fonda's dim-witted millionaire is particularly engaging. And the wit of Sturges' dialogue ought to be mentioned. And there is a poker game like no game you've ever played in or ever should.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

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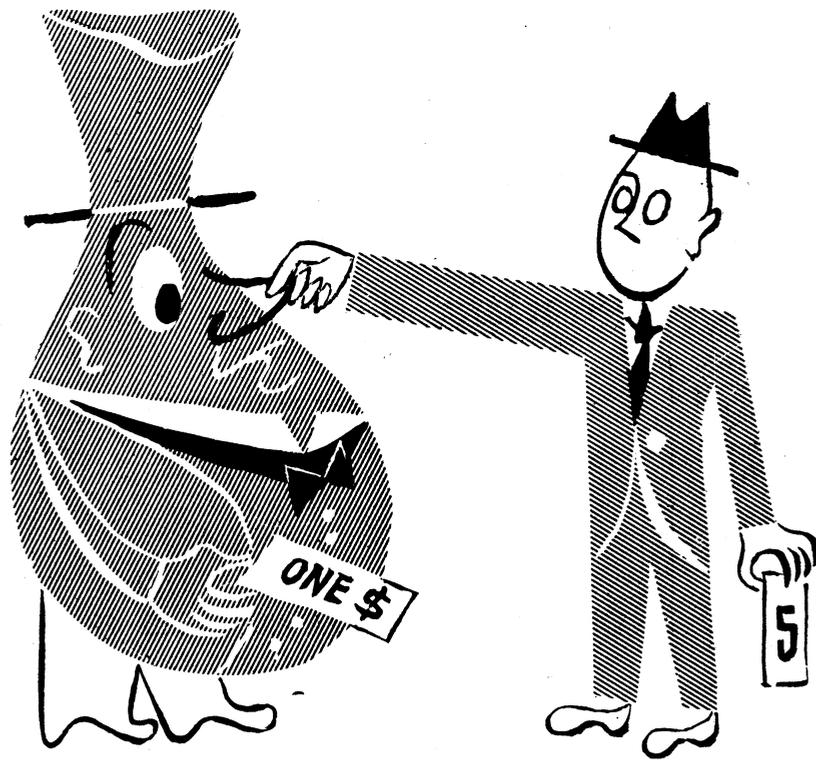
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