

Champion

OF YOUTH

AUGUST
1936



5c

MEN AND STEEL by ALLAN CHASE

**HARVEY O'CONNOR FRANCIS GORMAN
JAMES WECHSLER OSWALD G. VILLARD**

Letters

I have just seen the first edition of THE CHAMPION, and want to say that it looks mighty interesting.

John A. Hutchison,
Brown Memorial Church, Baltimore.

The local union of the United Mine Workers of Renton, Pa. agreed to take 100 copies. Please rush this order for it is very important that we get these papers into the hands of the miners.

Carl Close, Pittsburgh, Pa.

It certainly is vigorous and well written. With best wishes for the success of your paper.

Prof. E. A. Ross,
University of Wisconsin.

Half the magazine, in my opinion, should be fiction. Look at *Collier's Saturday Evening Post*, etc. I would also recommend that the paper be of better quality and the magazine be stapled. You've done a peach of a job so far.

Arthur Clifford, Detroit.

Might I suggest that in an early issue you run a list of the youth organizations and publications in this country so that young folks would have an idea who and where their friends are.

Ernest C. Brown,
Washington, D. C.

The Youth Fellowship Council of the Abyssinian Baptist Church wishes to pledge its support to your magazine.

Mildred Kimble, Sec'y, N. Y. C.

Accidentally I came across one of your copies. I was naturally curious who are the able defenders of our Youth, but the various names pointed to the paid agents of your bloody masters of Russia.

So Hearst is your public Enemy No. 1, no wonder? Outside of a few other publications he certainly shows your hands—your tricky propaganda and foul machinations, but let's hope the next administration has guts enough to curb your poisoning — either send you all back to your Utopia Russia or put you in a Southern chain gang.

Albert de Moderag, New York.



There was quite an unfavorable reaction to the picture on the cover of the July issue. The Liberty League is as yet meaningless to the mass of the youth. Young people are not yet aware of the political significance of William Randolph Hearst.

If we study the covers of other youth publications we find that they depict young people playing baseball, tennis, etc. An attractive cover would help immeasurably in increasing our circulation.

Wilbur S. Broms, St. Paul, Minn.

I am very proud of our magazine. Here at last is a real Champion of Youth.

H. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

Vol. I

AUGUST, 1936

Number 3

Contents

	Page
The Great God Grab— <i>Harvey O'Connor</i>	3
What Now, Young Man— <i>Francis Gorman</i>	4
One Strike and You're Out— <i>James Wechsler</i>	5
Those Young Republicans— <i>M. B. Schnapper</i>	6
Anniversary— <i>Gordon Sloane</i>	7
War, What For?— <i>General Paul Emile Pouderoux</i>	7
Men and Steel— <i>Allan Chase</i>	8, 9
News Views.....	10
That's What They Say— <i>A. Redfield</i>	10
For Youth Unity— <i>Roger Chase</i>	11
Oh Girls— <i>Jean Nichols</i>	11
Youth in Action.....	12
Sports— <i>Hal Pitman</i>	13
Farm Future— <i>Harlan Crippen</i>	14
War— <i>Oswald Garrison Villard</i>	14

Board of Editors

JOHN AMES
JOSEPH COHEN
ANGELO HERNDON
M. B. SCHNAPPER

ROGER CHASE
BERYL GILMAN
SOFIE JURIED
JAMES WECHSLER

JANE WHITBREAD

Advisory Editors

SENATOR L. J. FRAZIER
JACK CONROY
WILLIAM ROLLINS
GRACE PHELPS
DR. EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT
GRACE LUMPKIN
C. HARTLEY GRATTAN
DR. FRANKWOOD WILLIAMS
KENNETH GOULD

Opinions expressed in signed articles are not necessarily those of the editors.

Business Manager, EDWARD CORY

CIRCULATION MANAGERS—Milton Rayfield, New York; Milton Haraburda, Philadelphia, Pa.; Bob Gilmore, Boston, Mass.; Carl Close, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Ethel Hoffman, Cleveland, O.; L. Greenberg, Detroit, Mich.; David Lansberg, Chicago, Ill.; Rose Spiegel, Minneapolis, Minn.; Ed Baker, Seattle, Wash.; Hans Hoffman, Los Angeles, Calif.; George Ewing, San Francisco, Calif.; Dick Hill, Newark, N. J.; Emmett Murray, Denver, Colo.; Robert Mason, St. Louis, Mo.

The Champion of Youth, published monthly by Champion of Youth Publishers, 2 East 23rd St., Room 508, New York City. Subscription: 62 issues, \$1.25; 26 issues, 75c.; single copies, 5 cents. Entered as second class matter, May 15, 1936, Post Office, New York, N. Y. Vol. I. No. 3.

Our Stand

This magazine is dedicated to the aspirations and interests of the young people of the United States.

Living in the richest country of the world, a nation which could provide abundance for all its citizens, we inherit a tradition of courageous independence from those who have toiled to build the vast productive strength of this land. Our forefathers sought to leave a heritage of freedom, peace and security.

Today that heritage is threatened by a destructive economic crisis, by steady attacks on our liberties, and by the onrush of a new world war. Millions of young Americans have been deprived of the right to earn a living. The times cry for a Champion of Youth.

We declare that we shall not be a "lost generation."

We hold that if American youth is to improve its lot here and now, it must join hands with the workers of hand and brain, of cities and farms, in the building of a Farmer-Labor Party.

We wholeheartedly support the formation of a nationwide Farmer-Labor youth movement.

We stand for a society in which men shall produce for their own use—not for the profits of a handful of rulers.

We stand for a society in which there will be no financial power, no House of Morgan to drive us to war.

We stand for the equality of Negro and white, of all races and nationalities.

We stand for a society in which every young man and woman will be accorded the fullest educational opportunities.

That is the American dream. Towards its realization this magazine is dedicated. And we will champion the cause of the youth who demand the right to work, who oppose fascism with its destruction of all healthy social and educational values, and strive to promote the great cause of peace.

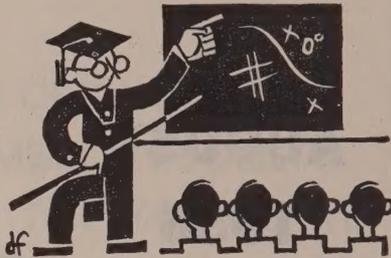
In every struggle for economic relief, against war preparations, for civil liberty and the democratic rights of the people—we will preserve and strengthen that vision of an America of plenty and peace. Our hands shall be outstretched to our brothers and sisters in every land who share our hopes, who face the same perils and who are confronted by the same enemy.

Contributors

JAMES WECHSLER is director of publications of the American Student Union and the author of *Revolt on the Campus*. His story in this issue is said to be his first effort in the fiction field.

GENERAL PAUL EMILE POU-
DEROUX is a distinguished French officer and one of the leading figures in the European peace movement. He recently lectured on peace in the United States.

HARVEY O'CONNOR is the author of *Steel-Dictator* and *Mellon's Millions*. He was formerly Washington correspondent of Federated Press. His article is the first in a series for *Champion*.



FRANCIS GORMAN is the vice-president of the United Textile Workers of America and one of the principal exponents of a Farmer-Labor youth movement. He has evinced intense interest in the American Youth Congress.

ROGER CHASE is a former editor of the *Columbia Spectator* and a member of *Champion's* editorial board.

ALLAN CHASE is one of America's ace reporters. He has been a feature writer for leading papers, news services, and magazines.

HARLAN CRIPPEN is 21-year-old editor of the *South Dakota News*, official paper of the South Dakota Farmer-Labor Progressive Association. He is also a member of the Farmer-Labor Party State Executive Committee.

M. B. SCHNAPPER is managing editor of *Champion*. He was formerly Economic Analyst of the National Youth Administration.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD is an editorial associate of *The Nation* and a vigorous fighter in the American peace movement.

The opening gun of the drive to organize the steel workers into the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers was fired when 2,000 men and women gathered in McKeesport, Pa., to hear the greeting of the Steel Workers Organization Committee. Large numbers of young people were there. THE CHAMPION issue with the John L. Lewis article on Industrial Unionism was greeted enthusiastically. A squad of 11 Champion salesmen found the workers grabbing the papers from them. Before we went home, we had sold 200.

The CHAMPION OF YOUTH with the special attention that it is giving to youth in the factories and steel mills, will play a great part in the drive to unionize the steel industry.

P.S.—About 400 copies were sold at the Homestead meeting.

Fred Griff, McKeesport, Pa.

CHAMPION of Youth

THE GREAT GOD GRAB

*How do the rich get that way?
Author of Mellon's Millions
Tells of some trade secrets*

BY HARVEY O'CONNOR

Illustrated by Cartelle



Pittsburgh, Pa.

ONCE wrote a book about a leading money-grabber of this fat and discontented land. It enjoyed a reasonably popular reception and I was about to congratulate myself on having delivered a message to Garcia when disconcerting news came in. Part of the wide interest in *Mellon's Millions* was displayed by keen and dapper young habitués of YMCA's who wished to find out just how Andy got rich. They yearned to follow in his nimble footsteps and read my book merely to pick up some hot tips.

That set me to thinking. Here, indeed, is an audience that deserved better of me. If I seemed to scorn the devices by which mazuma rolled into this banker's vaults, some readers impatiently disregarded the editorializing and sought only the pay-dirt:

How to get rich? Perhaps the readers of *The Champion* are interested, too, in this technique of grabbing, if for no other reason than to rid the world of it once and for all. In fact it occurs to me that that is the outstanding difference between young Americans of, say, the 1910's and those of the 1930's.

Pushful Americans of Today

Up-and-coming young fellows 30 years back were keen to find the secret that leads to town-houses, champagne dinners and yachts. Today you'll find many of the same type of aggressive, be-noodled, pushful young American intent on finding the way to unlock his country's treasure house so that this will be a land fit for workers, farmers and other useful people to live in.

Some call that mere starry-eyed idealism, but I imagine the young fellow of the 1930's would enjoy his country much more if the slums didn't stink so, if the farmers and their wives and kids weren't quite so skinny, if the good things were available to all instead of just to the upper crust.

Agreed, you say, but just what have your researches, Professor O'Connor, into the predatory activities of the Mellon tribe disclosed as the key to money-grabbing success?

And quick as a flash I answer: Be a bottle-neck, young man, be a bottle-neck! Grab hold of some strategic pass through which the needs of the people must travel, and charge all the traffic will bear. The technique hasn't changed a bit since the robber barons of the Middle Ages or the pirates of the Barbary Coast. But instead of a few hundred weary travelers on whom the medieval robber barons were forced to feed, the Twentieth Century version has 125,000,000 Americans to prey upon. In case that's not enough, he can feed

occasionally upon the Chileans or the Mexicans or the Nicaraguans.

The good old custom in grabbing a hundred years ago was to be a bottle-neck in land. Take Judge Thomas Mellon, Andy Mellon's father, for example. Young Tom Mellon was what you might call a born grabber. Tom had the good sense to marry a girl whose family owned most of East Liberty, a town several miles from Pittsburgh. You drove out in a horse and buggy and it took a good long time to get there, and on rainy days it wasn't too enjoyable a drive.

Bottle-necker Tom Mellon

Then along came the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and East Liberty was within a few minutes of dreary, smoke-smudged Pittsburgh. The bon-ton, the elite, the iron mongers and glass masters and coal barons flocked to East Liberty to locate suburban residences.

And there, waiting for them, was canny Tom Mellon, with his land all sub-divided. He had bottle-necked the best available residential district in the fast-growing city and so he got his price. When the bon-ton proceeded to build houses, they bought from Mellon's lumber company. Later when the clerks and the middle class followed to the East End, they used Mellon's horse cars for the journey.

Judge Mellon's bright, eager, money-mad son, Andy, improved on his father's technique. As a budding young banker, he was at the bottle-neck of credit in

Pittsburgh. So when an impecunious inventor needed money to develop his new electrolytic process for making aluminum, he came to Andy.

Andy took over the young inventor and his business and proceeded to create a bottle-neck. First there were patents that kept the manufacture of aluminum under his control for 17 years or so. By that time Andy had tied up the sources of aluminum's raw material—the mineral, bauxite. Nobody else could get cheap bauxite in America. Andy had grabbed the rich fields of Arkansas. Then he reached out and grabbed the bauxite deposits of British Guiana.

Sure, this is a free country! Sure, you can enter the manufacture of aluminum, if you want to. There's only one little hitch—old Uncle Andy and his Aluminum Company of America stand at the bottle-neck of bauxite. And you can't make aluminum without it. Most of the bottle-neckers who make good have a favorite saying: "I'm not in business for my health." The dapper young YMCAers who read the Mellon book to find out how to get rich should know in advance that the portals to plutocracy bear some such legend as this:

Abandon All Humanity, Ye Who Enter Here.

I suppose it's understood that such a warning will not deter the money-mad. God knows it never dissuaded Andy Mellon. After the terrible panic of the 1870s, he and his brothers and his father put the screws on their mort-

gagors and foreclosed a mighty passel of Pittsburgh, in order to sell it all over again.

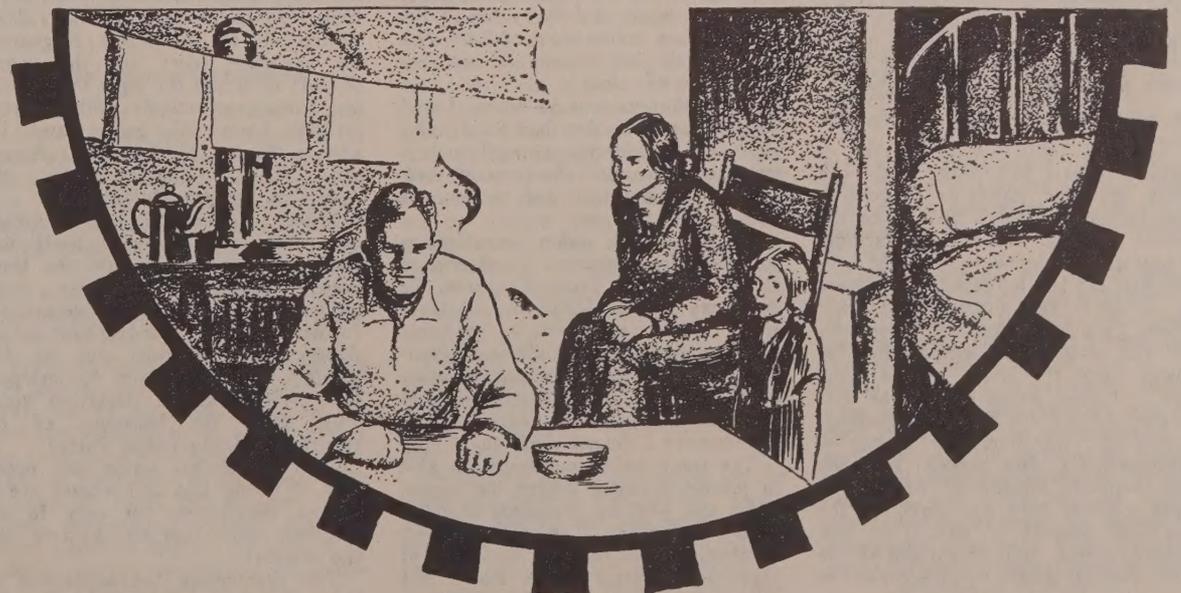
And fresh in Pittsburgh's mind today are those awful days in 1932 when the Bank of Pittsburgh, oldest west of the Alleghenies, crashed. Andy then was Secretary of the Treasury. He could have saved the Bank of Pittsburgh by a nod of his head. Instead he turned thumbs down.

And why not? The Bank of Pittsburgh was a rival of his Union Trust and his Mellon National. So it crashed and dragged down with it a dozen suburban banks. Thousands of small business men and workers lost all their savings. Yes, and plenty of widows and orphans, too, who curse today the name of Andrew W. Mellon. But, of course, you've got to excuse Uncle Andy. Money-grabbing and humanity don't mix. The tellers at the Mellon Bank were busy for days after the Bank of Pittsburgh folded up, opening new accounts for people who knew that come what may, the bank owned by the Secretary of the Treasury wouldn't fail.

Be Single-minded, Young Man

You've got to be mighty single-minded about money-grabbing, young fellow. Maybe you'll have to cheat the Government by turning out blow-holed armor plate. Or rotten canned beef for soldiers. Or as in the World War, if you're a steel magnate or a copper king, you'll strike against supplying the coun-

(Continued on Page 15)



WHAT NOW, YOUNG MAN?

Washington, D. C.

YOUTH in America faces some extremely discouraging prospects and some very difficult problems today. Fine young Americans are all dressed up for the economic, academic and professional world—well-trained, enthusiastic, full of ideas—but with no place to go.

What will the answer of youth be to this dilemma? What are young men and women going to do in order to solve their social and economic problems?

Some—a very, very few—can still fall back on Father. For a chosen few, a soft job waits in Father's firm, his bank or his factory. Those few have nothing as yet to worry about. But how about the millions who have no comfortably well off, or rich, parent to depend on? What of the millions whose fathers and mothers are themselves so destitute that public relief roles, and private charity constitute their sole means of sustenance?

Youth Congress Impressive

An ever-increasing number of youngsters have taken the correct course. Increasing thousands of young men and women are to be found in such splendid organizations as the American Student Union, Farmer Labor Clubs, etc. Millions are vociferously supporting the American Youth Act. More and more organizations are, I understand, joining the American Youth Congress. I was extremely impressed, incidentally, by the sessions of the Congress at Cleveland on July 3d, 4th, and 5th.

But even with the large, swelling ranks of organized youth today, we must never, any of us, lose sight of the fact that, just as in the trade unions, though our membership may grow into the millions, the bulk of our potential strength still lies outside the organized movement. Millions more remain untouched and uninformed of the American Youth Congress, of the American Student Union and of all the other youth groups in existence today. We must reach these young people. They must be mobilized.

Why should American youth be organized? A foolish question to some. Why should labor be organized? Or housewives? Or anybody else? Because it is only through organized protest and resistance that the people ever get any crumbs at all from the rich man's table. Because it is only through our organized strength that any of us are able to save ourselves from the poorhouse, or complete starvation today.

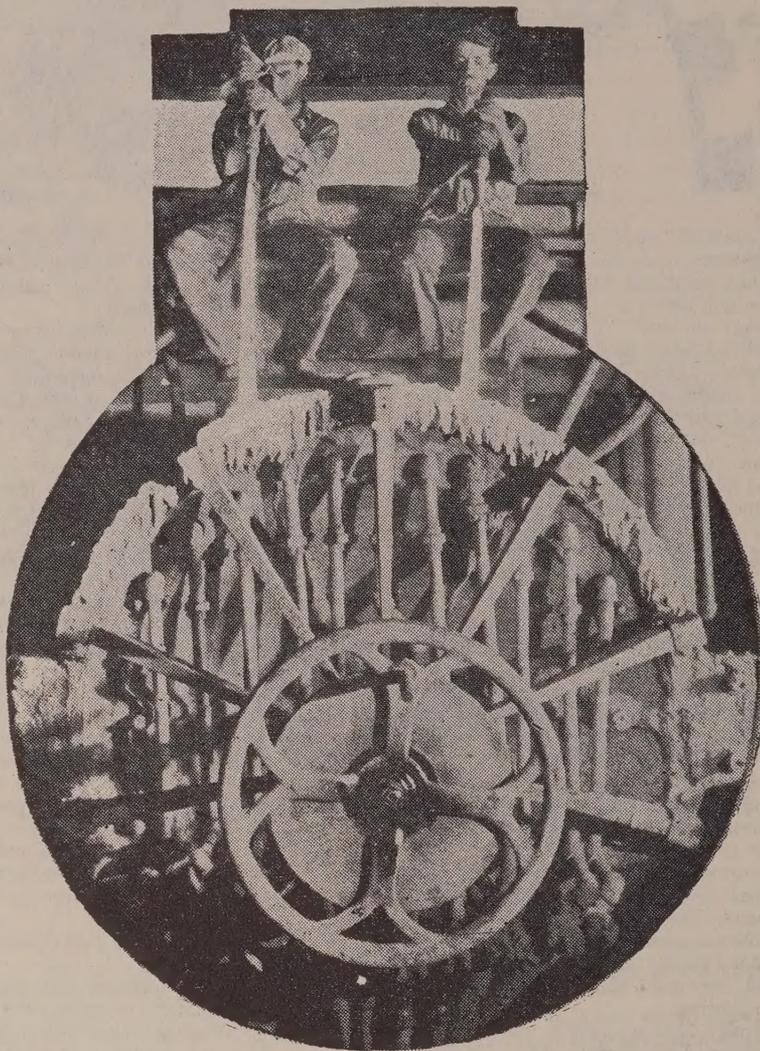
Exploitation of Young Workers

American youth are being used in industry to beat down wage levels, and break up labor standards in general. The increase in child labor since the demise of the N.R.A. is startling. Manufacturers know that young boys and girls are less hardened in the ways of industry and finance than their elders. They know, too, that these boys and girls wouldn't be sent out into industry unless the family was so destitute that their every penny was desperately needed for food and clothing. Therefore, manufacturers being—manufacturers, they proceed to crush the maximum amount of work from these stalwart boys and girls for the minimum amount of pay. They use bribery, spying, intimidation and all the other familiar forms of persecution, to

Young America, says this prominent labor leader, should organize a nationwide Farmer-Labor youth movement

BY FRANCIS GORMAN

Photo by Margaret Bourke-White



keep the young from finding out about organized labor, and the value of belonging to a trade union. "Catch 'em young, treat 'em rough and tell 'em nothing" is the slogan.

Older workers now in unions found out long ago that they had to organize and use their collective strength to protect themselves, and the lives of their families. Young men and women are also finding that out.

But—is trade union organization sufficient for American youth today? Is the American Youth Congress, the American Student Union or any other single youth organization sufficient unto the needs of the millions of destitute boys and girls? Is, on the other hand, the trade union itself, sufficient unto the needs of the older workers in industry? I do not think so.

The trade union movement is able to protect to some degree the wages, hours and working standards of those employed today. The trade union movement is, indeed, the backbone of organized progress in the world. But

the trade union movement is *not* sufficient through economic measures alone, to find jobs for the jobless; to guarantee adequate relief for the unemployed; to secure the right to organize and bargain collectively, without interference from the bosses and the powers that be. Neither is the American Youth Congress. Nor the American Student Union.

What, then, must be done? American youth must mobilize itself into economic organization into the trade unions. But—after joining trade unions—alert youth must prepare for further and more far-reaching action. American youth must put its full strength behind the move for independent political action. American youth must form the backbone of the American Farmer-Labor Party!

Why is political action also necessary, if young men and women are to protect themselves, not only in the economic world, but also as free men and women?

The reactionary representatives of

capital realize full well that eventually the idiotic contradictions of our system will soon become glaringly apparent to the masses of the people, and that when these contradictions do become apparent their days as financial moguls and captains of industry will be numbered.

Hence, they have organized themselves economically and politically. Economically, they are organized into their trade associations, into the United States Chamber of Commerce, into the National Association of Manufacturers and into the United States Steel Corporation. Politically, they are organized into the American Liberty League, the Black Legion, the Republican Party, and the Democratic Party.

What's the Alternative?

What then, is our alternative? Are we to remain hopelessly divided, disorganized and unconscious? Or are we to use the same tactics and utilize our full strength in the manner in which it will net us the most? Obviously, we must organize in the latter fashion. The Farmer-Labor Party gives us this opportunity.

The youth must answer the challenge of reaction to progress by throwing an organized force behind the trade union movement and the Farmer-Labor Party. It must do this if it is not to find itself in a fascist America.

The youth of Italy and Germany have discovered the treachery and deceit of fascism. The cream of manhood in Italy was sent to die in Ethiopia in order that the forces of industry and finance could maintain their system of exploitation and suppression. Will the youth of America be as guileless, and as easy to fool as their European brothers and sisters? I do not think so.

What is our task then?

To swell our ranks. To bring in millions of yet unorganized boys and girls in this country, and in bringing them in, to prepare them for economic action in their trade unions, and political action in the Farmer-Labor Party.

SCIENCE Ltd.

IF THOMAS EDISON were alive today and had invented a new method of lighting which would displace electric light, you would probably never hear about it. Dynamos, generators, power lines, the General Electric and Westinghouse plants, all represent too much of an investment to be wiped out by a new invention. The utilities would buy up the invention and forget about it for many a year.

We hear, for example, of a device which would replace the expensive phonograph record, being a paper roll used with photoelectric cells. The plans for this probably rest in the safe of some phonograph manufacturer.

Another example of this anti-social practice by industry was brought out at a recent chemical society convention. Government chemists told of the advantages of mixing alcohol with gasoline for auto engines—a process which would increase sale of grain by farmers. Oil company chemists pointed out a few disadvantages. The real reason why the oil companies will have nothing to do with the plan even if there were no disadvantages is that every gallon of alcohol used means a gallon less of gasoline.



ONE STRIKE AND YOU'RE OUT!

Lefty Furniss, hope of the Beavers' owners, rebels in rather surprising fashion

BY JAMES WECHSLER

Illustrated by Samuel Shaw

Lefty Furniss was the club-owners' hope for 1936. He wasn't expected to win many games, of course, even with a screw-ball that matched Carl Hubbel at his best. No pitcher could win regularly with the Beavers in back of him; a legally-minded pitcher, which Lefty wasn't, would have sued his teammates for non-support and mental cruelty. Despite the rest of the club, or perhaps by contrast with it, Lefty promptly achieved stardom in the two years of his sentence. Rising to the Major Leagues after a brilliant career in college and a year in the minors, he was acknowledged to be the best southpaw in the League. His earned run average was lowest in the circuit. He compensated for streaks of wildness with a burning fast-ball that gave him the strike-out lead. He appeared in more games than any other pitcher, gradually winning recognition as an "iron man."

The "Iron Man" Legend

Twirling in a lost cause, he never seemed to resent the weird, almost mysterious techniques his mates had devised for losing games. The Ralstons liked Lefty; he was a great fellow and he would bring a good price. With three clubs already angling for him, they could afford to bide their time, enabling him to build up his value and prestige and price-tag. It would keep them financially in the League, whether the team belonged there or not.

Certain details were necessary to complete the "iron man" legend. Lefty was compelled to serve mound duty every third day while the other pitchers received their normal three days rest. He was also a regular occupant of the bull-pen and was frequently rushed in to finish what other less hardy souls had started. While the fans began to resent the procedure, Tim Healey, the Beavers' harassed manager, could only follow orders, Lefty was never known to protest.

Lefty's Shanghai Gesture

On that hot July afternoon, Lefty sat stolidly in the bull-pen watching his mates accept their seventh straight defeat with the skill born of broad experience. When the sixth inning started, they were trailing the Cubs, 11 to 2. In the general heat, hopelessness and irritability which enveloped the park, only Lefty seemed unmoved. His only expressions were frequent yawns; murder was old stuff to him.

Suddenly three hits rattled off the Cub bats in succession. Healey strode slowly out of the dugout, held up his hand and signalled to the pitcher that it was time for a nice refreshing shower. With the other hand he motioned Lefty to come in from the bull-pen. The crowd, accustomed to this senseless waste, muttered angrily but almost inaudibly. Healey motioned again, thinking that Lefty hadn't seen him. The

lanky, boyish-looking figure remained inert. At first the fans suspected that he had merely fallen asleep and was probably dreaming of escape from captivity.

Then they received a shock which created the greatest stir in the park since the Beavers had rented the league cellar seven years before. Tim Healey was waving frantically to Lefty and Lefty was still sitting on the dilapidated bench in the bull-pen—but his thumb was delicately, with infinite grace, raised to his nose and his fingers were flapping elegantly in the hot breeze. Healey began to yell, the crowd began to take sides, the umpires were fretting at the delay.

Now Healey was an excitable man and managing the Beavers was not likely to improve anyone's disposition. After three minutes of futile screaming and waving, he headed for the bull-pen. The walk was oppressive, through the thick layers of heat and the sweltering chorus of boos. By the time he arrived at the bull-pen, Healey was on the verge of apoplexy. When Lefty finally moved, he staged what his teammates were later to call the "coop de grass."



Deliberately, slowly, he paced up and down in front of Healey. He carried no sign but the pantomime was unmistakable. The fans caught on, their laughter sweeping across the field and almost knocking poor Healey down to his knees. Lefty Furniss, ace southpaw, had gone on strike; to climax his rebellion, he was picketing the man who had been chief executor of his misery. The little fat man, his humiliation complete, his tormentors everywhere, started back to the dugout. Lefty sat down, his demonstration victorious—for the moment at least. A young recruit was sent in straight from the bench to the pitcher's box. But the fans, enjoying their first real diversion in seven years, would not subside.

"Get out of there, scab . . ." they shouted.

And for the rest of the afternoon the boy who had been sent to the mound instead of Lefty Furniss was treated to a steady chorus of one word: "Scab, scab, scab. . ."

Healey sat stricken, thankful for the protecting roof of the dugout. Lefty Furniss, sensing his own achievement, spent the rest of the afternoon picketing the bull-pen until, at Healey's instructions, two cops removed him from

the park. There was a near-riot when he was ejected.

The press went wild. Eight-column streamers: LEFTY FURNISS GOES ON STRIKE. A columnist speculates: will ball players form a union? Free suggestions: get Bergoff to furnish strike-breakers if the whole team rebels—they couldn't be worse anyway. Full-page caricature: Colonel Ralston gunning for Lefty with a picked squad of cavalymen.

Emergency Session Called

Suddenly, as swiftly as it was launched, the joke receded. In response to a wire from Colonel Ralston, the club owners of both leagues were summoned into emergency session. Before the meeting, the president of the circuit told reporters that "Furniss' behavior is a disgrace; it will not be ignored."

Defenders of individualism rushed to the defense of the sport in which every man wore the same uniform, every game was identical in length, every season the same number of games were played and rule changes were as frequent as amendments to the United States Constitution. A meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution unanimously recommended that "college graduates heretofore be barred from organized baseball in the light of their pernicious and subversive influence in this case."

The Red Scare Under Way

Even the Chamber of Commerce interrupted its regular session to denounce the man who is "trying to introduce trade union tactics of coercion into the great American sport. Send him back where he came from." It was further suggested, in an outburst of cutting humor, that Lefty "do his pitching for the House of David; he can wear a beard then and feel right at home with the bomb-throwers." When Lefty appeared at his hotel, two members of the Red Squad were there to be certain that he didn't bat anyone over the head. Walter Lippmann wrote a column laboriously seeking to prove that "Furniss' strike is a foul," or vice-versa.

The magnates in solemn session did not conceal their views. "We have always," one club-owner orated, "taken care of our employees; strikes are an unnecessary and un-American violation of authority."

One club-owner, who called himself a liberal, held out for the establishment of an "Employee Brotherhood"—under the magnates' auspices—to forestall any "outside agitators." The liberal was finally persuaded to surrender, having been convinced that baseball was too clean a sport to be contaminated by such methods. The question of punishment still remained. Instead of one-man rebellions, one owner warned, wholesale strikes might break out among the poorer-paid employees. With true solidarity, the magnates who owned the more

(Continued on Page 15)

IT WAS hot as hell, observed the perennial bleacher fan who always wore his high collar to remind him of greater days. The boy on his right nodded, chewing morosely on the last of his poorly-cooked peanuts. There was a listless, resentful silence throughout the park, interrupted only by the curses, groans and wails of the fans at the team that couldn't hit, field or pitch. It was evident that the Beavers in their clumsy way, shared the misery of the customers.

The Beavers were a shame to the city and a constant source of humiliation to the faithful public. With the pennant race only half over, they were so deeply embedded in last place that only an act of God could have disturbed them. And there were experts who doubted that even God could have made the Beavers win consistently. The league cellar was no novelty for them; it was home and, in seven years, they had never strayed far from it. With remarkable endurance, the fans would throng the park for the opening weeks of each campaign, hoping for better things. The games were played in such privacy that the so-called crowd could usually go home in the same taxicab.

Profits Through Indifference

Through the lean years only Colonel Ralston and his brothers, who owned the club, seemed indifferent to failure. There was reason in their apathy. Having discovered that there were two ways to make baseball pay, they had decided upon the one which involved least expense and attention. The first method was to provide a winning club which could draw the fans to the park. That was swiftly rejected. The other was to concentrate on building up a few talented players until they were sought by other magnates; then, just as the Beavers began to astonish themselves by winning, their stars would be sold up or down the river, depending upon who offered the fanciest price. Meanwhile, the inept bunglers who surrounded the stars received the lowest wages in the league and even the big-shots were never wallowing in pay-checks.

"We ain't making a cent," Colonel Ralston would swear and you had to be an auditing machine to prove he was lying. It was sound business method; the Colonel avoided any headaches which the policy might incur by steadfastly boycotting the park. If he wanted to, he could read about the Beavers' plight in the papers. He probably didn't. Only the fans were forced to endure the torment of actually seeing the club in action, or in inaction.

THOSE YOUNG REPUBLICANS

BY M. B. SCHNAPPER

Illustrated by Phil Bard

Washington, D. C.
WHEN in 1931 George Armstead found that his income and his presidency of the Junior Chamber of Commerce of the United States had simultaneously come to an abrupt end, he naturally cast about for a new means of comfortable existence. Apparently his familiarity with the practices of American business had bred a certain contempt—possibly a contempt born of fear of the big sharks—for he seems to have early come to the conclusion that he was not destined to be one of America's Captains of Industry but rather one of its Political Panjandrums.

With the lustre of thousands of probable membership fees lighting his path, he proceeded to establish the Young Republicans of America. To the G.O.P. moguls he went with his idea, murmuring a plea for their legitimization of this gestatory infant. But the Republican Party refused to marry the pregnant mother. Authoritative gossip has it that the Republican fathers denied paternity to this offspring because they feared it would be naught but a nuisance.

A Highly Lucrative Proposition

Saddened but not discouraged, Armstead went ahead with his plans. An illegitimate child which could yield some return, he assured himself, was far better than no child and no return at all. When at long last, after months of agonizing birth pangs, the illegitimate Young Republicans of America was born, it was a sick and wan baby—a child which, it was predicted by some, would live but a short while. Armstead himself was fearful of its early demise, for the Republican fathers remained obdurate and would not take the child to their collective bosom. Theirs became the aloofness of Mrs. Grundy.

But Armstead stood by his child as any father—or practical business man—would, and before long some of his hopes were realized. Several former associates in the Junior Chamber of Commerce, keen men and shrewd, established local branches which attracted a goodly number of members. The shekels began to pour in. With the high-pressure salesmanship so well learned in the Junior Chamber of Commerce, Armstead and Company soon found that the Young Republicans of America was a highly lucrative proposition.

The Republican fathers frowned and sometimes even growled. They frowned because Armstead and his friends gave the public to believe that the Young Republicans of America was an official organization. They growled when Armstead began to use racketeering tactics, reflecting abundant discredit on the Republican Party, which quite acutely felt that it already had sufficient disrepute.

Unofficial Existence Until 1935

The simple essence of the matter is that the Young Republicans of America remained in unofficial existence until 1935 only by the most patient sufferance of the Republican Party.

In the Fall of 1935 Republican Party

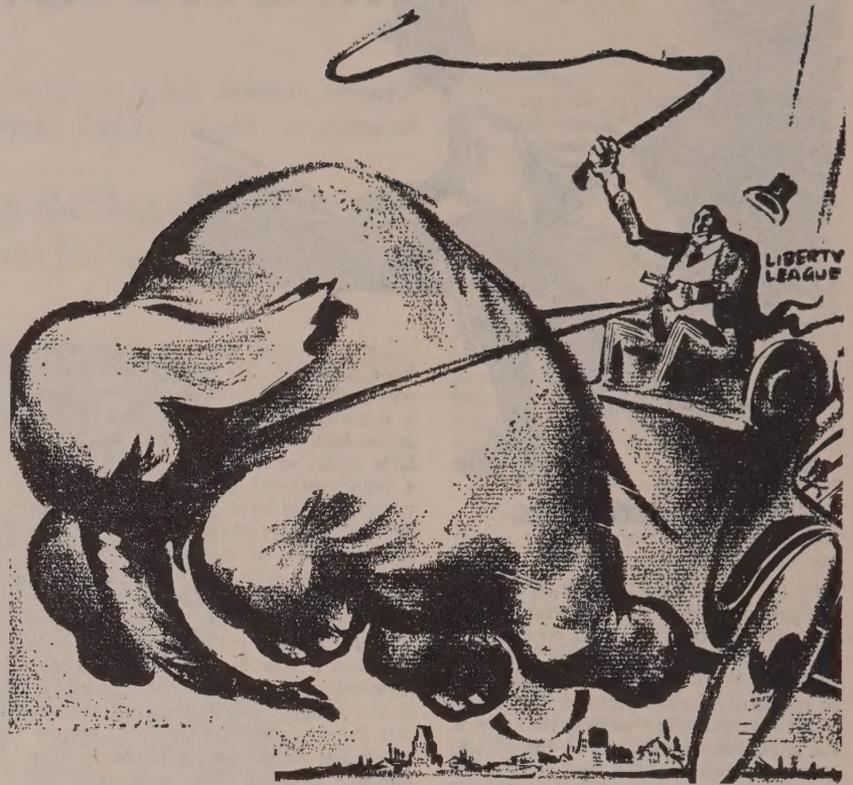
officers suddenly awoke to the fact that the money which was going into the pockets of Armstead and his friends could be put to better use if it went into the coffers of the party proper. In an effort to bring about this change they offered to recognize the Young Republicans of America. By way of terms they insisted that elections be held—this partly because of a desire to get rid of Armstead, who had acted as self-appointed chairman for four years, and partly because the lack of any sort of democracy in the Young Republicans was altogether too evident.

To the extreme annoyance, however, of the Republican Party Old Guard, Armstead was elected. Determined to gain leadership of the organization at all costs, the Old Guard put the heat on him, threatened to expose his fraudulent practices, and finally succeeded in getting him to resign shortly thereafter. In his place was elected J. Kenneth Bradley, a Bridgeport, Conn., corporation lawyer who, according to widespread complaint of Young Republicans, was "forced upon them through the connivance of the Republican Chairman, Henry P. Fletcher, and J. Henry Roraback, the party chief in Connecticut" (*N. Y. Times*, June 7, 1936).

Such in short is the strange genesis of the so-called Young Republican movement, which, it is claimed, is the spearhead of the Landon-for-President campaign—a claim which is made laughable by a membership of a mere 75,000. (The Young Democrats seem to have an authentic membership of about 3,000,000.)

Careful investigation reveals that the only thing youthful about this movement is the age of its legitimate existence. The average Young Republican, according to newspaper reports, is about 38 years old (Townsend managers please note). The great majority of the reported 75,000 members are well-to-do business men, big property owners, industrialists, and self-seekers. If they have any familiarity at all with the plight of the younger generation it is through their possible contact with youthful ex-employees and the sons and daughters of their workers. The leaders of the movement are mostly doddering graybeards. For example, William Allen White, editor, and Henry Ware Allen, ex-Governor of Kansas, Landon's chief lieutenants, are well along in their seventies. National Chairman John Hamilton is a mere babe of 46 or thereabouts. Former National Chairman Henry P. Fletcher, the real manager of the Young Republican movement, is reported to have celebrated his fiftieth birthday. Compared to these gentlemen, J. Kenneth Bradley, titular head of the Young Republicans (formally now the Young Republican National Federation), 36, is something of a youngster—but the 8,000,000 unemployed young Americans between 16 and 25 would emphatically deny that they have anything in common with him.

Why are these gentlemen making a special appeal to youth? Principally because they are profoundly appreciative



of the fact that some 9,000,000 young Americans will cast residential votes for the first time in November, because the great majority of these young Americans have been disappointed by the Roosevelt Administration's pitifully inadequate measures, because almost all

of them are floundering about in despair and may be deluded into following the Republican piper.

But American youth is clearly beginning to recognize the Republicans, young and old, for what they really are.

YOUTH IN PARTY PLATFORMS

Socialist Party

"We propose the passage of the American Youth Act as the only legislation for youth relief favorable to the labor movement which will meet the immediate educational and economic needs of the young people.

"We propose Federal appropriation for the establishment and maintenance of public schools and of free city colleges to make possible a full education for every young person.

"We propose the abolition of the CCC, the National Youth Administration and opposition to any similar attempts to deal with the economic problems of youth which threaten the wage and the living standards of organized labor."

Communist Party

"Our Country can and must provide opportunity, education and work for the youth of America. These demands of the young people as embodied in the American Youth Act—the Benson-Amlie Bill—must be enacted into law.

"This bill provides for jobs, educational opportunities and vocational training for all youth between the ages of 16 and 25.

"The National Youth Administration budget must be maintained and enlarged.

"Military training in the CCC and schools must be abolished.

"Free educational and financial assistance to the youth and the children

must be guaranteed by both Federal and State appropriations.

"Child labor must be once and for all abolished and made unconstitutional."

Democratic Party

"We have aided youth to stay in school; given them constructive occupation; opened the door to opportunity which twelve years of Republican neglect had closed.

"Our youth have been returned to the road to freedom and prosperity. We will keep them on that road."

Union Party

"Congress shall re-establish conditions so that the youths of the nation, as they emerge from schools and colleges, will have the opportunity to earn a decent living while in the process of perfecting and establishing themselves in a trade or profession."

Farmer-Labor Conference

"The present system is fast destroying youth through denial of opportunity for useful and creative work. We advocate and will undertake to secure passage of a measure that will provide adequate funds for a youth program that can give youth the opportunity for education and work."

Republican Party

No Youth Plank

ANNIVERSARY

BY GORDON SLOANE

*Today the hands of time mark twenty-two,
while 'neath ten million mounds of hardened turf
men stir to rise and say
their death was false.*

*Today the twenty second year has come
since grim processional began to drench
the earth a crimson hue
for more than four long years.*

*August third, 1914, vipers played
a nocturne fantasy that seized the brain,
dimmed the eyes, hypnotized
and made men march.*

*August third, 1914, truth was made
into a mocking ghoul that leered, and laughed
a raucous, frenzied sound
that chilled the ears.*

*Today, in tribute, we must celebrate.
Rise up, oh quiet ones who speak no more!
Rise up, and nod your heads in tune, the while
we sing an Auld Lang Syne that fits the hour.*

*"We know just who you are who would replay
the nocturne tearing men apart with hate,
you are the vampire bats that suck the blood
our pumping hearts send forth to arms and minds
that build a world for you.*

*You are the self same ones whose heels have crushed
a hundred thousand hungry asking bread,
whose clubs are smashing jaws that say what is,
whose laws are making nature's harvest small
to make your bounty large."*

*"Let your mad dog in Berlin rave and rant,
let your Black Legions try to beat us down,
spread lies, and play your nocturne once again,
We've learned the melody and know it well."*

*But rather resolute and unafraid,
lock hands from shop to farm to school and church
and weld a mighty chain that will not yield
before the "masters" who desire encore
another 1914 August third.*

WAR, WHAT FOR?

BY GENERAL PAUL EMILE POWDEROUX

ALL over Europe today young people are talking about and preparing to take part in the World Youth Congress in Geneva late this month.

Perhaps no single international event in the life of the younger generation has aroused so much interest. And now I am happy to see that in your country too, the Geneva gathering is assuming great importance. To you, young Americans of 1936, war is a matter of history and books. To one who saw the finest, healthiest young people of twenty years ago go to a terrible death, war is a grim reality—a grim reality which, I believe, the Geneva Congress will do much toward wiping out.

The Congress will be of the utmost significance. Not only will there be young delegates who are known to stand for peace, but there will be others whose countries have in recent years become fortresses of militarism.

We have information that at one of the final sessions there will be a very dramatic scene. The delegates of the German government whose youth are taught to sing:

*"All armed we stand at new year's open door
"Our watchword—to be realized—is war"*

will present the viewpoint of the Nazis. On the other side of the platform will be a young man whose country—the Soviet Union—has joined hands with my own in attempting to build collective security. And in front will listen the youth leaders of Australia, Czecho-Slovakia, China, Sweden, Canada and Belgium as well as numerous other nations.

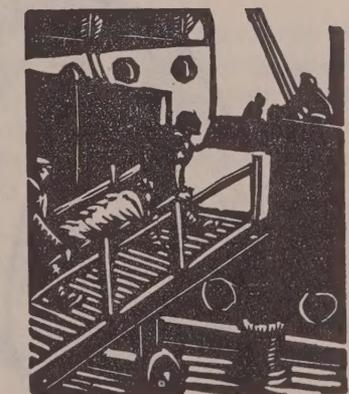
There will be a mighty struggle of ideas. But the Congress will not be a battle of mere philosophies. In calling the Congress, the League of Nations Societies have expressed the hope that a definite program of action will result. The four main divisions of discussion—the economic organization of the world, the moral, religious and philosophical bases of peace—will be followed by sessions on methods of action. In this the youth of America with their powerful efforts for peace during the past two years should be able to contribute a good deal.

But your delegates will also have to consider the problem of peace in its broader aspect, because war is an international danger. Young America cannot ignore the fact that those countries which are today most menacing are Germany, Italy, and Japan.

Peace can be maintained only if the people and those countries interested in it struggle for it constantly. Resolutions by themselves are inadequate.

(Continued on Page 15)

Illustrations by William Kermode in Henry Williamson's *THE PATRIOTS PROGRESS*



MEN AND STEEL

BY ALLAN CHASE

A dramatic account of the issues involved in the drive of the C. I. O. and an expose of the brutal Steel Trust

I GET to thinking of '34 when I look at the headlines today—because we're headed smack up to the sharpest conflict in labor history, a conflict which will break out long before the first ball is pitched in the '36 World Series.

I get to thinking of how, two years ago this week, I went out to Ohio with another guy to cover the then threatened general steel strike.

The strike was called off the night we reached Pittsburgh. There was sharp talk, in the Snooky City labor circles; about sc'louts, the N.R.A., "Sister" Eddie McGrady, Fannie Perkins, General Johnson, and President Roosevelt.

Sweating Cannon Shells

We took the B. & O. on to Youngstown, which was to have been our news base when the strike broke. Just outside of Youngstown, the train hits the Cambell yards of the Sheet and Tube mills. And there, piled high and black near the tracks, were two bleak mountains of cannon shells sweating in the 108 degree sun of the drought-stricken midwest.

They were grim reminders to the world of the fact that the Steel Trust

has the largest private army in the world—an army trained to look upon strikes as wars, and picket lines as enemy armies. I still can't figure out why the shells reminded me of the days when Campbell was called East Youngstown.

East Youngstown burned down to the ground in '15 or '16. It was an important blaze, that, which reduced to ashes every ugly wooden workers' barrack in East Youngstown.

Working Stiffs Strike

There'd been a strike—a very peculiar strike. Only the unskilled laborers—the working stiffs who were denied admittance into the craft steel unions—went out.

The leadership, what there was of it, was mostly Wobbly. The whole strike was almost purely a spontaneous revolt against miserable wages and conditions.

Steel Trust Booze

The Steel Trust was caught unawares, but it wouldn't yield. Finally, they decided to talk things over with the workers—but they also decided to get the strikers drunk enough to sign any agreement. So that when evening rolled

around, company stooges started to roll barrels of whiskey all over town, and the strikers got mad, and a stool pigeon broke open a barrel of whiskey and started a small fire, and this got the workers so god-damned mad that they burst open every bloody whiskey barrel in Mahoning County and fed it to the flames. They had to call the engines in from Youngstown, and some of the skilled union men, who were ashamed of their own union's sabotage of the strike, thought they'd do their share by travelling over to East Youngstown and helping the enraged strikers cut the fire hoses.

So East Youngstown went up in flames, and the workers got their raises, and filthy new barracks were built, and the steel kings named the rebuilt town after steel king Campbell.

Irwin Talks Things Over

II

In a cool beer saloon opposite the Brier Hill mills of the Carnegie outfit, we sat down with Clarence Irwin.

We had some beers and we talked and then we had some more beers and kept our mouths shut, and Clarence told us plenty.

He was president of the Blue Eagle Lodge of the Amalgamated, a lodge which reached from Gary to Pittsburgh, and he worked as a roller in the mill along with the rank and file. Sure he remembered the fire. He laughed as he talked about it. Then he grew serious, said it had taught him that the Negroes and Slovaks and Croatians who formed the bulk of the common laborers had shown him right then and there that they could be counted on to fight like hell in a strike.

William Z. Foster Appears

How about 1919? He'd been standing right in front of this saloon, and a guy'd come up and said Clarence there's a guy from Chicago says he's here to organize us, and I went right down the street, there, right over near the tracks, and the guy from Chicago shakes hands and says his name's Foster, Bill Foster. And say, this William Z. Foster is the greatest organizer I've ever seen in steel.

Sure, Clarence goes on, sure we fought. Ah, we didn't have a chance.

UNITED MINE V

John L. Lewis, Preside

712 Tower B

The Champion of Youth

2 East 23rd Street, Room 508

New York City

Mr. Ellis Searles, editor informed me that you are zine, *The Champion of Youth* young people, I think that

It is my belief that the degree, lie in the hands of t turity. We are in the mids is unique in the recorded h the problems which now co of this civilization, and the heavily upon the shoulders try.

I hope that your mag people the realization of t nation.

The damn craft set-up, the lack of real support from the A. F. of L.—and then, hell, everytime a new trainload of coal came in from the fields it was worse than a carload of scabs.

Later in the day we sat down and talked things over with a young organizer. Joe Dallet, the young organizer, tugged at his huge pipe. Honest as hell, that guy Irwin, honest as hell. He'll learn, he'll learn like the Amalgamated's Rank and File Committee of Ten learned in Washington. Man, I wish Clarence wouldn't put so much faith in Washington—the workers'll follow him almost to hell and back.

Joe looked at a huge colored placard in the corner—it had a picture of Tom Candler, president of the Republic Mills, wearing formal clothes and digging potatoes in the mill yard. "Girdler said he'd dig potatoes before he recognized a union in the Republic mills."

Sure, the rank and file committee went to Washington, and what with the soft soap and the sellout powders of "Sister" McGrady and Fannie Perkins, they came back with a headache and a peck of promises that weren't worth a plugged farthing.

Fooled by Washington

We had another chat with Irwin on the porch of his grey wooden cottage. Inside his wife was cooking supper, and the kids were performing acrobatics between our legs and tugging at Clarence's pants and waiting for grub. Nice guy, Dallet, he said, nice guy. There should be one big union. We gotta take everyone in. Gad, I wish I could be in Washington, they wouldn't pull the wool over my eyes. Say fellows, you know what they're doing at the mill now? They're afraid if a strike breaks out they won't be able to import scabs, so they're telling the kids in all the high schools to report to the mills every day. Gad, what a country! No jobs when you get out, and the only thing offered is scabbing.

Riding in the car, Clarence said you should see the wheat fields fifteen miles from here. Green on top but yellow down at the roots, the drought you



WORKERS OF AMERICA

Affiliated with A. F. of L.

Washington, D. C.

United Mine Workers Journal, has
begin publication of a new maga-
zine devoted to the interests of America's
most meritorious project.

of the United States will, to a great
proportion which is now coming to ma-
jor economic and social upheaval which
is shaking the world. Upon the solution of
this crisis will depend the future existence
of our country. Of such a solution must lie most
in the hands of our young men and women of this coun-

I assist in bringing to these young
men and women their responsibility to this
crisis.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN L. LEWIS.

know, and what the hell are the poor
farmers going to do now? Scab?

So the strike was called off, but at the
very next convention of the United
Mine Workers, in Pittsburgh, Clarence
Irwin proposed a mutual assistance pact.
No coal mined when steel workers
strike. The idea wasn't new, but that's
the swell thing about labor—eventually
its got to take the correct steps or lose
out, and labor is never ready to give up.
Tighe tried to kick Irwin out after this,
but the workers cracked down on Tighe.

Labor's Iron Determination

Here were your progressives like
Irwin all over the country. John Bro-
phy, of the mine union, was another.
Today Brophy is the director and the
real brains behind the Committee on In-
dustrial Organization.

III

When you think of the C.I.O. and
steel, you've got to think of the pro-
gressive steel union leaders like Irwin
running a strong union—a union which
can't be side-tracked by blarney and
confusion as it was in '34—and a union,
moreover, backed by the coal miners and
the unions of practically every other key
industry. The tie-up represents the
most formidable front any union has
ever put up in America. And behind
this front stands iron determination
backed by the only kind of support
which stands up under fire.

It's a damn good thing for the work-
ers, too, that they're in the C.I.O. The
Steel Trust constitutes the strongest
anti-labor, anti-union force in the coun-
try. And behind the Steel Trust stands
the organized wealth of America.

Steel Trust Beats the Rap

Everyone knows that the Steel kings
are racketeers with less scruples than
Al Capone and Dutch Schultz. Even
today, the Federal Government is pre-
paring action against the collusive price
practices of the steel companies—and it
is a foregone conclusion that Steel's ex-
pensive lawyers will beat this rap. And
plain racketeers like Capone and
Schultz at least paid their workers liv-
ing wages. Skilled labor in Steel, in
March, 1936, made 65 cents an hour

when there was work; at the same time,
wages for skilled labor in soft coal were
79 cents, in hard coal 83 cents, in oil 77
cents, and in building 79 cents. Un-
skilled labor earned 47 cents, or four-
teenth in the rankings of the National
Industrial Conference Board—but
profits, in Steel, rank second and third.

The Steel Trust maintains an army of
private spies which makes the expensive
gang of G-Men look like a patrol of
Boy Scouts out snaring sparrows. Esti-
mated to cost over a million dollars a
year to maintain, it has stricken terror
into thousands. Frank L. Palmer, in
his excellent first-hand study, "Spies in
Steel," speaks of its thusly:

Comparable only to the rule of
the Czars in old Russia, with
their secret police, is the rule of
the United States Steel Trust,
with its network of spies in the
conservative trade unions, in the
I. W. U., the Communist Party,
even the hotels and barber shops
—setting brother against brother,
neighbor against neighbor, creat-
ing distrust and suspicion and
hatred, and even more an all-per-
vading fear, so that, as one of the
spies put it to me, "no one dares
to call his soul his own."

Bullets and Gas Their Answer

The Steel Trust controls the govern-
ments of steel areas just as completely
as it controls the affairs within its plants.
The officials and the police of steel
towns simply augment the private Hes-
sian armies of the steel barons. The
Nye Committee proved, in black and
white, that the Steel Trust bought
enough gases, machine guns, power
rifles, and ammunition for a major war
back in '34, when it feared a strike on
the part of an Amalgamated 100%
weaker than the Amalgamated of these
C.I.O. days. "We will resist with all
our strength," says the President of
Morgan's U. S. Street Trust in a recent
statement to the workers, "all efforts to
impose such an organization (union)
upon our employees . . . We stand
squarely for the principle of the open
shop." Which in plain English means
a promise of tear gas, nauseating gas,
machine guns and a ruthless physical
and psychological terror.

\$275,000 for Gun Thugs Alone

The Steel Trust is as arrogant as it
is powerful. Back in 1919, the plun-
ders spent \$275,000 for gun thugs in
Youngstown alone. When the strike
was over, they very casually billed the
city for the full amount. A man named
Fred Warner was Mayor then. He re-
fused to pay. The trust kicked him out
of political life at the next election and
put a clownish grocer named Oles in
his place. The steel trust-picked mayor
didn't raise a finger to stop the grab
when he took office.

So think it over, you guys who live in
the steel districts, when you're offered
good mill jobs in a strike period.
Think of the wages, and the terrific
speed-up in the mills, and the cute
stagger systems the Trust has evolved.

Remember who'll be offering you the
jobs.

Remember why the men will be pic-
keting.

AND, remember that the boys who
burned down East Youngstown in 1916
are not so dumb today. They're just as
tough, just as determined—but this
time their train is on the right track
and they're not getting off until that
swell new streamlined engine of theirs
takes them where they want to go.



LABOR vs WEALTH

John L. Lewis States the Issues

Although the (steel) industry has produced thousands of
millionaires, and hundreds of multi-millionaires among bank-
ers, promoters, so-called financiers, and steel executives, it has
never throughout the past 35 years paid a bare subsistence
wage, not to mention a living wage to the great mass of its
workers.

By way of sharp contrast to the policy of bankers, promoters,
and directors, it may be said that the Committee for Industrial
Organization in organizing the steel workers is animated by
no selfish motives. Its fundamental purpose is to be of service
to all those who work either by head or hand in the mines,
quarries, railroads blast furnaces, and mills of the steel industry.

Organized labor in America accepts the challenge of the
omnipresent overlords of steel to fight for the prize of economic
freedom and industrial democracy. The issue involves the se-
curity of every man or woman who works for a living by hand
or by brain. The issue cuts across every major economic, so-
cial and political problem now pressing with incalculable weight
upon the 130 millions of people of this nation. It is an issue of
whether the working population of this country shall have a
voice in determining their destiny or whether they shall serve
as indentured servants for a financial and economic dictator-
ship which would shamelessly exploit our natural resources and
debase the soul and destroy the pride of a free people. On such
an issue there can be no compromise for labor or for a thought-
ful citizenship.

NEWS VIEWS

Whither Spain?

Before taking over power, Hitler warned that "heads will roll." But the Spanish General Francisco (Heil) Franco put things more diplomatically: "Let those who by ignorance are still far from us know there remains very little time for them to join our cause."

The uninitiated reader of most papers appearing in this country would find it difficult to discover what sort of "revolution" took place in Spain. But the unmistakable signs of a fascist attempt to overthrow the republic are quite evident.

The decision of the Left government of Spain to arm labor for defense against the fascists, the united action of Socialists and Communists, and the solid ranks of the People's front, seem to be throwing the fascists for a decided loss.

Of particular importance in the anti-fascist struggle of Spain, is the existence of a united youth league combining Socialist and Communist youth. Due to this merger, the organization has grown to about 150,000 members and is playing a decisive role in the struggle to defeat the fascists and for the ultimate victory of a workers and farmers government in Spain.

They Like Drought

VERILY, this is the best of all possible worlds. Representatives of the Western railroads, which have been gouging the farmers for many decades, have decided that the drought is really a blessing in disguise. With death totals averaging 300 per day and Dakota wheat fields converted into deserts, the *New York Times* reports that the railroad men declared "that although thousands engaged in agriculture were ruined, most farmers would be better off than with a bumper crop." Those who seek to solve the problem of hunger and lack of food by destroying food have found their best ally in the drought.

That the farmers will not take these conditions lying down is readily seen in the demands put forward by the Farmers' Holiday Association, through its president, John Bosch:

1. Rent free in drought stricken areas.
2. No evictions, no foreclosures, no forced sales.
3. No profiteering in feed for livestock.
4. Government purchases of cattle shall be at the full value of the stock.
5. Cash relief is to be paid at adequate standards.
6. Relief work by farmers shall be carried out on the farms themselves.

Michigan To Hawaii

Three college boys from Kalamazoo, Michigan, have their own ideas about solving the depression. Denver J. Todd, Earl H. Pierson and Frank S. Thomson, class of '36 of Kalamazoo College, applied to the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce for an uninhabited island in the Pacific. They wrote: "Feeling ourselves unable to cope with the present-day industrial situation and being

dissatisfied with the economic order in this country we would like to locate on a small island where we would live unhampered by the present competitive system."

The boys were sadly disillusioned. The secretary of the Chamber of Commerce wrote back, shattering the isolationist fallacy, by informing the boys that it would be well nigh impossible to get away from the American economic system in the Hawaiian Islands because they happen to be colonies of the United States.

Labor Wants Unity

Simultaneously with the drive to organize the half million workers in the steel industry has come the threat to split the labor movement by the conservative bloc in control of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor. Officials of the company unions and of the American Iron and Steel Institute have gotten nothing but comfort from the statements of President Green that punitive measures will be taken against the unions adhering to the Committee for Industrial Organization.

But it seems that Messrs. Hutchin-

son, Frey and the other leaders of the craft union point of view, are reckoning without their hosts. Many members of the craft unions themselves have taken a decisive stand against the threat to suspend or expel the unions which favor industrial unionism. It is interesting to note that the very unions "represented" by John P. Frey (metal trades), who has preferred charges against the C.I.O. unions, have gone on record for amalgamating the craft unions.

Pigs Is Pigs

Pigs is pigs, but they're very sensitive to music. At Cornell University a number of scientists have been experimenting with pigs in order to learn all about nerve reactions. They got out an old phonograph and favored two pigs with a concert. When the Brandenberg Concerto, No. 3, was played, the piggies waved their curly tails and their respiration was quite normal. No sooner was 'The Music Goes Round and Round' put on, then the piggies stalked out of the room, their tails curled in gestures of disgust.

Fascism Or Pensions?

Discord ruled the convention of the Townsendites in Cleveland. The thousands of men and women who were drawn to that movement principally because of their desire for a system of old-age pensions, were treated to a round of fascist oratory such as has not been heard on this side of the Atlantic for a long time. "It is the Russian primer

or the Holy Bible," shrieked Gerald L. K. Smith, who is continuing where the Louisiana dictator, Huey Long, left off. Even the venerable Doctor Townsend succumbed to the Coughlin, Smith pressure, defended the Supreme Court autocracy and joined with the Lemke stooges for Landon and Hearst. However, the delegates refused to be stampeded into a vote for support of Lemke. A good deal of emphasis is to be placed on the youth, according to the decisions of the convention.

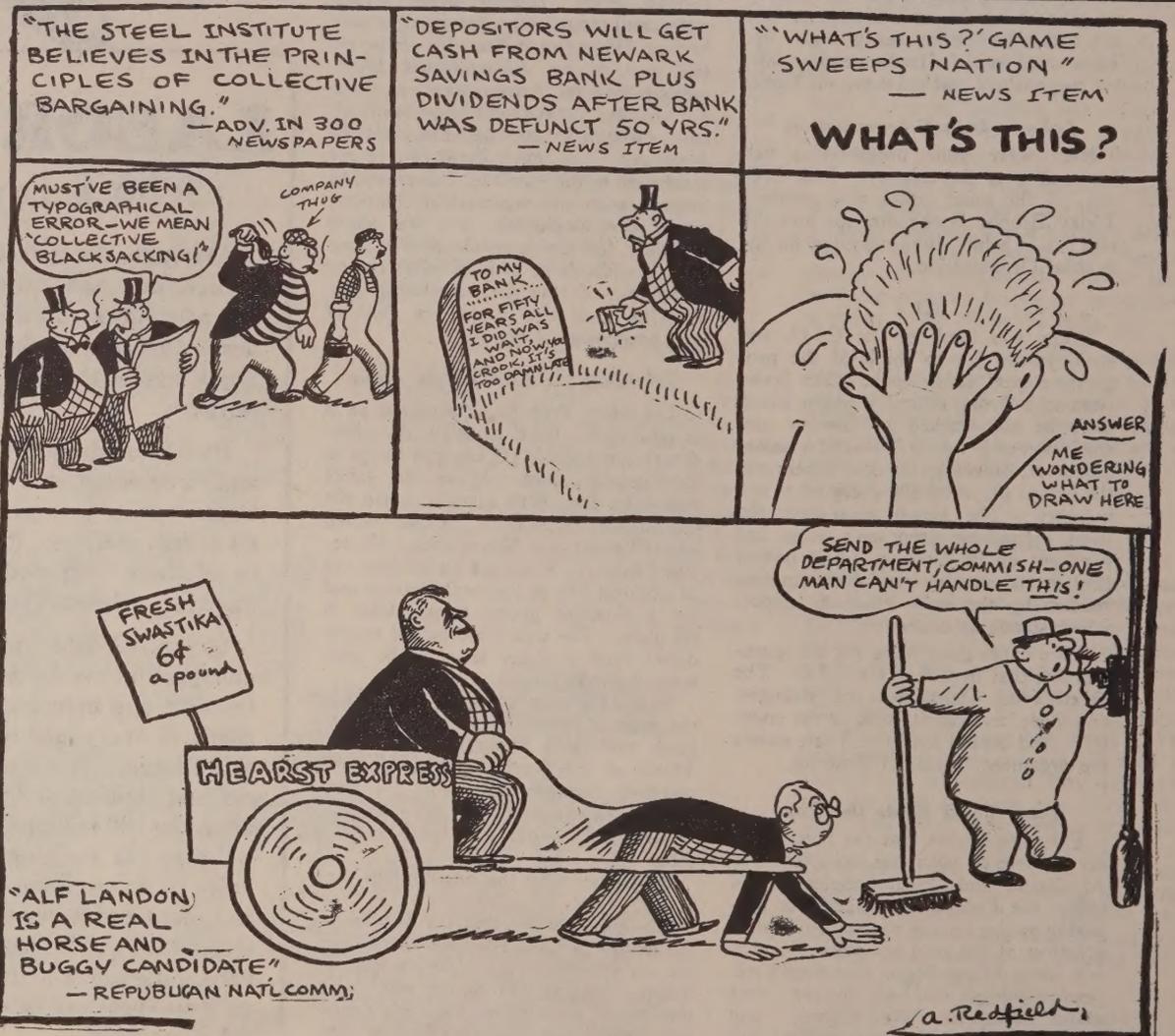
Many adherents of the movement for old age pensions are learning that the formation of a national farmer-labor party would be essential to the establishment of a real system of security for the aged and jobs for the young.

Enacting His Book

Herr Hitler is travelling dangerously close to the climax of his autobiography, "Mein Kampf." The rearmament of Germany, the violation of the Locarno pact and the remilitarization of the Rhineland, the pact with Austria as a step towards the complete incorporation of Austria, all these are outlined in that book. In "Mein Kampf" Hitler promises war against France, the Soviet Union and threatens the peace of the entire world. Before that part of the book is reached, the friends of peace must halt the headlong gallop of the Nazis. J. C.

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY

BY A. REDFIELD



FOR YOUTH UNITY

BY ROGER CHASE

An account and analysis of the Third American Youth Congress and the issues involved at its recent exciting sessions

Photo by Theodore Jung



Cleveland, Ohio.

CALLED from time to time to restore a flagging enthusiasm for the Grand Old Party, Super-Americanism, the Brotherly and Protective Order of Elks or Dear Old Fuller Brush, American conventions have long been something of a joke. Certainly they seem that, when compared to the sessions of the American Youth Congress in Cleveland on July 3d, 4th, and 5th.

The third gathering of the American Youth Congress was no ordinary convention. Its 1,300 delegates from twenty-eight states represented one of the most potent progressive forces in American society—a federation of youth organizations with a total membership of a million-and-a-half young people, banded together around the Youth Congress slogan, "Peace, Freedom and Progress."

There was nothing cocky about the self-assurance of those delegates. You would have to go elsewhere to hear intimations that youth alone is going to save the world for democracy, the Good Life or what have you.

But anyone who sat through the three days of the Congress at Cleveland, could understand why President Roosevelt, shrewd politician that he is, had sent his warmest greetings; why progressives in the trade union movement looked upon the Congress as one of their strongest allies; why Robert A. Taft, conservative stalwart, had gone to the trouble of wooing the Congress in the name of the Republican Party.

Some of the Delegates

Look at the delegates. There is a girl delegate. She is wearing pants, skirts not being the latest thing in freight-car apparel. And here is a delegate from the hod-carriers union of York, Pa.—on relief (\$2 a week), he had to hitch-hike as did hundreds of others. There is a girl from Vassar, a Negro from the

Southern Tenant Farmers Union, a young Townsendite from South Dakota who would rather talk united front than revolving old age pensions.

As you go on picking them out, as you engage them in conversation, you become more and more convinced that the locked-out generation, the kicked-around generation, is not at all the punch-drunk generation the reactionaries would like it to be.

They wanted action. In getting it they trampled rather rudely on the toes of the We're-For-It-But brigade. But they got it.

Washington Pilgrimage

They passed a set of by-laws and adopted a constitution to ensure the permanence and continuous functioning of the vehicle for social progress they had created. They planned a mammoth demonstration for the American Youth Act at Washington on inauguration day. They picketed a hotel that refused to admit Negroes. They tackled the problem of freeing Delegate Angelo Herndon, of reinstating Delegate Bob Burke, expelled president of the Junior Class at Columbia University. They reaffirmed the Declaration of Rights of American Youth, the important document drawn up at last year's congress, amending it so as to make possible broader participation and stronger unity.

The amended Declaration adds "religious freedom" to the list of "guarantees of a useful, creative and happy life." Following the statement that youth does not constitute a separate social group but that "our problems and aspirations are intimately bound up with those of all the people," it declares, "We extend our hand in fraternal brotherhood to the youth of other lands who also strive for peace, freedom and progress."

The Congress deleted the demand—expressed in the Declaration as drawn up last year—that the country "be

turned over to the working and farming people." The change was concurred in by organizations believing in a workers' and farmers' state, on the ground that the Congress is a united front on specific issues affecting youth and should not be expected to suggest any ultimate "way out." The disputed clause—the one "political" clause in the Declaration—was defended, curiously enough, by the Young Peoples Socialist League, which had tried vainly to scrap the Declaration of Rights because it was a political document."

The Cleveland convention marked the first birthday of the American Youth Act. It was at the behest of the Detroit congress, on July 4, 1935, that the act was drawn up by the National Council.

And although the Congress is such that it cannot give its endorsement to any political party, there was great applause when Earl Browder, Communist candidate for President, spoke of the growth of the Farmer-Labor Party movement as "the most promising thing in American political life." Howard Y. Williams, of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party, got a tremendous ovation when he asked for "a new social order which will gear our great machinery of production not for the profit of the few, but for the services and needs of the many," an ovation that was repeated when he suggested the Farmer-Labor Party as the road toward passage of the American Youth Act.

Filibustering Tactics

Harmony was almost, but not quite, complete.

The YPSL (having filibustered a ninety or ninety-five per cent majority of the Congress throughout two days of debate) fought the enactment of a constitution and by-laws, intended to ensure increased efficiency in the Congress young Socialists had helped to build. Though its leaders had attempted to make it appear that all organizations not in agreement with the YPSL were opposed to organized labor, it asked that national organizations alone be admitted to the national council. The suggestion, if carried out, would have excluded practically all of the Congress' trade union representation. Instead of a national council it then proposed a "convening committee" without year-round function. It proposed that the Congress take action only by unanimous vote, which would of course mean no action at all if one affiliate, bent on disruption, cast a consistent "nay."

Unfortunately for the YPSL, newcomers to the Congress and representatives of the larger organizations, left Cleveland with the opinion that the Young Peoples Socialist League was not enamored of the "joint action" it talked so much about and was not too excited about the American Youth Congress.

Whatever the action of the minority faction, the American Youth Congress emerged from its final session stronger and more closely unified than ever. It adjourned with the following pledge:

"We, the young people of America, reaffirm our right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. With confidence we look forward to a better life, a larger liberty and freedom. To these ends we dedicate our lives, our intelligence and our unified strength."

Thirteen hundred delegates from Y's and churches, trade unions and colleges, farm and factory, meant every word of it.

OH GIRLS



By JEAN NICHOLS

IT'S PRETTY tough on those of us who are interested in the business of being good-looking to see beauty go into a decline as soon as the thermometer approaches 90.

I've said before that beauty needs time and energy more than money. It bears repetition now, because this is the time of the year when many women indulge in unpardonable self-neglect.

Well—as far as I'm concerned—the weather is a challenge.

On the contrary—things can be much easier for the esthetic-minded woman in the summer. A few week-ends in the country and the necessity for cosmetics—aside from perhaps lipstick—is eliminated.

Fundamentally, the ABC of being beautiful in the summer is to look cool, calm, and collected. That isn't an easy task. But neither is it impossible.

Perhaps the major problem is excessive perspiration. It ruins our clothes, shines our faces and may be offensive. The answer is WATER and plenty of it. Cold showers, if you can stand them, otherwise luke-warm, several times a day. And you might try a procedure I find not only refreshing but extremely pleasant. Get some eau de cologne or toilet water, in whatever fragrance you prefer, preferably a light floral odor for this time of the year. Put it in an atomizer and spray yourself from head to foot after bathing. This has many advantages over the alcohol rub—which merely gets one all hot and perspired.

Deodorants Are Indispensable

Deodorants should be part of everyone's toilet kit. You can't leave it to chance. Perspiration will turn rancid and offend. There are numerous deodorants and anti-perspirants on the market. Many of them are expensive and others are actually unsafe. You can easily substitute a home-made preparation which is effective and involves no risk. Perhaps the best deodorant is bicarbonate of soda solution . . . about one tablespoonful to a glass of water. Pat it over the body.

All preparations which promise to stop perspiration contain aluminum chloride which is dangerous above a 25 per cent concentration. You can get some and dilute it to about a 15 per cent solution. If this is not sufficiently effective, increase the solution to 25 per cent, but never above that. Always let this dry before putting on your clothing, since aluminum chloride can be injurious to fabrics.

A word of wisdom to sun fadists. DON'T . . . rely on any sunburn cream, expose for hours or neglect a burn when you get one. Noburn. Dorothy Gray's Sunburn cream. Elizabeth Arden's Sunburn cream, supposedly the best, offer only slight protection. The only safe thing to do is to take the sun in small doses and remember that the sun is much stronger than you suspect and quite dangerous.

I venture to say that women could live in a furnace and continue to be beautiful.

P.S.—If any of you girls wish to ask any questions or make suggestions, please write to me, care of The Champion.

YOUTH IN ACTION

THE FRUITS OF UNITY IN WASHINGTON

By Marjorie Baxter

Seattle, Washington.

The youth of Washington know that they can achieve their demands for economic and social security only through mass pressure, and this means organization. The decision made by various youth organizations already functioning, to amalgamate in one united front with the Washington Commonwealth Federation bore its first fruit here recently.

The occasion for this outpouring of youthful enthusiasm was a rally staged by the Youth Section of the Federation which was attended by 600 persons. One hundred more were turned away for lack of room. Margaret Coughlin, secretary of the Youth Section, presided as chairman of the evening. The list of speakers included William Ziegner, state organizer of the Youth Section;

Cyrus E. Woodward, president of the Washington Commonwealth Federation; Merwin Cole, chairman of the organizational committee; Hinton Blaisdell, chairman of the Northwest Youth Congress, and Rev. Fred Shorter, pastor of the Church of the People.

Each speaker emphasized the necessity of establishing an all-inclusive youth organization to demand the passage of the American Youth Act and other progressive legislation, and special stress was laid upon the importance of translating the Production-For-Use Bill into an actuality as a means of assisting high school and college students as well as those already in the ranks of the unemployed.

The spontaneous enthusiasm of the conference indicated that the youth of Washington know where they are going and are already on their way.

WHY COLUMBIA TOLD ME NOT TO RETURN

By Robert Burke

DURING my first few months at Columbia University I took little part in the liberal activities on the Campus.

I watched with interest the campaigns against war, for an uncensored college press, and in defense of academic freedom. In the latter part of the year I began to contribute some of my time to these affairs. I soon learned that the university administration looked askance at such action. One of my friends, an upper classman who graduated with highest honors this Spring, had been deprived of his scholarship because of his radical activities; and his was not an isolated case. The progressive school paper was threatened with the withdrawal of its subsidy. Eight medical school students were expelled for anti-war work admittedly because their activities threatened loss of alumni contributions.

During my second year I gave more and more time to extra-curricular student activity. I became an organizer of the National Student League. I participated in various meetings against war, in defense of Columbia's underpaid and overworked employees, for the removal of the Olympic games from Nazi Germany, and other activities of a like nature.

In the spring of this year a meeting sponsored and conducted by the American Student Union protested against sending a Columbia representative to the 550th anniversary of Hitler's Heidelberg. About 1,000 students signed a petition asking President Nicholas Murray Butler not to send such a representative on the grounds that since the advent of Hitler, Heidelberg had become more of a military training camp than a university. After several statements

by Dr. Butler to the effect that he had nothing to say an item appeared in the metropolitan press announcing the appointment of Dr. Reiny as Columbia's delegate. The American Student Union decided to call a protest meeting and hold a mock book burning reminiscent of the Heidelberg book purge at which Goering and Hitler assigned Goethe to the flames. As I was heartily in sympathy with the idea that Columbia's name should not be used as political bally-hoo for Hitler, I attended that meeting; when the fire from our few books had become little more than a spark someone suggested that the group picket Dr. Butler's home in order to further demonstrate our displeasure. I accompanied a group of approximately 250 students to the Presidential mansion. At the request of the arrangement committee, Paul Thompson and I addressed the group in front of Dr. Butler's home.

Several days later I was summoned to the office of the Dean and told that I had been guilty of behavior unbecoming a Columbia student.

Dean Hawkes asked me if I would accept an invitation to resign, pointing out that if I contested the final decision of the administration I would be unable to enter any educational institution in the United States. The interview ended and three weeks later I received a letter advising me not to register this Fall.

The major issue involved is not a personal one—it is founded on the desire of the vested interests in control of the administration of Columbia University to silence the awakening protests of youth against the injustices of our economic order. This sort of suppression of free thought and free speech leads to those other denials of freedom so well demonstrated in Nazi Germany.

REPORTS OF CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE

By T. Otto Nall

Lakeside, Ohio (Y.N.S.)

Failure of the present economic and social systems to serve the needs of youth was part of the picture in every one of the 10 reports submitted by the commissions of the Christian Youth Conference of North America.

The reports came out of eight hours of study and discussion, and were adopted only after the conference as a whole had spent an additional six hours on them. The conference was made up of almost 1,000 young people between the ages of 18 and 25, coming from churches of 40 denominations in all the states and in several provinces of Canada.

The Commission on Building a Christian Economic Order, the second largest in the conference, outranked only by the Commission on Personal Religious Living, favored the adoption of the American Youth Act and urged a closer tie-up between religion and labor. It asked that the union label be used on all national publicity of the Christian Youth Conference of North America.

"We deplore the present gulf between religion and labor," the commission said in their report adopted by the conference, "especially because we realize that organized labor is the basic factor in any significant social change toward the building of a new world. We believe in a new economic order where the tools of production shall be owned by those who produce and use the product; labor shall have the right to organize and bargain collectively, including the right to strike and picket; and production is for use rather than profit."

At the instance of the Commission on New Patriotism, the conference censured the publications, radio stations, and motion pictures owned and controlled by William Randolph Hearst because they "pervert the truth, withhold news, oppose academic freedom of expression, and other civil rights, oppose the interests of labor, and exploit vice and crime."

The suggestions of the Commission on Building a Warless World included "Replacing the competitive economic order with a cooperative order."

FRAMED FOR FIGHTING: MURRY MELVIN

By Frank Cremonesi

Murry Melvin, 24-year-old vice-president of the Allied Printing Helpers Union and every bit a youth leader, is today in prison on Rikers Island, N. Y., serving a six months' sentence.

The original sentence carried with it a maximum of three years but as a result of the mass pressure of trade unions and youth organizations, the Parole Board reduced it to six months.

Murry was picked up on December 29th, 1935, and accused of having assaulted a strikebreaker who was employed in the Typographic Service Co., N. Y. C., where Murry was leading a militant strike—the first strike in which his newly formed union was involved.

Displaying a few cheek bruises of the

Bowery barroom variety, a scab asserted that Murry had attacked him.

Despite a mass of evidence which showed that the scab was lying, a jury found Murry guilty on the strange theory that "If Melvin didn't beat the strikebreaker, he knows who did it."

That is what America's youth faces today when it attempts to organize to better its living and working conditions. A young man or woman who has been forced to leave school must feel satisfied and 'lucky that he has a job' even if he is starving while he is working! Is this not Fascism?

It is for this reason that the American Youth Congress at its recent convention unanimously passed a resolution protesting the frame-up of Murry Melvin and pledged to rally American youth in the fight for his release.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE VERSUS HEARST

By Verma Harman

Milwaukee, Wis.

It is with great regret that I hear that some of the leaders in the Methodist Church want to remove Blaine Kirkpatrick and Owen Geer—two of our finest, most faithful young workers.

They have done a great deal to help the Epworth League go forward!

Within the last year Hearst and his followers have gone out of their way to raise the cry of "Reds" about our League. It is not I believe, the Communists that we must fear, but the Fas-

cists such as Hearst. We need only to look at Germany to see what they have done to the Church. It isn't the Communists that have raised a "false alarm" in our League and thus tried to split our groups; it is Hearst! So if it is because Mr. Geer and Mr. Kirkpatrick are of the more liberal in our Church, let us thank God. Let us remember that Jesus Christ was considered a "Radical" when He was on this earth. Let us not be among the "Scribes and Pharisees" of today, but let us stand back of these boys. Let us admire their courage to "do the right as they see the right."

NEGROES STRUGGLE FOR SOCIAL CHANGE

Baltimore, Maryland.

America's young Negroes are opposed to Fascism and intend to fight it and "to struggle for the rights of Negroes... as an aid to social change."

This is the tone of the declaration of policy adopted by delegates of youth councils of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

"We believe in the advancement of Negroes, not in a spirit

of radicalism, but as a contribution to a common American culture... in fundamental social and economic change leading us into a new cooperative commonwealth... that to struggle for the rights of Negroes is to fight fascist terror and to help in building the new society... in preserving and extending democracy as a bulwark against fascism, as an aid to social change..."



STRIKE PRECEDENTS

JIM WECHSLER'S story in this issue concerning the strike of a pitcher has had many precedents in real life. The last player who struck against working oftener than he felt able to was Van Lingle Mungo, Dodger pitching ace.

Van didn't do any actual picketing. He just up and packed his bag, leaving the team high and dry.

As in Wechsler's story, the majority of the fans were on the player's side.

There have been other cases which didn't get the same publicity.

Maybe there's something in Congressman Marcantonio's plan to organize the ball players, after all.

FIGHTERS GO WEST

Mae West, whose hips have launched a thousands quips, has set herself up in the business of caring for broken down prize fighters.

By way of proving that her heart is as big as her boozoom she has added Speedy Dado to her establishment in the capacity of chauffeur. Dado is the veteran Filipino flyweight who during his ring career was more conspicuous for the guys who wouldn't fight him than for those who did.

Johnny Indrisano, a really good fighter, whom everybody dodged when he was around, is playing bodyguard to Miss West.

Visitors to Mae West's Hollywood home now realize that she was only kidding when she invited the public to "Come up an' see me sometime." The fighters are there to see you don't.

LIGHTNING OWENS

Track and field coaches were driven to further desperation in the Olympic trials just concluded than in any previous tournament.

The reason was the acknowledged shortage of funds which meant that some of the competitors would have to remain on these shores even after qualifying in the trials.

Despite all the badgering and double-crossing the team which will represent the gentleman with the chin-whiskers is basing its main track and field hopes on the twelve Negro athletes who'll go across.

Jesse Owens, a bolt of greased lightning from Ohio State, is looked to for victory in each of the three events he has entered. This modest Negro youth hopes to break another record or two when the team takes the field in Nazi-land.

Cornelius Johnson and Dave Albritton who tied for first place in the trials are expected to outdo themselves and the rest of the athletes in the high-jumping event.

By HAL PITMAN

GREAT GEHRIG

There's been a lot of breeze blowing to the effect that this is Larrupin' Lou Gehrig's last season in baseball as an active player. But the Yankee star hasn't shown such great form in all the fifteen years that he's been batting them out.

It's true that the former Columbia Flash is no longer a chicken but many a manager would give his shirt for a couple of Gehrigs, last legs and all.

BIG MEET

On August 16-17 Randall's Island, N. Y., will again become the scene of an athletic carnival but this time the meet will be held by and for the workers.

The meet is sponsored by the Committee on Fair Play in Sports, an organization which has been active in the campaign to remove the Olympics from Adolph's town.



STYLES in boxing have changed considerably from the ways and means of modified murder used by the old bare-knuckle beak-buster.

Everyone has seen pictures of the former greats of the early prize ring. After you get over the shock that comes when you realize how ridiculous they look with their extravagant poses and handle bar mustaches you wonder if they could really do any damage. Their arms were extended almost to their full length, seemingly making it impossible to deliver those short sharp punches that tell the story.

But legend reports that the old boys' greatest effectiveness came in the fact that it was considered unsportmanlike to take a back step. This legend probably came down from the Roman gladiators and was filtered through the history of boxing up to the time that the sport was made legal.

In the early days of this century gloves were introduced and along with the new-fangled weapons came a different style of boxing. "Gentleman Jim" Corbett reached the greatest heights with his "hit-and-get-away" method. Corbett worked it on the rum-soaked carcass of old John L. Sullivan to win the championship.

July, 1919, saw a different kind of fighter, one who started a whole raft of fighters weaving and bobbing while walking in to hit. Dempsey may not have been the first to use this technique but he certainly proved that it could be effective. With Willard towering over him trying to punch his elusive chin, the Manassa Mauler kept coming in, throwing his head first this way, then that, then out of reach. Meanwhile he kept up a barrage of hooks and uppercuts to the champion's weary body,

brought Willard's guard down and let him have it right on the button.

To-day there are a lot of young men around who are trying to duplicate the Dempsey technique. You'll see an inexperienced boxer in the gym weaving and bobbing and yet every time he moves his head he takes a sock on the head. In most cases, the novice is wrong because he uses only one-half the method. If you watch you'll see that he stands flatfooted or walks away from his opponent. This gives the other fellow a chance to get set and throw punches that count. The whole point of Dempsey's attack lay in the fact that he was always going—going in and punching. This forced his opponents to step back, throwing them off balance. During all the Manassa Mauler kept his chin tucked in behind his shoulder so's he couldn't be hit on that vulnerable spot.

The recent Louis-Schmeling debacle is a further illustration of what might happen unless your chin is well protected both by your shoulder and left hand.

Pictures of the fight reveal that Louis walked in, throwing his left hand. Each time he landed, Joe would drop his hand, exposing his chin to the terrific wallops of the Teuton Schlager. It didn't take long before one of the bright boys in the German's corner was pointing out Joe's weakness.

The wonder is that highly-touted Jack Blackburn, trainer of the Brown Bomber, didn't see it also and warn Louis to correct his weakness.

One of the first principles in boxing was ignored by the Louis "Brain Trust"; "Don't lead with your chin and keep your back off the canvas."

It might have been another story if someone had remembered that.

THAT MAN AGAIN?

That man is Harry "Champ" Segal, manager of Charley Phil Rosenberg, former bantamweight champion.

"Champ" Segal is around to prove that you don't have to be an honest man to pass through the eye of the Boxing Commission. It all comes from knowing the right people and you can believe the "Champ" when he says that he does.

The "Champ" was out of the big time for a while due to a run-in with the authorities at the track where it was discovered that he had an unusual flair for painting horses.

One of the horses which received Segal's beautifying treatment ran such a good race one afternoon the paint came off and he stood revealed as some other horse.

This got Mr. Segal in bad with the stewards.

PEOPLE'S OLYMPIAD

By Al Harris

Word has arrived that although the People's Olympiad in Barcelona has been temporarily postponed because of the present upheavals in Spain, it will be definitely held in the near future.

The People's Olympiad, it should be explained, is an athletic venture being supported by the young people and workers of many lands as a protest against the desecration of the Olympic ideals by Nazi Germany.

France has entered some 1,700 athletes, Switzerland about 500, the Soviet Union about 400. Among the other countries which are competing are the United States, Palestine, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England and Czechoslovakia.

About 70,000 spectators are expected to attend. President Azana of Spain and President Companys of Catalonia are scheduled to open the games.

America's entrants represent the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, the Committee on Fair Play in Sports, the Activities Council of New York, and the Workers Sports League.

A worthy representative of the American spirit of fair play is Charlie Burley, a Negro golden-glover who fought his way to the top and declined an invitation to participate in the Nazi Olympics because of Hitler's discrimination against racial minorities and church groups.

The names of the American entrants are Jack Chaiken, Dorothy Tucker, Harry Engles, Berney Danschik, Julian Paul, Myron Dickes, Frankie Payton, Eddie Kraus, and Charlie Burley. Those accompanying the delegation are William Chamberlain, and Francis Henson of the Committee on Fair Play in Sports.

FARM FUTURE

BY HARLAN CRIPPEN

Illustrated by Florence Mack

*What's Ahead for the Farm Youth of America?
Destitution unless they wake up and act*

Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

RECENTLY I was discussing problems of the farm youth with a young leader of the Future Farmers of America, one of the leading agricultural youth organizations in the United States.

"I have to grit my teeth every time I mention Future Farmers of America," he said. "Here we are training ourselves to be farmers but we can't become farmers as long as things are the way they are."

It's true. The chances are less than one in a hundred that farm youth will ever have the opportunity to become farmers on their own.

South Dakota, a typical prairie state, provides a pretty good example of how our economic set-up has not only ruined the farmer, but has forced him to ruin a large part of the farm lands.

The Tragedy of South Dakota

South Dakota was pioneered a little over fifty years ago. Conditions following the Civil War forced thousands of immigrants from industry to seek farms here. The settlers came in and built up their farms from the raw prairie. An overexpansion of agriculture followed. The tough, resistant grass of the plains was plowed up to make way for grain crops. Today recurrent drouth and hot winds carry off the rich topsoil and despoil the land. Because of lack of feed cattle and horses die of starvation or must be sold because starvation threatens and after the stock is sold the farmer has no means by which to re-stock his farm.

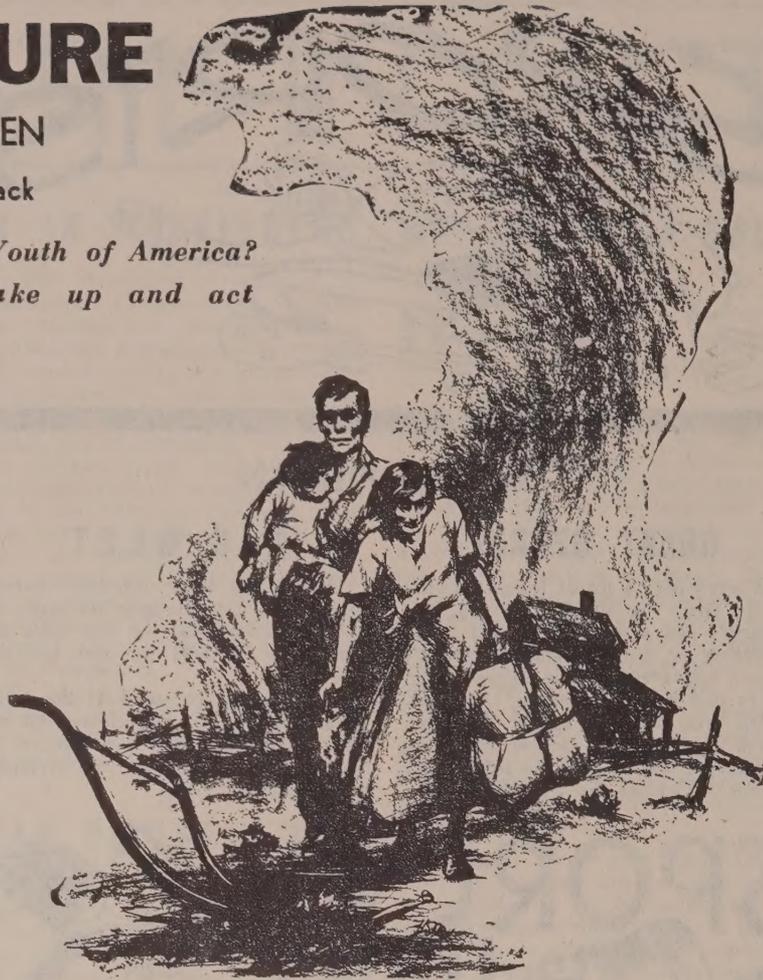
After half a century of hard work, from sun-up to sun-down, 50% of the "independent" farmers are now tenants. The more fertile and richly productive the section the higher the percentage of tenantry. In the best counties in the state it climbs to 75 and 80 percent. The average value of land in the state is eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents per acre. The average mortgage indebtedness of the land is eighteen dollars, leaving the farmer an equity of seventy-five cents per acre in South Dakota land.

Studying Far From Enough

This is what faces our farm youth.

They want to farm. They love the vigorous outdoor life. If given the opportunity, they would take pride in breeding fine stock, in scientific use of the land, in building up fine homes and farms. They long to continue the work that their brave forefathers undertook when they steered their covered wagons out into the unknown beyond the western horizon. They really want to believe in that title Future Farmers of America, but they have found out that they can't accomplish it by merely studying better agricultural methods.

They know that machinery and scientific land use could do much to make farming better and easier but at the same time they know that their fathers are being forced to give up machinery



and scientific methods because they can't afford them.

The young people of the farms have as a last resort tried the road to the cities but the conditions they met there sent them disillusioned back to the farm.

The monstrous burden of debt, growing tenantry and ruin of the soil have closed the door to the majority of young people for the opportunity to become independent farmers such as their parents once were. They could begin as tenants under conditions which would in reality mean that they would become peasants, under the heel of the landlords—the banks and insurance companies. This just doesn't fit into American farm youth's picture of things. They have been raised in too much freedom for that.

Farmer Labor Youth Unity

More truly perhaps than of any group, it may be said that the only thing the present economic order can offer to the farm youth is that they may play the role of soldiers in a new war.

The young farm leader who said that they couldn't become farmers as long as "things are as they are" is representative in the sense that farm youth are realizing that something must be done to change conditions. The present order has made an awful mess of things for them. The future they face is plenty black. But farm youth aren't going to continue to take it on the chin. They want a way out and they are searching for it.

Their forefathers solved their problems by packing up the wagon and heading for the frontier. The frontier of today's generation is that of building and organizing for a new social order. Increasing numbers of farm youth have turned their faces towards that frontier. It is time that the trail makers and trail blazers set out.

The Farmers Union Juniors are one

of the largest and most influential groups of organized young people of the farms. They are also among the most progressive. Their main program is one of education. Education which shows how the present economic system is wrecking American Agriculture and points out that only the organization of a cooperative commonwealth will solve the problems facing us.

In several states, notably Minnesota, there are Farmer-Labor Junior groups which are working towards the goal of a cooperative commonwealth and production for use and not for profit.

Townsend youth groups are active in many rural areas.

There are increasing numbers of Communist and Socialist youth groups on the farms.

More and more farm youth are turning towards these organizations because they do offer a way out other than peasantry and subservience. They offer hope instead of despair. They look forward to a new economic order and a deep fundamental change which will save America's young farmers.

American People Awake Today

But how much more readily the farm youth would turn towards a nationwide Farmer-Labor youth movement. In the course of the activity of such a movement, greater numbers would be brought to realize that only a social order based on production for use, a social order in which the planning of agriculture and industry would be possible, could give them hope of being independent, free and happy American farmers.

Farm youth along with their city brothers need a Farmer-Labor party, and the time is ripe for such organization. We've been running like wild colts in a pasture but the time is come when we must get into the harness and pull together to get things out of the mud.

WAR

By O. G. VILLARD

TWENTY-TWO YEARS ago the world changed.

Even the most hard boiled conservatives admit that today. There ensued the most horrible blood bath in history in which fully ten million people died uselessly, in vain. Three years later we in America were told that if we would only go into the war a new world order would be ushered in, that mass murder could be stopped by mass murder, and democracy safeguarded by continuing the inhuman slaughter then going on. Well, we tried it and we are already far enough away from the event for every intelligent person to know what a complete disaster it was and how we entirely failed to achieve our objectives.

New Militarism

A few years ago I met the head of the Iowa American Legion. He was eager to see what a real pacifist looked like, and I was very happy to exchange views with him. We went over the whole war business and I asked him if he did not realize what a complete failure our "victory" had been, and that we had not achieved anything we set out to accomplish. "Oh yes," he said, "we did get one thing: we smashed German militarism." As he said that Hitler was coming to the fore and today we have a worse militarism in Germany by far than ever was the Kaiser's.

U. S. Preparations

Only one thing we have gained in this country and that is that the American people as a whole realize how they were fooled and lied to and as long as the elder generation lives they will not be as likely to swallow new government propaganda that we must fight to make China safe for Christianity, or free Europe from Hitler. Of course the patriotic poison will accomplish something, but even if the people are dragged into another war they will go in with their eyes open. That is shown by the total failure of the newspapers to put over atrocity stories in the recent Ethiopian war. Meanwhile, however, America is steadily being militarized. We have 130,000 reserve officers where we had none in 1914 and the largest standing army in our history, in part voted to prepare against the "menace" of rising labor. In this year nearly 700,000 men and boys will be drilled under arms for shorter or longer periods in the schools, colleges, the reserves, the National Guard, the Citizens' training camps, the army and the navy—a figure considerably higher than the German standing army in 1914. And our bill for this preparation will be in 1936-37 in the neighborhood of \$1,200,000,000! This is our greatest heritage from the folly of trying to cure mass murder by more mass murder and to kill Germans in the expectation thereafter the remainder of the German people would think as we wished them to think! Yet in the face of that folly and total defeat we are asked to go on preparing this country for the next war although we are menaced by nobody and I have yet to find an intelligent army or navy officer anywhere in the world who believes that an invasion of the United States is possible. More and more people are saying openly that a

(Continued on Page 15)

A STRIKE AND YOU'RE OUT!

(Continued From Page 5)

profitable clubs extended the hand of fellowship to Colonel Ralston, sportsman and gentleman.

The city was tense. Fans in other places awaited the outcome eagerly. To stem public sympathy which was rising in Lefty's behalf, the Hearst editors sent three reporters scurrying back to Lefty's home town to "get something on him." They returned without a scrap of evidence. All the townspeople agreed that Lefty could not distinguish the Scottsboro nine from the Peoria outfit which he once played on during Summers. In high school he had flunked algebra four times. Although everyone agreed he was a nice boy, no one could convict him of ever embracing an idea too seriously. "He pitched like a son of a gun, though" the reporters discovered.

When the meeting of the magnates ended, the outcome was plain. They were hot. They were tired. But they were militant. In the face of an uprising, they would not retreat. With a final flourish, they issued a statement:

"John Furniss has been black-listed from organized baseball for the duration of his lifetime. His conduct is a threat to the integrity of the sport and to the faith of thousands of fans. This episode should be a lesson to him and to any others who believe they can tamper with the traditions of this league."

In twenty-four hours the furore subsided. Although the subject remained under discussion among the fans, their interest steadily waned. And Colonel Ralston modestly admitted that it was he who had made the great sacrifice—"in the name of sport"—by surrendering a pitcher with so fancy a price tag.

The following night Lefty walked quickly to the railroad station. A few of his teammates, defying the club ban not to be seen "in the presence of a thankless agitator," bade him farewell. One reporter attached vast significance to the fact that Lefty was wearing a red tie. Another discovered that his suitcase contained a book, a discovery which also heightened suspicion. At 11:55 the train pulled out, bearing the lanky left-hander back where he came from, back to Peoria where they use rocks for bases, where the fans applaud with pop-bottles and where a live bull is likely to come walking out of the bull-pen any day of the week.

With his departure, the press commented, "baseball can return to normalcy." That afternoon the judgment was confirmed. The Beavers, settling back into their stride, lost their eighth straight game, proving beyond dispute that things were once again under control.

CLEAR THE DECKS!

The Champion

Will Launch a Drive for New Readers Early in October

CLEAR THE DECKS FOR ACTION!

Watch the Champion for Further Information

WAR, WHAT FOR?

(Continued From Page 7)

Isolated actions in one country or another are insufficient in this interdependent world. Young Americans should support such measures as: (1) No war trade with aggressor nations (2) Strengthening of collective security (3) For the action of the people such as your student strikes, the stopping of the shipment of munitions, peace conferences (4) Opposition to jingoist education (5) Opposition to the theories of superior and inferior races (6) For the freedom of colonial peoples (7) For the sanctity of treaties (8) Against militarization of the youth.

It is necessary for the organized youth of America not only to send delegates to the Congress, but also to adopt action and resolutions in every youth group calling for such things as: 1. International student strike. 2. Condemnation of race superiority theories. 3. Attacking the Nazi efforts to revise the map of Europe by force. 4. Against militarization of youth. 5. For the freedom of colonial peoples. 6. Against shipments of munitions to aggressor nations. 7. For effective international action of the people to preserve peace.

Flood the World Youth Congress at Geneva with resolutions. Let the delegates from America know that all of America's youth is behind them. Let the militarists of Nazi Germany and Japan understand that they stand condemned in the eyes of the world.

I hope, and so do the youth of my country, those who have joined in the powerful Peoples Front, that your delegates will line up with us against those from the countries which stand for war.

WAR

(Continued from Page 14)

naval war between Japan and the United States is absolutely impossible physically.

You ask me what I think of the outlook for war or peace. As long as nations train military men to eat, sleep, think, and live for war and preparation for war there will be danger of it. Until the military mind and the exaggerated nationalism by which it is always distinguished is removed from the world, the world will never be safe for peace. If proof of this is needed look at what we are doing in the Philippines, where General MacArthur has had himself made a Field Marshal and has introduced military service for boys from ten years up with girls of the same tender age liable for auxiliary service.

Of course war is in the offing. When it will come no man can foretell. But it is a simple fact that when you go around in a powder magazine with lighted fuses and unprotected lanterns some day the whole thing is going to blow up.

COOL AS THE NORTH POLE

When You Eat at the

5th Ave. Cafeteria AND BAR

94 Fifth Ave., Bet. 14th and 15th Sts. NEW YORK CITY

HIGHEST QUALITY FOOD LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE

THE GREAT GOD GRAB

(Continued From Page 3)

try with vital metals until you've been given prices that guarantee 100% profits, and to hell with patriotism.

That reminds me of some sterling words which Andy Mellon's father, old Judge Mellon, pronounced when the issue of chattel slavery was being decided in this country during the Civil War. One of his boys had volunteered to fight in the Union Army. The old judge rushed to the telegraph station and wired his son: "Don't do it." And followed it up with this advice, by post:

"It is only greenhorns who enlist. You can learn nothing useful in the army... In time you will come to understand and believe that a man may be a patriot without risking his own life or sacrificing his health. There are plenty of other lives less valuable or others ready to serve for the love of serving."

Wouldn't the old judge have had some tall explaining to do if the McCormack military disaffection bill had been in force in 1861? And how would he have taken the conscription act of 1917? I hazard the guess he would have done just what E. W. Scripps, the newspaper publisher, did. Scripps stormed into Washington and threatened to use his chain of papers to fight the conscription act right up to the Supreme Court as unconstitutional (as it clearly was when the drafted boys were to be exported to France to fight) unless his boys were exempted.

Sure, they were exempted. Readers of THE CHAMPION shouldn't ask such silly questions.

And so ends the first lecture on How to Get Rich. If you are interested, perhaps Professor O'Connor will lecture next month on how the Steel Trust boys got their swag.

LETTERS

Comparing most American papers of the working class movement with ours, I must say that yours are far superior, and I expect this applies to your youth paper.

James C. Moran,
London, England.

Whenever possible you should have pictures showing various phases of youth life.

Ruth Hahl, Chicago.

The one thing lacking was insufficient youth news from the different parts of the country.

Jerry Clifford, Philadelphia.

I read it through and decided that there couldn't be a better magazine for the struggling youth of today.

Spartaco Koncnik, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Announcement

ROTOGRAPH CO., INC.

(THE ROTOCRAFT)

moved to larger headquarters at

817 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.

Phone GR. 5-9356

Corner 12th Street—4th Floor

Leaflets—Posters—Bulletins—etc.

100% Union (A. F. of L.) Shop

Lowest Prices to Organizations

CAMP NIGTEDAIGET BEACON, N. Y.

- 6-Piece Dance Band
- Tennis—Campfires
- Swimming—Plays

\$16 per week

Including your contribution of \$1.50 for the support of various workers' organizations.

Cars Leave Daily From 2700 Bronx Park, East
For Further Information Call City Office,
Estabrook 8-1400
HOTEL-BUNGALOW ACCOMMODATIONS

ROTO-PROCESS PRINTING COOPERATIVE

799 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.—ROOM 202

BULLETINS—CIRCULARS—POSTERS

TICKETS—RAFFLES AND ALL OFFSET WORK

AT REASONABLE PRICES

UNION SHOP (A. F. of L.)

VACATION TIME IN

CAMP UNITY

A ★ ★ ★ ★ PROGRAM!!

* Drama & Dance
— Skits, Buffoons,
Musicales, Circus

* Sports — Hand-
ball, Baseball,
Tennis, Horses,
Croquet

**ONLY
\$17
A Week**

Including your contribution of \$1.50 for the support of various workers' organizations.

* Swim, Row, Fish
in Lake Ellis

* Campfires

* Concerts
Newspapers, Etc.

CARS LEAVE DAILY, 10:00 A. M. FRIDAYS and SATURDAYS, 10:00 A. M., 2:30 P. M. and 7:00 P. M. FROM 2700 BRONX PARK EAST (Allerton Ave. Station—I.R.T., 241st St. White Plains Road Subway).

For Information—N. Y. Office AL. 4-1148, 50 E. 13th St.

CHAMPION of YOUTH

THE BIGGEST

NICKEL'S WORTH

You're naturally spending your money carefully these days. If you're a farm hand, a student, a clerk, a factory worker, you aren't getting much of a salary—barely enough to live on. You have to pinch pennies.

You're even more careful if you happen to be among the 8,000,000 young Americans who are estimated to be employed. You undoubtedly find nickels few and far between.

CHAMPION realizes that—realizes that all too well.

You see CHAMPION isn't in business to pile up profits for its owners, its editors, or anyone else.

Its principal objective is to give American youth the biggest nickel's worth possible—to give American youth all the stories, articles, cartoons, features, drawings, news a nickel can print.

Frankly, we think we're giving our readers—some 63,420, according to sales reports on our last issue—a BIG NICKEL'S WORTH.

There isn't a youth publication in existence which can honestly say it's giving its readers as much for their money as we are.

Be a "Champ"—Subscribe Now

----- SUBSCRIPTION BLANK -----

CHAMPION OF YOUTH
2 East 23d St., Room 508
NEW YORK CITY

INDIVIDUAL SUBSCRIPTION

52 Issues \$1.25
26 Issues 75c

Name or Organization.....

Address

City State

Amount Enclosed

FOR OUR 63,420

READERS