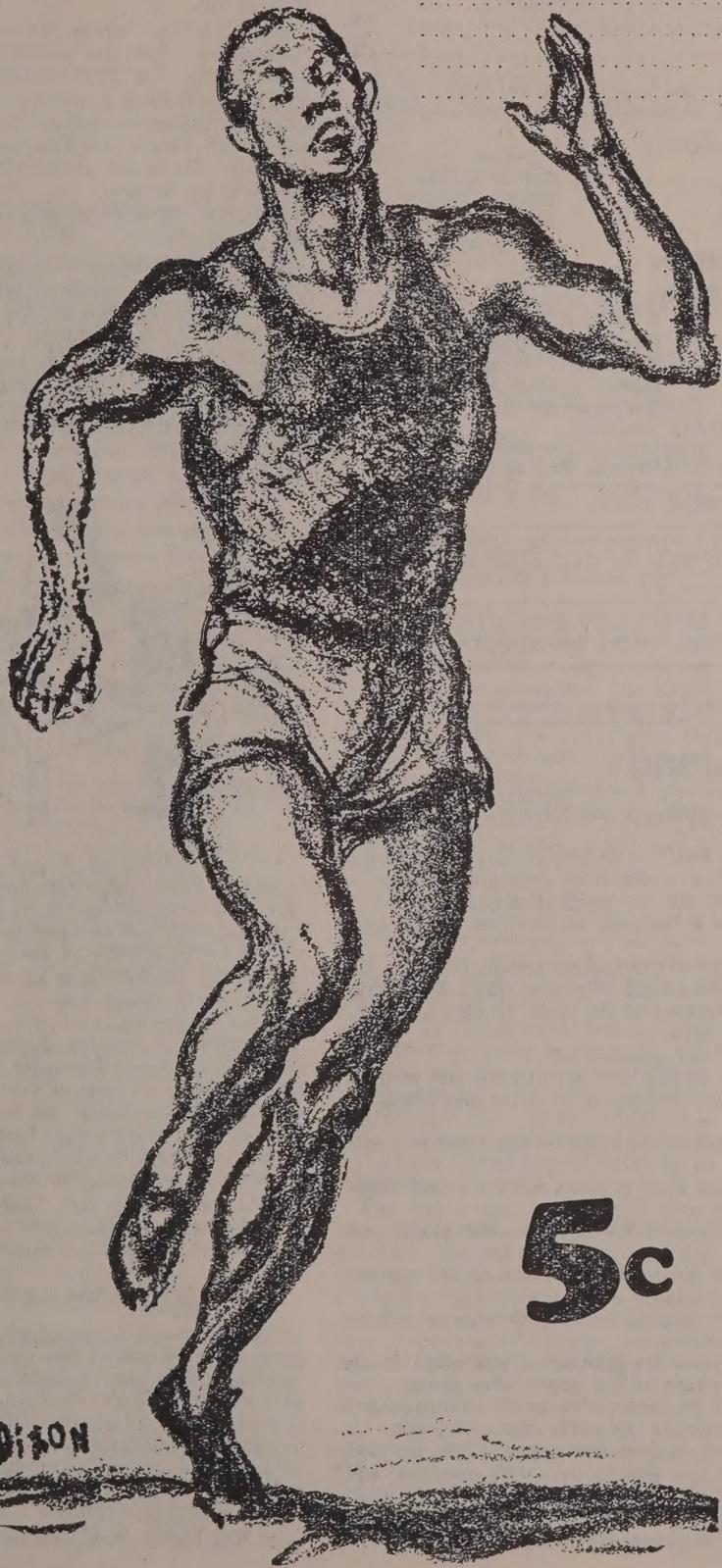


September 1936

Champion

OF YOUTH



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BARONS GONE

BERSERK

HARVEY O'CONNOR

DEMOCRACY

Versus

FASCISM

HARRY ELMER

BARNES

**NEGROES NOT
WANTED**

GEORGE MARSH

**ARE GIRLS IN
SPORTS 'FREE'?**

JEAN LYON

**THREE SHORT
STORIES**

Letters

We must say the magazine is wonderful and interesting. We've adopted it as our official organ.

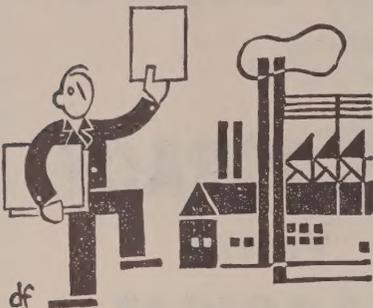
**Modern American Youth Club,
Tampa, Florida.**

Say what is this publication? Is it a magazine for young men only? One would think so from the contents. What about the girls? We've waited patiently for some recognition, but apparently you people refuse to concede that there are some girls in this world.

Let's have a girls' page. Then, also, we want some stories that center around young women.

Another thing, there are still some religious youth existing. We don't want *Champion* to become a church publication but you could occasionally publish news about religious youth groups.

**Helene Craven,
Indianapolis, Ind.**



Two features that could make *Champ* more appealing would be a section devoted to leisure time activities and another to correspondence between the youth of this country and that of other nations.

Si Endovi, Roxbury, Mass.

I have just finished reading the July issue of your exceedingly well edited periodical. It was indeed a pleasure to read it. After reading both the *British Challenge of Youth* and *Champion*, I must admit that we have plenty to learn from you.

I would like to communicate with some of your readers.

**James Scott, London, England,
34 Commonwealth Way,
Abbey Wood, S. E. 2.**

With harvesting over we youth of the rural area will be able to give more time to our pleasures.

My pleasure will be to help swell the growing subscription list of the *Champion*.

Anders Arnbal, Albertalea, Minn.

We can see that the editors are going far towards making the magazine a popular publication among the youth of America. We liked the August cover and want more that express our everyday life. The tone of the contents was that of friendliness and moderation. We believe that if this tone is continued the *Champion* will be read with more attention. However we think that the language is too high.

We pledge to start a campaign to get the *Champion* in the hands of many more young people.

**New England Friends,
Portland, Me.**

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

Vol. I

SEPTEMBER, 1936

Number 4

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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

HARRY ELMER BARNES is one of America's most distinguished historians. At present a columnist for the Scripps-Howard papers, he was formerly a professor at Smith College. He is one of the advisory editors of *Champion*.

HARVEY O'CONNOR is the author of *Mellon's Millions* and *Steel Dictator*, best sellers. As a resident of Pittsburgh for many years he was able to study the steel barons at first hand.

ALFRED CHAKIN was coach of the American team sent to the People's Olympiad at Barcelona. His article is based upon his recent experiences in Spain—experiences which almost cost him his life.

JEAN LYON writes for women's publications. She has contributed to *Mademoiselle*, *The Sportswomen*, etc.

PAUL MORRIS is a member of the Columbia University staff and has written for the Progressive Education Association. He is one of the editors of *Youth News Service*.

HARRY GRANICK is a novelist and playwright.

TOM DEAN has contributed to the leading labor publications of the country. Readers will remember him as the author of "The Killer Type."

JOSEPH STAROBIN has contributed to the leading progressive youth publications of the country and has been in the forefront of recent student struggles.



DEWITT GILPIN is one of the West's most incisive young journalists. He has made an intensive study of Governor Alfred Mossman Landon and has written a score of articles about him.

GEORGE MARSH, is an ex-prizefighter and newspaperman.

After having read the first few issues of *Champion* I gradually became cognizant of a new set of values concerning political, social and economic life. It wasn't long before I was completely converted into the ranks of the progressive youth of America.

So here's hoping the *Champ* gets into the hands of hundreds of thousands like myself and shows them the way.

Axel Warner, Baltimore, Md.

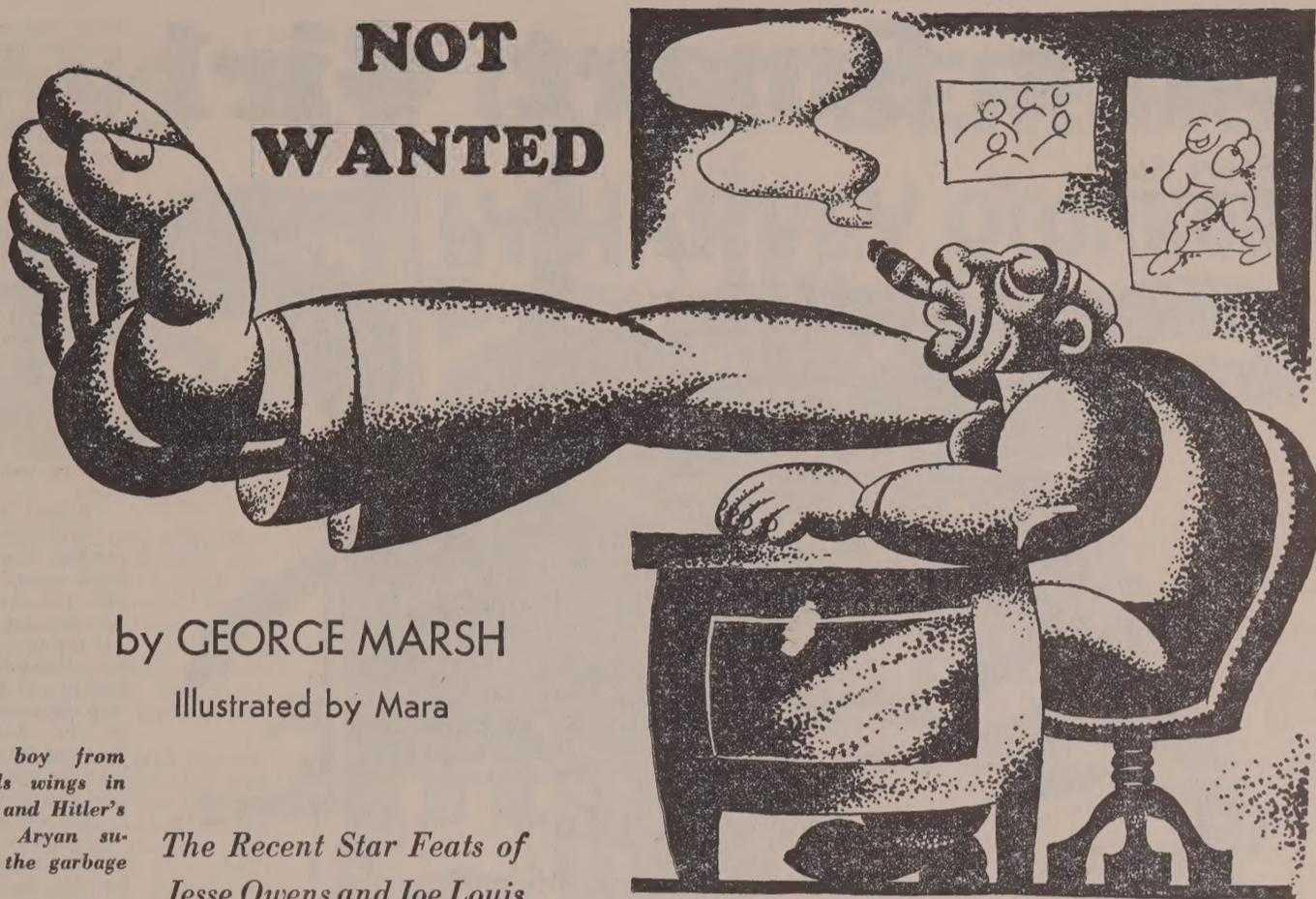
We hope that an enlarged youth program will grow out of the coming convention of the Share Croppers Union. The Southern Farm Leader is, from now on, going to be alert to youth issues. Consequently we want to keep in touch with activities in the youth movement, and would like very much to have the cooperation of the *Champion*.

Rex Pitkin, New Orleans, La.

CHAMPION of Youth

NEGROES

NOT WANTED



by GEORGE MARSH

Illustrated by Mara

The Recent Star Feats of Jesse Owens and Joe Louis Are Rare Because There Is Daily Discrimination Against Negro Athletes

A FLYING Negro boy from Cleveland spreads wings in his spiked shoes and Hitler's nauseating theory of Aryan supremacy goes back to the garbage can of Nazi thought.

A hammer-fisted Negro boy from Detroit picks himself out of pugilism's slag and starts a game comeback that will net him the heavy-weight crown shortly unless white fistic bosses deny him the chance.

Two Negro boys casually spread their legs over a cross bar in Berlin that challenges the efforts of the world's best white high jumpers.

Negro baseball teams carrying players that make some of big league white stars look like hams thrill thousands of ball fans as they battle through double-headers on weed-grown baseball diamonds.

In all the past history of sports the Negro as an athlete has never achieved the prominence he gets today. But prominence in the news headlines recounting the exploits of a few great black headliners by no means assures recognition for the Negro athlete. For the one Joe Louis who went to town in a big way there are thousands of obscure Negro kids battling discrimination as they unsuccessfully try to get out of the cheap prelim fighting class. The athletic proprietors need only one magnetic Joe Louis to hog the big dough for themselves in the million dollar gates. The only reason the bars of race discrimination were lifted for Joe is the fact that by exploiting his skill the million dollar gate was revived from the wreck to which it had fallen as a result of the lack of draw of the tedious Braddocks, Schmelings, Sharkeys, Paulinos, etc., etc.

Smaller Dough

In the big cities and smaller towns of the country many classy Negro fighters never get a chance to emerge from the stumble-bum shadows. The Negro fights for smaller dough than the white pug. The good Negro boxer is often forced to lay down to the inferior white opponent needing a build up. With jobs harder for a Negro boxer to get and the black list for boxers who won't take

it more stringent against Negro than against white, ring history is dirty with the lost hopes of Negro fighters whose merit was never recognized. The Negro warrior coming up to the top must wade through the fistic army of spoilers before he gets to first base. Spoilers are that gruesome category of sluggers whose fighting style will never enable them to rate tops, but who are used by unscrupulous promoters to sidetrack a boxer headed for a big time.

Mixing It Up

White boys managed well are carefully steered clear of the spoilers. Negro boys must win their spurs by mixing it up all along the line—barring no one. The shabby treatment of many great black ringman hardly ends with knocking off the dangerous type of spoiler opponent. It takes incredible genius for a Negro to get a crack at a title. It takes careful manipulation for a white boy to find himself knocking at a champion's doorstep.

You can throw your watch away when a Jesse Owens says "feet start moving." You can also throw away the chances of many a southern Negro boy whose running begins and ends between cotton rows on a white owner's plantation. There's no school gym, trainer or equipment for the large average of our Negro youngsters in our lynch-ridden Southland. For the one outstanding, and limber Jesse there are many Negro kids who could develop running ability but will develop only muscle bound legs chopping cotton in Dixie's sun baked fields. When they reach manhood, instead of a fast college track to practice

on they may be running in the swamps their daddies now run in to escape the bullets of murderous white lynchers. You don't learn to sprint by leaving school for farm labor when you are ten years old.

No Wrestling

Suckers still shell out to laugh at the hundreds of white clowns who "barnstorm" our happy land as "wrestlers." The docks are loaded with Negro longshoremen who really can wrestle. The white promoters of wrestling have always barred Negroes from the mats now cluttered up with an army of white hippodromers. The white wrestling impresarios say "the pier is good enough for a husky black heavyweight wrestler." Madison Square Garden must remain undefiled so that's why the black man never gets a chance to do his stuff there.

Aren't there plenty of fast Negroes who could give the best white tennis players a run for their money? There are. Even an Avery Brundage knows that. But the Brundages of tennis don't like nice white balls smacked

around before nice white audiences by not so nice black tennis players. So the white lines of the amateur and professional tennis courts are carefully kept safe for white supremacy and Negroes are barred.

There was Cannon ball Redding, and Smokey Joe Williams throwing baseballs like nobody's business a few years ago. There is Satchel Paige and Slim Jones firing strikes over the plate today. There they were—here they are—Negro pitchers as good as the best white fingers baseball ever enjoyed. But they hire in small ball parks for nickles and dimes. Don't forget they are black! Their skill doesn't count. The white baseball magnates want no part of them. The big contracts go to white bushers hailed as iron men if they last through a nine inning game. A Negro Redding, Williams, Mendez, Paige, Jones, etc., etc., who could breeze through a nine inning game against big league opposition is barred from the big league because of "color."

Judged by Skin

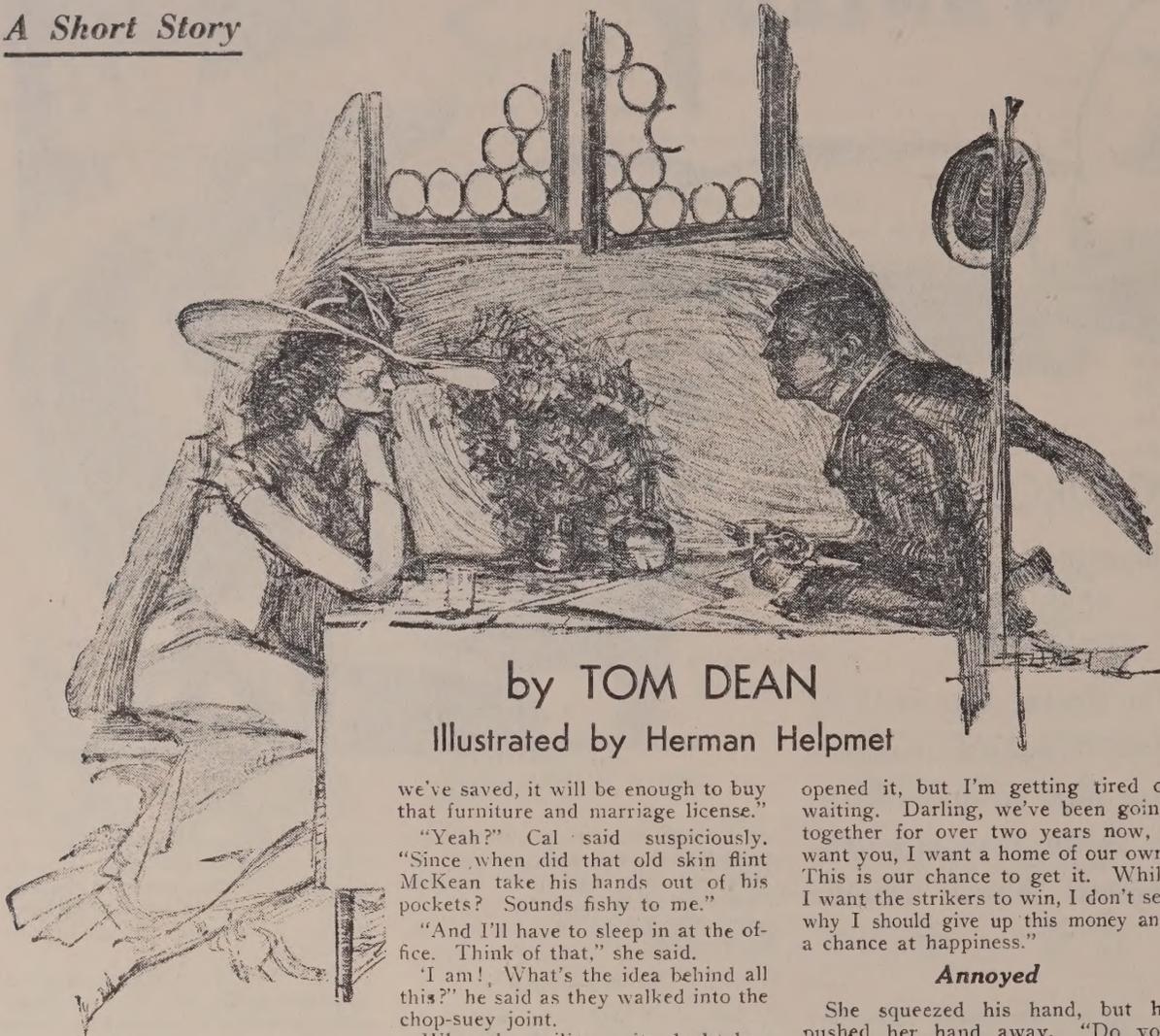
Baseball's millionaire chauvinist's answer to the demand that Negroes pay in the big league is one of silence or evasion. Believe it or not they never bar a Negro who can pay his admission to the parks.

You can take it on the line in all sports if you want to dirty your hands. By your skin you are judged as an athlete under the present scheme of things. And you can take it or lump it if you like—but the rising fight of the Negro from economic slavery is breaking down the walls of discrimination in sports against the Negro athlete. The Nazi termed "American Black Auxiliary" proved in Berlin that the Negro is coming into his own as a leader in sports. Unified battle of Negro and White against discrimination will crack wide open the myth—sports for the white only.



Cal's Smart Girl

A Short Story



by TOM DEAN
Illustrated by Herman Helpmet

CAL CHANDLER looked at his wrist watch, shook his head, and continued walking up and down in front of the candy store.

He took quick jumpy steps, his long legs taking in a square of the sidewalk with each step. And with each step he would think of something else he would tell Francine when she finally showed up. "The nerve of that jane to keep me waiting for over a half-hour! I'll tell her plenty. Just taking advantage of my good nature, that's all. Always late, but this is too much. Boy, will I tell her where to get off! Coming late and just when I'm as hungry as a horse."

The more he thought about it, the more steamed he got and just when he had reached the boiling point and was about ready to walk away, he saw her coming down the street. Even from a distance she looked tall and slender and very pretty. He could see her copper colored hair blowing in the wind and he was sure her eyes were a bright blue, and the delicate sway of her small hips delighted him. The nearer she came, the faster his would-be anger began to melt. When she came up to him, he said, all milk and honey: "Hello, baby."

"Hello darling." Her voice was just the least bit deep and very nice to hear. "So sorry I'm late, but the boss kept me in at the office. Wait till you hear the news. My salary is going to be doubled and I'm simply going to make wads of money in the next couple of weeks! Maybe with what

we've saved, it will be enough to buy that furniture and marriage license."

"Yeah?" Cal said suspiciously. "Since when did that old skin flint McKean take his hands out of his pockets? Sounds fishy to me."

"And I'll have to sleep in at the office. Think of that," she said.

"I am! What's the idea behind all this?" he said as they walked into the chop-suey joint.

When the smiling waiter had taken their orders, she said: "There's going to be a strike!"

Cal looked at her and drummed on the table with his long fingers.

"Well, what's the matter? What are you looking at me like that for?"

"So that's where this double salary comes in."

"What do you mean?"

"Are you going out with the rest of the workers?"

"No! Why should I? The factory workers are going out, not the office help. This has nothing to do with me."

His Explanation

For a moment he just stared at her, then he smiled and took her soft hand in his hard one and said softly: "Yes it has, honey. Workers are workers no matter if their collars are white or blue. You know only too well how those kids in the factory are overworked, you know all about the wage-cuts, the layoffs, and the rest of it. If you stay in the office, you're helping the factory to run, going against the workers and with the boss. Why, most of the strikers are our friends and school-mates."

"Oh, I know that they aren't getting a fair deal, and I certainly hope they win, but I don't see how it concerns me. I'm his secretary and I have nothing to do with the strike. Don't you see, this may give us enough money to get married on. I know that your gas station isn't doing so bad, considering that you just

opened it, but I'm getting tired of waiting. Darling, we've been going together for over two years now, I want you, I want a home of our own. This is our chance to get it. While I want the strikers to win, I don't see why I should give up this money and a chance at happiness."

Annoyed

She squeezed his hand, but he pushed her hand away. "Do you realize what you're saying?" he asked coldly. "Why-why-you're being a scab!"

She flushed and her face became a fine shade of red and she looked very cute and pretty, only Cal didn't notice it. "Don't call me that," she said, finally.

His voice was softer as he said: "Of course, kid, I'm sorry. You wouldn't scab on anybody. You tell old man McKean to jump in the lake. He'll have to take you back when the strikers win; anyway—even if the gas station isn't making a fortune, it will hold us for awhile."

"No, Cal, I'm not going to do that. This is too good a job and we need the money too much, to give it up. I still think that the strike concerns only the factory help and not me."

"You mean that?" he asked, getting up.

"Yes."

As he started to walk out, she said: "You needn't get so mad about it!"

"What should I do, kiss you?" he asked sarcastically.

"Oh, stop making a scene and sit down and finish your supper."

"I can't. The smell of a scab always makes me sick to my stomach. In this case it makes me sicker than usual because the scab happens to be my girl!"

As he walked out he thought he heard a sob and he noticed several people looking at him and he suddenly realized that he had been shouting.

The next two weeks were the most miserable he ever went through. The

strike was on and Francine stayed in the office night and day, and he had no chance to see her. He couldn't sleep, thought about her constantly, and told himself over and over that he had been too harsh with the poor kid, and then in the same breath he would shake his head and wonder how any girl of his could be a scab.

He worked as hard as he could, doing all sorts of extra and odd jobs around the station, trying to stop thinking about Francine. As he was polishing up one of the pumps for the tenth time, Bill Anders, one of the picket captains came by. "Anything new?" Cal asked as he made the pump shine.

Scabs Appear

"Plenty! McKean is going to try and run scabs in," Bill said as he sat down.

"Whew! Think you can stop them?"

"Sure, if we only knew when they're coming. You see, they have a big order which must be filled by next week or they lose the contract. It's his best customer and McKean can't afford to lose the account. If he gets scabs past the picket line, he can keep them in the factory and fill the order. But if we keep the scabs out, then he's licked and we win. But we have to know when the scabs are coming, so we'll be able to have the entire three pickets shifts on hand and keep the rats out."

"Any way of finding out?"

"It's pretty hard. Watching the station and bus terminals is about all we can do. By the way, I saw Francine yesterday."

"Yeah?" Cal said, trying to appear calm, although he could feel his knees shake.

"She was at the office window," Bill said, looking at him.

"Oh."

"That was when the cops and 'special deputies' charged the picket line and slugged Old Man Mills and two of the girls."

"Damn them! A 'special strike' deputy, is about the lowest thing out."

"She saw it all, Cal. When they hit the old man, she turned away, and she was crying. Crying pretty badly. I guess she's a good kid."

"Sure she is. She just doesn't understand the full meaning of a strike. But that wasn't any reason for her to become a scab! Hell, I don't know what to do. I suppose I was a bit too rough with her. But she got me so darn mad when she even talked about staying in the factory, that I just blew up."

"Tried to make up with her?" Bill asked, taking out a cigarette.

Make Up?

"How can I? There's no way of my getting in touch with her. And I haven't a phone yet. Anyway she couldn't phone me without the boss hearing. And...Hey! look! here comes McKean's car for gas. It stops here almost every day. I wish he was in it once, I'd tell him something! But he never..."

Cal stopped talking as the big car came to a sudden stop in front of the pumps. The chauffeur was alone and he said with a phoney clipped English accent, "Ten gallons, please."

Cal gave him a look of disgust and unscrewed the gas tank cap and put in the hose. The dial of the pump swung slowly around to 10 and then the bell rang. Cal put the hose back on the hook and started to screw the cap on the tank. It got stuck and he swore and took it off and looked at it, looked at it again, and said: "The thread is dirty and she doesn't screw on right. I'll take it in-

(Continued on Page 15)

BARONS

GONE BERSERK

BY HARVEY O'CONNOR

Our grandchildren will have the fun, won't they, when they study early Twentieth Century economics, just as we "moderns" have enjoyed the delicate satires on life in the Victorian era. They'll be glad, of course, that Grandpop and Grandma saw the funny side of closing down steel mills—when workers needed work and people needed steel products—just because a few bigshots in Wall Street couldn't make money out of them for the time being.

Certainly this anti-social disorder (did someone say social order?) of ours reaches its maddest peak in the steel industry. The customer for steel can shop the country over, poking his head into every steel mill, and he'll find the same identical price everywhere. That's his "liberty" to shop, that's the operation of the "free market." Perhaps it's the reason so many steel barons belong to the Liberty League.

Yet these steel monopolists who believe so firmly in the one fixed price are, in other ways, the merriest of cut-throat competitors. Each one, for example, will think nothing of throwing \$20,000,000 into a continuous strip mill until by 1937 there will be so many of these new, high-g geared contraptions that they will be idle most of the time. Not to mention the steel workers themselves, who will be idle in the ratio of 40 to 1 because the continuous mill cuts out human labor in exactly that proportion.

Do They Know Steel?

To listen to these fellows in meetings of the Iron and Steel Institute the past few years, you'd think you had dropped in by mistake on the National Morticians' convention. They're just big-hearted philanthropists operating the steel industry at a loss. But how they fight to keep the Securities and Exchange Commission from publishing their fancy salaries that run into the six figures. And you should have a glance at the fat fees those Wall Street law firms, Whoosis, Whoosis, Whoosis and Whatsis, collect for their learned opinions on the safest way for the steel companies to break the laws. And maybe you think J. P. Morgan & Co. isn't tickled to have \$100,000,000 of U. S. Steel's cash to monkey with in the stock market and elsewhere?

So next time you hear about the sad plight of the steel industry, remember that J. P. Morgan just crossed the Atlantic in his own private liner, appropriately named the Corsair, and appropriately carrying as its private flag a replica of the banner of the Barbary pirates. Just recall that Myron Taylor, the chairman of U. S. Steel, still has his villa, Schifanoia, over in Florence, Italy, and that E. T. Weir is still able to toss in \$5,000 every once in a while to keep the Liberty League boys from going on relief.

But U. S. Steel hasn't paid a penny in dividends to its common stockholders since 1931, you will be reminded. Brushing away a tear for the common, alas, too common, stockholders, you will remember that Steel's common stock was given away in 1901 as a bonus to those that bought preferred. You will remember that Elbert H. Gary himself "guessed" that maybe that common stock represented nothing more substantial than faith, hope and charity—in other words, water. You will also remember that the Steel common stockholder, his pants neatly patched, but his sleeves a bit frayed

and the back of his coat shiny, nevertheless, has received \$927,000,000 in dividends since 1901. And that he still holds ownership in a corporation with claimed assets of \$2,000,000,000 and \$250,000,000 in undivided surplus.

Yet it is true that steel has ceased, by and large, to be a bonanza industry. No longer does a golden stream of profits pour into the pockets of its stockholders. Charley Schwab said he was in business, not to make steel, but to make money. But steel doesn't even make much money, any more. It is a failure even in an economic system based on profits. It has dozens of huge, junky mills located hundreds of miles away from their market. They're eating off their heads in high overhead and costly production.

Monopoly's Dead Hand

The dead hand of monopoly for 30 years held back technical progress in the industry. It was left to smaller companies, for instance, to develop the continuous strip mill which scraps the old hand mills that required crews of skilled workers. U. S. Steel for years fought the open hearth process of making steel because of its enormous investment in obsolescent Bessemer converters.

The new age of alloy steel, lightweight, high-speed, tough and keen, owes little to the Steel Corporation. This \$2,000,000,000 concern didn't even have a laboratory for research until 26 years after its formation. And it permitted a little flashlight company in Cleveland to corner the world's supply of chromium, one of the principal steel alloys.

But the steel industry has always been that way. Andrew Carnegie's maxim was: "It don't pay to pioneer." He let Rockefeller gobble up the Mesaba Iron Range so that when J. P. Morgan, the elder, organized the Steel Trust, he had to pay John D. \$79,000,000 for something that went begging ten years before.

You've probably heard a good bit about the marvellous wisdom and hair-trigger skill of our great magnates. I hope the foregoing doesn't weaken your faith. They're really a brainy bunch of boys, only their brains run the wrong way. They're always busy figuring out the wrong things, and to this they bring the sharpest minds and keenest wits they can purchase. For example, they don't give a hoot about making all the steel they can for the lowest price possible. Instead they spend ponderous hours in board meetings balancing delicately those factors which would insure the lowest possible wage, the highest possible price and the greatest possible profit. If to achieve this it is necessary to shut down half the nation's mills, starve its workers and cut off the country's supply of steel, well that is how the best of all possible economic systems works.

As you might expect, men who know how to make steel don't serve as highest officials of U. S. Steel. When Elbert Gary became chairman he knew little more about a steel mill than you or I. Nor did he ever fuss around steel mills much. He'd go loping through a plant, surrounded by a group of under dogs, but it was all Greek to him. The same can be said for Myron Taylor, his successor. He was a cotton goods man, a financial scout for old George F. Baker. Both Gary and Taylor held positions of viceroy. The throne was at 23 Wall Street, office of J. P. Morgan & Co. To all of them Steel was merely another way to make money.

(Continued on Page 15)



Illustrated by
Wm. Sanderson

Alf

a n d

You

There's one fool-proof method of judging Gov. Landon. That's by examining his Kansas record.

Kansas City, Mo.

OUT of the West comes riding a modern young Lochinvar—horse by Hearst—who, American youth are asked to believe, represents all that is hallowed and holy of our pioneer traditions. Beneath the unimpressive exterior of a millionaire oil operator breathes the soul of an American determined to deliver us from the evils of excess spending, collectivism and Rexford Tugwell. The Brain Trust beats a retreat before Governor Alf M. Landon, champion of the horse and buggy days, and in Wall Street there is dancing on the pavement.

Without more ado we formally present him—just plain Alf from Kansas. A country boy who made good. But how?

In all the imaginary tilting that he has done at equally imaginary windmills to date, there is one significant omission: the cause of youth. Despite the millions of us who are unemployed and denied opportunities for education, our cause is just one of those things Landon has forgotten.

As Shakespeare once said, and Paul Ward later, you can only judge the future by the past. Accepting this logic, American youth can only decide what Landon intends to offer them by examining what he has done for the youth of Kansas in his four years as governor.

Schools in the Red

Let's begin with the very important question of education. Despite a much-publicized love for everything historic, Governor Landon has systematically gone about closing down the little red school house. Not one, but 444 of them during the last four years. To build new and modern ones? Not by Alf's homespun breeches! When, in the name of "economy," you reduce school expenditures approximately one million dollars a year, something like this has to happen.

The youth themselves, through two school strikes, kicked more than their teachers. Not that the teachers were happy enough to yell "Heil Alf" about the salary cuts and extended programs that were forced upon them. Simply that they know what side their bread is buttered on. Politics, under the Landon machine, has completely corrupted the educational program and with no organization among the teachers, free expression is an impossibility. Responsible for this is the Landon-appointed state Board of Regents, dominated by the American Legion and Hearstian to the core. It has repeatedly intimidated liberal professors at both state universities and one of its members recently asked students to spy out "socialistic" professors.

One more point on education deserves attention. That is the school book racket which lately has received considerable publicity. State printed school books are sold to students at exorbitant prices, the logical conclusion being that somebody's pockets are being filled out of the transactions. Remember the school book racket when you consider that the WPA wage in the state is only \$32 per



by DE WITT GILPIN

month. Remember it when I tell you that last winter in Fort Scott, Kansas, after the unemployed had been driven from the court house with clubs and tear gas, I had a crying mother tell me that she wouldn't send her daughter to school carrying only a lunch of dry bread.

Governor Pollyanna

According to his most irresponsible press agents, Governor Landon, like our old friend Pollyanna, fairly radiates love for all people and classes. These are strange words about a man whose relief policy marks as its first victims children! The world has been taught, through lesson and story, that special consideration is owed to these unfortunate victims of economic duress but the idea doesn't seem to have impressed the Kansas governor. According to the latest figures of the Kansas Emergency Relief Committee, some 62 little children are being held in Kansas poor farms. These farms are horrible places, many of them vermin-ridden, into which are dumped the diseased, the insane, the infirm. Surrounded by such elements, these children are sometimes forced to work, under a system of semi-peonage, for the manager of the poor farm. Can this be what Governor Landon means when he speaks of a "cheaper, more efficient system of relief"?

What About Relief?

This brings us to an important question—social security. For youth it means the right to work or, if this cannot be provided, adequate unemployment insurance or educational benefits as embodied in the American Youth Act. Because of the millions of youth that such a program would involve, it is obvious that it must be handled as a national question through the federal government. Such treatment of any relief problem, Landon opposes. In essence his program is one which calls for increased "decentralization" of the relief administration and the placing of the responsibility upon the state and county

governments. This means that whatever group of industrial interests dominate a local government also dictate the relief policies. You can picture the results of such a policy by asking yourself what would happen if relief was left entirely in the hands of the Steel Trust in those counties that it controls.

That has been the way it has worked in Kansas. Held to a minimum by the oil, railroad, utility and mine companies, what direct relief is given in the state is hardly worth considering. Recently I asked a relief official in Cherokee county what direct relief averaged in his county and he replied: "I suppose about \$8 per month for anybody that is lucky enough to get it."

An accurate idea of what Governor Landon considers adequate social security can be secured from the present program proposed in Kansas. Here are the amounts to be paid as estimated by the state relief committee:

	Per month
Old age assistance.....	\$11.56
Aid to the blind.....	11.44
Aid to dependent children..	7.24

That is Governor Landon's "social security" program! Can there be any doubt that it was essentially his starvation relief program that sold him to Hearst, the Liberty League and the Republican Party?

Kansas Farmers

In general, it can be said that the youth of Kansas have suffered more during the depression than those of many other states. Primarily a farm state, the past four years have seen hundreds of families driven off their land through foreclosures, floods, droughts and dust storms. Only a small percentage of Kansas farmers own their land, with the great majority of the acreage being owned by eastern insurance companies, for which John Hamilton—another knight in shining armor probably by Dupont—was for many years an attorney. Youth of the dispossessed families must choose between enlistment in

Where does Landon stand as far as youth is concerned? Read this expose and you will know.

CCC camps or work as a farm laborer at dollar a day wages.

No better example of youth's oppression can be offered than that which is found in the Tri-state mine district into which Landon sent troops to break the miners' strike. Most of the miners are young—a natural thing when you consider that their average life in the mines is ten years.

The Tri-state mine district is a county of not one Gauley's Bridge, but three—Galena, Treece and Baxter Springs, Kansas. Sordid little mining towns of unpainted shacks, they are surrounded on all sides by great white mountains of chat belched forth by the lead mines. This chat contains fine silica dust which the wind carries over the entire district to infect women and children as well as men with the dread silicosis. In the mines silica dust hangs like a fog because mine owners forbid the "wetting down" of the ore before shooting. Fans and blower systems are inadequate and much of the ore is taken from "jugs," blind holes in which there is no provision for air circulation.

According to a survey made recently by social workers, 36 per cent of the school children in Cherokee county have silicosis. In some towns the percentage runs as high as 55. The population of the county is 33,302, which means, if the estimates of local authorities are correct, that nearly 12,000 people suffer from the disease that condemns them to living death!

Fascism Bound

There are existing laws in Kansas which make the continuance of such working conditions punishable, but Governor Landon has never enforced them!

At the last session of the state legislature an attempt was made to secure funds for the building of a sanitarium in the county for the silicosis victims. The action was ruled out of order. The session, Governor Landon said, was concerned only with social security!

The issue of civil liberties is an important one to all of us and, in Landon's case, because of the company he keeps, the issue is all the more pertinent. Despite assertions to the contrary, the use of troops against the miners made possible the continuance of the described working conditions, made possible the jailing of union leaders by a military court and opened the mines to be worked by a company union headed by thugs and gunmen. In a recent issue of their paper the *Blue Card Record*, the mine owners, after devoting columns in praise of Landon's labor policy, froth at the mouth over the fact that John L. Lewis is sending industrial union organizers into the field. They declare:

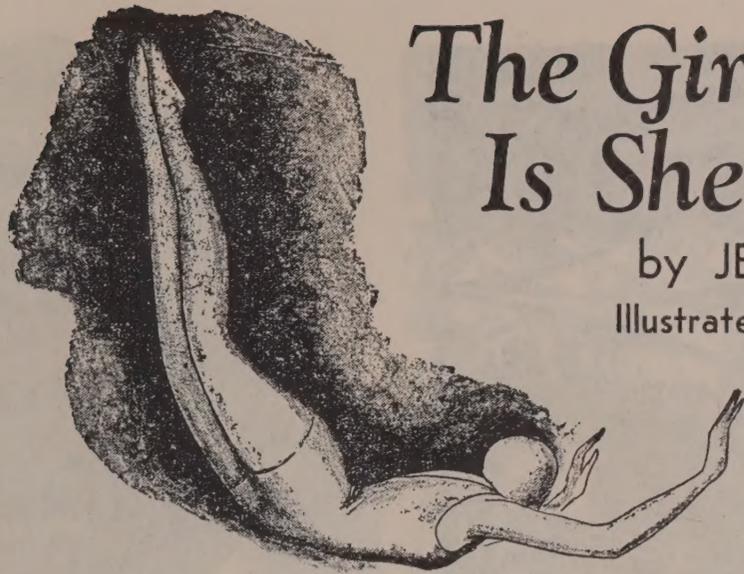
"A mealy-mouthed middle of the road, pussy-footing policy won't get the job done when it comes to ridding us of these rats!"

Anyone who has been through the Tri-state field and seen, as I have, the swaggering, gun-toting thugs there and the company guards at target practice

(Continued on Page 15)

The Girl Athlete — Is She “Free”?

by JEAN LYON
Illustrated by Cartelle



PEOPLE tell me that the modern girl athlete is a symbol of the emancipated woman. They say that the girls of today are jumping higher, and swimming faster, and running better than girls ever have before, all because woman is “free.”

And I say they're crazy. Modern girl athletes, to be sure, have found it easier to run in shorts than in corsets, and they have found that they can swim better in tights than in bloomers. Maybe that's what people mean when they talk about woman's emancipation. But it isn't what I mean.

I mean freedom from exploitation—and today's girl athletes are a symbol of anything but that. They are the victims of a swell spoilage system. They are as much exploited as any set of trained seals. And, as far as I know, it's tougher on a girl than it is on a seal, to be exploited.

Take Mary Smith

The system works something like this. Mary Smith likes sports. In her back yard at home she practices throwing a hatchet over the clothesline, just for fun. When she gets to high school she finds that her hatchet throwing muscles are as good as anyone's and she wins the girls' hatchet throw in the spring meet. A fashionable mountain resort hears about her hatchet throwing championship and sends its coach down to see her. The resort is building up an amateur women's track team to enter all the national meets. It has decided that it would be a good publicity stunt. Paying guests, thinking that they can become as healthy and as handsome as the girls on the team, will start pouring into the resort.

Amateurs Necessary

But, of course, it is very important that the resort keep its girls' track team amateur. Otherwise there wouldn't be any publicity. So the coach can't offer Mary Smith any money. He can tell her, however, that if she'll join his track team he'll coach her well and help her to get to the meets.

This appeals to Mary, because she'd like to get into national competitions and she couldn't afford to do it by herself. So she thanks the coach profusely for giving her such a wonderful opportunity. And from thenceforth she throws hatchets for the resort.

She trains diligently. Sometimes she overtrains herself. (She is still

in her teens, and a girl in her teens can hurt herself permanently by being too strenuous about her sports. But no one ever told Mary that and the coach is too anxious to see her win in the next meet to tell her.) She doesn't have a great deal of time left to go on with her schooling or to prepare for any job. But she is young and enthusiastic and she loves the limelight.

More Guests

Every time she wins a hatchet throw at a bigger meet, or breaks a record, the mountain resort, whose colors she is wearing, gets more paying guests. It's quite surprising. More and more money for the hotel, and more and more medals for Mary.

She throws the hatchet too far one day, and strains her heart. She has to leave athletic competition, and suddenly she faces a world in which she has no place, and no chance for making a living.

But who cares? The coach is made, now. All he has to do is to dig up another little hatchet thrower from the sticks. And the resort is made. All it has to do is to “sponsor” a new batch of girl athletes. Mary is the only one who isn't made. She's just through.

I talked, last winter, to Helen Bahil, a speed skater from Long Island. She is a stenographer during the week. But on the week-end she skates in competi-

tions. She wears, to these competitions, the sweater of a winter resort hotel. She admitted that she'd never been to the hotel herself. It came to her, and offered her this lovely skating outfit. It has the hotel name on the back, but it's an outfit that Helen could never have bought herself. With this outfit on, Helen is good advertising for the hotel. Winter sports fans, who see her fly across the ice, decide to spend a few days at the resort she represents. So the hotel makes money, and Helen gets a skating outfit. Helen still has to buy her own skates. But then, of course, she has to keep her amateur standing.

Take Babe Didrikson

Babe Didrikson brought a lot of advertising to an insurance company in Dallas when she was in her amateur prime. She had a job as a filing clerk, and joined the insurance company's track team. The company gave her a lot of coaching, and a lot of time off to go to meets. The more championships she won, the more advertising she brought to the company. The company was so pleased with her performance in the 1932 Olympics that it raised her salary as a clerk from \$90 a month to \$125 a month, according to her own account of it written for the North American Newspaper Alliance in 1933. This thirty-five dollar raise was a pretty clear admission on the part of the company that Babe was more valuable as an advertisement than as a filing clerk.

Katherine Rawls swims for the glory of Miami Beach, which has been building up its advertising ever since Florida stopped booming. Alice Arden jumps for the St. George Dragon Club, a little athletic group that is housed in the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn. You can figure that one out for yourself.

Sometimes it's a college, rather than a hotel or a coach, that does the ex-

ploiting. But it's the same old advertising game. The girls' basket ball team helps to win fame for Alma Mater, and then the alumnae come across with gifts, and the high school students send in their entrance fees.

Same Old Story

I could go on recounting stories I have heard of girls whose health has been ruined, whose futures have been impaired, whose best years have been swallowed up in this highly commercialized system of amateur athletics.

But there's not much sense in weeping over the girls who have already been exploited. It's the ones who are still going to be used, unwittingly, to help sell Blodgett's Better Bathing Suits, or to put Mason's Mountain Mansion on the map, that I'm worrying about. And to them, I'd say, beware of shibboleths about competitive sports as “an aid to health,” and “as a symbol of woman's emancipation.” As long as these shibboleths come from the mouths of men who stand to gain by women's athletics, they will mean nothing.

Perhaps women's sports can someday be an aid to health and a symbol of woman's freedom. But they are neither now.

STEEL YOUTH OF '92 AND '36

By Emmett Patrick Cush

The author is a veteran of the Homestead strike of 1892. When the steel workers of the Carnegie mill at Homestead, Penna., struck in that year, 300 Pinkerton detectives, fully armed, were called in by the management of the plant to break the strike.

This invasion of an armed force intent upon suppressing workers' rights by bullets, was met by bullets from workers' guns. The Pinkertons landed from the barges, conveying them by river to Homestead, only upon surrendering to the strikers' “army.” The strikers disarmed them and turned them over to the sheriff for arrest.

The courts later upheld the workers' right to defend their civil liberties in the manner which they did.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE steel barons are making strenuous efforts to win many young men by holding out special inducements to them in the form of easy jobs, while deceptively preparing them to play the role of strikebreakers.

The veteran steel worker must have confidence in the loyalty of youth by giving it guidance and encouragement, by organizing the young men into unions. Only in this way they will save youth from the “glass ball” promises of the companies.

In all the major labor struggles in the steel industry young men have participated heroically. In many instances, where seasoned workers hesitated or failed to accept responsibilities, many youngsters have stepped into the breach and carried on bravely.

In a half century struggle in the steel industry, the spirit, stamina and staunchness of youth paved the way for many victories.

The young people in the steel industry have an important task to perform. They must build two monuments in commemoration of the young heroes of 1892—one in the form of stone and steel, the other a forceful fighting phalanx of flesh and blood, a rejuvenated Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, 500,000 strong.



Youth:

An Eye-witness Account of the Fascists' Putsch

by ALFRED CHAKIN

BARCELONA had been eagerly awaiting the People's Olympiad.

There was not a sign of an impending fascist revolt when the American team arrived on Wednesday, July 15. Two days later an official Government broadcast over the radio informed the people of a rebellion led by fascist soldiers, in Morocco.

The rebellion spread to Spain. The People's Government went into action.

Over the air came the message:

A fascist rebellion in Spain threatens the People's Government. Unless quelled a military dictatorship will be set up; democratic rights will be denied; fascist terror will rule.

Take to the streets, citizens of Barcelona and friends of the People's Front. Leave your homes and remain in the streets. Hold the streets at all costs against the fascist soldiers.

Down with fascism. Defend your lives, your homes, your liberties. Stay in the streets.

Out of their homes poured the youth of Barcelona. Young boys and young girls, with fire in their eyes and strength in their gait, took to the streets in response to their Government's call. They headed for Las Ramblas, principal thoroughfare in Barcelona, a beautiful promenade which extends for some fifteen blocks through the city. From innumerable side streets they poured, flooding their beloved promenade, and determined to defend it with their lives, if necessary.

There was no singing, no shouting, no loud exchange of greetings as was their custom when parading Las Ramblas on better and more joyous occasions. This night they were quiet. They were tense, determined.

Tense Night

They came unarmed to Las Ramblas, their numbers providing all the defense that was needed. Up and down the tree-covered promenade they marched, ceaselessly, tirelessly, walking for hours the full length of the thoroughfare.

The youth of Spain was ready to defend the People's Front Government of Spain. Side by side with their elders they were prepared to hold the streets against a fascist attack.

Curiously, the prostitutes of the city also came out in large numbers and were seeking business this tense night on Las Ramblas. But on this night they were ignored.

Slowly the hours passed. Midnight came. The promenade was still thickly jammed. The minutes continued to roll on without any disturbing incidents. The town clock chimed quietly the hours of one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock. Now people began to leave. By four o'clock the marching groups had thinned considerably but still there were many, mainly young men and their brave women, parading up and down Las Ramblas, ready to defy a fascist thrust.

At 4:45 in the morning it came. Two



platoons of soldiers, stationed in barracks at one end of Las Ramblas, emerged from their quarters and marched rapidly to the Plaza Universidad and Plaza Catalunya, two squares which face the center of the city. As they marched to these stations, they gestured violently with their guns and bayonets, threatening the people and forcing them off the main thoroughfare and into the side streets.

The tense air now broke into a storm of action. Figures could be seen rushing into homes emerging with crow-bars, hammers, guns, pistols. Men dug feverishly for stones in the streets or out of houses. Others carried them to the barricade. Women tore into their homes, quickly returning with bed-springs and mattresses with which to bolster their rude street defenses.

Guns began to bark. From scores of side streets leading on to Las Ramblas shots rang out to warn the fascist troops that Barcelona was defended against fascist terror.

Street Barricades

There was no breaking into these side streets. Heroic men and women were behind these formidable barricades, impenetrable bulwarks that confined the fascist soldiers to the main street and prevented them from securing control of the city at large. The quick erection of street barricades defended the stores from fascist looting and the working districts from the tramp of fascist boots.

With the interior safeguarded, the

next task of the People's Government was to clear the squares of the soldiers, force the barracks to surrender and restore order in the city. The line-up of the opposing forces was sharply drawn. On the Government's side was the vast majority of loyal civilians, supported

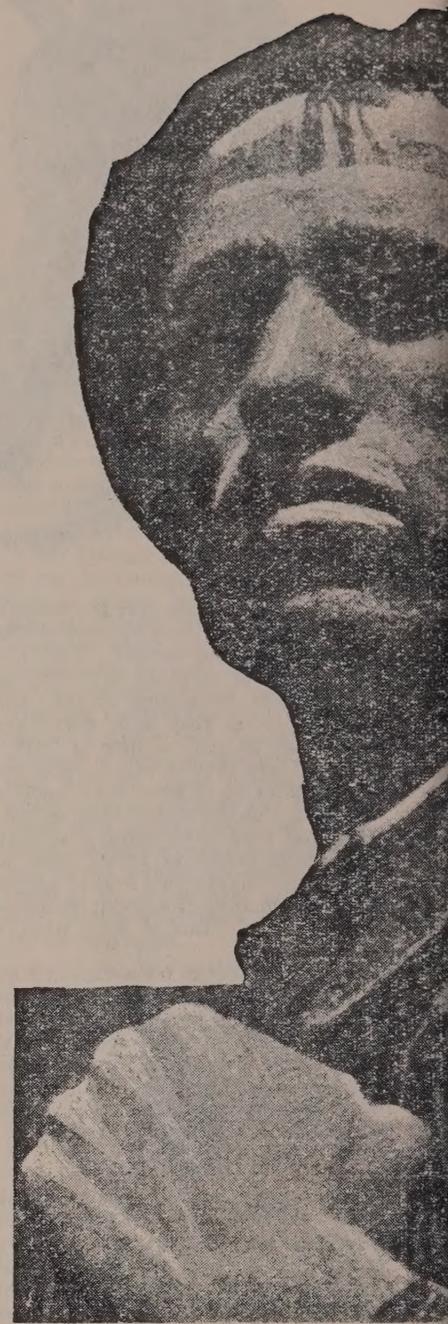
by the city police. On the rebel's side were a group of conspiring militarists, commanding heavily armed troops and small groups of fascist civilians. The clergy, unfortunately, were allied with the fascist cause and permitted their churches to be used as plotting centers and snipers' nests.

The Backbone

The backbone of the Spanish defense was its youth. From my earlier contacts with the Spanish youth I knew they would give the fascists formidable opposition.

During the days preceding the insurrection the track athletes from all the foreign countries trained together in the stadium where the Olympiad was to be held.

Micky was the name we called one Spanish athlete who was particularly friendly with the Americans. When fighting broke out in Barcelona, Micky was one of the first to man a position behind the barricades. For forty-eight



SPAIN Versus

United Youth

Progressive youth leaders in the example of Spain, where they placed the young people in the vanguard of the Spanish republic against

The united youth league which mobilized youth in Spain for defense

Previous to the victory of this year, the Federation of Socialist League of Spain decided to merge with the united youth league. Although previous to the unification total membership rose to 150,000.

CHAMPION of Youth



solid hours he held that position, refusing even a moment of sleep or rest.

On the day following the outbreak civil guards in trucks brought arms and ammunition to the street defenders.

Loyalist airplanes zoomed overhead and dropped leaflets upon the fascist

them that issue was fascism or democracy; military dictatorship or people's rule; terror or liberty. It was amazing to see them translate this knowledge into action. There was a remarkable demonstration of the united front. Despite the many political groupings of the defenders, behind the barricades they displayed a strong solidarity, unified in purpose, and bound by a common defense against a common enemy.

Of individual acts of bravery there were many instances. However, most praiseworthy was the heroic defense of the workers acting collectively. Without apparent leaders, groups of defenders fought as one person behind their barricades. When one was wounded or killed, a fresh defender would rush eagerly forward from the ranks of hundreds of men and women who waited for their opportunity to serve.

After the fourth day, street fighting temporarily ended and peace and order restored in Barcelona. A parade of all the athletes was organized and we marched through cheering masses lining the main streets to a government building where we were received by the Minister of Culture. He explained the meaning of the fascist revolt and then postponed the Olympiad.

However, the People's Government had one last act of hospitality to show us. Though impoverished by the revolt, and in need of food and money, the Government chartered a special boat, stocked it liberally with provisions and provided all foreign athletes safe passage to France.

barracks. These leaflets exposed the true nature of the rebellion, and called upon the soldiers to desert their officers and join the loyalists. Many answered this call and later appeared in uniform behind the barricades fighting shoulder to shoulder with the workers defending the city.

On the second day, when the fighting was most fierce, I walked down a side street, and heedless of warnings, poked my head around a corner building to see what was transpiring on the main square. I saw groups of fascist soldiers, hiding behind monuments, buildings, and trees battling with loyalists.

One fascist soldier spied me and raised his rifle. I ducked just as he pulled his trigger. His bullet whizzed by my ear, striking a nearby wall. I left that post to watch from more secure outlooks.

I was especially interested in discovering that the workers were fully conscious of the issue at stake. To

Historian:

The Story of the Struggles of the Spanish People

by HARRY ELMER BARNES

FRIENDS of economic justice and decency in the United States must take a real interest in the current disorder in Spain. Supporters of progressive forces in the United States have much in common with those who are fighting to defend the new regime in Spain. As President Roosevelt has defied the economic feudalism in the United States, so the Spanish revolutionists have flouted the pretensions of the antiquated agrarian and ecclesiastical feudalism of Spain. The difference is that in our country most of the radicalism has been embodied in rhetoric, whereas in Spain real, if temporary, changes have been made of a very sweeping character.

While unrest had existed for decades, the old order in Spain persisted with few basic changes down to the post-war period. Philip II would have been passably at home in the Spain of 1925, aside from a few changes in material culture like railroads, automobiles, machines, and the like.

Corrupt Monarchy

The effete and corrupt monarchy and court still continued to hold power, even if it did not rule with the absolutism of Philip. It exploited a poor and undeveloped nation.

Much of the land was held by a proud and selfish group of landed nobles, whose economic grip on the country was unmatched in the twentieth century save by that of the Russian and Hungarian nobility before the World War. The Spanish peasants were in many regards and regions in a condition resembling that of the French peasants before the French Revolution.

A great deal of land was held also by the Catholic Church in Spain. The Church was not only a great landholder, but it was also linked up with the Spanish state, from which it obtained a subsidy of millions of dollars drawn chiefly from taxes on the poverty-stricken peasantry. The Church has a very large stake in, and a powerful hold upon, Spanish politics. But it had an even greater hold on the Spanish mentality, not only through its religious teachings, but also through its control over the schools.

Revolution of 1931

The Revolution of 1931 put a serious crimp in this medieval system of privilege and exploitation. The outstanding achievement in the economic realm was the partial nationalization of the Spanish land. The land owned by the nobles and the Church was taken over in large part, some half a billion dollars worth of Church land being secularized. Provision was made for some compensation to the former owners and for redistribution among the peasants. The cultivation of the land was put in control of an Institute of Agrarian Reform, and much

(Continued on page 15)

FASCISM

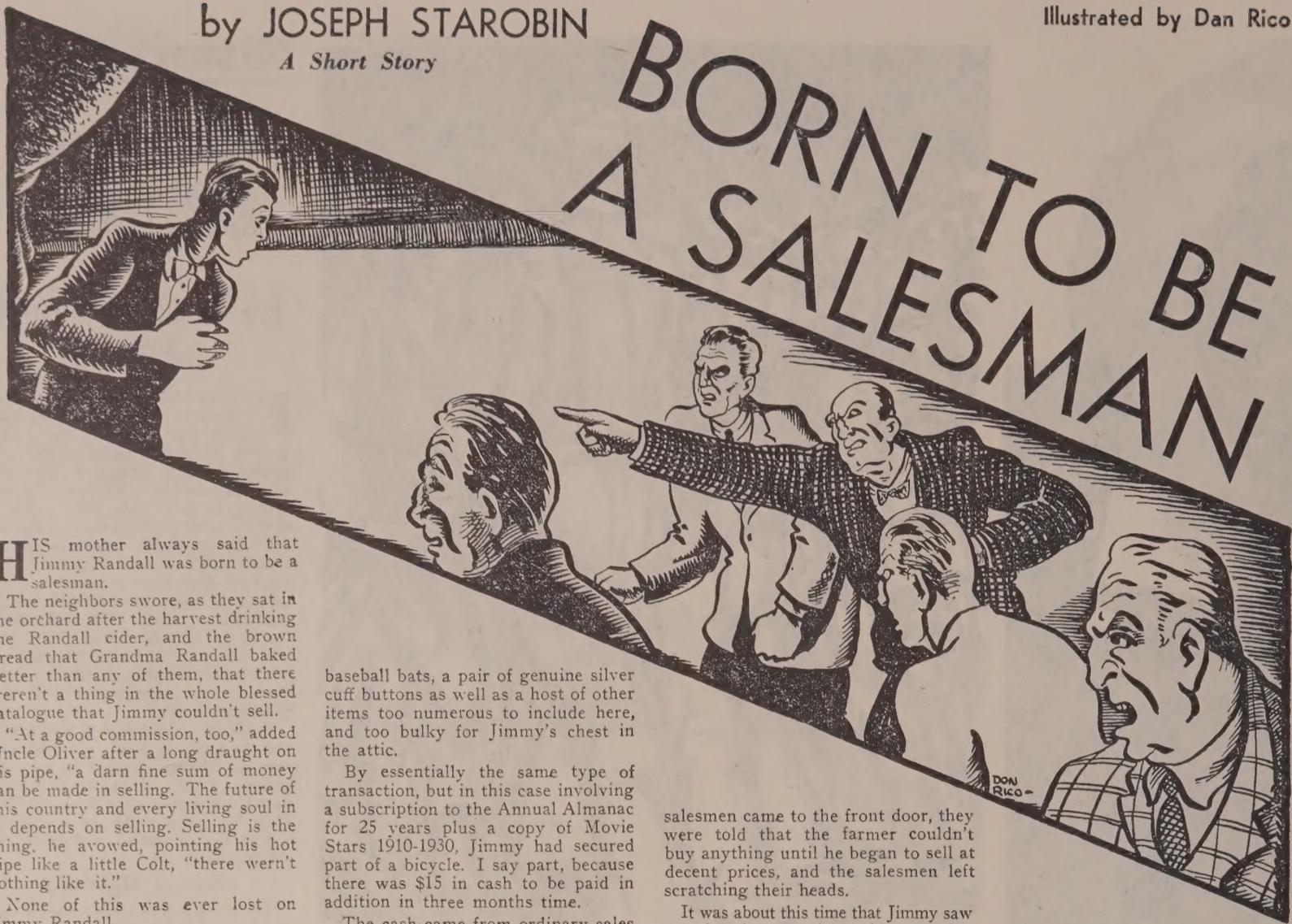
Front

and America are pointing to in the youth movement has of the most active defenders of the fascist attack upon democracy.

Combined Socialist, Communist and front in the Spanish election youth and the Young Communist their organizations and build a membership of both organizations 0, soon after the amalgamation

by JOSEPH STAROBIN
A Short Story

Illustrated by Dan Rico



HIS mother always said that Jimmy Randall was born to be a salesman.

The neighbors swore, as they sat in the orchard after the harvest drinking the Randall cider, and the brown bread that Grandma Randall baked better than any of them, that there weren't a thing in the whole blessed catalogue that Jimmy couldn't sell.

"At a good commission, too," added Uncle Oliver after a long draught on his pipe, "a darn fine sum of money can be made in selling. The future of this country and every living soul in it depends on selling. Selling is the thing, he avowed, pointing his hot pipe like a little Colt, "there wern't nothing like it."

None of this was ever lost on Jimmy Randall.

Week after week, while the roads were good, he bicycled up and down all of Northwest Agawash county, selling brushes, honing straps, suspenders, dresser sets, subscriptions to the Platte gazette, and whole sets of Scott, Dickens, and Twain.

And when the company brought through the electric extension, Jimmy was the first to bring around vacuum cleaners, toasters, grinding machines and triple action clothes irons.

Jimmy had a complete file of the neighbors for miles around. He knew just what they had bought of him last Spring, just what they still owned on the installment, and precisely what was the chance of working up a sale on something or other this year. He had a complete record of which companies and which articles gave the best commissions, discounts, advances, bonuses, prizes, emblems, buttons, and trophies.

Jimmy Randall had selling down to a system.

Roughly speaking there were two types of sales propositions. The first kind is where you got some sort of little gadget, useless or useful, for disposing of so many hundred other little gadgets. For instance, a real Daniel Boone hunting knife, autographed by the president of the Daniel Boone memorial foundation, and retailing normally for \$7.75 was given free, if you sold one hundred bottles of Dew Drop Hair Restorer and Refurbisher at the low price of 25c. per bottle.

By a series of such enterprises, Jimmy had secured two World Wide stamp albums, four jackknives, two

baseball bats, a pair of genuine silver cuff buttons as well as a host of other items too numerous to include here, and too bulky for Jimmy's chest in the attic.

By essentially the same type of transaction, but in this case involving a subscription to the Annual Almanac for 25 years plus a copy of Movie Stars 1910-1930, Jimmy had secured part of a bicycle. I say part, because there was \$15 in cash to be paid in addition in three months time.

The cash came from ordinary sales operations, the second of the two categories. You got a discount and a commission for selling so much of something at such and such a price.

Selling is the thing, Uncle Oliver had said, that this country needs. Jimmy was out to help his country as well as himself.

For four years after he graduated high school, Jimmy had odd jobs, selling. First it was in the Platte hardware store. Then it was books, up and down the countryside in an old Model T, until folks complained that there was a definite limit to the education that folks could absorb.

Then for a while Jimmy was selling chicken feed with Vitamin C in it, but Agawash did not go for this vitamin angle at all. It caused somewhat of a scandal when a caustic note appeared in the Gazette about "a certain well known young salesman in these parts was selling chicken feed with medicine in it; it was claimed that the chickens laid eggs, which if you ate, would cure you of aching bones, cataracts, and tonsil trouble."

After which, Jimmy went back to magazines, with Old Tar disinfectors, as a sideline.

These were hard times in the county. The farmer was not selling his crop at livable prices. The land was lying barren, and the cattle getting thin and sometimes dying, and the Ford lay in the barn with the tires off because gasoline prices were up too high. The government was talking crop reduction. The farmers said they couldn't see how the country was going to have recovery by not planting anything at all. When the

salesmen came to the front door, they were told that the farmer couldn't buy anything until he began to sell at decent prices, and the salesmen left scratching their heads.

It was about this time that Jimmy saw a notice about a salesman's convention in Indianapolis. He lost no time in getting a letter of recommendation from the mayor of Platte as the best salesman in the county. He wrote letters to all the big companies announcing that he was representing the market of Platte and the surrounding territory of Agawash.

"I figure," he remarked to Uncle Oliver, at the railway station, "that this convention will get me a start with some big company. Then watch me start selling," he shouted. I'm gonna sell this county, state and nation right into recovery."

For he who helps himself, thought Jimmy, helps his country.

He spent four nights in a stuffy furnished room preparing his speech for the convention. When it opened he was thrilled to meet the managers of all the big companies and hobnob over the rail with salesmen from all over the state, chewing the rag.

There was no doubt; everyone remarked that here was a young man, a hard-hitting, double-barreled young man, who was going to go far, very fast.

The further, the faster; the sooner, the better, replied Jimmy Randall.

The first sentence in Jimmy's ten-minute address hit the keynote of the entire convention.

"There is nothing wrong," he shouted, "absolutely nothing wrong with our great nation."

The thousand salesmen rose to their feet as one man, their mighty cheers echoing from every beam and rafter.

"What we must do," he continued at a shout, "is to go out to the people of the United States and sell them the goods that they need, which now lie in

the warehouses, clutter the railroad sidings, and block the wharves.

"My friends," he lowered his voice, "we have dedicated our lives, and the lives of our families who are dear to us, to the noble cause of our profession. Yet we have been accused of bringing on this depression by too much selling. I say that we must fling this challenge back to our accusers by vowing that ours is the great job of selling this great country back on its feet."

Once again the entire audience rose to a crescendo of applause. He continued:

"Why, do you fellows realize that the great majority of the American people do not consume enough foodstuffs, automobiles, bathtubs, pianos, etcetera, to maintain an American standard of living?"

"Men, there is a world of things that the American people need. They need more milk, they need more shoes, they need hats, coats, clothing to shield their bodies from the wind and the rain . . . they need books and musical instruments, yes, radios, phonographs; they need new houses to live in; they need stoves, heaters, boilers, coolers, porches, rockers, curtains. My friends, there is a world of things that men and women need in this day and age in order to be happy and prosperous. There are millions who do not own autos, sleighs, cycles for the kiddies, little bungalows in the country. . . . I say that these are the things we have got to go out and sell them. . . ."

"Yes, sir, we have got to maintain the American standard of living . . . and all of it seems to come from the fact that

(Continued on Page 15)

What's Wrong

by PAUL MORRIS

SEPTEMBER, the traditional month of school-bells!

You are getting ready to enter the classroom again, after a long summer's vacation. What will you find upon your return? Since the depression began, now seven long years, the schools have borne the brunt of a never-ceasing punishment. They have been closed in many communities, they have gone unpainted and allowed to fall into ruin. Teachers are underpaid and overworked; children go to school hungry and in rags.

The schools of this country are mortally sick.

Denied Schooling

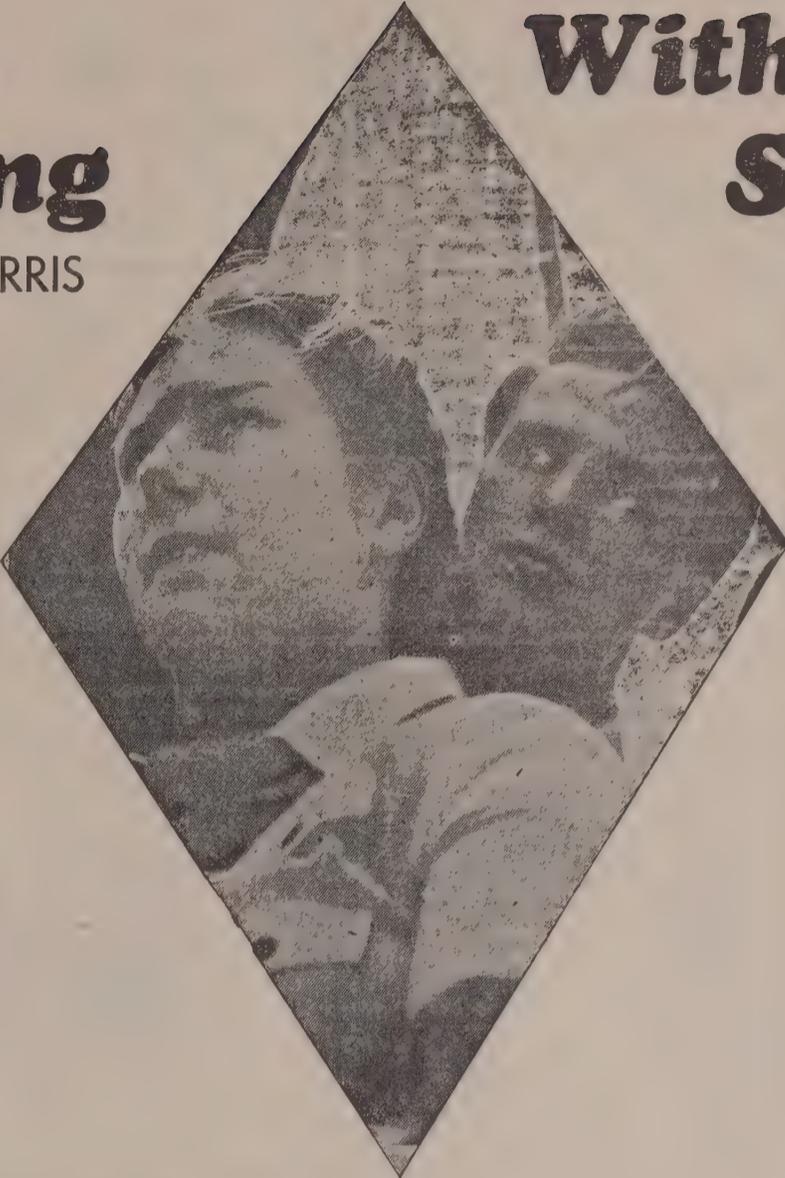
In this country today, according to the United States Office of Education, 2,280,000 young people of school age are denied any educational opportunity whatsoever. Thousands of rural schools will not reopen this fall. School terms in nearly every community in the country are from one to two months shorter than they were formerly. Last year, 900,000 pupils in 18,000 rural schools attended school for less than six months of the year. The cost of education per child has gone down from \$90.22 in 1930 to \$66.53 in 1934.

In 1930, America spent \$2,317,000,000 for education. In 1934 the educational budget dropped to \$1,753,000,000 and has consistently dropped since. Dr. George D. Strayer, one of the most conservative educators, admits that classes are overcrowded, making sympathetic understanding and individual treatment impossible.

Unfit for Use

"A million children are housed in school buildings which are unsafe and unsanitary," Dr. Strayer reports. "Playgrounds and programs of recreation are altogether wanting or quite inadequate for millions of children. Adequate equipment in libraries, laboratories, gymnasiums, moving pictures and radio are unknown to the majority of children attending our schools. Frank facing of the facts compels us to acknowledge the fact that neither equality of opportunity nor the services necessary for the maintenance of our democracy are now available to all children and youth in the United States."

Thousands of schools are closed; a school year of from three to six months exists in thousands of others. Several million children are housed in buildings unfit for use. Inadequate facilities have brought about conditions in many states that almost defy description. In his survey of "Federal Support for Education" just completed, Dr. Paul R. Mort of Teachers College, Columbia University, declared that nearly 50,000 classrooms are operating below a reasonable American standard of public education. The result, he says, is "a



tremendous social and economic loss." In referring to the Negro schools of the South, he writes:

"School buildings are poorly lighted, lacking in equipment and designed neither as a protection against inclement weather nor as an education laboratory. Teachers are hardly more than literate. In some instances, as many as four or five children are found crammed in one seat attempting to share a single dilapidated textbook. In other cases, a half dozen are found even without this much of an aid to learning, patiently waiting for something to happen. In such cases, not even the children with unusual ability are able to make progress."

Education in Kansas

What is wrong with our schools? Two hundred fifty thousand teachers to whom is entrusted the education of some 7,000,000 children receive annual wages smaller than \$750. Sixty thousand teachers receive less than the peasant dole of \$450 a year; several thousand of them, as Dr. Harold Rugg of Columbia University points out, are in Alfred Landon's balanced-budget state of Kansas. Thousands of teachers have not been paid for months at a time. They are dismissed if they raise their voice against these frightful conditions—teachers are unable to do anything when the youngsters faint from lack of food. They are forced to watch hungry children come into their classrooms with the

threat of suspension hanging over them should they protest this alarming and tragic fact.

In Governor Landon's state of Kansas, for example, 7,000 school teachers get \$37.79 a month, less than \$10 per week. The stretchout has been employed, and the teacher's load, from 1930-1934 has been increased by 675,000 pupils while the number of teachers decreased 40,000. Four hundred and forty school districts are not operating and the state ranks 48th among the states in its support of public schools. Kansas allocates 44 cents annually per child.

Shortened Terms

The U. S. Office of Education reports that one out of every four cities has shortened the school term and 715 rural schools are expected to run less than three months this year. It gives examples such as Michigan where 90 per cent of the schools shortened their educational terms, Nebraska where 15 per cent cut at least one month, Missouri where 1,600 schools closed early. Old textbooks are being used until they fall apart, and are not replaced. There are 148,712 one-teacher schools in the U. S. housed in buildings no better than sheds or barns. New schools are not being built, thus causing the old ones to be overcrowded and consequently dangerous to the physical welfare of the child. Schools have eliminated the so-called "fads and frills." Since

With Our Schools?

Photo by Vincenti

1930, according to the U. S. Office of Education, in 700 typical cities, art instruction, music programs, physical education, and health service have been drastically curtailed.

The Research Division of the National Education Association discloses that 2,700,000 pupils are now housed in condemned or temporary structures; 5,000,000 rural children are in one or two-room schools unfit for use, and more than 40 per cent of all American schoolhouses were built before 1900. As a result, young people are paying the penalty in bad health and broken morale. The U. S. Office of Education reports that 6,500,000 students, one-fourth of the 29,500,000 pupils now attending school, are suffering from physical handicaps, such as impaired sight and hearing, consumption, weak hearts and malnutrition. Millions of young people are hungry; 16,000,000 families, or 67 per cent of the American people, are on a subsistence diet, according to figures compiled by the Bureau of Home Economics of the U. S. Dept. of Labor.

In addition to this retrenchment, today the schools are in the throttling grip of big business. Chambers of Commerce have taken the lead in muzzling free thought in our schools and colleges. William Randolph Hearst, the leaders of the American Legion, the pious daughters of the American Revolution, etc., have brought about one of the most reactionary eras in American school history.

What Can Be Done?

But these things need not be. The American Student Union has already shown what can be done to improve the lot of the student. With students marching shoulder to shoulder with their teachers, aiding each other on matters of mutual concern, keeping a never-ceasing vigil over the public school, much progress can be made.

With the help of organized labor, Horace Mann founded the free public schools 100 years ago. Today the time has come to return the schools to the sons and daughters of our farmers, our mill hands, our steel workers, our coal miners.

It is true today, just as it was 100 years ago, that labor remains the only friend of free public school education. Teachers know what to expect from the bankers, from Chambers of Commerce, from "economic royalists."

It is certain that we cannot expect any help from either of the two major political parties. Under the New Deal, funds spent for education have been cut nearly in half, thousands of teachers are on the relief rolls, children enter the classrooms hungry and in ill health, and the most reactionary laws in American history have been passed to restrict the teacher.

Only a Farmer-Labor party, having a genuine educational plank in its platform, can salvage the public schools and make them truly free in the near future—say, in 1940.

NEWS VIEWS

If some people were puzzled by the seemingly liberal tone of Landon's Chautauqua address on education, the Herald-Tribune, staunch supporter of the Hearst-Landon ticket, hastened to dispel all doubts. Said the Herald-Tribune, in explanation of Landon's attack on federal interference in education:

"Meanwhile a far more insidious threat is contained in the different schemes to bolster the academic establishment with federal subsidies. Already we have the National Youth Administration with its payment of scholarships from the national treasury for deserving college students."

And that rounds out the whole story. Landon's great concern over federal interference means that he opposes all federal appropriations for education. It means that the little and big red schoolhouse remains in the red. It means the abolition of even the inadequate aid for students afforded by the National Youth Administration. The danger exists that if Landon is elected, the Kansas school situation will become the national school situation.

Armament Race

Now the huge Olympic stadia, where Owens and Metcalfe ran circles around Aryan superiority, will be converted into military training grounds.

Latest dispatches tell about the Nazi decree to increase their standing army from 600,000 to 800,000. The Nazis are out to win all medals in at least one race—the armament race.

Simultaneously the newspapers confirm previous reports about the military understanding between Berlin and Tokyo. Not to be outdone by their Western brothers in aggression, Japanese troops have again invaded far eastern territories of the Soviet Union. Also the "love letters" to the Chinese government have become sharper, more menacing in tone.

Tory Explanations

Who would have thought that Hearst and the other American Tories are really revolutionists at heart? But here it is. The Tories and fascists all over the world have finally discovered a revolution which seems to be worth their while. The fascists who have unleashed the mercenaries of Foreign Legion and the Moors on the people of Spain, are held up as the saviors of the world.

Strange, is it not, that those who pretend to be friends of Democracy in America support a fascist attack against the democratic republic of Spain? Not so strange, however, when you logically conclude that the supporters of fascism in Spain are the deadly enemies of democracy in America.

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY

BY A. REDFIELD



MOVIE NOTES

By Marcella Parker

Hollywood, California.

LOCAL columnists print stories almost daily of important stars wilting under the heat of studio arc lights. The recent unusually hot weather has raised studio set temperatures to record highs, but it isn't the stars who do all the suffering. Extras and technicians, with no dressing rooms to retire to between takes, must stand around for hours on poorly ventilated sets with thermometers reading as high as 126.

On the "Cain and Mabel" set at Warner Bros., under a battery of 650 arc lights, nine dancing girls fainted in an hour, and a group of substitute dancers was kept on hand for replacements. Electricians, working in a 136-degree temperature, were strapped to their seats to prevent a bad fall from the rafters in case of exhaustion.

The Hollywood League Against Nazism is doing fine work in enlisting the support of a good many well-known stars and picture people. Five hundred people, many from the movie industry, attended the first meeting of the League to hear Prince and Princess Hubertus zu Loewenstein describe conditions in Germany and urge united action against subversive propaganda in this country. Eddie Cantor spoke on Nazi propaganda in the United States, and said he learned that Germany has sent more than \$10,000,000 here within the past 18 months to carry on a campaign against the Jews. Gloria Stuart spoke briefly and introduced Princess Loewenstein.

While Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer seeks to economize by paying extras in "The Good Earth" as low as \$3.50 a day when hired in mass numbers, the studio lets one of its own writers pull a fast one to the tune of several thousand dollars. A story was bought from Cosmopolitan magazine, and after a dozen writers had labored on it at various times, the story was shelved. An ingenious writer on the lot revamped the story by changing the time and setting, and resold it to the studio as an original. It's a box office hit, and the officials are congratulating themselves on a good buy!

When Republican Governor Merriam ran for office in California, several studios asked their workers for donations to the campaign, and these "free-will" gifts constituted no small sum. A popular star, meaning money to the studio, could refuse (as Jean Harlow did), but technicians and writers, more easily replaced, were forced to give in order to keep the good will of the studio. It now seems that this policy may be renewed again for the Landon campaign, but this time the studios have the open support of many of their workers. Actor Ralph Morgan is organizing a Landon-for-President-and-Prosperity Club, and claims a wide support in the studios. There is reason to believe that this organization will not hesitate to use pressure in urging any recalcitrant workers to contribute to a percent of their salaries to Landon's fund. Mr. Morgan says that few of the Club members will have time for active campaigning, but no campaigning is needed to tell the studio employees to contribute or else....

A Short Story

War In Heaven

by HARRY GRANICK

WHEN I was a soldier I had a dream. I dreamt that all the old statesmen and all the generals died. Of course in their beds, for no statesman or general dies anywhere else. And, of course, they went to heaven. Saint Peter let them in for so the Lord had told him to do.

After these old statesmen and generals had gotten their issue of halos and wings and harps the angel Gabriel took them all over heaven to see what they could see. And how wonderful and beautiful everything was! All gold and milk and honey. And the people were so happy, everyone. They had everything they could wish for and nowhere was there a tear to be seen, or a sigh to be heard.

The old statesmen and generals recognized that this was indeed paradise. But still there was something missing.

gest, is that you allow us to train soldiers and to build battleships and tanks and machine guns and all the rest of it so that, should we be attacked, we could defend ourselves. All we want to do is to defend ourselves, that's all."

"I don't know," said the Lord. "We've been up here a pretty long time, and we only had one short war and that was away at the beginning of things. However, if you think we need to be prepared—"

"Oh, yes, Lord, of course, certainly, without a doubt!"

"Then," said the Lord, "I will give you a corner of heaven all to yourselves, where you can do all the preparing you like without annoying the rest of us."

So He did. And the old statesmen and the generals were very happy.



When they had been everywhere, the angel Gabriel took them before the Lord. And the Lord saw at once that they were slightly puzzled and unhappy.

"Well," said the Lord, "and how do you like heaven?"

"Fine," they said. "Wonderful place and all that. People seem happy. There's enough to eat and drink. And enough clothing, though to be sure no one seems to wear much of it."

"But?" said the Lord.

"Well," said the old statesmen and the generals, "the truth is we're just a tiny bit disappointed."

"I'm sorry," said the Lord.

"Yes, Lord," said they, "why here you've got everything but no forts, no cannons of any sort, no machine guns

They at once divided their corner of heaven into separate sections and then they all went to work as hard as they could wishing up battleships and submarines and tanks and cannons and machine guns by the thousand.

And before the day was over, they were all strutting about each gazing proudly at his own armaments and fearfully at the other fellow and saying, "Oh, I could lick him! Just try and do it! I dare you step over this line! Don't you dare insult me! And quick as that, those old statesmen and generals had declared war among each other.

Now it was all very well to declare war but you had to have someone to fight it. So these old statesmen and generals went to see the Lord.



or shrapnel or bombs, no battleships, nothing. We just can't understand it."

"But," said the Lord, "we really don't need them."

The old statesmen and the generals smiled pityingly at Him.

"Ah," they said, "you never know, Lord. With all these riches and all this beauty, someone might want to attack you and take it away from you."

"But who?" said the Lord. "We're all friends here. Everyone has all he wants."

"Ah," said the old statesmen and the generals, "but you never know, Lord. There are some people who always want more and are ready to fight for it, too. Now, what we sug-

"It's absurd, Lord," they said. "Here we have finally managed to declare war and none of your people want to fight in it. What is to be done?"

"That's very simple," said the Lord. "You've got a corner all to yourselves?"

"Yes," they said. "And enough battleships and guns?"

"Yes," they said.

"And a declaration of war?"

"Yes," they said.

"Then," said the Lord, "just fight it out among yourselves. It's your war, isn't it?"

The old statesmen and generals

OH, GIRLS!

By Jean Nichols

WOMEN haven't caught up with their twentieth century freedom. At least their bodies haven't. They're loosely knit and barely hang together. They're flabby here and fat there. It'll take years before their muscles catch up with them.

Acknowledging that, the only sensible thing to do, particularly in the face of those desperately clinging and revealing woolens—is to pull oneself together. Literally.

It's all right to take a vacation from stays in the summer when piques and linens that hold their own shape are in vogue. But when its your own shape that counts—you'd better hurry right back to a good firm girdle and put some new elastic on those stretchedout bra-zieries. Just remember that curves may be the mode, but there shouldn't be too many waves interrupting the line of the curves.

But really the thing that I have been turning around in my mind most these days—leads again, dear me—to the movies.

Hollywood has been trading in feminine personalities for years. They've put women under a microscope—detected every flaw—and brought forth a more and more aesthetically perfect creature.

Years ago, in the day of the silent film, they used to say a woman's face was her fortune. If a woman screened well she got the job. Only then began the long routine of learning how to walk and move.

Today, a new and important element has been introduced—*sound*. Old actresses, great successes in the day of the silent film, suddenly lost their appeal. Out came the microscopes, measuring cups and pencils. It all added up to *voice*.

Hollywood learned, and so did the rest of us that our ears are even more sensitive than our eyes. We get the feeling of things through our ears and then look to see whether the face is corroborating it.

There are plenty of noises around, most of them unpleasant (witness the anti-noise campaign) yet darn few of us seem to use our voices for anything but noise makers. You know, the kind there should be a law against.

Unfortunately women are the worst offenders. Men's voices carry farther, but heaven have pity on those close to a constricted soprano—speaking as well as singing.

were flabbergasted. Their faces grew pale with fear and anger.

"What" they cried. "Fight the war ourselves and get killed maybe?"

"But I thought that was the purpose of war," said the Lord.

"Yes," said they. "But don't you see, Lord, if we get killed who would be left to continue the war?"

"Why no one," said the Lord. "No one at all and a most satisfactory riddance."

So the old statesmen and the generals went slowly back to their corner. And, of course, they had no war. For they had no intention of being killed themselves. But often and often they thought longingly of the Earth and wished they were back where we boys and young men are easily persuaded to go out and kill each other in their wars.

Youth In Action

AMERICANS SAIL FOR PEACE

By Maurice Gates

ON August 31 the most important youth conference held in the lives of the younger generation convened in Geneva, Switzerland. Youth leaders from all over the world met in the emergency sessions at the World Youth Congress to decide what can be done to keep war from breaking out. America was represented by more than 20 delegates.

Just before sailing for the Congress James Lerner, youth secretary of the American League Against War and Fascism, declared: "We're going over to fight for peace against the forces of war as represented chiefly by Hitler. We hope that the program adopted at Geneva will help us unify the youth of this country even more in the future than in the past."

Among the American delegates to the Congress were:

Jos. Cadden, National Student Federation of America; Joseph P. Lash, American Student Union; James Lerner, Youth Section, American League Against War and Fascism; Jack Kling, Young Communist League; William W. Hinckley, American Youth Congress; Elizabeth Scott, American Youth Congress; Edward Strong, National Negro Congress; Helen Vrabel, International Workers Order; Grant McClellan, Student Y.M.C.A., Edgar, Nebraska; Myrtle Powell, Business and Professional Division, Y.W.C.A.; Harold Peterson, Farmer-Labor Juniors, Minnesota; Young Women's Christian Association, Industrial Division (delegate's name not known); George Smith, National Council of Methodist Youth; Fred Tomlin, National Council of Methodist Youth; Howard J. Conn, Student Council, Yale Divinity School; Rev. Ivan Gould, Christian Youth Peace Commission, Long Island, N. Y.; Waldo McNutt, Farmer-Labor Party.

SOUTHERN PLANS

Washington, D. C.

Plans for a conference on the problems of the Southern youth were announced last week by the youth section of the National Negro Congress.

The conference, which will be held in Norfolk, Va., in the fall, will seek to unify and form a broad fighting front of all young people interested in the struggle for the rights of the Negro youth.

Among the problems to be taken up are: "Getting Jobs for Negroes," "Better Educational Facilities for Negroes in the South," "Fighting Discrimination and Segregation in the Schools of the North" and "War and Incipient Fascism as It Affects the Negro."

Edward Strong, of Chicago, head of the youth department of the National Negro Congress, will be one of the main speakers at the conference.

Militarists Floored In Oregon

By Mark Haller

Portland, Oregon.

THE progressive youth of Oregon have floored the militarists in the first round. The Oregon Committee for Peace and Freedom has secured 17,934 signatures for Non-Compulsory Military Training Initiative, and put the Initiative on the ballot for the fall elections. The Committee secured the endorsements of such organizations as the State Convention of the A. F. of L., the State Conference of

Methodist Ministers, Granges, and peace societies.

Steps are being taken to form a local committee in every city and community in Oregon to put out literature, organize mass meetings, etc. The issue of non-compulsory R.O.T.C. has united more organizations than any other issue and is a very hopeful sign toward a real unity for Peace, Freedom, and Progress. We have won the first round and we are confident of winning the bout.

World Students Vote Unity

By Leonard H. Engel

London, England.

UNITY on the international student field, already in most countries a fact, will formally be achieved next summer.

That was the determination of the Fifth Congress of the International Socialist Student Federation, recently held at Oxford.

A unity resolution sponsored by the English and Belgian delegations holds forth the prospect of bringing into the organization's ranks Socialist and Communist students, as well as progressive student youth such as those of the American Student Union and the anti-imperialist university youth of China.

Next summer, as a result of this resolution, a unity conference will be held at which it is expected full provision for all progressive student forces will be made. The unity resolution is now in the hands of the national sections for the necessary referendum.

For ten years the I. F. S. S. elected to remain principally a debating society. It forgot—and still sections of it have not learned this—that students can and will play a role in the turbulent society of today.

At best, the total membership of the I. F. S. S. was 6,000, back in the days when the German Social Democratic Party, to which the German student section was strongly tied, was still legal. In those times the I. F. S. S. was a strictly Socialist (II) International group, with prejudices against a united front.

But events of the past few years, added to by the brilliant success of the American Student Union, a united group, in leading half a million American students out into the fight against war, have caused many notions to be changed.

The delegates of this year's Congress came with the knowledge that they would be called upon to decide whether to break with the debating society past or to remain a small, insignificant group.

A letter that the International Commission of Communist Students sent to the I. F. S. S., asking for a broad

organization, posed the problem neatly.

And it was answered the right way. Thus one year from now will exist a united organization that will be able to grow as rapidly as have the already united English and Belgian sections, and as has the American Student Union.

With this background, by a vote of twenty-three to six, with six abstentions, this Congress voted to go the way of the united front and organic unity. Just what form a united group will take is still something that has to be worked out.

It was not at all certain when the delegations arrived at the Congress that the unity resolution would be approved. Naturally, we of the American Student Union (there were eighteen of us altogether) pulled for unity, and so did the Belgian and English delegations. The French were tremendously "revolutionary"—unto the point of opposing unity for a time. But when they discovered that the only other opponents of unity were the Social-Democratic Danes and Czechs, they swung around to a united front point of view—evidently they figured that they would rather stand with the English and Belgians than with the despised "reformists." So the vote of 23-6-6.

There were frayed tempers at times during the Conference, but none were lost. The American delegation played a tremendously important part in the conference, even though, since the ASU cannot be affiliated to the I. F. S. S. and is not, it had no vote. If any one person dominated the sessions, it was Joseph P. Lash, national secretary of the American Student Union, and by right of seniority chairman of the delegation. His dramatic pleas for unity brought applause time and again. His report on the material conditions of students and what to do about it were tremendous factors in making plain to the delegates that the I. F. S. S. of debating days had better change quickly and help build an outfit that got up on its hind legs and barked and bit.

WHO GETS THE FIRST VOTERS?

By Stephen Grey

THE National Committee of the Young Communist League has announced its plans for active participation in the elections this year. Headed by Angelo Herndon, a Committee of youth leaders has been set up for work among the nine million first voters. Leo Turner, secretary of the Youth Committee which is campaigning for Browder and Ford said, that a fund of \$20,000 is being raised in order to conduct this activity. In addition to the work on his book and heading the election campaign work among youth, Angelo Herndon is preparing an active campaign in Harlem, where the All Harlem Peoples Party has nominated him for the assembly.

On October 9 Earl Browder will devote one of his series of national radio broadcasts to a discussion of youth issues in the present elections.

Together with its election activity, the Young Communist League is launching a recruiting drive on September 15. It has set itself an objective of 20,000 members (nearly double the present membership), by January 1. Henry Winston, Administrative Secretary of the organization said that a strengthened and bigger league will make it a more potent factor in working for the unification of all youth and youth organizations who stand for a new social order.

ACTIVITIES COUNCIL

By Joseph Dashman

DOES your club need a dramatic director? Or is it a sports leader that is so badly needed and unavailable?

The answer to every club's needs is to be found in the Activities Council.

A cooperative organization developed to fill these vital needs of youth groups, the Activities Council is prepared to serve the needs of all youth groups for sports, social, recreational and cultural activities.

Built through the active cooperation of several progressive youth groups, particularly the League of Neighborhood Clubs, the Y.C.L., I.W.O. Youth Section, Youth Section L.D.S., Youth Section Finnish Federation. The New York Council now has six departments offering the invaluable service of experts in their particular field of endeavor. The departments of the New York Council are, Sports, and Recreation, Visual Education (movies, and film strips), Dance, Dramatics, Music, Speakers Bureau.

Manuals dealing with organization of clubs, chorus, sports activity, bugle and drum corps, puppetry have been issued by the Council.

Write to National Activities Council for Youth Organizations, Room 1606, 80 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for further information.

ALF AND YOU

(Continued from page 6)

behind the Galena smelter, then would have no doubt as to Landon's anti-labor position.

It is obvious, then, that when Landon speaks of "retrenchment" he isn't kidding.

There is nothing to indicate that he intends to alter his position towards the rights of youth—a position of calloused indifference. Under such conditions, the defeat of the Landon-Hearst-Liberty League alliance becomes the major problem of the day for American youth.

This does not necessarily imply support of the Roosevelt administration. What it does mean is that we refuse to bury our head ostrich-like and refuse to distinguish between a wavering, and often ineffectual, democratic government and a party of reaction whose composition and record points clearly to its future role—the forerunner of American Fascism.

In the last analysis it is clear that the youth of America must join hands with the farmers and workers and prepare to take independent political action if we are to protect our democratic heritage of freedom that we hold so dear.

So you see it isn't really a delivering Lochinvar that is riding out of the West, but a specter of hunger and terror mounted on a black horse that bears the colors of the San Simeon stable.

SALESMAN

(Continued from page 10)

the people are not earning enough for the staples of life, not to mention the luxuries. Millions employed at low wages and millions unemployed at relief levels . . . why how can we carry on if the American people cannot buy what we are ready to sell? . . . I come to the conclusion that people can't buy our zippers, xylophones, airplanes and ashtrays . . . unless they begin to make a decent kind of American living . . . the kind of living that fits in with our great industrial and commercial progress. . . . We ought to help them do it. . . ."

Jimmy Randall paused for breath . . . and suddenly he felt a subtle enmity rising from the gathering. He expected applause: men jumping on their chairs, waving their handkerchiefs, stamping their feet.

But there was no applause.

From the far end of the chamber a low whistle carefully made its way through the aisles. Then, a rumble of boing, slowly like thunder on an early evening, late in summer. Then, a rising chorus of tumult, a roar that shook the rafters.

"Throw the goddam Bolshevik out of the window. . . ."

"Who let that fellow in with all that boloney? . . ."

And then someone arose in his chair and shouted, "Men, are we going to let this hunkie insult the American flag and the American people? . . ."

Jimmy whirled about, his head spinning, spinning like the turbans of the whirling dervishes of the Sahara, the carefully rolled turbans of the whirling dervishes.

Then there were cops, and men yelling, and fists flying, and the rumble of thunder, like the rumble of milk wagons in the morning, and somewhere newsboys shouting extra, extra, salesman Bolshevik, and newspapers selling, selling, selling.

BARONS GONE BERSERK

(Continued from page 5)

The ultimate stupidity of running steel mills to make money instead of steel has been demonstrated in this decade, when they make very little steel and less money.

If you are serious, you can see how money-wisdom works out in the towns where the steel mills and the homes of the steel workers huddle close together. There you will find dreary blocks of ugly, begrimed ramshackle houses, young men of 25 who have never had a chance to do a day's work because the mill isn't hiring any more, weary old men of 45 with big families and an average income of \$1,000 a year with which to support them. Such are Homestead, Duquesne, Clairton, Gary, Lackawanna. They're all pretty much the same. Human life pushed to as low a level as the steelmasters can push it, held up only because people themselves long and crave to live decently, to give their kids a chance to live better lives than they have.

Now the steel workers are organizing genuine unions under the Committee for Industrial Organization. And what do our money-wise steel barons do? They lay in larger supplies of tear gas, bombs, gas guns, rifles, ammunition. They string more barbed wire around their mills, ready to be charged with electricity. They dig more pipes around their plants from which to shoot live steam on pickets. They add to their garrisons of mercenary troops. That is money-wisdom.

To our grandchildren it will all seem quite mad. How could the American people, famed for their industrial acumen, their educational apparatus, their impatience with inefficiency, have tolerated the Morgans, the Taylors, Schwabs, and Weirs? Why was it O. K. for the steelmasters to carry organization to the nth degree in the one-price monopoly system, but wrong for their workers to organize? Why did the industry strive to charge the highest price and pay the lowest wage, instead of the opposite?

It will all seem dreadfully simple and outrageous to our grandchildren, but we must make our friends and enemies look at it just as sensibly now. That calls for real wisdom.

NEW THEATRE

Established by **SCHOOL** Theatre
New Theatre League Workshop
Official Organ: New Theatre Magazine

Winter Term: Oct. 5—Jan. 23
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Course in—Acting, Directing, Playwriting, Stage Technique, Negro in the American Theatre, Radio Broadcasting, Music in the Theatre, Theatre Management, etc. Classes for Children.

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Leading Instructor Low Tuition
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55 West 45th St.
Harry Ellison
Director

New York
Victor Cutler
Managing Director

CAL'S GIRL

(Continued from page 4)

side and clean it out. Be back in a second."

As he went into the small office he grinned and winked at Bill and Bill sat up and looked at him with a puzzled air. In a few seconds he was back and screwed the cap on the tank and the chauffeur paid him and the big car sped down the road.

"Hot damn!" he shouted as soon as the car was out of hearing distance. Bill! She came through! What a girl! She came through, do you hear me!"

"Say, what the devil's the matter with you?" Bill asked, running over to him.

"It's Francine! She's come through for us, for the strikers. Listen, the scabs are coming in tomorrow at seven! Just when it begins to get dark."

"Holy mackerel! How do you know?"

"Look." Cal reached into his pocket and held up a little round piece of cardboard. On it Bill read: "Cal dear. Hope you see this. The way the pickets were clubbed today, opened my eyes. I've been an awful fool. Tell them that they will try to run scabs in at 7 tomorrow evening. They must keep them out! Love, Francine."

"From the gas tank of McKean's car! Have I got a smart jane! Don't you see, she couldn't get in touch with me, so she put this message in the gas tank cover. It just fits in there tightly. She knows that he gets his gas here, and she knew I would see the card when I took the cap off. How's that for a girl?"

"That's all right. Listen, I got to get going. This is all we need to know. We'll have the whole gosh darn town there tomorrow to stop them and the strike will be won. And listen, if I was you—I'd marry the girl!"

Cal laughed and said: "You're telling me! What do you think I went into the office for? That gas tank cap is carrying back love and kisses and a marriage proposal!"

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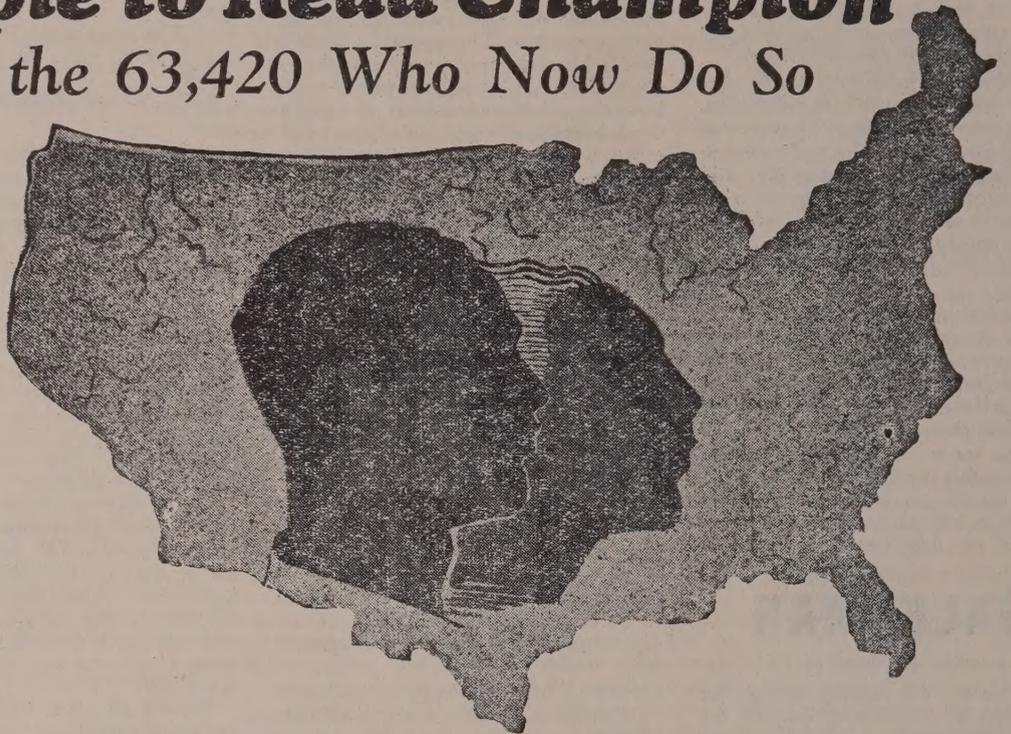
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