

JANUARY, 1937

Champion

OF YOUTH



PILGRIMAGE FOR JOBS
Jane Whitbread

Letters

I am a regular reader, but I am surprised how many of my friends have never even heard of the magazine. Couldn't there be a more extensive advertising or publicity campaign, or a more organized selling drive? In the settlement house to which I belong, there are clubs that would be very much interested in *Champion* if it were brought to their attention. There must be many other such groups that feel the need of a paper written expressly for them and would buy the magazine if they knew more about it.

Tom Hatcher, Boise, Idaho

* * *

In my opinion your approach to the reactionary leadership in the American Legion should be exactly the same as your approach to similar elements in organized labor or youth. You should applaud every evidence of liberalism and damn every evidence of reaction and jingoism.

If all of the 5,000,000 veterans were in the Legion instead of less than 1,000,000 we would find an entirely different attitude toward youth than that described in your December issue.

Paul Crosbie, New York

* * *

I had myself hoped that the Legion was genuinely loosening up its conceptions of Americanism and that there were forces at work in the Legion that held out some hope of permanently changing its administratively militaristic attitude. It still seems to me premature to give up this hope absolutely.

Norman Woelfel,
Editor, Social Frontier

* * *

It seems to me you are inclined to be too staid. How about more articles on sports?

Jack Potter, Chicago

* * *

The members of our camera club are glad you're going to use a lot of photos. Many of us have snapshots of local young people's activities. Perhaps other camera clubs would be willing to contribute pictures too. Here's for a camera-eye view of Young America!

H.U.P. Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

I went through the last issue of *Champion* that was sold up here, looking simply for its Vassar appeal. Frankly, it had none—or very little. The article on steel perhaps.

Yes, we do need a paper that will aid in the organization of students along the lines of a Farmer-Labor youth movement, and I think that the *Champion* can and should be that paper—but it has not been up until now. *Champion* certainly should be made more readable, good to look at, and have some pretty exciting material.

Vivian Liebman, Vassar

Champion OF YOUTH



Vol. II

No. 7

JANUARY, 1937

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

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OUR STAND

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

It supports the American Youth Act as an immediate means of improving the tragic lot of the 5,000,000 young Americans who are out of work and out of school.

It stands for alliance of all progressive youth with labor.

It is opposed to war and to all efforts to militarize youth.

It is opposed to every form of race prejudice.

It is opposed to reaction and fascism and urges the maintenance and extension of democratic and civil liberties.

It declares that these ends can be best achieved through the independent action of all progressive Americans in a Farmer-Labor Party. It supports every step in the direction of such a party and in the formation of a Farmer-Labor youth movement.

Contributors

EDNA FERBER is so well known as one of America's most popular fiction writers that nothing more need be said about the matter.

* * *

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE has within a few years become an ace photographer. She has recently taken a series of remarkable photos of the steel area. Her work has appeared in *Fortune* and other publications.

* * *

LOUIS GORDON did a great deal of first-hand reportorial work in connection with his article "Must They Die?" He hasn't written very much but, mark our word, he is going to distinguish himself in journalism.

* * *

JOHN R. TUNIS, the author of *Was College Worth While?* is perhaps the only sports writer who appears frequently in such quality magazines as *Scribners*, *Foreign Affairs*, *Harpers*, etc. How come? He avoids claptrap as assiduously as most of his colleagues devote themselves to it. Some of the changes in this issue were made at Mr. Tunis' suggestion.

* * *

MARK MORRIS, a recent graduate of Columbia University, writes for *Popular Mechanics*, *Scientific America*, *Sportsman Pilot* and similar publications.

* * *

JANE WHITBREAD is associated with the American Youth Congress. Formerly the editor of the *Vassar Miscellany News*, she is now a member of *Champion's* editorial board.

* * *

REP. THOMAS AMLIE introduced, at the advice of the American Youth Congress, the American Youth Act in the House of Representatives at its last session. He has written and talked on the youth problem extensively.

* * *

JOHN BROOME has a sore thumb. It got that way while trying to catch rides across America. He writes that he considers himself "a member of the lost generation who found himself by deciding that he's going to help make this a happier country to live in."

* * *

TOM DEAN has written more good short stories for *Champion* than any other writer. His *The Killer*, which appeared in these pages several issues ago, attracted much favorable attention.

* * *

EUGENIA CAMMER knows whereof she speaks. Long familiar with theatrical fakes, she presents the situation as she has found it. Formerly president of the Masquers Dramatic Society, she has recently been an amateur actress on the radio and active in theatrical groups.

* * *

MARGARET E. STIER is a field secretary of the Emergency Peace Campaign. She has been touring the colleges of the South.

CHAMPION OF YOUTH



CLASSIFIED

TO see Miss Bobby Comet emerge each weekday morning from the sunless black hole which was her bedroom was to behold each day a miracle performed. Compared with it the trifling business of the butterfly and the chrysalis was humdrum. It seemed incredible that any human process could have produced from this dim cavern a creature so blonde, so slim, so marcelled, so perfumed. Yet, eight-thirty each morning, six mornings in the week, saw the magic achievement. So palpably the work of overnight fairies, you were not surprised to learn that this elfin being regarded food with repugnance.

"I don't want any breakfast, Ma. I'm late as it is."

From Mrs. Henry Comet: "Now you swallow a hot cup of coffee, late or no late. Come home at night and there's no living with you, and no wonder, not a thing on your stomach all day."

"Eat lunch, can't I?"

"Lunch! Ice-cream soda and a hunk of Danish pastry, if you call that lunch! Lookit how your skin looks! Old as I am I wouldn't insult my insides by any such stuff—day in, day out—"

"Oh, alright, alright! Bring on your cup of coffee, then. I never heard that was so good for the complexion."

Five minutes later, on the way to work, as she descended the outer steps of her home (in a walk-up flat) in West 66th Street, you saw with certainty that elegant and aloof as her manner might be, Miss Bobby Comet herself was only an imitation of the Real Thing, a flawless imitation, a perfect imitation, but an imitation.

East 66th Street is an address. West 66th is merely a street. Between the two, east and west, lies only that narrow green oasis known as Central Park. It might as well be a continent. Yet West 66th Street is never more than ten minutes late in adopting the style, dress and manner of East 66th Street.

Miss Comet was employed in the Classified Telephone Want Ad department of a morning newspaper. From her wages of twenty-five dollars plus commission, she contributed four dollars for the family budget, generally was late with it and always had to be asked. Sometimes—but rarely she brought

home a blouse, a pair of silk stockings, some bit of finery for her mother, or a toy for the kid sister. She always spent her wages down to the last cent. Usually she was in debt for a fur coat, a crepe dress, or a too smart hat.

Forty-nine girls, besides Bobby Comet, were employed in the big bright want ad room. And they, too, were imitations. Their clothes, their voices, their faces, their bodies. Their very postures were amusingly incongruous and fantastic in surrounding made up of telephones, desks, pads, pencils, files, blackboards, racks.

To present Miss Comet sketchily would be to present the other forty-nine, or nearly. She was twenty; not too pretty; wise, hard. Knowledgeable, slim, cool, disdainful, a lovely painted mouth, eyes that stopped you dead at the entrance though the sign on them read Come In. Imitation pearls around her throat; a heavy scent of Amber Antique at eight dollars the ounce; tele-

phone receivers at ear, pencil in hand, pad on desk, lips close to mouthpiece.

The room buzzed, and hummed and crackled with talk. The girl's voices were for the most part rackingly nasal. They articulated with such care as to render their syllables almost grotesque.

"Aestorierr Thurree—uh—levun."

"Well, can you lemme talk to the owner of the gasoline station?"

"Thirty-fi' cents a line—"

"Well I'm sawry you didn't get any satisfaction. Don't you want to—"

"... the largest circulation of any newspaper."

"said Asstorierr Thurrrreeee—uh—levun."

There was something likable about Bobby Comet's hardness. Perhaps it was the amiable frankness with which she confessed it. For the code of Bobby's life might be summed up in the six words with which she commented on her mother's existence and condemned it. "They'll never get me that way." This

as she saw her mother tied by a hundred dull tasks to a five-room flat—a flat which represented a climax in decent comfort for her and Mr. Comet but which Bobby scorned as "a dump," "a dismal dump." To Bobby, her mother stood for the being against which she was fighting—the fate which she told herself (though not in these words) she would never submit to. Lower middle-class drabness; child-bearing, penny-counting.

Venomously Bobby would reiterate, "Believe me, they'll never get me that way," and Mrs. Comet would retort with a mingled feeling of resentment and protective maternal fear, "Yea, I've heard that smart talk before. You'll wake up some day, young lady and find you've gone and made a swell mess of it."

"Like hell, I will," snapped Bobby. "I'm no sleep-walker. I can take care of myself."

If Miss Bobby Comet had been less adaptable, she might have been more content. But all about her, in a luxurious city, she saw luxury. Craving it, she reached out for it and got, now and then, a handful. Being fundamentally a pretty decent girl, and further sustained by the fairly solid background of the Comet family, she worked hard, earned her money, spent it selfishly, took what was offered, and gave no thought of tomorrow.

For the most part she went about with married men. She dressed well and in excellent taste. She ate prettily and fastidiously. She had her cigarettes with her coffee. She had learned to eye the rose-shaded room with a look of cool indifference. She had caught the trick of ordering one dish and that very special and expensive. She had learned to say, "Tell the waiter I want lemon, not vinegar, in my French dressing." She was an excellent imitation.

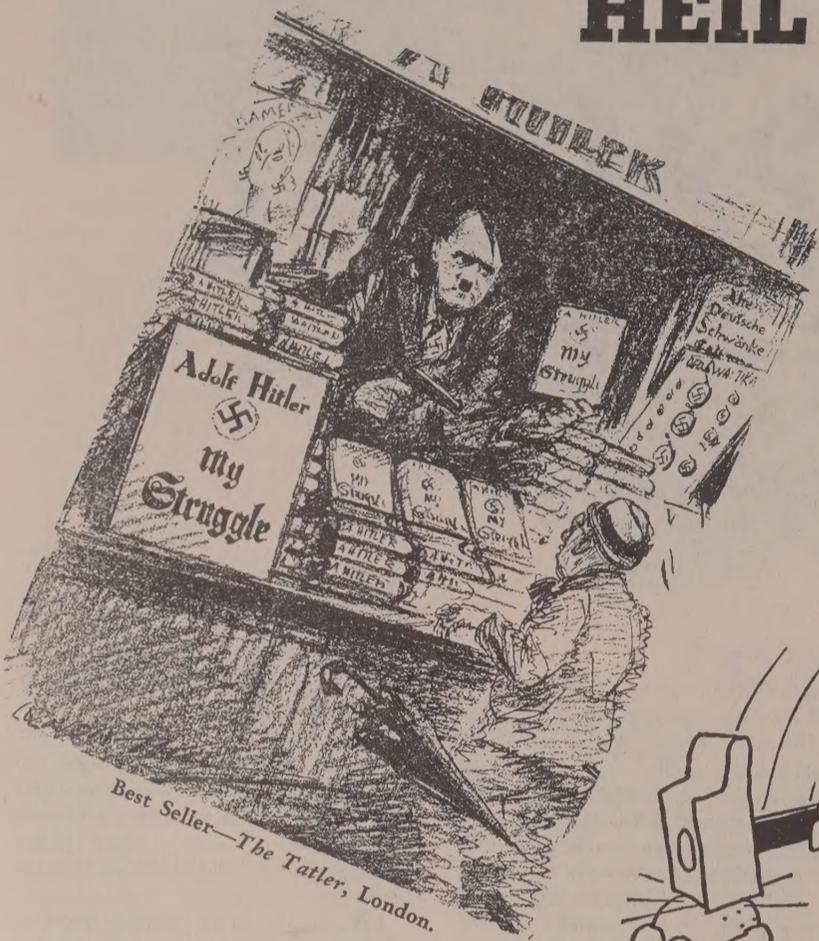
Her escorts were as a rule doggishly inclined gallants, approaching middle age and secretly weary of the connubial kimono and the humdrum of geschaft. There was nothing pathetic about Bobby's position with regard to these gentlemen. They were the victims. She

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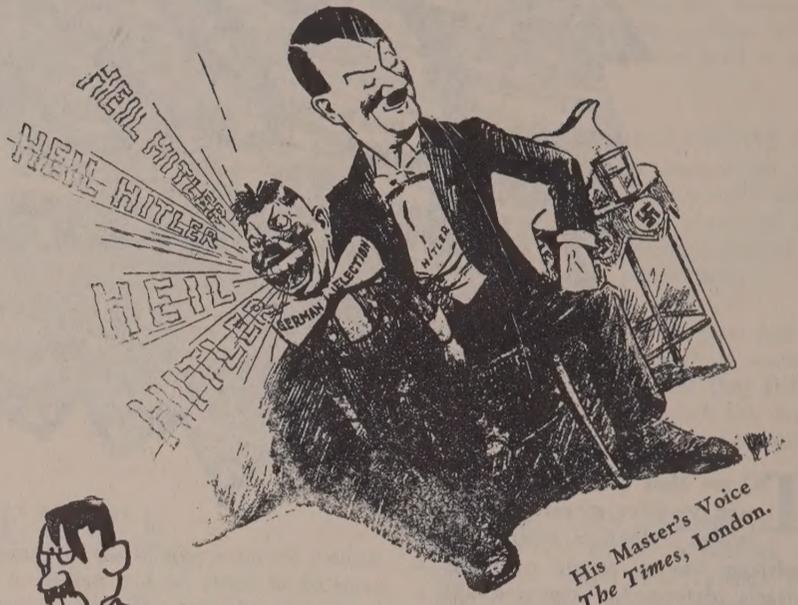


Cartelle

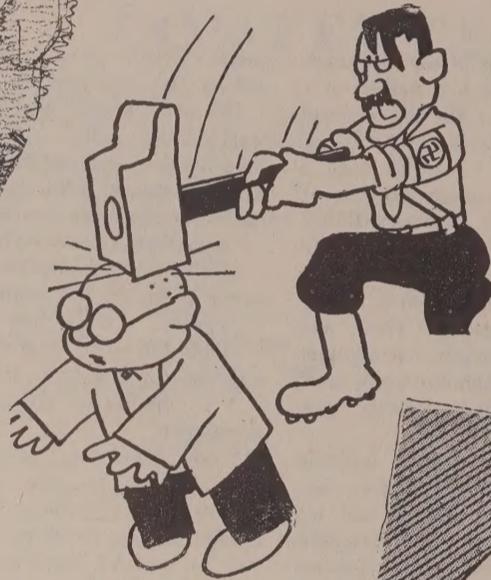
HEIL STYLE



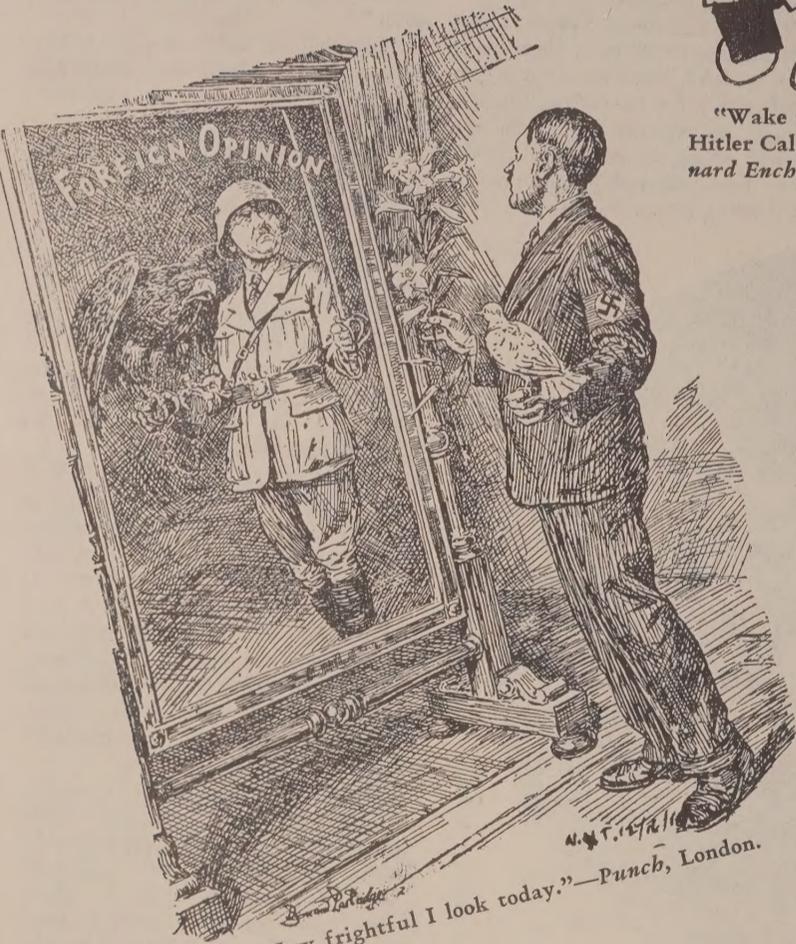
Best Seller—The Tatler, London.



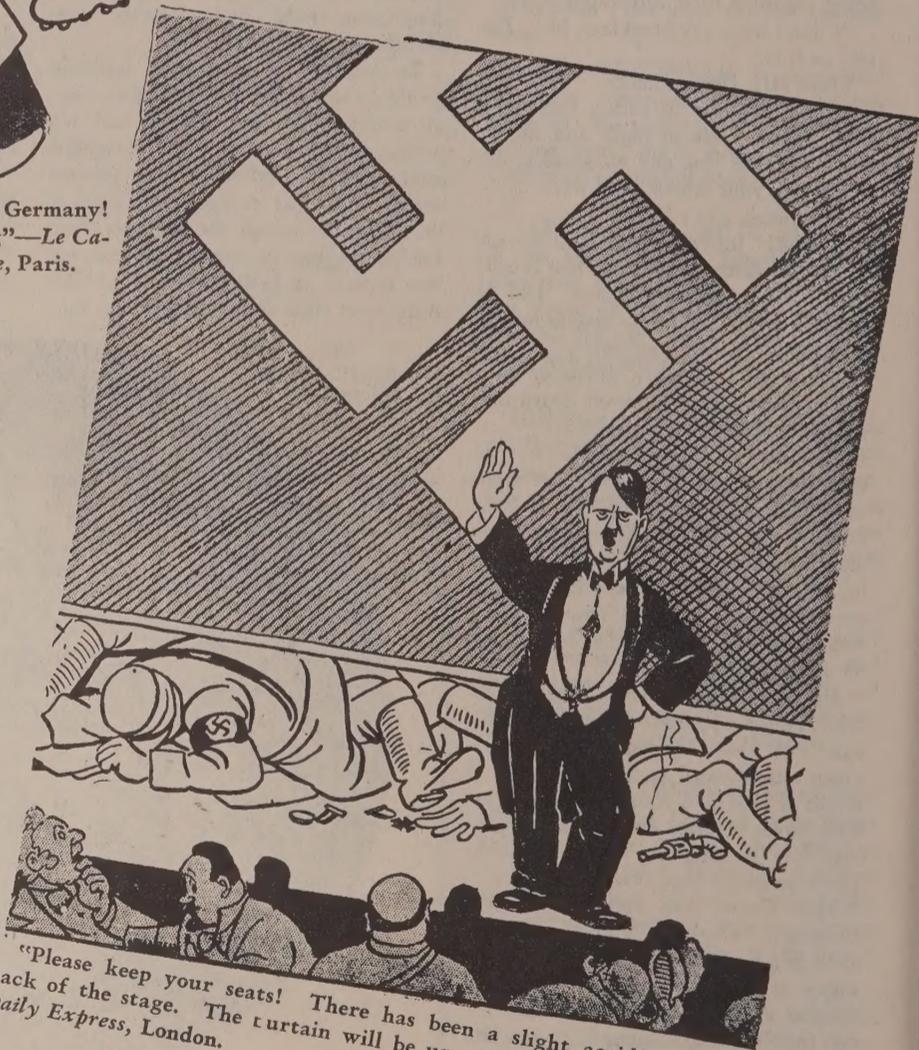
His Master's Voice
—The Times, London.



"Wake up, Germany!
Hitler Calling"—Le Ca-
nard Enchaîne, Paris.



"How frightful I look today."—Punch, London.



"Please keep your seats! There has been a slight accident at the back of the stage. The curtain will be up again in a few moments."

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

late this afternoon
the New York Alumni
versity of Wisconsin. The
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C.I.O. Steel Union Scores A Sweeping Victory At Duluthion Wins In Strike of 500 Stay-In Wage Increase Benefits Detroit

STEEL YOUTH OF '92 AND '36

By Emmett Patrick Cush





MUST THEY DIE?

by LOUIS GORDON

IN a few days—January 4—six boys must walk the last mile from the Sing Sing death-house to the electric chair. Why? What led them to the hold-up in which a coin-collector was killed? If you ask enough questions, soon or later you are bound to discover that the blame can't be placed entirely on the six boys . . . not by a long shot. . . .

Take the case of Joe Bolognia. Let's take him because the state says he's the worst. He, of the six who are to die, was allegedly the one with the gun which was responsible for the killing. He's the third oldest in a family of nine children, eight boys and one girl. His two older brothers are now married but there used to be times when mother and father and all nine children lived herded together in the five-room flat—eleven people in the small basement flat on Carroll Street in the Red Hook Section of Brooklyn.

It was an honest, religious, hard working, well-disciplined family. "We fellers were kept strict," any one of Joe's brothers will tell you. They wouldn't even eat supper until their father came home from work, although that meant waiting until eight or nine every night. Old man Bolognia worked in a bakery from six in the morning until late at night without even time out for meals. Fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, for twelve dollars! And when he took bread home for the family, each loaf was paid for separately.

Wherever he could, young Joe used to stop in at the bakery to relieve his father. The old man still says Joe is "one nice-a-boy." In the last few years Joe had plenty of time to relieve his father. The teachers at Manual Training High School will tell you that Joseph Bolognia had to quit school so that he could go to work and help support the family. And at first he did well. He got a job with Western Union where he worked for three years. They liked him there, promoted him from messenger boy to sergeant and when the bank job was open, his boss recommended Joe. Again, in the National City Bank, his work was liked so much that he was made head of the mail department.

Even at this height of his good fortune, Joe's meager earnings were taken almost entirely to feed the young children at home. Then came the first offense. Convicted of forging a check, he was sentenced to a year and a day in federal prison. The whole thing isn't

clear. Joe's father says it was really someone else's fault but Joe took the blame. His older brother, John, says the bank people wanted to let Joey free but they couldn't do it. Anyway, he came out of jail ahead of time for good conduct and looked for work again.

But that was 1932 and jobs weren't to be had. For five years Joe tried to go straight. He got day work. He studied electricity, fixed buzzers, did wiring. Six months he served in the C.C.C.

camp, simply marking time. Home again, he drove a taxi from morning to night. Some weeks he was lucky and made ten or twelve dollars. But most of the time he wasn't. The family says Joe kept his troubles to himself, never bothered anybody, but everyone could see how he brooded, how disgusted he was.

His brother John, who's married and has a kid of his own, told Joe to take his mind off his troubles and go out sometimes with girls. But Joe never did. "How am I gonna support a girl," he asked, "when I can't even get a job myself for ten bucks a week?"

Later, while waiting trial in the Raymond Street jail, Joe said, "I don't care what happens to me. What's the use?" and his brother knew what Joe meant. . . .

Or take the case of Teddy DiDonne. Let's take him because the state says he, at least, of the six who are to die, should have known better. He was the oldest, thirty. Even his sister admits that money problems did not press him as they did the others. He had a steady

job, longshoreman. With him it was "family trouble."

"Five times he set up a house for his wife," says his sister, "and five times they separated. His wife was not a bad woman, but she was young, she wanted to go out nights. He worked on the docks all day, carrying sacks of flour on his back. And he came home late, too tired to go out. That started it.

"Then she took her brothers in to live with them, and Teddy argued, he couldn't support them too. She wanted to go out to work to help, but he said no. He had been brought up the old way. So they fought and he took to heavy drinking. Every Saturday when he got paid, he went right to the saloon and stayed there all Sunday too. And this thing happened on Labor Day, the day of the killing. He was so drunk when it happened he didn't remember a thing afterwards. . . ."

Six trails met in that beer saloon at Carroll Street. There was Salvatore Scata, youngest of all, whose only previous police record had been "breach of peace" during "labor trouble." And Eugene Bruno, C.C.C. boy and sandlot baseball star, who could play baseball no longer because a sliver of steel had taken out his eye. And Sam Kimmel, plumber's helper. Dominick Zizzo, longshoreman. There came Teddy DiDonne, trying to forget his troubles at home, and Joe Bolognia, weary from hours at the wheel and worried over his family. Temptation stalked them.

DiDonne later claimed that nothing had been planned. Kimmel and Bruno admitted participating in the robbery but said they had hidden in the wash-room when they learned a gun was to be used. Before the sound cameras in District Attorney Geoghan's office they confessed but Bolognia later said, "I didn't shoot him. I only said I did it. The police gave us the third degree and tortured us." In Sing Sing, he showed his brother the scar on his left arm, the knife cut near the elbow, right where he had worn the ribbon thirteen years before when he was dressed up to receive Holy Communion. They say that

(Continued on Page 23)

THEY SHOULD NOT DIE!

By WILLIAM W. HINCKLEY
Chairman, American Youth Congress

THE scheduled execution of six boys and three other youngsters now in Sing Sing brings forcibly to mind the rising percentage of crime committed by young people. This rising tide of juvenile delinquency can, as in the present instance, be directly traced to the deplorable slum conditions in which a large part of our generation is being reared and to the blank walls that stare young people in the face as they leave school and look for work. No good can be secured by the execution of these unfortunate boys because the underlying causes of the crimes will not thereby be removed. The hopeless future for the four unemployed brothers of one of these boys is repeated for millions of young American men and women throughout the country.

In January, while the law is seeking to take the lives of nine young men, another side of the question will be dramatically presented by the pilgrimage to Washington of thousands of young men and women asking passage of the American Youth Act. This act, drafted by the young people themselves and endorsed by millions of people, young and old, would provide jobs for the unemployed youth at trade union wages, and by giving the young generation a chance would do more to prevent crime than all the combined expenses of police, jails and executions.

Education for Leisure

"Able-Bodied Men—ages 18-30, wanted for enlistment in Cincinnati's only machine gun company, Company D, 147th Infantry, National Guard of the United States. *This is not a job, but a PART-TIME HOBBY with sufficient pay to cover all expenses and provide worth-while pocket money throughout the year.* Activities include: physical training and athletics, military drill, machine gun and pistol marksmanship, weekend camping trips, social functions, schools for promotion. Requirements: Excellent character, good physical condition, permanent residence in Greater Cincinnati. Paid drills held Friday nights; two weeks summer training, with pay, at Camp Perry. Full information and motion pictures of company activities at the Freeman Avenue Armory, Sunday night at 8 o'clock."

—Advertisement in the "Cincinnati Inquirer"

THE NEW FREEDOM



"DON'T WORRY HECTOR"
Swerdy

BEWILDERED

Minneapolis, Minn.

"Please make up your mind," radio fans begged the administration of the University of Minnesota recently.

It all started with a sharp reversal of policy by the university officials towards the weekly dramatized news broadcasts over the campus radio station, W-L-B. Throughout last year, Sherman Dryer, the student director of the news feature which is patterned after the March of Time, was censored in only one way. He could dramatize news events happening anywhere in the world, but he could not mention campus affairs.

The general public praised the broadcasts, but university officials frowned on its reviews of such events as the discovery of the Black Legion. They didn't think much of his sympathetic presentation of the Ethiopians' plight under Italian invasion, either.

This year Ellis Harris, the new student director, may present campus affairs—and only campus affairs.

ARE ALL AMERICAN ATHLETES DUMB BELLS?

by JOHN R. TUNIS

THAT might be your first reaction. The American athlete is dumb. He must be dumb to stand what he does. Not as dumb as the college man who in answer to a questionnaire replied that he wished he "hadn't a went to Dartmouth." But dumb like the captain of the present eleven at Hanover who writes me he wishes he was paid, as it would "enlighten a burden from the shoulders of my father."

The American athlete, especially the college athlete, is dumb for several reasons. More often than not he is older than the rest of the class, and has only got into college with difficulty. But what about the numerous All-American Halfbacks, ends and centers who were Phi Beta Kappa? What about the boys who work their way through college, score the winning touchdown by catching a forward pass over their right shoulder in the last minute of play, make Phi Beta Kappa and become valedictorians in June, beside a few other odd things such as playing basketball, baseball, running the college paper, and so on?

The answer to that one is easy. Every college has some star athlete who also happens to be bright. He is consequently played up, exalted and shoved up front and center as if he was typical, whereas he is in reality the exception to the mass. Every college in the country has one or two of these freaks. And do they talk about them!

There's also still another reason why the dumbness of the average athlete is concealed. Almost every college that has a football team has ways and means of keeping the squad up to form in scholastic work. There are contact men who do little save visit the faculty and see that students who are athletes don't fail. If fair means succeed, all right, if not pressure is sometimes used. If pressure isn't possible, if there happens to be a professor or instructor with some ethics who refuses to play ball, the athlete in question is shoved into a tutoring school. There are probably few college football teams in the country who don't have additional help outside classroom when necessary.

Football, and college athletes in general, do, however, act as a stimulus to work in a queer inverse way. The athlete who expends his energy on the gridiron at practice every day, and takes a beating every Saturday afternoon, has little strength left to work in the evenings. Consequently, to keep up in his courses, he must pay close attention to lectures. He must budget his spare moments carefully and make every one count. More than one dumb-bell has thus been forced to learn to concentrate despite himself. The same thing applies to men working their way through school. Their free moments are so few that they work. That is the reason why these men who have little time for movies, girls, sports, and other time-wasting activities, often stand at the top of the class.

The American athlete is dumb. Certainly. But his dumbness is concealed, bolstered up, and often driven out of him by force of circumstances. It's probable that the average football team would have a higher academic standing than an average group of undergraduates in college. After all, dumbness is relative. The American student is dumb if the truth were known.

THE HIGHER LEARNING



SOPHS AND JUNIORS OF YALE GET TOGETHER

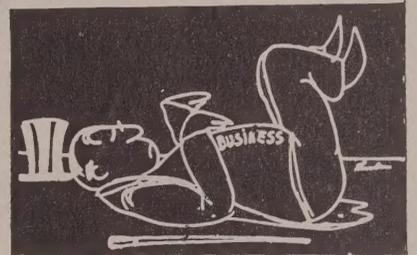
Toward a Classless Society

"Bruce Gimbel, 23-year-old son of Bernard F. Gimbel, president of Gimbel Brothers, Inc., will enter the store's service today, carrying on the tradition established ninety-three years ago when his great-grandfather, Adam Gimbel, opened a frontier trading post at Vincennes, Ind.

"The organization's newest employe was introduced yesterday to nineteen of his fellow-workers who joined the New York store in the year of its foundation, 1910. The group included executives, buyers, salespersons and a footman. . . .

"Engraved gold watches were presented to the veterans, together with bronze "season passes," freeing them from the necessity of checking in and out."
—New York Times.

SIGNS OF TIMES



THE UPTURN

A NEW STRIKE

Boston, Mass.

Girl students at the Francis Willard House here have invented a new kind of a strike—the midnight strike.

As the school clock struck twelve the students struck against what they claimed was "favoritism, underhandedness, and denial of rights by faculty members." They won their demands from the school administration before they agreed to return to their beds.

LOST: "VETERANS"

Princeton, N. J.

The Veterans of Future Wars have passed away, but to replace them on the Princeton campus, an Anti-War Society, headed by Harlan Cleveland of the junior class, is being organized.

The society does not hope to achieve the far-flung influence of the Veterans, its leaders say. To assure itself permanence and effectiveness it will substitute for the Veterans' "fad appeal" a practical political machine designed to integrate campus opinion against war. It will direct this opinion against the class credits now being given to ROTC students at Princeton. The society is already making preparations for a giant Peace Convocation to be held in the spring.

STARS

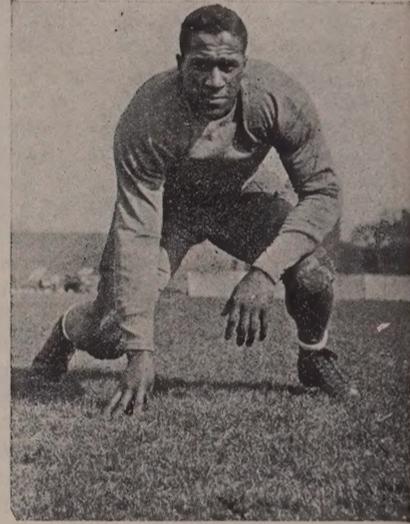
OF THE SEASON 1936-1937



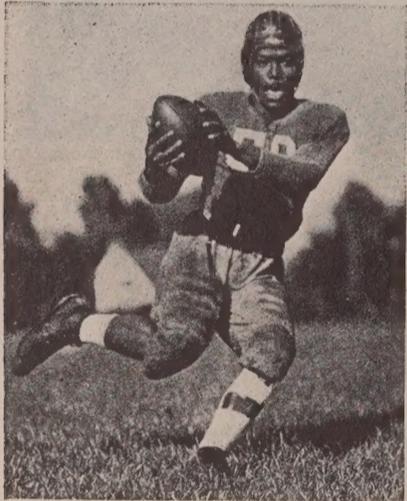
From the Atlantic states to the wheat prairies of North Dakota, Negro football players have been important actors in the great gridiron drama staged by the nation's leading colleges this fall.

Courtesy, Crisis

BERNARD JEFFERSON
Northwestern University



HORACE BELL
University of Minnesota



CLARENCE HINTON
Northwestern University

This football season has seen more Negro stellar players on the major football teams of the country than at any time in recent years.

It is the Big Ten, in the Middle West, which, as usual, supplies the largest number of colored players. For some reason, in spite of the prejudice which undoubtedly exists on middle western campuses, the Big Ten schools, known formally as the Western Conference, give Negro athletes a better chance than they receive in any other section of the country.—Roy Wilkins.



EDWARD WILLIAMS
New York University

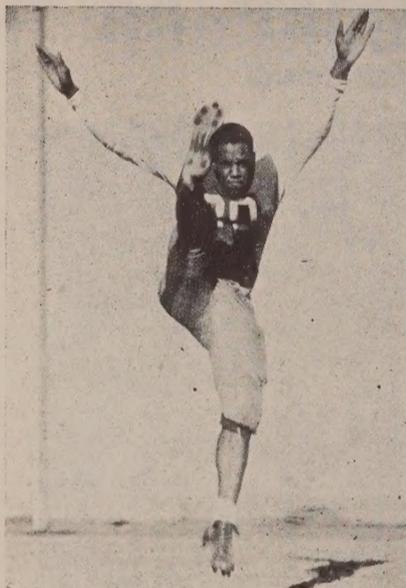


JEROME A. HOLLAND
Cornell University

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

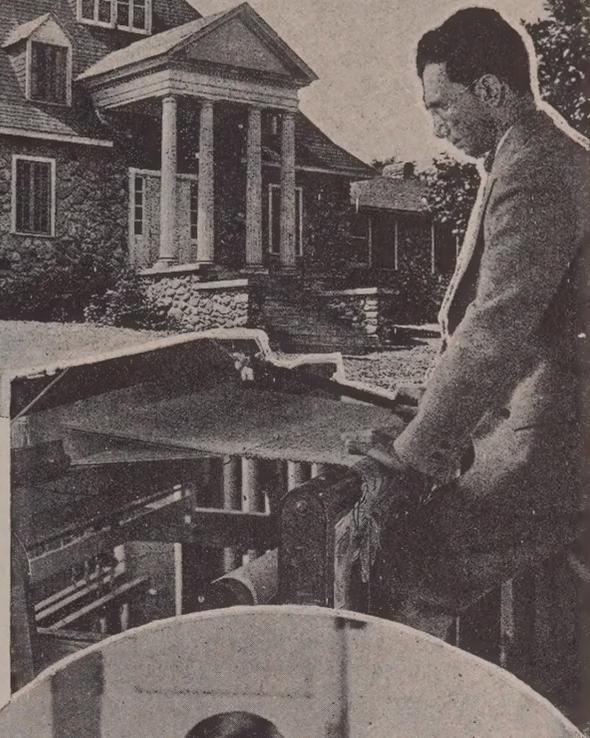
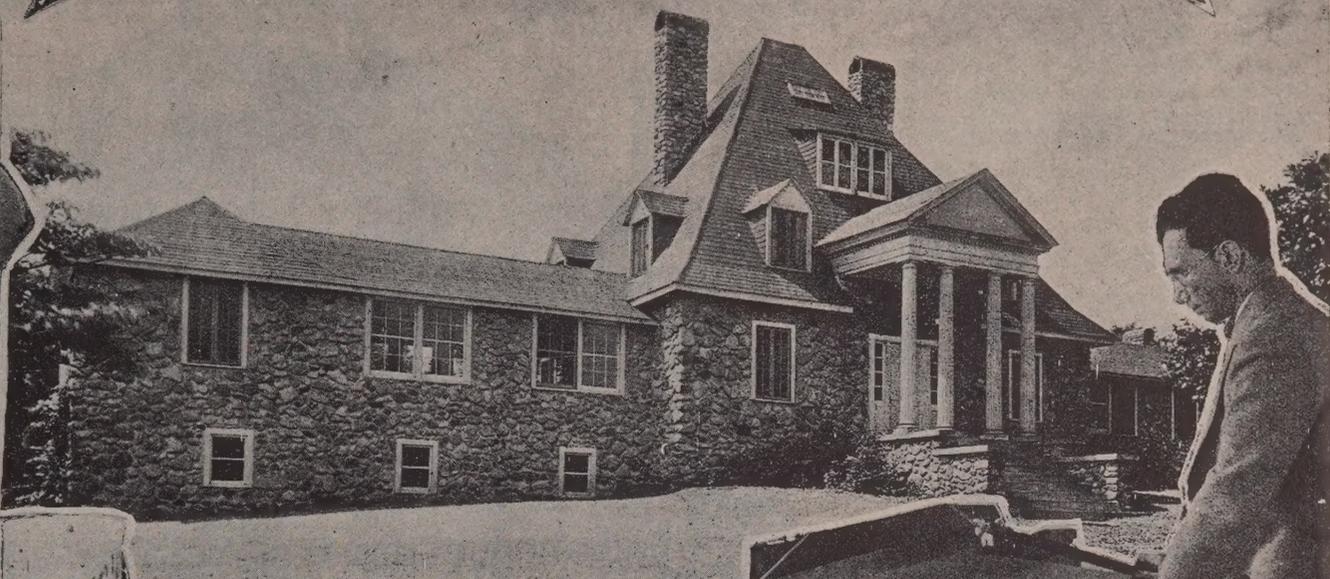
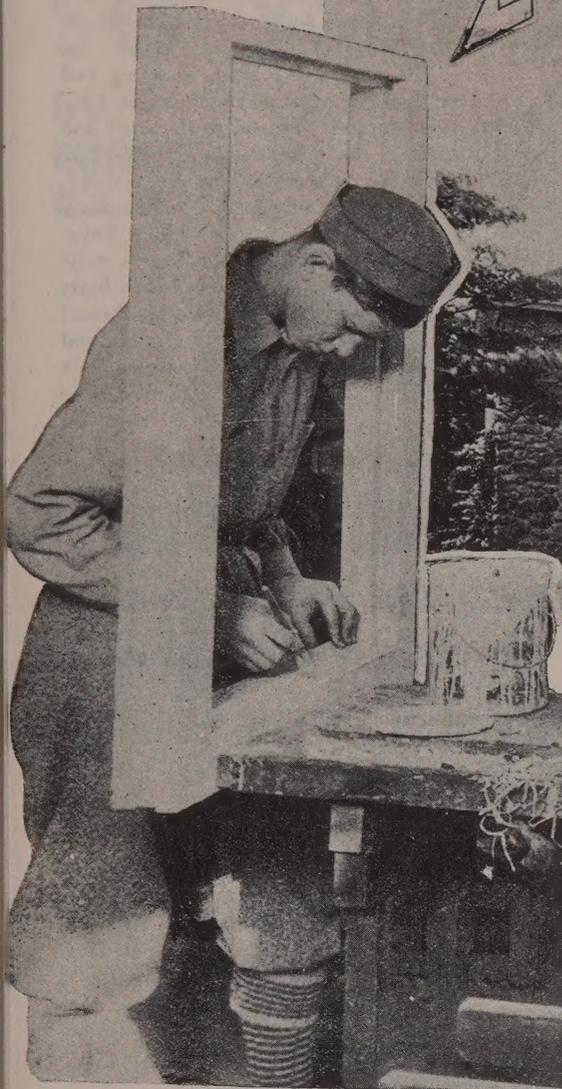


DWIGHT REED
University of Minnesota



FRITZ POLLARD, JR.
University of North Dakota

HOME OF SCIENCE



opment of their version of an ideal home. At the beginning their ideas were a little hazy—of course. But by trial and error, they evolved their plans, developed their ideas, and at last saw their way clear to making for their two boys the kind of home in which their personalities could find expression and their physical well-being could be somewhat secure.

Neither had any special training for this adventure. Most of the specific and technical knowledge necessary was obtained from books. Mrs. Borsodi had lived in the country in her extreme youth, but had spent fifteen years in business in large cities. Experience in scientific management, however, turned out to be of incalculable value; she

by MARK MORRIS

adapted that experience to her homestead.

While Borsodi hardly knew a pick from a shovel, he had specialized in economics. That too, proved very helpful. But otherwise both were suited for pioneer homesteading.

Today, the passing motorist would be sure to drive by the Borsodi homestead, without noticing it, for it hardly seems different from the average well-to-do home.

Little, it is true, distinguishes the place from the outside. Nothing unusual seems to even mark the inside. While some thirty machines are available for Borsodi's use—more devices than may be found in many a factory—most of them are hardly evident; nor is there any great din or whirr of machinery. As a matter of fact the Borsodi home seems no different in its general aspects from any spacious home. Yet in many respects it is one of the most amazing homes in America.

A variety of machinery makes house-

AGE OF CHIVALRY

British constables fired with revolvers, killing a 16-year-old schoolboy onlooker and one student demonstrator. Police also fired at the girls, but only with shotguns, inflicting only minor injuries.—*New York Times*, account of anti-British riots in Cairo.

FED-UP with the ugliness and evils of America's big cities, Ralph Borsodi became determined to raise his sons, Edward and Ralph, Jr., beyond the reach of those characteristics of our civilization.

Back in 1921 he purchased what was left of a seven-acre farm outside Suffern, N. Y., a little village within commuting distance of the metropolis. This dilapidated farm contained a small frame house, an old-fashioned barn, some tumble-down outbuildings—that was about all. There were none of the conveniences to which the Borsodi family had become accustomed in the city. There was no running water, no gas, no electricity.

But these facts did not faze Borsodi. He set to work supplying all these things out of his reasonably comfortable income as an economist. He not only installed all the usual modern conveniences but also plenty of unusual labor-saving devices. He obtained the most modern scientific equipment to help him run his farm with a minimum of effort. He brought science into his wife's household drudgery. He began a systematic campaign to produce on his homestead, with the aid of machinery, everything possible. He purchased from the city only necessities.

Mrs. Borsodi was as excited about the experiment as her husband. Both put infinite thought and care into the devel-

hold work a light task for Mrs. Borsodi.

Cooking is done with the aid of a steam-pressure cooker, which lessens the labor and saves a third of the time consumed in old methods of canning foods.

Flour for breadstuffs is ground in an electric household mill, supplying thereby higher nutritive value in wheat and other grains.

An electric washing machine and an electric mangle, or ironer, remove practically all the drudgery of laundry work. The kitchen is also equipped with an electric mixer which simplifies problems of cooking and baking.

The Borsodis weave their own clothes on a loom equipped with a rapid flying

shuttle.

Fruit trees supply apples, cherries and plums, preserves and jellies, and quantities of cider.

A poultry yard supplies them with chickens and ducks and capons and fresh eggs for the table.

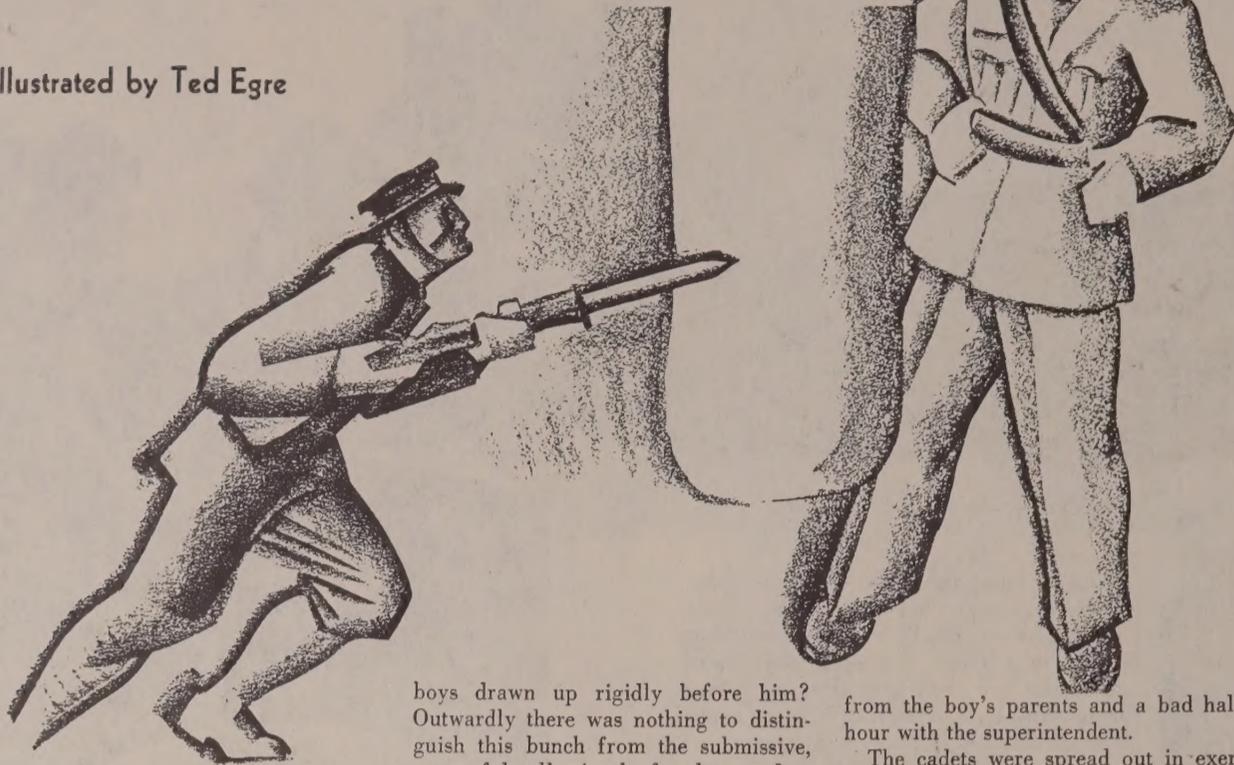
A small herd of blooded Swiss goats supplies the family with unusually nutritious milk. (At first the Borsodis had a cow but she gave more milk than they needed.) These goats are cleaner than cows and are free from tuberculosis. Their milk is richer than that of the cow and more closely approaches the highest nourishing content possible in

(Continued on Page 23)

LITTLE ACORNS

BY
EUGENE ARMFIELD

Illustrated by Ted Egre



GCOMPANY stood at rest. Boys wearing cadet-gray breeches and gray woolen shirts, little black-visored gray caps, slouched in their places and talked in low tones. They held carelessly against them or clasped their hands over regulation rifles.

A smallish boy whose uniform hung slack about his thin body leaned far out. Suddenly his rifle slipped from his inattentive fingers. It crashed to the ground.

The cadet officers jumped.

"Oh, my God, it's Susy again."

A crisp young lieutenant strode angrily toward the left. His young voice barked: "Who dropped that rifle?"

The boy they called Susy looked frightened. He opened his mouth, which was too big for his face, and closed it again.

"I did, sir," he gulped.

"I thought so," the other boy snapped.

"When there's something wrong at this end it's always you, Morton. Why the hell don't you climb out of it? Don't you know the penalty for dropping a rifle?"

"Yes, sir, I—" Susy stammered.

"Shut up! Look at you. Look at that cap. Shirt pockets unbuttoned. Puttees not shined."

Suddenly the cadet captain's voice called the company to attention. The lieutenant snapped smartly around and the cadet captain executed a perfectly-timed about face to meet Captain Moriarty, brought his hand to his cap as his heels fell into place. "Sir, all present or accounted for."

As soon as Captain Moriarty had taken charge he received, behind his immaculate, handsome exterior, the tiniest of shocks. Was there anything wrong? Was there a shade of, not hostility, but perhaps derision, in the

boys drawn up rigidly before him? Outwardly there was nothing to distinguish this bunch from the submissive, respectful collection he faced every day, unless they looked a little more stupid than usual. He was still not far enough removed from the nightmare of responsibility in the job he had at last fallen into after the war and from which he had been rescued by the offer to teach his war-time specialty in this opulent private academy: he still watched anxiously for the first sign of losing the boys' awed respect, which might spell failure and out.

"At ease," he snapped.

"First," Captain Moriarty said without a perceptible pause, "we'll have a little workout with the stocks. Just to limber up."

Limbering Up

"Oh, Jesus," Susy groaned.

Captain Moriarty drawled and barked. The company jerked to attention. "Fix!" Hands grasped at bayonet handles. "Bayonets!" Bayonets flashed withdrawn, moved, clacked onto rifle muzzles. Gray arms, each bearing a small embroidered shield which said US ROTC, came down.

A stout boy in the front rank, forgetting, swung his arm too wide, brought it down on the sharp, naked bayonet next to him. He screamed. He jumped forward, dropped his rifle and clutched, moaning, at his upper arm. Suddenly, from under his sleeve, bright blood flowed over his hand.

Susy's eyes were bulging. He leaned out a little.

"Eyes front, Morton!" the lieutenant commanded. Susy gave a start. A little shiver went up his back.

Captain Moriarty glared at the company. "You men are at attention," he warned. "That man only got a scratch. Nothing to get excited about. That ought to teach you you're not playing with toys."

Inwardly Captain Moriarty was cursing. He foresaw a puzzled, angry letter

from the boy's parents and a bad half hour with the superintendent.

The cadets were spread out in exercise formation before him, each boy a separate gray entity precisely spaced from each other. To Captain Moriarty the faces were only indistinct blurs which marred the even gray pattern. "All right—" His deep voice reverberated. "Now, put some real spunk in it. Let me hear those rifles snap. On—guard!"

Left feet stepped out, rifles were thrown forward, quickly caught at stock and barrel. A sharp crack resounded from the impact of hands on the seasoned wood.

"As you were, as you were!" Captain Moriarty was bored. "Ragged," was his comment, "very ragged. Grab 'em up there. Now—On guard!"

A louder, more unanimous crack responded. Boys leaned forward, feet spaced like boxers', crouched lightly over rifles which slanted up to gleaming bayonet points.

Boyish voices, some deep, some still shrill, broke into yells as boys stabbed forward at the empty air.

"That was some better," Captain Moriarty admitted grudgingly. "Now let me hear you yell. Stick it into his guts. Forward—thrust!"

He frowned down on them. "This isn't the Latin class in a young lady's seminary." A few boys flushed; a few grinned derisively; others looked sheepish. "Get ugly. Put a scowl on those faces. Any more like that and we'll have to take up embroidery." His voice stung sharper and sharper. "Go in there as though you meant it. Rip into him! Tear up his

EDUCATE AND PERISH

"Parents should know that a majority of our young people cannot profit by a college course nor even by four years in a high school."—John T. McNicholas.

guts! If you don't get him he'll get you—Now, open up and yell. Forward—thrust!"

The company lunged, scowling and yelling at the top of young voices. Captain Moriarty warmed to the drill and carried the company on with him. Goaded by his voice, boys cut, stabbed, and lunged at imaginary boys, shadowy gray counterparts of themselves, Bayonets gleamed and flashed. Growls, yells and contorted faces followed each burst of the Captain's voice. "Into his throat! One! Two! That's the way!" Stab and parry. Boys worked themselves into a red fury. Susy's eyes glazed over as he weakly lunged his awkward body forward and back, thrust, rip, tear. "Give a twist and it's come out clean!" One boy was trembling violently, growling, inarticulate, in his throat. "Don't get your bayonet stuck in the bones!" One movement Captain Moriarty particularly liked was designed to thrust the bayonet in, withdraw, the rifle-butt into the other man's private parts, culminate in a long downward slash across the neck. He had them repeat it over and over again.

"Company—halt!" He judged they were sufficiently limbered up; and, today, he could not spend too much time on preliminaries.

The company stood panting at ease, shaken a little, and uneasy, while a detail fetched the fencing-sticks from under the platform. These long poles had wire loops at one end for practice at thrusting; the other end, which they would use today, had a hard leather pad, like a boxing glove.

Uneasiness

Susy watched the sticks with dread. That hard padded end could hurt like a fist. He looked uneasily about, wondering if he could pretend to be sick, though he knew he could not get away with it. He gave a deep shaky sigh.

As soon as the sticks were distributed, Captain Moriarty bawled commands. The boys squared off in pairs. One boy held a bayoneted rifle, the other a long stick. They grinned sheepishly at each other.

Sticks darted, were parried, jabbed over and over again. Bayonets flashed. Sharp dry-wood cracks punctuated the Captain's full-voiced cries. Here and there a boy got a parring sock in the face, a dull thud in the stomach, the boys behind the sticks gave exultant chuckles whenever they landed a blow.

"Hey, Morton, watch what you're doing!"

Susy swung his rifle from side to side in wild, ineffectual swoops. He was no match for the grinning small devil who poked the hard pad at him with relentless accuracy. Again and again, just when he thought he could turn it aside, the stick jarred into his face. Once in desperation he lowered his rifle, ready to give up: the stick thudded sickeningly into his stomach. The more excited and angry he got, the more awkward his attempts to parry became; and the fun was increased for the merciless boy opposite. Susy became more and more dazed. Constantly there rang in his ears, over the rattle and crack, Captain Moriarty's voice.

(Continued on Page 22)

SO YOU WANT TO ACT?

by
**EUGENIA
CAMMER**



HELP WANTED

YOUNG ACTRESSES—With talent, to work with newly formed group on professional basis. Experience unnecessary. Apply —, —, —.
AMATEURS—For openings in cast of production starting rehearsals immediately. Experience unnecessary. Write to —, —, —.

IF YOU read the "Help Wanted" columns of leading papers, as no doubt you do, you've come across these ads innumerable times. And if you are, or ever have been, interested in the theatre with just a faint suspicion that you could *do* things to a part if you only got the chance, you have probably felt faint quiverings of longing stir within you, especially at the open-armed invitation—"Experience Unnecessary."

Aspiring young ladies and ambitious young gentlemen, let me throw a little cold water over your hopes. Those advertisements, probably the most inviting ads written, are just as probably the cleverest fakes. Now, I don't mean to libel them all. I have no doubt that occasionally there may be a stock company or semi-professional group that will advertise for its people this way. But if you value whatever time and money you have and want to get the most out of them, don't be misled by the oil that is so lavishly poured out by theatrical fakes who advertise that they are going to get you places—"Experience Unnecessary." Broadway and Radio City do not work that way (although they have their own little rackets) and anything else is going to take you for all you've got if you're gullible enough, and leave you nothing but a headache and a feeling that you'll know better next time.

To get an idea of how these fakes work, assume that you are an amateur. For the time being, assume too that you have acted before—in school plays, perhaps, or you've taken part in other amateur group productions. And now you've set your heart on Broadway.

You don't even know where to begin. The first thought that comes to your mind is to crash the theatres. Being kicked out, however, doesn't hurt nearly

second. But when the fateful letter arrives announcing that you have been put on their files and when they have a part suitable to your talents, they will call you, you listen to the radio thereafter with a slightly bitter feeling. And now you are about through. On the day that you take yourself to account after the campaign is halted by irate parents or the need for a job you will find that you've gotten exactly—no place.

And right here is where Mr. Faker gets you.

Perhaps some friend tells you that he's seen a want ad advertising for actresses or actors. Or perhaps you see it yourself. And that catchy little phrase "Experience Unnecessary" intrigues you. At last, a place where real talent is appreciated. Maybe the female sex is more gullible, or at least so these worthy gentlemen behind the ads think, because on the average, most of these ads call for actresses. It is pretty unusual to see them on the male side of the Help Wanted columns.

You clip the ad and start on your way. The addresses is usually a very arty side street with a too too Greenwich Village air. If you have written the answer to the ad, a secretary actually greets you by name and asks you, politely, no less, to sit down and wait. The great Mr. So-and-So will see you in a moment. And in a moment he does. This particular one is a tall and distinguished looking gentleman of fifty or thereabouts and on the walls of his office are pictures of himself as Hamlet, Romeo and numerous other characters he has played.

When you enter you are surveyed from head to foot. You give the gentleman all your amateur experience which he notes down with a negligent air, nodding approvingly. And now comes the "big moment." You are to act for him. He gives you a situation. You are his wife and you are both returning from a bridge game at which he has made several dreadful faux pas. You are to act the scene out. You do so—timidly—wonderingly. And when you are through, a veritable deluge of praise overwhelms you. You are the future

(Continued on Page 21)

as much as the humiliating look of scorn you get from the doormen at your naivete. As far as agencies are concerned, several letters telling you that "as soon as we can do something for you, we will let you know" are enough to discourage you there. As for radio, you may be good enough to get through the first audition and come up for a

"O PROMISE ME"

The actual wording of a teachers' contract in a small North Carolina town:

"I promise to abstain from all dancing, immodest dressing, and any other conduct unbecoming a teacher and a lady.

"I promise not to go out with any young men except insofar as it may be necessary to stimulate Sunday School work.

"I promise not to fall in love, to become engaged or secretly married.

"I promise not to encourage or tolerate the least familiarity on the part of any of my boy pupils.

"I promise to remain in the dormitory or on the school grounds when not actively engaged in school or church work elsewhere.

"I promise to sleep at least eight hours each night, to eat carefully, to take every precaution to keep in the best of health and spirits in order that I may be better able to render efficient service to my pupils.

"I promise to remember that I owe a duty to the townspeople who are paying me my wages, that I owe respect to the school board and to the superintendent who hired me, and that I shall consider myself at all times the willing servant of the school board and the townspeople, and that I shall cooperate with them to the limit of my ability in any movement aimed at the betterment of the town, the pupils or the school."—*Highschool.*



PILGRIMAGE

Call of the American Youth Act

"The right to assemble and petition is a principle, stated in our Constitution, which has led women to the quest for a free America. In 1937, at the call of the American Youth Congress, President Roosevelt and Congress a "petition for the American Youth Act" signed by over one million young Americans.

Our grievance is the most acute and the right to work, to study, to plan for lives which guide this historic pilgrimage to Washington.

This Act will provide jobs for young people and educational opportunity. It will prevent child laborers. It will end discrimination in education and opportunity to live like decent human beings, free of fear and hopelessness.

The press heralds "prosperity." Tories and the Youth Administration whose pitiful inadequate delays, debates. Yet in November the American Youth Act will be passed.

If Congress will not hear our plea, it is our duty to go to Washington. Your presence in Washington is the voice of the youth. This is OUR battle for life; no one will fight for us.

JOIN THE PILGRIMAGE FOR JOBS!

THE CASE: by Jane Whitbread

BORN in a company hovel of parents who had worked in Gastonia's mills from childhood, Sally Horner learned early to tend the spindles herself. During "prosperity" both her father and her mother earned the enormous income of \$25 a week and Sally got a chance to go to school for a few months a year, working in vacations so she could pay for her books and clothes. She was a bright girl. In a little village school they said she'd make a good teacher. And that's what she wanted to be. She liked teaching, and had dreams, when it wasn't too cold to sleep, dreams of having a kindergarten where children could string bright-colored beads and paste pictures in books.

Then her father lost his job. Her mother was kept on; she would work for less. Sally had to stop going to school. It didn't matter much when her father died, but things came to a breaking point when her mother lost her job. Of course there was relief, about \$3 a week. Jobless, Sally stayed home, trying to help her mother take care of the four younger children, trying to make them forget that corn meal and water wasn't very filling as a steady diet.

This story might have ended here, as so many hundreds of others have, if some one hadn't handed Sally a leaflet about the American Youth Act. There it was in black and white—the chance she had begun to believe would never come. If the bill passed, she could earn money and go on studying. She told her club friends about the act's job provisions. This caught their interest and held it. It wasn't long before the club became affiliated with the American Youth Congress.

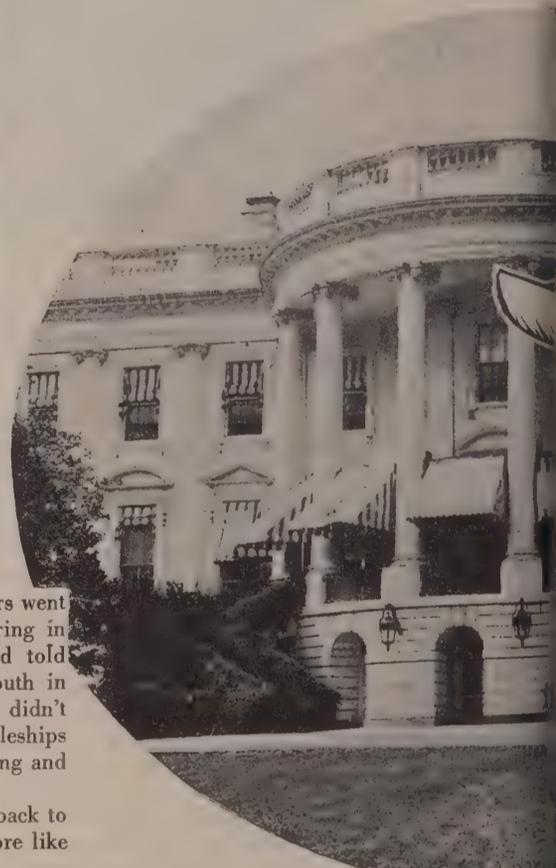
Sally and several other members went to the American Youth Act hearing in Washington in March, 1936 and told the Senators of the plight of youth in the mill villages, but Congress didn't pass the Act. They found battleships paid better than education, training and jobs for young people.

Sally and her friends will go back to Washington in February with more like them and state their case again.

With them will be a young volunteer settlement house worker from Boston; a boy who graduated from college, and, in spite of his training, found no job. He returned to the settlement house to which he had belonged while in high school. They couldn't pay him but they could put him somewhere where he was needed. As the leader of a boys club, he felt that his was a noble task—this job of saving the underprivileged from a life of crime. The first time he went to

the Children's Court to testify for one of his boys who had been caught picking pockets in the holiday season crowds, he was proud when the case was dismissed and thought little more about it.

Three weeks later the same boy held up a tobacco store. The fact that he got scared and ran away without shooting didn't save him from jail this time, and Jim Kelly went home wondering what



FOR JOBS

Youth Congress

...s of grievance."
 ...e inspired thousands of men and
 ...irit thousands of young men and
 ...n Washington on February 19-21,
 ...We are coming to present to Presi-
 ...of grievance"—a petition signed

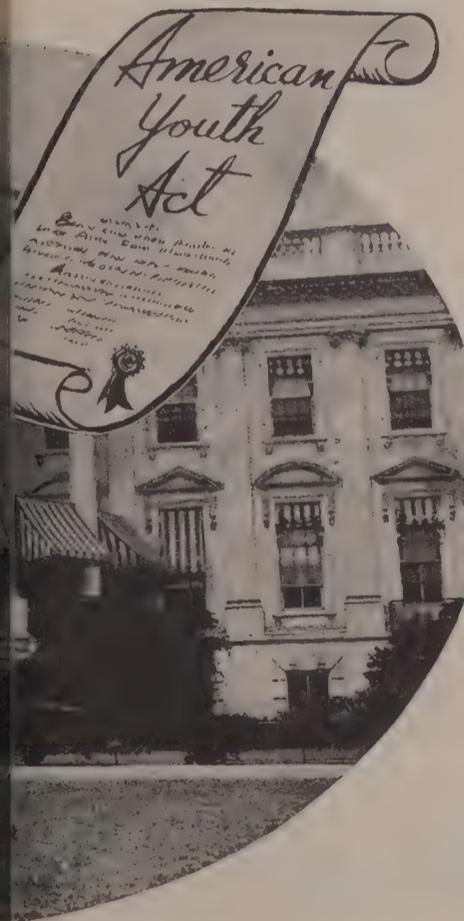
...e of any time—the denial of the
 ...ncy and hope. These are the things
 ...in support of the American Youth

...union wages. It pledges extension
 ...e of unemployed youth as strike-
 ...ro youth. It will mean the oppor-
 ...for marriage and homes, the end

...curtailment of even the National
 ...so vividly clear. Congress evades,
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...made to see our crying needs. Your
 ...inds who share our hopes and aspi-
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...D WASHINGTON!

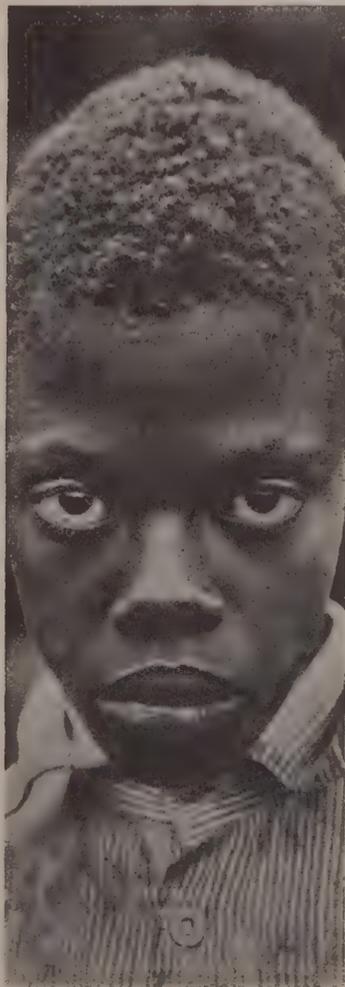


it's necessary, but he knows, too, that nothing can be done about delinquent kids when their fathers haven't jobs, when their mothers are too tired and discouraged to keep their children straight, when the kids themselves have no chance for education, and no jobs afterwards, and never anything but yearning for the decent things of life that they see all around them.

Jim Kelly got his Settlement House to join the Youth Congress, and Jim, too, will go to Washington on February 19th.

With Sally and Jim will march students in cap and gown, and beside them, laborers from farm and factory wearing their blue denim working clothes. Young Indians from government reservations, unemployed youth, will be walking arm in arm with office workers. In all—5,000 young people from all over the United States, representing the million and a half who are between 16 and 25 years of age, will march to Washington. Known as the "Youth Pilgrimage," this demonstration aims to bring peacefully but dramatically before the American people, the economic situation of the young generation, and their belief that young Americans deserve an education and the chance to find employment.

Advance ambassadors have been preparing the way for the crusade. Stage, screen, radio, press, platform and mails have been commandeered in recent months by young America to give its message to the country. Campaign buttons, personal letters, talks with officials, interviews with philanthropists have been organized to assure full backing for the Youth Pilgrimage.



good he was doing—telling kids who didn't have enough to eat, who lived in one room with the rest of their large families—that they should be light-hearted, gay and honest, when in all probability they would never get any of the things they saw in the movies, or on the well dressed men and women who brushed by them on the streets.

Jim Kelly likes his work. He knows

THE CAUSE: by Rep. Thomas Amlie

THE America of our fathers was a fool-proof world. The existence of a frontier made it, to all appearances, fool-proof.

It was like a new automobile, built to run from 50,000 to 100,000 miles without serious mechanical difficulties, and without more care than the customary attention to fuel, lubrication, etc. Even with chauffeurs like Coolidge and Harding the machine seemed to perform in a satisfactory manner. But as the frontier has run out, the machine has run into serious mechanical difficulties.

It is now up to us to consider the structure of the machine and to learn why it broke down, so that we can set it in motion again.

With all the differences between the various schools of economic thought, there is common agreement that our present system requires ever-widening horizons for its expanding population, its expanding capital structure, and its progressively increasing productivity.

This story, and the story of the institutions which have grown up to direct and control this capitalist machine are scarcely touched upon in the history books. Our history books, in dealing with events of the past 200 years lay great stress upon what has taken place at the seat of the national government in Washington, although that part of our history has been relatively unimportant.

The fundamental reality has been a vital, growing capitalist organism, flourishing under conditions peculiarly favorable to rapid growth and development. So assiduously have the history books devoted themselves to the highlights of our development, to the exclusion of the realities, that a clear understanding of the society in which we live almost requires that we forget what the books have told us.

Our land frontiers did not disappear until the end of the last century. Concurrent with the development of our western land went the building of our railroads and our great cities, the development of our mines, and the laying of the foundations for our present industrial machine. With the present century came the automobile, good roads, electrical power, and rapid expansion into the field of foreign trade following the Spanish-American War.

By 1912 we were approaching the limits of this type of expansion. With the entire world experiencing a slowing up of industrial activity, it was feared that we might even then be entering a depression like the present one, making the end of an epoch.

Instead, the World War came and brought to our economic system a tremendous impetus, because of the destruction of goods and services. As long as we were able to delude ourselves into believing that these goods and services could ultimately be paid for, it was possible to run our machinery of production at a high rate of speed.

From 1922 to 1928 we increased industrial production approximately 35 per cent. We did it by mortgaging our future earning power through the instrument of installment selling. So far was this carried that two New York concerns specialized in financing honeymoons on the installment plan. Young people might marry and take a trip to Europe, and find themselves paying installments on the honeymoon after the first or second youngster had arrived.

In this same period the nation increased its investment in capital equipment by 72 per cent, and in machinery by more than 90 per cent. Our prosperity thus was based upon a program

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THE NEEDS OF GIRLS

by ROSE TERLIN

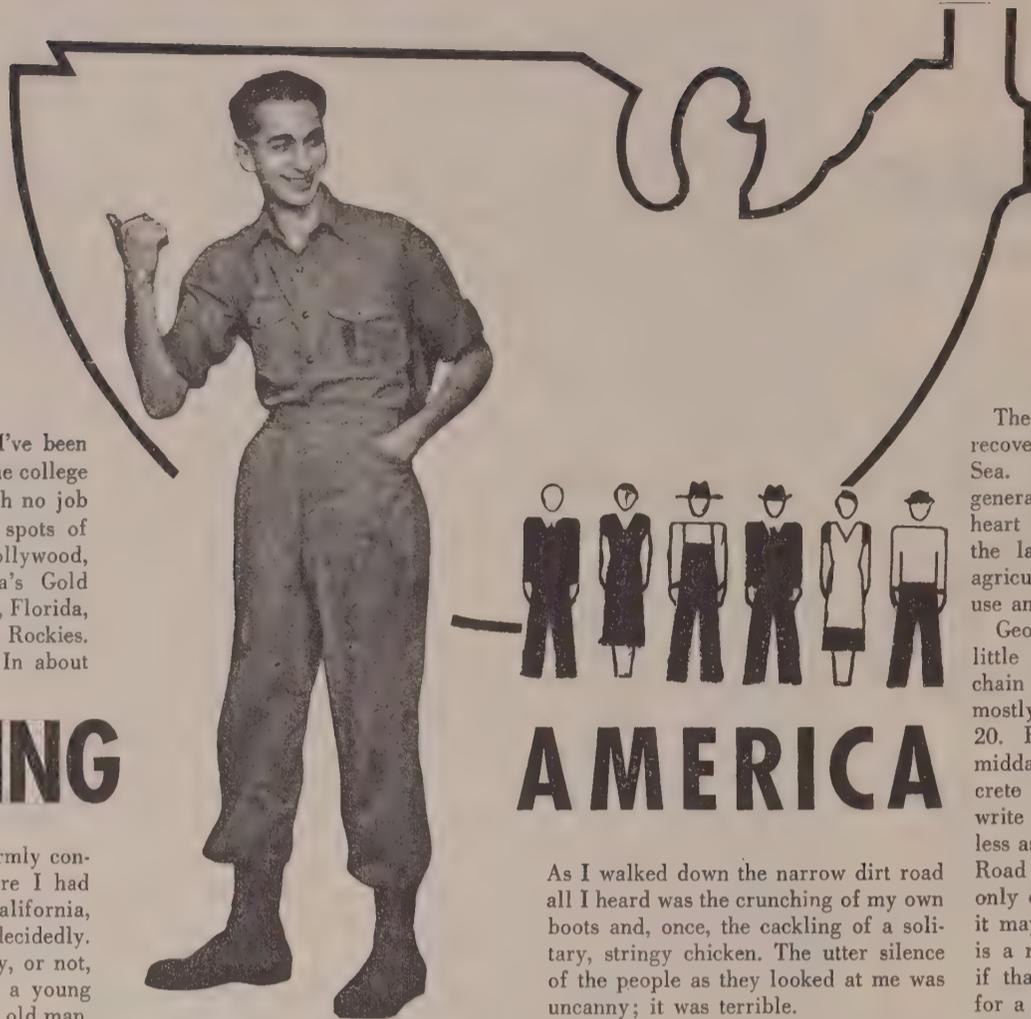
National Secretary of the National Student Council of the Y.W.C.A.

Young women today want jobs—not for pin money, not as a lark—but because they are vitally interested in being useful members of a useful American society.

Because we believe they have a right to good jobs, because we believe they have a right to the education and training which will help them to fill constructive positions—we support the American Youth Congress and are sending a large delegation to Washington

by
**JOHN
BROOME**

I'M a small town boy but I've been around. After I finished the college term of '34, I decided, with no job in the offing, to see the high spots of our country. You know: Hollywood, Malibu Beach and California's Gold Coast, Dixie and the pickinies, Florida, Colorado, and the snow-capped Rockies. I saw them all and more. In about



THUMBING

two years, I was back home firmly convinced that either the literature I had read was out-of-date or that California, Dixie, etc., had changed decidedly. Horace Greeley to the contrary, or not, the West is not the place for a young man. It is not the place for an old man. Neither is the South. Candidly, I feel that they are the same except for location, and both complete wash-outs.

Now, this, I realize, might easily be explained away. No lonely rich man took a fancy to me and made me his heir, so I'm sore; I came home without sacks of gold or even an extra shirt, so I'm bitter. Reader, let me assure you that the above is true indeed, but my anger is also founded on my own simplicity in believing all the fooforaw and tommyrot about romantic America.

Light hearted and carefree I took to the open road (a la Walt Whitman, the first hitch-hiker of them all). The July sun shone brightly that day as, dressed like an overgrown Boy Scout, I stood near the gaping mouth of the Holland Tunnel and waved my right thumb. Soon, a car door opened, the driver beckoned, and I was off.

New Jersey, I took in my stride. Undaunted by the tough mosquitoes, or still tougher State Troopers, I hitch-hiked cheerfully through that quaint Blue Law state. If it had been a Sunday my days of freedom would not have been worth a 1919 mark.

Traveling on the jammed Lincoln Highway I passed rapidly through myriads of small towns with dull names in Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland. By nightfall, I had reached Washington, D. C., a really beautiful city from any of the hotel terraces overlooking the Capitol. But I stayed at the Sally (familiar for the Salvation Army) and the Capitol is entirely invisible from there. I found, however, that the quasi-permanent guests of the Sally consider that fact an added attraction to their dwelling.

This puzzled me at first for I rather admired the Capitol, but then I realized how irksome would be the unchanging view of marble pillars and rich white steps to an onlooker drinking rancid,

black coffee or eating bloated mush; and how unappealing the sight of a great milky dome could be when viewed from a cot whose springs had the resiliency of cast iron. "No," I thought, "It's not amusing to watch foreign limousines roll past while you are patching a battered shoe together. It's better not to see the Capitol."

Wrapped, that night, in a bisected canvas mainsail, which was naively termed a nightgown, I tossed around on my little, mattressless cot for hours before falling asleep. My mind was excited with the wonders just ahead of me—Old Virginia. . . . Rambling plantations and White Mansions . . . mint juleps . . . singing Negroes . . . the Swanee river. . .

It was in Fredericksburg, Virginia ("Touch not a hair of yon gray head," remember?) that my enthusiasm first received a serious jolt. Picking up a hiker in Virginia had just been made punishable by a \$5 fine and for an entire morning my extended thumb received the identical response from passing drivers as would an "End of Town Limits" sign.

To all outward appearances, I might have easily spent a very uneventful summer in Fredericksburg. But I decided to take a crack at the freight trains.

It was on my way over to the railroad tracks, which parallel the highway at Fredericksburg, that I suddenly came upon a cluster of makeshift, tumble-down huts with emaciated Negroes lounging about them, existing in such poverty and squalor as to startle me into incredulity.

Now, living in the wealthy City of New York qualifies me automatically, I think, to speak almost as an authority on poverty. Those Negroes in Fredericksburg were far beyond any of the ordinary stages of destitution. They moved little and rarely made a sound.

AMERICA

As I walked down the narrow dirt road all I heard was the crunching of my own boots and, once, the cackling of a solitary, stringy chicken. The utter silence of the people as they looked at me was uncanny; it was terrible.

I had to summon up much moral courage and give myself a severe talking to that day before I could shake off the gloom which had settled on my spirits. "Those Negroes are nothing to you," I argued. "Don't be a fool." And then: "Anyway, that's not the real South. That wasn't the deep South. Wait until you get to the Carolinas and Georgia."

It certainly wasn't the deep South as I was soon to discover. No one could ever mistake the deep South for anything else, not even for Virginia. Is this what we fought to keep in the Union? I asked myself in the Carolinas. This desolated, corroded, hook-wormed land mutely occupied by hazy brown shapes, indistinguishable from the soil, the two barren and decaying?

The South has obviously never fully recovered from Sherman's March to the Sea. That lemming-like drive of the general and his men must have taken the heart out of the country. Everywhere, the land, the people and the simple agricultural tools show the rust of disuse and the dullness of despair.

Georgia, however, does attempt a little reconstruction—by the use of chain gangs. The gangs I saw were mostly boys between the ages of 16 and 20. Hatless, in the crackling heat of midday, they were repairing the concrete roads of Georgia. Incidentally, I write of these last in the plural more or less as a concession to the Standard Oil Road Map for the territory; for I saw only one concrete road in Georgia. But it may be that brown, friable concrete is a new discovery of the South's and if that is the case, my natural esteem for a road map as an example of delicate artistry and excellent use of the imagination will have to be lowered. But, such is the fate of pure art nowadays.

I grew quickly to dislike Georgia. The chained men and boys working under the vigilance of burly guards with high-powered rifles made me feel the presence of some malevolent, unseen force reasonless yet all powerful. I experienced a sensation of relief when I crossed the state line into Florida.

The state of the Fountain of Youth lives up to all advance notices. Fauna and flora abound, just as the geography books told us. So do lakes. One little town named Winter Haven boasted of one-hundred and one lakes within its own limits, practically a lake for each

(Continued on Page 21)

TELL IT TO CHAMPION!

You, like John Broome, have a story to tell—the story of your life within recent years.

You may not have gone hitch-hiking around the country as he did but you've undoubtedly had equally interesting experiences.

Whether you thumbed your way over the country or whether you stayed at home looking for work, whether you stayed in school or found some sort of job—yours is the real story of young America today. "Champion," as the voice of young America, wants these stories.

Get our your pencil now, write "My Story" at the top of a sheet of paper, and go to it. Whether "My Story" is funny or sad, long or short, whether it has a moral at the end or just a period, send it to "Champion" and tell it to the world. The authors of the ten best of the month will get copies, possibly autographed, of Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here." One or two of these ten will be published in each issue of "Champion."

YOUTH ANGLES

Toy Gun a Meal Ticket

Burly Sergeant William Kells of the Chicago police force looked up off his desk records, saw a toy gun on his blotter and blinked at the young girl who had tossed it at him.

"You're giving yourself up?" he asked. "What for?"

"I'm hungry; that's why," explained 18-year old Martha Wilson. "And you do feed your prisoners, don't you?"

The girl, biting her lip to keep from crying, explained that she came to the midwest metropolis by bus from Lima, Ohio. She had spent her last dime to buy the toy pistol, and with it hold up two clerks at a local dress shop.

"The \$9 I got out of that, my first holdup, I spent for my room at the Midland Hotel, and for some meals," she told the cop. "I left home because my folks were too poor to feed me. And now . . ."

Police sent the girl to the women's detective bureau for the night, and provided at least two free meals.

Don't Pop the Question

If you're engaged to be married—hold off. You will not be taking a chance on happiness if you wait six or seven years, until Dr. E. Lowell Kelley, assistant professor of psychology at Connecticut State College, finishes his study on how to be happy though married.

About a year ago, Dr. Kelly started a seven-year experiment to find out what kinds of young people get along best together.

Discouraged Romeos

Fraternity men at Denison University became indignant at the reception they

received when they went to serenade co-eds. They have decided to abandon the "Romeo" roles.

The brothers of fraternity row say that the sorority sisters drowned them out by turning radios on when they sang for them beneath balconies. What was worse, however, was that the girls giggled as they vocalized.

What Price Movies?

No money for the movies? Ask Roberta Jones, of Manchester, England, what to do about it. She had the solution. She grabbed a five-year-old friend, took her to a park in this industrial town, stripped her, sold her clothes for ninepence (eighteen cents). She went to the movies.

Cheering Squads Cheered

Disillusionment, stark and bitter, confronted the football fans last season at the Ohio State University.

The thousands of supporters of the Scarlet and Gray who had believed for decades that their "Team Rah's" and "Fight-Fight-Fight's" had contributed to Ohio State's gridiron victories, were informed through a survey of the "Lantern," campus daily, that players "didn't even hear the cheers."

Undaunted, the student body consoled itself with the realization that rousing cheers had an element of utility on cold Saturdays by serving as a substitute for the usual means of developing warmth.

Jobs—New Style

"Bright ambitious boys," who are working their way through Woodbury College, are willing to work for "as low as 30 cents an hour," the college advertises in a circular letter sent to Los

Angeles employers.

You can get a football husky to mind the baby, too, the letter states, asking the businessman to "Please tell your wife that many housewives are switching to young men as mothers' helpers. Yes, they do all that a girl does in cleaning, dishwashing, minding the baby; and, in addition, they tend the lawn, wash the windows and do the heavy work and clean the car."

Wages? Oh! "What a bargain in exchange for room, board and carfare!" the letter exclaims.

Union-Fever Spreads

A gang of little boys piled up the stairs of the Maritime Union's recreation center in San Francisco and presented a stack of dirty cards, bearing names and addresses, to the secretary.

"Could you please type these up for us, mister?" asked a spokesman for the boys.

"What's it all about?" the puzzled secretary asked.

"We're organizin' a Newsboys and Bootblacks' Union," explained the boy, "and we gotta have reg'lar union cards."

Experienced maritime union men are helping the boys get their union started, and the Recreational Center offices have been put at the disposal of the union minded newsboys and bootblacks.

Saloons Snubbed

Young people are turning against the saloon, field organizers for the Women's Christian Temperance Union insist in a report. They have recently returned from tours. They claim there is a new interest in law

enforcement and referendum measures against the "joint."

So Red the Ranger

When Stark Young wrote "So Red the Rose," he didn't know just how Red the University of Texas, where he formerly taught, was.

Editor Bob Eckhardt presented the latest "Ranger" issue as a communist number. "When 'der Tag' comes," he added significantly, "all wrongs will be righted and we will play Madame La Farge with our critics."

The red issue was dedicated to members of the 44th legislature. Texas solons were quick to deny the charge of leaning to the left.

Even though students are giving each other the communist salute, university officials aren't worried. "The Ranger" was a victory number commemorating the recent defeat of a legislative committee investigating "Red" activities on the campus.

Autograph Ace

Sixteen-year-old Adele Ferguson, of Reading, Pa., has been giving her elders a cracker-jack lesson in how to go about collecting autographs.

Eight hundred signatures of men and women famous for one thing or another constitute her array of prizes, gathered over a period of years by the simple and direct procedure of writing to her victims and enclosing postage for return replies—and autographs. Autographed photographs, and signatures of five presidents, twenty-four presidents of other countries and nine kings are in her collection. She wouldn't say how many of the kings still sit astride their thrones.

(Copyright, Youth News Service)

STAMP NOTES

EIGHT commemorative stamps have recently been issued by Cuba in honor of Major-General Maximo Gomez, who played the leading role in Cuba's wars for independence against Spain during the latter half of the last century. The stamps were due to be issued in August, 1935, but their appearance was delayed until November 17, 1936, the one hundredth anniversary of Gomez' birth.

The values are: ordinary postage—1c, green ("Peace and work"); 2c, red ("Monument to the General"); 4c, magenta ("Torch"); 5c, blue ("Independence"); and 8c, olive ("Messenger of Peace"). The 10c orange special delivery stamp represents "The Triumph of the Revolution"; and the two airmail value: 5c violet, and 10c brown, represent respectively "Lightning" and "Flying Wing." The stamps are beautifully printed in rotogravure and are striking in their artistic simplicity.

Maximo Gomez was born in the Domi-

nican Republic in 1836 and served in the Dominican Army during his youth. In 1868, however, he resigned his commission to join the little Cuban army of liberation under the leadership of De Cespedes.

For years Cuba had been shamefully exploited by Spanish imperialists and military despots who ruthlessly suppressed any attempt at popular liberty on the part of the Cuban people. Finally conditions became so intolerable that the standard of revolt was raised by Carlos Manuel de Cespedes in the Ten Years' War that lasted from 1868 to 1878 and practically devastated the island. It was during these fearful days that Maximo Gomez built the reputation for courage and heroism that was later to place him first in the Cuban Hall of Fame.

The result of this first struggle for Cuban independence was inconclusive. Cuba was not strong enough to oppose the might of imperialist Spain indefinitely, and in 1878 the revolutionists were satisfied to obtain a general am-

nesty and the promise of reforms. This promise, however, was not kept, and in 1879 Cuba again broke out in a short, ill-fated revolt that lasted less than a year.

By this time it was clearly apparent that nothing short of absolute independence would satisfy the Cuban people, and Gomez continued to work tirelessly for another trial of strength with the Spanish forces. In 1895, at the head of a ragged, untrained army of 30,000 men, he engaged in open warfare with over 200,000 veteran Spanish soldiers.

The Cubans fought desperately, but the odds were against them from the first.

By this time America also had a finger in the pie, and began to insist that Spain withdraw from the island. Upon the destruction of the "Maine" in Havana harbor in 1898 the United States declared war on Spain.

To the cry of "Remember the Maine," American soldiers fought side by side

by C. N. BENNETT

with Gomez and his insurgents, and the Spanish yoke was removed forever from the "Pearl of the Antilles."

When the "independence" of Cuba was finally assured, General Gomez retired to his country estate, where he lived quietly until his death in 1905.

Hey, there! Want a contest, brother philatelists? Want to fill some of those empty spaces in your albums! Then get going!

Just write us a letter, c/o Champion, 2 East 23rd Street, New York, on the subject "Why I Like the Stamps of—". Insert the name of the country whose stamps appeal to you most.

1st Prize—30 different recent commemoratives from the Soviet Union.

2nd Prize—Hong Kong Silver Jubilee. 4 values, mint.

3rd Prize—Belgium, Queen Astrid Mourning issue. 4 values, mint.

Contest ends February 1, 1937.



SPATS

by TOM DEAN

Illustrated by Cartelle

THE cop said: "They're sure giving that kid an awful beating."

"Why not?" the second cop asked. "Didn't he kill Murphy? And wasn't Murphy a nice guy?"

"Yeah, Murph was swell and I guess they ought to beat him up, but—well, he's just a kid and he used to be such a crazy kid."

"Did you know him?"

"Sure he lived on my beat. They used to call him Tap-tap. The kid was all right but a bit simple."

"He'll be simple for the rest of his life after the going-over he's getting now. Murph was pretty popular."

"Yeah, Murph was a nice guy, but this Tap-tap, he used to hang around the corner right next to the phone box and he'd be tap dancing all the time. When I'd come up to call in, he'd say: 'Watch this one, copper. Ain't it just like a punching bag?' And then he'd make believe he was punching the bag with his hands and start tapping with his feet and it sounded fine. He once won second prize in an amateur night. The wife likes them amateur nights and we go pretty often."

"I like them myself. I'm surprised that a kid who wins an amateur contest would turn gunman," said the second cop.

"He didn't win the contest, he just won second prize. But he was a nice kid, always clowning around and joking and willing to run errands and all that. You know he's only seventeen."

"By God, but they start young."

"Yeah, only seventeen. He was all right till he got mixed up with that Johnson kid. That Johnson kid was a smart bad kid, already did a stretch for lifting a car. I spoke to Tap-tap's mother and she was telling me that Tap-tap wanted some new clothes, he always wanted to be dressed smart-like. Of course the old lady is all broken up and she was telling me that the old man only worked a couple of days a week and Tap-tap couldn't find work at all and that's why he had to keep on wearing those torn pants and all the rest."

"Kids in my day wasn't so fussy as to what they was wearing."

"Sure, but kids today is different. My kid is only eighteen and he's even yelling for a fancy new coat. The old lady was telling me that Tap-tap came in one day dressed to kill and he near knocked her eyes out. He was a good-looking kid and he was all dolled up in a new coat and suit and spats,"

"Spat on Amsterdam Ave.?"

"Yep, spats. I hear that them spats were the apple of his eye. Pearl-gray spats. He told the old lady that at last he had a job and he even slipped her twenty bucks. Then for the next three weeks he slipped her twenty bucks every week. That was when him and Johnson started sticking up liquor stores. Come to think of it, I should have known there was something screwy. I remember when

I was walking up one night and Tap-tap was standing on the corner and he didn't even say hello to me. So while I'm waiting for the Sarge to wake up I says: 'How about a dance, Tap-tap?' Usually he'd be only too happy to dance, but then he says: 'No, copper, I don't feel like dancing.' And he could dance real good, too, like I told you. Poor kid."

"Them crazy kids. Killing Murphy for a pair of spats."

"Not just the spats alone. He never had no dough, so I guess he wanted to have some good times. But he sure enjoyed those spats. Why I seen him just walking around the block a couple of times just to show off them pearl-gray spats."

"It's pretty funny about them spats," the second cop said.

"Why, what's funny?"

"It's funny when you come to think of it. I mean he wanted them spats so bad and they done him in. Bloom was telling me that he and Murphy was in the radio car when they got the call. When they got to the store Murphy jumped out and went in and there was this kid Tap-tap holding the gun and this kid Johnson was going through the cash register. Smart kid, that Johnson, letting Tap-tap carry the rod. Johnson as soon as he sees Murph, jumps out from behind the counter and yells: 'Let him have it, kid!' That's what the storekeeper told Bloom. He told him that this here Tap-tap just shut his eyes and pulled the trigger three times. This Johnson kid stopped two and Murph got one in the heart. Then this Tap-tap drops the gun and runs like hell. That's what's funny."

"I don't see nothing funny?"

"Well, you know that Bloom ain't no Jess Owens and he started after this Tap-tap kid and the kid was pretty fast on his feet, being a kid and all that, and Bloom was being left at the post. He couldn't take a chance on shooting on account there was people on the street. Tap-tap almost got to the corner where he would have been lost in the crowd, when one of them spats he was so happy about comes loose and he fell flat on his face. Bloom got up to him and conked him with his gun."

"One of those pearl-gray spats he was sporting?" said the first cop. "That is pretty funny."

PACIFIC MILITARISM

Secretary of War Dern in his annual report:

The propaganda against military training in colleges is based upon the fallacy that such training instils a spirit of militarism in the youth of America. In my opinion, any candid, unbiased observer will reach the conclusion that this is a sheer assumption which has no foundation in fact.



REMBRANDT

by BLANCHE MESSITTE

HIMSELF no novice of the light and shade of the actor's craft, Charles Laughton conjures up a living portrait of the painter Rembrandt Van Ryn—in the current movie "Rembrandt."

At the height of his career, the artist is happy in the love of his wife Lisa, as well as in the flattery and patronage of the wealthy burghers. However, he infuriates the town's leading citizens by his method of painting—his use of shadows so intense as to obliterate the finery of his pretentious subjects. He loses his money and his reputation. Lisa having died, Rembrandt lives with his housekeeper who by her nagging and scolding makes life none too quiet or pleasant for the artist, until in his union with the servant girl Hendrickje (offstage Elsa Lanchester and wife of Laughton), Rembrandt finds happiness and peace. Hendrickje dies; the painter grows old and poor, but never does he cease to work—work—work. Always he paints—at his pinnacle of success, in the depths of despair over Lisa's death, in poverty, in riches, in favor or out—paints life as he sees it, seeing beauty and dignity in the face of a beggar or piercing through the sham of elegance to the soul of shallow arrogance and pride in the heart of a respected burgher.



"WAR OUR HERITAGE"

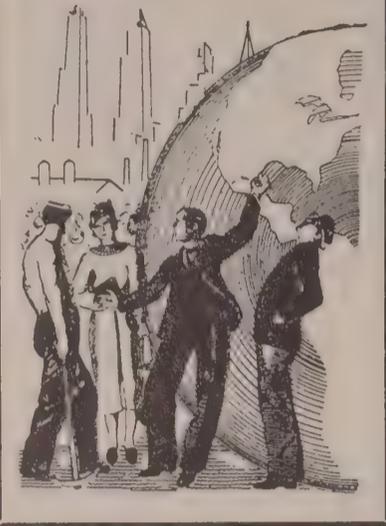
WAR OUR HERITAGE,
by Joseph Lash and
James Wechsler (Inter-
national Publishers).

Every young American interested in peace and the factors making for war should read this splendid, breezy little book. It is far and away the finest review of the profound anti-war sentiment in our universities and the most incisive interpretation of the problems which disturb the peace and security of every young American. If the book has any failing at all, it is that it perhaps presents too much material already familiar to the public in general. (A more thorough review will appear in an early issue.)

See *Champion's* special offer on the last page.



NEWS VIEWS



IN many respects, the speech of Secretary of State Hull, at the "Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace" was even more significant than the official agreement reached in Buenos Aires.

Secretary Hull indicated the indivisibility of peace and stated that war developments in any part of the world are of vital concern to every other nation. In one part of his address, he struck a note which has often appeared in pronouncements of the peace movement and of student peace strikers.

"The forces of peace everywhere are entitled to function both through governments and through public opinion. The peoples of the world would be far wiser if they expended more of their hard earned money in organizing the forces of peace and fewer of the present \$5,000,000,000 in educating and training their military forces."

Then why, Mr. Hull, does the United States spend over \$1,000,000,000 on its military budget, several millions of which go for the R.O.T.C. and other means of militarizing youth?

If our student strikers in April face recrimination from war-minded individuals or administrators, they can quote Mr. Hull, official spokesman for the American government: "Our women are awake; our youth sentiment; our clubs and organizations make opinion everywhere. There is a strength here available greater than that of armies."

Permanent C.C.C.

Time and again army officials have confessed the military usefulness of the C.C.C. camps. The very control of the camps by the army officers tends to emphasize this fact. That is why Robert Fechner's suggestion for a permanent C.C.C. must be viewed very cautiously. A program of reforestation is a good thing. Providing work for young men is likewise laudable. But army control of the C.C.C. and wages for reforestation

work at rates far below trade-union scales are not at all desirable.

There are 350,000 boys in the C.C.C. camps. Eighty per cent of the \$30 monthly wages they receive must go home and the amount deducted from the relief allotment of their parents. Secretary of War Woodring has himself emphasized the military uses to which the camps can be put. These things merit criticism and should be changed before the public gives its support to the permanent C.C.C. program outlined by Mr. Fechner.

Pink Slips

The dropping of workers on W.P.A., cutting relief for farmers, white collar people and professional has already begun. That this was not the mandate of the American people in the last election is attested to by such ardent Roosevelt supporters as the Stern newspapers. Their editorials asking "Who Won the Elections?" are very much to the point.

Merry Christmas! Wish you well Here's your pink slip—Somervell.

This was the ditty of W.P.A. workers in New York, protesting Col. Somervell's distribution of pink dismissal slips.

Berlin to Tokyo

Alive or not alive is the question, at this writing, concerning Chiang Kai-shek. But whether or not Chiang has departed for more peaceful climes in another world, a drama of paramount importance is being enacted in the far east.

Even a Nazi journalist, Paul Sheffer, comments that this will greatly fa-

cilitate the conquest of a nation inhabited by 450,000,000 people. Tokyo invokes the German-Japanese alliance and accuses the Soviet Union of interfering in Chinese events.

Seeing Plots

"The banker and the politician are essential to each other in the intricate scheme of our democracy. They should get together now. It can be expedited by the banker taking the initiative." James G. Blaine, banker, delivered himself of that opinion. And the National Association of Manufacturers in convention assembled resolved that since Landon lost the last election, the next best thing to do is to influence Roosevelt's decisions; they called for curtailment of relief expenditures and retrenchment in the work relief program.

Their Valley Forge

Fascist spokesmen say that China will become an oriental Spain. Unwittingly they thus confess the nature of their interference in Spain, and their instigation of civil war in that country.

Observers of world politics have warned of the danger of world war arising from the Spanish events. But the Spanish minister Alvarez del Vayo told the League of Nations that "an international war exists in fact, and if ignored may at any moment produce a situation that can no longer be controlled."

The four young Spaniards who have come to this country are here on a mission of peace. They are explaining to the youth of America that only the

victory of democracy in Spain, and the defeat of their own fascists and, more important, foreign fascist intervention, will prevent the precipitation of world war. Their visit to America brings recollections of the manner in which America in 1776 sought the help of France, Spain and other European nations.

New Outlook

No one will deny that American labor got a new outlook and greater confidence in its own power as a result of the election. Men of all trades sit down in their shops in Detroit and wring concessions from the economic royalists. The maritime workers keep the west coast bottled up tighter than a drum while east coast seamen maintain their strike. The Steel Workers Organization Committee is recruiting members in its current drive faster than at any previous time.

The new year will undoubtedly witness tremendous trials of strength between labor and entrenched wealth. Meanwhile the outcome of the seamen's strike will to an extent determine the results of any future moves by labor.

As in every other field of endeavor, unity is a necessary condition for success. That is why the decisions of the last American Federation of Labor Convention which widened the breach in labor's ranks, are being opposed by progressive trade unionists. And that is why the organization of the unorganized workers of America goes hand in hand with the fight for the reunification of the A. F. of L.—J.C.

MARRIAGE 'DEFICIT' 750,000 IN 6 YEARS

1,000,000 Potential American Children Unborn in 1930-35, Say Sociologists.

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
CHICAGO, Nov. 26.—The United States accumulated a "marriage deficit" of nearly 750,000 fewer weddings as a result of the depression, during the six-year period from 1930 to 1935, according to a survey made public today by Samuel Stouffer, Professor of Sociology at the University of Chicago, and Lyle M. Spencer, fellow in sociology. On this basis, the survey shows, a million potential American children went unborn.

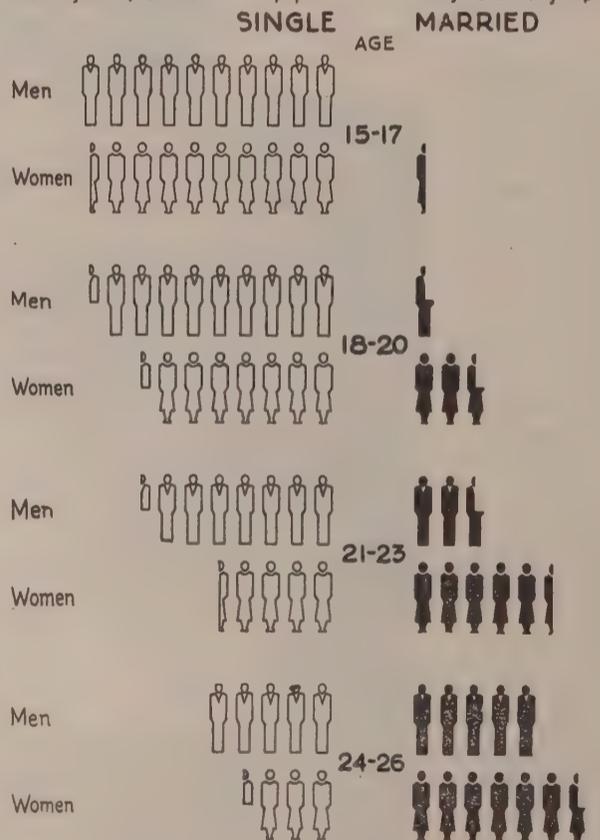
The marriage rate began to decline several years prior to 1929, Professor Stouffer and Mr. Spencer declare. In 1932, the marriage rate was the lowest in the history of the country since records were first established in 1887. In 1932 there were 981,903 marriages in the United States, or 7.86 marriages per 1,000 population.

The return of better times made 1935 itself, in gross totals, the "marryingest" and the "divorcingest" year in American history, the survey says. In 1935 there were 1,327,000 weddings in the country, or 10.41 marriages per 1,000 of population. In the same year there were 248,000 divorces in the country, the sociologists estimate.

"When business is good," the report states, "the numbers of marriages and divorces go up. When business is bad, they go down.

PERCENT OF MARRIAGES BY AGE GROUPS

Each figure represents 10% of population in each age and sex group



Source of data:—Abstract of United States Census, 1930

SPAIN'S YOUNG AMBASSADORS

MADRID DISPATCH

by ROGER KLEIN

Although rebel shells are falling incessantly on this war-stricken city, 25,000 young Madrilenos, between the ages of 16 and 25, are going to school.

They are majoring in such subjects as street fighting and military strategy. The young loyalists are attending the government classes during the day, and after school they go to work. They are fortifying every every house in the city as a precaution should street fighting become necessary.

The Fascists will never take this city unless they hack their way in, inch by inch, at the point of the bayonet. The work of fortifying the beleaguered city is under control of a Youth Coordination Committee which was set up by youth groups to work with the Madrid Defense Junta, now under the command of the colorful General Emilio Kleber. Jorda, Mason, Gayoso and Torres, delegated by the Republican Youth Union, the United Socialist Youth, the Left Republican Youth and the Left Federal Youth.

In the meantime it is intimated that four fresh battalions of young recruits will soon take their places in the defense trenches here. The Youth Brigade, as it will be known, will be composed of two battalions of young Madrilenos and two battalions from Valencia, present seat of the Spanish government.



Four representatives of Spain's embattled youth being greeted upon their arrival in America by Miss Lob Tsei (extreme left), representative of the anti-Japanese student movement in China.

by JAMES LERNER

LUIS SIMARRO does not speak very much. He opens his lips to a broad smile and you see a strip of gold embracing his teeth. As I sat down at the table on the "Queen Mary" where I had gone to welcome the Spanish Youth delegation to America, I noticed that Luis did not eat anything but only ordered a malted milk. You see, the 27-year-old fellow was a commander in the militia and a rebel bullet pierced his neck, drove through the side of the mouth and for two months now he has not been able to open his mouth.

Like most of the fighters in the government ranks he is no professional soldier. His previous military experience is confined to participation in the 1934 uprising in Madrid. After that he served a term in prison before being released in February of last year when the People's Front victory resulted in 60,000 political prisoners being freed. But Simarro has an even older record. He was formerly active in the student movement and his ambition was to become a doctor. In 1928 he was expelled from the University of Madrid because he and a few friends kidnapped and cut off the head of King Alfonso—a bronze bust which graced the halls of the university. The young commander comes to speak to the youth of America as a member of the United Youth League. And in spite of the wound he gives you the picture of strength and determination.

Luis' wife, Maria, whom he married only a month ago, was in charge of a children's home before she left Madrid. In this home, formerly an aristocrat's mansion, were housed the children of those whose parents had died at the front. The girl's father is a doctor in the service of the government militia.

Then there are Josefina Ramicez and Eugenio Imaz. Josefina is a pretty young lady in a white nurse uniform.

From her lips poured the words of someone whose very heart has been seared by indescribable terror and brutality. "A hospital in the Guadarramas where I was stationed had long been the goal of the rebel planes. In the very next room from where I was working there lay a young man whose leg had to be amputated. He was on the operating table when suddenly a bomb crashed through and cut his body in two. My own family was packing to leave the city when suddenly a bomb crashed down. I was pulled out of the wreckage but had I been in the next room I would have disappeared together with everything else there."

Josefina is a Young Republican, member of the Executive Committee of that organization although she is only 19

years old. Her clothes, her talk, her impressions are those of the middle class family from which she stems.

Senor Eugenio Imaz comes from that section of the population which is supposed to be opposed to the government. His is a Catholic background with academic training at the Louvain (Catholic) University of Belgium and associate editorship of the Catholic *Cruz y Raya*. Imaz participated in the World Youth Congress where I first met him.

And before this delegation salutes the Statue of Liberty again American youth will, I am sure, show them that we stand four squares for democracy. In 1917 America was tricked to fight for bankers and munitions makers. Today we don't dare to be tricked into remaining in false neutrality.

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from Page 3)

the despoiler. If they protested, she left them. There were always others.

Bobby's duty in the classified department was to search out possible advertisers, many of whom had placed their want ads in the columns of rival papers. It was by following up a "Garage for Sale" ad in a competing sheet that Bobby met Lloyd Whiting, proprietor, mechanic and former school chum of her older brother Mart. After several gently insistent phone calls she persuaded him to place an ad with her paper. Speaking with him, she got to like his friendly, clipped speech. She sold his garage for him, wording the ad herself, craftily. It was he, then, who called her on the telephone. He thanked her—tonight? No, she had an engagement. Tomorrow night? Sawry.

A moment's meaningful silence at his end of the wire. Then his speech more clipped than ever. All right, Miss Comet. Much obliged for your kindness. See you at church sometime. My regards to Mart.

But she called Whitey later. He was out. A week later she got him in.

As an excuse she gave him Mart's message. This time it was she who said "Tonight?" Silence from his end. Sorry but he was working tonight. Then coolly and without urge he said, "How about tomorrow night?"

At eight o'clock he rang the bell marked Comet. He was good-looking in a quiet way, a little shy but self-possessed. They spent the evening dancing, easily and wordlessly and tirelessly, in the outdoor pavilion of a roadhouse.

He did not kiss her on the way home. They talked but little. Yet she felt strangely soothed, rested, serene and somehow light.

"Well, good night. See you at church," he said.

"Call me up some time."

"Sure," he replied, gravely and politely.

Bobby Comet took to staying home evenings.

Once when Mart mentioned his name, Whitey's name, her heart gave a great leap. Every night she waited for a call and none came. My God—she'd show him. If he ever did call up again, she'd show him.

A week—ten days—two weeks. Then, unexpectedly, when she had quite given

him up, his oddly clipped speech at the other end of the wire. And then her own voice, with a deep note in it, saying, "Tonight? Why—yes—I'd love to."

"And," said Mrs. Comet, two months later, "what's he earn?"

Bobby's head came up defiantly. "Forty a week."

"My God!" said Mrs. Comet piously. "Where are you going to live on that? And how?"

A look of triumph came into Bobby's face. "We were looking at places Sunday. There's a place at a Hundred and Eighty-sixth Street—"

"Oh, my gosh to goodness!" said Mrs. Comet. Then suddenly, "Why that's grand, Bobby. It's kind of far away from us and all. But it'll be grand, to start on." Suddenly the two were closer than they ever had been. A something had sprung up between them, binding them together for the moment. Love and pity shone on Mrs. Henry Comet's face.

"Sure," said Miss Bobby Comet, happily; and looked about the five-room flat in West Sixty-sixth Street. The dump. "Say, we couldn't expect to have a place like this. Not to start with."

(Condensation)

Youth In Action

NOTABLES JOIN ADVISORY BOARD OF CONGRESS

by EDMUND MORSE

Men and women prominent in American public life as educators, trade union leaders, church leaders, and public officials, have agreed to serve on the Advisory Board of the American Youth Congress. As advisors, they not only announce publicly their sympathy with the American Youth Congress' attempt to influence public policy toward peace, democracy, and progress, but pledge their aid in making the American Youth Congress worthy of its name.

Among those who accepted the invitation to join are:

Luigi Antonini, Vice-President of the International Ladies Garment Workers; Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, President of Vassar College; Roger Baldwin, Director of the American Civil Liberties Union; Senator Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota; Jerome Davis, President of the American Federation of Teachers; James Waterman Wise; James H. Hubert, Executive Director of the Urban League; Leroy Bowman, Director of the United Parents Association; Mary K. Simkovich, Director of Greenwich House; Jeremiah T. Mahony; Genevieve Taggard; Edmund de S. Brunner; A. Clayton Powell, Jr.; Philip Schiff, headworker at Madison House in New York; Lillian D. Wald; V. T. Thayer; Mrs. Kendall Emerson, Chairman of the Public Affairs Committee of the National Board of the Y.W.C.A.; Homer P. Rainey, Director of the American Youth Commission of the American Council of Education, and Governor Harold O. Hoffman of New Jersey. Many other notables are expected to join the board soon.

STEEL MESSAGE

Cleveland, Ohio

John Damich, Ohio Field Director of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee has issued a special New Year's message to the young steel workers through *Champion*:

"For the first time in the history of the labor movement, ten international unions have joined hands to help organize all workers into one big industrial union, a union that will insure the real unity of workers and help to establish industrial, social and political freedom for all. For young workers this means the chance to lead a normal life, to complete an education and to marry with the guarantee that their children will have some of the opportunities that they themselves have missed.

"The right of labor to organize is guaranteed by law and fully recognized by President Roosevelt. The drive for a better life is on!"

Peace Their Policy



ANTI-WAR SENTIMENT

by MARKARET E. STIER
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

"War is the greatest single menace facing the student world today. With that in mind, the Emergency Peace Campaign early determined to open a channel of action whereby college men and women could do something practical, though difficult, to help keep this country out of war and to further the cause of international friendship."—*Youth Section Handbook of the Emergency Peace Campaign.*

The strongest impression which I have gained from six weeks' work in the Colleges in Virginia and North Carolina as one of the Field Secretaries of the Emergency Peace Campaign, is a renewed conviction that the solution of the peace problem is bound up with the solution of the race and economic problems. Time and again we have found students and faculty members saying, "Well, I'm in favor of peace, but you can't hope to attain permanent peace until you solve the problem of an unjust economic order and inequality of races." We find, that in most cases, the more enthusiastic response to the Peace Campaign comes from students who have felt the stress of the economic crisis, and from schools that are not highly endowed.

In addition, the Christian groups on the campus are also lending their aid through organizational set-ups and programs. While these groups make up the bulk of our responses, large numbers of young people from more comfortable homes are realizing that the struggle for peace is one which must challenge all young people to unite in a

campaign to keep war out of the world.

These generalizations concerning a movement for peace are based on many varied experiences. For example, one Negro college I visited gave a most enthusiastic response to my chapel and group appeals—emphasizing especially that they too, as a minority racial group, felt their responsibility in furthering peace, that equality of racial opportunity and responsibility are steps toward international understanding and cooperation.

In Norfolk, Virginia, a town dominated by the spirit of the Navy, people are stifled in their peace activities by the necessity of keeping jobs in the Navy yards or in related industries. However, even these courageous students and individuals are realizing the need for peace and the strategic place they occupy in the struggle against war.

Visiting a school high in the mountains of Tennessee I found students eager to grasp a program which gives them an opportunity to do something concrete to further the cause of peace. They are forming the organization which they think will aid them most in this effort—the American Student Union. They are adopting suggestions from the Emergency Peace Campaign for the dramatizing of the peace movement; and they are discussing racial equality, economic justice, academic freedom.

Everywhere I go I find students eager to help keep war out of the world and ready to unite with young people everywhere in a program of education and activity which will further this aim. And many of them are realizing that political action of all progressive people in a Farmer-Labor Party will be necessary to achieve this aim.

ILLINOIS MEET PLANS MORE SOCIAL WORK

by ROBERT COOPER

Decatur, Illinois

Coming from all parts of Illinois, more than 500 youthful delegates recently swept into this city to participate in the Christian Youth Conference of Illinois. With their minds set on their aim—"Christian Youth in Action"—they came undaunted, eager and searching.

They saw but one path before them, the path of progress, and they took to it eagerly and wisely.

The sentiments of the conference were perhaps best portrayed by Grace Sloan Overton, American representative on the World's Youth Commission for the Universal Council of Churches and author of *Youth in Quest*. She spoke simply but with deep meaning. "What next?" was her cry as she appealed to youth to help change the world by "taking personal responsibility for such social sins as war and poverty." She pleaded for youth to "see to it that there are no more wars."

The Commission on Social Reconstruction discussed youth's problems in full conviction that no longer did talk suffice, that action was now urgently needed. Great interest in the American Youth Act was evinced. It was decided that a thorough study of the measure be made by all local groups. Following approval of the Act, local groups were urged to participate in the general petition campaign and pilgrimage to Washington in its behalf.

The Commission on International Fellowship advocated an active peace program based on that of Christian Youth Building a Warless World.

The Commission on Human Relations urged such projects as individual cultivation of friendship with youth of other races.

Not depending on their resolutions alone, the conference set up an Illinois Christian Youth Council.

A highly important step before the conclusion of the conference was the adoption of the constitution, which recommended cooperation with "other youth agencies in the state whose purposes are in harmony with those of the Illinois Christian Youth Council." In this connection it was decided to embark on a course of initiating youth councils in every community.

There is no doubt that the interests of youth throughout the entire state have been greatly advanced by the progressive decisions of this conference. There is now every reason to hope that these decisions will aid greatly in bringing together the forces of Illinois youth in a united march toward progress and security.

SO YOU WANT TO ACT?

(Continued from Page 11)

Bernhardt, Duse, Nazimova, only . . .

Only, before you can be taken into the group you must learn a few things—poise, for example, makeup, diction, etc. You explain that you believe you know all of that. "But," the gentleman assures you, "not as it is used in this company." And for the small sum of three dollars a lesson, in private, or two dollars for a class of four or five, you will be taught all that you need to know in order to enter the by-now-fictitious group which needs new members, "Experience Unnecessary."

Believe it or not—that man actually finds suckers.

And this, mind you, in answer to a help wanted ad in papers that guarantee the inviolability of their columns.

Another group works differently. This group is not a school but its ways are as vicious. It also advertises for actresses and actors. But here, you are not even given a tryout. Here you are led to believe that they could tell by the way you entered their office that you were Broadway material. It seems that they have a play which they are going to produce on Broadway. It seems they have an "angel." It seems they have everything—but actors. A strange situation indeed, with so many professionals out of work. So they advertise for amateurs with no experience. And merely by looking at you they can tell that you are the person they need to do the leading part, or the ingenue, or the character part, or *whichever part you are able to pay for*. It seems that the "angel" has provided enough money to hire the theatre (a prominent one on the Great White Way, of course) and given them money for costumes, etc. But he has forgotten or omitted by some chance to provide money for paying secretaries, publicity agents, scenery and hiring rehearsal rooms. Consequently each actor, in proportion to the size of his role, must pay a certain amount in full, or weekly, in order to take part. Of course, you are assured, it will all be refunded at the end if there is a profit, and you and the producer will share and share alike. The idea sounds marvellous.

But, the amount you have to pay, even for a "bit" part to say nothing of a "walk on" where you merely walk across the stage, saying nothing, is a trifle prohibitive. So you reluctantly pass up the "biggest chance of your life" and pound a typewriter or wait on customers with a great envy for those lucky persons who are getting the breaks. But a curious thing happens. For weeks afterward, you watch the openings in Broadway. You watch the smaller group openings and presentations. And when, after six months of close study of the theatre columns, you see nothing of this new group, it begins to dawn on you, that for once in your life, you're grateful that you didn't have enough money to be gypped.

There is also another group that you can come into contact with, although perhaps less often. A young lady whose

papa has money, will hire a press agent to put her on the stage. After all, a live-wire press agent may save papa a great many dollars, and put the untalented daughter across. This agent decides to star her in a play to which he will invite all the leading people he can get his hands on, and thus obtain ballyhoo. But how to get the rest of the cast? Professionals are out of the question. Papa has money, but not enough to put on the whole play. You guessed it. Amateurs. You, as an ambitious Broadway aspirant, are going to be the sucker. You will be given the opportunity of your life, to play a small part and be "seen" too, by the great ones who can make or break you. To get the part, though, you must pay dues—not the ten-cents-a-week kind either. At the end, if the fake succeeds, you are minus a goodly sum and back where you started from.

So much for exploitation of amateurs in the theatre.

But how about radio?

Perhaps you ask, "Why do they have amateur hours?" The main reason, is that it gives a sponsor cheap entertainment, a kind of homey touch, and good advertising. Could a sponsor possibly want more?

And now, let us see exactly what sort of returns people like Major Bowes have gotten for their exploitation of the desire for a career on the radio. For presenting the amateurs the Major receives at least \$5,500 a week from his sponsor. Add to this a weekly average of \$3,500 from his traveling units plus \$52,000 from twenty-six movie shorts, plus income obtained from a magazine named after him, and from the publisher of a certain magazine who pays the Major to conduct an amateur column for artists and writers. In short, the Major has an income of approximately \$2,000,000—one of the most fabulous salaries in the country.

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THUMBING AMERICA

(Continued from Page 14)

inhabitant. And, since Florida drove out and turned away some fifty thousand homeless transients looking for work last year, the percentage may now have risen to two lakes for each inhabitant.

I was charmed by the external beauties, however. Amongst the lavish exuberances of nature I began to smile again and, it seemed, the trees and the blue sky smiled also. But, one night, as I lay asleep in the woods outside of Tampa, I was awakened by a hubbub of noise and cries. "String 'em up," I heard shouted. "String 'em right up.

When I had hurried near, I made out three battered, bleeding Negroes sunk to their knees underneath a large tree.

"What did they do?" I asked hesitatingly of a big white man whose breath smelled of raw whiskey. He stared at me suspiciously until the man next to him shoved his face close to mine and answered, "The black scum stole a pig of Lee Hodges."

As if hypnotized, I watched the ensuing scene throughout. When it was over and the tortured, twitching bodies were still at last, I leaned against a tree and retched over and over again.

That very night, I made tracks for the West. It wasn't that I feared anything but that all the glamor which had been Florida was suddenly gone, and as I walked on in the graw down, the land, the foliage and the waters appeared very dull and even ugly. In the midst of that drunken mob, I had felt again the proximity of a certain repellant, brutal force which seemed intrinsic neither to the place it visited nor to the people who personified it; but it besmirched both as would a persistent, obnoxious odor.

All my life I had yearned to see California. Now, more than ever, it was my Great White Hope.

For three thousand miles and for three long weeks, I suffered the Alabama sun, the Missouri dirt, and red dust of Kansas, Colorado's flat, long monotony, Nevada's parching desert and Utah's icy nights—three thousand miles and three year-like weeks of hunger and thirst, of heat and of cold, of sleeping in jails and parked cars, of jolting freight trains with loose wheels, of riding the rods, the boxes, on top, in the reefers, the blinds on passenger flyers, of torn clothes and cinder-blackened skin, of eternal hot cakes and coffee . . . a long trek but in five minutes the freight I was on would pass the California state line and I would be in my Canaan.

It never arrived there, or, rather, I never arrived there. The border patrol of Los Angeles (my only contact with that fair city) stopped our train, boarded it and after clubbing a few tramps for emphasis, herded us on an east-bound freight.

I sat impotently on the wooden floor of the box-car and watched the metal sign, "California State Line" dwindle and slowly merge into the sands behind it. After a while, I stuck my head in my hands and bawled like hell.



LAFFS

The Essay

A class of boys had been given an essay to do on a cricket match. A few seconds went by, and one pupil put up his hand to say he had finished. The teacher called him out and when she looked at his effort, this is what she saw:

Essay on Cricket Match

"Rain. No game."

—Christian Science Monitor

* * *

Hear, Hear!

"Can you tell me how to get to Bryant Street?"

"What's that, stranger? I'm a little deaf."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said I'm a little deaf. I didn't hear you."

"You don't say! I'm deaf too."

"That's too bad! Now, what was it you wanted?"

"Can you tell me how to get to Bryant Street?"

"Sure. You go down this way for four blocks and then turn to your right. It's the third street down."

That's Bryant Street, is it?"

"Oh! No. Excuse me, old man. I thought you said Bryant Street."

"No, I said Bryant Street."

"Never heard of it. Sorry, stranger."

—Judge

* * *

G-R-R!

"Visitor at Zoo: "Is that gnu very vicious?"

Guide: "Well, lady, no gnus is good gnus."

—Texas Outlook

* * *

Misplaced

Mr. Bernard Shaw is a past-master at the ready retort. A young woman sitting next to him at dinner remarked: "What a wonderful thing is youth!"

"Yes—And what a crime to waste it on children," G. B. S. replied sagely.—Montreal Daily Star.

LITTLE ACORNS

(Continued from Page 10)

riarty's voice. And his glazed sight began to perceive opposite him, not his delighted small adversary, but Captain Moriarty, a handsome, scowling face with a long stick-like arm and a cruel hard-leather fist which jabbed with bewildering frequency into his face.

When a sharp command brought relief from the fist's hard thudding, his mind did not replace Captain Moriarty on the platform. In a daze he obediently put down his rifle, took the stick from the other boy, even answered the boy's grin with a red-faced, big mouthed automatic grin.

Across the drill field they trotted, in smart rhythm, to a small field which was laid out as a bayonet run. "At ease!" the captain shouted, panting a little.

The company clicked, relaxed in the prescribed manner. Boys stared, some uneasy, some fascinated, at the elaborately laid out run. At the beginning a model trench zigzagged complete with parapet, sand bags, buck boards, firing step, all carefully fashioned by the school's laborers, spick and span and clean. Beyond stretched a barbed wire entanglement which had careful lanes opened through it. The new wire bars twinkled in the sunshine. Farther on, large holes had been dug to stimulate shell holes; then came more barbed wire, more holes, artificial mounds and craters. In the trench were placed straw-filled dummies; dummies, wounded men, lay at intervals on the ground among the shell holes, and there stood, spaced along the run, three rows of closely-bound wattles fixed upright in frames to represent men erect.

The company stirred, restless. Susy shut his eyes: the shiny barbed wire made the trembling inside him go hot and cold. A boy whispered, "A bird in E Company nearly broke his leg in that trench yesterday." "Yeah,"

"All right, men," Captain Moriarty's voice boomed with pleasure. "Now we'll see how well you can put what you've learned into practice. Your objective is that line of sand bags at the end there." He pointed: boys leaned forward eagerly to follow his finger. "Your job is to mop out this trench, then go over and take out every man that gets in your way." One boy nervously ran his tongue over his lips. Another shivered. Another gripped his rifle tighter. "Now remember—Here, one of you men give me a rifle. You!"

"You always hold your rifle like this, sling strap out." He demonstrated. "Then you're ready to use your bayonet in any direction. Got it?" The cadets nodded. "Now remember another thing. When you're going into a trench, never jump straight down in. If you do you'll get a bayonet in your belly every time. All the other man has to do is sit there and hold out his bayonet and wait for you to land on it. Always jump out bayonet first. Then you've got him. If the blade gets stuck in his shoulder or over the trench, turn, and come down ribs, you can always pull the trigger. That ought to make enough hole to get

it loose." He paused a moment. "You know all that already. But I'll show you once." He strode over toward the trench.

"Hope he breaks his goddam neck." "Now watch closely." The Captain broke into a brisk smart run toward the trench. At the parapet he leaped gracefully forward. In the air he neatly turned and dropped into the trench, his weight behind the sharp blade which drove into a dummy. As gracefully he sprang out to face the company again.

"Line up eight at a time," Captain Moriarty ordered. "And run like hell. And I want to hear some real yells this time. Keep moving. But when a man misses a dummy, he's dead, and walks to the end. I'll keep score and it counts toward your company drill-standing. When I blow the whistle, that means a shell is coming. Drop flat and wiggle forward on your belly till the whistle blows again. Then get up and run—hard. All ready?"

While the first eight boys lined up and waited Susy watched Captain Moriarty take up his position half-way down the run, at one side. His look wandered from the man to the barbed wire, to the upright dummies, dazedly back again. His mouth was dry, and he trembled so inside he wondered if he was going to be sick.

Suddenly he quivered, startled by loud shrieks as the eight boys leaped over and down into the trench in more or less efficient imitations of the Captain's grace. Lean sharp blades ripped into dummies. The attackers scrambled out and ran yelling toward the barbed wire.

As soon as they were out, eight more boys lined up and flung themselves over the trench. The yelling redoubled. Even those who were waiting began to shout and growl. The noise beat about Susy's head, deafening and confusing. Over the noise, dominant, powerful, Captain Moriarty's voice boomed instructions and admonitions to greater spunk and rage. Soon the whole company was a screeching, stabbing, leaping fury. Boys leaped in frenzy over shell holes, thrust blades into recumbent figures, tripped over mounds. One boy caught his toe on a rock, ran on sprawling wildly, crashed to the ground. He scrambled up unhurt and despite cries, "You're dead, you're dead," he ran yowling toward a dummy.

Susy waited with the last eight. He was afraid, afraid of the trench, afraid of the rifle in his hands, of the sticking barbed wire. With the others he finally ran forward. He flopped straight into the trench, missed the dummy. In his awkwardness he dropped his rifle, but no one noticed, and he grabbed it up to scramble out in time. When they reached the barbed wire he dropped behind and gingerly threaded his way through it. He thought he heard Captain Moriarty yelling at his timidity and he hastened to catch up. His teeth were tightly clenched.

Susy could not yell. Tentatively he thrust his bayonet into a dummy, but the blade's thin dry slice through the sacking and into the straw frightened him and after that he made no pretense at sticking anything, but concentrated his dazed attention on keeping up with

the others. He ran past holes and upright dummies, eyes fixed only on the sand bags that marked the end. When he finally reached the goal he trembled with relief.

Captain Moriarty's voice drove the first eight forward. "Come on, more guts this time. Rip 'em up." And the whole crawling yelling slashing course began over again.

This time the racket sounded far away to Susy. Dimly he remembered, "If you miss a dummy, you're dead. Walk." And he saw a way out.

When his turn came he did not jump but let himself slide into the trench. Ignoring the dummy and his companions, he scrambled slowly out and began to walk. He went through the wire, walked in a grim daze, not noticing that he was the last. He saw nothing about him, only the bags at the end. Several times he stumbled, almost fell into a shell hole. With his rifle he pushed aside a standing dummy and went on.

At the end a fog seemed to rise from him. His happiness brought him to, and he found himself alone. In desperation he ran, wobbling on his knees, back toward the gray-massed company at the start. To his dismay he was met by Captain Moriarty, who waited with a sarcastic smile on his face. Behind him, the company tittered.

"What the hell are you doing? Picking daisies?"

Susy gulped. "No sir," averting his eyes, "I—"

"Don't whine," Captain Moriarty snapped. "Now, since you couldn't be bothered to do like the rest of the men, we'll let you go over by yourself. Get up there!"

Susy wavered. "Up where, sir?" "God, you're dumb. Up at the start. You're going over this run. And I'll stand there to see you don't dawdle this time. I've been watching you. Get up there."

Magnificent, Captain Moriarty strode over near the barbed wire.

Susy's heart jerked and pounded. He dragged himself to the trench.

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"Before you start, let's hear you yell," Captain Moriarty commanded. "Come on."

Susy gulped and gulped. His ears were fiery red. At last he got out a weak shrill bleat.

The other boys giggled. One or two looked away in acute discomfort.

Captain Moriarty snorted. "What do you call that? Dear, dear, dear." His voice hardened. "Now, get into it. Yell."

Suddenly Susy's head began to whirl. Before him, clear, distinct, he saw the Captain's handsome scowling face. He thought he felt a dull jar on his chin. His eyes began to haze over. A great trembling shook him. He opened his mouth, and from his throat came a low ripping growl. The growl rose to a shrill yell.

"That's the way," Captain Moriarty began.

Susy jumped. He rose in the air, but he did not turn. He jumped clear over the trench, stumbled. Immediately he righted himself, raised his bayonet and made for the hard trim-mustached face.

"Here, here," the Captain shouted, not comprehending, "that's not the way—"

But, shrieking, Susy rushed upon him. For a breath no one moved. All stared open-mouthed at the gleaming bayonet. Then Captain Moriarty jumped. Just in time he ducked, flung up his arms and knocked the bayoneted rifle aside.

The blade deflected, slid, grazed slicing along the Captain's cheek, went past his head.

Susy dropped the rifle. He froze, staring in horror at the sudden gush of blood from Captain's face. Wildly he looked about, back at the Captain, at the immobilized, astounded boys. He burst into tears and started running.

A great shout arose. Susy ran harder. Then Captain Moriarty came to his senses. "Catch him!" he yelled. His hand clutched his wounded face. "I'm disfigured! Catch him!"

Two gray figures sprang forward. Susy stumbled, fell. He scrambled up and quivering, glassy-eyed, he ran wobbling across the field.

—Courtesy, Story Press.

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MUST THEY DIE?

(Continued from Page 6)

In the death house, their wants are better served than ever before in their lives. Their worries will be over as they sit in a chair, never to rise alive. The bible said "an eye for an eye," but in Sing Sing one life will be paid for with six hundred per cent interest. Seven boys dying for a bag of nickels.

Killing the coin-collector was a crime, there's no denying that. But the greater crime, the conditions that led to the hold-up, is not being solved by electrocuting these six boys.

On the mantelpiece of the DiDonne home, where the plaster saints stand, three candles flicker, and Teddy's mother prays that her son may yet be saved. Every Tuesday she repeats the "Novena" which is supposed to be said on nine consecutive weeks, and worries because there will not be time. But Teddy's sister, Mary, feels that this is not enough. Asking Governor Lehman for clemency, she drew up a petition, visited friends and neighbors and in two days got two hundred and fifty signatures. Not one person refused, she said. An Italian radio station began to tell the story of the boys and letters have poured in. An enterprising theatre owner loaned his place for a mass meeting and more than a thousand people came to listen to the mothers' story and to help. In Red Hook, the brothers of the condemned have formed a provisional committee for defense, rented a store where petitions are collected, set up booths in theatre lobbies. Now they are planning a large meeting and have invited former Congressman Marcantonio to speak—in Public School 29, where Joe Bologna used to play handball one or two nights a week when the school was open. The American Youth Congress, hearing of the plight of these boys and the other youngsters, has urged commutation of the death sentence and is organizing a conference on the whole question of delinquency.

There are five Italian-American boys in Sing Sing and one Jewish youth, but Mary DiDonne says we must stick together and save all of them. In Brooklyn and elsewhere, people are learning about crimes—the kind boys commit when they steal nickels, and the other kind: The Big Crime.

PILGRIMAGE FOR JOBS

(Continued from Page 13)

to produce more and more goods while distributing less and less purchasing power.

The crash of October, 1929, was a result, and since that time we have averaged 12,000,000 unemployed. Since it began we have increased output per man-hour by more than 30 per cent.

The young people of today, in trying to understand the world in which they live, must recognize that those frontiers which capitalism must have to be healthy and vigorous have been exhausted, and that there is no possibility of returning to the economic world which their fathers knew.

Our fathers experienced periods of economic crisis commonly called depressions, which caused great hardship to large numbers of people. But on the whole these periods were brief.

There was always the opportunity to save and go into business on one's own. As long as we had free land, if a man were thrifty, understood farming, and tended to business, he could succeed.

The world which the present generation faces is a different world. It is a world not of economic expansion, but of economic contraction. It is a world of limited and narrowing opportunities.

The young man who wishes to become a farmer finds that half of the present farm population has to be subsidized by the government to the extent of 40 per cent of their income in order to stay alive. He finds that three million people who in the normal course of events would have gone to the cities are backed up on our six and one-half million farms, with nothing better to do common laborer has a distinct advantage than to wait where they are not needed.

The young man who seeks work has an advantage in that he is young and strong, but against this is the fact that industry, co-operating with the com-

munity, tries to give these jobs to men with families, who otherwise would be forced to go on relief.

In the professions, the prospects upon graduation are poor. The professional schools are growing in number and turning out an ever increasing number of trained young people.

This tragic situation is caused not by the limitations of the physical world, but by the limitations of the institutional world. While the young people of today find themselves in a world where machinery has taken the place of men, it is only too evident that our basic problem is not one of technological unemployment, but of unemployed technology.

Youth is clearly conscious not only of waste measured from an engineer's viewpoint, but of the waste which is measured subjectively, in terms of deterioration, demoralization, and frustrated hopes. In their demand that they be served through the American Youth Act, our young people are making an appeal that is of the very fiber out of which this country has been built.

If there is one tradition that is universal throughout the length and breadth of the land, it is a belief in the right to equality of opportunity. This is fundamentally an American concept.

But it is only too obvious to the young people between the ages of 16 and 30 that the door of opportunity is no longer open.

In this country we have followed the plan of leaving everything to the field of private exploitation so long as the welfare of the community was not thereby jeopardized. This has been true of our national defense, our roads, schools, postal service, water systems, fire-fighting organizations, and so on. When the public welfare required that these functions be taken over by the people, it was done with efficiency and dispatch. The time has now come when the production of the necessities of life can no longer be left in the field of private exploitation for profit.

Along this line of approach is to be found the frontier that will make it possible to open again the door of opportunity to the youth of America.

HOME OF SCIENCE

(Continued from Page 9)

The garden and animal husbandry are simplified through scientific management and the use of machinery: a tractor with a plow, harrows and cultivators, and wheel hoes.

Complete wood-working machinery, ripping saws, cross-cuts, planers are part of a carpentry table powered by three horsepower engine. Woods roughed out on this table are taken to a workshop where they are made into window frames or table legs by smaller electric saws, drills, planes and lathes.

A completely equipped machine shop makes the repair of plumbing and other equipment an easy accomplishment. Out of this workshop have come a great many pieces of machinery produced by Mr. Borsodi himself.

Water is supplied by a deep well through an automatic high pressure system; when necessary, the water is heated, by a thermostatic-controlled electric hot water tank.

The house itself, a large stone affair with two wings, was built by Mr. Borsodi with very little outside labor and without the assistance of architects or contractors. In spite of its size its cost was surprisingly low, and the machines—cement mixers, woodworking tools, etc.—paid for themselves in building the house and are still being used for other tasks.

A little print shop, with a regular press and a large variety of type, located in one of the house's wings, turns out numerous pamphlets on economic subjects written by Mr. Borsodi.

A private swimming pool, tennis courts, and a gymnasium offer recreational opportunities, while entertainment is provided by an ingenious radio designed by Mr. Borsodi; a dynamic speaker is hidden behind a section of the wall as a baffleboard.

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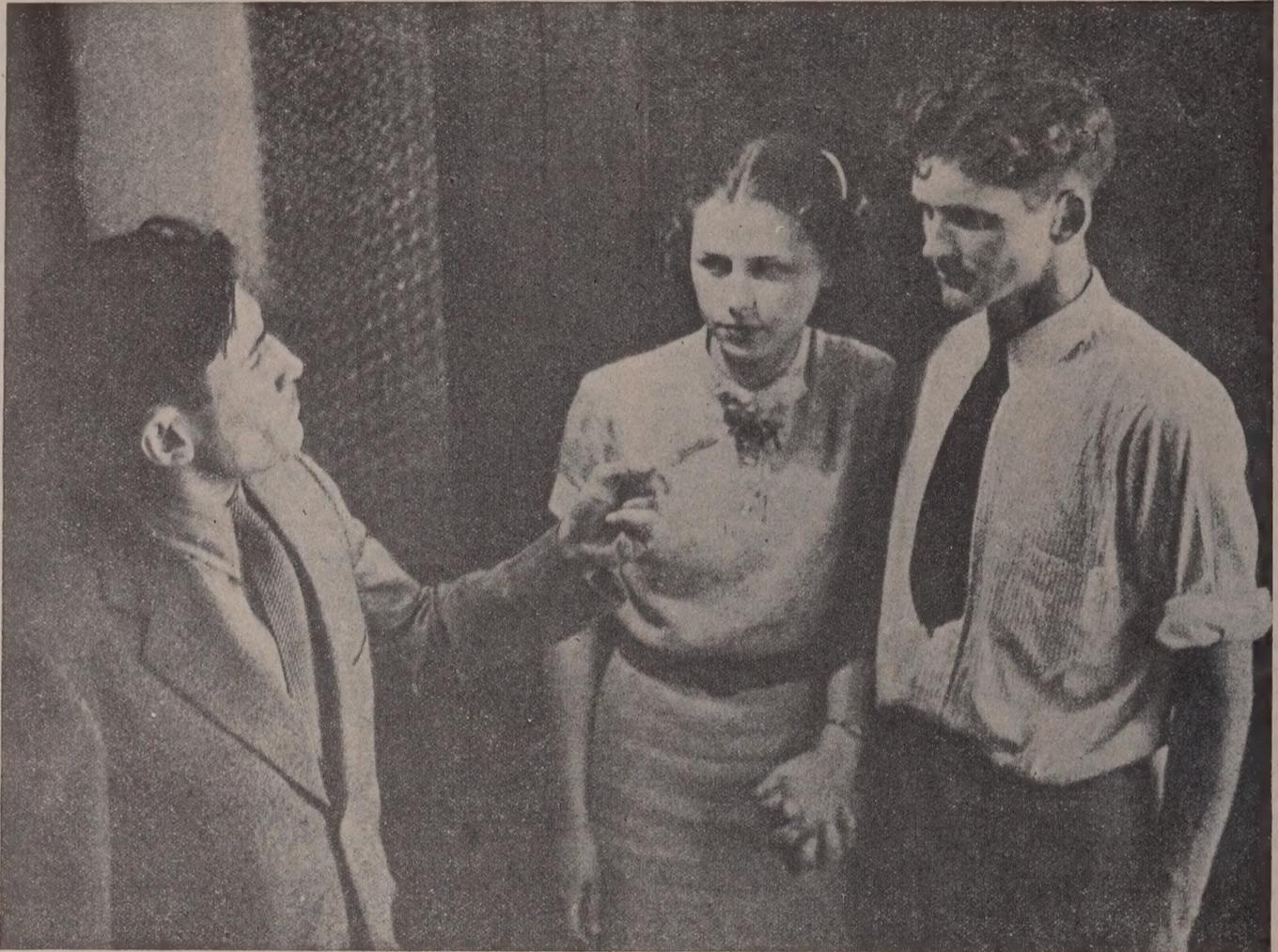
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