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SOCIETY

## ARTICLES

Tomorrow--Four Million!

Workers' Poet--  
An Interview With  
LANGSTON HUGHES

## FICTION

Mary Won't Know About  
That!

Cheap Limbs  
Old Bum

Gregor Duncan  
William Gropper  
Louis Gordon  
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# SAVE MONEY on Shoes, Coffee, Razor Blades, Canned Foods, Breakfast Cereals, Tires, Cosmetics, Soaps, Radios

—and dozens of other every-day purchases by using Consumers Union's 1938 Buying Guide in your shopping. This Guide, now on the press, gives you ratings by brand name of over 2,000 brands of products as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable" based on expert technician's tests.

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A vacuum cleaner selling for \$21.95 ranked high in cleaning ability and all round value in laboratory tests of 18 models of vacuum cleaners reported upon in Consumers Union's 1938 *Buying Guide*. Another model, selling for \$89.50, was below average in cleaning ability and was rated "Not Acceptable." If you were going to buy a vacuum cleaner you would save over \$60 by buying the first model. Several brands of razor blades selling at 2c apiece were found to shave as well as, if not better than other brands retailing for 5c and more. By buying the 2c blades instead of the 5c blades you would save 3c on each blade. A famous brand of coffee selling at 30c a pound was found to be much inferior in quality to another brand selling at 2c a pound in tests of 36 brands. By changing from the first brand to the second you'd save 9c on each pound of coffee.

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Shoes	Tires	Refrigerators	Light Bulbs
Canned Foods	Cosmetics	Medicines	Men's Suits
Soap	Stockings	Wines and Liquors	House Paints
Gasolines	Radios	Autos	Fountain Pens

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Consumers Union's *Buying Guide* is not for sale. It is a confidential publication intended solely for members of Consumers Union of United States. But you can obtain this *Guide* at no extra charge by joining Consumers Union. The annual membership fee in this nation-wide, pro-labor, non-profit organization is only \$3 a year. This fee brings you 12 issues of *Consumers Union Reports* (for description of current issue see box at right), the monthly magazine which reports on all kinds of consumer goods and services (including insurance, home building, hygiene, etc.), and which tells you which products are made under fair labor conditions and which are not. And it brings you at no added cost this indispensable *Buying Guide*, telling you quickly and specifically which brands are good buys and which are "Not Acceptable."

If you prefer unbiased technical analyses of the things you buy to the ballyhoo of advertising copy writers, if you demand more fact and less fiction in your buying transactions, if you want to be sure you're not getting unfairly manufactured products; above all, if you want to make real, substantial savings on your purchases, join Consumers Union today by filling out and mailing the coupon.



288 PAGES—POCKET SIZE

### IN THE CURRENT ISSUE OF CONSUMERS UNION REPORTS

It is estimated that 50% of the retail mattress business is fraudulent. In a report in the current issue of *Consumers Union Reports*, deceptions practised in the mattress business are exposed and ratings are given of leading brands of mattresses. An article, "Workers in the Chain Stores," tells about labor conditions in Woolworth's, Kresge's, Whelan's, Liggett's, and other widely known 5-and-10 and chain drug stores. Other reports give test results on radio aerials, tuna fish, electric ranges, heating pads and other products. Serialized reports on life insurance and home building are also continued. This issue, together with the 1938 *Guide*, will be sent to you upon receipt of the coupon below. Subscription to the *Reports* can be started with any of the issues listed in the coupon.

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- NOV.—Life Insurance, Portable Typewriters, Anti-Freezes, Men's Hats
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# RINGSIDE

# The CHAMPION

Bill Gropper, who volunteers an original cartoon for CHAMPION each month, has just had a collection of his cartoons and paintings published in a book by the ACA Galleries in New York. Also included are reproductions of a fresco and ten paintings recently shown in an exhibition at the ACA Gallery. Judged from any standard, these paintings are significant, and put Gropper on a par with any other contemporary artist. Those who have been confused, annoyed, amused or bewildered by decadent abstractions in modern painting are discovering in Gropper an artist who thinks positively and who knows very well what he wants to say and how to say it. There is nothing synthetic in Bill Gropper's allegiance to the labor movement.

Herman Baron, who wrote the brief biographical sketch in the front of Gropper's book, says: "*Gropper was born on the lower east side. He was the eldest of five children. His father was an intelligent man and a linguist; nevertheless, the burden of supporting the family fell on his mother. She worked at home as a seamstress on bundles of coats, pants and shirts furnished by sweatshops...*

*"His earliest memories are of bundles; of falling over bundles; playing with them, trying to lift them and going to sleep on them. When he was a little older he carried them from and to the sweatshops on his way to school..."*

*"He started drawing people as a boy working in a clothing store. 'I had to address postcards,' he relates. 'That's an awfully monotonous job... to keep myself interested in the work I drew figures and faces in the corners of the cards I was addressing.' Soon the customers began coming in and telling the boss he had invented a new form of advertising."*

Gropper's book contains 48 car-

Vol. III. No. 6

May, 1938

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*We cannot pay for manuscripts, photos or drawings at present. All material intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor and must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

toons and drawings and sells for \$2.00. Copies may be obtained via *Ringside* or from the ACA Galleries in New York City.

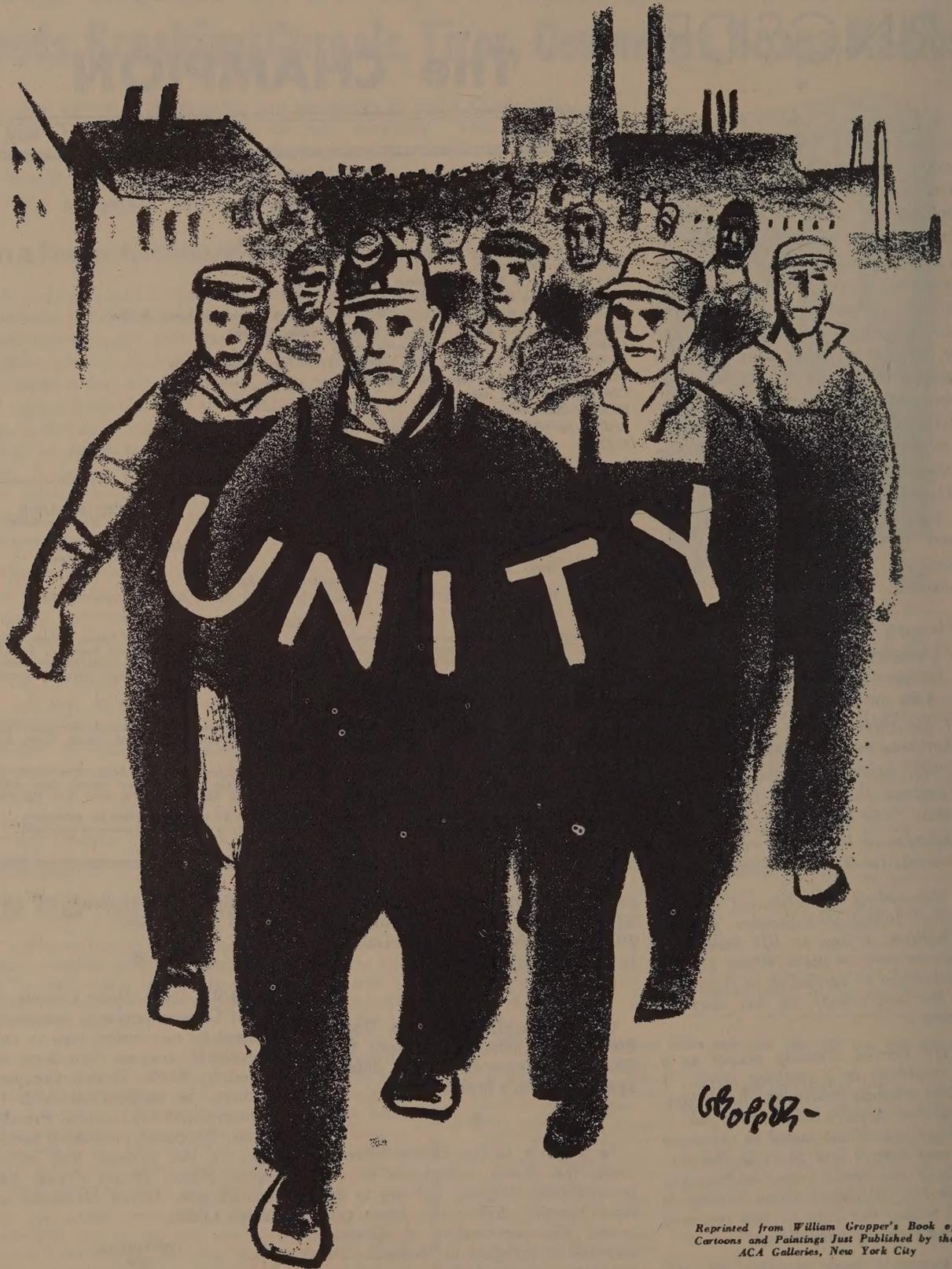
**Chinese residents in the United States have contributed more than \$20,000,000 towards China's defense against Japan's invasion.**

In a letter to the Dutch Government, the Dutch volunteers in the International Brigade, fighting to defend Spanish democracy, have protested the persecution of German anti-fascist refugees in Holland. The volunteers demand that all anti-fas-

cist refugees in Holland be given freedom and asylum.

A \$4,500 Exile Prize Contest for the best German-language manuscript submitted by any writer now in exile for political reasons has been announced by Little, Brown Company, publishers, in cooperation with the American Guild for Cultural Freedom and four European publishing houses. Judges in the contest will include Thomas Mann, Bruno Frank, Lion Feuchtwanger, Alfred Neumann and Rudolph Olden.

CONTINUED  
ON  
PAGE 26



Reprinted from William Grupper's Book of  
Cartoons and Paintings Just Published by the  
ACA Galleries, New York City

# MAY DAY

## THE PEOPLE'S HOLIDAY

**FIFTY-TWO** years ago, groups of organized workers planned their first May Day, a day of demonstration for the 8-hour day. The 8-hour day was won, labor found new strength and May Day flashed around the world to dozens of countries, hundreds of cities, wherever men and women toiled and sweated for bread and security. America's workers gave the world one of its greatest international holidays.

But May Day had tough going in some countries. Reactionaries of the period in every country attacked it as being un-English, un-German or un-Russian. America's workers who sought some measure of economic equity for millions of toilers were denounced as "agitators" by foreign and domestic Big Money. The puny-brained Czar Nicholas, between sips of tea, ordered mounted troops to destroy workers' parades . . . but the people proved to be a damned sight bigger than czars and Big Money. This May Day in the Soviet Union will be celebrated by the entire population. The workers of Mexico, where fascist spy nests and espionage sores are festering, will march to herald the advances made under the leadership of President Lazaro Cardenas and a militant trade union movement. In France, Britain, Czechoslovakia, Spain and China, millions will march in an inspiring display of workers' international solidarity. *The Fascist countries will not celebrate May Day.*

May Day has grown to the status of a peoples' holiday . . . a day in which all progressive, liberal and labor forces join hands to push forth their demands for economic security, democracy and world peace.

The ruthless aggressions of the Rome-Berlin-Tokio alliance have encouraged the Tories of our land. The Morgans, DuPonts and the rest of our sinister Sixty Families, combined with their

foul-mouthed Hearsts and Gannetts, rallied their fascist groups to intimidate a panicky Congress into defeating the President's Reorganization Bill. These same Tories are now preparing to knock hell out of *any* recovery plan the Administration proposes. They are sharpening stilettos in Congressional cloakrooms for an assault on *any* wage and hour legislation. They hail the pro-lynch stand by their stooges in Congress. (Isn't "legal" lynching an excellent weapon against a minority?) They urge retention of the "Neutrality" Law so they may sell Hitler and Mussolini an abundance of arms and munitions for their invasion of Spain—but we must *not* sell to the legally elected Spanish Government because that would involve us in war! Is it a secret that Italy and Germany have established armies in Spain? Surely, our embassies and legations in Spain are not *that* naive! Must we continue this hypocritical horror of American bombs and American bullets shattering Democracy in Spain?

**THIS** year a thousand delegates representing 750,000 people met in New York to plan a united May Day for that city. Throughout the nation hundreds of thousands are meeting to formulate lines of march, placement of contingents, speakers' lists, etc. In every union, in every progressive organization, in every worthwhile civic and community group, May Day is being discussed and planned. Why all this hubbub? What is it, love for a parade? A holiday celebration?

No.

Throughout the land a rhythm beats that the Tories had better heed. Fifteen million unemployed! Cuts in wages; sabotage of industrial production in durable goods; untouchable prices

in consumer goods; the buying power of millions smashed completely; the small businessmen and the unemployed and the oft-swindled farmer and the scientifically starved relief worker and relief client are attacked by tory press, politicians, and legislators!

The growth of Nazi and fascist activities in the land stand out sharply in the blackjacking and skullsplitting of the less than a hundred Legionnaires by a thousand Nazis in New York; the groin-kicking, mauling and torturing of a crippled anti-fascist editor in Brooklyn; the return of Coughlin to the radio blessed by the Hearsts, Girdlers, Winrods, Pelleys and every other variety of anti-Semite, anti-Catholic and anti-Negro in the country. This inside threat to Democracy is augmented by the free hand given the Hitler - Mussolini - Mikado gang through the lack of concerted action on the part of the great democracies of the world.

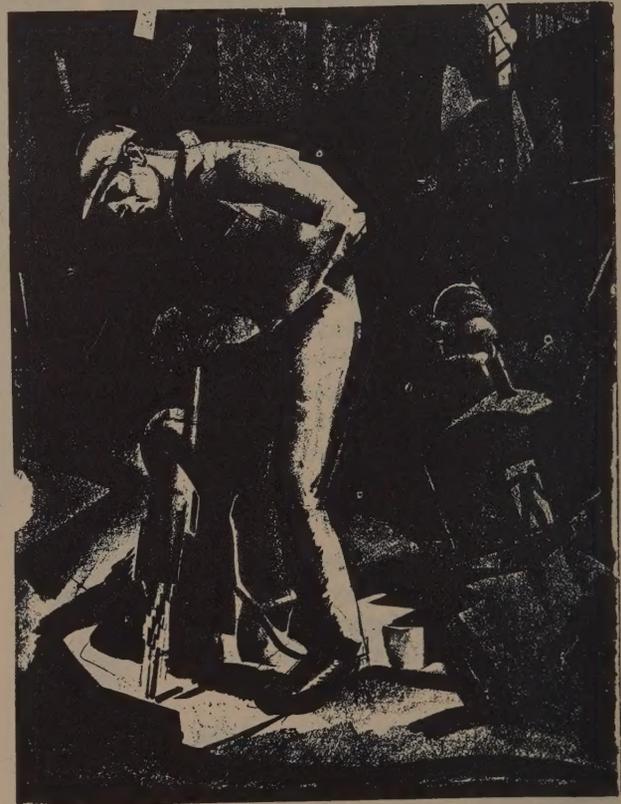
No!

May Day is a People's Day! A day in which the American wage-earner, retailer and unemployed will march shoulder to shoulder to shout their questions and demands to a ruthless group of vultures who still remember their skeletal gleanings of 1929-33!

**T**HIS May Day means that organized labor, nearly nine million strong, yet split in half, must find each and every basis for unity possible. Every possible move for united political and economic action must be planned and made. Despite the red-herring thrown by the AFL Executive Council at every cry of Unity, we must strive in our unions, our towns, our cities, our states, for united CIO-AFL action on political and economic issues. Wherever and whenever possible, we must work out joint tickets, joint platforms and joint plans for the 1938 and 1940 elections. Together we must look into world questions and determine their effect on our own labor movement. Every crisis, every war, every

fascist putsch in any corner of the globe affects us . . . for America is no longer an independent little bump on a strange log.

Let us remember that CIO-AFL unity and the unity of progressive millions close to the labor movement are a solid defense against Fascism and a tremendous force for Democracy, for Security, for Jobs and for Peace . . . and somewhere in the dungeon of a fascist country an imprisoned trade unionist will hear of American labor unity and gain strength . . . a small radio in a German home will tune in the now famous illegal broadcasting station and a voice will speak quietly to a group of silent anti-fascists . . . "CIO—and—AFL—are—one!"



W. Siegel

# TOMORROW -- FOUR MILLION!

AN AUTHORITATIVE ARTICLE ON NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL CONVENTION OF ONE OF THE NATION'S FAST-GROWING UNIONS IN THE WHITECOLLAR FIELD

by **LOUIS GORDON**

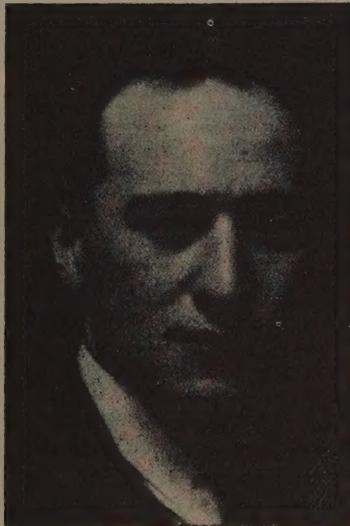
*Member*

UNITED OFFICE AND PROFESSIONAL WORKERS  
OF AMERICA, CIO

**T**HE nation's capital will witness a new kind of convention this month when white-collar workers from all parts of the country converge on Washington after a year of unprecedented union activity. Fresh from their battles with the world's richest corporation will come insurance agents who have just won a labor board election in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Artists will be well represented—the men who put Popeye to life in the country's theatres, the mural painters, commercial designers and cartoonists. From the heart of Wall Street, banking and brokerage employees will report on their conferences with the New York Stock Exchange offices regarding unemployment in financial centers. From Phoenix, Arizona, from Seattle, Chicag, New York and forty-three other cities throughout the country will come social service employees, technical and research workers, editorial assistants, restaurant cashiers, advertising men, commercial travellers, bookkeepers, stenographers and office workers of every category.

History will be in the making on May 18 when the second national convention of the United Office and Professional Workers of America assembled at Washington's Hotel Burlington. The convention this year is living proof of the correctness of the statement made in Philadelphia a year ago when 14 AFL and 9 independent unions joined to form this national CIO union. At that time, it was declared that clerical and professional workers were ready to organize for their common advancement if a national organizing and coordinating center could be set up. And in one short year, the 23 locals, representing 8,615 members, have multiplied four and five times to the present 73 locals with more than 45,000 members. Seemingly overnight, the union has sunk powerful roots into main centers of whitecollar employment never before touched by the labor movement.

The convention will be historical in presenting a comprehensive review of the union's remarkable gains during its initial year. But it is interesting to note that one of the convention's features is to be the premiere of a motion picture dealing with the union's problems, and the film's title, significantly, is "Tomorrow: Four Million." Four million, according to the 1930 census, is the number of clerical and professional workers eligible for membership in the UOPWA; and the union has accepted the responsibility of fighting, not only for the interests of its own membership, but for the economic and social welfare of the entire whitecollar group.

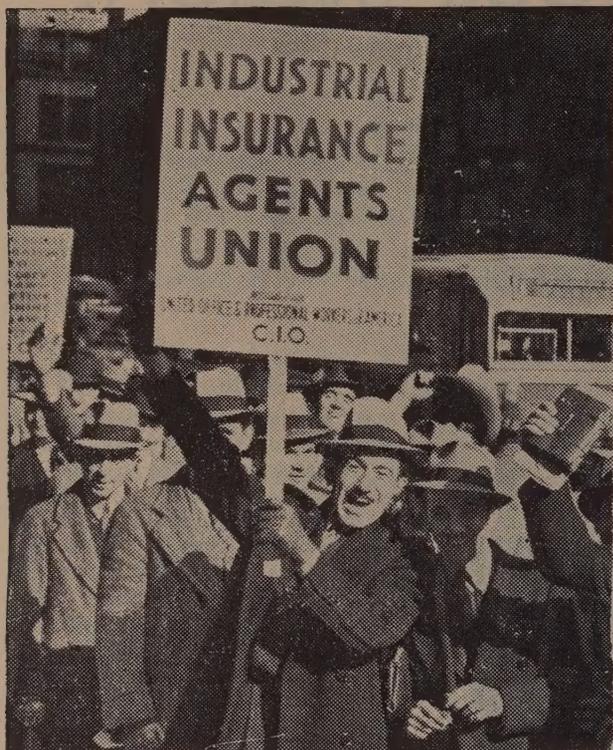


**LEWIS MERRILL**  
President  
UOPWA, CIO

This responsibility to the millions still unorganized is illustrated in the type of public exhibits the union is preparing for display at convention headquarters. For the first time detailed studies will be presented on the problems of whitecollar workerse nationally. Extensive research will be summarized to show the number of whitecollar workers in each of the nation's leading industries as well as to analyze their geographical distribution. In charts, graphs and pictures, the exhibits will record the tremendous growth in the number of clerical workers from the 100,000 of 1870 to the 4,025,000 of 1930. The display will treat of the increased grouping of clerical workers into large offices, the concentration of more than one-third of the nation's office workers into the ten largest cities of the United States, and the steadily developing mechanization of the whitecollar field.

More important, the pictorial review will demonstrate the meaning of these trends to the individual whitecollar worker in terms of his own job: his earning capacity, hours of work and insecurity of employment. The close relationship which once existed between office workers and employer has increasingly given way to

They Sell Security — They Want Security!



**Agents Demonstrating Before the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company Last November. Recent Labor Board Election Victory Compels the Company to Bargain Exclusively With Their Union.**

“depersonalization”, the feeling of being a lost cog in a wheel. Many office clerks, whose only contact is with department heads or office manager and who never see their employer face to face, have found that routine jobs offer few possibilities for advancement and stifle individual initiative and self-expression. In the monotony of stacking correspondence under A, B and C, the file-clerk has wistfully envied the “interesting” work of other whitecollar workers; for example, the artists who made the animated cartoon he saw in the movies the night before. Only recently has he learned that the same division of labor that consigns him to life behind steel cabinet files has forced the artist to spend his working time outlining one arm, or coloring one leg, in the series of thousands of single pictures necessary for a few movements on the screen.

Using both statistics and individual examples, the exhibits will show the collapse of the traditional advantages enjoyed by whitecollar workers over other workers. Stress will be laid on the salary cuts handed to office workers and professionals in past months, in industries where strong unionization has enabled the industrial workers to maintain and even raise the wage stand-

ards for which they have fought. A case in point is the General Electric Company, where a 10% reduction was announced in the salaries of professionals and technicians, while the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers were winning gains through a union agreement.

Considerable space will be given to the major grievances of large numbers of whitecollar workers, especially job insecurity and payless overtime. Among organized industrial workers, and even among the unorganized, overtime without pay has always been fought as an injustice. Among office workers, however, overtime without pay or with 75 cents or a dollar as “supper money” (paid after two hours work) is a common practice.

New members enrolled by the union’s Financial Employees’ Organizing Committee cite as one of their chief grievances overtime without pay during heavy trading days in Wall Street. At one time Christmas bonuses were supposed to reward this overtime work but employees in the banks and brokerage houses found busy seasons succeeded instead by layoffs and the “Scotch week”, a system whereby workers are laid off one week a month.

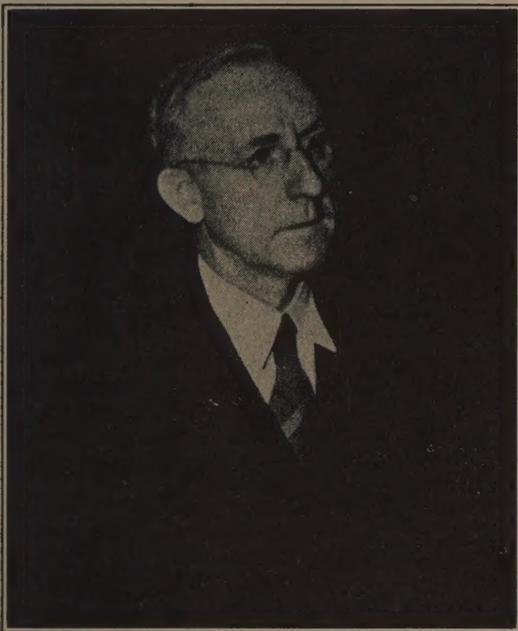
The main contribution of the convention exhibits, however, will be in their presentation of activities conducted by the union to help solve the economic and social problems of workers in the whitecollar field. Methods of carrying the union’s message will be dramatized, from the simplest mimeographed leaflet to the streamlined organizational mediums of motion pictures and radio, use of which has been made in a number of localities. A series of six radio broadcasts sponsored by the New York Joint Council of UOPWA locals, for example, included original dramatic sketches as well as prominent speakers from other unions and leaders in whitecollar and legislative fields. The convention display will show actual organizational work, including pictures of militant strikes, which the union has conducted in cities from San Francisco to New York. Less sensational, perhaps, but just as interesting from the unorganized worker’s point of view, will be summaries of hundreds of closed shop agreements won without the necessity of resorting to strike action.

**I**NCLUDED in the display will be representative contracts, showing the exact terms won under these signed agreements, some 500 of which exist in New York City alone. In each of these offices under contract, the union has established a minimum wage of \$21 weekly with proportionately higher standards for more skilled groups. Everyone of these agreements provides for paid vacations, paid sick leave and legal holidays, and for recognition of the right to collective bargaining and of job security.

These conditions, which in unorganized firms depend, if received at all, on the generosity of the employer, have been won in unionized offices as definite contractual terms, backed by the strength of the entire union, and the CIO. This CIO backing is not an empty phrase but a vital help to organization, as the insurance agents realized during their campaign to win collective bargaining rights from Metropolitan. Organized labor



(Above) Leading Whitecollar and Industrial Unionists Express Solidarity of All Labor. President Michael J. Quill, Transport Workers Union; Merrill and Allen Haywood, New York Regional CIO Director.



(Left) John Brophy, CIO Director, Photographed at a Recent Conference With UOPWA Officials.

carrying on organizational work have the whitecollar and overalled worker discovered the identity of their interests.

This solidarity is strikingly illustrated in the artist's exhibit which will naturally be a highlight of the pictorial review. One section of the artists' display will be similar to the Subway Art exhibit which has already been viewed at the New York Museum of Modern Art and the Transport Workers Union Hall. The aim of this exhibit, for which the United American Artists (UOPWA affiliate) conducted exhaustive research, is to arouse interest in the creation of a WPA project to beautify city subways with works of art.

Such a project will not only create work for unemployed artists, but will help make life more worth living for millions of straphangers who travel daily in an atmosphere which, according to the union newspaper, compares unfavorably in point of cheerfulness with that of the city morgue. The artists' exhibits will also stress the importance of passing the Coffee-Pepper Federal Arts Bill, now before Congress, to establish a permanent Bureau of Fine Arts with a regular paid staff of artists.

Besides listing the economic gains won for its mem-

throughout the country responded to the union's plea to support the agents' unionization and to protest the high-handed anti-labor policy of insurance company officials. In many cities, policyholders' committees were set up in an effort to prevent company executives from misusing millions of dollars of policyholders' money in a fight against insurance company employees. Only through

bers and showing the alliance between whitecollar and industrial workers, the exhibits will dramatize the activities of the union in defending the civil rights of labor and progressive forces generally, in developing cultural forms for the masses of American people, and in actively serving as a force for peace.

The section on civil liberties will feature pictures and press comment on the highly successful Trade Union Conference on Industrial Espionage, initiated by the Book and Magazine Guild locals. This conference was first projected when the Guild discovered publishing houses among the firms listed by the LaFollette Committee reports as having employed labor spies in 1936. Realizing that the problem was not limited to the publishing industry but threatened workers in other industries, the local called on fifteen other CIO and AFL unions, the International Labor Defense, and the American League for Peace and Democracy, to join in an aggressive campaign to combat the labor spy menace. Another successful union victory in extending civil rights was the nullification in Baltimore, partly through the union's efforts, of a statute clause forbidding union organization.

Educational activities will be well represented in the convention exhibit. Classes in trade union organization, history of the labor movement, and other topics have been conducted by locals or joint councils in almost every city. There will be photographs of dance groups, dramatic groups, forums, basketball teams, and other sport and cultural activities conducted by the union. The very exhibits themselves will demonstrate the activities of union members, for the convention call was especially designed by a craftsman in the Book and Magazine Guild, and the exhibits are being set up under the supervision of artist union members.

It would seem probable, although the union has made no official statements, that the union will work actively with Labor's Non-Partisan League, recognizing the necessity for developing action on the political field as well as the economic front. It is also expected that the convention will take a clear stand on the question of maintaining peace. A number of locals have already gone on record in favor of the O'Connell Resolution and supporting President Roosevelt's stand on quarantining the aggressors. Locals have also been active in pressing the boycott against Japanese goods, and in raising funds for medical aid in China and Spain.

General President Lewis Merrill put down the speaking tube of his dictaphone and looked up when I asked him what problems the convention would consider. "Our delegates are going to hammer out the full program and policies," he said, "but you can be sure we will realistically face all the problems confronting the labor and progressive movement." And this dynamic, young trade union leader, who was shot into union work by the strike of 200 clerical workers in the New York Credit Clearing House in 1931, personally knows what those problems are.

But the most pressing question before the convention at this time is unquestionably continuing the organization of the rest of the four million. As President Merrill says, "The most important problem before white-collar workers today is the threat of growing layoffs and wage cuts to their standards and ways of living. If our 1938 convention can come out as the representative of all white-collar workers, and the active champion for the things they want, our union will have taken a long stride forward towards its own maturity. If we should successfully organize throughout our jurisdiction, we will become the largest union in America."

"Believe it or not, at present in America *we are not even teaching* what democracy is, much less defending it. Professor Fraser of the University of Michigan has proved from an exhaustive examination of our text-books that our schools neither explain nor defend democracy. The result is that a child might easily think that even the Ku Klux program, disguised as it often is under slogans such as 'patriotic liberty and the right of private property' was democratic. No wonder many adults continue to fall victims to muddled thinking when it comes to the great issues confronting this nation. Some school boards would even penalize or expel an outstanding democratic teacher who joined the American Federation of Teachers movement while promoting or rewarding any nonentity who supports the status quo. . . ."

—JEROME DAVIS  
in *The American Teacher*  
American Federation of  
Teachers, AFL

# Mary Won't Know About That!

•  
A Simple Short Story  
of Steel Workers . . .  
No One Will Forget  
It, But Many Will Try

•  
by  
JAMES  
MULLEN

I WALKED to the mill with Harry last night. We both checked in at the time clock together. He wasn't feeling so good. He looked tired. As we walked into the wash-room, I said to him, "Have a bad session with some blond, Harry?"

He grinned a bit and answered, "You know I don't mess around, kid!"

"I know," I said, "I was just ribbing. But what's wrong, don't you feel good?" We sat down to change into our working clothes. Harry's locker and mine have been together the last three years.

"It's the wife," he tells me. "She's got some kind of woman's trouble. Darndest pains!"

He wrinkled his forehead and squinted, like he's got the pain himself. His brother-in-law, Toby Michaels, who works up on the blast, told us that when Harry's

kid was born, the doctor had to pay more attention to Harry than to his wife.

So I says to Harry, when I hear about his wife being sick, "Your wife in a family way again? Christ, one kid ought to be plenty on the money you or me is making here!"

"No, she ain't. It's just something wrong with her innards that makes her double up, at nights 'specially."

"Have a doctor for her?"

"Yeah, once. He came and then told me to send her to the hospital."

I knew what he meant by that. My old man went to one of those charity wards, free wards they call them, and he died. Not that he mightn't have died, but a neighbor in the same ward said they got hardly any attention.

I can see that Harry hasn't had more than a couple of hours sleep since the last turn he worked. He was in one hell of a shape to come on the job. It's the long turn, thirteen hours without a break. I told him he ought to check out and lose the time rather than work the night dead on his feet.

Anyway, we changed clothes, walked up through the sheet mill to our shears. Harry and me are helpers on the big plate shears. There's a crew of six at the plate shears, the shearman, the hookerman, and four helpers. We got to the shears just in time for the turn whistle, and started right to work. Our shearman is a dumb horvat who rides us plenty. He gets piecework rates and we get a straight 44 cents an hour. The more plates we shear, the more pay for the shearman, but we get our straight hour rate just the same. We don't like him and he don't like anything but his cud of tobacco and his floozy who gets him drunk on *grappa* every payday and takes half his wages. He just bends over the shears all night long, grunts the signals to us and we shove and swing the steel through for him. The blade slices through the thick steel like a hot knife through soft cheese.

I work right up next to him and I'm first helper. Harry works the far end of the plate and the two other helpers, both Mexican boys, Pete and Aurelio, who talk their own lingo, work the plate sides.

After we had been on the job for a couple of hours, I noticed Harry leaning over and resting on the plate every time we take a cut. That's dangerous. He was almost out on his feet and was trying to rest by leaning on the plate. I rattled a pinch bar on the steel and signaled him to lay off. He shook his head, and grinned back at me. I didn't pay any further attention after that. I thought he would be all right.

Then we got a plate, along about three in the morning, that needs a close cut.

Harry's job was to chain the shorn steel to a drift pin which is driven in a plate hole so that the scrap wouldn't cut loose. We started shearing and I was watching the shearman for signals. I was pretty tired and sleepy myself by this time. The cranes kept rumbling over us, swinging loads that would go straight through the ground to China, if the cable snapped. Smoke was thicker than pea soup and what with rivet guns going, firepots smoking, whistles blowing, acetylene torches



"... He Don't Like Anything But  
His Cud of Tobacco and His Floozy  
Who Gets Him Drunk on 'Grappa'  
Every Payday. . . ."

kicking up a fireworks, a guy didn't have time to think of anything much but what he was doing.

Suddenly one of the Mex helpers slams his pinch-bar on the plate. That's a trouble signal. We look up and he points down the end to Harry, who's fallen asleep, legs dragging the floor, belly on the plate. The horvat reaches up to the box and throws off the power. I went around to Harry and yanked him to his feet. I was plenty mad. He staggered to his feet, rubbed his eyes, and mumbled, "How's Mary?"

I shook him again, and yelled, "Wake up, you monkey! Mary's all right, but you're in the shop. Wake up!"

Then he suddenly comes to, looks at me to make sure of it and grinned, "Christ, I'm tired. Thought I was home there for a minute. I'll be all right."

I gave him a slap on the side of his face and told him to snap out of it. Just then Cook comes along and wants to know what the row's about. I told him we blew a fuse and would start again in a minute.

"Fuse hell," he growled, "I'll have nobody around here pickin' their noses when there's work to be done. Hop to it!"

And he walked away. I gave him the usual salute. You shove one hand between your legs and wave at him with the other. It sort of relieves a guy when he can't afford to lose his job.

I went back and we started the motor again. Soon we had the steel going through and Harry was right on

the job. On about sun-up, we had had another close cut coming through and Harry was watching the shorn steel. I kept glancing at him, but I could hardly keep my own eyes open. My stomach had that dull pain and my mouth tasted like the floor of a horse stall. The steel kept curling up and getting tauter every minute. Harry was smacking the driftpin a whack with his hammer to keep the steel from flying loose. I must have dozed for an instant. Then it happened.

**T**HE next thing I know there's a sharp roaring whine like a giant cracking a bullwhip. Somebody screamed and someone else knocked me off my feet to get to the switch box. I got up and looked for Harry.

He was there all right, wrapped from head to foot in razor edged steel. It was a rotten sight. The steel had whipped right round him from his ankles to his forehead and had cut through his flesh like glass cuts into a baby's bare foot. The steel was holding him upright and the blood was slogging to the floor from his work shoes.

I ran over and grabbed the steel coil and tried to shake him out, but he was held in a vise. I yelled at him and God knows what other things I did. Then I suddenly got the idea to jump up on the plate where I could see his face and maybe talk to him until we got him out. When I got a look at his face, I could hardly recognize him. I could hear him singing that quiet tune that other men dying in the mills have sung. It's a soft little gurgling noise. Men that scream and thrash around don't usually die. They're just bad hurt. But that



"I Made a Jump for Cook's Throat, But  
They Dragged Me Off. . . ."

funny little queer soft sound of pain means a man's dying and going fast.

The shearman comes running back with a stretcher, but we can't even get Harry on a stretcher. Then Cook comes, spitting and howling, into the crowd. All over the shop the machines shut down, one after the other. Everybody wants to see it, and everyone gets sick the minute he sets eyes on Harry. . . . The Mex helper is dancing around with first aid bandages in his hands trying to attract attention. He keeps getting in the way and somebody shoves him on the floor. Then he sits there, pointing at Harry and crying.

We all grabbed the steel and bent it to the ground. There was a slippery mess all over the spot. I kept saying to Harry, "You'll be all right in a minute." Harry said nothing.

An acetylene welder came running up. Cook grabbed him and started shouting in his ear. The welder shook his head and stared at Cook and Harry. He kept insisting. Then I saw what they were going to do. Somebody ran into the crowd with an armful of asbestos sheets and they started to shove the white thin pieces

down in between Harry and the steel. I made a jump for Cook's throat, but they dragged me off, threw me down and sat on me. I bellowed at them but they went right ahead.

I don't remember what happened after that. Everything was in a blur. I came too, with one of the mill saw-bones holding something sharp-smelling under my nose and I was sitting on the edge of a first aid cot in the emergency hospital. My head ached, I tasted blood, and one eye was about closed. I felt like I had been on a bad drunk and had wound it up in a free-for-all. I had fought everybody to keep them from burning Harry out. They had to smack me down and take me along to first aid. Cook was there too. I'd put a couple of lumps on him before they got me.

Harry was dead when they got him out. The torch didn't burn him much. But he was gone anyhow. It didn't matter. He was so badly sliced up they had to wrap him in cotton and rubber sheets. Mary won't know about that. They'll sew and patch him up so nice that he'll look as though he died like an ordinary human being.

# WORKERS' POET

An Interview With  
LANGSTON HUGHES

by GEORGE HARRIS



"The past has been  
A mint of blood and sorrow—  
That must not be  
True of tomorrow."

—Langston Hughes.

A NEATLY-DRESSED, quiet, unassuming man stepped down from the train and strode with moderate pace through the filtered sunlight of Chicago's famous LaSalle St. Station.

A few years ago, a poet just being discovered by Vachel Lindsay, was a busboy in the aristocratic Wardman Park Hotel, in Washington, D. C. As he balanced the remains-belittered dishes and dirty glasses of the guests at Lindsay's recital in the ornamented dining room of the hotel in 1925, Langston Hughes heard his poems being read to the distinguished gathering. His fame has risen until today, he is recognized nationally as one of America's foremost exponents of workers' poetry and prose.

Langston Hughes was born in Joplin, Mo., and attended Columbia and Lincoln Universities. He won the *Opportunity* Prize for Negroes with his first book, *Not Without Laughter*, which portrays his own life to some extent. He has written a book of short stories; the play, *Mulatto*, which was produced successfully on

Broadway; the play *Don't You Want to Be Free*, which is scheduled for future production by the newly-organized Suitcase Theater in New York and sponsored by a Harlem IWO Branch, and three collections of poetry, namely, *The Dreamkeeper*, *Weary Blues*, and his latest, *A New Song*.

The poet ardently advocates the fostering of culture among the laboring class. He deems intellectual pursuits to be the property of all not the superficial toy of the upper classes who have monopolized and subsidized it. America, he says, is 'way behind all other countries in its standards of workers' culture.

*A New Song*, a collection of inspiring poems dynamically protesting the enslavement of the Negro people, was recently published by the International Workers Order in a first edition of 10,000 copies as the first in a series of literary masterpieces.

In this booklet, Hughes has developed and rounded out his style to include mature ideas of the problems of the Negro as a member of the universal working-class. No longer is he only the voice of a harassed and persecuted Negro race . . . he realizes that the oppressed Negro's problems are the problem of the entire laboring world and now propounds his questions with a view to solution. His progressive growth has made him a champion for liberty and democracy throughout the world.

In the words of Max Bedacht, General Secretary of the IWO, "the poetry of Langston Hughes is a true expression of our ideals because it is an impassioned cry for humanity and brotherhood." The writer believes, too, that Hughes can bring his message more effectively home by direct presentation of his poems to the masses. At present he is on tour for the IWO and will make 12 appearances under their auspices.

Ten months ago, Hughes entrained for the Spanish Loyalist Front as a correspondent of the Baltimore Afro-American, to stay there six months. He lived the life of a soldier, read his poems to the volunteers; went wherever they went, even as far as the trenches, and generally endeared himself to the Loyalists by his self-denial and spirited cooperation whenever the situation demanded it. Steve Nelson has spoken often and highly of Langston Hughes. He left Spain just before Xmas, almost immediately after the taking of Teruel by the Loyalists, and landed in New York in January.

Describing the war, he said, "It is quite evident that

the war is completely mechanized and although the Loyalists are handicapped by a lack of war materials, they possess plenty of manpower and have done amazingly well against the time-bombs, tanks and artillery of the fascists.

"The democratic nations have let Spain down. The French frontier must be opened and the American neutrality law changed to allow arms to be sold the Loyalists, *Spain does not need cigarettes as much as it needs guns with which to obliterate the fascists.*"

**C**OMMENTING on the effects of the war on art, the poet noted that the struggle is directly responsible for a new cultural wave in Spain. The First State Theater opened in Madrid to the salvos of humming propellers on enemy aircraft overhead. Loirca, a poet killed in the war, wrote his *Gypsy Ballads* shortly before his murder by fascists, and Spanish artists, writers, and musicians are all contributing their help in the form of posters, poems, plays, and musical compositions which inspire and entertain the soldiers.

Hughes was present in Madrid at the period of its first bombardment during which, he estimates, nearly 1000 shells fell upon the city. He noted that the morale of the Spanish people was very high and "they take the bombing as casually as we do a rainstorm. They walk down the sheltered side of the street during the assault and continue on about their business, almost unconcernedly."

Speaking of Franco, Hughes vehemently declared, "It is absurd for anyone using the slogan of *'Up with Spain! Up with Jesus Christ!'* to ruthlessly bombard and slaughter helpless, innocent women and children." The fascist press is entirely propaganda, he observed. It is nothing unusual to notice an advertisement listing clothes for sale and the price, to be followed by the words, "Hail Franco!" It seems that the advertisers, in a city occupied by the Franco hordes, are conscripted to maintain and key up the fascist morale.

He mentioned the fact that there is no racial prejudice shown the Negro soldiers in Spain. In fact, the Negro members of the International Brigade were afforded a very enthusiastic welcome by the civilian population. He noticed that quite a few Moorish and Cuban Negroes living in Spain prior to the outbreak of war, and many American Negroes including the late Oliver Law, have volunteered for service with the Loyalists. Hughes urges the Negro support of the Loyalist government since "the enemies of the Loyalists are the enemies of the Negroes. The allies of Franco, the reactionaries, and all fascist dictators are the enemies of the workers throughout the world."

Tucked under one arm, Hughes carried a copy of Richard Wright's stirring novel, "Uncle Tom's Children." He had just finished reading the book and said, simply, "I enjoyed reading Dick Wright's book very much. In my opinion, he will become the Negro Maxim Gorky."



**Hughes Rehearsing for One of His Harlem Suitcase Theater Productions**

Langston Hughes' merits have been recognized by his election to a vice-presidency in the League of American Writers and his appointment as a delegate to the Writers' Congress in Paris in 1937.

The vividness of the *Ballads of Lenin*, the spiritedness of *Let America Be America Again*, the ringing *Chant for Tom Mooney* and *Chant for May Day*, and his *Song of Spain* are the reveille of a dormant people awakening them to action. His words are the flaming sword leading a martyred race to battle. His torch shall lead all workers on, singing the chorus of his *A New Song*:

"Revolt! Arise!  
The Black  
And White World  
Shall be one!  
The Worker's World!  
The past is done!  
A new dream flames  
Against the  
Sun."

# CHEAP LIMBS

•  
A SHORT STORY

•  
by  
HARRY SCHACHTER

ON HIS left hand is a box of metal strips. Seated on a high stool before the press, he is to have two holes stamped in each strip by the press. (Don't ask him what they are to be used for. Mickey doesn't know.) With his left hand he inserts a strip in the chuck of the machine. That is where the die shaft stamps and is lighted by a single gleam of the shaded lamp above. His right foot presses the foot pedal. Bang! Down comes the die shaft to stamp the two holes. At this moment Mickey has to pull up his foot with a jerk. If he does not do so, the machine will continue the stamping and one "repeat" will spoil the material; that is the trick in operating a power press . . . stopping the machine after a single stamping.

Mickey takes the metal out with his right hand and places it in an empty box at his right. As far as he is concerned, his job is to fill that box.

Bang! Another piece is stamped. Right foot off gear—right hand removes the metal strip with two holes in it—left hand places in fresh piece—left hand removed—foot presses gear again—Bang!

Every gear and cam and axle and Mickey's two hands and right foot—that's the mechanism of the power press.

Bang! Piece number five thousand seven hundred and sixty-three. This figure indicates that Mickey has been working about five hours, which makes the time about one in the afternoon. Mickey is still bathing in the cocoanut pie which he had for lunch. This explains his whistling.

Bang! Piece number seven thousand. Sleepy afternoon—time of the siesta. The clonk of the press is unnoticed. It becomes just part of the general sound of the world.

Piece number seven thousand two hun—hey!  
Mickey's on his feet—his face colorless. He is staring at the machine—

While Mickey's foot was off the pedal the machine should not be working and his hand was taking the metal strip out—the die-shaft suddenly shot down!

He still has his hand. A little click in the mechanism had warned him. His eyes blink as he reflects what almost happened.

"I've been in this joint too long anyhow," and Mickey starts leaving. He actually walks ten steps.

But where is his next week's pay coming from? Wasn't he out of work six months before he landed this job? After all, this repeat most likely means nothing at all. Just one of those things that happen once in a million years. Sure, know what—let's tell the foreman





about it! He'll put you on another press and that'll be that!

"There's nothing wrong with that machine," the foreman says. "The real trouble is you sleep too much on the job. You just kept your foot too long on the pedal, that's all. Now snap out of it or you'll be punching your time card for the last time."

\* \* \*

"But Mick, why in hell don't you quit such a job?"

"Don't worry—I won't get hurt."

"But man! Why take such chances for forty cents an hour? If you're looking for jobs like that you can get more dough than you're gettin'!"

Why? Mickey laughs in little giggles that come through his nose. He doesn't know why himself.

"Well," he answers, "I want to prove to that foreman bastard that the machine does repeat."

Mickey's hand is full of little cuts and it gives his friend, Bill, the creeps to look at them. Just little nicks, but they mark the spots where the press had missed by a fraction of a fraction.

"It takes more than guts to hold such a job," says Bill. "You just got to be a little off."

Mickey laughs again. "As I said before," he assures Bill, "don't worry. There's a little click in that press which is on my side. When I hear it, I pull my hand back, and I mean back!"

They are in "Danny's", hands folded on the bar, fedoras pushed back.

"And you mean to say the foreman won't believe you?"

"That's right," answers Mickey, his mouth tight, "the son of a bitch says I'm a crank."

It is after midnight and they have decided to have

their last beer. Bill raises his glass to Mickey and says:

"O.K., Mick, it's your funeral. Only I think forty cents an hour is considering yourself damn cheap."

\* \* \*

Two days later.

"Hello . . . still alive?"

"Only I'm not working."

"That's news! Where'd you borrow enough brains to make you decide that?"

"Fired. Yesterday."

"What happened?"

"They stuck a guy on my press on the night shift. He didn't know about the press or the click or

anything. Well, he's in the hospital having his arm taken off."

"Wow! So what'd you get fired for? You was right!"

"Yeah, I was right . . . and now it's costing the boss thousands of bucks. The government is making him take apart every machine in the shop to make sure they're working right. The boss got sore at the foreman and the foreman fired me."

"So you smacked the foreman."

"What do you think?"

"Have a beer on me," says Bill.

When they put the empty glasses down, Mickey comes out with it.

"Look at these sores on my hand. And what for? So the boss's hands can keep soft. . . . And you know, Bill, that's the way it is on every job. Christ, do we want too much when we ask for guards? No . . . smack-in' the foreman ain't gonna do it, nossir! It just means, Bill . . . it means that not me, but all of us . . . all of us have to ask for guards on the power presses . . . an' a lot more!"

"Mick," says Bill, "you've got something there."



**O**N February 26th, Dr. Robert Bauer of Austria, addressing the Central European Conference of the World Youth Congress in Prague (Czechoslovakia) said, "As an independent German state, we Austrians are devoted to the supreme cause of peace in Europe and in the world." He was speaking particularly of the youth organizations which had just selected him as chairman of the Austrian Committee of the World Youth Congress.

Exactly two weeks later, Hitler was riding through the streets of Vienna, giving orders to liquidate the youth organizations and establish "firm National-Socialist control" of the schools and universities. Fearing the results of a plebiscite through which the Austrian people would have had an opportunity to affirm their desire for a democratic government, the Fuehrer of "all the Germans" swept through the countryside behind fixed bayonets.

Bauer made a miraculous escape from Vienna in the company of a group of colleagues. He and a Catholic youth leader reached Czechoslovakia safely by swimming the Danube near Bratislava. Franz Rona, internationally-known pacifist youth leader, reached Budapest after two arrests and escapes. Youth and peace organizations of Austria melted away as the hope for democracy disappeared.

During the same week—Jose Alcala Zamora, president of the Federal Union of Spanish Students and a prominent member of the World Youth Congress Committee, died of wounds received on the Aragon front.

Loh Tsei, known as the Chinese Joan of Arc, well known for her leadership in the All-China Student Union and the part she played in the 1st World Youth Congress, nursed the wounded near Kuchen. During a night sally into No-Man's land to recover wounded, she barely escaped at the hands of Japanese sentries. A bullet entered the body of a man she was helping to carry.

Khourri Bogat was shut in a Jerusalem jail after an attempt on the part of Jewish and Arabian students to

## WORLD YOUTH PREP

by JOSEPH

combat together Italian propaganda with leaflets and street meetings.

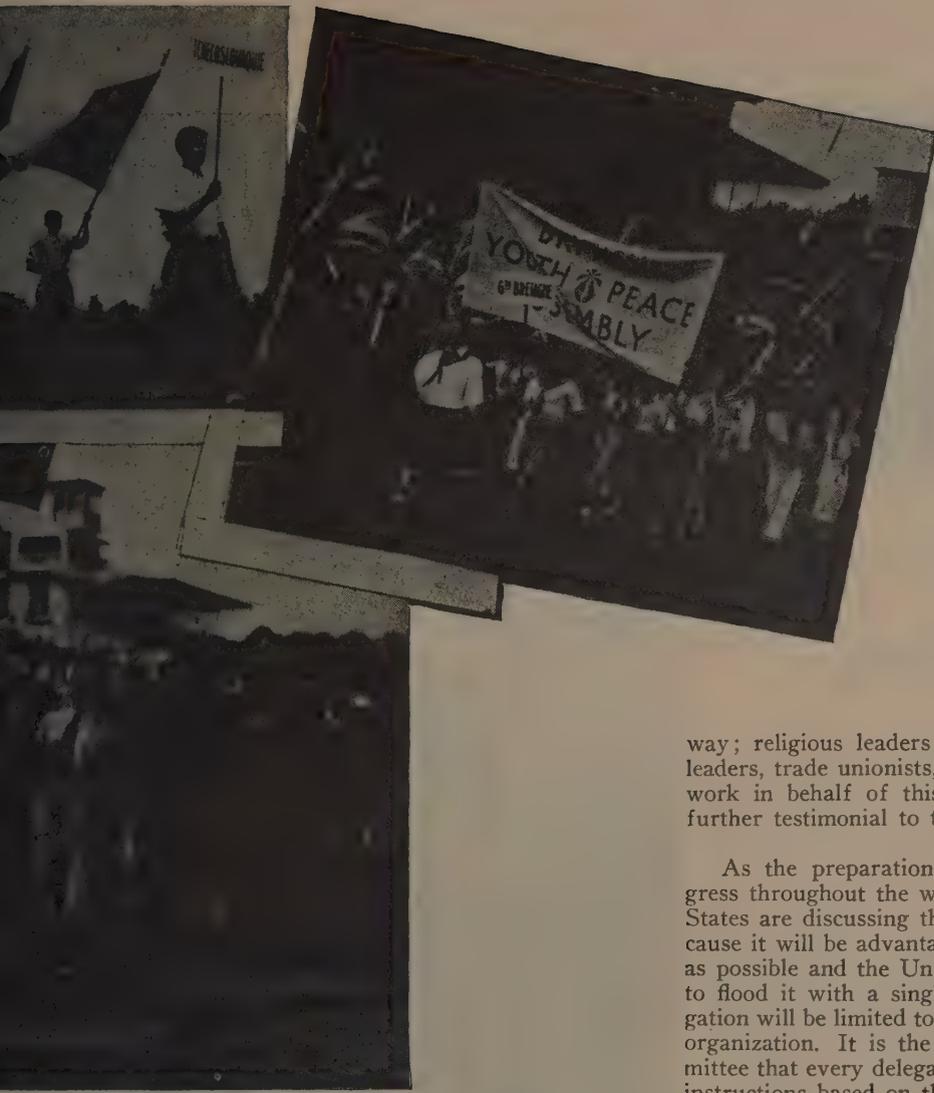
Carlos Nogales escaped from his native Peru to almost certain death in the Andes, hunted by police who suspected him of anti-governmental activity.

Childhood no longer has a chance to run its normal course; education, job, marriage, family—no longer is the pattern of life. Throughout the world, political and economic events distort the lives of youth, cripple the coming generation with wars, unemployment, suppression.

\* \* \*

In spite of all this—young people have not become hopeless. They have retained their idealism, their optimism. They know that together they can build a new world of peace and justice. And they are out to do it.

In Central Europe, Spain, China, Arabia, Peru—in forty-one countries altogether—National Committees are



## PREPARATIONS FOR CONVENTION GATHERING

Preparations for sending representatives to the 2nd World Youth Congress and for discussing the program their delegation will bring to the meeting at Vassar College during the week of August 15. Despite seemingly insurmountable obstacles, funds are being raised to send delegates, governments are being persuaded to issue passports, sacrifices are being made to insure large and representative delegations.

Aiding in these preparations taking place from Mexico to Rangoon to London, are many prominent adults who see in the work of these young people and in the World Youth Congress itself a bright ray of hope piercing an otherwise black future. Among them are: the Archbishop of York; Patriarch Miron Cristea, President of the Council of Ministers of Roumania; Lord Cecil; Rabindranath Tagore; Dr. James T. Shotwell; Professor Max Yergan; the Foreign Ministers of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Finland and Nor-

way; religious leaders of many denominations, peace leaders, trade unionists, educators and statesmen. Their work in behalf of this 2nd World Youth Congress is further testimonial to the wide influence it will have.

\* \* \*

As the preparations for the Vassar Congress progress throughout the world, organizations in the United States are discussing the ideas they will contribute. Because it will be advantageous to have as small a meeting as possible and the United States should not be allowed to flood it with a single viewpoint, the American delegation will be limited to fifty, each representing a national organization. It is the hope of the arrangements committee that every delegate will be carefully prepared with instructions based on thorough discussions to take place throughout each organization.

\* \* \* \*

A group composed of leaders of delegations will meet to consider the International Role of Youth. This group will concern itself with the application of the decisions of the Congress, methods of ensuring increased international collaboration of youth, and projects of peace education and action.

In addition, there will be two meetings for each of two special groupings at the Congress. Different categories of delegates—those from Church, Student, Labor and Farm organizations—will confer on the special problems of each. In geographical divisions—Mediterranean, American, Far Eastern, Central European, African, etc.—delegates will confer on the special problems of each region.

Youth from every section of the world, representing every race, every faith, every credo will meet at Vassar College. Potentially, the 2nd World Youth Congress is the most significant international meeting ever to take place in the United States. Its success, however, depends entirely on the hosts and hostesses—on the support and cooperation of all the young people of the United States.

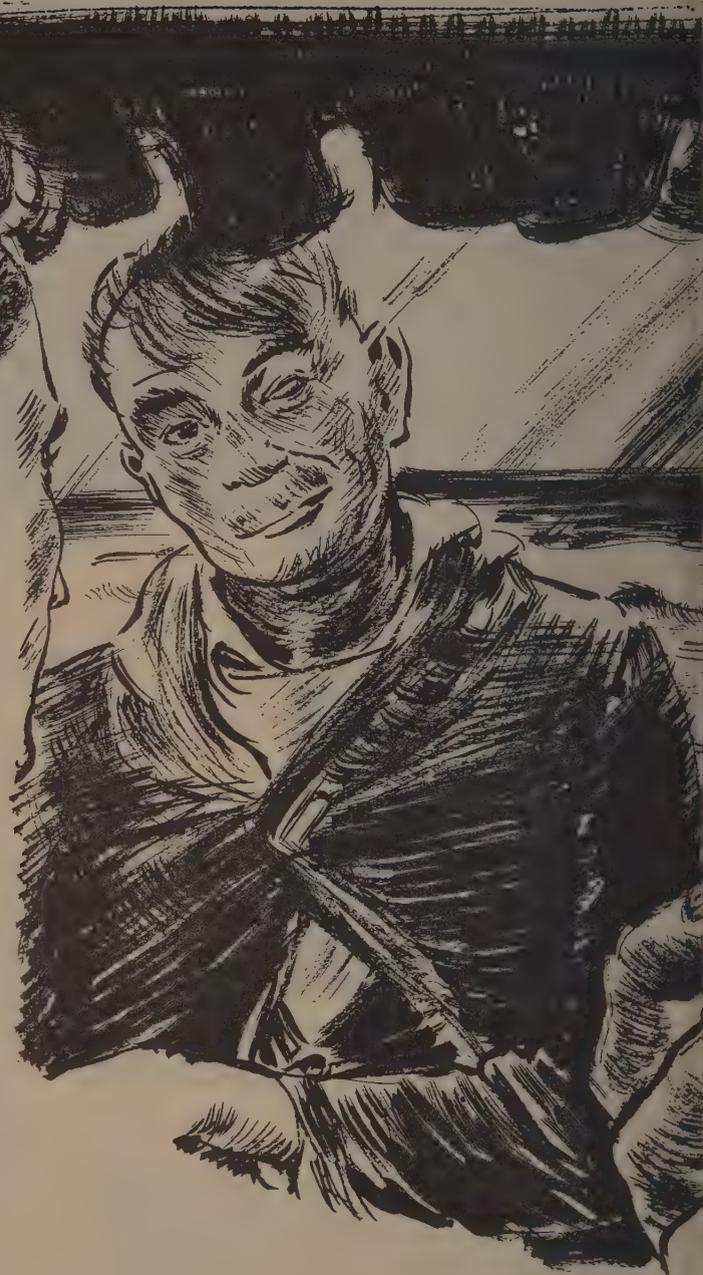
# OLD BUM...

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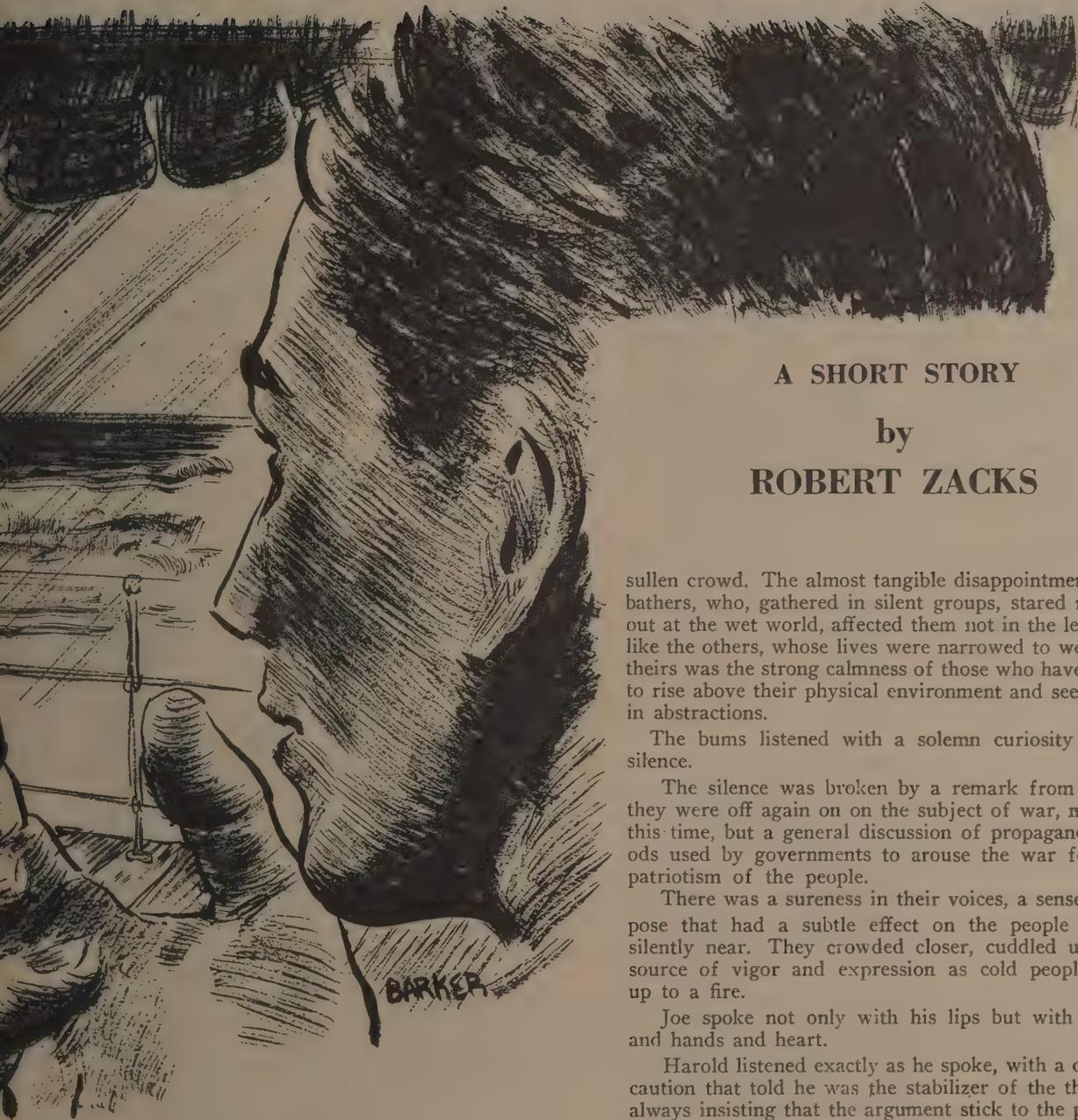
THE three had been silent for some time, being content just to sit on the wooden railing of the pavilion and think. The war in Spain had them in intent speech for the past hour and now they were in that lull that follows unguided talk, digesting the ideas into definite attitudes and conclusions.

Bill's sensitive face reflected their despairing review of the injustice in Spain, the dismalness of their surroundings. As he stared across the beach, it occurred to him that there was a parallel between the present and Spain. The beach looked very different from usual. The brightness of sunshine and the laughter were gone, replaced by a dreary gray drizzle. The careless gentle blue was gone from the sky. The rain floated down in a wet sticky mist like an invisibly warm fog. The sand, usually merry with young people, provocative with color and line, was an empty long stretch of desolate mud. Yes, there was a parallel, and Bill nodded to himself. Then he thought, we have sought shelter only from rain, this wooden pavilion roof suffices and we only suffer discontent. He looked up and tried to picture what a Fascist bomb would do, how it would go through the thin wood like tissue paper, how it would explode with a thunderous shock, a tearing . . . bodies flying, shambles, dead children. . . .

Then Joe said, "Look at that bum!" and Bill came away from his horrible vision with a jerk, glad of rescue. He followed Joe's gaze and saw a man staggering through the crowd. Everyone made way for him with suppressed exclamations of disgust. They watched.



His face was bristly with a week's growth. His shirt was filthy and torn, his pants stained with dried spittle, his neck was scrawny. A thick stink of whisky fouled the air and when he finally stopped before them and stared at them they saw two things: that one eye was blind, covered by a horrible milky blue film that made it seem more coldly piercing than the other bloodshot one, and that despite his condition, his circumstances, he had an air of dignity about him, a lift of the head that spoke of pride, the "the-hell-with-your opinion" air that many bums have. He had his wits almost under control. He stared at them and they stared back gravely. He smiled



A SHORT STORY  
by  
ROBERT ZACKS

sullen crowd. The almost tangible disappointment of the bathers, who, gathered in silent groups, stared morosely out at the wet world, affected them not in the least. Unlike the others, whose lives were narrowed to week-ends, theirs was the strong calmness of those who have learned to rise above their physical environment and seek refuge in abstractions.

The bums listened with a solemn curiosity to their silence.

The silence was broken by a remark from Joe and they were off again on on the subject of war, not Spain this time, but a general discussion of propaganda methods used by governments to arouse the war fever and patriotism of the people.

There was a sureness in their voices, a sense of purpose that had a subtle effect on the people standing silently near. They crowded closer, cuddled up to the source of vigor and expression as cold people cuddle up to a fire.

Joe spoke not only with his lips but with his face and hands and heart.

Harold listened exactly as he spoke, with a deliberate caution that told he was the stabilizer of the three, was always insisting that the argument stick to the point and not fly off on a tangent as Joe was so apt to do. Joe had the push, the zest, the go. Harold held the wheel of the conversational ship on its true course. The third, Bill, made the trio a perfect whole. He was the dreamer who dreamed the right dreams. He showed the possibilities, the various ports that the conversational ship could be sailed to. He picked daring destinations. His face had a half-sad look as if the sorrows of mankind had penetrated his world of dreams. When he walked he looked slightly upward.

It was Bill who said, his thought continuing where it had left off before, "Imagine, planes overhead dropping tons of bombs. Right here in Coney Island. Houses

slightly and leaned against a post next to them apparently content that he was among friends.

"Go on, fellers." The bum waved his hand vaguely. "Keep talkin'. Don't mind me."

They smiled gravely and were not embarrassed by his proximity. Of the whole crowd that packed the pavilion to escape the rain, they were the only ones who felt not the slightest contempt for his condition. They saw behind the sodden face to the forces that had led and driven him. They did no scorn him. He felt this and was grateful.

For a while they were quiet and stared about at the

splintered, smashed, kids with heads blown off, women's torn bodies in the streets."

Joe and Harold stared about them thoughtfully, trying to grasp the picture. "I can't picture it," confessed Joe. "When you read about these things happening in Madrid or Shanghai it's like reading baseball scores. You're interested but it doesn't really mean anything."

**T**HEN a hoarse voice said close to their ears: "I was in the war." They turned and the bum had seemed to grow an inch. One eye beamed through its red-lined pattern, the other was that cold, horrible white blue. The boys faced the peculiar double glance without flinching. They said nothing. The bum wavered. Because they hadn't seemed to hear, he said again, "I was in the war."

His voice seemed to grow young. He hitched himself forward and the smell of whisky grew stronger. "Jeez, those six hundred bodies." He put his face close to theirs and stared at them but did not see them. "Didja ever throw six hundred kids and wimmin's bodies overboard?" He didn't wait for an answer. "Some bitch planted a bomb in the ship. That's when I signed on." The bum straightened up. "I got even for those kids and wimmin." His voice was harshly proud. "I killed plenty of those bitches."

The three looked at each other. Gently Harold said, "What bitches?"

The bum stared as if disappointed. He rubbed his nose. "The bitches. The Germans."

Softly Harold asked the question to which all three knew the answer. "You were on the ship and threw those bodies overboard yourself?"

Almost sullenly the bum replied, "I read about it in the newspaper. They had pitchers."

Bill whispered, "God, what a pity, what a pity." There was actual suffering in his face. He was seeing a picture. A toilworn worker's wife, in Germany. She is preparing supper for hungry children. Her husband, a poor carpenter, has been dragged away to face tearing shrapnel, gut-ripping bayonets. The room is dark, the bread undernourishing and little enough. The doorbell rings and the news. Of what use are the screams and heartbroken sobs? Hush, woman, it was for the fatherland! (Do not dare breathe for whom it really was, woman, or you too will be lost to your children!) Do not think how he must have died! How *did* he die? How the horrible thought grows and brings dark scenes that will torment forever! Was his jaw and nose shot away? Did he hang on barbed wire by his bloody intestines, screaming, screaming, screaming? Was he removed by a shell from his arms and legs? Was his brain laid clear to the light of the night stars by a hand grenade? Console yourself, woman, it was this man before us getting even. Getting even for a newspaper story, author, Bureau of Propaganda, U.S.A.

"Oh, you poor fool," said Bill bitterly, despairingly.

The bum stiffened indignantly and searched for something to say.

"I rode the rods to enlist," he mumbled. "I was a casualty." His hand wandered to the milky blue eye.

Joe was boiling with irritation. "What did you get out of it, beside that eye?" he snapped furiously. "Who were you fighting for? Don't you know the men you

killed were workers, clean, poor, decent chaps who wouldn't harm a soul, who just wanted to be left alone? . . ." Harold stopped him with a grimace and turned to the bum. Joe's fast speech could not be grasped by the bum's slow mind. Harold's face had changed a bit. It was now like Joe's, hard. It had pity but was not weakened by mercy. The three boys now had a common purpose. It was almost as if this wreck had been directed to them as a test of their fitness, their courage.

Harold spoke quietly and earnestly. Slowly so that he should be understood. "The men you killed knew nothing of bombings. The stories you read were lies. The German workers were forced and deceived into fighting as you were deceived into fighting them. What were you fighting for?"

The bum looked bewildered. He raised his hand. "I helped *you*, didn't I?"

"How?" asked Harold earnestly. "How did you help me?"

The bum looked around dazedly. "I helped you all," he insisted stubbornly. "I was fightin' for the whole country."

"You helped a lot of rich men make more money," snapped Joe.

The bum stared and rubbed his hand over his good eye. "I did not," he whimpered. "I gave my eye to help you. *You!*" The bum was beginning to doubt; the ground under him was beginning to slide away. No one had ever spoken to him like this before. When he had said he lost his eye in the war the statement had always been greeted with respect, his only consolation for the loss of his eye. Fiercely he clung to this one belief that had sustained him. Grimly Joe took over the dirty job. Harold couldn't say more, for the look on the derelict's face was pitiful.

"Did you ever hear of the Duponts?" said Joe mercilessly. "While you were losing your eye out there on the battlefield, where were they? Busy making two hundred million dollars selling munitions. Did you ever hear of Morgan. His bank made tens of millions in commissions out of the war. We got into the war to protect his loans and interests."

The bum's face was ashen and he clung to the post with a quivering grip. Joe faltered. He stopped mute, but Bill, the picture of the German housewife still in his mind, her sobs still ringing in his ears, caught up the lash and swung. "Ten million men were killed in the world war," he cried passionately. "Ten million lives destroyed, ten million bodies wrecked, three hundred billions of dollars wasted! And why? Because there was money to be made out of it by the manufacturers at home, because it was a fight for commerce and trade between the rich men of each country, to be won *by* you but not *for* you. You lost an eye. And now we're right on top of another, a worse war, for the same reasons. But this time it will be different. We are not to be fooled as you were with atrocity stories and patriotic bunk. They think they can deceive us with new methods . . . but we have learned the bitterest of lessons: that the world is not divided into nations but into rich and poor, that wars are made by the rich to get more riches or to defend what they have. That's what you

did. You say you fought for me, but what have I got. Nothing. Except a fine chance to fight for what I know is right."

Bob stopped from emotional exhaustion, his eyes burning with feeling. He had been shouting and the whole pavilion had been listening. They looked as if he had reached something within them that had been dead, and was now stirred to life. And they were strangely silent.

They stared at each other, the bum and the young radical. The bum's face quivered and it almost seemed as if he would cry. He tried to speak but no sound came. They were very quiet while he swallowed. Then he muttered painfully, "You mean I was fooled? I didn't help you?" He looked pathetic, old.

Bob shook his head slowly.

"Not us," he said softly.

The bum rubbed his face, turned and staggered away. He was aged, defeated and broken. He had been used, worn out, and discarded. The world was through with this bit of wreckage. But their eyes were keen with youth, hard and cold with a determination and understanding unpossessed by any other previous youth in world history. The bum stopped and wavered, slowly turned and looked back, peering bewildered. Their faces

were strong and ruthless and something bright and shining and invincible in their eyes seemed to daunt him. He shook his head, muttered, 'stumbled, and staggered away.

And as they stood there and watched him the three young men felt their power, felt the symbolism of the meeting. The new was here . . . they were the new and with them was understanding and courage.

The old bum staggered away.

His last illusion, his last grip on something that might give him identity had been shattered. His mind tore back clumsily to the War years . . . he thought in jagged pictures. Laboriously he tried to sum up. These young men . . . their faces blurred in his mind . . . they had said . . . let's see now . . . 'Dupont—two hundred million dollars selling munitions—Morgan—tens of millions in commissions—We got into the War to protect his loans and interests—a fight for commerce and trade between the rich men of each country.' . . .

His mind jumbled. He stopped and leaned on the boardwalk railing and faced the sea. The wind and light rain flattened his thin grey hair to his scalp. With it came clarity of thought. He was summing up. He knew now.

Twenty-one years ago . . . he had been swindled.

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"Democracy signifies to me a way of living by the rule of reason. It means a system which enables men to put into application mankind's most precious heritage—intelligence. It fosters and promotes the solution of problems and the adjustment of disputes by peaceful, friendly discussion and conference—as contrasted with the oppression which autocracy employs to crush disagreement and unrest. Thus its leavening influence spreads into international conflict areas as well as into racial and industrial relations.

By encouraging the free discussion of mutual problems by all members of society, regardless of race, creed, or social position, democracy makes for a larger measure of political and economic justice for all. It allows every voice to be heard, thus enabling the representatives of the sovereign people to legislate in the interests of all."

—Governor Frank Murphy, Michigan,  
in SCHOLASTIC Magazine.

# CAMERA...

by  
**LUCY ASHJIAN**

Member  
PHOTO LEAGUE

Did you ever try to write a scenario or theme statement for a group of pictures you were doing on some particular subject?

It is not an easy thing to do, but it is extremely stimulating. It will force you to investigate the basic feeling or idea which you want to express throughout the series. Then with the idea clearly in mind, you will select the subjects and viewpoints which most effectively bring it out.

Last year a group of photographers who wanted to record the May Day parade in some fashion through pictures got together beforehand and wrote a simple statement. It went something like this: From factory—from studio—from office—from school—from home—from the unemployed—they come, marching—singing—voicing the demands of labor—for organization—for democracy—for peace—while thousands—along the way—watch—and cheer.

Pictures were made ahead of time, one each in a factory, studio, office, etc. The remainder were taken at the parade. One panel was a montage, exclusively of people marching, pictures of well-ordered ranks, shots of feet, etc. Each phrase, each word almost, in the simple scenario was illustrated and mounted in a most effective manner. And a highly exciting and successful series of pictures resulted, afterward being exhibited in a number of places.

This scenario, though simple, was fairly comprehensive in scope. It would be very frightful to select *one* phase of the parade and concentrate on that. You might, for instance, like to do a series on the spectators alone,—people cheering from windows, families having come for the day, with the children sitting on the curb, young boys viewing the show from each other's shoulders, a row of bystanders cheering wildly or singing, candid portrait shots of interesting faces, and so on. Or you might concentrate en-

tirely on all the floats, banners and sections demonstrating against fascism. There are a hundred and one such possibilities.

If you don't want to miss being in the parade yourself, why not do a series of pictures on impressions of a parade from the marcher's viewpoint? Interesting pictures will be found while your section is assembling and waiting to join the line of march. Get a complete record of your own section—its floats, the banners, and all the human interest angles. Other pictures—the bystanders, the grandstand,



etc.—will suggest themselves as you travel along the route.

I use May Day as an illustration. This method, as a matter of fact, can be used on all kinds of subjects—activities of a tenant's league, a boat trip, a student peace demonstration, etc.

Speaking of May Day pictures, depth of focus and shutter speed are two things that give one the most trouble in taking pictures of such events.

Don't use a shutter speed of less than 1/50 second. If your object is at a standstill, you may risk 1/25 second, but moving columns should be

taken at 1/100 or, preferably, 1/200. Much depends, of course, on your angle of view. When the subject is moving at right angles to the axis of your lens, you need a high shutter speed, because here the image is moving right across the film. Moving towards you or away from you, along the axis of the lens, the speed can be considerably decreased.

After you have determined what your aperture setting is to be, depending on the value of the light and the shutter speed, consult your depth of focus table and find out the minimum distance beyond which everything will be in focus to infinity. (This is called the hyperfocal distance.) If it is, say, 15 feet, you can set your camera for the proper distance and depend on everything beyond 15 feet being in focus. Or, if your subject is closer than that—about 10 feet—you may find that, by setting your camera at 8 feet, everything will be in focus from 6½ feet to 11 feet.

Some cameras have depth of focus charts inscribed right on the camera; otherwise, you should calculate your own. At some future date this column will give you a formula for figuring depth of focus and hyperfocal distance.

For good, clean enlargements, keep the glass in your negative carrier and the condenser spotlessly clean and free of dust. Polishing the glass sometimes sets up an electric charge, so that the more you polish, the more dust you attract.

Try an old chamois cloth that has been just barely dampened. It will repel the dust and leave your glass sparkling and clean.

# MISS AMERICA

by

MARY BOOTH

## *White Elephants*

Now that the first flurries of spring are gone and we have spent giddily on that new hat, we turn to the more uninteresting job of overhauling the house and putting away winter clothes, turning up all sorts of white elephants in the process.

By white elephants, we mean not merely the purchases of shoes that do not fit, and gadgets that we don't use, but also those big lovely high priced cold cream jars that weigh a ton and hold an ounce . . . the kind that try to compete with the Taj Mahal or the Los Angeles Public Library.

## *Save Your Money and Still Be Pretty*

Don't try to help Mrs. DuPot buy a private yacht. (She's already got one.) The first rule of beauty (and economy) when it comes to cosmetics is to stick to essentials. **For there is no special cream that will:**

- Nourish the skin with vitamins, or
- Remove freckles without injury, or
- Eliminate blackheads and wrinkles, or
- Make the fat slim, or the slim fat.

Companies who sell creams on any of the above promises are conducting out-and-out rackets.

The bathroom beauty shelf is pretty complete with just soap, olive oil, and lanolin or some plain cold cream.

## *Olive oil can be used in many ways*

For dry hair, dry cuticles, dry scalps, and if you have been having trouble with that last permanent being too frizzy, dip the ends in warm olive oil, (also take care to brush the hair well, every night). Use a bit of olive oil on your eyebrows or eyelashes, to remove powder particles after making up. This gives you a fresher, snappier appearance.

My advice is to lay off the cold cream except when following it with a thorough scrub, with soap and *luke warm* water. According to reliable dermatologists, many skin ailments are caused by excessive use of creams. It is only natural that the oil in cream loosens pores and lubricates them, but it does not close them. Wiping the

face with tissue does not remove the cream completely. It remains in the pores to catch dirt particles and blackheads form. Wash your face well after rubbing the cream off, and your skin will be much clearer and still soft.

As to the special creams—leave them to the rich and save the small change for a really good permanent, the kind that will not ruin your hair.

## *Most girls have cosmetic problems*

If you have any which you would like to ask about, write me, in care of THE CHAMPION, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope, and I will be only too glad to give you any information available. Four such letters are going out in today's mail to: Eleanor Hassey of Cleveland, Ohio; Anna Chudova of Newark, N. J.; Philomena Bilotta of Jessup, Pa.; and Patsie Shall of Harrisburg, Pa. These girls were anxious to know which lipsticks were not drying; which face powders are free from corn starch; and which hand lotions are free from carbolic acid.

Perhaps you also have some ideas about what would be of general interest, to print in this column. Let's make this a real free-for-all of questions and answers, plus tips for us better-half trade-unionists.



# RINGSIDE

Over 1,000 people of every race, creed and nationality are expected to be present at an "Inter-Racial Luncheon of One Thousand" to be held on Saturday, June 4, 1938 at the Hotel Commodore, Lexington Avenue and 42nd Street, New York City, it was announced at the National offices of the American Society for Race Tolerance, 1165 Broadway, New York City. Miss Dorothy Greiner is the chairman of the Luncheon Committee. The Preamble of the aims and purposes of the Society follows:

**"The American Society for Race Tolerance has been established for the promotion of tolerance toward peoples of every race, creed and nationality.**

**"We believe that all men and women, whatever their race, creed or nationality have much in common and that it behooves us to emphasize the fundamental identities rather than the superficial differences.**

**"We respect and would preserve the characteristic values and cultures of every race, creed and nationality. We believe that the dissemination of such mutual respect would eradicate much needless misunderstanding.**

**"We believe that the problems of every race, creed and nationality should be approached with unbiased intelligent understanding and in a spirit of peace and fellowship.**

**"To the promotion of these aims and purposes, the American Society for Race Tolerance is dedicated."**

*Justice*, organ of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, is published here in four languages—English, Italian, Jewish, and Spanish. Local publications are printed in French in Canada, in Chinese in San Francisco, and in Polish in Buffalo.

Louis Gordon, author of *TOMORROW—FOUR MILLION!* in this issue, is a member of the United Office and Professional Workers of America, and is on the staff of *The*



*Ledger*, his union's newspaper.—Gordon's been a *CHAMPION* contributor since January, 1937. He is a graduate of New York University.

James Craine, 53, an active member of the Workers Alliance, Local 1, of Seattle, Washington, has been arrested by immigration officials in Seattle for deportation to Ireland, charged with membership in the Communist Party, according to information received here by the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born.

Craine, who came to the United States in 1915, was drafted for war service in 1918 and received his first citizenship papers in 1933. The deportation charges against Craine are being pressed by R. F. Bonham, United States Immigration Department agent at Seattle.

The Friends of the Lincoln Brigade have just published the Spring edition of *Among Friends*, a quarterly edited by David McKelvy White and Rex Pitkin.

The Spring issue has a timely piece on the necessity for unity among the world's democracies for stopping Fascism by Louis Fischer, European

correspondent of *The Nation*. Dorothy Parker's *New Yorker* story, *SOLDIERS OF THE REPUBLIC*, is included. There are also pieces by Ernest Hemingway, Francis J. Gorman, Lini Fuhr and Milly Bennett.

Worth ordering for your union by the bundle. Sells for 10 cents per copy. Contact the Friends at 125 West 45th Street, New York City.

Dr. Fritz Schnek, a Viennese surgeon who fled Austria, said here that recognition as the world's medical center will be relinquished by Austria to the United States. Dr. Schnek, former assistant chief of the Vienna Boehler Clinic, said Hitler's *anschluss* had caused many surgeons and physicians to flee the country.

A Negro People's Committee to aid Spanish Democracy has been formed in Harlem. Dr. A. Clayton Powell, Jr., pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church of Harlem; Dr. Channing Tobias, member of the National Board of the YMCA; Robert P. Braddicks, vice-president of the Dunbar National Bank; Charles A. Collier, Jr., industrial secretary of the New York Urban League, and Countee Cullen, poet, are members of the committee.

The committee will cooperate with the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. Its first task will be to help raise \$250,000. Paul Robeson, a member of a similar committee in Chicago, has given financial assistance to the local one.

German and Austrian refugees fleeing Nazi terror have increased State adult education class enrollment by

approximately 4,500 students in the opinion of New York Supervisor Caroline Whipple. Miss Whipple said, "Many of the immigrants are university people. Many are prominent in professions. They have elevated the level of our adult schools remarkably."

The entire crew of the Greek tanker S.S. Vassos struck in Trinidad recently when the seamen learned that the ship was scheduled to take a cargo of oil to Franco's fascists in Spain.

The strike went into effect as soon as the vessel docked here, with spokesmen for the militant Greek seamen determined in their refusal to transport any materials to the fascist murderers.

By their vigorous action the strikers forced the local port authorities to intervene. The suggestion that the ship be taken out of this port without the oil cargo "to prevent further disturbances" was carried out by the captain.

This action by the Greek seamen is equivalent to signing their own death warrants. Greece's fascist Dictator Metaxas has imprisoned thousands of professors, teachers, writers, farmers and trade unionists who dared protest his Hitler-sponsored regime.

Harry Schachter, who wrote the short story CHEAP LIMBS in this issue, is a member of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America.

Thousands of Polish citizens who have been living abroad will lose their citizenship under the terms of a bill rushed through the Polish Parliament at the explicit request of the cabinet. The law deprives of citizenship those Poles living abroad who are deemed to be working against the interests of the Polish state, as well as those who have lived abroad for five years since Poland became independent in 1918

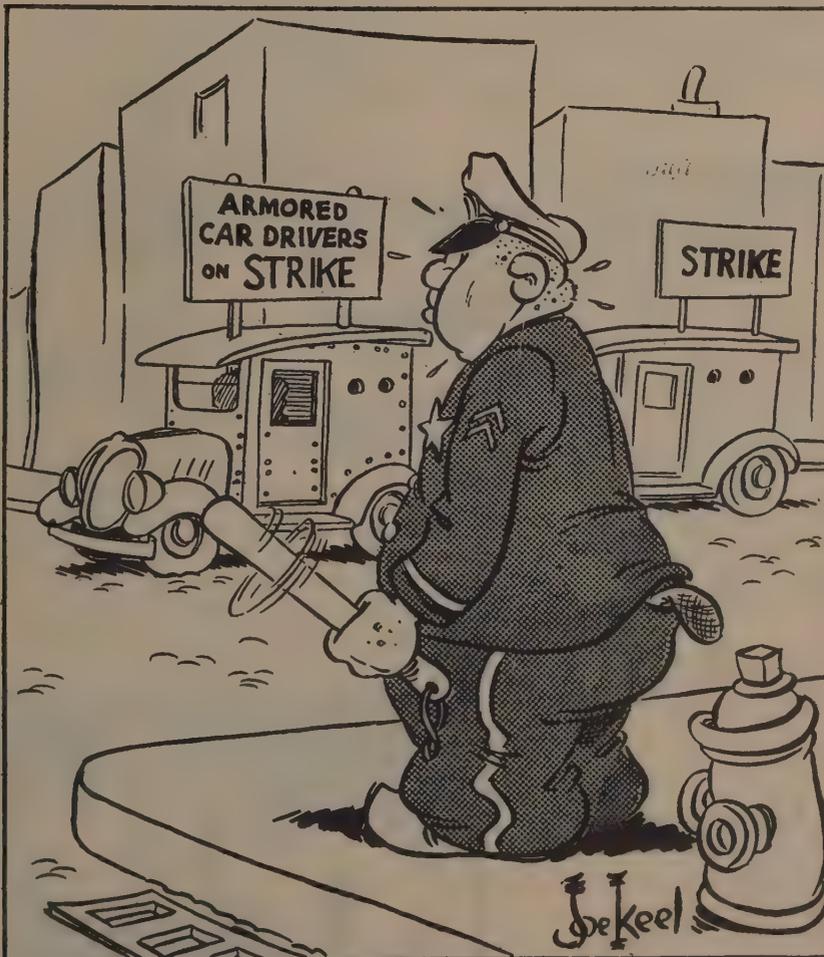
and who lost connection with Poland or have ignored orders by Polish consuls to return.

All scenes of the 1936 Olympics star, Jesse Owens, have been omitted from the Nazi film "The Olympic Games of 1936," it was learned recently. The omission of Owens from the picture recalls the Nazi Fuehrer's slur against the Negro Olympic star when, during the Olympic Games in Berlin, Hitler refused to review the Negro stars.

**Special Note to the United Office and Professional Workers of America:**

Washington Square College, NYU, office employees are being racketeered into signing an anti-union petition circulated by Marion Vineberg, secretary to Dean of Women Dorothy M. Arnold, who, should know better. Harold Voorhis, University secretary, when interviewed by a WSC *Bulletin* reporter, made some moronic remark about the right to petition being an ancient one, and "denied" the Vineberg protocol was "official."

You see, brothers, the Building Service Employees Union has recently organized every worker at the College under its jurisdiction. This must have panicked some of our educational leaders into believing their office workers might seek an American wage or, worse yet, ask some



"This is one strike I'm not gonna like!"

measure of job security. These are, of course, heretic aspirations.

The stodge petition has been branded a violation of the State Labor Relations Act by the Teachers Union. The WSC *Bulletin* highlights the whole shameless mess editorially: "In the uncertain world of whitecollar office workers—all dependent on the good will of their immediate superiors for their security—refusal to sign an anti-union petition is a dangerous thing. It is particularly dangerous when the petition is presented during University hours by the private secretary of the Dean of Women."

While this Marion Vineberg is scuttling around from office to office, you'd better contact the Student Council's Labor Committee to determine what's what. Chairman is Doris Isaac.

Good luck, UOPWA!

. . . and a bow to the WSC *Bulletin*!

●  
**Compliments to Editor W. E. J. Gratz and staff of the Epworth Herald on the new format.**

●  
Lewis Allan, who had to give up the editorship of the CHAMPION to finish a stack of assigned stories, writes that he's still buried in mss. but is going to send in a short or two first chance he gets. Allan's popular labor song *Mister Hears-s-st!* is still being asked for from people all over the country. If your union hasn't got copies you'd better drop *Ringside* a line before we're all out of 'em.

## Social Security LABOR NEWS

All persons who were eligible for New York State unemployment insurance benefits during the first three months of 1938 and who used up these benefits prior to April 7th, should at once file another application for benefits, *if they are now unemployed*. On March 30th, Governor Lehman signed an amendment which means that workers who received five weeks or less of insurance in the first three months of this year may receive the same amount over again by going to their State Employment Service office and filling out a new notice of unemployment. If a worker has received more than five weeks of insurance during the first three months, he should also refile as he may be entitled to additional benefits.

—  
The New York State Unemployment Insurance Law has recently been changed so that workers who are eligible for weekly benefit payments may continue to get those benefits even though they did some work during the week, provided their wages for that work was two dollars or less. This does away with the former provision that no benefits would be paid to an eligible unemployed person for

any week during which he earned any wages, no matter how little.

—  
Registration for State unemployment insurance benefits must *now* be made in person by jobless workers who live in a city or village in which there is no Employment Service Office, he should obtain a Labor Form ES-333 from his former employer and mail it to the nearest Employment Service Office.

—  
Have you changed your name by marriage or other legal means since obtaining your Social Security Account Number? When filing your application for an account number did you use your correct name? Did you give your correct date of birth when filing your original application?

It is of utmost importance that these corrections be made. If there is any correction you wish to make in regard to your name or date of birth as it appears on your Social Security Record, ask your employer for Form OAN-7003, "Employee's Request for Change in Records." The forms may also be obtained at the local office of the Social Security Board.



Around the portly neck of Tom Pendergast, Missouri's political dictator, an Italian vice consul placed a ribbon to signify that Boss Tom had been knighted by Dictator Mussolini. The vice consul said: "The Italians know their friends and know how to show their gratitude." Pendergast was made a "Commendator Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy."

Maybe Il Duce plans to ask Pendergast to help "settle" Ethiopia!

—National Bulletin  
Labor's Non-Partisan League

*every race, creed, color and nationality is entitled to impartial treatment and most certainly should receive the same consideration from other members of the working class."*

Negro leaders were inclined to accept the apology and to be more vigilant against any repetition of the offense.

*"It is important that these things be kept out of labor papers because so many Negroes are still suspicious of trade unions,"* a Negro unionist stated.

*"No labor solidarity can be built*

*around race prejudice. The sincerity of this apology will be demonstrated by the non-occurrence of the offense."*

Hearty endorsement of the proposal to grant asylum in the United States to political refugees was wired to President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull by the Motion Picture Artists Committee. The telegram also urged the speedy enactment of whatever legislation is necessary in the present emergency.

A mass meeting held in Lawrence, Mass., to protest against Nazi and Polish fascist aggression in Lithuania united the entire Lithuanian colony, which adopted resolutions and dispatched telegrams to the embassies of France, England, the Soviet Union and to Czechoslovakia, and to Secretary of State Hull, urging these democratic powers to restrain the fascist powers in their war moves and in their aggression.

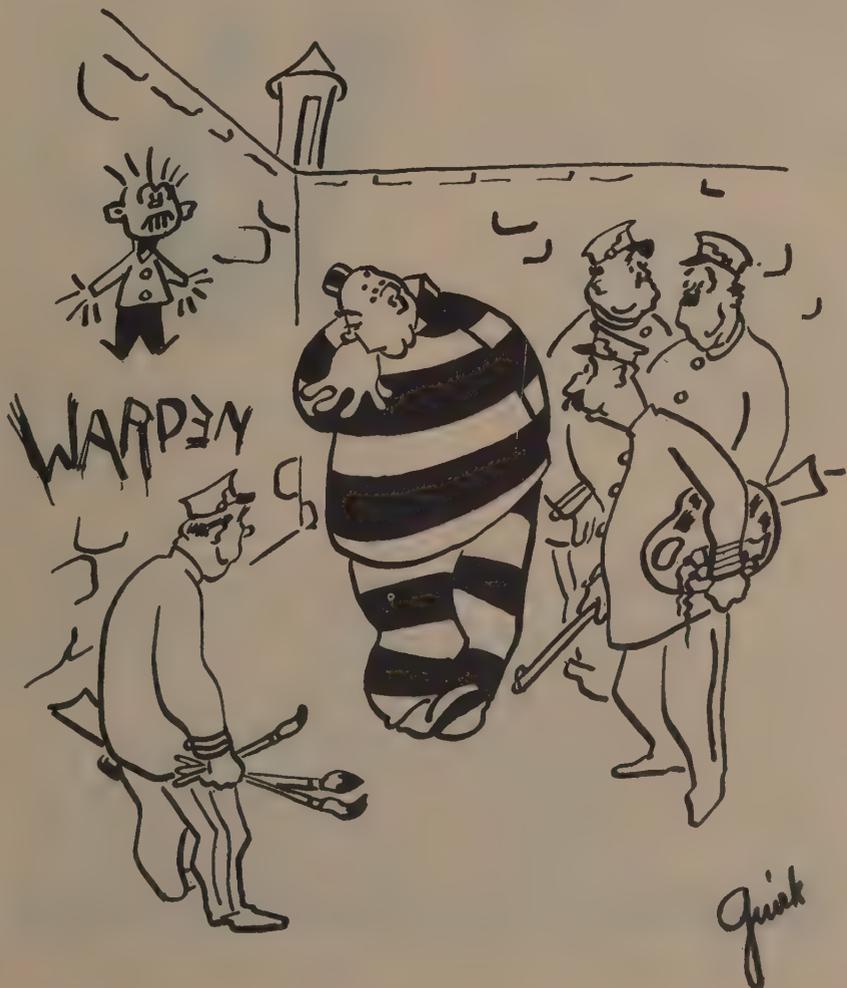
A provisional committee under the chairmanship of Prof. Franz Boas has been organized in New York to seek aid for Christian and Jewish refugees from Austria.

Local 2 News, official organ of a United Rubber Workers branch, has published an apology for a joke about two Negroes which appeared in its issue of March 24.

The editors took this action after Negro and white workers had registered strong objections to ridiculing of the Negro in a trade union paper.

*"We take this opportunity of conveying to the Negro race who saw the article referred to and were offended our sincere declaration that no offense was intended and wish at this time to offer our apology for an offense created by the appearance of the article in our paper for which we may be blameworthy.*

*"We hold that every worker of*



**"Promise to Be Good?"**

We think there's a big laugh in New York State Senator John J. McNaboe's latest "investigation." He recently spent a lot of taxpayers' money looking for "communism in



our schools" or something. He has just condemned Bellevue Hospital's Psychiatric Ward as "inefficient." Of course, we know McNaboe doesn't know anything about any such thing . . . but we'd like to see the test results after Bellevue's Psychiatric Ward spent a half hour with McNaboe!

Vincent Cardinali became an American citizen here finally after he had been rejected three different times on the grounds of illiteracy. Cardinali was enabled to become a citizen after being tutored by his twelve-year-old American-born daughter, Theresa, who taught him to read and to write in three months.

A survey of the wages paid to Negro school teachers in the state of Virginia made by Professor Doxey A. Wilkerson of Howard University showed that on a yearly basis the Negro teacher gets a lower wage than the tobacco worker in the same state. The male tobacco worker in a typical year of work in a "high-pay" plant receives \$552 and the women workers in the same type of plant can expect to get \$472. A male Negro teacher receives \$548, a woman teacher \$417 as yearly wages. Dr. Wilkerson also pointed out that the formation of a tobacco workers' union in "low-pay plants brought the wages of these underpaid workers almost up to the level of the teachers' wages." In the light of these comparative figures, as Dr. Wilkerson points out, the Negro teacher needs to emphasize to the students the value of an understanding

of collective bargaining and affiliation with organized labor.

—The American Teacher  
American Federation of Teachers

Strong sentiment throughout the country for revision of the present Neutrality Act along the lines of concerted action to quarantine the aggressors is proven in the ever growing list of resolutions sent to the American League for Peace and Democracy by union locals which have endorsed the O'Connell Peace Act.

A. E. Edwards, national trade union organizer for the American



League, announces that to date 528 locals in 43 states have passed resolutions asking passage of the O'Connell Act and supporting President Roosevelt's peace policy expressed in his "quarantine the aggressors" speech.

The list includes locals of both AFL and CIO unions, among them locals of the American Federation of Musicians; Bricklayers, Masons & Plasterers; American Federation of Teachers; Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel & Tin Workers; United Brotherhood of Carpenters & Joiners; United Mine Workers; Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators & Paperhangers; Hotel & Restaurant Employees; Bartenders International League; United Office & Professional Workers; United Furniture Workers; National Maritime Union; Bakery & Confectionery Workers and many others.

In addition to gathering the resolutions supporting the O'Connell Act, the American League for Peace and Democracy is asking all its members

and branches to write President Roosevelt, Secretary of State Hull, Senator Key Pittman and Representative Sam D. McReynolds urging that the State Department reveal the full list of nations which have violated treaties. This information, asked in the recent Scott Act, will, if officially announced by the State Department, name the aggressor nations with whom the O'Connell Act would have this country cease economic cooperation.

Those of us who remember and revere Ring Lardner and his stories will be heartened to hear that one of his sons, James P., is the man his father was.

James quit his job as a war correspondent for the Paris edition of the New York *Herald-Tribune* to enlist in the International Brigade of the Loyalist forces.

"I think something has to be done by somebody," James said. "I've seen the front and I know what I'm going into."

And his comment is one we must heed: "This is a fight that will have to be won sooner or later, and I'm in favor of doing it here and now. If the Fascists are not driven out of Spain this year, it will mean much bloodshed ahead."

Sipping milk slowly will not make it easier to digest. Milk taken very slowly forms a larger curd in the stomach, and therefore actually requires longer to digest than when taken rapidly. Essentially the same results are obtained in laboratory experiments.





# RADIO

by SKYRIDER

Witness the power of the pen. My public has written in no uncertain terms to tell me to cut the sassafrass . . . lay off the history and get down to cases. I obey. The history that I delivered in the last two installments is discontinued. But just between you and me, it was all finished anyway! However, our corresponding brothers feel that the times call for action. They have asked and they shall receive . . . and I am very grateful for their advice.

Ninety-five percent of the radio amateurs on the air in this country graduated to radio from the kitchen clock. Those same 95 percent will lose interest in amateur radio and close down their rigs within three years. To most, amateur operating means the opportunity to find out "what makes it tick?" When personal contact between amateurs is reduced to asking "How do my signals sound?" and "How's the weather there?" and "What's new otherwise?" then he or she will soon get fed up. Incidentally, the aforementioned questions are known as form questions QSA, WX, and QRU, respectively. Believe it or not, so help me!

There are those of us, however, who will probably never lose the feel of the key, and who would miss terribly the thrill of free intercourse of thought and pleasure with our brothers all over the earth. For today ham radio represents the only medium which makes it possible to communicate beyond the range of the speaking voice without paying tribute to some commercial communications monopoly. More than that . . . in ham radio there is no moneyed publisher or giant broadcasting company to dictate editorial policy and say what is "fit to print". If you or I have a few dollars necessary to build a small station, we can get on the air

## SCHOOLS FOR WORKERS

A department of advertisements for your convenience

### AMERICAN PEOPLES SCHOOL

The AMERICAN PEOPLES SCHOOL is a residence and evening school for young men and women who work during the day time.

Its members come home from work and after a good substantial dinner and a period of relaxation carry on an evening program of recreation and education. The schedule includes such things as social and economic problems, the labor movement, literature, practical psychology, art, crafts, music, drama.

Students and teachers live together as friends and share the responsibility of

management and policy of the school.

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There is a spacious studio which is often used by non-resident groups for conferences and social affairs. All young people are cordially invited to visit the school. For further information write to Geneva Mathiasen, Resident Director, 67 Stevenson Place, New York City.

and get the real views of the people without benefit of Hearst and other public benefactors with private axes to grind . . . and maybe chip in with our own two cents, too. If you have ever listened to what the five percent of the hams who have their feet on the ground have to say, then you will have a little better understanding of our "free" press.

There are other things in ham radio besides . . . I mean hilarious, spontaneous humor, the creating of deep friendships, the responsiveness to the SOS, the discipline during emergencies and national calamities, the heritage of unselfish, sincere effort, the feeling of unity and brotherly solidarity among all amateurs.

To get down to business . . . do you want to become a ham? Would you like to spend a few bucks and meet your neighbor in Australia? It's easy, it's lots of fun, it doesn't have to be too expensive if you are wise and judicious, and think things out carefully. In the limited space of a small column I cannot make a radio oper-

ator out of you, but I can and will tell you how to do it yourself. Stick with me and I'll be seeing you on the air before many moons.

In the meanwhile, get off to a flying start by sending a hard-earned dollar to the American Radio Relay League, Hartford, Conn., for the latest edition of the Radio Amateur's Handbook, which will give you the whole set-up from Antenna to Zepp. feed. After you've read the introduction, rig up a simple code practice outfit and learn how to spell all over again . . . in code. Then go on to read the rest. That should give you more than enough work for the next month. Or maybe the next six months. Things happen fast nowadays, though, so get on your toes and get started.

And remember . . . as the bug starts to get you — it's not how *much* you spend on your equipment that counts, but how *little* is necessary to do what you want to do . . . to hear and be heard.

73  
CUL  
Skyrider

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# BOOKS...

Editors, as a rule, have no right to squawk about press releases no matter what their source may be. Most releases received on this desk are useful, interesting and deal with worthy subjects. Typical releases from book publishers, however, usually hit a honey-mucky level . . . and that's low!

The following release is the most intelligent release we've received to date. It parodies the usual publishers' claptrap with no detail missing. It's from Random House, and we thank them.

"Vladimir Pizitz, second assistant bookkeeper of Random House, returned yesterday on Car Number 079 of the BMT from a tour of Brooklyn and Flatbush, where he saw several important authors and discussed their new books with them. Pizitz brought back with him the manuscript of Phyllis Lockjaw's new volume of poetry, for which the publishers have tried for two years to break the contract, the first four chapters of a book on Vermont by the last native of that state to write a book about it, and several copies of newspapers that he stumbled over in the subway. "It's finding things accidentally like that that spells the romance in publishing," said Mr. Pizitz. He reported that the book business in Flatbush was booming, discounted talk of war in Brooklyn this summer, and concluded that the Dodgers would be lucky to finish seventh again.

"Random House announces formation of the Hitch-Your-Wagon-to-a-Star Book Club. Members have only to buy four books of two cent stamps a year, whereupon they will receive as a dividend the Encyclopedia Britannica, a Gutenberg Bible, and a weekend with their favorite movie star.

"Augusta Phillip writes her publishers, Random House, that she has moved from the fourth floor of 532 West 137th Street to the seventh floor of 686 East 129th Street. Romney Tillingholme is completing a new mystery story on the tablecloth at Reuben's. And another Random House author, Veronique de Lourde, reports

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# BOOKS...

that she has just received an honorary degree—her third—from the Hoboken police department.

“Random House reports that its new best seller, “How to Write Books Telling How,” is now in its seventh printing, although it will not be published until October, and paper has been ordered for the eighth, eighteenth, and twenty-eighth editions, making a total of 630 copies in all.

“Professor Otis Hinkle, author of this phenomenal work, has been signed by Colossal Films, as a pure speculation. Because of depressed conditions in Hollywood, he has consented to work for a thousand dollars a week for his six-month test period there, only forty times what he has been making at Tepid University. Colossal has reduced the salary for all stenographers fifty cents a week, so that stockholders will get Professor Hinkle’s services practically gratis. The title of Professor Hinkle’s book, of course, will be discarded, along with the contents.

“Hillary Hillary’s novel, “Fun in the Morgue,” sensation of last year’s Random House list, has been translated into Dutch, Arabic, Russian, Lithuanian, and Egyptian, and has been chosen by the Book Society of Smolsk as its June selection. It is already in its second edition in Korea (this news arrived this morning by Koreapigeon.) Mr. Hillary recently received a copy of the Greek edition, specially inscribed by Gregory Stanlikopuloff, the famous Athenian publisher. “This will be Greek to you,” wrote the inimitable Stanlikopuloff, a collection of whose witticisms and epigrams will be published by Random House this Fall.

“Roderick Manhole wired Random House, his publishers in America, that his trans-continental lecture tour has begun most auspiciously in Worcester, Mass., where his audience filled almost half of the hall. On the same program with him was the first Worcester showing of “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,” and a violin concert by Jascha Heifetz. Mr. Manhole

personally superintended the raffling off of two Chevrolets and several sets of dishes. Admission was free.”

Cordially,  
Bennett A. Cerf  
(who had some  
time to spare)

(FROM PRECEDING PAGE)



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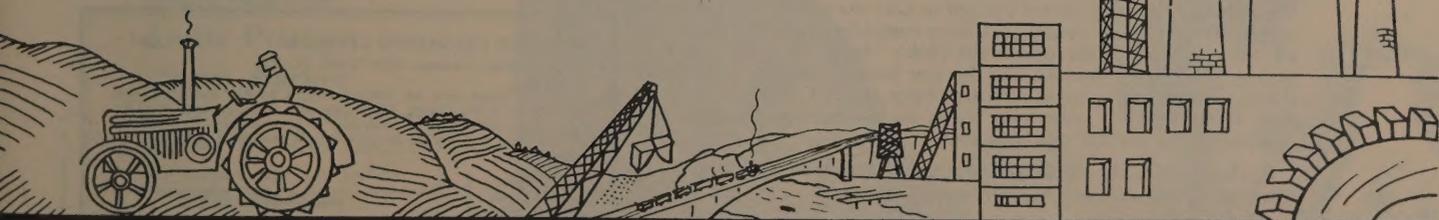
NINE million workers stand organized today . . . an element for Democracy to be reckoned with. But there is much to do. Almost half of these nine million are new, young, enthusiastic trade unionists. And when there comes a pause in the immediate struggles, each new unionist stops to ask himself questions. What have I joined? Where am I and the union going? Economics? What do you mean? Peace? Yeah, sure I want peace! I'm not fighting Morgan's battles any more! Yeah, but how can you have peace? Dozens of similar questions fly through his or her mind. Where can he ask them? Who answers them?

True, most progressive unions have classes now. Regular lectures and forums are held, etc. Various publications and pamphlets help to further the new unionist's education.

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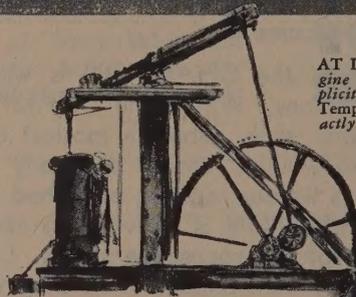


ABOVE: The beginning of our modern orchestra. Jongleurs improvising a little concert while waiting for their dinner to get ready in the kitchen.

AT RIGHT: THE GENTLEMAN PAINTER. Rubens leaves his native town on a foreign mission.

VAN LOON's purpose in this book—and he achieves it, beautifully,—is to give the general reader a love for and an understanding of the background of all the arts, through the ages. He begins with the cave-drawings of 35,000 B.C. and comes down to our own day, with way-stops at Egypt, Babylon and Chaldea; at the Athens of Pericles; amid the mysterious remains of Etruscan art; in Byzantium and medieval Russia; in the desert of the Islamites and the gardens of Persia; in Provence, Renais-

sance Italy, Rembrandt's Holland and Beethoven's Vienna. We read not merely about the towering figures—Giotto, Michelangelo, Velasquez, Wagner, Beethoven—but explore a thousand bypaths. Troubadours, minnesingers, monks, saints, bohemians, generals—all troop by in a colorful cavalcade. Always the close relationship of art to ordinary life is stressed; and always the emphasis is laid on the human beings who made that art and who have heard it, viewed it, enjoyed it, for hundreds of centuries.



AT LEFT: We admire the first steam engine of James Watt for its logical simplicity . . . but No. 1 of Bach's Well-Tempered Clavichord is beautiful for exactly the same reason.

BELOW: THE OLDEST PICTURE OF MAN: The creature, Van Loon points out, is engaged in his customary pastime of killing his fellowmen.



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