

The Champion

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JULY
1938

HOW SAFE
are
NON-COMBATANTS
in
MODERN WARFARE?

Begin the New Series
THIS IS WAR!
by
LUCIEN ZACHAROFF

WE WHO PLEDGE!
by
DAVID MCKELVY WHITE

THE RAILROAD CRISIS
by
LOUIS GORDON

GREGOR DUNCAN
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WILLIAM GROPPER
STEVE BARKER
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CIGARETTES!

IF YOU are just an average cigarette smoker, you are probably wedded to one brand and may remain wedded to it after you've read our report on *Cigarettes* in the July issue of CONSUMERS UNION REPORTS. In spite of that, however, we think you'll find this report one of the most illuminating and interesting Consumers Union has ever published. In preparation for eight months, this report:

1. Rates more than 40 brands, by name (including Camel, Chesterfield, Old Gold, and Lucky Strike), for nicotine content and strength;
2. Tells you the physiological effects of smoking;
3. Presents data from carefully controlled smoking tests and laboratory tests;
4. Gives facts about de-nicotinized cigarettes and about the new filter-holders advertised as de-nicotinizers;
5. Discusses methods of stopping smoking and gives six rules for "seeming to smoke" which will reduce the injurious effects of smoking to a minimum.

Besides this report, the July issue also contains the results of laboratory and use tests on GASOLINES, MOTOR OILS, SUNBURN PREVENTIVES, and several other products—with ratings by brand name as "Best Buys", "Also Acceptable", and "Not Acceptable." The report on GASOLINES shows how it is possible to make annual savings of from \$15 to \$50 on gasoline expenditures.

REFRIGERATORS

ARE YOU planning to buy a refrigerator? If so, you will find the results of tests on 1938 refrigerators, published in the June issue of CONSUMERS UNION REPORTS, indispensable in making your selection. They point the way to savings of from \$20 to \$40 on the purchase price alone and show which brands offer the most substantial annual savings on operating costs. Twenty models are rated in this report in the estimated order of their merit.

Another report in this same issue rates 17 brands of DOG FOOD as "Best Buys", "Also Acceptable", and "Not Acceptable", and discusses the proper feeding of dogs. If you have been led to regard canned dog foods as adequate feeding in themselves, you owe it to your dog to read this report. Still other reports in this issue cover MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS, CANNED FRUIT SALAD, CANNED STRING BEANS, CLEANSING TISSUE, FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES, and other products.



288 PAGES—POCKET SIZE

We'll be glad to send you these two money-saving issues if you'll cut out and mail the coupon at the right. We'll also send you the 288-page confidential BUYING GUIDE pictured at the left. This GUIDE contains buying recommendations based on actual tests on over 2,000 brands or products. Properly utilized, these recommendations can save the average family from \$50 to \$300 or more a year.

**Consumers Union
of United States, Inc.**

CONSUMERS UNION OF U. S., Inc.
55 Vandam Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me CONSUMERS UNION REPORTS for one year (12 issues), starting with the issues described above, together with the 288-page BUYING GUIDE. I enclose \$3. I agree to keep confidential all material sent to me which is so designated.

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OCCUPATION

7CH8

Delivering our June issue to newsstands several weeks ago, the CHAMPION distributor ran across a young fellow running a stand on 49th Street and 8th Avenue, southwest, who, laconically flipping the pages of the copy proffered him, muttered huskily under his breath, "Labor Monthly, huh! Communists!" Going further, he stopped at our June article on softball, headed "Workers' Sport." "Workers!" he practically spat out. "Huh! Communists!"

Our distributor, who knows his stuff, and has a few ideas about workers himself, warmed readily to his subject and promptly gave a short talk on red-baiting and the effect of reading the Hearst *Journal* to the guy. "Yeah," he told him. "Workers! Listen, Jack, what are you doing behind that stand? You're a worker too, you know. Willie Hearst wants you to think that workers are all Communists. But let me tell you that . . ."

At any rate, the result was that the young newsdealer proved very willing to take the CHAMPION, and, from all indications, promises to be one of our largest distributors in the neighborhood. From the display he is now giving the magazine, it looks like we've made quite a hit.

Suggestion

In the April issue, we suggested that a group of unions get together and staff a daily *World's Fair* newspaper project. The unions were the International Typographical Union, No. 6; American Newspaper Guild; International Pressmen's Union, and the International Photo-Engravers Union. There are enough unemployed in these four unions to do a swell job on such a project, and by some sort of alternate shifts many men could be given two or three days work per week.

In May, 1937, "Big Six" reported 300 totally unemployed. The figure for May, 1938, was 1,100. The situation, proportionately, must be just as grave in the other unions. If the unions act quickly, something tangible can be done for unemployed printers in New York.

This would also be an excellent

CONTENTS

COVER
by
STEVE BARKER

CARTOON—by Gropper	4
ON THE RECORD	5
THIS IS WAR!—by Lucien Zacharoff	7
THE LOOSE BOLT ● A Short Story—by Solomon Anderson	11
LABOR SPORTS ● The Transport Workers Union—by Fred Kitty	14
WHEN YOUTH ORGANIZE!	17
WE WHO PLEDGE!—by David McKelvy White	20
THE RAILROAD CRISIS—by Louis Gordon	23
THE SUIT ● A Short Story—by Alexander Oxman	25
THE TRAIL—by Benjamin Siminow	28
CAMERA—by Lucy Ashjian	30
MISS AMERICA—by Mary Booth	31
SOCIAL SECURITY LABOR NEWS	32
LETTERS	33

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The CHAMPION, published monthly by Champion Publishers, 799 B'way, N.Y.C. GRamercy 5-6516, 9591

Subscription, one year, \$1, single copies, 10 cents. Entered (or reentered) as second class matter, October 23, 1937, at Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. III, No. 8

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.

opportunity to make the printing of a newspaper (every process under glass) a real educational feature. All kinds of machinery and equipment could be obtained for display purposes. Visitors could watch the progress of raw copy through every step to the printed page.

Representative Hamilton Fish, notorious redbaiter and general handyman for the Tory porkbellies in Congress, has demanded that the United States follow an aggressive policy of Yankee imperialism in defense of American oil companies whose oil field holdings in Mexico were seized

by the progressive Cardenas Government following their defiance of Mexican labor laws.

Fish, who is strongly isolationist on the question of curbing the fascist invaders in Spain, China and Ethiopia, said he was "unable to understand the weak and vacillating attitude of the President in not demanding restoration of the properties or full indemnity."

This incident should teach our bluestocking Representative that companies breaking labor laws are criminals . . . and that President Roosevelt cannot be expected to defend proven criminals.

(Continued on Page 34)



Drawn for The CHAMPION by William Gropper

ON THE RECORD

Railroads

"During eight years of depression," writes Louis Gordon in this issue, "the railroads pocketed profits totalling \$4,764,000,000 or an average of \$594,000,000 a year. During the same period, 800,000 railroad workers lost their jobs."

These are staggering figures . . . figures that never really reached the average railroad worker. There was good reason for this. Every effort made by railroad workers in the past to better their conditions always fell short of real unity, militant action and honest bargaining. But eight years of depression amid rising profits have taught American workers plenty.

Today the railroad worker and his union are not hesitating in their defiance of approaching wage cuts, firings and general attack on the organizations of their choice. For the first time in railroad history, railroad unions and organizations are standing together to face the company onslaught. AFL and CIO unions are pledging aid to the railroad workers. Progressive groups have passed countless resolutions endorsing the sharp stand of the workers against wage cuts. This railroad crisis will make labor history . . . and prove a massive key-stone for greater, stronger, unified labor action in the future.

Somervell . . . and the "Impartial" Times

THERE are all kinds of army men. Those who achieve some sort of prominence in public life aren't always representative. We're apt to misjudge the capable servitors by men who become mediocre columnists, noisy militarists and WPA administrators.

This brings us to a front page "news" story in the New York Times

of Thursday, June 23. The headline is a gleeful classic of how the impartial *Times* will leap at WPA and WPA workers whenever possible. For a newspaper that has to some extent established itself as a dignified compendium of world news and comment, this means a more open, much cruder attack on the unemployed. Get this:

Relief Pickets Ride to WPA Office
In Autos; Somervell Wonders
How They Can Afford It

Here's part of the story: Lieut. Col. Brehon B. Somervell, local Works Progress Administrator, has watched scores of picketing demonstrations without comment, but when he saw relief workers driving up to his office in automobiles yesterday to picket against wage cuts he decided it was time to do a little protesting on his own account.

"This is the first time I ever saw relief people come up here with automobiles loaded with banners to protest a wage cut," Colonel Somervell told reporters. "If there is anything that would justify a wage cut, it is that."

The *Times* adds: "As he (Somervell) watched, two cars full of signs and pickets appeared."

The *Times* headline implied a veritable fleet of autos bearing WPA workers. There were two autos. Somervell "wonders" how they can afford it and in doing so renders himself pathetically naive. We wonder if he realizes how strongly united the entire labor movement has become on the question of WPA salary slashes. Somervell, who plays lead-off man for the Money Moguls Murderers Row, indulges a typical blindspot when he ignores the fact that WPA workers' organizations will continue to receive ever increasing financial aid and material support from organized labor whenever possible.

And this very same unity is someday going to blow the lid off the phoney "merchants' survey" which

has guided our Gilbert & Sullivan officer to drive down WPA wages to levels he claims are being paid in private industry. Thus far, more than 26,000 clerical and professional workers have suffered reductions of from \$4.70 to \$14.95 per month.

We do not know what selection New York City had in the matter of appointing its WPA administrator, but it is high time someone questioned the appointment of Somervell. It is high time every New York City progressive recognized that WPA is a great social and civil venture and that a reactionary administration intent on trail-blazing wage-cuts, demotions, job-deprivation and dismissals is contrary to every step inherent in New Deal progress.

Etiquette . . . and Dangerous Enemies

THE startling disclosures recently made by the Federal Bureau of Investigation concerning the large and well-organized spy-ring functioning in the United States under the direct guidance of the Nazi Government of Germany should give pause to every American who has felt that America, with its size and great distance from Europe, can feel secure from aggression on the part of foreign fascist powers. According to these disclosures, at least 4,000 highly-trained Nazi spies are now seeking to undermine our democracy. It should now be clear to all that we are not isolated from the danger of fascism. The danger cannot be boiled down to one of some future invasion. The invasion has already begun. The fascist enemy is already here, working secretly under the leadership of Hitler's highest aides.

And there are those among the "Sixty Families" who have made

too clear their sympathy for fascism for us to consider them above reproach from the charge of treasonable assistance to such foreign fascist spies. Could Greibl, who escaped to Germany, have given evidence of his American connections? Was he "allowed" to escape?

The same sinister conspiracy uncovered in France with the discovery of Les Cagoullards (the Hooded Ones) and in Soviet Russia with the exposure of the Trotsky-Bukharinite spy-ring is now seen to be operating along exactly the same lines within the very heart of our own country. Former Ambassador Dodd's warning that even high government and military officials are involved should arouse us to the real gravity of the situation. The fascist spying of Germany and Japan is clearly one of vast international dimensions, in comparison with which all preceding intrigues seem to be the work of mere amateurs. No one of the non-fascist nations is immune to the Satanic forces of fascism. No American can now speak smugly of the "purges" conducted by France, the Soviet Union, Spain, or China. The need for our own "purge" is clear to every thinking American.

Every true American citizen must be proud of the manner in which the Federal Grand Jury did not hesitate to indict the high German Nazi officials who have been directing this plot against our democratic institutions. Beating around the bush is not an American habit. We Americans are a frank and honest people who are proud of our reputation for speaking out boldly what we think. The Hitler press is screaming loudly that America has made a breach of international "etiquette." It is to be hoped that this refreshingly direct manner of dealing with matters of international diplomacy will establish a precedent for the handling of all similar problems.

The fact that Greibl and others were able to escape to Germany indicates a serious laxness in our apparatus for handling such fascist spies. It is necessary that this apparatus be seriously examined for the presence of those working in collusion with the fascist agents, so that all such treasonable elements may be summarily removed and the entire apparatus tightened and re-

vitalized. Numerous experiences in Spain, France, the Soviet Union, and elsewhere indicate this need.

Laxness in dealing with such dangerous enemies to our democratic traditions will pave the way for a Franco or Cedillo within our own borders.

A Politician Flirts

Republican National Committee Chairman John Hamilton actually spilled the beans about the line-ups in the coming elections at the Alabama State Republican convention during the last week in June.

In his best bib and tucker and smiling his most sirenly smile, John declared that there "is today no insurmountable barrier between the real Democrats of the South and the Republican Party."

Because his inference is so obvious, we didn't italicize his classic phrase "the real Democrats of the South." We know which Democrats he means. John, a reputedly bright young man, has recognized what millions of workers have learned about so-called "real Democrats" and the Republican Party: (1) That party labels don't mean a damned thing when the interests of Big Business are affected. (2) That Hamilton's war cry to the supporters of lynching, peonage, sharecropper exploitation, and sectional wage differentials, is going to mean a vicious gang-up of Democratic-Republican arch-reactionaries in every primary to defeat all progressive candidates.

Reactionary Gang-up

Governor Elmer A. Benson, of Minnesota, won the primary election in his state by a margin of 15,000. This small amount is not surprising.

It is simple proof, as the New York Times had to admit, that "What detracts from the significance of the Petersen vote is the fact that many Republicans and Democrats went into the Farmer-Labor primary to defeat Benson, whom the conservatives of this state dislike with an amazing intensity."

Hjalmar Petersen was Lieutenant-Governor under Governor Floyd Olsen and has always felt that he should have been Olsen's successor. Petersen's factional alignment with a small group of conservatives, disgruntled office-seekers and political opportunists, however, has discredited him completely. Without the assistance of "raiding" Democrat-Republican reactionaries, his primary vote would have been negligible.

The Minnesota primary is a hard example of the gang-up tactics to be used by national and local Tory forces along lines set by Republican National Chairman John Hamilton. These forces, opposed to even moderately progressive New Deal measures, are planning to crash all state primaries in a desperate effort to block the forward advances made by America in the last four years.

In each case, local, state or national, they will select the most reactionary faction and spear their drive to undermine all legislation affecting wage levels, security, unemployment, social insurance, WPA, collective bargaining and elementary civil rights.

President Roosevelt, in his latest broadcast, pointed out the disappearing party lines between reactionaries of both major parties. They have formed "raiding" bands to destroy primaries and crush progressive candidacies. There is but one defense: American labor must stand alert and weed out the Tory "raiders" by smashing them at the polls.

ARE THE GREAT, CROWDED CITIES OF THE WORLD DEMOCRACIES THREATENED WITH A FATE SIMILAR TO BARCELONA, MADRID AND CANTON? DEATH, DESTRUCTION AND DEVASTATION ARE BEING PLANNED FOR THE WORLD BY NATIONS ECONOMICALLY AND POLITICALLY INSECURE WITHIN THEIR OWN DOMAIN. THEIR RULERS HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE BUT AGGRESSION.

THIS IS WAR!

HOW WILL THEY ATTEMPT TO DO THIS? WHAT PREPARATIONS ARE THEY MAKING? CAN THE WORLD'S DEMOCRATIC STATES STOP THE SLAUGHTER OF CIVILIANS IN THEIR TOWNS AND CITIES, THE RAPE OF THE SMALLER NATIONS, AND THE VIOLATIONS OF INTERNATIONAL LAWS? READ THIS TIMELY DRAMATIC SERIES BY AN INTERNATIONAL AUTHORITY ON THE SUBJECT.

A Layman's Guide to Modern Military Science

by

Lucien Zacharoff

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS ago, 70,000,000 men were hurled on the battlefields of the World War. Of those, 11,000,000 were killed, 30,000,000 wounded and crippled, 8,000,000 gone unreported.

Add thousands of ruined cities and villages, millions of destroyed peasant households, and you have the sum total of the benefits of that nightmare. The statisticians and economists have not even bothered to compute the millions of war widows and orphans. And what yardstick can measure the social, economic and cultural spoliation which set civilization back by several generations? Millions of permanently impaired minds are not on any official balance sheet.

Although the costs of that orgy still provide plenty of food for thought, it is understandable that those horrors may be receding into the backgrounds of memory. For in the intervening years there has grown up a new generation for whom the World War may not be even a vague childhood impression.

While the experience of the imperialist slaughter will never be eradicated from the minds of the participants and millions of civilian survivors, it has again come about that international aggressors are turning the world into one huge armed camp.

Swiftly, tempestuously, the menace of the new war sweeps ahead. As conceived by the imperialists and their military philosophers, it is to be even more devastating and nightmarish. Generous samples have already been provided in Ethiopia, Spain, China, Central Europe where the application of the modern Fascist doctrine of

totalitarian warfare embraces civilian populations and the deepest rear of the invaded areas, clearly proving that no one anywhere is immune.

The war today is one of unprecedented extent, of exhaustion and extermination to the end. Already the last war was distinguished from all preceding conflicts by being ceaseless and continuous. From the moment the hostilities were launched in 1914 and until the signing of the Armistice, heavy artillery boomed without missing a day. The killed and wounded fell every minute on the numerous fronts stretching from ocean to ocean.

In a new world war, these peculiarities will be intensified, thanks to the perfections of modern technology. Advances in transport and communications will at once project military operations from one dimension, the front line, into three dimensions, the struggle beginning on land, on sea and in the air.

Experts are agreed that the horrible death-dealing operations will cover the entire territory of the combatants. Is there any part of China, Ethiopia and other invaded areas that has escaped the thrusts of the aggressors?

Alongside the roar of artillery and cannon-balls, mine explosions, the inhuman screeching of countless bullets, and the glow of thousands of conflagrations, death and destruction will be carried with silent efficiency by all-penetrating poison gases and disease-dealing bacteria, not to mention the secretly evolved electric

rays striking all men, women and children far beyond the front lines.

PREPARING for this ghastly redivision of the already divided world, the perpetrators are aware, even though without any sense of social responsibility, of possible consequences. Accordingly, they charge their specialists with the duty of developing new methods of warfare which would insure victory in the shortest time without the necessity of arming substantial numbers of none-too-reliable masses. The result of their research is the theory of a small army, technologically splendid and trustworthy.

Present and future wars must lean heavily on the all-around use of contemporary technology which has made huge strides in recent years.

In the opinion of authoritative if not always the sincerest military experts, modern technology with its mechanization element endows even a numerically insignificant army with such superior combat qualities that it can promptly triumph over a considerably larger army poor in the means of war science.

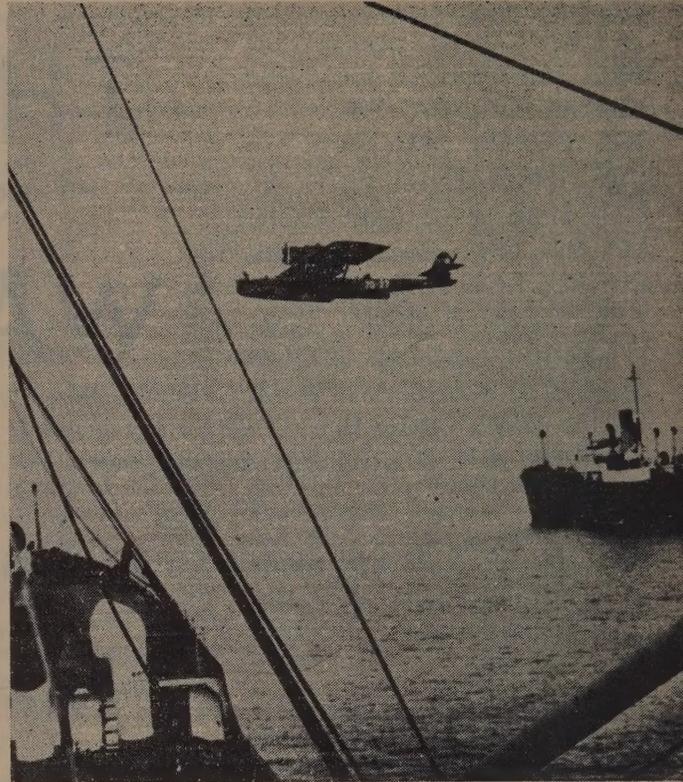
For reasons which will be taken up later in this series this theory is assiduously cultivated by Germany, Italy and Japan, although there appears no evidence that they are making reductions in the manpower of their fighting organizations, this circumstance contradicting strategic discussions to the effect that quick easy victory without resort to a large army is a realistic hope.

In future wars the application of technological means alone will scarcely assure prompt victory for either side. This should under no circumstances be interpreted as this writer's attempt to minimize the tremendous role of technology in wars to come. A reasonably accurate definition of the guiding principle in building latter-day armies would run somewhat like this:

Manpower Multiplied by Technology.

With the almost unbelievably increased range of implements of annihilation—aviation, artillery, tanks, naval, chemical and bacterial armaments—confirmed by the experience of the temporarily localized current wars, one fact is beyond dispute—the deepest rear of countries singled out for aggression is today in the foreground of the strategic calculations of the general staffs.

Examine front-page dispatches from Europe and the Far East. The burning questions of anti-gas and anti-aircraft defense are of more than academic interest to



A FASCIST PLANE, IDENTIFIABLE BY ST. ANDREW'S CROSSES ON THE COCKPITS, FLYING OVER TWO BRITISH STEAMERS WAITING TO EVACUATE 2,000 REFUGEES FROM GIJON. (Below) A MADRID WORKINGCLASS DISTRICT AFTER A FASCIST RAID.

the populations of Barcelona and Canton and Prague today. Will they become the principal concern of the inhabitants of other great political and industrial centers of the world tomorrow?

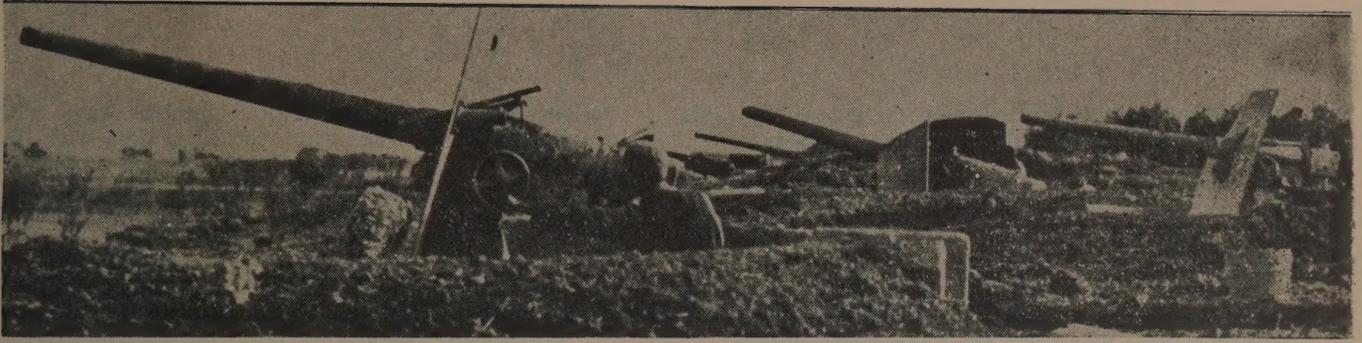
Under the circumstances, military science may properly become a deep concern of others than the professional soldiers. Familiarity with the weapons aimed at us is unquestionably safer than ignorance. In the conviction that what the public needs is not merely the present flood of reading matter treating of the horrors of war in the abstract but a simple analysis of the components of modern fighting, with possible conclusions as to the soundest methods of self-protection, this series offers a layman's birdseyeview, so that anyone that runs may read and anyone that reads may run.

The writer does not count on the novelty of the subject matter to attract the reader but rather on its pertinence and intense personal appeal. It is hoped that these articles, utilizing the lessons of recent wars, may enable the reader to follow more understandingly despatches from the many warfronts of the moment, in addition to equipping him or her with a grasp of what, concretely, each of us may expect to face if another world war breaks out.

Although dealing with the future to a considerable extent, a painstaking effort has been made to keep these discussions free of fantastic speculation and to base them solidly on the strictly factual accomplishments of the modern military sciences.

The rest of this article briefly summarizes the outstanding factors in the combat of a near future, while





CHINESE COAST GUNS POUNDING THE JAP FLEET ALONG THE WHANGPOO RIVER. (Below) AN ITALIAN HEAVY TANK ON A TEST RUN THRU A WATER-FILLED TRENCH.

subsequent instalments will amplify and elaborate on them.

* * *

AS A MEDIUM of reconnaissance, communications, and direction of ground artillery fire, a most important role will be played by aviation. Combat planes will be the principal factor in coping with the enemy aviation and in protecting the land forces.

Transport aviation will be utilized for carrying aerial expeditionary forces. Visualize a dark night. Several squadrons of big transports, each with 100-150 men aboard, are flying in or near the stratosphere. The roar of the engines is deadened by special silencers. Crossing the front lines, the planes proceed to the enemy rear where they release hundreds of armed parachutists. (As early as the 1936 annual defense maneuvers, in the Moscow Military District alone 2,200 fully armed infantrymen came down with parachutes in a few minutes to be joined by 5,000 other soldiers flown by transports.) In a few minutes these armed detachments are ready for action where they are least expected by the enemy.

Parachutes have proven their value with the dropping of cannons, baby tanks and even trucks filled with people.

Pursuit aviation which goes in for the so-called strafing (flying at less than 200 feet) attacks with bombs and machine-gun fire against the enemy troops. Bombardment aviation is one of the most powerful means of destruction in the areas adjoining the front, the front itself, and in the rear.

By utilizing chemical weapons, bombardment aviation will be a menacing implement of combat, endowing war with an exceptionally bitter character.

Here is what an Italian specialist, General Douhet, writes of such war: "It will be cruel, inhuman, uncivilized, but it *will* be. If the necessity arises, no one will renounce the application of the most fearsome methods of wreaking punishment, no matter how cruel, inhuman and uncivilized. Until now opponents used to cover themselves with armor as they dealt their savage blows. . . . Nowadays things are different. Armor has lost its protective capacity; it no longer protects the heart which aerial weapons are capable of piercing, and chemical ones of paralyzing."

ON OCTOBER 26, 1914, the first aerial battle in history occurred. Espying a German airplane, French airmen overtook it and subjected it to rifle fire. In those days they used to fly at a little more than 60 m.p.h. The modern pursuit flies much faster, its swiftness complicating its work and altering the tactics of air combat. Changes in tactics have come not only because of added speed but also due to the reduced chances of bringing down the plane with bullets of ordinary caliber. Hence,

contemporary aerial fighters incorporate not only machine-guns but also cannons, mounted either in the wings or within the engine for which purpose there are being constructed special motors with hollow supplementary shafts connected to the basic crankshaft. Through these, cannons of 20 or 37 millimeter caliber fire.

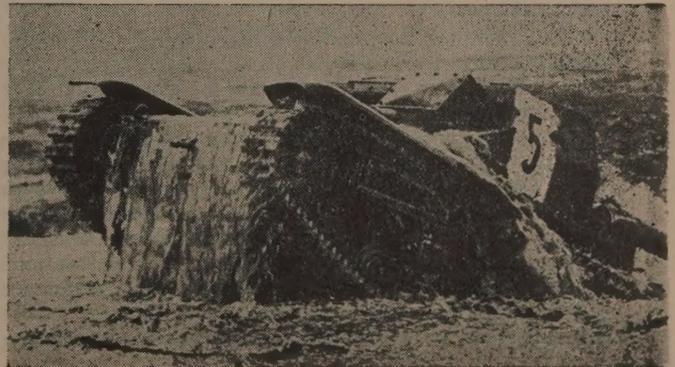
Battles in the air will take place not between solitary planes as before but between large combinations of aircraft of various specialized functions. There will be *destroyers* armed with machine-guns and cannons. The object of their attack will be bombers which will seek to repel the foe with their own cannons.

The bomber's speed and radius of operation play a great part in modern warfare. Its operation range limited, it must fly to its goal on the shortest route. Therefore, the enemy can foresee the "bee" lines from the hostile bomber base to its life centers and concentrate its defensive air strength on such routes.

Covering distances of several thousand miles on a single hop, loaded with 6 or 7 tons of bombs, the modern heavy bomber proceeds at 200 m.p.h. at an altitude of 6-7 miles. It is well protected against the defending pursuit craft; thus, the German Junkers G-38 carries 7 machineguns and 1 rapid-fire cannon.

Modern bombardment aviation is a huge destructive force—a genuine menace to the farthest removed points of the combatant nations. Its basic assignment in the future war will be not only the annihilation of the opposing troops but also the smashing up of decisively important centers in the rear, like railroad junctions, factories, storehouses, government buildings, not to mention such utterly worthless (from strategic standpoint) marks as museums, universities, hospitals (*viz.* Madrid, Shanghai, etc.)

Not insignificant will be the part of airplanes operat-



ing without crews, directed from the ground by radio. England is already manufacturing these serially.

* * *

IN THE FACE of so powerful a factor as aviation anti-aircraft defense becomes an all-important element. The enemy in the air will be a most dangerous enemy in coming wars.

Only swift, precise aiming coupled with equally fast firing will make it possible to bring down from the ground a plane flying at a great speed and altitude.

Anti-aircraft guns swivel in any direction and fire from any angle. A large-caliber anti-aircraft gun releases as many as 25 shells per minute, moving by means of caterpillar traction. (I have been told by airmen in the Spanish Loyalist forces that German anti-aircraft guns on the Rebel side have been showing an extraordinarily high percentage of hits against planes at 13,000 feet, both day and night.)

Medium-caliber anti-aircraft artillery is designed principally against planes flying at an altitude of 3,000 feet and higher, but it has little effect on low-flying machines. Here wider application is made of small-caliber anti-aircraft artillery amply capable of disabling planes at altitudes up to 2 miles. It is much more mobile and substantially lighter than medium-caliber guns.

Rapid-fire capacity of small-caliber anti-aircraft guns reaches 200 shots a minute.

AA artillery is one of the most important ground means of meeting the winged enemy.

* * *

No little part in a future war will be played by various types of tanks, from baby tanklets to land dreadnaughts. When tanks first appeared during the World War, their speed did not exceed 6-7 mph. They carried enough fuel for a trip of 10-14 miles. Contrast this with a United States caterpillar type, T-2, developing 50 m.p.h. and carrying three machineguns, a radio station and a crew of four.

The tank is distinguished for speed, powerful armament, capacity to penetrate roadless territories. Among the many latest inventions with which it is equipped is a special telephone impervious to surrounding noises, color signal system, etc. The observation slits are covered with Triplex glass which cannot be shattered by bullets. Besides, tanks include periscopes and other optical apparatus, with the aid of which it is possible to observe in all directions from fully enclosed machines.

All these enable modern tanks to go to battle in large detachments or columns, rapidly changing maneuvers and maintaining close contact with infantry, aviation and artillery.

The quest for the maximum heightening of the operating qualities of the tank has brought about entirely new types. There has come into being the wheel-caterpillar type, utilizing wheels on the road, and caterpillar equipment on otherwise impassable terrain. In 1923, William Christie, the American designer, created a swimming tank. Other countries were quick to follow suit with their own amphibians. All water-going tanks move with the aid of propellers or rowing mechanisms, the speed in the water reaching 16 m.p.h. The passage over various obstacles depends upon the length of a tank, and since it is inadvisable to continue lengthening them *ad infinitum*, designers of the world are seeking to increase pene-

trability and passability in several ingenious ways. The so-called engineer tanks carry special bridges with the aid of which they pass over ditches 30 and more feet wide. The bridge is thrown over the ditch and withdrawn without the crew leaving the tank's interior. Also, special attachments on ordinary tanks enable them to make jumps of 55 feet. Tanks can also jump without special attachments, simply through the force of their momentum.

The burning question of tank construction today—designers everywhere are busy on it—is that of the flying tank. Authorities do not doubt for a moment that it will be resolved satisfactorily in time for the next world war. (Perhaps it has already been done in secret.) The flying tank will be one of the worst threats in the future war.

Picture a battle in full swing. Suddenly, something appears on the horizon resembling a squadron of attacking planes. As they begin to descend, it becomes clear that the machines are nothing else but armored tanks provided with wings. Slowly they reach the ground, shed their wings, and the squadron of four-ton tanks launches an attack, sowing death from its 3-inch guns. These are not the ravings of imagination. In somewhat more technical language, the gifted Mr. Christie thus described the application of flying tanks.

* * *

In secretly conducted military chemical laboratories are being sought and have already been evolved scores and hundreds of new poison substances—suffocating, sore-and-blister-creating, vomit and other gases. New apparatus has been designed and built, which, when used under field conditions, will enable these strong chemical weapons to penetrate the gas masks and strike the people wearing them.

Analysis of the best methods of chemical attack reveals the advisability of combining it with artillery work (shells filled with chemicals) and aviation (bombs, devices for spraying poisonous matter, and so on).

Equally strenuous are the efforts to develop defense against chemical warfare. When the Germans first used chlorine in the World War, intended victims defended themselves by applying wet handkerchiefs to their mouths and noses. But by the time this protective solution was hit upon, the Germans were already sending forth phosgen against which wet rags constituted a relatively poor protection.

Throughout Europe exceptional importance is attached to anti-gas defense. In order to encourage industry's interest in this field, factories receive orders for "industrial masks" against hydrogen sulphide, hydrocyanic acid, etc.

Horrible part in the coming wars has been assigned to contagion-carrying germs which affect men and useful beasts. Their deliberate dissemination against the armies and civilian populations will inflict more terrific losses than the application of the mightiest weapons of military chemistry.

A Geneva protocol forbids bacteriological warfare. However, the attention which is being devoted to this, including intensive work in hundreds of military laboratories, definitely indicates that bacteriology is already included in the arsenal of weapons to be used.

(Don't miss the second instalment of THIS IS WAR!
In the August CHAMPION)

The Loose Bolt

A SHORT STORY ABOUT ONE OF AMERICA'S DISINHERITED

by

Solomon Anderson

Illustrated by Gregor Duncan

HE'D be damned if he was going to spend another night in a lousy, fifteen cent flop-house.

The night had been a trying one. That lumpy, urine-smelling mattress with no middle and high banked sides swarmed with blood-thirsty insects. Throughout the night they had made forays upon his arms and legs, while snipers had harassed the back of his neck from the wrinkles of the dirty pillow case.

He might have fallen asleep in spite of the unsocial habits of his bedfellows but for two drunks in the hallway. For half the night they had argued with each other. Even after the attendants had succeeded in overpowering them it had been difficult to reconcile himself to the rattling, nerve-jarring snores of his next door neighbor.

He clenched his hands and cursed the fate that had thrown him into these surroundings. Looking up at the cracked plaster of the smoke-blackened ceiling through the dusty wire netting that was stretched across the top of his six by eight-foot cubicle, he swore again that he would not spend another night there.

The snores from the adjoining cubicle were interrupted by a grating cough. The bed groaned and creaked as the sleeper turned over. Again the grating cough gathered a clot of phlegm and a dull plop as the phlegm struck the floor. The snoring was resumed.

He glared at the unpainted beaverboard wall through which the sounds had come. A large, blood-filled bedbug ambled into his range of vision. He squashed it, leaving a blood smear on the wall. He wiped his thumb on the bedsheet, gory from the nightlong battle.

Pulling on his trousers and gathering the rest of his clothes in his arms, he went down the hall to the wash-room. At one of the basins a gaunt individual was washing a shirt with destructive violence and grumbling ominously to the crippled attendant, who, while listlessly mopping the floor, pointed to a dirty, soap-spattered sign

nailed to the wall above the basins: "Please do not wash your laundry here."

As he soothed his irritated skin with lukewarm water he enlarged upon his decision. He would leave Chicago. Here he had struck bottom. He was as low as he could get. A change of environment might bring about a change of conditions. He had nothing to lose.

Through with his washing, he dressed and walked downstairs. In the hallway sprawled a drunk with a bottle of smokey white liquor protruding from a pocket of his shabby coat. From his half-open mouth a stream of saliva flowed its elastic way down the side of his neck and under his dirty shirt collar. Every intake of his breath caused a bubbling gurgle in his throat and every exhalation added to the foul odor that pervaded the place. With a look of disgust he hurried out into the street.

At South Chicago, late in the afternoon, he managed to board an eastbound freight train. There were no "empties" on the train, so he climbed on to a gondola car that was loaded three deep with huge, twenty-inch timber. For a while he sat on top and watched the landscape go by, but as the cinders became annoying, he moved to the front end of the car. Looking down into the space between the butt end of the timber and the steel endgate of the car, he saw that several shorter pieces in the two bottom layers of timber formed a neat cubbyhole which he promptly took possession of.

Sitting with his back braced against the timber he puffed at a cigarette and idly watched a loose bolt high up on the endgate, as it rattled back and forth in a hole worn too large for it by the continual friction and yet too small to let it drop out. The bolt was evidently bent, for as it rattled back and forth the head described a continuous circle. That circuit began to hold his gaze with a magnetic attraction. It seemed to reflect his own position: buffeted about in the clutch of circumstances



over which he could exercise no control. Even as that bolt would eventually drop out of its hole, the loss unnoticed, so too, would he drop out of existence.

As darkness began to settle down, he stretched out on his side, and pillowing his head on his arms he allowed himself to be lulled to sleep by the rhythmic wheel-sounds on the track beneath him.

Toward morning it began to rain. The water seeped down between the timbers and dribbled on to the floor of the car, where it mixed with the soot and cinders. The floor soon became slimy. He sat up. The dribbles grew into small rivulets that ran down his clothes and soaked through. Sometimes the rain came in sudden gusts against the endgate and splattered in all directions. Before long, with the chill of the early morning hours adding to his misery, he was dampened both in body and in spirit. He sat with his knees huddled close to his chin, shivering spasmodically, the monotonous click-click of the wheels hammering dully in his ears.

THE day finally began to dawn. He had ceased to shiver and his mind now was as numb as his body, for he stared glumly at the muck on the floor, oblivious of the steady stream of water that trickled down his back.

As the darkness slowly gave way to misty grey, he lifted his eyes to the timber overhead. The jolting of the train had closed the aperture through which he had entered. He returned his stare to the wet floor, but a steady chill settled on his spine, bringing with it a sense of uneasiness that caused him to raise his eyes upward again. Then he held his breath for a long moment as the realization dawned upon him that he was imprisoned under the timber. He shrugged. Now if the car were only set on some isolated side track all would be consistent to the scheme of things. He toyed with the idea, grimly amused with this anticipation.

As if his thoughts were immediately to be borne out, the train began to slow down. The wheel-clicks broadened out into rumbling and grinding accompanied by squeaks and clanks of the brake shoes. For a time the train squeaked on at a snail-pace; then it stopped with a groan. The stop was immediately followed by a violent jerk that caused the train to move forward a few more yards and come to a quivering halt. The timber overhead had slid back an inch or so, giving more light to his murky surroundings. He heard the conductor and the brakeman walking toward the head of the train. A few minutes later there came a whistling release of air

followed by short hurried puffs as the engine went off, leaving the train standing.

The rain had stopped, but a little water still dripped here and there. Outside a full day had dawned, with the morning sun spreading its radiance over a wet world.

Looking out through a crack in the side of the car, he saw that the train had stopped at a railroad division. Here all the trains that came in would be broken up and each car distributed according to its destination, to form other trains. He had seen trains broken up before and knew that his car would be violently jolted back and forth.

There was a chance that the timber would be moved back enough to let him get free. He lit a soggy cigarette and settled back to wait.

He heard a dull thump as an engine was coupled to the train. For about five minutes he listened to the shhh of escaping steam, then he heard the clanking of couplings from car to car as the engine made a vicious lunge forward. Having braced himself, he took the shock easily and noted that the timber overhead had slid back a bit more. The train went on a few yards and stopped. There had not been enough slack in the couplings to get it started. Again there came that bumping from car to car. This time he struck his head painfully against the endgate as the engine lunged backward to give more slack to the couplings. The train moved slowly on. It squeaked along for perhaps a half a mile and came to a stop inside the yards.

All morning his car was jolted back and forth. The engine rushed about with short staccato barks that ended in hushed puffs as it released cars on the hump where the man in the switchtower directed their course into the maze of tracks below.

With each jolt that the car received he noted the effect on the timber overhead and estimated with his eye the size of the aperture. Finally it seemed to him that the space might be big enough to crawl through. He decided to try. Turning his head sideways he eased himself up until his chin was even with the top of the endgate. The endgate of the car was four feet high. The bottom of the timber was about eight inches lower than the top of the endgate and showed a foot above it. As he stood there with his chin out in the open, his shoulders just fitted snugly into the opening. Given time enough he would be able to squeeze out. He blinked his eyes and looked about him.

The car was moving jerkily up a slight incline. The engine behind him drove forward with short, sharp barks, which ended suddenly in a few puffs as they reached the top of the hump. He heard the jaws of the couplings clank as they scraped together when the car was released. Before him a sea of tracks spread out on both sides. Strings of cars were standing on almost all of them, some far away, others quite close at hand. The cars straight ahead were a good half a mile away. He would have plenty of time to get out.

Cautiously he drew his head back in again and put his arms through the opening first. Then he gave a

powerful upward push with his feet and wedged his chest tightly between the car and the timber. A flash of doubt crossed his mind. He glanced at the string of cars ahead and drew a few short breaths into his cramped lungs. Again he pushed upward, gaining a couple of inches. Suddenly the car swerved to the left. Crossing two tracks with a clatter, it headed for a string of cars scarcely fifty yards ahead. He had reckoned without the switchman who directed the course of the cars from the switchtower overlooking the yards.

Bewilderment crossed his face and left lines of fear. A sharp yelp involuntarily escaped him as he squirmed and pushed with terrified frenzy. Again the car swerved. He hung weakly doubled over the endgate. Through blurred eyes he saw the cars blocking the track a hundred yards further. The two crossings had cut down the speed of the car. He had a half minute more. The furious struggle had brought his chest over the endgate. The rest would be easy. He drew a deep breath and setting his hands on the endgate he pushed himself upward. Was it only his excited fancy or was there something actually holding him back? He glanced up. The cars blocking the track were drawing nearer. Again he pushed forward. Something tightened across the small of his back and over his hip bones. Anxiously he watched the cars ahead as he struggled. Sweat broke out. Then in a fleeting instant of calmness, he recalled the loose bolt. In his previous frantic struggles the head of that loose bolt had gone through the link of his belt buckle and now held him fast. He squirmed and pushed with renewed frenzy. The car ahead loomed close. He could see the specifications and numbers on the end of the car with sudden brilliance. He became possessed of a madman's energy. Too late. His belt broke as the cars came together. Couplings clanked. The timber slid forward sharply . . . completely. The impact moved the whole string of cars ahead quivering and groaning.

From the top of the hump came short staccato barks that ended in a few hushed puffs as the shifter released another car.



LABOR SPORTS

The Transport Workers Union

by **Fred Kitty**

IT IS a number of years, now, since labor unions, among other progressive organizations, came to recognize the important role played by sports on the American scene and the important role they could and should play in the activities of the labor unions.

However, it was with the coming of the CIO and the great mass industrial unions that labor sports really made a start. For with the CIO's organizational surge came, too, the realization to labor leaders that a broad union sports program would go a long way in drawing their newly won recruits closer to the unions.

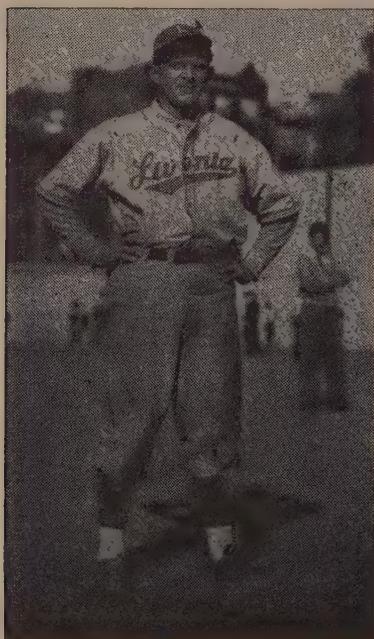
Especially in the large mass unions, auto, steel, rubber, mining, and transport have firm foundations been laid down for a great sports program. Softball and basketball have served as the backbone of labor sports in the midwestern steel and auto unions. In the East, in New York City, the Transport Workers Union has shown the way in the organization of baseball as a mass sport.

In their building of a sports movement, the labor unions had to cope with many obstacles—the greatest of these, of course, the problem of finances. These pioneers were trying to build a large scale sports movement, requiring ordinarily thousands of dollars, on a shoestring. Then, too, there was the problem of drawing their mem-

bership away from their sheeplike support of the highly publicized billion-dollar sports industry—major league baseball—in huge plants such as New York's Yankee Stadium which seats about 90,000 spectators, the ballyhooed boxing game, the faked-up wrestling racket, et al. That the unions were able to meet with and overcome these obstacles is a tribute to their remarkable determination to build Workers' Sports.

Until recent years, numerous attempts to organize the New York transport industry had been quite uniform in one respect—their failure to gain more than a handful of the thousands of workers in the industry for the union. With the appearance of the TWU on the scene, however, the transport industry got a much-needed shock. This dynamic young union (the overwhelming majority of the TWU's membership has joined within the last 20 months, and most of its closed shop contracts have been signed within the last 12) now totals 52,000 members in New York City and 65,000 nationally.

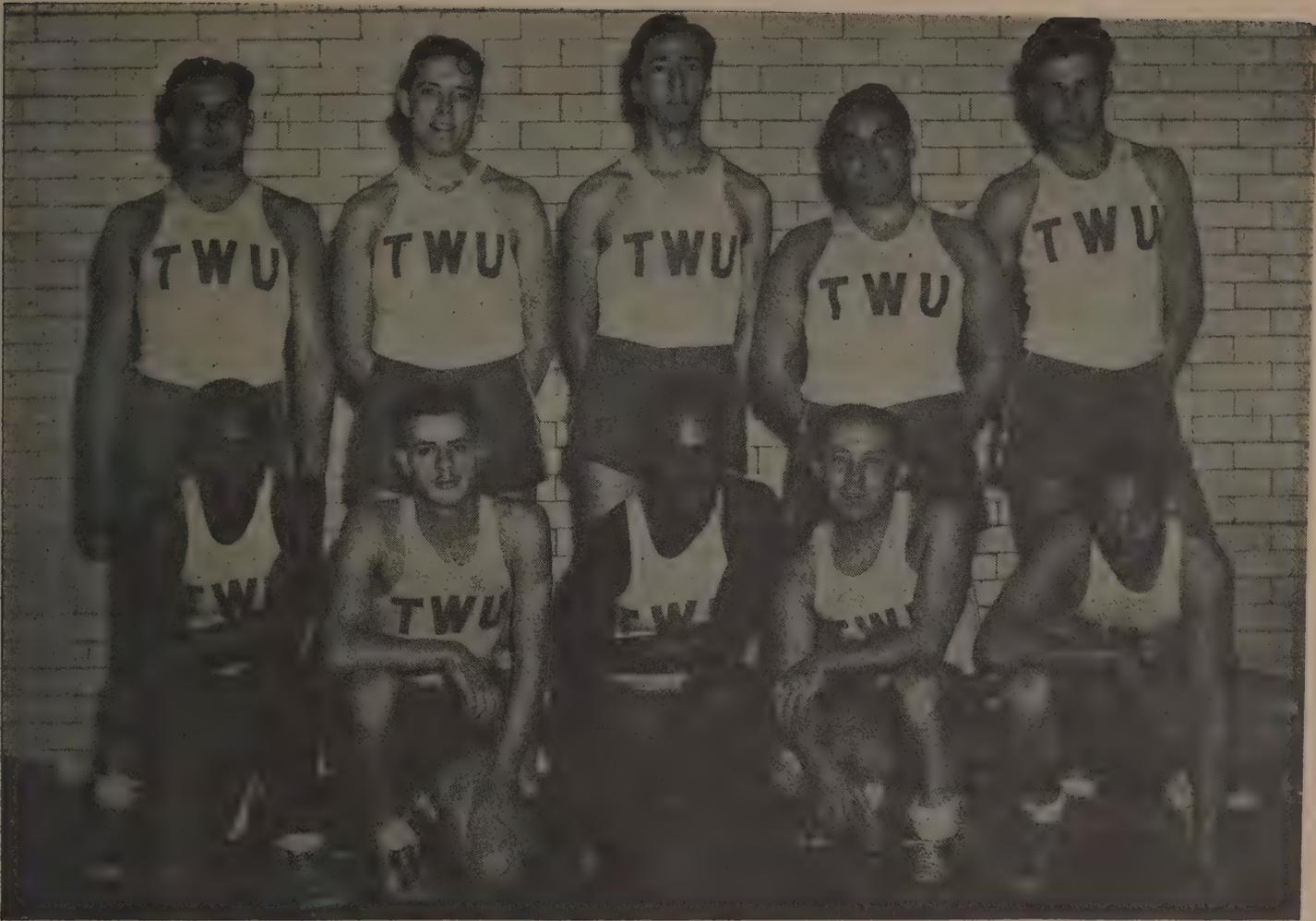
IN THE sports field, the TWU again registered an amazing growth, though their beginnings were quite modest. The fall of 1937 saw two TWU teams take the field—one basketball, the other soccer. The soccer team, playing in the Manhattan Soccer League, was one of the



(Left) Al Hormansky, crack hurler of the Livonia Barn team.

(Right) Union Members and friends at a TWU Baseball Game.





Front Row: James Forde, Pat Callione, Ernest Edwards, Harry Abramoff, Louis Johnston. Back Row: Dick Michlin, Frank Osborne, William Eusini, Jim Casanover and Pete McNiece.

outstanding teams in the League, even though they didn't nab the championship cup. While the TWU hoopsters competed in the Trade Union A.A. league, and, while they weren't quite a ball of fire, they played pretty fair basketball for a new team.

With the Spring of 1938, the Transport Workers, their newly acquired athletic director, Jack Roth, at the helm, launched a sports program which exceeded the expectations of the most hopeful unionists.

The TWU organized no less than 34 teams into 4 leagues; 510 players are playing in the competition and hundreds of union men come down to root for their representatives. This is a mighty landmark on the road to a mass workers' sports program!

Not stopping with this feat, the Transport Workers are going ahead in their construction of a recreational program and they don't intend to stop until their entire membership is engaged in some sort of athletic activity. The TWU has already made a start or is just about to start in the following sports: Handball, Boxing, Track and Swimming—with the possibilities of Softball, Bowling, Fencing, Ping-Pong, Gymnastics, Wrestling and Tennis still in the offing.

Recently, a questionnaire including a list of 12 dif-

ferent sports was issued to the membership, asking them to indicate the sports they prefer to engage in.

The thirty-four TWU teams are divided into four leagues—two of ten teams each, A, B, C, and D. The winners of the four TWU leagues will automatically enter the quarterfinals of the Trade Union A.A. tournament, with a possibility of emerging as the Trade Union A.A. baseball rulers.

It's a bit too early in the season to try to pick the TWU winners, but not too early to indicate the outstanding teams thus far in the competition. In the "A" league the IRT Lighting and Maintenance outfit is out in front with four wins in as many starts with the Livonia Barn and Bell Taxi Maintenance nines right at their heels with five won and one lost. In the "B" league the East New York Depot and the Crosstown Depot lead the pack with undefeated records in three and two contests respectively. The Flatbush Depot nine is in third place with two wins in three starts. The Independent Subway 207th Street Shop "A" team, the IRT Structural Department, and the 59th Street Powerhouse teams occupy the first three notches in the "C" league, with records of 3-0, 2-0, and 2-1 respectively. Only one game has been played in the "D" league with the 180th



The 74th Street Power House Team in their new uniforms. *Standing* (left to right) are: J. Raia, Sports Chairman; F. Lowerre, Section Secretary, Catcher; J. Perrault, O.F.; H. Case, Pitcher; W. McGloin, O.F.; P. Hoffman, 2nd Baseman; H. Hoyne, 1st Baseman and Manager. *Bottom Row* (left to right): J. Hill, O.F.; J. Downey, 2nd Baseman; F. McArdle, O.F.; J. Hayes, 3rd Baseman and A. Darden, Shortstop.

Street Division Surface Transport Drivers emerging victorious over the Kingsbridge Operators.

HANDBALL in the Transport Union is due to get under way as this article goes to press. Swimming has been brought closer to the TWU's membership by getting reduced rates for members at the Parc Vendome Hotel Pool. Members of the TWU merely have to show their union books at the door to get the reduced rates.

Track and Field hopefuls, who heretofore had confined their track work to the steel of New York City's multifarious subway and trolley lines, will get an opportunity to do work on a track of a different sort—a cinder track. The TWU is entering a team in the Trade Union A.A. Track and Field Carnival which will be held this August in New York City.

Boxing recently took first place in TWU sports when on the night of April 22 the Transport Workers sponsored a Boxing Carnival at the Bay Ridge Boys Club. The boxing matches, with Transport men in the feature bouts, were attended by a capacity crowd.

The good work of the TWU was not accomplished without its share of difficulties. The managers of all the teams could tell a woeful tale of lack of funds and of searches for suitable fields.

Take the case of Johnny Raia, sports director of the 74th Street Powerhouse. The story leaked out of how Johnny, in making a collection, found that he had collected only \$20 towards equipping the team. So Johnny laid out \$78.75 of his own money and when asked how the collection was going, he said, "It's going fine." Fortunately, Johnny finally collected enough money to repay him for what he had contributed. In Johnny Raia's local no less than 215 men out of a possible 275 gave money to outfit their team.

The TWU, thus far, has done a good job but is by no means finished. In the words of Jack Roth, "the Transport Workers are going to go ahead with their sports activity until we have involved the great majority of our membership in a broad mass recreational program."

WHEN YOUTH ORGANIZE!

They Prepare An Excellent Base For Preserving Democracy

SANTA CLARA Valley lies between piled up foothills about fifty miles south of San Francisco. Most of it is covered with prune trees. There are people all over the world who like nothing better than, of a morning, to sit down before a big bowl of this dark wrinkled fruit and eat it . . . cold . . . with milk.

The process of providing this fruit keeps a great many people busy. The trees are irrigated and pruned . . . the soil cultivated . . . children pick the fruit (off the ground) . . . it is processed . . . packed . . . and shipped. Santa Clara Valley produces more prunes than any other part of the world. Still, this is not its only important product. Its dark, rich soil grows peaches, apricots, cherries and vegetables. Things grow luxuriantly under California's sun—athletes, moving pictures and publicity. So do youth clubs. Witness the United Federation of Northern California, composed of five progressive organizations—the Mountain View Youth Club, the Nyosan Youth Club, the New Forty Niners Youth Club, the Redwood City Youth Club and the Santa Clara Youth Club, all in Santa Clara Valley.

These youth clubs have their distinctive features. For instance, have you ever heard of a traveling dues collector? No! not the kind that skips town with the dough. The majority of the members follow the harvest, much of which is outside the valley. In April, "grass" (asparagus to you) ripens in the Sacramento Valley, and there is a general exodus for the picking and canning. Back home, there are cherries in June and July, apricots in July and August, peaches, pears and prunes in August and September, tomatoes in November. Also, there is the apple harvest in Watsonville and the fish canning industry in Monterey. Here a girl is spoken of as having been "married in the grass", a child "born in the peaches." Both time and place are set. So, you see, these ambulating functionaries serve the very necessary purpose of putting the bee on the members wherever they are.

* * * *

Meet Pete Sevilla: member of the Mountain View Club, president of the Federation and in most ways typical of the membership. He has worked in the fields and canneries of California since he was seven. He caddies on Sunday and can drive a golf ball 300 yards straight down the fairway. But he is more proud of his ability to work. He can pick cherries with the best of them. He managed to stay in school until the eighth grade, when poverty forced him to work. Today, he is six feet two, husky, blue-eyed, and brown from the sun.

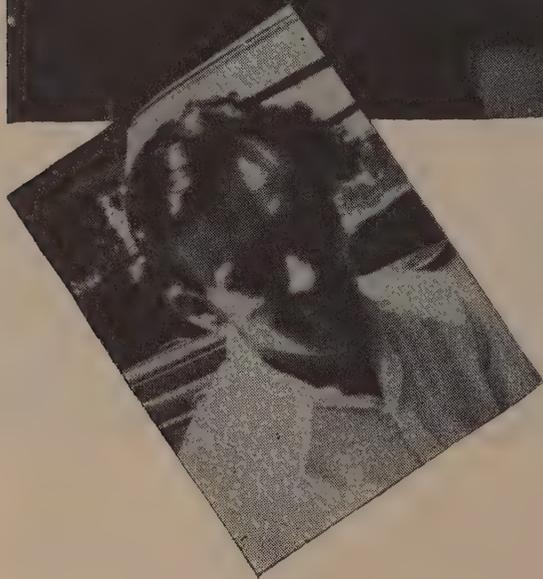
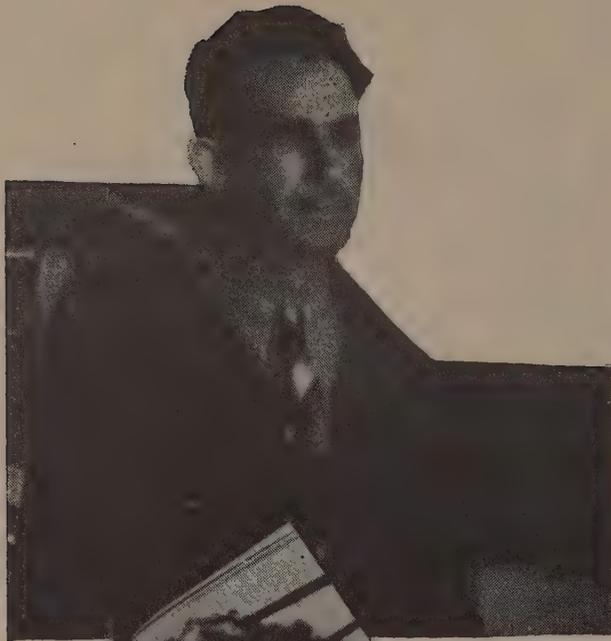
When he speaks one feels the glow of his friendliness and sincerity. He joined the club, he says, "to have fun . . . to learn how to talk and speak . . . for education . . . and to be together with the kids I know." The club life has reawakened his desire for knowledge. He wants to know how young people in other parts of the world live. He is interested in Spain, in Negro youth and in students. This applies to a growing number of the club members. Billinger's "Fatherland" and Herndon's "Let Me Live" are passing from hand to hand. Because of his engaging personality, because he can sing in a pleasant, easy voice old Spanish tunes as well as more popular songs, and because he has worked and lived with the townspeople for so long, Pete is known and liked throughout Sunnyvale and Mountain View.

Two other members of the Mountain View Club together with Pete make up a triumvirate of industrious Federation builders—Don Bautista, president of the club, and Sam Fernandez, Social Director of the Federation. They are most proud of the fact that the Mountain View group won the inter-club competition to see which one could raise the most money to buy a sound truck for Loyalist Spain. All the clubs together raised \$265. "Now," Sam says, "we're going to raise \$200 and build ourselves a clubhouse. We have the lot and we're going to do the work. We're rehearsing a play to show in the town theatre to raise money."

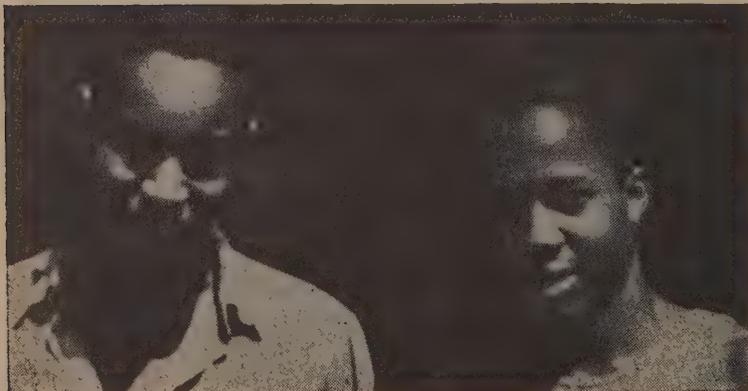
IN SANTA CLARA, a few miles away, a barn is being turned into a youth center. Here the younger members of two families decided that a club was just what they and the town needed. They were right. Today, it occupies an important place in the life of the community. Its crack baseball team attracts wide attention—and new members. Jimmy Gomez, who is president of the club, is also president of the Catholic Youth Organization. His popularity among the people with whom he went to high school and among those who have worked in the canneries with him makes him a consistent club-builder.

Tony Sapena is another prominent member of the Santa Clara club, respected by Spanish-speaking Californians for his part in the famous '34 strikes which resulted from wages of twenty cents an hour. Tony went through that reign of terror, saw vigilanteism rampant. He says, "That's why, now, I work to support all forms of democracy. It's our best protection."

Drop in to the Forty-Niner club house in San Jose and see what used to be a bare, dirty garage. Now it is



(Above) Federation President *Pete Sevilla*. President *Johnny Kendall*, New Forty-Niners, and Treasurer of the Local SWOC Union in the American Can Company. (Below, L. to R.) Federation Vice-President *Georgie Adams* and President *Wesley (Duke) Ellington*, Nyosans.



Left to Right: *Henrietta Harris*, Federation Youth Club. President *Donald (Slim) Bautista*, Federation Society.

light, clean and painted. In the afternoon you will v likely find the ping-pong table in use, card and check games, and whenever people have been scheduled to do so, sweeping and straightening furniture. On Monday evenings you'll find a business meeting, with John Kendall, treasurer of his SWOC union, presiding. During the evening you may see a skit on some social political subject prepared by the drama group under the direction of Charles Leach, San Jose State College drama student. Each Friday night the clubhouse is given over to dancing and refreshments.

Jimmy Hulquist, the Federation educational director and winner of the Western College Debating Championship, says of these clubs: "They fulfill a great need for young people. Lack of cultural and social facilities is particularly noticeable in smaller communities. Participation in club activities promotes mental development and democratic responsibility."

Let's pass on to the Nyosan Youth Club. The name stands for Negro Youth of San Jose. It is the only one of its kind in town. It has become widely known, especially in the Negro communities in the northern part of the state, through its activities. Some of the activities have been the celebration for the first time in this locality of Negro History Week. They sponsored a mass meeting at a local church, at which the entire program was presented by the club. The historical pages given at that time has since had a wide circulation. Other young people's clubs send in frequent requests for it. The Negro History class, conducted by Jimmy Hulquist of the Forty-Niners, and participated in by both clubs, has been of great benefit in bringing the two groups together. It has attracted such interest that it has grown from an attendance of five to twenty to thirty. The organization of the Nyosans was begun by Henrietta Harris, San Jose State College NYA student who is also Race Chairman of the Campus YWCA, and a member of a national Negro sorority.

THE clubs are alike in their interest in the society in which they are a part. They have conducted a concerted campaign towards lifting the embargo on Spanish. They have held educational sessions on maintaining, to quote from the Federation Constitution, "peace through the cooperation of all nations." The Federation is arranging



Membership Director and Exec. Sec'y of Nyosan Mountainview Youth Club. **Sam Fernandez**, Director.

an educational program for all the clubs on the need to defeat reaction in the 1938 elections. In line with their progressive stand, they recognize the value of labor unions as forces for democracy and progress. The Forty-niners have been particularly helpful to labor and have written a letter from the Santa Clara County Central Labor Council attesting to their constructive aid. When a local employer locked out Mexican mushroom workers, they helped with donations of food. All the clubs participated in the California Youth Model Legislature, with representatives of other young people's organizations, for the purpose of passing bills stating their position on problems of government.

The rally at which the Federation was formed was held in the foothills and included games, dancing and a picnic supper. Ellis Patterson, State Assemblyman and candidate for Lieutenant Governor, spoke, praising the clubs as a "manifestation of democracy." The government picture "The Plow That Broke the Plains" was shown. A pageant depicting the growth of the clubs in the light of youth's problems was enacted. The day ended with the election of officers for the new Federation.

The purpose in forming the Federation is stated in the preamble to the constitution.

"To better the lives of young people in Northern California, and to build our clubs, we have established the United Youth Federation of Northern California.

"Through cooperation, we can provide better education, recreation, and culture for our members.

"United, youth will come closer to winning a happy life of jobs, peace and security for all people of all races and creeds.

"Our Federation will sincerely cooperate with other organizations toward these ends.

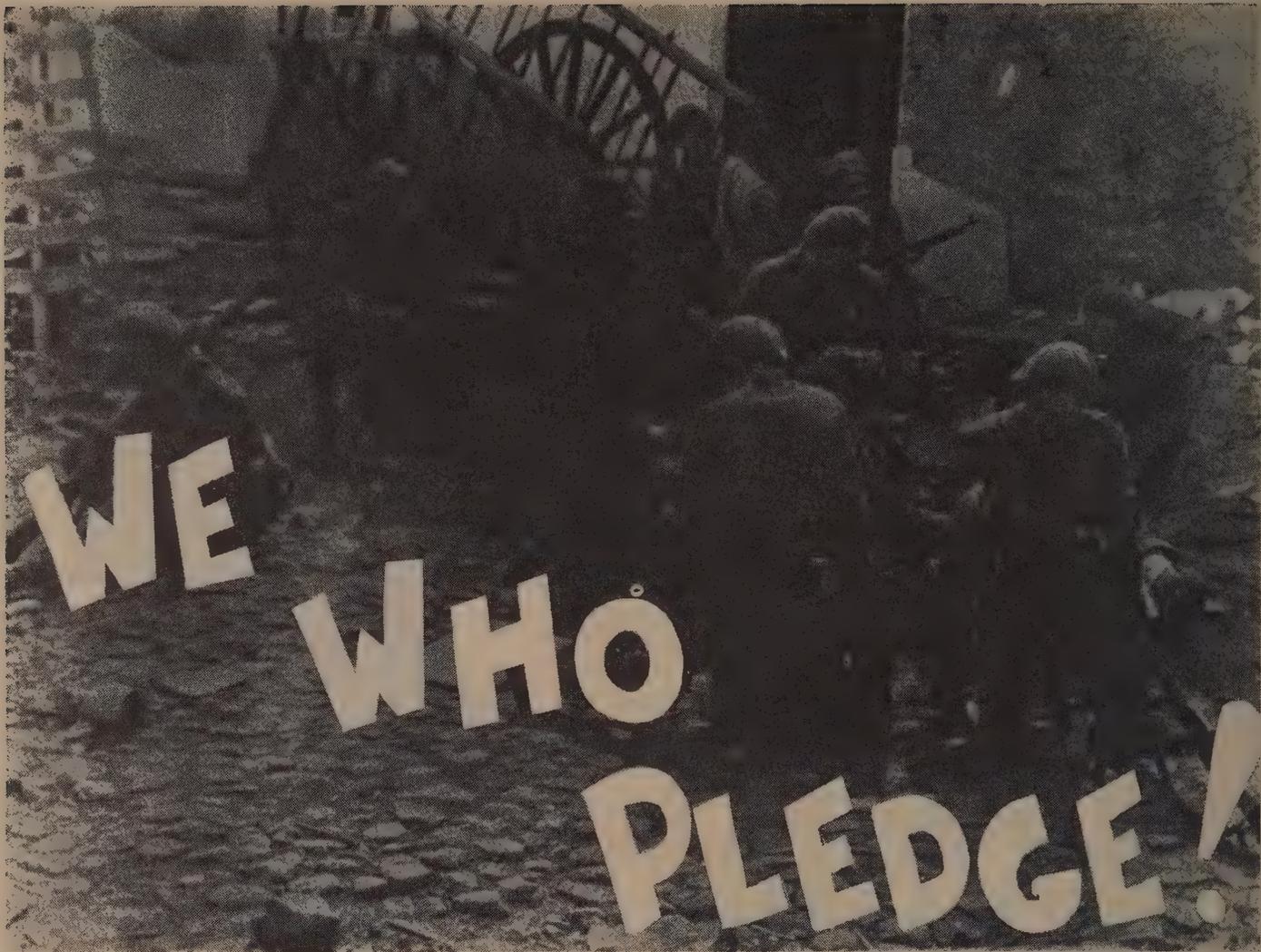
"We will become better citizens of our community and of the world by receiving practical experience in Democracy—the best pathway to the American ideal of progress and opportunity for all."

These objectives are particularly significant when it is remembered that George Seldes in his latest book, "You Can't Do That", says, "Santa Clara County is now known as the cradle of American fascism." These clubs will prove otherwise.



(Above) **Johnny Kendall** Helping Out on a "Fix the Club" Saturday Afternoon. **Jimmy Hulquist**, Federation's Educational Director. Formerly a California U. student and Western College Debate Champion.
(Below) **Sam Fernandez**, **Johnny Kendall**, **Don Bauñista**.





by
David McKelvy White

IN APRIL of last year a little town on the coast of southern France was the unwitting host of a little group of assorted American tourists. We stayed for several days at the local Grande Hotel, and when I say that we *stayed* at the hotel, I mean just that. When we left, it was very quietly and in the middle of the night.

Judging by the hotel, I would say that the town is a very old one. I hope to go back some day and find out.

So far as we were concerned, the local populace could be divided into four parts—those who had no notion of our existence, those who saw us and probably dismissed our behavior as American and unaccountable, those who wished to help us get closer to the Spanish border, and the people in the house across the street. It was these last who were responsible for our seeing so much of the hotel. This house was always dark and closely shuttered. No one ever went in or came out—not, at least, by the street door. But there could be no doubt that there were people there nor that they were very much interested in us. I shan't soon forget the

nose that was just discernible between the shutters of the left-hand window on the third floor. On the second floor there was a good deal of movement behind the blinds, and the cigarette smoke that occasionally drifted out did not come from very deep in the room.

The result of this was that we stayed in the hotel and away from the windows. In the evenings, when we had the lights on, we carefully drew the shades. When I say "we", I mean the six of us, and I think it will be agreed that we were a somewhat odd assortment. There was a brisk Nebraska farmer in his early thirties . . . his friend, a Bulgarian machinist from Chicago; they had crossed the Atlantic together . . . a rather nondescript Jewish boy from the Bronx . . . a red-headed Irishman, a young architect from the West Coast . . . and a Norwegian seaman, very husky and very moody. And myself.

Life in the hotel was not too unpleasant, though it had its disadvantages. Feather beds are things you have to get used to. The seaman and I floundered around to-

gether in one, trying to keep out of each other's way. It was a little like trying to sleep in a tank of whipped cream. But it was clean and dry and warm, which is more than could always be said of what was to lie ahead of us. Like so many of the French Grand Hotels, this one had no running water and the toilet facilities were . . . well, provincial.

One of the things I most objected to was the wallpaper in the little upstairs sitting room which we used. This paper was a dirty red that still had a good deal of fight left in it, and it had yellow stripes which after nine or ten hours had a way of traveling upward with a waving motion. You had to look at them very hard to make them stand still.

But the food was good and abundant, and the company was excellent. Our chief problem was our inactivity and the fact that we wanted to get to Spain and be about our business there. In the course of filling in the time, we learned a good deal about ourselves and about each other. We couldn't spend all the time sleeping, and we had nothing to read except pocket editions of *Julius Caesar* and *Othello* which I had picked up in Paris, and the local papers, which only the architect and I had enough French even to struggle with. We took turns reading Shakespeare and followed the Spanish news to the best of our ability. I felt a certain professional obligation toward starting a class in something, but I couldn't figure quite what and we were all too restless to concentrate much on anything.

I had a pocket chess set. The architect was even worse at this than I was, so I taught the seaman to play. After the third game, he beat me with ease and regularity. The hotel provided checkers and a pack of cards. We played Hearts and Rummy until we were ready to bite each other. There were a few feeble attempts at poker. I forget who won the checker tournament (though I remember that I didn't).

AFTER a couple of days we developed a leaning toward our special interests. I was always ready for a game of chess or a discussion on our library. Nebraska spent most of his time trying to keep a game of Rummy in constant operation. The Bulgarian was agreeable enough to this, but he really preferred to sing, leaning against the mantel or lying up at one end of the battered horsehair sofa. His voice was soft and rich, and he had a large collection of folk songs in assorted Central European tongues.

The architect also liked to sing but his voice was anything but sweet and he sang one song over and over. I thought at the time I could never forget it but I have. It was an early song by Noel Coward and had very silly words, which he remembered perfectly, and a not very distinguished melody, one part of which he was never very certain of. We would wait nervously for that part to come. He also had a habit of pacing round and round the little room until we devised a barricade of chairs in his path.

Two or three times a day the seaman would tell long, rambling stories about odd people he had run into in various parts of the world. The people would have to be very odd indeed for him to remember them, and he had a curious way of telling the most extraordinary

stories in the most calm and matter-of-fact tone of voice.

The boy from the Bronx was, as I have said, pretty nondescript. He spent most of his time sitting backwards astride a chair, quietly watching a game or listening to the conversation. He didn't much like the farmer, but looked with a good deal of awe upon the seaman. He seldom spoke and one scarcely noticed his existence. Yet it is for his sake and because of him that I recall now these few days.

Later, in Spain, when we were split up and went our various ways, it was like the parting of very old friends. By that time we had in common also the climb over the mountains. I think we all wondered when we would meet again and whether we ever would.

The dark and singing machinist is dead now. He joined the Dimitrov Battalion and was killed by machine gun fire on the first day at Brunete.

The seaman, having served for a time in the Navy, knew something about big guns and so was assigned to the artillery. I had two short notes from him early this year. He has recently been reported as missing.

The architect went into transport. When I last saw him, he had not only red hair but also a red beard and looked very tired. Later he was reported by Mr. Carney as having been captured near Teruel.

The farmer from Nebraska was sent to officer's training school and to the best of my knowledge is still

Soldiers of Spanish Democracy Camping in the Streets of a Town Destroyed by the Fascists



with the MacKenzie-Papineau Battalion. I did not see him again after the first few days in Spain.

THE boy from the Bronx went, as I did, into the Washington Battalion. He served in one of the line companies. Though we were in different companies I saw him occasionally during the training period and once or twice at Brunete and Pardillo. Toward the end of the offensive, or rather during the fascist counter-offensive, he was hit in the right shoulder by an explosive bullet. He was at the first aid station just behind the lines when I passed one day with the water detail. He was pale but his appearance was anything but nondescript. The very shape of his face was different and in spite of the dirt and fatigue, you could see the soft, round features had taken the mold of maturity. Even his way of sitting on the edge of the blood-soaked stretcher, his way of holding his head, was different. The picture of him quietly and rather vacantly watching a checker game in the red-papered room in France flashed before my mind, and I marvelled again as I had before at what can happen to people who are fighting for a cause they know is just.

I didn't see the Bronx boy again. I heard, however, of his return to the lines, of his fine record of service in the Aragon, and of the serious wounds he received there. It appears that he was too close to an aerial bomb when it landed. Facial surgery had done much for him and long months in the hospital have set him on his feet again. But according to a report, his lungs were punctured with shrapnel and he will never again use his left arm.

We, at the offices of the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade have learned that this lad from the Bronx is now in France and the news has flooded my memory with these days I have written about—the days



Four Veterans, Frank Feingersh, Bill Bois, James Yates and Joe Drice, Return to the United States After Months of Front Line Service in Spain



David McKelvy White, National Chairman, Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, and His Secretary, Kate Lenthier, the Wife of John Lenthier, Actor, Killed in Action at Jarama, February 27, 1937

of his former stay in France when I was with him.

I knew relatively few of the Americans in Spain. Most of the names of those that we know are now in France call to mind only their families and friends who have inquired for them here. Yet, many of the men or most of them have stories similar to that of my friend from the Bronx. I cannot help extending to these others my anxiety for the welfare of the one I know.

Without having this personal knowledge and relationship, a group of distinguished Americans has nevertheless recognized the need for aiding these men, and America's obligation to them. The list is headed by such representative figures as:

- Senator James P. Pope, Idaho, Member Foreign Relations Committee
- Ursula Parrott
- Congressman Thomas Amlie, Wisconsin
- Heywood Broun, President, American Newspaper Guild
- Congressman Byron Scott, California
- Congressman Jerry O'Connell, Montana
- Congressman Thomas Amlie, Wisconsin
- Rev. Dr. Guy Shipler, of "The Churchman"
- Manhattan Borough President Stanley M. Isaacs
- A. F. Whitney, President, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen

The Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade is the channel through which the wounded Americans in France must be provided with \$125 each for their transportation home. It is we who pledge that they will be given medical attention and care when they arrive.

It is we who must receive from the American people dimes, quarters, and dollar bills to make up the very considerable amounts of money which will be necessary for this purpose.

It is the American people who must feel that these men are their own in having fought courageously and unselfishly for what they believed in.

The young people of America, with their generous feelings and high ideals, will feel most strongly the appeal for these men, so many of whom were before going into battle, their contemporaries.

The Railroad Crisis

RAILROAD MANAGEMENT HAS NEVER FACED A MORE MILITANT GROUP OF EMPLOYEES' ORGANIZATIONS IN AMERICAN LABOR HISTORY. AND THE AFL-CIO BACKING HAS ENCOURAGED GREATER RESISTANCE AGAINST APPROACHING WAGE CUTS

●
By Louis Gordon

IF YOU'RE like most of my friends, you don't spend much time reading the financial pages of the *New York Times*. When you don't own stocks and bonds, you say, you're spared the worry of their rising and falling. There's some truth in that, of course, but you're still missing a bet, brother. The financial pages can give you the low-down on stories that mean plenty to you. Take the railroads, for instance. . . .

Now, I don't know how much you know about railroads. I suppose you heard about the 15% wage-cut the railroad owners are trying to put through, but unless you happen to be a railroad worker, perhaps you haven't realized how it affects you. I don't know how much railroad owner propaganda you've swallowed: about high, steady wages for railroad workers; about the railroads losing money; about the spectres of government ownership; about the "widows and orphans" waiting for interest payments on their bonds and the railroads needing government loans to pay them. But whether or not you're one of the million men who work on the roads, whether or not you're a member of a railroad brotherhood, or an AFL or CIO union, this wage-cut threat on the railroads is your affair and the affair of every other working man or woman in the country.

This part of the picture no one denies. *The Journal of Commerce* tells us that employers are watching the railroad situation with more than general interest. President A. F. Whitney, of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, the largest single labor railroad group, says, "The railroads are attempting to launch a national program of wage-cuts." According to Representative John T. Bernard, "It is the fight of all labor, and of all who suffer when factory gates close and wages go down. It is the fight of the farmers who have always been gouged by high freight rates. It is the fight of all progressives in Congress who seek through legislation to extend purchasing power and set the wheels of industry turning. . . .

"Wage cuts for railroad workers will open the dikes for a flood of wage-cutting that will sweep all industry

and engulf America in a new and catastrophic crisis."

Even the conservative chairman of the Railway Labor Executives Association declared, "I never heard of such a silly thing in my life as the attempt to reduce purchasing power at the same time as the President is pouring out \$4,500,000,000 in an attempt to increase buying power."

The railroad unions have served notice that they're not going to take it lying down. Conservative rail union officials in the past have frequently threatened strike without any serious intention of calling or backing one, and Kiplinger, confidential Washington news-service for business men, predicts there will be no strike this time either. The government, it says, will step in, "conciliate, eventually approve some small reduction." But when you talk to the men in the shops these days, or view union sentiment from coast to coast, you get a strong feeling that Kiplinger may have a real surprise coming.

As early as May 3, *Labor*, organ of the Railway Labor Executives Association, declared a strike was certain if companies insist on putting the 15% cut into effect. What's more, the men have been backing up their union leaders, demanding that not an inch be yielded. In St. Louis, Missouri, delegates and observers from railroad union lodges in the area went on record, "insisting that the chief executives of our organizations absolutely refuse to consider any reduction in wages of the railroad workers . . . and if necessary, to be prepared to use the economic power of the united railway organizations to stop this wage cut." Similar conferences and mass meetings are being held all through the country. In New York, after endorsement by the AFL Central Labor Union, and all twenty-one Grand Lodges of the standard railroad unions, a mass protest was scheduled in the Manhattan Opera House for June 26, backed by all the crafts on the twelve lines entering New York. When President Whitney declared last month, "We will walk off the trains, if necessary, to defeat the wage cut", he was voicing no idle threat; he

was echoing the demand of railroad workers all over the country who are joining the brotherhoods at a faster rate than ever before, getting into the fight against wage reductions.

As J. R. Abbott, of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, declared recently, "We probably did go along too long in cooperation with the railroad operators. But we are not going to stand for this kind of business. We are going through with this thing."

THE railroads have not been idle either. For years they have been building up a vast propaganda machine, paid for out of the money which they were "protecting" for the "widow and orphan" bondholders whose welfare they claim to be safeguarding, whenever seeking a wage cut or a rate rise. The National Alliance for the Preservation of Private Industry, closely tied with railroad interests, boasts that it can pour half a million letters, postcards and telegrams into Congress within 48 hours to block any legislation unfavorable to railroad operations. At strategic points throughout the country, members of speakers' bureaus have been working steadily, addressing Chambers of Commerce, Rotary Clubs and similar organizations. High-priced publicity experts have been grinding out news releases which anti-labor newspaper owners have not been averse to printing.

Some of this propaganda has been so subtly disguised as news and so frequently repeated that many of us have begun to believe it. For example, this business about high wages for railroad workers. It is true that a minority of highly skilled craft workers have been receiving relatively good salaries, but this is a decided minority. President F. H. Fljozdal of the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees, recently quoted official Interstate Commerce Commission statistics on the question. In 1937, it was found that of slightly less than a million railroad employees, 159,000 received \$73 a month or less; 236,000, or 21% of all railroad employees, were being paid less than \$90 monthly; and 585,000, or more than half of the workers on railroads, were getting less than \$150 per month. President Whitney of the Trainmen pointed out that while the average for his group was \$155.44 per month in 1937, about \$35 a month was needed for "away-from-home" expenses. According to government reports, the average wage of

railroad workers is 70.9 cents hourly, compared with 93 for the automobile workers, 82.3 for rubber workers, 81.3 for iron and steel workers, and similarly higher rates for half a dozen other industries.

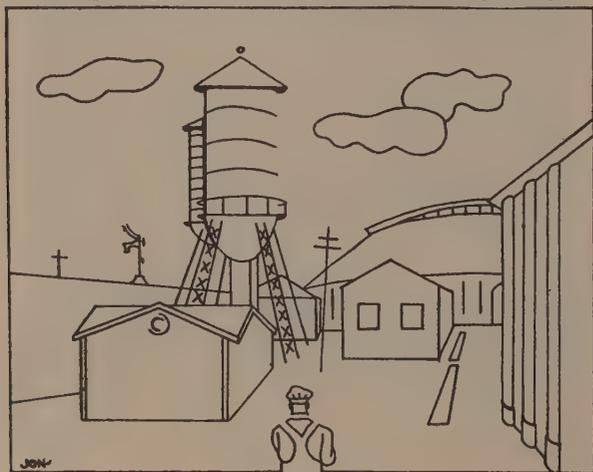
Maybe the high salaries that the publicity experts had in mind were the ones that go to the railway directors like President M. W. Clement of the Pennsylvania, who received a slight salary boost from \$60,000 annually to \$100,000 last year when the poor railroads were complaining about losing money. Of course, that might not be fair to D. L. & W. President J. M. Dans, who was raised from \$60,000 to only \$78,000, not to mention humble vice-presidents of the New York Central and the B & O who had to be satisfied with meagre annual allowances of \$50,000 each.

The railroads have been banking heavily on their propaganda winning for them. This was indicated in the frank annual report of G. P. McNear, Jr., President of the Toledo, Peoria and Western Railroad, which you could find if you looked for it, somewhere between "yesterday's closing" and "today's opening" reports of the *Times*. Mr. McNear, Jr. thinks it quite pertinent to consider strike threats because, as he puts it, the railroads cannot "afford to agree to arbitration in the event of failure of mediation." And if and when the strike comes, Mr. McNear says, "The employes could not win in the face of courageous opposition because of the compelling force of informed public opinion, which is supreme over loquacious or threatening labor leaders."

A key point in the information which Mr. McNear's associates have carefully been feeding to the public is the opinion that railroads are on the rocks. (This despite the fact that Mr. McNear's company reported a net income of \$252,556 in 1937). As Fitzgerald Hall, president of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroad, said in another financial page gem, the railway industry "is as a whole about to go to the wall", blaming the situation on the labor unions and government restrictions.

So sorry did they become for themselves, that railroads went to the government asking direct subsidies to bring railway earnings to the highest level since 1920 or requesting government guarantee of interest payments on certain classes of railroad bonds. Senator Burton Wheeler of Montana declared that it would be infinitely better for the government to take over the railroads rather than to guarantee railroad bonds.

Other Senators, including Wagner of New York, LaFollette of Wisconsin and Truman of Missouri, went on record opposing government loans for railroads if they sought to impose wage cuts. Senator Wagner said he would fight the use of "the credit of the United States to pay interest on debt structure and at the same time take purchasing power out of the pockets of the wage-earners." Senator LaFollette further amplified the point that the troubles of the roads are due not to wage structure but to debt structure. He cited figures showing that in 1920 roads had been paying \$7 interest on every \$100 of debts while in 1936, the interest rate had gone up to \$11.87 on every \$100. The Chicago convention of the AFL Railway Employees Department last Spring called on the companies to reduce their interest payments to bondholders, contrasting high railroad interest



rates with the 1% and 1½% banks were paying on deposits.

PRESIDENT Whitney, who has been giving real leadership to the 150,000 members in the trainmen's brotherhood, hit the nail squarely on the head when he attributed financial difficulties of the roads to "overcapitalization, the payment of high interest rates on bonded indebtedness, the unnecessary squandering of millions of dollars in advertising and propaganda calculated to deceive the public and oppress their employees, and the purchasing of corporation securities at unwarranted prices.

"This constant antagonism of the railroads to the public welfare leaves the people with but one alternative: the Federal government must step in, put a halt upon this manhandling of the public and railway employes and take the railroads over and operate them."

Government ownership has long been urged as a solution for the railroad problem under certain definite stipulations.

At this point, it might be interesting to note that Mr. McNear, whose poor railroads could not "afford" to submit to arbitration, prefers a nation-wide railroad strike to government ownership. Why, if the roads are so unprofitable, does Mr. McNear fear turning them over to the government? The answer is to be found in figures quoted by the Railway Labor Executives Association, about the "unprofitable" roads. During eight years of depression, from 1930 to 1937, the railroads pocketed profits totalling \$4,764,000,000 or an average of \$594,000,000 a year. During the same period, 800,000 railroad workers lost their jobs. Mr. McNear's very

fear of government ownership of the roads shows that it is a necessity. If the interests of railway employees and the public are to be protected, however, nationalization must be carried out at the real value of the roads and not the face-value of its watered stocks and bonds, and with adequate guarantees for job and wage protection. Government ownership was endorsed by the Railway Labor Executive Association in 1935 and at conventions since held by many of the brotherhoods.

But as President Whitney declared about the pending wage-cut, "It is not our job to save the railroads. Our job is to save the 1,000,000 families of railroad labor, and to save our country from Wall Street bankers." And labor and the progressive movement is solidly involved in this fight. Recognizing no split in the labor movement as far as workers' interests are concerned, CIO leader Michael J. Quill of the Transport Workers Union pledged "direct aid" of his union to the independent brotherhoods and the AFL affiliates in the fight. AFL, CIO and the independent brotherhoods acting together can stop the threat of "national chaos."

Maybe they don't read the financial pages in the roundhouses, in the station yards, on the roads or in union halls, but union men know what's happening, and what it means to them. Congressman Bernard took the words out of their mouths when he said, "The flood of wage-cuts must be stemmed now. Fur workers have showed that wage-cuts, firmly resisted, can be turned into wage increases and new victories. What happens to the railroads will be decisive for all American workers. Let all progressive Americans help them decide for jobs, security and a fair wage."

THE SUIT

•

A Short Story

WHEN Eddie woke up with the sun shining in his face the first thing he remembered was the job. He sat up scratching his head. Don't rub your head; scratch it, he thought. Scratch it hard n you'll never be bald. Downstairs he heard his mother moving around, rattling pots and pans, pulling out the drawer that contained the silverware, her slow, heavy presence filling the house.

I got a job, he said to himself, grinning. No more bummin. No more, Say Mister . . . puttin on a swell front with the stuff yuh learned nke Self-Confidence n Assurance n a Neat Appearance n always talk back real polite n when yuh got the cold air callin the guy a bastard! He leaned over, picked up a Durham sack from the chair and rolled a cigarette. Lighting it, he lay back flat on the bed, contented, staring up at the blistered, blackened ceiling.

Eighteen a week, he thought. No more waitin on corners Saturday nights jus sittin on your can waitin n frettin n feelin damned bad inside when they came by

by
Alexander Oxman

Illustrated by Bruce Currie

swingin their bare arms, their bare legs and the smell of powder makin your insides flame. He got up.

Pretty soon when he'd dressed and gone downstairs his brother, Frank, entered the kitchen glumly. Frank slouched into a chair.

Why don't he git out? Why don't he git a job? Eddie asked himself, bent over a plate of fried potatoes n eggs. The guy's jus too fat from layin round on his butt. He looked up at the Big Ben on the mantelpiece; 7:30. Jus a half hour to reach work.

Frank said:

"Got work, eh?" He said it like he meant: You lucky punk. Findin work when a real guy has to pound the sidewalks.

Eddie scowled.

"Yeh," he said. He hoped some day to knock hell outa his brother for his digs and cracks and constant ragging and picking. "Yeh," he added, "it didn take me long t' git work."

Frank jumped.

"Gittin smart?"

"Why?" Eddie closed his fist.

"Why?" Frank laughed. "I'll knock your block off, punk, if yuh git wise."

She came over then, her face moist and greasy from the steaming, foamy water in the sink. She hovered nervously over them.

"Frank," she said in a weary voice, "leave 'im be."

Frank glared across the table at Eddie and then bent over his plate of food.

And Eddie, remembering his job with the tailoring firm, mopped up the egg drippings with a chunk of bread and gulped down his coffee. He left the room shouting over his shoulder:

"S'long, Mom."

"Goodby, Son."

The first day was soft. All he did was stand around watching the head shipping clerk, a young good-looking guy fresh from college, pack the out-going suits into flat, square cardboard boxes. Then the guy yelled:

"Okay, kid. Tie 'em up."

The guy explained casually one afternoon:

"If you need a suit, kid, you kin pick one up dirt cheap." He was looking at Eddie's suit. "Some of 'em come back because of slight imperfections. Y'know, mebbe a fault in sewing, cutting. Anyway, you kin git one cheap, kid."

Eddie looked at the suit he was wearing: a drab, faded blue serge he'd bought at Penton's for fifteen bucks three years ago. It'd be swell, he thought, to have a suit. Something classy n flashy. He had an ache, then, for the smartness; the inevitable assurance that comes from looking well-dressed.

But the remembrance of his mother sobered him. The rent, the cracked, blistered ceiling, the collectors. Hell, he said to himself, his face downcast, I jus can't think of it. They'd raise murder.

BUT on Saturday afternoon, about thirty minutes before closing time, he saw *the* suit. A hard-finished worsted with little suns of gold woven beautifully into the strong fabric. His eyes glistened boyishly.

Jesus, he thought, Jesus . . . it's a knockout. He fingered the cloth with growing interest, his light blue eyes filmed with irresistible desire. If I had it, he thought, I sure could look swell. I sure could knock their eyes out with this.

The guy came over to the metal rack. He looked down at Eddie's eager, flushed face, then said:

"Nice, huh?"

"It's a pip," said Eddie.

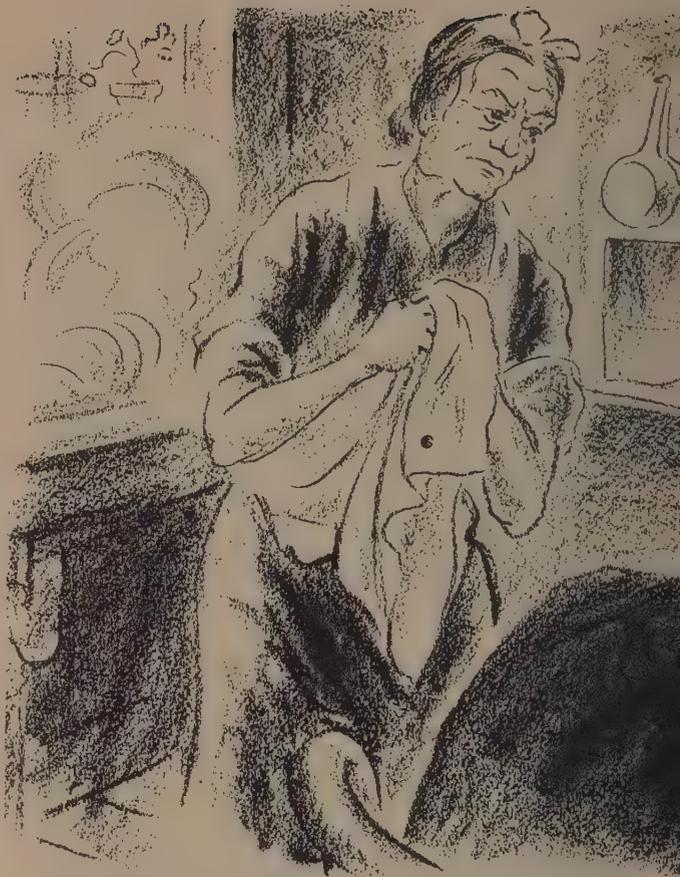
The guy smiled.

"It's a thirty buck suit. You kin get it for ten."

Lord, Eddie thought, ten bucks! His gaze was fixed on the little suns of gold in the cloth. His insides burned with want. He took it off the rack trembling with exultation.

Back in the dressing room he stripped swiftly. The suit fitted him almost perfectly.

God, he thought, God it's a honey. I sure could git plenty o' jellyroll with this. I sure could. Won't I knock their eyes out? He twisted his body to get a better view of himself in the long, broad mirror. Eighteen. . . . The



old lady could have the eight. Mebbe . . . mebbe it'd be okay.

His eagerness crowded out everything else, dwarfed the exigencies of his mother's barren life, blotted out everything save the driving, pushing throb of desire beating violently within him. He packed the suit carefully into a box, grinning at the guy.

"S'long," he said to the guy, later.

The guy chuckled.

"You'll look like a million, kid," he said.

Eddie laughed loudly.

Out in the street Eddie's head was aflame with shooting sparks of fulfillment. People crowded the sidewalk, pouring out of factories and talking in loud, brittle voices, pouring out into the Saturday afternoon sunshine, laughing and joshing and pushing roughly toward the street car and none, he thought, proudly carrying the box, was as happy as he. He walked swiftly, eager to reach home.

But today, for some undefinable reason, the streets seemed unusually long. Six more blocks. Lord, won't I look great! I sure kin git out now n knock their eyes out. Five blocks, four. . . . Jesus, when will I git there? Sweat beaded his forehead. Cinderella Dance Hall. Right out there in the center of it all with the light shining down on the suit. He grinned.

THE house was quiet when he entered it. He skipped up the stairs singing: *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*.

His mother was bent over the sink peeling spuds when he noisily stamped into the room. She turned



"I'll Knock Your Block Off, Punk, If Yuh Git Wise!"

around, the wrinkles on her neck twisting together like strands of fine string.

He laid the box on the table.

"Hello, Mom," he said, grinning.

"Hello, Son." Her eyes were glued on the box.

She was waiting for him to explain the presence of the box. He scraped his shoe over the floor.

"Lissen, Mom," he said, wetting his lips with the tip of his tongue. "Lissen . . ." somehow the words that had gushed violently within him now clogged deep down somewhere inside. "Lissen, I—, I—"

He crossed back to the table swiftly, broke the string with a violent wrench and made a rattling noise when he took the suit from the box.

"See?" He held it up.

The knife in her hand fell into the sink and made a great clattering sound. Something went out of her eyes.

"But . . . Eddie . . ."

"Lissen, Mom," he broke 'in, little stabs of anger pricking the fullness of his new-found happiness and letting something cold and heavy seep inside, "I got this cheap. I need a suit, Mom. I got it cheap. Mebbe I won't ever git a chance again. Honest. I . . ."

Then Frank stepped into the room. His long, sharp face was taut with discontent. He walked silently over to the table, stared down out of hostile eyes at the suit a long time before speaking.

Jesus, Eddie thought, you'd think I'd killed a guy. Jesus, yuh'd think I'd put a gun to a guy's head. The way they stan aroun n look. He kept looking at the floor. His face felt hot.

Frank said:

"How'd you git it?"

"Bought it for ten bucks," said Eddie.

"Bought it?"

Jesus, he thought, can't a guy buy somethin without gittin hell? Is it a damned crime to buy somethin? You'd think I'd done somethin bad.

"Yes," he said.

Frank swore fluently.

"Yuh know we're broke," he said angrily. "Yuh know there ain't a dime in the house. You know this n blow yourself to a suit."

"I— I—"

Frank spoke crossly:

"Take the goddam thing back."

God, he said to himself, you'd think I'd done somethin bad. Can't I have this suit? Can't I?

He raised his head slowly. The words came out with difficulty.

"O—Okay," he said.

"Blowin yourself to a suit!"

"Sure," he said, something deep down inside him hurting hard; "Sure, sure—I—I'll . . . take it back."

"We need th' dough."

He felt her half-dead eyes fixed sorrowfully on him. He turned.

"I—I'll take it . . . back."

He hunched his shoulders and walked slowly from the room. Something cold and heavy inside him froze the little suns of gold that had once been there. A tear itched its way down the side of his nose. He wiped it away awkwardly with the back of his sleeve.



THE TRAIL

by

Benjamin Siminow

As you will see on looking over the hiking club schedules that follow, a good percentage are trips that continue over into the next day or two. For these overnight trips, it is necessary to take along sleeping and cooking equipment.

First, one must have a knapsack to carry everything in. Blankets must be brought or a sleeping bag in which to sleep. A poncho or other type of waterproof in case of rain and to keep away from the damp ground. Then one must have some sort of cooking equipment to prepare the food brought along. A small pot and small frying pan are usually sufficient to cover bare necessities. A cup is always of prime importance; get an enameled cup which will not burn the lips. Tin or enameled plates, a knife, fork and spoon will complete the utensil list.

Of course, you will need bathing suit, towel and other toilet accessories to make your stay clean and pleasant. There are many items which will make a trip easier and more comfortable, but we advise that you first inquire from the writer what to get for the particular type of trip you are planning.

Tents have been made which are as light as three pounds and will hold two people comfortably. Sleeping bags which weigh four pounds will keep you warm down to zero temperatures. Axes run in weight from 16 ounces to 38 ounces, depending upon the purpose for which they were designed. Cook kits can be

made for one person or for eight people. Knapsacks are made in different styles, shapes, sizes and prices, from a lowly domestic side bag to a fine imported frame pack. Ponchos are made in many different sizes, materials and prices.

Footwear can be listed from an old oxford shoe to the finest moccasin boot made. Each item of equipment is made for a particular occasion and at a different price.

A good time can be had by anyone going out on these hikes if they follow directions and obey advice.

Inquiries are requested from readers and will be answered in the column or privately if accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Address: "The Trail", care of Champion, 799 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN HIKING SCHEDULES

Boot and Pack Outdoor Club

July 2-3-4: **CAMPING NEAR LONG MOUNTAIN SHELTER**—Second night one of adjacent camping sites. See Leader. Meet W. 42nd St. Ferry. Time: 8:00 A.M. Fare: \$1.60. Leader: Sid Jacobson.

July 9-10: **LETTER ROCK SHELTER**—Meet: Chambers St. Ferry. Time: 12:25 P.M. Fare: \$1.25. Leader: Bob Clyde.

July 16-17: **CAMPING AT FIRE ISLAND**—Get information from Leader in case scheduled train cannot be made. Meet: Atlantic Ave. station of L.I.R.R., Lower Level. Leader: Ed Stollberg.

C.C.N.Y. Hiking Club

July 2-3-4: **MT. BEACON WEEK-END**—Hobnobbing with the ghosts and goblins

in an ancient abandoned church near the Hudson River. Hiking up Breakneck Ridge on Sunday. Bring blanket and food for five meals. Picnic lunch on boat going and coming. Leader: Miss Marie Fantin. Cost: \$2.50. Hosts: Kurt and Belle Savinsky. Meet: West 42nd St. Pier, 3:30 P.M.

July 9—**JACOB RIIS AND OZONE PARKS**—Why does the ocean roar? What do the wild waves say as they dash upon the beach? Come to the Rockaways and find out. Picnic supper on the beach and then away to the wilds of Long Island. Leader and Host: Fred Wandel. Meet: Flatbush Ave. Station, I.R.T. Subway. Time: 2:30 P.M.

July 17: **BLACK MOUNTAIN** Beachy Bottom Trail from Tompkins Cove and over Black Mt. to New Lake. After a

long dip—into our **lunch baskets**—we return through the notch between Black and Letter Rock Mts. Leader: Nat Ramer. Fare: \$1.25. Meet W. 42nd St. Ferry, 8:00 A.M.

July 31: **MONTAUK POINT**—Basking on the beach at Montauk. Swimming in the swelling surf that booms and breaks upon the slipping sands. After lunch a game of baseball will be in order. Essential: Bring canteen. Leader: Irving Rosen. Fare: \$1.50. Meet: Lower level of Pennsylvania R.R., 5:30 A.M.

Nature Friends of America

July 2-3-4: **RAMBLING IN THE RAMAPO MOUNTAINS**—Bring tent and poncho if you have them; if you don't have them, come along anyway. But don't forget your food and blanket. First

group meets on Saturday, July 2 at Chambers St. ferry at 7:45 A.M. Motorists meet at Suffern at 4:47 P.M. Fare: About \$1.60. Leader: Nat Leslie. Second group meets on Sunday, July 3 at Chambers St. ferry at 7:45 P.M. Motorists meet at Tuxedo at 9:45 A.M. Fare: \$1.35. Leader: Morty Greenfield. *Bring your bathing suit.*

July 16-17: **OVERNIGHT TRIP** to Southerland Pond and Black Rock Forest—Bring tent and poncho and blanket or sleeping bag. Those who have no outdoor equipment can find shelter in a nearby farmer's barn. Meet at 1:35 P.M. on Saturday at Chambers St. Ferry. Motorists meet at 3:50 P.M. at Harriman. Fare: \$2.00. Leader: Nat Leslie. Bring bathing suit.

July 24: **HITHER HILLS STATE PARK, Montauk, L. I.**—This was last summer's most popular trip. Finest sea-coast scenery to be found south of Labrador. Pounding surf, steep cliffs, moving sand dunes. Fishing fans are invited; the Long Island R.R. will supply you with fishing information. Train leaves Penn. Station 5:45 A.M.; Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, 5:45 A.M.; Woodside 5:55 A.M.; Jamaica, 6:09 A.M.; \$1.50 round trip. Meet Leader Sepp Stern after Jamaica in next to last car. Bring Canteen and Bathing Suit.

July 31: **SWIMMING AT RIIS PARK, Rockaway.** Meet at Flatbush and Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn at 9 A.M., reached by West Side IRT Express, Flatbush trolley, Nostrand Trolley, or Bay-Parkway Ave. J. Bus. Meet at the Green Lines (Rockaway express) bus stop. Cost for transportation and locker, 50c. Leader, Ben Bogenn. In the evening we will have a campfire at Breezy Point. Bring bathing suit and food for lunch and supper (to be eaten on the beach).

August 6-7: **WEEKEND TRIP TO TORNE POND.** 'Nuff said. Meet at W. 42nd St. Ferry at 3:35 P.M. Fare \$1.80. Motorists, meet at Bear Mt. R.R. Station at 5:17 P.M. Tents or poncho required. *Bring bathing suit.* Leader: Ben Siminow.

New York Hiking Club

July 2-3-4: **OVERNIGHT TO BLACK ROCK SHELTER** for first night. Dutch Doctor Shelter for second night. Swimming at Lake Sebago. Meet Chambers St. Ferry. First group leaves at 12:40 P.M. Saturday and second group at 4 P.M. Saturday. Cost: \$1.60.

July 17: **BOAT RIDE TO BEAR MT.**—Short stroll "Nature Trail" to Brooks Lake for swimming. Meet: Hudson River Dayline. Pier W. 42nd St. at 8:30 A.M. Cost \$1.25.

July 24: **HASKELL CIRCUIT**—Easy trip to Nature Friends Camp for swimming. Meet Chambers St. Ferry to leave 9:15 A.M. Cost: \$1.20 (with additional charge for use of grounds).

August 6-7: **OVERNIGHT TO TORNE POND**—Meet at W. 42nd St. Ferry to leave at 2:45 P.M. Saturday. Cost: \$1.80.

August 7: **BEAR MT. FOR SWIMMING**—To meet overnight group at Popolopen Gorge. Easy going. Meet at W. 42nd St. Ferry to leave at 9:15 A.M. Cost: \$1.25.

New York Ramblers

July 10: **BOAT RIDE AND SWIM PARTY**—Lovely cool ride through New York Harbor past Sandy Hook to Atlantic Highlands, where we take a train for a short run to Asbury Park, one of New Jersey's finest beaches. Meet C.R.R. of N.J., foot of W. 42nd St., 8:30 A.M., to board boat 8:45. Hostess: Marilyn Raphael. Fare: \$1.25.

July 16-17: **OVERNIGHT TO MT. BEACON** in easy stages and having all day Sunday to ramble over the Breakneck Ridge. Meet: Information Bureau, upper level of N. Y. Central R.R. before 9:00 A.M. Those who do not wish to sleep out may make arrangements to sleep in. Leader: Nat Casden. Cost: \$2.20.

July 24: **A DAY IN THE RAMAPO**—A moderate ramble takes us to a fine lake, where a great part of the day will be spent. Then by devious ways we wend our way back to Tuxedo. Meet: Chambers St. Ferry to make 9:00 A.M. boat. Leader: Joe Zalenko. Cost: \$1.25.

July 30-31: **OVERNIGHT AT FINGERBOARD SHELTER.** Sunday will be spent on the trails and swim at lake. Meet: Chambers St. Ferry to make 12:30 boat. Those who cannot make this train can take any train and meet group at shelter. Leader: Marty Hirshkowitz. Cost: \$1.50.

August 7: **CANOE TRIP**—Paddling along the Pompton and Passaic Rivers. Bring bathing suits, balls, etc. In case of rain, this trip will be postponed to following Sunday. Meet: Chambers St. Ferry to make 9:15 A.M. boat. Hostess: Hilda Morrison. Cost: \$1.50.

N.Y.U. Outdoor Club

July 2-3-4: **WEEKEND IN THE CATSKILL MTS.**—Remember the famous Whittenberg-Cornell-Slide trip of a few years back? Well, we've found an easier way to climb Slide so come on out for a weekend on this King of the Catskill Kountry. Meet: W. 42nd St. Ferry at 8:00 A.M. and 1:00 P.M.

July 16-17: **CANOE TRIP**—Mosquito netting and how! This trip is becoming more popular every year. A prelude for all would be sailors. Meet: Chambers St. Ferry at 8:55 A.M., 2:45 P.M. Cost, \$1.80.

July 30-31: **FIRE ISLAND WEEKEND**—Voted as one of the best trips of last summer, sand fleas notwithstanding. This trip will, we hope, reawaken the pioneer urge in you to try new and different places. Leader: Sid Jacobson, 2032 76th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wanderbirds

July 2-3-4: **WEEKEND AT GREENWOOD LAKE**—Hikes, all sports, meals and lodging indoors. Cost (3 days) \$6.50; (2 days) \$4.50.

July 10: **MONTAUK POINT, L. I. EXCURSION**—Bathing, walk 6 miles. Cost: \$1.50.

July 16-17: **OVERNIGHT HARRIMAN PARK**—Leaving W. 42nd St. Ferry Saturday 3:58 P.M. Bring all food and equipment. Cost: \$1.50.

July 24: **ROWING CRUISE**—Pelham Bay; bathing, Orchard Beach. Cost 50c.

July 31: **SOUTHERN RAMAPO MTS.**—Meet Chambers St. Ferry before 9:00 A.M. Oakland to Midvale, 5 miles, and bathing. Cost: \$1.30.



"I told you . . . that telephoto lens is too powerful!"

CAMERA...

by
LUCY ASHJIAN

Member
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Vacation Pictures

"Capture those glorious vacation hours," say the film manufacturers in their ads. And for once we would echo their sentiments. Vacations are few and far-enough-between, and a good album helps to recall the people and places and activities as nothing else can.

Most albums are of interest only to the persons who grin back from its pages in straight, self-conscious rows. But every once in a while one sees vacation pictures made by someone with imagination that are a pleasure to look at. One knows that the photographer had a feeling about the place and that he had a sense for active people in a natural setting.

Semi-Candid Shots

Unless you are quite proficient with your camera and can take candid shots that are well composed and well focused, you will have to get some degree of cooperation from the people who are going to figure in the pictures. Tell them not to look at the camera, to forget that you are there, and to go about their business. You may even rehearse the scene. They'll like the feeling of being actors on a movie lot.

Each Photo a Picture

Every picture need not be an action shot. You will want perhaps to show the girl friend quietly reading a book in a hammock. Walk around first and consider the possible angles. It may be worth climbing the tree to get a squirrel's eye view, framing her head in the canvas pattern of the hammock. The strands of cord tying the hammock to the tree may height-

en the composition of the picture, the triangle leading up to the right hand corner of the frame, so that the lines lead the eye to the central subject, which, of course, is the girl's face. Don't be afraid to be ridiculous, because it might be that lying on the ground flat on your back you might be able to frame her head against the tree branches and sky overhead. Or you might come a little closer and use the book, the girl's head, and part of the hammock for a pleasing composition.

Summer Sun

Make yourself conscious of the lighting in all your pictures. The bright sunlight of midsummer is so brilliant that the shadows are very harsh by comparison. Though the eye fails to notice them in the actual scene, the resulting print may be a failure, due to a deep shadow falling in the wrong place. Don't be afraid of dull days or hazy sunlight: they sometimes produce the best pictures.

Landscapes and Filters

No matter where you go on your vacation, you will want pictures of the scenery for itself alone, not merely as a setting. Beautiful, distant panoramas often result in the most disappointing photographs, unless you take various factors into consideration. Mountains in the distance, for instance, usually become almost invisible outlines in the final print; even though they have seemed overwhelmingly beautiful to the eye.

Here you must take account of the atmospheric haze, which is violet-blue in color. The film emulsion is more sensitive to this color than to any other, even in color-corrected

panchromatic films, so that the lens is prevented from penetrating the haze and giving a good outline of the hills. A red filter can overcome this difficulty because it holds back blue light. It also gives a deep tone to the sky, making the clouds stand out white and vivid.

A medium yellow filter and a light red filter, therefore, should be part of your equipment. Before you leave, be sure to find out the filter factors with your particular brand of film. Also, depending on your serious interest, you will want a sun-shade to keep extraneous light from shooting into your lens and to enable you to take pictures against the light. The photographer, as distinct from the snaphooter, wouldn't think of being without a firm tripod of some sort, and he would want an exposure meter.

But don't let this list of accessories scare you. You can make many good pictures without them. After all, this article is for the average summer vacationer who wants to bring back some better-than-average-run pictures from his annual trip. Naturally he doesn't want to sacrifice swimming and boating, fishing or hiking for photography, unless he is one of the growing group of fanatics to whom photography is the most absorbing sport of all.

* * *

If you have any special photographic problems, do not hesitate to send them to *The Champion*, and have them discussed in this column. Is the column too technical or not technical enough? Is it too general? We'd like to hear about your own specific experiences.

Miss AMERICA

by Mary Booth

Time Your Exposure

for that first day at the beach or the hot blistering sun won't do right by you. Here are a few tips:

(1) There are two main types of sunburn preventatives on the market—the opaque substances such as cold cream, zinc oxide, oils, and those having a chemical filter. The oils and creams are not only more messy to use but also have to be smeared very thickly to form a truly protective coat. Those having a chemical filter have the advantage of making you look less like you had been dipped in bacon grease, further, the presence of quinine sulfate or other quinine salts actually absorb some of the sun-rays that burn your skin. When you go to the drugstore to buy a sunburn preventative, be sure to look at the label for a phrase about filtering out part of the sunrays. There are many sunburn preventatives on the market which do not contain this filter.

(2) Start out gradually in your sunbathing—a half an hour the first day (preferably before 11:00 or after 3:00), increasing the dosage progressively. This gives the pigmentation of the skin a chance to build up protection against the more intense ultra-violet rays which burn blonde skin. It is important to remember to renew



the application of sunburn preventative each time you come out of the water. Be sure to wear dark glasses and don't think that a beach umbrella affords adequate shade, for water and sand reflect the rays, turning them back on you.

(3) If, however, after all the pre-

cautions you take, you still get a terrific burn which threatens to peel, use vinegar (acetic acid) or a strong solution of tea (tannic acid). Calamine lotion is also very soothing when you get to the itchy stage of peeling. Tannic acid relieves the pain and, according to some authorities, helps convert the redness into tan. Lanolin or any cold cream may be added at night to give the needed moisture to your dry parched skin. Many of those little wrinkles that appear around the eyes and mouth are due to the sun—to say nothing of "automobile neck", "sailor's skin" and superficial cancer, developed from the raised freckles caused by the tender skin trying vainly to resist the piercing ultra-violet rays. So you see sunlight is highly potent and is not altogether beneficial although it does kill germs, produces vitamin D in the body (so indispensable for babies) and alleviates acne and other skin diseases. Start building up your sun-resistance by getting outdoors for a short time each lunch hour.

Suit Yourself

I spent a full afternoon trying on bathing suits in seven different stores—and yet have not come to any conclusion about which type is the best buy. A day at the beach watching suits gave me some idea of what looked best on what figures. The good old stand-by, the woolen suit, still seems the best buy for wearing qualities but it does pay to get a well-woven knit with good resiliency; otherwise the suit will begin to sag limply on the body. The woolen suit also is fine on that chilly day, and holds well to the figure. Lastex suits, grand looking on the sleek young figure, are fairly water resistant, but being made of rubberized thread, are liable to deteriorate slowly in the hot sun. Also, if one thread is broken, the suit bumps out in that spot and the sleek appearance for which you bought the suit is lost. Dressmaker suits, if well fitted, look very fashionable on the larger figure, and are as durable as the fab-

ric from which they are made. But if not well fitted, dressmaker suits tend to droop and look like a wet wash-rag when you come out of the water. The market is flooded with all types of suits—get a good fit and suit your own figure. It's a real opportunity to make the most of what nature gave you and a stimulus to those who want to lose weight.

It's Love Making Time

among the insects and soon a flock of newly hatched moths will be making cereal out of your winter wool-



ens, if you haven't put them away properly, accompanied by the right kind of poison. And like many other commodities, the higher priced and better advertised moth preventatives are often the most ineffective. We have stern words to say about some of the high priced trash on the market now, but better yet, we can tell you the best and cheapest method of sending the young moth to the arms of the Grim Reaper.

First on the recommended list of Consumers' Union is ordinary naphthalene flakes and balls, which can be purchased from your drug store or from the five and dime (shouldn't be more than 15 cents a pound). Distribute between layers of clothing in an *air tight* box or chest. Use about one pound to each six to eight cubic feet. Flake form evaporates more rapidly than balls and cakes and is therefore more effective but does not last as long.

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ELECTROLYSIS

Necessary Literature For Election Drives

"How to Conduct a Local Political Campaign." 50 x 44 inch Chart with Lecture. Visual Education Press. \$1.00.

This visual lecture and discussion, based on the Labor's Non-Partisan League handbook of the same name, make clear how a model campaign is organized and carried through. The chart is the first in a series issued for the 1938 elections and objectifies the subject matter with pictures, maps, diagrams and graphic statistics. It is accompanied by a seven-page mimeographed lecture, requiring 20 minutes for delivery.

The structure of a model campaign organization is impressed both visually and verbally; the campaign committee with its chairman, the various subordinate committees for publicity, for organization, for work among women, and other activities; the selection and functions of ward chairmen and precinct captains.

The organization of publicity is emphasized on the Chart: the issuing of publications; the canvassing of minorities; the use of the press, the radio and of visual displays such as auto tire covers, window displays, billboards, buttons; the preparation of leaflets.

The key questions of campaign work are clearly brought out: registration, canvassing, electioneering, the holding of rallies and parades, the work in unions before elections; the work to be done election day, the stationing of workers with sample ballots near the polling booth and watchers at the poll.

Another section of the Chart and lecture visualizes how to form a platform; how to plan labor's activities for effective political action; how to rally the widest sections of the population for progress and democracy in the elections.

With the basic facts in visible relationship, the picture of how to conduct an effective local political campaign becomes clear and accurate.

Other Charts in the series will analyze "The New Deal in the Elections" and the issues of the 1938 campaigns in key states such as Ohio, Illinois, New York, and so forth.

Social Security LABOR NEWS

In behalf of the families of union members, executives of national and international unions are entering into cooperative arrangements with the Social Security Board for the handling of payments that may be due under the old-age insurance program of the Social Security Act.

Progress of the plan has been announced by Mrs. Anna M. Rosenberg, Regional Director of the Social Security Board, on the basis of reports received from Washington.

Mrs. Rosenberg revealed that of 57 nationals and internationals that have insurance plans of their own, 27 have responded so far to queries from the Social Security Board, expressing their interest. Many of these have furnished 1937 death lists of their membership, Mrs. Rosenberg said, and preliminary checks disclose that only a third of the possible claims have been filed with the Board.

"Where either a national organiza-

tion, or one of its local unions wishes to set up a regular plan for notifying the Social Security Board of deaths within its membership the Board will be glad to work out procedures in detail," she stated. "In New York State, the managers of our twenty-one field offices are available to local unions for this purpose."

Local 558, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, East St. Louis, Ill., has prepared and copyrighted a calendar which has a space under each date for the entering by the member of the hours of straight time worked, hours of time-and-a-half, and hours of double time.

A notation on the calendar says: "Because of the requirements of the Social Security Act, this calendar has been prepared to assist you in keeping a record of your income."



"Yer playin' with fire, Looie!"

LETTERS

To The Editor:

Thanks for the June issue of your magazine, which I found very interesting.

Judging from the inquiries I get as secretary of our organization, I think that hiking is of interest to a great many people. While I am not familiar with your magazine, it seems to me that many of your readers may welcome your new "Hiking Column" and may find your publication all the more interesting because of it.

Incidentally, I want to commend

you upon your choice of Mr. Benjamin Siminow as the head of your new column. Not only does he know his "Hiking" and his "Proper Hiking Equipment," but he also happens to be a good "Hiker."

Sincerely yours,
ROSE STUDNITZ, Sec'y
NEW YORK HIKING CLUB

Glad you liked The TRAIL, Ben Siminow's hiking department. We think he's pretty good, too. Folks are beginning to find CHAMPION more and more interesting each month. We hope succeeding issues also meet with your approval.

How about some good 4x5 photos (glossy) of your group on one of its jaunts?—Ed.

To The Editor:

Please let me indulge in a little criticism.

I like your stories fine but I believe the profanity is as repulsive to others as it is to me.

Fraternally yours,
RAYMOND H. TEEPLE
DAVENPORT, IOWA

We have tried, as far as possible, to keep our story content and dialogue as natural as our writers have heard it. There has been no forced use of profanity purely for effect. Most worker-writers allow their characters to speak as they do in real life. We are not making an effort to "pad" our stories, Brother Teeple, with stagey language. Nor do we encourage profanity as a style, but we must acknowledge its necessity in certain situations, under certain circumstances and its use by certain characters.

Your criticism is welcome and we shall be doubly wary in the future. Let us know what type of story you like. Remember, this is your magazine.—Ed.

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RINGSIDE

Our Responsibilities

Bishop Logan H. Roots, returned to this country after 42 years in China, spoke recently at the Trinity Cathedral, Little Rock, Arkansas, under the auspices of the China Aid Council of the American League for Peace and Democracy.

"I urge Americans not only to help China through material aid of her suffering thousands, and such donations to be sent to the China Aid Council, 268 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and similar organizations," Bishop Roots said, "but also to study the causes of present day international unrest and think where America's responsibilities and obligations lie."

Escape From Terror

Pending an investigation of their papers by French police, some 50 Germans and Austrians who have been forced across the German border into France near Siorck have been permitted to remain. The refugees reported that 800 other refugees were on the other side of the frontier and may be expelled at any moment. Their plight is so critical that some of them tried to drown themselves and others have attempted suicide by taking poison or slashing their wrists.

Short Story

Seven seamen, all members of the National Maritime Union, hit port in Genoa and went ashore to see the town. After a fair spaghetti dinner and a bottle or two of wine, they sauntered up a main thoroughfare somewhat awed by the silence and preoccupation of hurrying passersby.

The occasion, apparently, called for a song. One knew the words and the others followed carefully. Very soon groups of people paused and stared and whispered and mumbled and shook their heads and tsk-tsked. "What tremendous nerve," excited listeners whispered to each other. The one seaman who knew Italian

well translated this to his buddies and that's all the encouragement they needed. Their voices rose higher, attracting more people. The words of "Bandiera Rosa" could be heard for several blocks. At the end of the song, several belligerent pro-fascists approached the seamen. "You have insulted Il Duce," they muttered angrily. But behind these fascists the seamen saw many friendly faces and eager eyes. Violent retort to the charge of insulting Mussolini would have resulted in an unnecessary riot. The seamen made no answer and walked away . . . for in that listening crowd the stirring lyrics of Italy's greatest revolutionary song had fanned new sparks of hope . . . hope and solidarity from across the sea.

David McKelvy White, author of *We Who Pledge!*, is National Chairman of the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and a tireless worker in behalf of Spanish Democracy.

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RINGSIDE

Nice Work, Bob!

Results of the seventh competition of The New History Society found



CHAMPION writer Robert Zacks up among the top essayists in the honorable mention list. His subject was "How Can Cultural and Social Values of Racial Minorities in the United States and Its Outlying Possessions and Territories Be Adjusted and Harmonized?"

Bob wrote *Old Bum*, which appeared in the May CHAMPION. He's been published in *Horizon*, *New Masses*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Westward*, *Moods*, *Expression*, and other magazines. He is a graduate of the City College of New York, unemployed, and a member of the League of American Writers. Is 23 years old

and lives in Brooklyn, New York.

Solomon Anderson, of Monessen, Pa., who wrote *The Loose Bolt* in this issue, tells us the story is woven around his "own reactions to the conditions in a Chicago flophouse", and an incident which occurred in a Toledo freight yard.

"I have been interested in the welfare of the young people of America for a number of years," writes Louis Petrigni, crack organizer for the CIO Aluminum Workers of America and author of *Long Story Short* in the June issue, "and I think that your magazine is a tremendous step toward the proper education of these young people. Your magazine has a touch of reality to it that makes it very interesting."

Lucien Zacharoff, author of the series beginning in this issue, *This Is War!*, sent us this photo to prove that his rare moments of relaxation are spent with America's fastest growing labor monthly.

He is recognized as one of the leading practical theorists on all phases of modern military science and has been published in the *New York Times*, *Baltimore Sun*, *New York Herald-Tribune*, by the North Amer-

ican Newspaper Alliance, National Aeronautics, Popular Aviation, Aero Digest, Aviation, The Sportsman Pi-

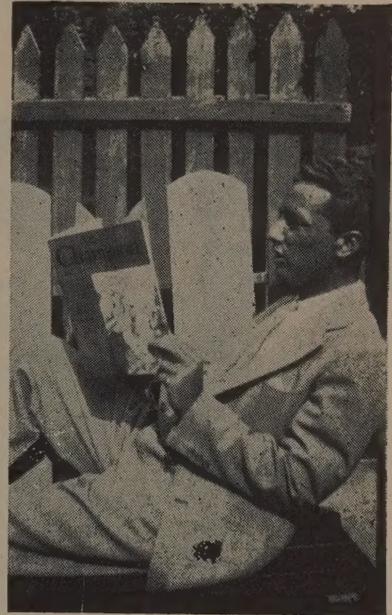


Photo by I. T. Dubin

lot, and in London, Vienna, Sweden, Egypt, and other parts of the world.

His principal aim in this series for CHAMPION is to make clear to the layman the social backdrop of modern warfare.

CONFIDENTIAL:

Frankly, we'd like to add more pages, give the magazine wider feature coverage, improve our grade of paper, use more pictures, etc. We are also aware of the need for more copies — because CHAMPION is the only independent labor monthly in the nation. It is the only publication publishing stories, articles, illustrations and cartoons by and for trade unionists. We feel that American labor is responsible for CHAMPION. The need arose and is being filled. We, the staff, can serve you best if all possible cooperation is given us in gathering material, distributing copies and obtaining new subscriptions.

The August issue will feature the second in Lucien Zacharoff's series THIS IS WAR!, which will be thoroly discussed in your own trade union circles. Another article on the Labor Press, a difficult series to line up, is also listed. There'll be several other pieces (Joe Cadden is doing one on the World Youth Congress) and short stories, cartoons, etc. We may have a surprise feature based on a pre-timely subject and . . . that's enough!

Make sure of your CHAMPION for the next 12 months . . . and get a union brother or sister (or both) to subscribe. Success in our plans can then be assured.

THE STAFF

The illustrations shown below are reproductions of a few of the many paintings and drawings which Hendrik Van Loon made for *The Arts*. A book of over 800 pages, with over 100 full-page illustrations, 48 in full color, 32 in wash—and in addition innumerable illustrative line drawings.

Free...FOR YOUR LIBRARY

THE ARTS

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

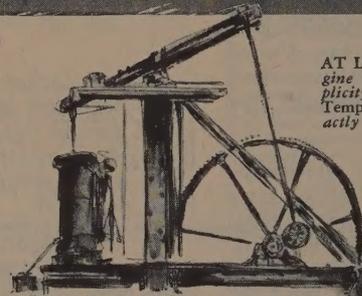
RETAIL PRICE \$3.95

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, Renaissance 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.



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.



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.



WHY WE OFFER TO GIVE YOU A FREE COPY OF THIS BOOK

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Study this booklet at your leisure; you may be surprised, for instance, to learn that belonging to the Club does not mean you have to pay any fixed sum each year; nor does it mean that you are obliged to take one book every month, twelve a year (you may take as few as four); nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month selected by the judges. You have complete freedom of choice at all times. You also participate in the Club's "book-dividends," which are valuable library volumes, like this new book by Van Loon. In 1937, the retail value of the books distributed free among Club members was over \$2,000,000. For every two books its members purchased, they received on the average one book free.

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