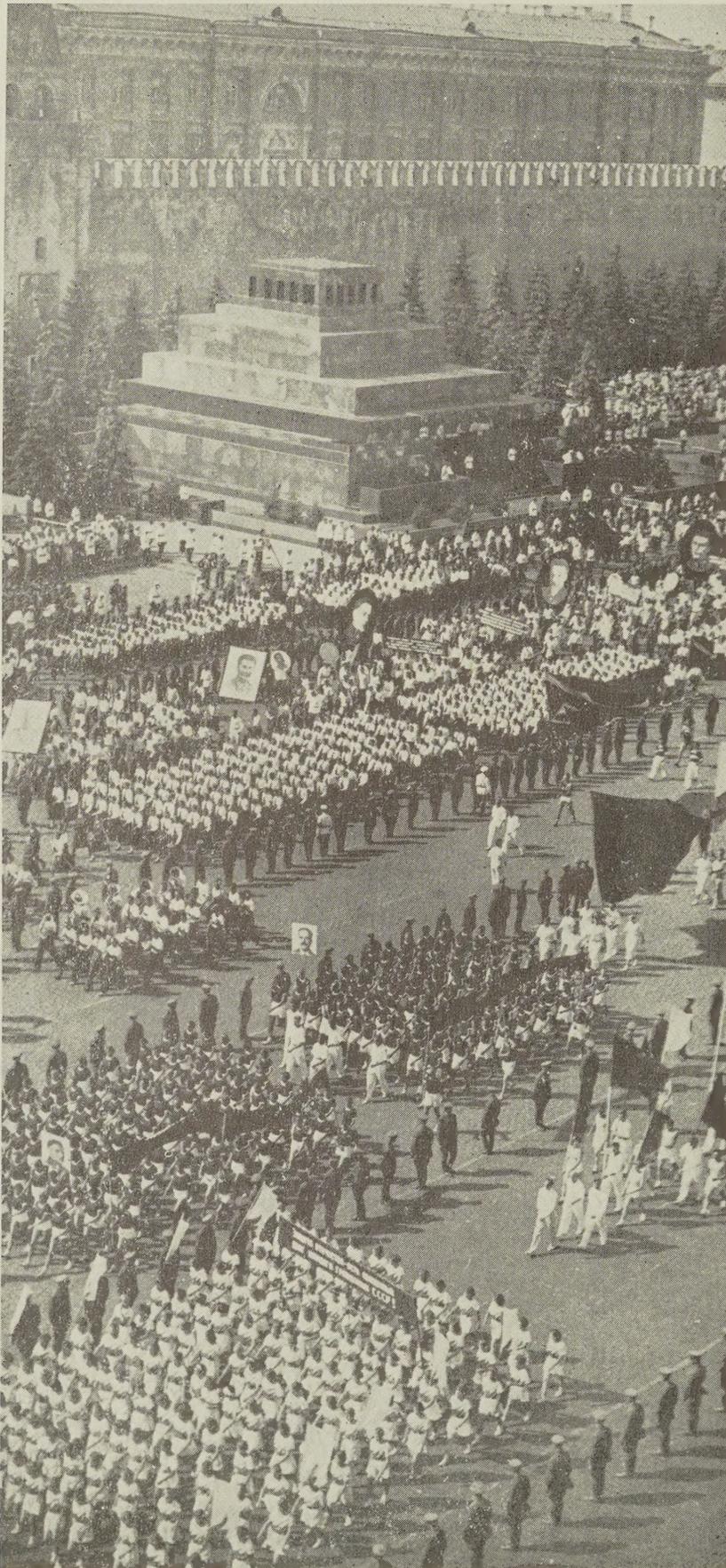


NOVEMBER, 1938

TEN CENTS

YOUNG COMMUNIST
REVIEW





YOUNG COMMUNIST REVIEW

EDITOR *Joseph Starobin*
 EDITORIAL BOARD *Francis Franklin,*
Gil Green, Angelo Herndon, Carl
Ross, Celeste Strack, Henry Winston

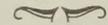
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120 a Minute, a story of the Lincoln Boys was taken from the International Brigade publication *Volunteer for Liberty* *May Himoff*, is the National personnel Director of the YCL *Will Geer* on our Poety Page, is the prominent Broadway actor *Helen Ungar* is a member of Labor Poets, *Vincent Ferrini*, is the chairman of the Lynn, Mass. local of the Workers Alliance and *Walter Thompson*, hails from Washington, D. C.

Bud Blair is a steel worker in Chicago The musical revue "Swing Behind Labor" was sent in by *Ed Alexander*, the Educational Director of California YCL *Ed Brant* is a pseudonymous member of the YCL at CCNY, in New York C. S. are the initials of *Celeste Strack* who, like *Henry Winston*, *Angelo Herndon*, *Gil Green*, *Francis Franklin*, and *Joseph Starobin* needs little introduction to regular readers of the Review Unfortunately, *Carl Ross*' "Events of the Month" could not appear in the November issue.

21

YEARS OF SOVIET POWER

A Two Way Short Wave Radio Broadcast In Which The Soviet Union Extends The Hand Of Friendship To America

By Joseph Starobin

S . . . calling Moscow . . . this is Station YCR New York, calling Moscow . . . are you ready? are you ready? Ladies and Gentlemen, we bring you today, through the courtesy of Station YCR, a special two-way, short wave broadcast from Moscow in the Soviet Union, to Washington, in the United States of America. A special broadcast on the occasion of the 21st birthday of the Soviet Republic. There has been some difficulty in establishing contact, due to intense static disturbances in the high pressure area over Berlin. You will pardon, the magnetic interference emanating from London. . . .

Greetings, and many happy returns of the day . . .

Thank you, America, It's a happy day, indeed. Celebrations are being prepared in every city, town, and collective farm. Young men and women, dressed in holiday costume, are preparing colorful banners, gigantic posters, and gaily-decorated floats. In the factories, fields, in the mines . . . on land, sea, and air, from the glistening Arctic to the sunny Crimea . . . from the golden wheat fields in the Ukraine to the brooding steppes . . . the Soviet Republic, with its 180 different peoples, celebrates its coming of age.

The first twenty-one are the hardest . . . how does it feel, looking backward. . . .

You will remember, America, that our country was born in the travail of a disastrous World War . . . out of the great anger of the people against the old way of life, out of the will of the workers and the peasants in arms to strike out a new path. We were led by a great leader, Lenin . . . and a great band of sturdy, resolute men, called the Bolshevik Party, that was gathered round him. . . .

The United States also came to nationhood in the struggle of the American colonies against oppression. There are many, many in our country today who want to ignore this fact. Our fight lasted eight gruelling years. From Lexington to Valley Forge until Ticonderoga and the surrender at Yorktown, our forefathers had a tough time. We had leaders, also, who wouldn't say "die." Men like Washington, Jefferson, Sam Adams and Tom Paine.

In the small towns and villages, there were Committees of Correspondence, Sons of Liberty, Minute Men . . . small, determined groups of citizens who kept the torch of liberty high, and did not give up until the last Red Coat was gone.

In our case, America, no sooner did the people of old Russia take the reins of history into their own hands, but they were attacked by the wolves, by the armed forces of Britain, France and Japan . . . and even detachments of war-weary American dough-boys.

Those were long bitter years, in which our people, and especially our youth, was called upon for great sacrifices . . . forced to defend its borders, cleanse its house of the remnants of Czarist bands, and begin to rebuild a shattered economy, all at the same time.

Well, it wasn't smooth sailing for us after our War of Independence, either. Only two decades after King George got what was coming to him, we were compelled to fight against the sea power of Great Britain. Our capital city, which bore Washington's name, was sacked. Those first years were hard. Men like Jefferson tried to maintain and extend democratic ideals, and even helped France in her hour of need. But then there were men like Alexander Hamilton, and open enemies of the people like Aaron Burr. They came nearer to wrecking the young republic than many people remember. . . .

Our period of civil war and military reconstruction lasted for five years, America . . . but time moves swiftly and when we recall the last five years those first five seem like a long time ago. Our land was exhausted but victorious . . . and out of that struggle came our great Red Army.

And it was the work of the youth, often teaching and even defying their elders that surmounted all obstacles. It was also the help of our proletarian brothers in other lands: help with money, and food, and political support that saw us through. . . .

We, too, had trouble with men in high places. After the Revolution, there were several parties that cooperated with

the Bolsheviks, but the crafty White Guards used these groups, corrupted them, and soon they began to conspire against us. One of their number even fired a bullet at Lenin, and others provoked uprisings at the Finnish sea.

So great was the anger of the people that the workers' government suppressed all those who would have turned the clock backward. . . . But their best elements joined up with the Bolsheviks as the people moved forward to grapple with the tasks of industrial reconstruction. . . .

After our revolution, the young American republic turned to problems of growth. Pioneers crossed the mountain ranges, and conquered the plains. Millions of people from all Europe came to settle virgin lands and find new freedom. Canals plowed through the valleys and roads saddled the hills. It was all hard work, and many dreams vanished like Indian signals.

Bankers in the east held the lands in mortgage and speculation. Cotton became king, and there were revolts among the Negro slaves and rumors of greater revolts. There was only one great president, Andrew Jackson, himself a son of the frontier and a soldier, who expressed the anxiety of the masses for Jefferson's ancient dream.

Workingmen took hope and their first unions blossomed. Voting restrictions were abolished, and public education extended, and our first writers took up the quill and the ink in New England. . . . But the land was moving toward a new crisis over the issue of slavery. It was clear that our nation could not exist half slave and half-free, as Lincoln put it. It was clear that the dual economy . . . feudal in the South and capitalist in the North was holding American progress back.

Ours was a thorough Revolution, America . . . once and for all, we loosened the grip of the exploiters on both town and country. But the great job still lay ahead . . . we all had to learn the use of machinery and science, which together with the people's control of the state, would enable us to march forward to Socialism. . . . But the old elements still plotted, and often the young chairman of a village Soviet would be found in the fields, foully murdered. . . .

There were some who lost faith in the people's ability to build a new life, opposed the rapid industrialization, the collectivization of the land. So deeply did these traitors desire a return to the past that they took to illegal printshops, and demonstrated in the streets against Soviet power, allying themselves with the dark forces, the last of the Black Hundreds among us . . . and

it was not until this handful of traitors were routed that the Soviet people continued to march forward. . . .

The Blues fought the Greys in 1861, because we needed a second revolution to cleanse our land from those who denied that "all men are born free and equal." The slaves were freed and together with the poor whites they ruled themselves in that short period when the people of the South glimpsed the meaning of power.

But the slaves were forced back to their plantations as the Ku Klux Klan broke the brief honeymoon moment of democracy with rope and faggot. And then the Iron Horse stalked the prairie. New millions were lured from suffering Europe to weave in the mills, and work in the mines.

Oil gushed from the rich earth. Iron was tempered to steel, and while the nation blossomed forth in the first flush of its natural wealth, only a few men grew rich in the spoils. The earth was fertile, and there were millions to feed. But the virgin forests were cut down without plan, and the land worked without mercy. Trading posts grew into cities, and men swarmed at the lakesides.

Like an octopus, the railroads snatched lands from the willing government treasury. By the close of the century almost within one man's memory, the frontier was broken and the flag was waving a path for the dollar. Slowly, America settled into the moulds of empire. Many many men were caught in its thickening center, lives were snuffed out in the struggle for the American dream. . . .

You conquered the American wilderness with the toil of your millions, America . . . the millions who came in search for human happiness, for a home that their children might inherit. But increasingly, only a few men benefited, because that was the way the cards were dealt from the beginning.

But we, in the Soviets surrounded by hostile states, were forced to pull ourselves up to electrification, and scientific agriculture and a powerful industry by our own bootstraps.

That was our First and Second Five Year Plan. You see, we didn't leave it to the hit-and-miss methods of personal ambition. . . . We planned, and worked overhard to fulfill that plan.

Always, since the first days, our citizens were protected by union conditions, working an average of less than seven hours a day. Protected by the right to vacations, and the right to self criticism for which some of your best sons, America, were shot down by gangs.

(Continued on Page 34)



Two Young Builders of the Moscow Subway Read "The Metro Newspaper"

These two YCLers met in the great drive of Soviet young people to complete the most beautiful subway in the world. He's now a motorman, and she directs the electrical switches. Of course, they were married.

EDITORIALS

ARMISTICE DAY, 1918, was the celebration of peace with victory. The American Expeditionary Forces went over to France to win the war for the Allies. They did, and in so doing pulled Mr. J. P. Morgan's chestnuts out of the fire. While none of the younger generation today remembers America's hysterical exultation when that war was over, at least we have solemnly commemorated November 11th every year since.

If November 11th, 1918, was the celebration of peace with victory (victory in which the people never shared) . . . this November 11th, twenty years later, is the celebration of peace with dishonor.

But it is a dishonor for which Chamberlain, Daladier, Leon Blum, Herbert Hoover and men of that kind are responsible. It is a dishonor for which the peoples of the world are not responsible and in which they do not share.

But it wasn't peace either. It wasn't peace and it was never meant to be peace. Munich is rather the prelude to greater betrayals, the unmistakable preparations for new crises, in which the effort will again be made to solve the difficulties of fascism at the expense of the democratic peoples of Europe, of Asia, and ultimately, of the world.

Munich is directly responsible for the carrion drama, in which all the vultures of Europe are feasting on the remnants of Czechoslovakia. Munich is responsible for the smashing of Czech democracy, which was one of its aims. And the first step in this direction has already been taken with the forced resignation of Eduard Benes, and the illegalization of the Communist Party.

Munich feeds the renewed race for arms. Munich inspires reactionary forces everywhere toward greater boldness, toward greater insolence, toward greater defiance of the democratic will of the people.

Already the whole system of democratic alliances in Europe, which served for five years as a bulwark against fascism, has been shattered. Hitler encourages reactionaries in France to raise their serpentine heads against the French Popular Front. And the Nazis drive craftily toward the East, attempting to take by blackmail and treachery what they cannot take by a frontal attack.

This is the meaning of the fall of Canton, and explains the Japanese progress towards the capture of Hankow. While the issue is not settled by far, at least new difficulties are created for the brave and heroic people of China.

All of which goes triplefold for Spain. Spain is in danger! Hitler and Mussolini, and their henchman, Chamberlain . . . they are plotting the "settlement" of the Spanish "problem" . . . and that means they are plotting the hateful victory of Franco.

Our big job is to prevent this betrayal. Our big responsibility is to throw the monkey wrench of protest from

the American youth movement, into the fascist plans.

Our voice against any Munich for Spain must echo in the streets of every large city, and resound, not just in the ears of the sensitive rulers of Berlin, and London, and Rome . . . but also the ears of the American Department of State.

We want no Munich for Spain. Nor do we want last minute appeals from Roosevelt, when the damage is too far gone to be undone.

This Armistice Day is the moment to raise the cry that will shrivel the fascist hand, that will halt their miserable traffic in treachery.

Immediately, let the YCL take the initiative to send postcards and telegrams to President Roosevelt urging that America be no partner to another "Munich" deal.

And let us close ranks to help Spain in other ways. Let's persuade the Red Cross to increase its food shipments to the Spanish people. Let's persuade the American government to extend credits and surplus supplies to Barcelona. Let's convince the President that the time is ripe for lifting the embargo by executive decree.

And let America take the lead in "quarantining the aggressors," who are now revealed as the instigators of espionage against American defenses.

Let America slap the Nazis down by placing the embargo where it belongs!

BUT if these are also the immediate tasks for November 11th, the realization of these aims in the broader, more inclusive political sense, is what will occupy the National Council of the Young Communist League at its meeting on December 9th.

With a correct evaluation of the changed political scene, the YCL must plan its Winter activities in anticipation of the Ninth Convention in May.

Our work since the first of the year has had certain satisfactions, and particularly, we can register a healthy growth, an increase of almost 100% in membership by the middle of the summer.

But the new international situation confronts an organization such as ours with new and more pressing tasks. The outcome of the November elections will likewise determine the whole course of events in the domestic struggle for the regrouping of progressive forces against reaction.

In order to fulfill our political tasks, we must solve our organizational ones, too. We are an organization of young people . . . and young people do not ordinarily possess the skill that is necessary to keep membership records complete, financial accounts accurate, and educational work a-humming.

Today we must teach our people . . . just how membership secretaries shall work . . . just how educational activities shall be planned and carried out . . . just how literature shall be advertised and sold . . . just how the financial needs of our branches and city and state organizations shall be satisfied.

Meanwhile, the Administrative Department of the League has sent out instructions for a national registration of all our members. Beginning with November 1st, there will be a one month period of preparation for the registration during which all branches shall elect responsible committees to compile accurate lists of names and addresses of our members. Beginning with December 1st, the membership directors must account for all members registered as of January 1st, 1938 and since that time, as well as all members transferred in and out in the same period.

Next, there must be an organized effort to reach each and every member on the rolls, with special emphasis on bringing each member into activity and good standing by the 1st of the year. May Himoff's article, elsewhere in this issue, reveals fully the importance of this task. Only by carrying through the registration fully and on time can proper preparations be made for the Ninth Convention.

ONCE upon a time there were three Moscow trials. They proved that Trotskyism had long since ceased to be a tendency within the workingclass movement. They revealed the Trotskyists and Buchkarinites as finger-men and dope runners for fascism. With commendable decision, the Soviet government promptly did away with these aspirant for Goering medals.

In the United States, the Communists insisted that the Trotskyites were more than merely the enemies of the revolutionary workingclass. They were in reality, we said, the enemies of every honest, democratic, non-Communist movement that seeks to advance the economic, cultural, and political interests of the people.

Now everyone knows that the American Student Union is the leading, anti-fascist mass organization on the campus. Far from attempting to dominate it in any way, the Young Communists believe that its fourth convention in December should really mark the entry of all the best representatives of the whole American student body into the work of building the ASU.

The Trotskyites think otherwise. In their *Socialist Appeal* for October 8th, they attack American Student Union activities in defense of Czechoslovakia as "an aggressive pro-war movement" as selling out to "Czech imperialism."

"Membership in the American Student Union is now incompatible with the fight against imperialist war" they declare . . . "discourage your fellow students from joining the ASU as you would their joining the ROTC."

There never was more criminal nonsense than this position. Everyone knows that Hitler fascism, abetted by British imperialism, was responsible for the rape of Czechoslovakia

and the menace to peace. Activity on the part of students in recognition of their relation to the European crisis can hardly be called an "aggressive pro-war movement."

The new thing about all this vicious bushwa is that the Trotskyites have declared their own private war upon the American Student Union. They mean to fight it openly, from without, with even greater intensity that they have been fighting it, from within, in the last three years.

Maybe it is better to have open rather than concealed enemies. But what is now the difference between the Trotskyist attack on the ASU and that of the ultra-reactionaries such as Rep. Dies? There is a difference in language, of course. But there is little difference in form and now practically none in content.

And if it appears that the Trotskyists are actually different people from the reactionaries we have known . . .

maybe it will be revealed in a little while that this difference is also more illusory than it appears.

OUR boys, of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, will be home by Christmas. Pursuant to a decision of the Spanish Republican government, the International Brigades have been demobilized. They await only financial assistance from home in order to return to America.

Our boys are coming back . . . and the YCL, which made its contribution in more ways than one to the heroic battle against fascism, will be waiting to welcome men like Johnny Gates, George Watt, Milton Woolf and others who rose to the highest ranks in the Republican Army.

At Jarama, in February 1937, the boys from across the seas did the actual job of halting the fascist advance. They held the lines until the Spanish government had whipped an army into shape, and seasoned that army within a year's time into a powerful fighting force. The battle is far from won (and we must help today more than ever). But it is a tribute to the work of the International Brigades that they are no longer needed. Their historic task has been fulfilled.

If many of the boys are returning to take their places in a different kind of battlefield unquestionably as the most valued leaders of today and tomorrow, remember that there are many, many who will never return.

There are hundreds who stayed on in Spain: giving evidence in death as well as life of their devotion to the just and noble cause of the Spanish republic.

There was one, however, who was not so well known in America. His name was Arnold Reid . . . Jack Reid was

OUR COVER PHOTO



These two young ladies were snapped on an aviation field in the Soviet Union. It is a simple picture, and there are many others about Soviet youth that are more dramatic and more powerful.

But we liked it, because it told this story: these are two young air enthusiasts, and probably members of the Young Communist League. They find time after work (seven hours a day at union conditions) to study in the many Soviet schools of aviation.

what they called him over there. He was not so well known in the States, but his work over here, dating from the very early thirties was of the most outstanding and meritorious character. A member of the National Committee of the YCL for many years, he was assigned and carried out some of the most difficult tasks in the Latin American countries and elsewhere. Every man that went up to the front felt the kindness, the personal brotherhood, the bulwark of political strength that resided in Arnold Reid.

These were among the greatest men of our decade. Those that return and those who do not. They will be remembered in the great struggle for our cause. They will be remembered in that great literature which is yet to blossom . . . when the whole story of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade gets a chance to be written. Their names will be remembered in the song, the music, the art and the legends of free peoples long after fascism is an ugly word in forgotten language.

THESE days the newspapers are full of "clippings." Dozens of things happen everywhere, everyday . . . things you want to remember, fit into a pattern and use in speeches, articles, and general educational work.

"We are driving the Rebels crazy on the Ebro front," says Colonel Lister . . . as Colonel Lindbergh, Mid-western boy who flew the ocean and married a millionairess, is denounced by the Soviet government for telling malicious tales only to be decorated by Goering on personal instructions from Hitler . . . while four Nazi agents are arrested for taking pictures of American defenses at the Panama Canal . . . despite the fact that their cronies are finally brought to trial in New York in the most sensational spy case since the war . . . even if the capitalist press is playing it down. . . .

Sinister forces in the State Department cooperate with Chamberlain to keep John Strachey out of America . . . as the author hopes patiently on Ellis Island. . . his new book called "Hope in America" (Modern Age, 50c) becomes best seller.

As the National Labor Relations Board compels Republic Steel corporation to rehire 5000 workers . . . the LaFollette Committee sends investigators into California to track down semi-fascist groups like the Associated Farmers, known to be subsidized by Big Capital . . . and the Dies Committee openly electioneers against progressive governor Murphy with customary hash of falsehood and fancy, dished out with the help of professional stool pigeons.

President Roosevelt took a slap at the Dies Committee, showing quite clearly that the President understands that Copperhead-Democrats have manouvered things so that Mr. Dies would tour the country in all the important regions where decisive electoral contests are taking place . . .

Progressive voices were heard more insistently at this year's AFL convention, notably from Teamster Tobin . . . while the Czechoslovakian Communist Party was outlawed on the backwash of the Munich agreement . . . the Communist Party moved to unification with the Socialist Party in the Spanish republic. . . .

And the trial of the POUM leaders in Barcelona exposes

how the fascists made use of the Trotskyist groups to disrupt the Spanish Popular Unity . . . while it indicates clearly that the POUM itself never hesitated to co-operate with the fascists, even though the life and death of the Spanish people was at stake .

The conflict between the Nazi state and the Catholic church flared into the open as bands of Nazi youth attacked the Cardinal Innitzer's cathedral . . . many priests were injured, holy articles destroyed, and holy services disrupted . . . Significantly, it was groups of Catholic *young people* who demonstrated against the Nazi state after the attack by Nazi *young people* . . .

This incident reveals the deep anger of the Catholic mass in Austria against Berlin . . . and must raise in the minds of Catholic young people in the United States . . . just what "ism" really makes religious people subjects of its attack.

Events in Cuba show that fresh, democratic winds are blowing across the Pearl of the Antilles . . . The Communist movement has been legalized after years of brutal suppression, and there are signs of a rift between Batista and the reactionaries who had previously supported him . . .

With Justice Black dissenting alongside of his associate Justice Reed, the Supreme Court refused to review Tom Mooney's 22 year old plea for freedom . . . and the Ham and Eggs movement (an indication of the desire of the masses for increased social security) caught the attention of the capitalist press. . . . now foaming at the mouth. . . .

While the British Army moved to crush a large scale Arab rebellion in Palestine . . . the light of all Asia . . . Jewish refugees were living in fields and ditches in Czechoslovakia . . . utterly destitute and appealing to the United States for liberalized immigration laws. . . .

And the Japs overran Canton . . . a deserted city as their part in forcing a Munich for China . . . with strong evidence of treachery within the Chinese general staff . . . while doctors meeting in New York declared that rheumatic heart disease was rampant among underprivileged children . . . compelled to live in the slums.

One of our major satisfactions this October was the Yankee victory over the Cubs in the World Series . . . proving the absence of a Munich pact between Joe McCarthy and Gabby Hartnett. Although there is now the important question of whether the Yankees constitute a monopoly of baseball techniques and resources that ought to be investigated by Washington . . .

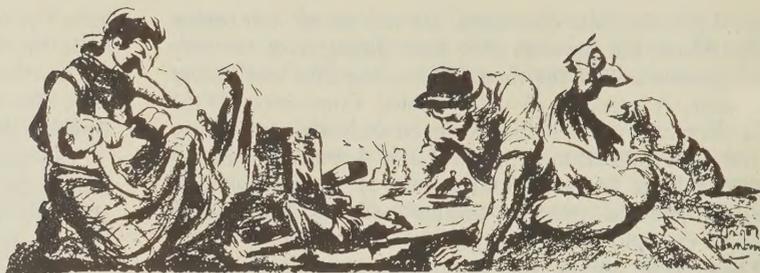
Our big thrill came when Rip Collins lined a hard drive to Red Rolfe in that desperate effort to even-things-up after the disastrous eighth inning. Rip Collins to Red Rolfe . . . it sounded good and familiar . . . thanks to the ace sports coverage of the Daily Worker . . . the Midwest Record . . . and the Peoples World . . .

There have been pluses for every minus. There have been victories for every defeat . . . and portents of victory. Only by seeing events in their inter-relation, and understanding our own role in consciously shaping events, can the perplexing month of October be understood, and the proper lessons drawn from its crowded and dramatic calendar.

J. S.

120

A MINUTE



MEN of the Lincoln Brigade are not likely soon to forget that hill in the Sierra de Pándols, which for purposes of military information was known as 666. No matter how long they live or how much modern warfare they may see, that hell-hole will remain in their memory, a nightmare come to life. They lost some of their best comrades there and they proved, to the satisfaction of Brigade, Division and possibly to themselves, exactly what sort of stuff they were made of.

DESOLATE TERRAIN

Our introduction to the scene should have been a warning. God never made a more desolate stretch of terrain, and man never contributed more to its further desolation. From the main road, at night, we climbed for hours over broken rock; the men sweated and groaned under the weight of their equipment, their guns. As we climbed there was not a man who did not think: "It's going to be tough getting food, water and munitions up here; it's going to be tough for the wounded". Rock walls bordered the goat-trails that led to the wind-torn summits.

The battleground near the crest we came upon terrain that had been fought over, lost and recaptured by the famous 11th Division. Here they had withstood constant shelling; here the fascist planes had rained incendiary bombs and, temporarily, driven our men off. It looked like a landscape on the moon—tumbled, crumbling rock, black and slippery; burnt-off shrubbery that caught our trouser-legs and tripped us up. We slipped and fell, stumbled and cursed; there was a bitter wind and the smell of wood smoke.

Even before dawn it was possible to see that there was no cover here; there

Shells and Shrapnel Fell at the Rate of 120 a Minute, but the Lincoln Brigade Held Hill Number 666

By D. A. N.

were no trees; there were no bushes; there were no natural cavities in the rock; the earth itself was stone—you could not dig in it. And there were no fortifications facing the enemy. The men of the 11th Division had done the best they could; they had scraped shallow trenches into the crest of the hill, and they had erected stone parapets topped with a few sandbags.

These were the lines we had to hold; and they were held. The men suffered from the sun's heat, from thirst, from nervous exhaustion. Many must have thought that the old saying that there is a limit to what flesh and blood can stand, was scarcely true. For there seemed, for those five days, to be no limit.

QUIET DAYS

The first three days were relatively quiet; a little mortar fire, a little machine-gun, and the attack we made which did not attain its objective. It seems absurd to speak of an attack as being relatively quiet, but the men who went through it will agree that it was vastly preferable to what followed, at noon of the fourth day. At that time the fascists, having set their guns and mortars, opened up. They opened their guns and the guns remained open for seven and a half hours, from noon to seven-thirty that night; they gave us everything they had, and it was

plenty. Artillery and mortars, big ones. There are those who say they prefer artillery to mortars, because you can't hear the mortars coming; well, you may have your choice; it matters relatively little.

Our parapets were pounded; they had the range and they kept the range. As one moment followed another, they hammered our parapets from left to right and back again; they covered the back side of the hill; they covered the left and right flanks. Munitions and water had to run that gauntlet; stretcher bearers carried wounded men through that rain of fire that seemed to fall where it pleased. The fascist gunners knew just where we were.

THEY DID NOT RUN

Hour after hour the shells and the mortars fell; the anti-tank guns hammered at our parapets. The sand-bags fell in, the rocks tumbled, the men withdrew from one section of the trenches to another. And the man who says he did not want to run is a liar; but the men did not run. In the face of this barrage which fell wherever it pleased and which was unopposed, the men stayed put. They cared for their wounded; they stuck with their guns; they lay in their pitifully shallow fortifications and talked and smoked, waiting. Waiting for what? For the next shell, the next mortar, the next piece of whining shrapnel. They knew that these positions must be held; they knew the strategic value of these hills; that they dominated our objective; that if they should pass again into enemy hands, the enemy would possess positions from which he could shell our bridge heads across the Ebro and make communication with our rear impossible.

LINES HOLD FAST

So the positions were held. And what is more, they were held the next day as well, when the enemy opened up again with a slightly less intense but considerably more concentrated and accurate fire. The shells and mortars were not landing at the rate of a hundred and twenty a minute, as they had the day before; they were falling more slowly, but with greater deliberation and more demoralizing effect. The fascists were calling their shots; they seemed to take a devilish delight in hammering away at the same point on our line, and it hurt. It hurt in much the same way that a sore knee hurts when you clumsily bang it time and time again. But again, as the day before, they got nowhere.

ATTACK FAILS

The night before, after the barrage lifted, they tried an attack, an attack that was pitiful, that was laughable. A few of them came forward; our men hurled grenades; the machine-guns spoke and the enemy withdrew. And thus they demonstrated again—as though it needed further demonstration—that against our infantry, their infantry is worthless. They demonstrated again how they have made their past gains in this war—that without their superiority of mechanized equipment they are licked.

For we licked them on Hill 666 as surely as though we had taken additional terrain. They hoped to blow us off that hill by sheer weight of flying steel. They had seen it work in the past—there wasn't an inch of that hill and its surrounding heights that was not pocked with shell-holes, that

was not littered with broken shrapnel. They figured that if they hammered us hard enough we would withdraw; that through our broken lines their soft and unprotected infantry could then advance. Well, they hammered us; but it was not hard enough, but we did withdraw.

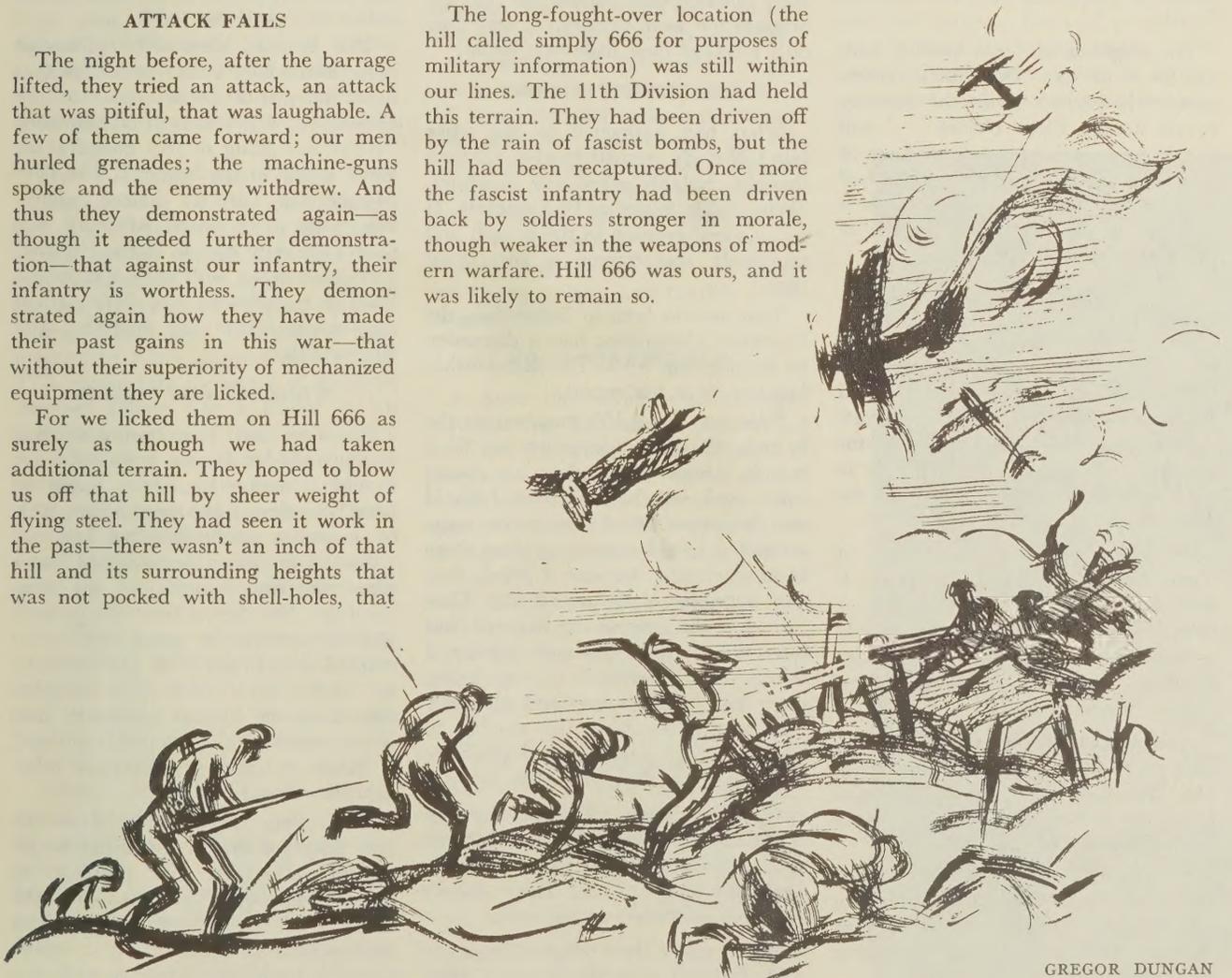
Well, we finally did withdraw. But we had not employed our time idly. We left behind us a line of relief fortifications stronger than the one we had found when we first toiled up the side of that wind-battered and desolate mountain. We had rebuilt those fortifications so that they stood firmer than ever. We strengthened those parapets to resist the wind, the rain, and the hail of fascist bullets. Painfully, sandbags had been dragged up the winding goat-trails and hauled into position.

The long-fought-over location (the hill called simply 666 for purposes of military information) was still within our lines. The 11th Division had held this terrain. They had been driven off by the rain of fascist bombs, but the hill had been recaptured. Once more the fascist infantry had been driven back by soldiers stronger in morale, though weaker in the weapons of modern warfare. Hill 666 was ours, and it was likely to remain so.

There seems to be no limit to the physical torture that human flesh and blood can endure, if the cause be great enough. Day after interminable day, men had lain on the side of that barren mountain, thirsting for a drop of water to moisten their parched and cracking lips. Day after day, food and water and heavy loads of munitions were carried up precipitous grades and exposed trails.

How did they do it? They weren't supermen. They were boys from farms and schools. Factory hands and salesmen, truck drivers and white-collar workers, sailors and countermen. But they knew what they were doing and why they were doing it. And they did it of their own choosing.

That's more than the enemy can say.



GREGOR DUNGAN

KEEPING NEW MEMBERS

and Making Them Active In YCL Work



JIM Donahue, veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, came back from Spain . . . and it was a happy day for his friends of the West Side branch. A big meeting was planned, and the whole membership spent three full weeks visiting people, mimeographing and distributing leaflets, holding open air rallies in preparation for the Big Event.

The neighborhood was buzzing with the news of Jim Donahue's return, completely excited about the meeting in his honor. Eight o'clock. . . and people were arriving on time. Lots of new faces. . . many of those who had never before thought of coming to a meeting of the West Side branch of the Young Communist League.

CALL FOR MEMBERS

In the atmosphere of suppressed excitement and anxious anticipation, the officers of the branch scurried about, attending to the last minute details, arranging the chairs on the platform, getting the piano player in place, posting the branch chorus in the front rows.

After the song, and the March of Time skit. . . Jim Donahue spoke. It was the kind of speech that only a veteran could deliver about Spain, only a man who had come of age in the grueling, difficult struggle against almost insuperable odds.

And Jim spared no words, and no feelings. . . and his voice, low and tense and exciting, rose to a powerful crescendo as he called for membership in the Young Communist League.

Ten young people responded, and as they came to the platform to sign up, you could see it was the most important thing in their lives: they were joining the YCL.

By May Himoff

The membership director of the branch took their application cards, and informed them when the next meeting of the branch would take place. And two weeks later, the membership director called out the names of the ten new recruits to give them their membership books. Six of the original ten were present. . . and they duly received their little blue books.

MEMBERSHIP REPORT

What had happened to the other four? Nobody seemed to give it much thought. Nobody asked any questions. More people joined at that meeting. It was a social evening in the branch and everybody was having a very good time.

Two months later in September, the Executive Committee had a discussion on membership work. The Membership Director gave her report:

"We now have 100 members in the branch. Our dues payments are 65 a month. About 35 members are absent every week, not the same ones. I would say that about 20 of them never come around. I would suggest we drop them from our rolls. Anyway I think they were recruited in the wrong way. They joined at the spur of the moment, but never knew what they were joining. I wrote them letters—3 of the letters came back, wrong names and addresses. The rest never took the trouble to answer. I don't know—but I think we ought to drop them from the list."

Questions were asked by the Executive Committee. Finally, everyone was convinced. These people didn't "belong" in the YCL. They weren't ready to cooperate in its work.

So 20 people were dropped from the rolls. It didn't seem like so many. After

all, there were eighty left in the branch. That was a man-sized job for any Membership Director to handle.

But multiply these 20 people by the number of branches in the country, and the figure becomes significantly large. A few years ago, as old-timers will tell you, there weren't many branches that had a membership much over 20. So let's look into the problem, and see what ought to be done.

Who were these 20 members that were dropped from the rolls? Were they undesirable young people? Had they any problems which made them stay away? Nobody in the branch bothered to find out until

The branch Membership Director came to the City Office to declare that dues payments were now to be considered on the basis of 80 members. "We're not going to pay dues for the 'dead wood' in the branch." The City Membership Director looked aghast. What was to be done? After all, this wasn't the only branch in the city that had come down with such a proposal. Usually her answer was "We cannot drop any members from the rolls." And that was that.

WORKING OUT PLANS

But there must have been a solution to the problem. Maybe it needed some thought. Maybe something ought to have been done right away before 20% of the entire membership was lost.

So she sat down and worked out a plan, thinking everything out very carefully. She started from the premise that all twenty were young people who wanted to be in the YCL, but somehow or other didn't click. She assigned herself to one branch and knew that if she could tackle the problem there, it would be much easier for the other branches as well.

Ruth came down to the Executive and proposed that a committee be set up to investigate the problem of membership work. This was done. Each member of the committee was given four people to speak to and a report was to be made the following week.

Before they went out to their job, Ruth spoke to them. She told them that each one of these people were good people. Remaining away from the League was no fault of their own. "Try to find what's on their mind. Find out what's worrying them." Everyone went out on their job, excited, full of vigor, but with a doubt in their mind as to what could actually be accomplished.

DEALING WITH PEOPLE

The next week the comrades came back to report. Everyone wanted to start talking at once. For the first time they felt that membership work was dealing with people, not just with "dead wood," or "potentialities." Out of the entire list of twenty, three were wrong names and address, three were not at home when called, fourteen had been seen. The reactions were enlightening. No two had a similar problem. Everyone was glad they had been visited and asked the callers to come back. They wanted to get into swing again.

The problems they raised were numerous. One of the girls thought that if she joined the YCL she'd have to give up her church, (she had read that Communists were against religion) and she wasn't ready for that. Another young fellow was planning to get married in a few months and felt the YCL would take too much of his time. Another fellow was a leader in his trade union and felt that was enough. Another fellow was afraid the guys on his block would make fun of him if they ever found out he was a "red." Another had difficulties at home, he wasn't working and was just feeling generally low. And so on down the line.

Another group of questions which were raised concerning the YCL were also very pointed. "When I joined you had a good meeting. Everyone was friendly. This kept up for a month and then there were no programs at all."

"When I joined I thought you ran lots of socials. Sure I'm interested in the other stuff too—but when you come home from work you want to have some fun also. You can't hang a guy for wanting that, can you?"

"I was promised that I'd be able to join a dramatic group but all they did

was call for meeting after meeting. Either the instructor came late or the actors, so they called the whole thing off."

"I joined because you told me it was an educational organization, but how can you be if there isn't one class in the branch?"

When everyone reported, there was silence in the room. Yes, the new members had really helped demonstrate what the branch needed to make it alive, make it young. You just couldn't expect to keep members unless you kept your promises of what the YCL offers. And then they realized that it wasn't enough to have a member merely sign a card. You had to give him something more to make him feel like a YCLer. You had to know the member. You had to go out with him. You had to understand his problem.

At the close of the meeting a plan was drawn up to continue the work of the committee and make it permanent. One comrade was elected to take attendance. Two people were assigned as visitors to those who were absent for two meetings. The Membership Director would arrange to interview each member individually when he joined and try to fit him into the life of the League.

JOINT CONFERENCE

A joint conference was arranged between the Educational Committee and the Membership Committee. A program of work was drawn up and submitted to the Executive for approval. New members classes were arranged jointly with another branch to last for a month, where some of these simple political questions that confront young people were discussed. After the class was over a party was arranged and each new member was asked what he would like to do.

As a result of this work, groups began to function again in the branch. There was a new spirit, a new enthusiasm. Out of the twenty members who had been dropped, only three—wrong names and addresses (and the branch still has hope of getting in touch with them)—were still problems.

Yes, this story has a happy ending. The West Side Branch has begun to

solve its membership problems. None of its recruits are lost anymore. And their's is the example of careful planning, intelligent understanding of the personal, individual problems of every young person that joins.

Every branch in the YCL has similar problems. And they can and must be solved in the way we have described above, if the YCL utilizes the registration period, November 1st to December 31st, in the proper way.

Every army must know its strength. Every army must know just what its forces are, just where its most reliable contingents are encamped.

We are in the midst of great battle. The scene extends over all the oceans, and embraces every continent. It is the great battle of progress and against reaction. And we are trying going to win that battle in favor of progress.

Let's close ranks by January, 1938. Let's register a membership of 100%: active and ready to carry out its tasks.



Four Poems

The Ballad of Gunga Din

(As It Should Have Been Written)

Every politician raves of how Lincoln freed the slaves (When he needs
a black man's vote to get elected)
With impassioned elocution he will quote the Constitution and we
cheer because we know that it's expected.

In this land of liberty he's as free as you or me (Even though he's born
a black man for his sins)
So here's a crust of bread and a pat upon the head for the fourteen
million toiling Gunga Dins.

Oh It's Din Din Din—"Tain't safe for you to fight so don't begin
You just listen to your betters and don't try to break your fetters
Or we'll let the lynchers have you, Gunga Din.

He can line up with the whites in a uniform and fight;
To the bosses he's a hero then, you bet.
But just let him try unitin' with us whites to do some fightin'
For what he and we should but never get.

Then there'll be a message out for a murderin', yellow mob
Filled with patriotism, racial pride and bootleg gin,
To avenge a woman's shame, that's their usual little game
Filled with faggots and a rope and Gunga Din.

Oh it's Din Din Din—tain't safe for you to fight so don't begin
(Chorus)

You're staggerin' on your feet, cause you don't get much to eat;
And you're gagged, and your shoes are wearin' thin,
Oh you're supposed to be a free 'un, but you're just a slavin' peon
And as for us, well we're no different, Gunga Din.

For we share your peon's lot, though they tell us we do not
And divide us by the color of our hides,
But their damned old Jim Crow law is a crime against us all,
For it's keepin' us from fightin' side by side.

We're workers, just like you are, Gunga Din.
And we're victims of the misery that you're in.
So let's join our hands, like brothers—
You and You and all others—
And we'll give 'em hell together, Gunga Din.

BY WILL GEER

WAR...a magnificent sport

Vittorio Mussolini

If you're tired of polo,
If golf's not your line,
If bridge bores you silly,
And you've drunk enough wine,
If you want some distraction,
Real red-blooded action,
And killing one striker
Still leaves you a piker,
Then don't overlook
And dismiss with a snort
That rollicking hobby,
Magnificent sport
Known as
War.

Now war is a sport
Of the jolliest sort,
With rules to be broken,
Pacts to be scrapped—
Peace to be spoken
And war to be mapped.
Technique of slaughter
Down to a T—
Bomb the civilians
Chortle with glee,
Tame them and maim them
And make them agree.

There's nothing so thrilling,
Oh quite so killing,
As a war to the finish
With plenty blood spilling.
It's stimulation—
It's recreation—
It's the only way out
For a Fascist nation.

Oh the beautiful poem
Of a well-planned attack,
The sportsman-like joy
Of a stab in the back.
Get a seat in the grandstand,
Listen to the brass band,

Homage to Abe Coben

(Killed in Action Feb. 1937)

Your body is now the suffering soil of Spain,
What once struck Fascism with eyes and spine.

You left your mother, father, comrades, wife,
To help strangle this fiend before it cripples the world.

Your flesh an unknown grave at the gates of Madrid,
Where women and children are torn by bombing planes
of dread:

Buried in the birth pangs of Spain.

You left America: you gave your only life
For the Iberian people, that they may live.

All air you breathed was poison, and where you died
You planted freedom: love shall flower from this deed.

You take a part of us; and your
Unlived years continue in our lives and that work to
be done.

BY VINCENT FERRINI

Watch the blood flow,
Gloriously red.
The black shirts are coming,
Their bullets are humming,
By daylight tomorrow
A thousand more dead.

The Fascists go shrieking
That war is a sport—
We prefer our games peaceful,
Should be our retort.
But if they persist,
Refuse to desist,
We must speak their language;
We too have a fist.

BY HELEN UNGAR

On the Road to Jersey City

(Tune: *On the Road to Mandalay*)

On the coast of North America, looking eastward to
the sea,
There's a dictator a 'sittin,' and I know he waits for me.
For I organized a union, now I can hear him say
"Come you back to Jersey City, come you back just for
a day,
Come you back for a day . . ."

On the road to Jersey City, you can hear him sing this
ditty:
"I'm the law, I am supreme, I'm on the top, I'm sitting
pretty."
On the road to America's sore-spot, where the unions are
dread,
Where the workers work for nothing, and their kids go
minus bread . . .

Men were working all around me, sweating fifteen hours
a day,
Worked till they were weary, then they had to beg their
pay.
For their mayor, Hague, the fascist, sold out to their
boss,
He assured them of their profits, so they never took a loss,
So they never took a loss . . .

On the road to Hague's domain, you could hear this sad
refrain:
"O, we try so hard to protest, but, alas, it is in vain."
So I organized a union, next day we called a strike;
His Honor said: "You god-damned red, you dirty
foreign kike."

Then he broke the picket line, clapped a bunch of us
in jail,
But I escaped from Jersey City, and now he's on my tail;
For I organized a union, now you can hear him say:
"Come you back to Jersey City, come you back just for
a day,
Come you back just for a day . . ."

On the road to Jersey City,
You may hear him sing this ditty:
"I'm the law, I am supreme, I'm on the top, I'm sitting
pretty"
But one day the world will get wise, to this fascist in
sheep's pants,
Then I'll re-organize my union, and Frank Hague won't
stand a chance!

BY WALTER THOMPSON

AROUND THE LEAGUE

with

I once heard the Communist Party state secretary for California declare that his state was famous for two kinds of bridges; the famous Golden Gate Span from San Francisco to Oakland and the famous longshoreman's leader: Harry Bridges. This is brought to mind by a letter from our own Ramon Welch, of California YCL, who describes a trip which 200 YCL'ers and their friends made into Lower California, that is, to Mexico . . . They visited the collective farms, the socialist schools, the trade unions centers and the Worker's Militia . . .

Jim West, our organizer for the Northwest region, says that rains have begun out in Washington: . . . "we are in for a long wet spell, due to last through the winter: good for timber, not so good for humans . . ." Investigating two semi-fascist organizations called the National Youth Vigilantes and the Junior Cowboys, Jim went down to the coast to Portland recently, and found that the office of both these organizations was the Associated Advertising Agency . . .

You will remember that the Seattle comrades were awarded the Dave Doran Recruiting Banner for their work in the recent recruiting drive. Jim West adds a postscript to his recent letter in which he declares . . . "we have come to the conclusion that we won the banner not so much because we are so good, but that elsewhere, throughout the country things have not been going so hot . . ."

Writing on YCL activities in defense of Czechoslovakia, comrade Jean Rand, Northwest organizational secretary, says that "2000 leaflets were distributed and about 1000 young people came to the *Save Czechoslovakia* rally on the University of Washington campus . . . "auto parades and speakers covered all the high schools in the city," in some of which "speakers were able to go right into the auditoriums and speak to the students... the youth sections of the Washington Commonwealth Federation urged youth organizations to send telegrams



Henry Winston

National Administrative Secretary

to the President, backing his stand for peace . . .

From Cleveland, Ohio, Joe Moore, the YCL organizational secretary writes that "we have helped to organize a non-partisan youth committee, composed of the leaders of youth organizations, the purpose of which will be to get the youth to vote for all progressive candidates . . ."

"We intend to issue at least 10,000 city-wide leaflets in the name of the YCL and many of our branches will issue at least two leaflets of their own during the campaign. We will use sound trucks, open air meetings . . . and our school branches of the YCL will be busy helping the ASU bring the issues before their student bodies through polls, debates, statements of endorsements and symposia . . ."

The Ohio district is also preparing, according to subsequent correspondence to hold its State Convention of the YCL on the 17th and 18th of December . . .

From Rochester, New York, our National Council member, Johnny

Noto, describes the recruiting of 40 Negro Comrades into the YCL, several of whom are girls . . . Rochester is one of those many cities in the country where a Negro cannot get a job except for domestic or menial labor . . .

In the last few weeks the YCL has conducted three regional conferences which were attended by the National Council members and the leading comrades in the major cities . . . The Chicago conference, on the weekend of October 9th, was attended by leading people from Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Illinois . . . On the same weekend, another regional conference took place in Cleveland, Ohio at which leading comrades from Michigan, Ohio, and Western Pennsylvania attended . . . One week later, a regional conference took place in New York with comrades from all the major states of the eastern seaboard . . .

Three major topics occupied all of these regional conferences . . . the Elections and the Domestic Political Situation . . . Czechoslovakia and the International Situation . . . and the Program for the Winter Activities of the YCL . . .

And then, another important new development in our work is the appointment of a new business and promotion manager for the National Literature Department . . . Joe Starobin did a fair job in getting things started, and he will, of course, remain as the editor of the *Review* . . .

Comrade Eddy Grantz, who takes over the job of making things hum around in the literature department, is a real old-timer as far as the YCL is concerned . . . They tell me he joined back in the early twenties . . . and after good service graduated to the Communist Party, where he has held important posts in the business, executive, and promotion departments of the movement . . .

Comrade Ed Grantz has practical plans for boosting *Review* circulation to 10,000 by the May, 1939 convention of the YCL . . . If we all help him, he will succeed . . . Here's luck, Ed Grantz . . .

WHAT IS DIALECTICS?

The Last of a Series on Marxism and Science

MANY people become frightened at the word "dialectics," thinking that it refers to some obscure and mysterious doctrine incomprehensible to ordinary mortals. Nothing could be further from the truth, for no people abhor mysterious doctrines more than Marxists.

Dialectic is an old Greek word, which may be freely translated as meaning conversation or dialogue. This was its original meaning.

The free citizens of the Greek city-state of Athens were great conversationalists. Out of their conversations was born philosophy, which has never had a truer home than on the streets of Athens. Of all the Greek philosophers, Socrates was the most perfect dialectician. A very plain and simple man, who burned with zeal to discover truth, Socrates hated all boasting, all pomp, ostentation and conceit.

Athenian Wind Bags

Athens was full of fat, rich, pompous citizens who took pride in delivering long-winded orations. Socrates was a poor man, and nothing delighted him more than to take the wind out of fat wind-bags who were filled with a sense of their own importance. It was his habit to wander around the streets and engage these men in conversation. He would ask them some simple question. These fellows would always be sure that they knew the answer, and they would almost invariably deliver him a long and complacent speech with such smug self-assurance that, hearing them, one would hardly dare to believe that there could be any doubt but that they knew whereof they spoke.

Socrates never argued with these Athenian Babbitts. He would listen very politely, and when the oration finally came to an end, he would innocently ask another question. Flattered at the opportunity to display his wisdom, the pompous citizen would give another cocksure answer. Socrates continued to

ask questions rapidly and lightly, now from this side, now from that, until suddenly the dignified citizen would say something which flatly contradicted his original statement. Then, Socrates would remind him of what he had said at first, and point out that now he had said just the opposite. Something must be wrong. Either the original statement was false or the latter statement was false.

Socrates would point out that if the latter statement were true, this meant that something must be wrong with the statement made in the long speech delivered in reply to the original question. If so, the proper procedure must be to *correct* that original statement in view of the new truth brought to light by the more recent and contradictory statement. In this manner Socrates would make the Athenian criticize *his own* original reply, correct it, and formulate it adequately.

In this manner, Socrates used to trip up and expose the important citizens of Athens, who frequently became angry, for no one likes to have his ignorance brought to light. Always remaining calm in the face of the anger of his fellow-conversationalist, Socrates would try to soothe his ruffled feelings, explaining that philosophy demands that one not become angry, but that one be willing to follow the argument wheresoever it may lead.

Having made one correction on the basis of a contradiction brought to light in the course of conversation, Socrates still would not let his fellow-conversationalist alone. He would continue the discussion until the second formulation would be contradicted. Then, a third and more correct formulation would have to be made. In this manner, the discussion would continue indefinitely.

One may read some of these conversations of Socrates in the beautiful Dialogues of Plato. There, truth advances by this process: stating a proposition, finding a contradiction to it, correcting it in the light of this

contradiction, finding a new contradiction, and continuing this indefinitely. At the end of any one of these Dialogues, one always feels that if only the conversation had continued longer, still more contradictions and more corrections would have been made, that there would really never be an end to the process were it not for human limitations which make endless conversation impossible.

This method of seeking truth was called dialectic by the Greeks. It involved movement through contradiction, and consisted of three phases, which were repeated endlessly. First, a proposition would be stated. This was the thesis. Then, it would be discovered that this proposition involved a contradiction, which negated it. This was the antithesis, the very opposite of the original proposition. Resolving this contradiction necessitated correcting the original statement and formulating a third proposition, the synthesis, so called because it combined the positive aspects both of the original statements and of that which contradicted it.

BIOLOGY EXAMPLES

As an example, people who know very little of biology are liable to define all animals which have backbones and which swim in the water as fish. They may, at the same time, define all animals who give birth to their young as mammals. When such a person discovers that whales both swim in the water and give birth to their young, he will realize that something is wrong with his definition of fish. He will have to reformulate it as back-boned animals who lay eggs and swim in the water. Then, suddenly, he will find that another characteristic of the whale and of all mammals is breathing through lungs, and will furthermore discover the lung-breathing, sea-swimming porpoise which also lays eggs and has a back-bone. He will realize the need for further deepening of his definition. Fish must be egg-lay-

ing and *gill-breathing* animals with back-bones, while the lung-breathing and egg-laying porpoise must belong to a third variety of animal, the reptile.

Zeno, the father of dialectics, posed a problem which puzzled philosophers until the time of Hegel, in the early 19th century. Zeno pointed out that if an arrow shot into the air moves, it must be both at a given point and not there at the same instant of time. For if it is definitely at a given point, it cannot be moving. If it moves, it must be passing through a given point, which means that it must both be there and not there at one and the same instant of time. This was a clear contradiction. Now Zeno could not see how such a contradiction could actually exist in nature. The Greeks believed that contradictions existed only in the mind and were merely mistakes. Zeno declared, therefore, that either his reasoning must be wrong or that motion could not exist. Since he could find no flaw in his reasoning, he came to the conclusion that nothing really moves, that we only think that there is movement. In this way, he sought to resolve the contradiction he had discovered in motion.

Only one of the ancient Greeks, Heraclitus, came to the conclusion which Marxists hold today, namely that movement is actually contradictory, that contradiction is inherent in nature itself.

In modern philosophy, Hegel enunciated the same doctrine. He declared that the moving arrow is actually both at a point and not there at one and the same time, that this is the nature of motion itself. In other words, movement *is* contradiction. Still more explicitly, everything

that moves constantly negates itself. The very act of movement makes it at every moment of its existence cease to be what it was the moment before. By moving, it constantly destroys itself. One can no more seize the present than he can seize the sea-foam or a shadow. No sooner is it grasped than it is gone. As Heraclitus declared, "Into the same river you could not step twice, for other (and still other) waters are flowing." Motion is the great



CONDEMNED TO DEATH, SOCRATES DRINKS THE CUP OF POISON HEMLOCK

contradiction eternally annihilating everything which is.

Yet there is nothing which does not move. Constant change is the very essence of all existence. There is nothing, therefore, which does not by the very act of being cease to exist. Eternal self-destruction is the law of all existence. Everything, therefore, in its time passes into its opposite. From being, it ceases to be. Everything contains within itself its own opposite in the form of the force which eternally impels it to move, and in moving, to become something different from what it was in the past. In ceasing to be what they were, however, objects do not merely cease to exist. They become something else, and this something else is positive. The past passes over into the present and both determine the future.

Thus movement is not merely negation, but the eternal creation of that which is new. It is not merely self-destruction, but at the same time self-creation. Nothing ever remains the same. New life ever arises from the old, and that which is new is a combination of the old with the contradiction which has destroyed it. But no sooner does that which is new emerge than, in its own turn it destroys itself and becomes something else as a result of its own motion.

LESSON FOR SOCIALISTS

The statements which we make about the world are not found to be contradictory, therefore, merely because we make mistakes, as the Greek dialecticians believed. We find that they become incorrect, because the world which we have tried to explain has changed. What was true, is no longer true. It has been contradicted by life itself. And therefore we must reformulate our statements.

This is a lesson which many Socialists have never learned. In 1914, imperialist nations were at war, and the Bolsheviks formulated a program of turning imperialist war into civil war. Today, the world has changed. Socialism exists on one hand and fascism on the other. Fascist imperialist nations are attacking democratic non-imperialist nations. As a result, the Communists have formulated the program of defending democracy against fascism. Many Socialists do not see why the same formulation, applicable in 1914, does not apply today. They have never mastered the simple truth of dialectics, that history in its course eternally contradicts its past and throws up new relationships.

In 1933, we attacked the New Deal, which was supported by Big Business, as, in some respects, a dangerous tendency toward fascism. Today, we support the New Deal, and some socialists are completely confused. They overlook the new factor, that today Big Business has split away from the New Deal and is its most bitter enemy. This change in class relationships changes everything, and only a foolish pedant or an enemy of the people would apply the same formulations to the New Deal today as in 1933.

Because the movement of the world which continuously contradicts every moment of its existence may be compared to a Socratic dialogue, Hegel declared that the movement of the world was itself dialectical. In other words, he said that we not only think dialectically, but that the course of

the world outside of our minds is itself dialectical. For that reason, the Hegelian philosophy is called the dialectical philosophy.

Conceiving the movement of the external world as a dialogue, Hegel was an idealist. He thought that all the vast movements of the universe are the working out of ideas in the Absolute Mind of God. He conceived of these movements as external to the individual mind of man, as momentary phases of the one Absolute Idea or God, the divine mind, which embraces all.

"HEGEL ON HIS FEET"

Marx and Engels were convinced that Hegel's description of the dialectical movement of the world was correct and corroborated by the conclusions of all the sciences, whose advance increasingly annihilates any static conception of the world. But they were equally convinced that the world was material. They discarded Hegel's idealism, retaining his dialectic and regarding it as a description of the movement of a material universe. Uniting the dialectical philosophy with materialism, Marx created dialectical materialism. Engels once declared that Hegel as an idealist had been standing on his head until Marx, the materialist, turned him upside down and set him on his feet.

Dialectical materialism recognizes as two basic laws of motion, (1) that everything eternally contradicts itself and (2) that, in the very force which moves it and thus destroys its past, everything contains within itself, as a part of itself, its own opposite. These laws are known as the *Law of Contradiction* and the *Law of the Unity of Opposites*.

A third law describes in more detail how changes take place. Two varieties of change must be recognized—changes in quantity and quality. The first consists of mere increases or decreases. The second consists of fundamental changes in character, as when substances burn and completely new substances (smoke and ashes) take their places. The dialectical philosophy declares that there is a connection between the two types of change. Gradual changes result from increase and decrease up to a certain point, when for some reason they suddenly result in qualitative changes. These changes in quality are sudden and violent.

This law is illustrated by an old proverb. One may heap burden after burden upon the back of a camel. But finally there comes the time when an additional straw will break the camel's back. In the same way, stresses and strains accumulate in the earth for ages. But finally they reach the breaking-point. The rocks in the bowels of the earth readjust themselves through earthquakes. When we heat water (which is a liquid) the heat rises gradually and steadily, although there is no qualitative change, until suddenly at 100 degrees Centigrade the water disappears into steam (which is a gas). If the process is reversed, then suddenly at 0 degrees Centigrade the water freezes into solid ice. The more we study the world the more we are convinced that everything moves in accordance with this law. There is slow and gradual evolution; then, suddenly, violent qualitative change. This law is called the

Law of the Change of Quantity into Quality.

In the realm of human society, we have the same phenomenon. During long periods of stability, gradual changes in the modes of production accumulate. The embryo of a new society slowly grows within the womb of the old. Suddenly it reaches the point where it can grow no more without bursting the restraining bonds of the old society. Then, in violent upheaval, the new society is born. Quantity passes into quality. The whole character of society becomes transformed. Thus capitalism emerged from feudalism. Thus today we are in the period when socialism has begun to emerge from capitalism.

This law, expressed in the emergence of new societies, is the same law also expressed in thunderstorms, earthquakes, freezing, boiling, birth, the origin of new species, in any qualitative change occurring anywhere within the bounds of the vast universe.

If we recognize that the world moves dialectically; then, the thought with which we seek to understand the world must also be dialectical. In other words, it is necessary that we always *think* in terms of movement, that we always apply our formulations to their proper historical moment.

The dialectic of thought is just one highly complex phase of the dialectic of nature. Thought does not, any more than any other aspect of the world, exist in isolation. Thought is active movement, and, just as every other movement, passes over into something other than itself. Thought is one phase of human life, and as such it passes over into human action, by means of which we change the world and thereby also change ourselves. There can really be so separation between thought and practice even though many people believe that such separation exists. As Marxists, we are thoroughly conscious of this. We know that active thinking guides all our practice. The more conscious we are of this, the more consciously we seek to direct our thinking toward such a mastery of the laws of human life that we will be able to control human destiny.

APPLIED TO SOCIETY

The analysis of social relationships from the standpoint of dialectical materialism reveals to us that our society, capitalism, contains within itself also its own opposite which is arising to destroy it, namely, the exploited working-class. With the working class, which, in destroying capitalism, will create the new classless society of Communism, lies the future of all humanity. With the emergence of Communism, humanity will for the first time become united, and mankind will finally emerge, in the words of Engels, from the animal kingdom into the kingdom of humanity.

Dialectical materialism shows to the working-class its future path and how to hew that path through its own efforts. It reveals to all other members of society that if they would move with history and cast their lot with the future they must identify themselves with labor, the gravedigger of capitalism, the builder of Communism. Dialectical materialism not only interprets the world, but helps us, as masters of our destiny, to change it.



The SUCKER

world and our country were passing and you said this situation required a "well-balanced" Congress, one with a strong anti-New Deal minority.

Now, I'm one guy that does like fair play. My sympathies are also with the little fellow—decidedly so, because I'm one myself and have been kicked around long enough. But I do question your sudden interest in me and in fair play. After all, one can hardly expect a shark to change his nature.

Why should I as a young person, sympathize with your "poor" Republican Party of "poor" Du Pont, Ford, Morgan and Girdler? When did they, or you for that matter, give me a break? You and they are the big monopolists, the shylocks who control the money bags of the nation, who take every opportunity to sock me and my kind below the belt. Sympathy for the guys who kick us and keep us down? You make me laugh.

By **GIL GREEN**

REPUBLICAN RECORD

My dear Mr. Barton,

I have something to say to you. I hope you won't mind. After all, I don't want to appear smart-alecky. You, Mr. Barton, are a big man—a United States Congressman. I am only a plain guy. You have piles of jack, are a big shot in the advertising business. I am as poor as a church mouse, and work whenever I can and at whatever I can. Yet, as Robert Burns said, "a man's a man for a' that," and I have something to say to you.

You made a great speech the other day, yes, a great speech. When you finished, shouts and cheers shook the very rafters. You spoke about the young people of the state and nation, about how tough it is for fellows like me to get along. It felt swell to know that somebody was concerned with my, with our, welfare. I even got a bit cocky thinking about how important we youth were, taking up all that time at a busy Republican Convention. Yes, those were sweet words that rolled off that glib tongue of yours, Mr. Barton.

But you, of all people, should know that clever oratory, like a stiff drink, soon wears off. Then comes the hangover and one feels worse than ever. That's how your speech affected me.

Why? Well, that's the reason I'm writing this letter. First I'd like to remind you of what you yourself said: "The political party that deals most honestly and convincingly with youth will be the party of the future." Be frank, Mr. Barton, were you honest with youth?

The first appeal you made in your speech was to the spirit of fairplay—for giving the smaller and weaker guy a break. You told us of the trying days through which the

What about this argument for a "well-balanced" Congress? Did you advocate that in the days of Hoover, too? You did like—! As far as I'm concerned, the question before the people of this country, young and old alike, is a very different one. We want jobs, security, democracy and peace. We voted for these in 1936. But we still haven't got them. Why? First, because Big Business is solely interested in profits. Second, because many of the men elected to Congress in 1936 reneged on their promises, betrayed the mandate given them by the people of this country, and proved themselves to be nothing more than the Charlie McCarthys of the sixty big families. It is people such as they who year after year defeat the Child Labor Amendment in the New York State Legislature. It was they and you who defeated the bill to curb the autocratic powers of the Supreme Court, the Anti-Lynching Bill, the President's Reorganization Bill, and who voted against all progressive measures. No, sir! the job before us is to elect a Congress that will abide by, not flaunt, the will of the people. This is what American democracy requires. A "well-balanced" Congress? It's over-balanced as is, and in your direction, methinks!

You give a special reason for this request of yours that requires a special answer. The interest of peace, according to you, makes necessary the sending of a Republican Congressman to Washington. This is most enlightening, but it would have been far more so, had you told the young people of the nation what your peace program is. For some reason you failed to do this. You limited yourself to the negative statement that such Congressmen would see to it "that no wave of hysteria is allowed to sweep the country off its feet."

DAYS ARE OVER

A Young Worker Replies To Mr. Bruce Barton's Speech at the New York Republican Convention

Hysteria, like the measles, is something everybody is against so where does that get us? I'm interested in fundamentals. I agree with President Roosevelt that only by "quarantining the aggressors" can world peace be maintained, can America be kept out of war. But on this issue as well, Congress and the State Department have in practice been contrary minded. Like a bunch of hysterical old women, they adopted, with only one dissenting vote, a "Neutrality Bill," which has kept this country anything but neutral. As a matter of record, this policy has only given aid to the fascist aggressors in Spain and thus encouraged aggression elsewhere. It has made our country, to a lesser extent but to some degree nevertheless, morally responsible with Britain and France for the recent rape of Austria and Czechoslovakia.

Are you against this kind of hysteria, too? It seems not. For this has been and is the policy of the Republican Party and the Republican bloc in Congress. It is a policy aimed at delivering America into the arms of the arch-betrayer Chamberlain. It is a policy that would sell the national interests of America and the peace desire of its youth down the river.

Yes, the danger of war is an additional reason, a special reason, why you and your kind should be kept out of Congress.

Now let me say a few words about the second point you made. You claimed that the Republican Party as much, and even more than the Democratic Party, is interested in the common man and is a party of an for reform.

POLITICAL REALIGNMENTS

Far be it from me to defend the record of either party. For many years both were the parties of Big Business. Of course, most of the people did not know this at the time, but it was true just the same. But by 1932 the people got wise to the raw deal they were getting. Hoover was defeated. Roosevelt was elected on the promise of a "New Deal." The workers organized into unions and built their CIO. The farmers fought for their rights. The unemployed refused to starve. The young people's organizations got together, and soon their voices and demands began to echo in the very chambers of government.

The will and pressure of the people pushed the Roosevelt Administration towards more progressive policies. A new political re-alignment began to shape us, breaking up both old parties into progressive and reactionary camps. The

seat of reaction became the national leadership of the Republican Party, controlled by the pro-fascist Liberty League. It remains that to this very moment, even though the Liberty League operates through stooges with a "liberal" front. The Roosevelt wing of the Democratic Party became the center for the crystallizing progressive camp. That is how things stand today.

You quoted certain reforms of past Republican administrations in an endeavor to prove your point that the Republican Party stand for progress. Now, now, Mr. Barton, have you forgotten, or is it that you want us to forget, the good old days (for you and Tom Girdler!) under Hoover? Do you mean to tell us that there is no difference between shooting down unemployed workers and giving them relief and WPA jobs?—that there is no difference between a policy of using state troopers to smash strikes for higher wages and collective bargaining, and one of encouraging labor to organize and guaranteeing its rights through the Wagner Labor Act? Oh yes, there is a difference. It is the difference between bayonets and bread.

After you insisted on taking the Republican skeleton out of the closet, I'm sure you can't object to my rattling it a little bit. You told us, honest Bruce that you are, that the Republican Party is the traditional party of prosperity. When Republicans are in, times are good. When republicans are out, times are bad. That's your story. Of course, this is true for Republican leaders, but hardly so for the people.

There was a time when the Republican Party was progressive. That was long ago, in the days of Lincoln. Since then, as I've already pointed out, the Republican Party became the

(Cont. on Page 31)



BRUCE BARTON

FIFTY ONE YEARS AGO

The Month of November Recalls the Martyrdom of Five Chicago Labor Leaders

By **BUD BLAIR**

there are no Americans among us. That is a lie. Every honest American is with us—those who are not unworthy of their tradition and their forefathers.”

Albert Parsons arrives and speaks for forty-five minutes. Carter Harrison, mayor of Chicago, is satisfied that everything is peaceful and leaves to tell Police Captain Bonfield that his men wouldn't be needed, to send them home.

Fielden speaks. A slow rain begins to fall. Suddenly 180 police appear from nowhere. Then—an explosion, right in front of police ranks. They open fire. Scores are wounded, policemen are killed.

Thus the Haymarket meeting comes to an end, and the “Haymarket Affair” begins.

Fifty-one years ago this month, on November 11, 1887, five outstanding leaders of the labor movement—Albert R. Parsons, August Spies, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg, were sentenced to be hanged on the charge of having instigated the bombing.

Who were these men, loyal champions of the working class, leaders of the national eight-hour day strike in 1880? Why are they more than ever today the inspiration of progressive American youth?

During their lifetimes, and particularly after the Civil War period, the economic life of the country was characterized by a tremendous industrialization. Rapid strides were made in technology and mechanization. Commissioner of Labor Carroll stated in 1886, that machines in the production of agricultural implements had displaced 50% of the labor needed 15 years earlier.

In steel, for example, there were ten times more steel ingots produced in

1882 than in 1874. There was four times more railroad mileage in 1865 than just the year previous.

Huge monopolies and trusts began to develop, with the parallel growth of the great fortunes of men like Jay Gould, Andrew Carnegie and Vanderbilt. Urbanization increased, and large cities sprang up. A true industrial proletariat developed.

At the same time, class cleavages became more marked. Figures during the early eighties showed that 1% of all families received one-fourth of the national income, while 50% of the population received less than a fifth.

The conditions of the working class over the whole period grew steadily worse. It was estimated at the time that 10% of the total population living in cities was “poverty stricken.” According to statistics of the newly-formed Labor Bureau, the average daily wage from 1882 to 1886 was \$2 a day. The United States census of 1880 shows that the average wages of each laborer amounted to \$304 per year; while the average net profit on the labor product of each worker was \$374.

PROTESTS MOUNT

There was great irregularity of employment. For Illinois, during the years 1885-6, a study of 85,000 workers showed that they worked on an average of only 37.1 weeks in a year. The average worker was idle one-fourth of the possible working time. In 1885, conservative estimates put the unemployed at over 2,000,000.

As a result of these conditions, the protests of the working class mounted. Grievances were raised. Strike movements sprang up. Trade unions grew. The labor movement began to pulsate with life. The Knights of Labor, the center of the organized labor movement grew to over a million members in 1877.

The Catholic Quarterly Review, in an article dated April, 1886, put the issue squarely: “It is futile for the public press to be constantly preaching platitudes respecting patience and regard for the rights of the employers and respect for the law, whilst evasion



Albert R. Parsons, hung.



August Spies, hung.



Louis Lingg, suicide or murdered.



Adolph Fischer, hung.



George Engel, hung.

THE night of May 4, 1886, in old Haymarket Square. The cobbled streets begin to fill slowly. A truck wagon is drawn in front of Crane Brothers factory north of the adjacent blind alley. The meeting opens.

“Gentlemen and Fellow Workmen,” says August Spies, “Mr. Parsons and Mr. Fielden will be here in a short time to address you. I will say, however, first, this meeting was called for the purpose of discussing the general situation of the 8 hour movement and the events that have taken place in the last forty-eight hours . . . It seems to have been the opinion of the authorities that this meeting was called for the purpose of raising a little row and disturbance. This, however, was not the intention of the committee that called the meeting . . .”

He continues, “The press says . . .

and defiant violations, practiced constantly by mammoth capitalists and corporations are ignored, condoned, and tacitly approved."

One of the outstanding leaders in the fight for the eight-hour day was Albert Parsons. Born in Alabama in 1848, of pilgrim-father parentage (his ancestors landed in 1632), he fought four years in the Civil War on the Confederate side, enlisting at the age of 13.

After the Civil War, as he says, "I advocated the acceptance of the terms of surrender, and supported the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments to the Constitution, and the reconstruction measures securing the political rights of the colored people. I incurred thereby the hate and contumely of many of my former army comrades, neighbors, and the Ku Klux Klan. I took the stump to vindicate my convictions. The lately enfranchised slaves over a large section of country came to know and idolize me as their friend and defender."

INTEREST IN LABOR

After the Civil War, he went to Texas where he edited a newspaper. In 1870, he was elected Secretary of the Texas Senate, later becoming a deputy United States Internal Revenue collector. In 1873 he came to Chicago, and began his trade as a compositor on the *Chicago Times*.

He became interested in the "labor question," as he says, in 1874, when his attention was drawn to the efforts made by the Chicago labor movement to compel the "Relief and Aid Society" to render an accounting of the vast sums of money (several millions of dollars) contributed by the whole world to relieve the distress occasioned by the great Chicago fire of 1871. It was claimed that the money was being fraudulently used by speculators.

Parsons says, "I discovered a great similarity between the abuse heaped upon these poor people by the organs of the rich and the actions of the late Southern slave holders in Texas towards the newly enfranchised slaves. From this time dated my interest and activity in the labor movement."

August Spies, a German worker from the metal trades industry, cooperated

with Parsons. There were others—George Engel, Adolph Fischer, Oscar Neebe, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, and young Louis Lingg, less than twenty-three years old.

These men, among many others, helped organize the eight-hour day movement all over the country. Slogans were raised, such as "Ten Hours' Pay for Eight Hours' Work," "A General Strike for the Eight-Hour Day." A National Eight-Hour Association was formed in November, 1885, of which Parsons was a leader, and which most of organized labor supported. Strike movements developed and a date was set for a general national strike for the eight-hour day—May 1, 1886.

In Chicago, preparation for May 1st began near the close of 1885. Big demonstrations were held all over the city, as for example the mass meeting on April 7 at the Chicago Armory, where 7,000 workers packed inside and 20,000 stood outside, or a week later when 25,000 persons massed at the lake front to hear Parsons and others.

The McCormick Harvester plant became the crux of labor strife. McCormick fought the rising labor movement bitterly and discharged a number of his employees for union activity. On February 16, in the midst of negotiations over the issue, he suddenly shut his plant and locked out 1400 workers. The union's answer was to call a strike, but McCormick stated categorically that he would hire and fire as he pleased. However, when he

asked for 1000 workers to report for work in March, only 300 appeared. The police brutally attacked a mass meeting addressed by Parsons and Spies. Feeling ran high and Chicago was the scene of numerous skirmishes between workers and police. There was a general presentiment that May Day would be the turning-point in the struggle, one way or the other.

May Day finally came, the great day for the Chicago workers. Thousands came out into the streets. There was no rioting, and workers in many plants were already gaining concessions.

POLICE ATTACKS

On the other hand, many employers resisted the demands of their workers, and fomented lockouts. May 2nd, a Sunday, saw no action. On May 3rd, the strike movement for the eight-hour day quietly spread. The Lumber Shovers Union, on strike, held a mass meeting of over 6000 workers near the McCormick plant.

While August Spies was addressing this meeting, McCormick's scabs started to leave the Harvester plant. About 500 McCormick strikers, assembled at the meeting, left to meet the scabs. Cordons of police met them, firing into their ranks. Many were killed and scores were wounded.

The workers were bitterly aroused against the brutal police attacks. On May 4th, a committee of trade unionists called a mass protest meeting in the Haymarket Square to protest



SCENE AT THE TRIAL OF THE HAYMARKET MARTYRS

police brutality and to review the status of the eight-hour day struggle.

What happened there, and its aftermath, is one of the blackest pages in American history. The throwing of the bomb into the peaceful meeting, the killing of people and policemen, were laid to the machinations of the workers and the men who led them. Everybody and anybody was arrested in the days that followed.

Since the state could hardly pretend that these leaders threw, or even knew who threw the bomb, they were charged with "conspiracy to incite murder."

PREJUDICED JURY

Judge Gary practically selected the jury himself, and most of the jurors had prejudices against Anarchists, Socialists and other radicals. For example, Juror an Adam admitted before the trial that if he were on the jury he would hang all of them. Juror Denker stated to two witnesses before the trial that "the whole d—d crowd ought to be hanged." Judge Gary himself said from the bench that "Anarchists, Socialists and Communists were as pernicious and unjustifiable as horse thieves."

Judge Gary, the judge of the trial, was described by Friedrich Engels in a letter to Florence Wischenewetsky, American social reformist, dated November 29, 1886: "Your judges have got Bismarck's smart practitioners in the German Reich brilliantly driven off the field."

In his opening words to the court, August Spies declared: "Your Honor: In addressing this court I speak as the representative of one class to the representative of another. I will begin with the words uttered 500 years ago on a similar occasion by the Venetian Doge Faheri, who, addressing the court, said,—'my defense is your accusation, the causes of my alleged crime your history.'"

The last words of Spies, as the noose tightened about his neck, were: "There will come a time when our silence will become more powerful than the voices you are strangling today."

The march of events in the past fifty years shows that Spies' words were prophetic.

The McCormick Harvester workers,

who suffered beatings, lockouts and starvation in 1887, were vindicated in 1937 when McCormick signed a contract with the CIO Farm Equipment Workers Union.

In 1886 Parsons protested, "Armour and Co. just reduced his 10,000 laborers 25 cents a day." And in 1938 the Armour workers voted 9 to 1 for the CIO Packing House Union, and the Labor Board declared that Armour must recognize this as the bargaining agency for the workers.

Parsons, in the steel center of Canton in 1886, proclaimed, "Steel workers in Canton are kept spinning like a top for 10 to 12 hours a day. They receive the sum of 12½ cents per hour." But last year U. S. Steel signed with the SWOC, which had organized 400,000 workers. The SWOC went on to conclude contracts with 451 steel companies, and achieve a minimum wage of \$5 a day, a 40 hour week, and time and a half for overtime.

The eight-hour day was an object of bitter struggle in 1886. In that year, August Spies declared: "The contemplated murder of eight men, whose only crime is that they have dared speak the truth, may open the eyes of suffering millions." August Spies spoke the truth. Today the eight-hour day for which the martyrs fought has become reality for the majority of American workers.

Summing up the significance of the Haymarket martyrs, William Z. Foster says, "The working class, grown stronger, more experienced, and more ideologically developed, has given birth to the great CIO movement, with its industrial unionism, trade union democracy, organized political action . . . The militant trade union movement

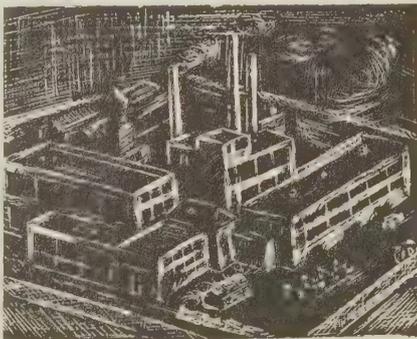
of today, heading towards a broad People's Front, is the direct lineal descendant of the great strike movement of the 1886 Chicago martyrs."

In a remarkable letter to the same Florence Wischenewetsky, (dated June 3, 1886, one month after the Haymarket meeting), Friedrich Engels pays the classical tribute to the martyrs of Haymarket Square:

"Whatever the mistakes . . . of the leaders of the movement, and partly of the newly-awakening masses too, one thing is certain: the American working class is moving, and no mistake. And after a few false starts, they will get into the right track soon enough. This appearance of the Americans upon the scene I consider one of the greatest events of the year.

CLASS WAR

"What the downfall of Russian Czarism would be for the great military monarchies of Europe—the snapping of their mainstay—that is for the bourgeois of the whole world the breaking out of class war in America. For America after all was the ideal of all bourgeois; a country rich, vast, expanding, with purely bourgeois institutions unleavened by feudal remnants or monarchical traditions, and without a permanent and hereditary proletariat. Here everyone could become, if not a capitalist, at all events an independent man, producing or trading, with his own means, for his own account. And because there were not, *as yet*, classes with opposing interests, our—and your—bourgeoisie thought that America stood *above* class antagonism and struggle. The delusion has now broken down, the last Bourgeois Paradise on earth is fast changing into a Purgatorio, and can only be prevented from becoming, like Europe, an Inferno, by the go-ahead pace at which the development of the newly fledged proletariat of America will take place. The way in which they have made their appearance on the scene is quite extraordinary: Six months ago nobody suspected anything, and now they appear all of a sudden in such organized masses as to strike terror into the whole capitalist class. I only wish Marx could have lived to see it!"



SWING behind Labor . . .

We print three scenes from a musical revue which the members of the California Young Communist League wrote and enacted before packed meetings of West Coast trade unionists. The revue, whose songs were heard on the picket line, satirizes the political scene in connection with the recent attempt of the open shoppers to smash the unions of the Warehousemen, the Retail clerks, and the Longshoremen.

"Peaceful Picketless" describes an imaginary incident in case the present bill to limit union activity were passed in Election Day. The "Country Club" shows the terror which progressive developments throw into the hearts of the open-shoppers. And the "Finale" gives a YCL twist to the modern triangle: the Boy, the Girl and the Boss.

Peaceful Picketless

MASTER OF CEREMONIES. On the ballot this November you will find a proposition that would regulate picketing. We now give you a glimpse into a peaceful, picketless, strikeless San Francisco.

(Curtain opens on courtroom scene. Clerk, Judge and Defendant.)

CLERK. Hear ye, hear ye, the case of the people vs. Kelly, charges of violating the picketing regulations. Mr. Kelly, please take the stand. Do you solemnly swear, etc., etc.

KELLY. I do.

JUDGE. Now, Mr. Kelly, you are the first offender called before any court in San Francisco on charges of violating the new law regulating picketing. This is a very important case, and I want you to answer all my questions thoughtfully and carefully.

KELLY. Yes, your Honor, but Judge, let me explain . . .

JUDGE. Order, order. You will talk when I ask you questions. Are you ready to proceed, Mr. Kelly?

KELLY. Surely, your Honor, but I just want to tell you . . .

JUDGE. Come now, Mr. Kelly, order please. All right. Mr. Kelly, is it true that this morning you were in front of the Emporium Department Store?

KELLY. Yes, of course, but Judge . . .

JUDGE. That's enough—you were in front of the store. Is it true that twice you walked up and down in front of the main entrance on Market Street?

KELLY. Yes, your Honor, but let me explain—

JUDGE. Quiet! If you persist in talking when I ask you

simple questions you will be ruled in contempt. Answer my questions civilly. Is it true that you spoke to someone going into the store?

KELLY. Yes, but I can explain that, too.

JUDGE. All right, explain that! Did you not ask that person to please move away and not go into that entrance?

KELLY. Sure I did, Judge,

but let me tell you . . .

JUDGE. Mr. Kelly, one more such instance of insubordination and you will be fined \$500. Now will you limit yourself to answering my question?

KELLY. (meekly). Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE. Did you or did you not have in your hand a circular announcing that the store was on strike?

KELLY. Yes, your Honor, I did.

JUDGE. And Mr. Kelly, at that time were you not standing within five feet of another person in front of the store.

KELLY. I was your Honor, but please let me explain . . .

JUDGE. Silence! You'll have time to explain—plenty of time, with nothing else to do. Mr. Kelly, under the new law regulating picketing passed by the voters yesterday I am afraid you are in serious trouble. Let me explain that this law in no way seeks to interfere with the lawful right of employees to organize and bargain collectively. Nor does it seek to deny the workingman his constitutional right to picket and boycott. This law is merely intended to regulate picketing so as to prevent undue rioting and disorderliness. You have admitted that you were in front of the store, that you urged people not to go into the store, that you had in your possession a leaflet stating that the store was on strike, that you were in company with others in front of the store. Under the terms of this new picketing regulation law I find you guilty and sentence you to one year in jail or \$500 fine. May you be an example to the rest of the city. May this first test case of this God-given law show to the Communist element of the whole city that they cannot importunately try the patience of the public with their Red, rowdy, Communistic, anarchistic, Bolshevikic, seditious, riot-provoking, disorderly, alien, subversive activities. Now, Mr. Kelly, have you anything to say before sentence is passed?

KELLY. Yes, your honor, I did all these things, but I was trying to tell you all along I WAS A SCAB JANITOR, TRYING TO SWEEP THE SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THE ENTRANCE!

(CURTAIN)



**“...a glimpse of
peaceful,
picketless,
strikeless
Frisco...”**

The Country Club

(Scene opens on a country club. Capitalistic looking gentlemen are sipping cocktails.)

1. Well, gentlemen, dare we look at the latest papers for the results of the primaries?

2. Gee, Tom, I feel awful shaky.

3. Me, too.

1. All right, boys, let's have just one more drink, maybe that'll brace us for the ordeal.

ALL. Right.

1. Biggs—three Tom Collins', and make them strong. We've got to be prepared. And Biggs, after you've brought us the drinks, and after you think we've had enough time to get them down—why, then, Biggs, would you be so kind as to bring us some copies of the latest papers?

BIGGS. Yes, Sir. (*clicks heels, turns and walks out*)

1. Biggs, not so much noise, confound it! Can't you stop clicking your heels? You make us nervous. You know how touchy we are right at this moment.

BIGGS. Yes, sir.

2. Oh, how do you think it came out?

3. My knees are shaking. I'm afraid to look at the returns.

BIGGS. (*enters*). Your cocktails, sirs.

1. Thanks, Biggs. (*All drink their cocktails*)

1. Ah, I feel much better. How about you boys?

ALL. Us, too.

1. Very well, Biggs, bring on the papers.

(*Biggs hands them papers. They take the papers, looking over their shoulders. They put their hands before their eyes, and slowly look at the headlines.*)

3. I can't John, I can't bear to look.

1. Buck up, boys. When I say "three" everybody look at once. One, two . . . three!

ALL. (*look at papers*)

1. Olson—Oh! (*faints*)

2. Patterson—Oh! (*faints*)

3. Shelley—Oh! (*faints*)

(*Biggs rushes in and revives them all.*)

1. What can we do, boys?

ALL. Oh, oh, oh!

1. I got a little idea! Biggs bring me a cocktail. (*drinks it down*) It's growing up, boys, an idea! Quick, another cocktail! (*drinks it quickly*) Boys, I got it!

ALL. Hurry! What's it about?

Song

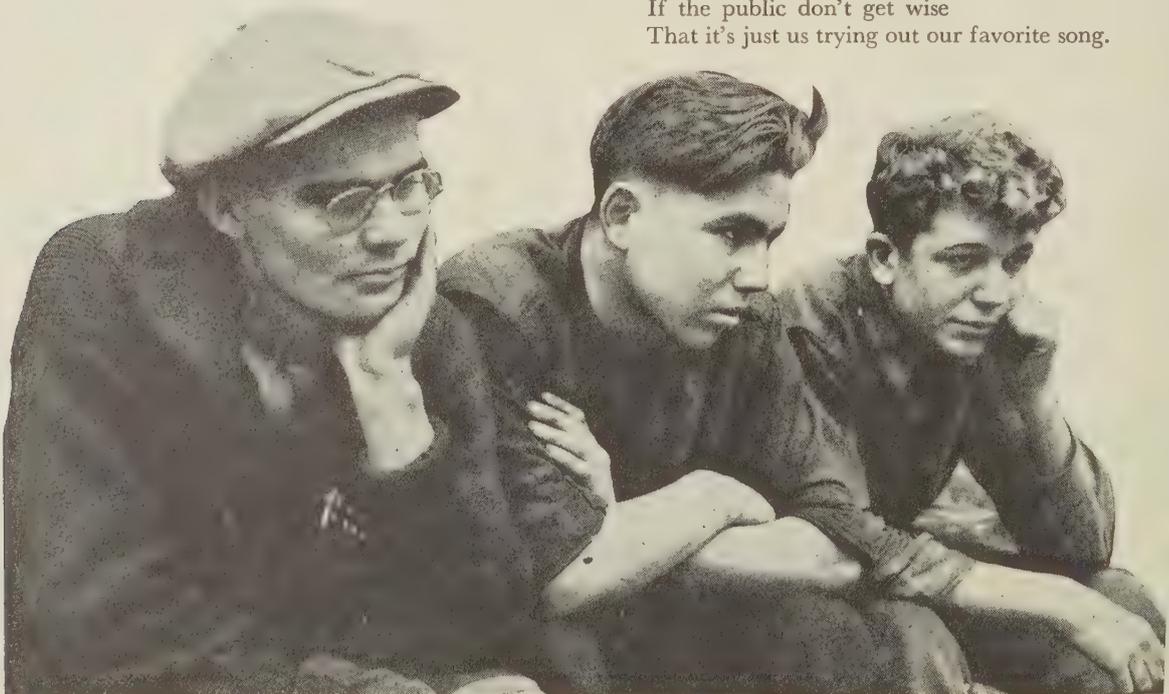
(*To the tune of "Tramp, tramp, tramp . . ."*)

1. I've got so fine a scheme,
It sounds just like a dream
That will surely put the New Deal in its place.
Though we've tried this plan before
Each year I love it more.
It's the angle that we used in '34.

ALL.

Split, split, split, confuse the issue,
That's the big boys' favorite way.
If we can't win fair and square
Put the Reds in peoples' hair.
That's our last and only hope on Election Day!

1. We'll make chaos in the town
Till the public all will frown
On the unions, who commit this awful wrong.
It'll all be cakes and pies
If the public don't get wise
That it's just us trying out our favorite song.



ALL.

Chorus—Split, split, split, etc.

1. Now you take the retail clerks
Boy, did we give them the works!
When they wouldn't go for all of our replies.
Though our profits this year soar
Way above the year before.
We can't run our business that way, were our cries.

ALL.

Chorus—Split, split, split, etc.

1. Oh, we'll stop at nothing now
To raise an awful row.
We'll cause strikes and lockouts and we'll raise all hell.
This New Deal has us so scared
That we've really gone quite mad
But the more we're scared the louder we all yell.

ALL.

Chorus—Split, split, split, etc.

The Finale

(Picket line. Pickets shouting, "Scab!", "Don't Patronize!" etc. as the scene opens. Chorus of pickets and YCLers. A boy tries to crash the picket line.)

- GIRL. Say, buddy, that's not the sort of thing we girls like.
Don't work here, this place is on strike.
- BOY. Hi, toots, what's a beautiful kid like you
Doing out here? Haven't you anything else to do?
- GIRL. Plenty, big boy, we're out here protecting our jobs
From a pack of bloated, money-grabbing snobs.
- BOY. Lissen, Babe, you're much too nice to walk up and
down
Let's you and me take off tonight and do the town.
- GIRL. Maybe girls were like that years ago
But on picket lines today we're not so slow.
(Boss comes out of store, beckons to Boy.)
- BOSS. Come in, son, don't mind that pack of Reds,
I'll pay you plenty, that kind would murder old
ladies in their beds.
- BOY. I don't know, I hate to fink.
This little girlie made me think.
- BOSS. Don't be silly. It's only a Communistic trap.
Here's a chance to get a job, why take the rap?
Besides, what's kept you out of work so long?
The unions wouldn't let you in—that's what's
wrong!
- BOY. That sounds true. I'm willing to work hard
But I can't get a union card.
- BOSS. Sure, they're trying to keep all the jobs for them-
selves.
They're trying to put young folks on the shelves.
- GIRL. That's not true, boss *(grabs Boy's arm)*
Come on, big boy, let's throw him for a loss.
- BOSS. Come on in, you don't want to shirk,
Step in, I can give you work.
- GIRL. Don't listen to that pot belly gab,
You're too handsome to be a scab.
- BOY. Which way shall I turn?
- BOSS. Here's money to earn
- GIRL. C'mon, big, boy, start to learn.

BOY. Which way shall I turn?

(Tramp of feet is heard outside)

BOSS. Oh, gosh, do I feel like hell!

GIRL. You ought to, brother, it's the YCL.

YCLer. Hy, sis *(to Boss)* and you scam!

Remember the elections, it's your turn to take it on
the lam

Lissen, bud, I heard that guy's talk

It's about time for him to take a walk

It's about time for you to wake up—

You don't want to be lower than a pup.

Young folks were out of work long before unions
came to stay

So you can't blame unions for the unemployment
of today.

Who runs the mines and farms and factories
anyhow?

If there's unemployment, you can blame the owners
now!

GIRL. You tell him, Red,

You sure hit it on the head.

And lissen, buddy, to what the unions say,
When we win higher wages, prosperity and jobs are
on the way

And if they smash the unions, wages will tumble
and hours will rise,

There'll be less work all around . . . buddy, get wise.

YCLer. That's right, sister,

And listen, Mister

Who fights for relief for youth?

It's the unions, ain't that the truth?

Give unions a chance, they'll win the six-hour day
That means jobs for you and lots more pay.

Well, buddy, waddye say?

BOSS. C'mon, friend, step this way

GIRL. Boy friend, this is our day.

BOY. Yes sir, I'm with labor to stay.

Song

(To the tune of "Notre Dame")

BOY. Gee hon, you've made me think

GIRL. I'm so glad you're not a fink

BOTH. Let's have solidarity

We'll stick together, you and me.

BOY. No old-fashioned moon up above

GIRL. This is the streamlined way to love.

BOTH. On the picket line we're marching
Swinging with labor today.

CHORUS.

Swing, swing, with labor today

That's the streamlined, modern way.

BOYS.

Boys like girls who know the score . . .

GIRLS.

And girls like boys who know even more.

CHORUS.

Swing, swing, with labor today.

That's the way to win more pay.

Stick with the unions through the fight,

And swing behind labor now!

HOW THEY DID IT AT CCNY

A Model Meeting for Czechoslovakia

By ED BRANT

OUR college term opened on Wednesday, September 21st. As is usually the case on the first day, life at CCNY was full of hustling and bustling about, arranging programs, buying books, changing courses.

But the war crisis over Czechoslovakia was in every newspaper headline . . . and the corridors and lunchroom of the college was full of animated discussion. The leaders of the American Student Union, of whom a few are members of the YCL, realized that if action for peace were not organized

quickly, it might soon be too late to worry about books.

But routine methods of leadership would not work. Campus clubs had not yet convened. A depleted executive committee of the ASU was only beginning to organize chapter activity and the YCL had not yet met.

On the second day of the semester, the ASU called a hastily prepared mass meeting in defense of Czechoslovakia, which was attended by over 400 students.

Events of the following day showed that more effective and comprehensive activity was imperative. The students wanted something bigger, and more dramatic than just another mass meeting.

The most active school leaders, on the initiative of the ASU, met and planned action—a huge mass rally to save Czechoslovakia. In preparation for the rally, work was divided in the following way: 1) speakers 2) faculty cooperation 3) finances 4) publicity 5) ASU recruiting.

For a successful meeting it was necessary to organize a broad united front of student and faculty members. There existed an unprecedented desire of all CCNY students and faculty members for cooperation. (Trotzkyites excepted.)



With only two days to arrange everything, it was obvious that a permanent faculty-student committee to decide on a program and organize the demonstration was impossible. Therefore a statement was drawn up to get sponsors for the *Keep America out of War by Saving Czechoslovakia* meeting, which was sent out to members of the Administration and Faculty.

In the past it had been very difficult to secure Faculty and Administration help for student meetings. Now with progressive trends in the Board of Higher Education,

things were changed. No longer was Dr. Robinson of umbrella fame there to oppose student action; Professor Nelson P. Mead, head of the History Department, was now acting President instead. Dr. Mead endorsed the meeting and agreed to forego his scheduled address to the freshmen and make his inaugural speech at the rally. Here we had the beginnings of Administration and Faculty support.

Under the President's signature came those of the three deans of the college. Even Dean Skene, of the ultra-conservative Technology administration signed. Department heads and other faculty members readily agreed. Because of lack of time many Faculty members who would gladly have given their support were not reached, but the German Department, for instance, passed a special resolution endorsing the meeting.

Student organizations such as the Newman Society, the Catholic club at the college, which previously had never participated in our school activities, joined the sponsoring committee. Other student sponsors included the President of the Student Council, the Editor of the College paper, the YMCA, the Negro Cultural Club, the American Student Union, and the Captain of the Football team.

This committee was the largest and broadest sponsoring committee for any meeting held at City College.

The Trotzkyites, as could be expected, issued lengthy manifestos attacking the meeting as "selling out to Czech imperialism," and urged students to fight the ASU. But they were completely isolated from the student body, which had strong sympathies for Czechoslovakia.

The important things were still to be done. There were only two days in which to get speakers to address the meeting, to raise the necessary money, and to arrange for broadcasting the rally. Moreover, it was important to send a group of CCNY students to Washington as part of a city-wide student delegation urging President Roosevelt to help make America a greater force for peace and take an active part in support of Czechoslovakia.

With the aid of President Mead, Borough President Isaacs, of Manhattan, was secured as one of the principal speakers. In urging Mr. Isaacs to speak, President Mead wrote in a letter that "the urgency of the war crisis makes it imperative that America's desire for peace through cooperation be expressed at once."

Only after telephoning, visiting consuls, seeing people, running after others, was the arrangements committee able to get Senator Vojta Benes, brother of the former Czechoslovak president to agree to speak. Others included Jay Allen, war correspondent, President Mead, Miss Theresa Levin of the American Student Union, Mr. John K. Ackley, Recorder at the College and Mr. Morris U. Schappes, leading anti-fascist instructor at the College. Mr. Schappes had been the most outspoken faculty member during the period of the Robinson reaction. His inclusion signified improved relations at the college.

The task of raising money was important. About fifty dollars was needed for arrangement and publicity, to send five students to Washington as part of the city-wide delegation, and for post cards to the President expressing student sentiment and proposals for action on the Czechoslovakian situation. Money came from Faculty gifts and more than the required amount was raised.

The ASU showed that it saw the need for a program at the meeting; one that could clarify the student body on the issues, and also make CCNY heard in Washington. The ASU put forward its peace program; the resolution presented in the Great Hall embodied the spirit of the American Student Union program.

This position was publicized in a leaflet and the call for the Faculty-Student Committee was read in all classes. The ASU printed the program of the meeting, including

also its peace program and a membership card. An advertisement from Barnes and Noble, a book concern, paid for most of the printing.

The delegation to the capitol reflected the same broad united front as was achieved at the mass meeting. Five students, from the Student Council, the college newspaper, the ASU and the YMCA joined in the City College section of an all-New York delegation to the White House.

Meanwhile, back home the rally was a great success. 3500 students jammed the Great Hall. The program of the meeting was broadcast over Station WNYC, and more than 1000 protest cards were sent to the President.

Without minimizing this good work, there are several criticisms to be made. For one thing, the independent activity of the YCL was confined to the sale of a few hundred copies of Maxim Litvinov's speech in the alcoves, corridors, and at the meeting itself. And there was very little recruiting of members on the part of the League.

But one thing that the rally accomplished overweighs some of its negative aspects. That was the betterment of Faculty-student relations at the college, something for which students have been fighting for many years, and for which dozens of students have paid with their academic lives.

The American Student Union was revealed as the most constructive force in campus life, and its ability to carry out a broad united front of this kind on an issue of concern to the whole democratic community refuted once and for all the charge that progressive students favor giving the college a "bad name."

Part of the change in school affairs, which was signalized at the *Save Czechoslovakia* meeting can be attributed to the changed relations between the Faculty and the progressive city government. The period of Robinsonian reaction was characterized by injustice to faculty standards as well as to the student body.

Thanks to the pressure of the College Teachers Union, to which the progressive members of the Board of Higher Education

was responsive, the teachers of all four city colleges now have the right to elect their department heads,

But the broad united student peace movement is continuing at the College. CCNY students now realize that the Sudeten mountains extend along the Ebro river; Hitler menaces Spain. Therefore, activity today centers around the filling of the Relief Ship for Republican Spain, aiding in the election of progressive Congressmen who will pledge their vote for lifting the embargo on Spain. The task today is to weld this temporary although effective united front into a permanent peace committee: vigilant, active, and capable of answering every threat to peace.

Students Now Realize that the Sudeten Mountains Extend Along the Ebro Where Spain Needs Help

YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Discussion on the Crisis in Europe

Does the Munich Pact provide a temporary "lull" in the war danger? What will be the next "danger spot"?

THE Munich Pact has greatly increased the threat of fascist aggression and war in Europe and throughout the world. It has laid the basis for a series of fresh crises in central Europe, as exemplified by the demands upon Czechoslovakia now being levied by the fascist and reactionary circles of Hungary and Poland, as well as the plans of Poland to take Memel from Lithuania. The Munich Pact looks forward to the establishment of a reactionary four-power "Holy Alliance" to police Europe. It has intensified the danger to France and increased the general threat to the democracies in every quarter of the world. It was the prelude to Hitler's present demands on France, for return of German colonies, dissolution of the Franco-Soviet Pact, and French air inferiority. Resulting in a renewed Nazi drive for economic, cultural, political and military penetration in Latin America, it has intensified the conflict of fascist powers both with the Latin American nations themselves and with the United States. Munich settles nothing. It aggravates old irritations. It creates new conflicts.

The immediate "danger spot" is Spain. Chamberlain and his friends are already preparing a second Munich for this sector of the democratic world. Upon the gesture of "withdrawal of Italian troops," the reactionary forces in Great Britain and France plan to extend Franco loans, grant him belligerent rights, and cooperate in a further blockade of Loyalist Spain. In this way they hope to end the war—so long an embarrassment to them—by carving up Spain as the next step in fascist "appeasement." This would assist them in working out still another Munich—for China—where Chamberlain is considering coming to an agreement with Japan. This would further intensify the Anglo-American antagonism, which runs deeply in Latin America and the Far East.

Doesn't Munich demonstrate that collective security is impossible because the capitalist democracies cannot be relied on?

WE must always remember that the capitalist democracies are rent by class divisions and contradictions which have their repercussions on foreign policy. Referring to Chamberlain and his allies in other democracies, Maxim Litvinov pointed out:

"Among the ruling classes in the Western States, there are many people who naively believe that fascism is really a permanent rampart against the working class offensive. As the aggressor states are at the same time the rampart of fascism, they fear that a defeat for the fascist states in

war, or even a diplomatic defeat, can become the defeat of fascism and the destruction of this artificial dyke raised against the working class movement.

"Besides that . . . in order to have the necessary balance in the struggle against the aggressor countries, they must inevitably collaborate with the Soviet Union, and it is believed this would have repercussions on the internal political struggles of the country in a manner unfavorable for the reactionary circles. Thus it happens that these circles prefer to sacrifice their national interests and endanger or even lose the existence of their States for the sake of protecting them from social and class opposition. There you have the reasons determining the indifference and the passivity of the foreign policy which we observe in certain countries."

Thus Chamberlain and the reactionary circles he represents, not only in England, but in France, the United States and other democracies, are the greatest enemies of collective security. The most reactionary sections of the bourgeoisie, who previously posed as the greatest "patriots," are now ready to abandon even the national interests and independence of their countries—and with this, abandon democracy and peace. But, comrade Litvinov goes on to say:

"There are . . . representatives of bourgeois circles with other points of view who, not renouncing their class interests, wish in the first place to defend their state interests, their national independence, their national culture, and the common culture of the whole of humanity and who see in fascism an ephemeral phenomenon. These quarrels on foreign policy take place essentially between the purely class interests of representatives on the one hand and the elements imbued with national and patriotic sentiment on the other."

This second group is exemplified in England by Alfred Duff Cooper, past Lord of the Admiralty, Anthony Eden and Winston Churchill, and has its counterpart in the other democracies, representing circles who are *increasingly opposed* to the policy of concession to fascism.

However, the decisive force in the capitalist democracies can be the masses of people themselves, and in the forefront, the labor movement. These forces have been tremendously aroused by the betrayal of Chamberlain and the capitulation of Daladier. Their hatred of fascism has deepened. Their distrust and hostility toward Chamberlain's policy has increased. Labor's role as the fundamental champions, not only of peace and democracy, but of the national interests and independence of its country, has become clearer than ever.

It war the only alternative to capitulation to fascist aggression?

IT is the fascists themselves who attempt to place the issue as one of "capitulation or war," as part of their whole policy of bluff and blackmail. First of all, capitulation itself has led and will lead only to further aggression and war, as the record of world history in the last year proves beyond a doubt. "Peace with honor" becomes dishonor without peace. Witness the increase in world armaments following Munich. Witness the succeeding crises and instability.

At each stage in their game, the fascists howl, "Give in to us—or else!" They did this at the time of the Czechoslovakian crisis. And yet, the previous May, prompt mobilization of Czechoslovakia, plus an immediate warning by the democracies to Hitler, had prevented Nazi invasion. A firm repetition of this action could have saved both Czechoslovakia and peace. This point of view is shared by many circles. An article in the isolationist *N. Y. Post* by Kenneth Crawford on September 23, discussing White House sentiment stated:

"White House opinion is that war was not the only alternative to capitulation to Hitler," and that "a strong stand at the proper time might have preserved both peace and the Czech Republic. Likewise, it is believed that surrender to Hitler on his terms in the Sudeten dispute has settled nothing and invites future trouble."

Certainly past capitulations to the fascist aggressors have made the halting of future aggression more difficult. The Munich Pact has increased the problems facing peace forces. But there are many cracks in the fascist armor. Remember Fascism's Achilles heel. Spain and China fight on, stronger, more united than ever before. From a military point of view, the fascist axis has already blunted itself fruitlessly on Spanish and Chinese bayonets. This is why the fascists continue to seek the line of least resistance, where they can advance without serious obstacles. Germany remains weak economically. She has not had time to digest her conquest in Czechoslovakia. She has not yet been able to extend her economic sphere of influence into these central European areas where she hopes to obtain essential war materials. Catholic and Protestant opposition to Hitler's regime grows apace. Japan faces mounting economic problems. She must rely upon the United States alone for 54.5% of her war material imports, unable to produce these herself.

Italy's finances are exceedingly precarious. She looks to further British loans to bolster her economic and military structure. At each one of these points the forces of democracy have the opportunity to block fascist aggression. No matter how "angry" the fascists become, their paralytic arms can hardly strike effective military blows. But the time element in such action is crucial. Earl Browder warned us some months ago that China and Spain are doing the military job for us. He pointed out that if the democracies act rapidly enough they will be spared the necessity of taking up the military struggle later under much more difficult circumstances. This warning still holds good.

Did the Soviet Union do everything it could to defend Czechoslovakia and halt Hitler?

THE Soviet Union was the one country in the world which from the outset stood solidly behind Czechoslovakia. This fact was recognized, for example, during the debates in the British Parliament, where such a man as Clement Atlee, leader of the Labor Party, who has frequently voiced an anti-Soviet bias, stated:

"Throughout the whole of these proceedings, Russia stood by its pledge and its declarations, and there has been some pretty hard lying about it, too. There have been lies, and people knew they were lies, about the alleged conversations between Maxim Litvinov and Georges Bonnet. At no time has there been any difficulty in knowing where Russia stood." (*N. Y. Times*, Oct. 4, 1938).

While the events leading to Nazi attacks on Czechoslovakia were maturing, the Soviet Union proposed an international conference to deal with the problem of political security and peace. After Hitler's demands were placed before Czechoslovakia, the Soviet Union made clear to France, and later to the whole world, through Litvinov's speech at Geneva, that it would stand by the Czechoslovakian-Soviet Pact under which it pledged to aid Czechoslovakia jointly with France. It made it clear that if Czechoslovakia resisted, even without the help of France, the Soviet Union would aid with whatever means it could, though this task would have been made much more difficult by the Rumanian refusal to permit transport of troops. Later, the Soviet Union proposed a joint French-English-Soviet display of land, air and sea forces to Hitler as a deterrent to his threatened invasion. Had these proposals been accepted by the capitalist democracies, both Czechoslovakia and peace would have been saved.

After the conclusion of the Munich Pact the Soviet Union undertook to stimulate and help arouse the sentiment of the masses against this betrayal. The Soviet press comment on the Franco-Soviet Pact asked how France could now be trusted since it betrayed Czechoslovakia, and pointed out the kind of "ally" France had in Britain. These comments were aimed at further arousing the sentiment of the French people against capitulation to Hitler. The statement of the Soviet flyers unmasking the lies of Lindbergh about the Soviet air forces, and pointing to the pro-fascist complicity of the Cliveden set with which Lindbergh is involved, similarly helped to stimulate British opposition to Chamberlain's policy.

The Soviet Union has not pursued these policies from a narrow selfish concern. Because of her strength, her borders are least endangered today by fascist attack. Rather she has been motivated by the desire to extend every possible assistance to the masses of people and the peace forces of the world. Collaboration of the United States with the Soviet Union and support of the peace policies of the Soviet Union, are therefore an integral part of any effective struggle for peace.

C. S.

THUMBNAIL REVIEWS

THE NEGRO AND THE DEMOCRATIC FRONT, by James Ford, International Publishers, \$1.75.

Reviewed by ANGELO HERNDON

After the Munich betrayal and Hitler's continued pressure upon the small and weak nations of Southeastern Europe, the problem of the oppressed national groups assumes world significance.

The very fact that Hitler perverted the principle of self-determination, for small nations in his agitation for the Sudeten areas makes the problem increasingly important for all of us.

Similar questions emerge at the moment in connection with the large scale Arab rebellion against British rule in Palestine, which is merely an intimation of the great colonial upheaval that is maturing in the whole Arab Near East.

And because Hitler is creating new problems of national oppression and colonial domination as quickly as he claims to be solving the old ones, it is fitting and proper to give renewed attention to the Marxist position on colonial and national liberation.

The Negro and the Democratic Front is a very clear and modest presentation of the problem of America's national minority, the Negro people. James Ford sums up the question very pointedly: "America's most bitter heritage is its Negro problem. Perhaps no other question has aroused such hatreds, such slanders, such suffering in our country. For more than three centuries, ever since 1619, when the first slave ship touched our shores, the presence of this darker race in America has constituted an unsolved problem, reflected on the one hand, in the bestial cruelty of lynching and,

on the other, in the noble sacrifice of a John Brown. One of the major wars in American history was lit by the fire of this conflict; and the failure of the Civil War to free the Negro people economically and socially has brought the problem down to our own day in very nearly as aggravating a form as it presented in 1861."

This is the question confronting us. It can not be overlooked. It cannot be ignored. It confronts the American people today as never before. Will they succumb to the fascist poison being spread by the Pelleys, the Ellenders, Bilbos and "Cotton Ed" Smiths (all representatives of Hitler's philosophy in America) or will they view this problem in its proper setting? James Ford, a spokesman of the Communist Party, has complete confidence in the American people. He is certain that they will follow the only true path out of this difficulty: the unity of Negro

and white in the labor movement, in politics, in every endeavor of the people really to improve their lot.

The Negro and the Democratic Front sets forth, primarily, the theoretical aspects of the Negro problem. But at the same time, it attempts to draw lessons from the everyday practical experiences of contemporary American life, invaluable in constructing of a firmly consolidated democratic front of negro and white progressive. But even more enlightenment is sorely needed on the Negro question. If America is to play the role that it must on a world scale, it can do so only with greater participation of Negroes in domestic as well as international affairs.

James Ford indicates the only way in which this can be achieved: by the uprooting of a vicious slave system in the South; the abolition of legal and extra-legal lynchings; full social, political and economic equality of the Negro people with complete right to self-determination. In short, *The Negro and the Democratic Front* sums up the experiences and results achieved in a profoundly significant period of American life. Showing how the national question has been solved in the land of Socialism, Ford shows also how it must inevitably be solved in the United States.

For the first time, Americans will have a chance to read in book form, a collection of speeches and discussions on the Negro question by America's outstanding Negro communist leader. It is a book that takes a prominent place alongside of the growing body of Marxist literature on the Negro question and the reconstruction period. It is a book that can well serve to guide us all to a fuller and deeper understanding of America's "most bitter heritage."



JAMES FORD

The Sucker Days Are Over

(Continued from Page 19)

party of Big Business. And contrary to what you say, my history book tells me that most of the major economic depressions in this country took place during Republican Administrations: under Grant in 1873, Teddy Roosevelt in 1907, Harding in 1921, and dear Herbie in 1929.

Now, something else. You may have flunked in history, but there certainly was no excuse for what you had to say about political graft and corruption. The spoils system you deride so vehemently (in words!) is the product of both parties, and dates from their transformation into parties of Big Business.

Sure, there is graft and corruption in the Democratic Party. In New York, Tammany Hall. In New Jersey, the Hague machine. In Chicago, the Kelly-Nash machine. Elsewhere, others. Most of these still have to be broken up as was the Tammany control of New York by the coalition of New Deal forces behind LaGuardia. But let us return to your own back yard. Have you forgotten Big Bill Thompson of Chicago who in his day could teach Jimmy Walker a trick or two? What about Grundy's record in Pennsylvania? Is it possible that you have already cleansed your nostrils of the Teapot Dome oil scandal of the twenties and Harding? Are we also to forget the Prohibition years of gangster-ridden America in which the Al Capones were at liberty to perpetrate the most monstrous crimes under the sleepy eyes of Coolidge and the unseeing eyes of Hoover?

You poor innocent lamb! Just like Hitler.

But I give you credit, Mr. Barton, for being a shrewd and slick hombre. After all, you have had plenty of experience in the advertising racket. To your mind, no doubt, the American public is most gullible. You still believe that Barnum was right, that a sucker is born every minute. You know how to use streamlined publicity and gold-plated slogans to sell anything to anybody. But while you may be a godsend to Lydia Pinkham, you're only a flash-in-the-pan to me.

Knowing that the people of this country, young and old, support the progressive policies of the New Deal, you try to sell them the old discredited Republican Party wrapped up in the cellophane of liberal phrases. That is why in speaking of the New Deal you said: We're not against the New Deal objectives—we're only against its methods. Trying to be homey-like, you oven quoted your father as saying that the Democratic Party never did know how to administer government and from this you concluded that if given another chance, the Republican Party would keep all the good things of the New Deal but administer them properly. Well, not to be outdone by you, I can quote my old man, too. He had a word for your kind of stuff. It was "baloney." And let me say, my old man was no slouch!

In the midst of your pipe-dream at the recent New York State Republican Convention, you described with eloquent phrases how the Republican Party if it came to power (yes, don't forget that if) could solve all the great difficulties confronting this country and its people. It went

something like this: the Administration would call a meeting of the representatives of both capital and labor. It would proceed to say, "Boys, the game is on and let the best team win. The government will be umpire, and a fair and impartial one at that. It will take no sides and knows that both teams, like good boys, will abide by all the rules of the game and refrain from kicking or biting." This, you said, would provide the necessary confidence in business circles, would revive industry, the purchasing power of the people, and in no time bring permanent prosperity. The trouble with the present Administration, you went on to add, is that it goes out of its way to kick business in the slats. It is an unfair umpire.

But what, Mr. Barton, is a fair umpire, may I ask? What makes the Roosevelt administration, in your opinion, so unfair to Big Business. Is capital making or losing money? Earl Browder, whom you have every reason to know of and to fear, answered this question in a little booklet called *The Democratic Front*. He pointed out that, "The index of factory payrolls for 1929 was 106.4; but in 1937, after all the recovery of the New Deal, it was only 93.2, or a decline of 12 percent. But the index of corporate dividends, taking 1929 as 100, had increased to 111.1, or almost the same percentage increase as factory payrolls showed a decline." In other words, workers in 1937 received 12% less, while Big Business made 11% more in profit, than in 1929. And you, Mr. Barton, have the brass to complain about Big Business getting a raw deal!

What is it that you really object to? You object to the Wagner Labor Act under which the workers for the first time have the right to organize into unions of their own choosing. You object to the various appropriations for relief which were and are being used to give aid and employment to millions of workers who were laid off because of the sit-down strike of big capital, and because labor produces more goods than the people with their lower wages and low standard of living can buy back at the fixed prices of the monopolies.

Another thing. In your speech, Mr. Barton, you said you were *for* relief, but *for less* of it. You made the accusation that too many gyp-artists were getting relief without need. I have yet to meet one of these individuals you claim are cheating the government, but I have met plenty of young men and women who need relief but do not get it. Do you know, Mr. Barton, that a young fellow who loses his job cannot get any relief or WPA job if any member of his family, even if it is a family of ten, is working or already on relief. Is this fair? Is this too much or too little relief? Are you for young people getting help from the government or not, Mr. Barton?

The kind of umpire you want the government to be is the Hoover kind, an umpire chosen by the team of big capital to help it in its dirty work.

There is much more I would like to say about that speech of yours, but I guess this is enough to show you where I stand. You may be good at selling things, but remember what Honest Abe Lincoln once said about fooling the people. I'm sorry, Mr. Barton, the sucker days are over.

LETTERS TO OUR EDITORS

—What Our Readers Think and Say—

DEAR EDITOR:

I think the *Review* should have short stories or poems or sketches in every issue. It should also have as much humor and humorous articles as possible. Included among the "News of the Day" articles should be some news on the latest developments in medical and physical science (especially of scientific progress in the Soviet Union). We are young people and are naturally interested in light news on science. Don't make it boring by long articles. (I am not referring to the Francis Franklin series, here. I think the series is swell and should be continued). Include all the scientific news in one article, in one column in a style light, brief and to the point. Stories and poems help make the magazine more readable. Make them short. Don't have them take several pages. One or two pages is enough.

As for political articles: there should not be more than one or two articles on international or national affairs except at certain instances, as in a war crisis or just before the elections, or an important conference like the World Youth Congress. Personally, I would prefer an article giving the underlying causes of a certain event. Knowledge of the events leading up to a certain crisis helps one determine the immediate form of action to take advantage of this crisis to advance the working class movement. So give the background of such political events as the Tory drive against the New Deal, and what the next steps of the conservatives will be in their drive towards Fascism. Give the causes of Hitler's aggression on Czechoslovakia and what drives him on.

All political articles should tend more towards giving causes and background rather than just repeating what we read in the newspapers.

If possible, include an article on the progress of the youth in other countries, especially in Germany, Italy, and Japan. Something like the "Around the World With Labor" articles that appear occasionally in the *Daily Worker*.

I am opposed to articles dealing solely with the number of youth unemployment this month as compared with the number unemployed last month, unless the information is combined with other information to show how the reactionaries are making a drive on youth, and the tactics they use. In other words, statistics should be used solely as proof of some statement.

A serious article on sex about once every three issues would be welcome, for we are youth and have suffered from the absence of sexual information until we spoke to friends or read books. A good serious scientific article would end many of our superstitions on sex and may help get more readers.

There is nothing really wrong with the present cover. It may be a good idea to use a colored picture instead of

a plain brown or black one. It would be a good idea to use complementary colors if it doesn't add too much to the expense.

I think the only material on YCL organizational life that is really important for the *Review* to publish is a series of articles which briefly describe the progress made by branches of the YCL in drives and how the more successful branches achieved their successes.

Some branches are more successful than others. We rank-and-file YCLers would like to know "how they did it." We would like to know what these branches did in selling tickets to the Randall's Island affair of the World Youth Congress, and how they doubled their membership in one month. Things like this help YCL drives all over the country whether it is for more new members, the World Youth Congress, Spain, or the elections. The best example of this can be found in the issue of the *Review* which contained the article "Summer Activities." In it a member from California described how he had fixed up a car or a truck to include motion pictures and a loud-speaker and then went around neighborhood showing cartoons and teaching the kiddies the fundamentals of the YCL. Let's have more of that!

JACK RUBINSON
Brooklyn, New York

DEAR EDITOR:

We need more, many more articles like Jim West's and Gil Green's, dealing *very simply* with the young Communist's attitude toward the Catholic youth. It is not only that we ourselves must realize what a potential force for progress lies dormant among young Catholics. It is that we must learn in a practical way, through national and local experience, as well as through our *Review*, how to extend the hand of brotherhood to these youth, eagerly and honestly, and above all, persistently. Certainly there are many misconceptions on the part of Young Communists as to the reasons Catholic youth are isolated from the main-streams of progress, almost as many as those misconceptions which Catholics have concerning us. (I don't mean all young Communists or all Young Catholics, of course). It would not hurt us in the least to know something more than we do about Catholicism, in America particularly. I mean quite a detailed study, with the positive aspects of that philosophy or religion, all in it that is humanitarian and supports the ideals of the brotherhood of man, linked to modern progressive and universal moral trends. Who built the Catholic youth organizations now existent? What have they done? What do they wish to do? Are they democratically set up? What part have they taken in national and community affairs?—these are just a few ques-

tions which would help us to utilize the heritage and background of young Catholics for peace and progress.

Let us hear, also, from our own people who are Catholics; from Robert Raven, who if not a Communist, is nevertheless one of the most courageous and heroic anti-fascists alive; from Spanish Catholic youth leaders; from the Irish; from liberal American Catholic priests; any and all progressive figures in Catholic life.

In the youth organization to which I belong, there are about 56% Catholics, mostly factory workers. It has always been an uphill job getting them to read at all and particularly difficult to get them to read the *Review*. Since we've had articles directly concerning and addressing the Catholic youth, I have had to smooth many a member's ruffled feelings because I couldn't save the *Review* for the exclusive use of this or that person. That's the truth—it's really in demand now and we want to keep it that way.

Yours,

B. B.
Chicago, Illinois.

DEAR EDITOR:

Let's have more cartoons by Redfields, Colin Allen, Gardner Rea—broad satirization of reactionary slogans that everybody knows. There is no more effective journalistic tool than humor and no more effective way of gaining attention and sympathy for your attitude than a good cartoon satirizing the other fellow. But to hit the mark with an audience such as the *Review* would like to have (non-League friends and people curious about the League as well as those quite familiar with it) they must deal with familiar material, with the broad, typically American humor of exaggeration that is calculated to draw belly-laughs. Humor has universal appeal and that should never be forgotten.

Let's leave sex out of this! There are other equally good avenues for sex education and the young person who doesn't know what he should can find it elsewhere. In spite of the stupidity of the attitude, discussion of sex is still not met with *general* approval and may limit wide distribution by conflicting with taboos that are still operative. There is enough to provoke argument, productive argument, without provoking disagreements with dying mores.

Criticism of books and movies has a definite place in the *Review*, provided it is completely handled. Criticism of other art forms would be largely excess baggage for people who ordinarily have little contact with them and would be of interest only to those in the more artistically active cities. This is a matter for your distribution of sales to decide but book reviews and movie criticisms tend, like humor, to have a universal appeal.

Explanation of League policy would be bettered if it were a little more closely related to the theoretical background of the revolutionary movement.

These have been more or less random notes suggested by your seven questions and the issue of the magazine in

which they were contained. Together with the answers to the questions I think they suggest two principal criteria by which the *Review's* effectiveness may be judged: the broadness of its appeal to the young people and the thoroughness with which it presents the position of the Young Communist League and the necessity of united action on the problems which confront us all today.

The primary attractiveness of the magazine and the broadness of its appeal may be increased by improving the typography of the magazine (cover with large picture "bled" off the edge as in *Life*, better proof-reading, more attractive make-up, i.e., layout, more striking heads for the articles), eliminating "deadwood" (small uninteresting cuts to which no one pays any attention, kindergartenish articles which add nothing new to the average reader's information or understanding), and adding more features of immediate interest like good cartoons and reviews of current books and movies of particular importance or significance.

Pardon the unorganized, rough character of these observations, please, but if you think there's truth in them show it by putting the belief into action.

Yours for a better *Review*,

BAYLISS CORBETT
St. Louis, Missouri

DEAR EDITOR:

The October issue of the *Young Communist Review* carried an interview with Selma Skoloff, President of the Student Branch of the YCL in Newark, New Jersey. In the course of the interview, comrade Skoloff says, "And we built branches of the American Student Union in four out of Newark's seven high schools. We've actually gone so far that we feel justified in forming an ASU federation in the county."

I am a member of both the ASU and the YCL and as such wish to take exception to this type of statement. Taken at face value, it would appear that the YCL in Newark has the ASU in its vest pocket and does with it what it pleases. I am sure this is not the case, and that comrade Skoloff didn't want to give this impression. Nevertheless that is what I felt on reading the interview.

In my opinion, the YCL is interested in the ASU because it recognizes the ASU as the leading mass anti-fascist organization in the American high schools and colleges. But while YCLers help to build the organization, that does not mean they want to dominate it and run it in their own sweet way. On the contrary, from my own experience, I have learned that the only way to help build the ASU is to cooperate with all liberal and progressive students in it, those students who constitute the overwhelming majority in the organization. Any other kind of procedure in the ASU will not help it one bit.

If comrade Skoloff does not have this attitude toward the ASU then somebody ought to speak to her and help her understand that she is wrong.

Yours,

J. M.

21 Years of Soviet Power

(Continued from Page 4)

Literacy was 35% under the Czar, but now about 95% of them read and write. The idea of a plan caught fire with our youth. And they studied hard, transforming even the methods of Ford. . . .

Thirty million children were attending school by 1937, the largest figure of that kind for the world. . . . As late as 1928, there were 92,000 engineers and technicians in our land, and now there are over a half million. . . .

Plants, refineries, mills, railroads, forges, oil fields, fisheries, power stations, open hearth furnaces grew up according to our industrial plan. The people watched as they worked, with amazement. . . . On the land, the peasants exchanged mules for tractors, and broke the fences between their fertile fields. The government gave them seed from airplanes, and electricity from the waterfalls . . . and soon there were crops of cotton, wheat, rye, corn, tomatoes, sugar cane, and tobacco .

Do you wonder, America, why our army grew strong, and young people married early, and old people began to study, and the ikons were neglected . . . ?

It was after the Great War that Americans began to rub their eyes and ask questions, although even in 1912, the railwayman, Eugene Victor Debs polled a million votes . . .

Let me tell you, when American mothers draped the pictures of their sons in black, and millions lost their jobs, and the bumper crops failed, the pollyanna days were over.

By the end of the '20s, six companies owned 75% of the steel plants; two trusts owned everything in auto; three combines held electrical manufactures in their grip; four companies owned the means of production for 70% of all rubber, and Standard Oil alone owned 73% of all the pipelines in the country.

So grown-up men were peddling apples on the corner, and breadlines linked one coast to the other. Park benches became a new kind of college, and there were bitter strikes and hunger marches. It used to be that you saw your relations only at weddings and funerals, but now many families doubled up in one apartment.

If you could have seen it from a distance, you would have known that something deep was brewing out of the questionmarks in the minds of the people. . . .

Our people loosened their belts as the Second Five Year Plan was finished, and the bread cards disappeared, and the farmers who had been doubters, now rushed to join the collective farms. We showed the world a new way to extract a living for every one out of Socialist soil.

Hitching their wagons to stars (as you Americans say) our young people studied aviation and parachute jumping, and our young soldiers adventured to conquer the Arctic. Young people married, freed as they were from worries about raising a family since jobs were secure, and mothers get vacations with pay before and after childbirth. New cities were built on the Siberian steppes out of our dreams for a brave, new world in the cradles of old civilizations.

It was all written down in our Constitution, in November, 1936 that "all citizens are guaranteed the right to employment . . . the right to leisure . . . the right to education . . . the right to freedom of conscience, speech, press and assembly; . . . street processions and demonstrations . . . that women are accorded full rights with men . . . all citizens, equal right irrespective of race or nationality . . . in all sphere of state, cultural, social, and political life."

We call that the Stalin constitution, because it was the firmness of Stalin, the scope of his mind and the strength of his will, that helped guide the Communist Party, and through the Party the people, to victory over the wreckers, the doubters, the men with two faces. . . .

America re-incarnates the Jeffersonian dream. . . . The "New Deal," just a phrase which President Roosevelt used on the radio, is being realized in the action of the American people, in the organization of the new trade unions, the regrouping of progressives against reactionaries in both political parties.

America wanted to know why one third of the nation must live in slums . . . why the average annual income is \$9.00 a week . . . why 13,000,000 families receive one tenth of the national income while .1% of the people . . . the Sixty Families . . . get 10%?

Did Jefferson or Lincoln mean that the spread in national income should reach 66 to one? Does the Bill of Rights exclude American youth from their chance for education, for jobs at good pay, for the happiness of the American homestead?

No, sir, Americans don't stay puzzled for long. They are putting meaning into the President's language, and backing him up with organized strength in the great twentieth century battle against Big Business reaction.

The picture has its shadows. The dracula of fascism looms on our South American horizon. Nazi spies are weaseling into our country, eating their way into our national defenses. And there are also some Tories in high places, whom the American people are keeping an eye on.

Our problems are going to be solved, because we always rise to the emergency that confronts us. But there is one problem which is not . . . our own problem alone. We want peace for ourselves, and peace for our neighbors, and peace for those lands from which our forefathers came, whose dreams are woven into the American tradition.

That's where the Soviet Union takes its place alongside of America against the barbarian forces that have shattered world peace in China, in Spain, in Czechoslovakia.

We have a different economy from yours, America, a different system. We planned it differently and it works out differently for the masses of people. The way we look at it, your country is ripe for change but you have a long way to go, and much struggle to endure before you can recapture it in the spirit of Jefferson and Debs . . . in the tradition of Lincoln and John Brown . . . and Tom Mooney.

But here is our hand, on this one issue alone . . . the issue of peace. Here is the firm handshake from 180,000,000 people, one sixth of the earth, and its mighty Red Army. . . Will you take it, America . . . ?

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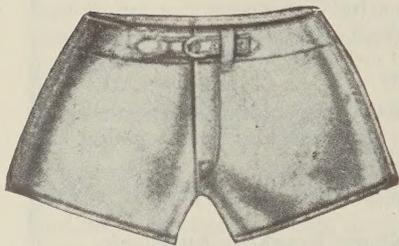
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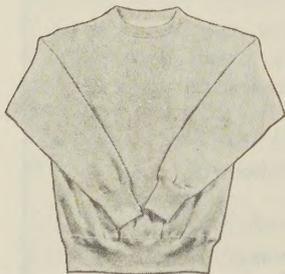
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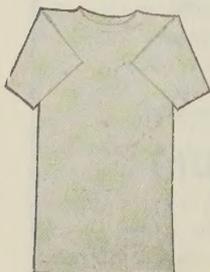
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