

Down With Hours, Up With Wages, Put Jobless To Work!

An Editorial

Economists have been saying for some time now that the capitalist system needs a doctor. But we say that, above all, it needs a psychiatrist. For it has gone completely "batty."

Take the report of the American Youth Commission on the results of its survey of 13,000 Maryland youth. It reveals all the old sore spots of the system. Women do the same work as men — yet receive less. Negroes work harder, longer, and under worse conditions — and are paid less than whites. Young married men receive more than single men, but because their responsibilities tie them to the job, they are forced to work longer hours.

Out of some 20,000,000 youth in this country, there are some 7,000,000, or about one out of three, unemployed. Why are they unemployed? What a stupid question! Because as everyone should know, there is no work for them.

No work for them? Not enough work to go around? That can't be true, because those who do work, must slave anywhere from 40 to 76 hours per week.

And why should people think it a calamity if there is less work to do? We remember our youth on a farm. There were five of us boys, and we all had to work. Some worked on the field, others in the barn.

During the late summer and early fall, we worked from morning 'till night. But after the harvest was in, there wasn't much to do until spring ploughing. And did we look forward to this! You bet, we didn't think it a calamity when there was less work to do.

Johnny and Pete had to take care of the live stock, which is a job that isn't as easier in winter than in summer. And even they were happy when the field work was over. Because we all pitched in around the barn and shared their work.

If some one would have told the "Old Man" that Johnny and Pete should work extra long during winter while the rest of us were completely idle, he would have thought the person "bugs." But that is exactly how capitalism works.

What to do about it? The same thing we did back home in winter—when there is less to do, divide up the work, so no one is idle and no one is overworked.

Let the government make an accurate survey of all the employed and how many hours they work. Then let it make an accurate count of all the unemployed. Cut down the hours to a certain maximum until everyone is given a job. Let two men do the work of one. Let two men each work 20 hours apiece in the place of one who works 40.

But they couldn't live on half of the pay? Who said anything about half of the pay. Why should they get less than they need to live on? Doesn't the country produce just as much when the work is divided up? And doesn't this country have enough wealth to permit everyone to live in comfort?

But the employers can't stand it! They will go bankrupt! If the employers can only stay in business by keeping millions idle while other millions are overworked, then the sooner they close up the better!

If capitalism can only exist in the midst of exploitation, unemployment, and mass misery, then the system must make way for a saner order!

REDUCE HOURS UNTIL EVERYONE IS EMPLOYED!

IF CAPITALISM CAN'T AFFORD IT, THEN WE CAN'T AFFORD CAPITALISM!

leader.

THE CHALLENGE OF YOUTH

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Five Cents

Stalinists Invite Fascists to World Youth Meet

Shamelessly trampling upon the heroism of the thousands of young Italian anti-fascists incarcerated in Mussolini's prisons, the Organizing Committee of the 2nd World Youth Congress has invited as spokesmen of Italian youth, the leaders of the fascist youth movement of Italy.

The organizers of the Congress have not publicly explained their failure to invite the representatives of the Hitler Youth of Germany. The latter will be the only important country not represented at the sessions scheduled for August 15 to 24 at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Semi-Fascists Arrive

Definite information is not available as to whether the Italian fascists will attend, but it is known that the representatives of militaristic and jingoistic youth movements have already arrived from countries where militant labor organizations are suppressed and their leaders in prison, like Poland, Lithuania, Roumania, and Hungary.

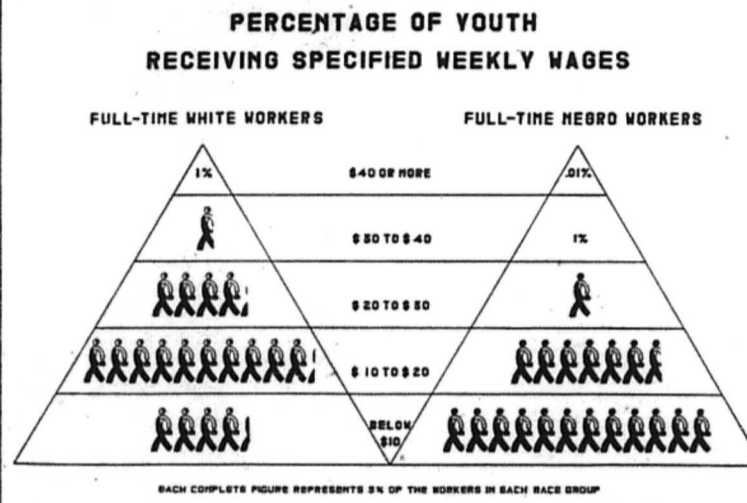
The United States Sponsoring Committee and the list of Patrons contains, among the usual names of "professional pacifists," many political leaders and diplomats notorious for their bloody attacks upon revolutionary movements.

While the official sponsorship of the Congress comes from the League of Nations Society, the unofficial political inspiration comes from the Young Communist (Stalinist) International.

Though the Socialist (Second) Youth International will be represented, its American section, the Norman Thomas youth, are on record to oppose the Congress.

It will be extremely interesting to witness the nature of the reception which the Thomas youth will extend to the European "comrades."

Survey Shows Youth Doomed To Idleness, Low Wages, Long Hours By Capitalism



Young Organizer Defies Judge's 'Leave Town' Order

SPECIAL TO CHALLENGE.—A victory in the campaign against the framup of Al Russell was scored here today, when upon threat of suit by the union, the Police "voluntarily" returned the personal possessions of Russell which they had illegally seized during his arrest.

OMAHA, Neb.—Al Russell, youthful militant and organizer for the Teamsters Union, Local 554, was convicted here of "vagrancy", despite the fact that he draws a regular salary of \$30 weekly from the union. This was the climax of the campaign which the bosses and the city government have been con-

ducting against the union. Russell was given a ninety day suspended sentence on condition that he leave town. Upon advice of the union attorney, Albert Goldman, he ignored the court order and continued his union activities. The union appealed the case. When Russell was arrested, an illegal search was made of his possessions, and the police seized his letters, pictures and pamphlets. His testimony that he was receiving a regular wage and hence was obviously not a vagrant was ignored by the court, which was insistent upon dealing a blow against the union.

The workingclass youth of America, plus the majority of middle class youth, are doomed to unemployment or, if "fortunate" enough, employment at jobs that have no future and pay an average wage of \$12.96. These facts were revealed in the report of the American Youth Commission on the results of its survey of over 13,000 youth in the state of Maryland. The Commission, a semi-official body that works in close relationship with the United States Bureau of Education, lists among its members the head of the Bureau of Education, George F. Zook, Matthew Woll, Owen D. Young and other conservative labor leaders, educators, and industrialists.

BRITISH HUMOUR

In a speech before the House of Commons, defending his imperialistic policy in India, the English Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, said: "Our bombing on the Northwest frontier of India is in the main a humane practice. I do not think there can be any difficulty for the inhabitants of these regions to find refuge. I have read that there are numerous caves in the vicinity."

The material for the report was gathered by a trained staff of investigators who interviewed 13,466 young people between the ages of 16 and 24. The youth interviewed form a fairly accurate cross section of the youth population of Maryland.

Bosses Retreat on Plan for Forced Relief Labor Camps

SAN FRANCISCO.—One of the most vicious plans ever advanced for the "solution" of the jobless single men's problem was partially blocked here by the action of the trade union and unemployed movements.

The plan, advanced by the ship-owners' and fruit growers' Governor, Frank Merriam, proposed the transfer of single men from the relief rolls to compulsory labor camps where they were to work 30 hours per week for their room and board with 15% receiving an additional cash wage of from \$2.50 to \$7.50 a month.

Trade union leaders charged that the camps were established in order to herd the single jobless into convenient "labor reservoirs" from which they could be dispatched to any part of the agricultural belt where a labor shortage threatened to raise wages.

The protests of militant trade unions, like the Sailors Union of the Pacific, led to a partial retreat on the part of the Administration. The camps, however, are still being maintained on a compulsory basis for aliens and unemployables. The Stalinist-controlled Workers Alliance gave no indication of organizing a fight for the complete abolition of the camps.

Farm Youth Strike

PHILA., Pa.—Five hundred young farm workers have gone out on strike on the Kings Farm Company, near Morrisville, Pa. Revolting against peonage conditions of ten to twelve hours of labor per day, work week seven days per week, and a recent reduction of pay from 20c to 17c for girls and 25c to 23c for boys per hour, these young agricultural workers, many of whom are girls, have determined to strike until they attain decent living conditions.

Jobless Figures
The figures on unemployment show that about one out of every five youth (19.5%) is unemployed. Excluding students, housewives, and other youth not seeking work, nearly one out of every three youth (29.5%) in the labor market is totally unemployed. Using the figure of 20,000,000 as the number of youth in the United States between the age of 16 and 24, all other things being equal, the report would indicate the national figure of unemployed youth to stand at about 4,000,000.

However, when we take into account the tremendous increase of unemployment since October 1935 when the interviews were given, and the fact that the percentage of farm youth nationally is lower than for a semi-industrial state like Maryland, the facts established by the survey indicate that the figure of 7 million jobless youth given in last month's CHALLENGE OF YOUTH is, if anything, too conservative.

Youth Discontented
Discussing its report, the Commission states:

"In a later section, we will discuss how employed youth feel about their jobs. We will find a surprisingly general feeling of discontent. It is our guess (!) that at least a part of this discontent may be traced to the wages they receive."

And little wonder that youth is dissatisfied with the wages it is paid. The report establishes that the average wage is \$12.96 per week. Since this is the average, approximately half of the youth receive less than this figure!

ASKS FOR RELIEF, GETS JAILED

This story is the actual experience of a young worker from Brooklyn, New York. This story is not too polished; nor is its grammar 100% correct. But it expresses dramatically and poignantly the plight of the unmarried youth seeking relief. That is why we have not corrected its errors or changed its structure. Let this young worker tell his own story.—Editor.

By WILL LUBIN
For weeks I tried to get on relief. Day by day my situation became worse. My case is similar to that of thousands of other young fellows. I have seen them in the buro, young men and women being choked by clutching red tape and tortured by slow starvation.

When a young fellow, as a last resort, goes into a relief buro and explains his plight he is immediately pummeled with hundreds of questions, calculated to confuse you. Have you a family? What have you been doing for the past two years? Where have you worked? How long have you been out of a job?

How long have you been able to support yourself since your last job? Ha! If you saved only so much money, how could you live? You say you hardly ate? Lost



LaGuardia's 'Economy' Responsible weight, well, why didn't you come here before?

1000 Questions
After the hungry and despondent young man has been asked a thousand questions (mind you, I

only asked for an application blank) he is told—we can't do anything for you. You must go home."

But, explains the young man, "I've been living away from home for 2 years. I have my own home. I have no connections with my family. They can't support me and won't have anything to do with me." Even after all these answers, they tried to have me return to my family even though they knew that was impossible.

But still I tried to get an application. What else could I do? At last—victory. I get my application and fill it out. Now I was sure of getting on relief. After all they know my desperate situation and can't refuse me relief.

Then you begin to wait. Days, weeks, even months. The sleek, well-fed blood-hounds of the Relief Buro, they aren't in any hurry, they seek out the most irrelevant details about your record.

Then, after each detail has been proven, after your ribs stick out far enough to almost rip the side of your frayed shirt and your toes protrude from your worn shoes which automatically recognize that fami-

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One In Five Jobless Says Youth Report

(Continued from page 1)

And even this average paints a more optimistic picture than facts permit. Included in the computation of the \$12.96 weekly wage are young people employed in professional, technical, and managerial capacities. The following table shows averages for the various occupational groups.

Occupational field	Average weekly Wage	Average weekly Hours
Proprietary-Managerial	\$21.50	57.8
Professional-Technical	20.90	40.0
Skilled	17.17	42.9
Semi-skilled	15.67	41.3
Office-sales	14.49	43.7
Unskilled	8.53	51.5
Domestic-personal	7.54	51.1
Relief projects	7.20	31.7

The heading of proprietary-managerial is in fact misleading since it includes owners of farms whose income usually represents the work of both husband and wife. This also accounts for the long hours of this category.

76 Hours per Week

One hundred and seventy-three, or almost four per cent of the 4,474 employed white youth interviewed, were found to have worked more than 76 hours the preceding week.

The report also establishes the existence of widespread discrimination in wages on the basis of race, sex, and age. While two-thirds (66.5%) of the Negro youth were paid less than \$10 a week, less than one-third (29.4%) of the white youth were in the same brackets. While the average wage of all youth was \$12.96, the average wage of Negro youth was only \$7.98.

The average weekly wage of married males was \$17.06, \$4.10 more than the average for all youth. But the hours worked were also longer averaging more than 49 hours per week. When it is noted that the report indicates the average married male to have a wife and a child to support, it becomes obvious why so many young men shy away from the prospect of marriage on \$17.06 a week or less for half of them.

Classes Solidify

The report effectively explodes the old myth about the absence of class lines in America and the opportunity of any young worker rising in life if he only applied himself. Says the report on this score: "... it would appear on the surface that the most potent single factor in determining the wages a young worker will receive is that of the occupational field in which he works. One doesn't have to scratch very far beneath this surface, however, to discover that the occupational field in which a youth finds himself is usually related to the amount of schooling he has received. This amount of schooling has, in turn, often been the direct result of the income level of his father. Thus the occupational field in which the youth works is quite as logically the ULTIMATE

RESULT of the economic status of his parental home as it is the CAUSE of his relatively high wages.

"The higher income fathers, with their smaller families, provide their children with relatively adequate schooling, which tends eventually to place them in the more highly paid jobs. The lower income fathers, with their large families, provide their children with less schooling which, in turn, tends to route them into the more poorly paid jobs."

Class Consciousness

However, after establishing the above fact, the report goes on to make the following observation, worthy of a policeman's mentality:

"It is altogether reasonable to assume that many youth, like many adults, never become acquainted with the deficiencies of their lot until these deficiencies have been pointed out to them. A plausible explanation of the relatively great dissatisfaction among the male textile workers is probably to be found in the fact that they had been told by labor organizers that their wages were too low. The factor that was present in this situation was the factor of class consciousness, and if these data suggest nothing else, they suggest its power to color, if not fix, a pattern of thought."

The writers of the report do not seem to understand that young textile workers earning \$16 to \$20 a week might find it difficult to make ends meet even without labor organizers reminding them about it.

Dead-End Jobs

The report also disclosed some highly important facts regarding the chances for future advancement which youth felt their jobs held for them. Almost half of all employed youth interviewed (43.2%) felt that they had landed in a "dead-end" job that held no future for them. The percentage of those dissatisfied with the possibilities of their job rose in inverse ratio to the amount of education they had received and the occupational group they found themselves in. Thus, for example, those who had received a college education and held professional and technical positions felt much greater hope for their future than the unskilled workers. The following table reveals how the amount of education affects the kind of job available and the amount of pay received:

School Grade Completed	% stating dead-end job	Average Weekly Wages
Less than 6th grade	53.2%	\$7.84
6th grade	50.0	8.75
7th grade	51.5	9.27
8th grade	46.5	10.89
9th grade	45.0	13.19
10th or 11th, non-graduate	44.6	14.51
11th grade graduate	35.4	12.72
12th grade graduate	44.1	15.38
1 yr. beyond H.S. graduate	34.1	15.71
2 or 3 yrs. beyond H.S.	23.4	19.74
4 or more years beyond H.S.	17.4	22.23
All grades	43.27%	\$12.96

Polish Labor Fights Anti-Semitism

Recent months have seen increased resistance from the Polish labor movement and the Jewish students to the anti-Semitic terrorism raging in that country. The system of Ghetto benches instituted in Polish universities in October, 1937, was met by courageous action on the part of the Jewish students. At the University of Lvov they remained standing, rather than submit to the indignity of Ghetto benches, throughout their lectures and were supported by left-wing students and professors.

While the government says it is against anti-Jewish violence, it has tolerated all sorts of hooliganism and has called for their economic strangulation. The trade unions passed a resolution threatening vigorous action against the anti-Semites if they were not curbed by the government. There has recently been a nation-wide strike of Jewish workers and their sympathizers protesting the Fascist terrorism.

"No Trotskyites"

On all Nazi camps there are signs which say: "No Jews Allowed." In the Stalinist camp Kinderland an incident occurred last week which makes one wonder if they will not post signs: "No Trotskyites Allowed."

Louis Becker, a prominent member of the YPSL, works as a counsellor in the Workmen's circle camp, which is directly opposite Camp Kinderland. Occupants of both camps frequently visit each other.

Comrade Becker visited a few of his friends in Camp Kinderland. He got into a political discussion with them, and to the chagrin of the Stalinists present, proved that Lenin believed in revolution!

The next time Becker was in Camp Kinderland, on a Sunday evening seeing a movie, he was "visited" by several husky young men who informed him that if he desired to retain his health he had better stay away from Kinderland!

NEW DEAL PROGRESS — STREAMLINED DEATH



I Seek Relief--

(Continued from page 1)

iar crack in the floor of the H.R.B., he is given an answer. Will they help him? No! After playing with him as a cat with a mouse, they reject him. "We do not open separate maintenance cases," he is politely told.

That's what happened to me. I wanted to talk to the administrator, to the supervisor—anyone to whom I could appeal my case. But everyone refused to see me. They told me to go to a municipal lodging house!

Rotten Scheme

I could starve on the streets or hang around the HRB buro. I chose the second alternative. Better to sleep on the buro bench than in some dark, rotten alley. The supervisor told me she would let me stay overnight in the reception room. How was I to know the rotten scheme she had in mind?

The reception room was empty. The supervisor came over to me and asked me if I intended to stay all night. I told her there was nothing else I could do. She immediately went over to the patrolman who is regularly stationed at the buro. A few minutes later, 3 cops arrived and told me to "Scram." I told them that the supervisor had given me permission to stay, but she immediately denied it. As she talked, she turned pale and her tongue refused to work properly. Evidently she was not yet completely hardened to her role. I was so astonished that I just sat and stared at the supervisor. The cops seeing I wasn't moving grabbed me and pushed me out of the buro. I said I'd leave peacefully. Why these three healthy cops should be afraid of me, who was undernourished from months of poor meals I don't know. They continued their violence. My whole body was bruised and scratched.

Locked Up

It seems that they were going to let me free so that I could sleep in some dark alley. But after they had placed me in the radio car and were discussing what to do with me, I asked for their numbers because I was offended by their treatment, a procedure which I had a perfect right to take. They then changed their minds and locked me up. I was questioned by a fat captain, locked in a cell as if I were a common criminal. I know that a prisoner is supposed to get food, but they let me go hungry. If not for the kindness of a friend I had called to inform of my situation, I'd have gone hungry all night. In the morning I was driven to a court.

Rudolf Klement-- Refugee From Hitler, Victim of Stalinism

Ignace Reiss, Erwin Wolf, Camillo Berneri, Mark Rhein, Hans Moulin, Julia Stuart Poyntz, Andreas Nin, Navachine, Major Georges Kopp—and now RUDOLPH KLEMENT, the youthful secretary of the Fourth Internationalist movement.

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, SPAIN, AMERICA, CHINA; the GPU agents, Stalin's specialists in kidnap and murder, are active in every country where the Communist Parties find it necessary to augment the poison pen with the bloody dagger.

Comrade Klement, most recent victim of these international gangsters, grew to maturity during the period of workingclass disillusionment and demoralization with the Weimar Republic. While the mass of German students, confronted by growing misery and unemployment, turned away from the opportunism of the Social Democrats and the "third period" idiocy of the Communists to join Hitler's Storm Troops, Klement found his way into the small Marxist vanguard that was struggling to realize Trotsky's slogan of a united front of Socialists and Communists for direct action against Hitler.

Following the Nazi triumph, Klement was forced to live in France in order to escape the fate of his many comrades who still languish in Hitler's prisons. Here he experienced the dire poverty which is known only to the revolutionary refugees who are refused aid by "impartial" relief committees controlled by Stalinists and Social Democrats.

Personal hardships severely handicapped Comrade Klement in his political work but never daunted his spirit. He utilized his training in the German movement and his extensive knowledge of languages to organize the technical work of the international movement.

We can only venture a guess at what horrible plans the GPU has in store for Comrade Klement. If it is their plan to break him morally in order to secure a "confession", they will soon discover that this young revolutionist is much different material than a grovelling, many times capitulating Zinoviev.

The fate of Comrade Klement moves us to repeat of him what Felix Morrow wrote about the murdered anarchist, Berneri:

"The list of our martyrs is as long as the life of the working class. Fortunate were those among them who fell fighting the open class enemy, fell in the midst of battle with their comrades beside them. Most terrible of all is it to die alone at the stiletto-point of those who call themselves socialists or communists, as Karl (Liebknecht) or Rosa (Luxemburg) died, as our comrades are dying in the execution chambers of Siberian exile."

When I was arraigned in court I learned that I was "guilty" of ripping up official papers of the HRB and scattering them over the floor, of shouting and cursing. Imagine my amazement! When I got up on the witness stand, the judge was so interested that he turned his back to me and watched the rain patter on the window. Three cheers for justice!

When I finished my testimony, to which nobody listened, the judge immediately pronounced me guilty. He gave me a suspended sentence and told me that if I dared go into the relief buro again I'd have to serve the sentence. In other words, if I try to get relief I'll go to jail. Where can I turn now? What should I do?

Young "Trotskyists" Arrested in Greece

Ten young greek students were arrested recently in Athens on the charge of "Trotskyist activities," according to a report in the Greek language paper of New York, "Atlantis."

The Greek Fourth Internationalist movement has been forced underground by the reactionary Metaxas government and one of its methods of contacting the youth is to participate in the school fetes. According to this fragmentary report, the students were arrested at the annual fete of the Girls Cultural School of Athens.

The CHALLENGE hopes to carry a fuller report of the activities of the youth section of the Greek Fourth Internationalist movement in its next issue.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE LEAGUE

By HAL DRAPER

IN TRAINING . . . Way back at our convention last September, we decided to organize for the following summer four regional training schools, in New York, Ohio, Chicago, and California . . . We are happy to report that four regional schools will get under way within the next two weeks in New York, Ohio, Chicago and California . . . Selected comrades will come together in the regional center for an intensive week of classes and recreation . . . Los Angeles will have the fullest educational program—ten classes to choose from—and a right thorough coverage it is of revolutionary theory and practice . . . held at Big Bear Lake, with all kinds of sports and climaxed with a treasury hunt . . .

POETIC JUSTICE . . . Our Boston comrades have been holding street corner meetings right along during the summer . . . On June 9 the Stalinists deliberately organized a gang of hoodlums and set them to break up the meeting with rotten-fruit barrages . . . The next week the Stalinists held a meeting at the same place . . . The gang, not being able to distinguish colors, and tasting the joys of their new-found pastime, opened up the same barrage . . . The cops stepped in and arrested—the Stalinists, for disturbing the peace . . . Historical note: in post-war Germany, the Social-Democrat Noske organized the reactionary officers to suppress the workers' revolution . . . These same elements later became the basis of Hitler's storm troops who suppressed the Social-Democrats.

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK . . . will see a Housing Parade through the Lower East Side, in continuation of the New York District's Housing Campaign reported here last month . . . The campaign is being extended to Williamsburg and the east and west Bronx . . . The campaign around the Lubin case is being taken up in a big way . . . Educational work has been going on apace: in addition to the coming Regional Training School, which includes the surrounding states, a Marxist Summer School has been held for new members in New York in ABC of Marxism, Trade Unionism and Public Speaking . . . A Professor Quiz contest will be held on a city-wide scale, with the winners in each circle competing for the grand prize . . . Strictly Marxist Professors only.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

Bob Johnson, having left Minneapolis civilization, has just taken up his job in Syracuse as the new Upstate New York organizer . . . the Syracuse YPSL stock jumps ten points, with a reorganization of the group along the lines of activation in mass organizations . . . One of the circle's first projects is the organization of a Party branch.

S. P. SPLITS AGAIN . . . (What again?) . . . In Reading, where Socialism is being built in one city, S.P. Right-winger Bigony recently expelled Clarityite Mark Brown and 29 followers, including practically the entire youth circle of the S.P. . . . The national office of the S.P. youth has not intervened on behalf of the Brown "left-wingers" . . . A section of Brown's supporters have turned their faces to the left and are discussing with our comrades . . .

Speaking of the S.P., the New York District has put out a fine 6-page mimeographed analysis of the record of the S.P. since the split, which has been sent to all S.P. youth in N.Y.C. . . . We challenged them to a debate which they have refused . . . As we go to press, the S.P. organ reports that negotiations for unity are projected between the S.P. and the Social-Democratic Federation—the Old Guard!

PENNY PAMPHLETS . . . We're developing a real youth press! . . . Arrangements are practically completed for the publication of a Penny Pamphlet on the way out of the crisis for youth . . . Twelve pages to sell for one cent . . . It'll be the first of a Penny Pamphlet series on youth problems . . . And as for the CHALLENGE—all YPSL circles, stand by for a sensational announcement within two weeks on a new policy that will permit us to treble our circulation!

From Field, Factory, and Office

YOUTH TELLS ITS STORY

of Unemployment, Exploitation, Long Hours, and Low Wages

My Boss Loves Music When We Do the Swinging

By AL

In my shop, which I can't name because I need my job, the boss has found a new way to speed up production. Besides using the usual "motion-economy" methods, they now play swing records over a public address system!

Every day from 10:30 to 12:00 and from 3:30 to 5:00 we listen to phonograph records of Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Louis Armstrong, etc. The quick rhythm of the music makes you work faster (particularly in our industry, the garment industry, where you work at electric machines) and for the time being you feel swell. But when the work is over you feel about three times as tired as usual.

Hot, Not Sweet

The boss never allows sweet, or slow, music to be played. Once when the fellow in charge of the phonograph played such a number the boss told him to play only fast music. It is estimated that the rate of production is increased about 15% by the swing and since there are over 1,100 people working in my shop you can imagine the extra profit the boss reaps.

So, though they may not know it, Benny Goodman and Louis Armstrong are being used for anti-labor purposes.

Facing Eviction, Abandons Children

NEW YORK.—A tragic instance of the effects of the depression on youth was seen here when three children were deserted by their mother because she was unable to provide food or shelter for them.

Mrs. Marie Lazzarino left her three children at the E. 67th Street Police Station on July 19 during the late evening. She left a note with them which said in part: "I was turned out because I was unable to get shelter." When she received a dispossession notice she spent the entire day searching for new quarters.

At 10:30 in the evening she apparently gave up the search and left the children in front of the station. When the oldest child, Virginia, aged 13, was asked if she was hungry she answered: "I haven't had anything to eat all day and night."



Having A Rotten Time . . .

The Lot of the Waiters and Bus Boys in the Catskills

Every summer thousands of fellows and lately girls leave school and try to get jobs working in mountain resorts either as waitresses or as bus-boys. In spite of the fact that there are hundreds waiting in agencies to get these jobs this year, but can't get them, the jobs are not at all rosy.

In the overwhelming majority of cases, the waiters, waitresses and bus-boys get no salary worth talking about—maybe \$10 or \$15 a summer. They rely on tips for the real money. Of course, the boss counts room and board as a part of the salary.

In most places the expenses that the young resort worker has outstrips his meager salary. Waitresses have to send uniforms; waiters and bus-boys jackets and white shirts to the laundry at sky high prices (e.g. where I work it costs 16 cents a shirt). If the shoes wear out, almost \$2 for soles and heels. Cleaning a pair of trousers costs 75 cents. Besides in many places the fellows and girls pay a chambermaid to make the beds and clean the room, a silverman to wash the silver and a teaman to serve tea to the guests at night.

Workers Get Slop

Since the depression many of the smaller places have been bankrupt, operating on shoe-strings. The overhead is always cut at the expense of the help. That's why the

workers get slop and left-over for food. Food in the morning; eggs scrambled in lard (no butter). Breakage is almost always charged to the help. The sleeping quarters most often outstrip the Black Hole of Calcutta, especially when your hotel is crowded.

Waiters often take care of 35 guests serving 3 meals a day and often getting 50 cents or nothing in tips at the end of the week. The busboys are even worse off, because of their lower place in the staff!

Gigolos at Night

If the diningroom staff were finished with their tasks after meals were over, all wouldn't be so bad. Instead, the most abject and miserable tasks start in the evening. The fellows must dance with the guests; all kinds short, long, thin, fat, poor dancers, jitterbugs—in a plain word, you're a gigolo. The girl employees are saved the embarrassment because of the usual preponderance of female guests. However, waitresses are often barred from dancing with the help.

Against the most miserable exploitation of youth, there have been strikes and attempts at union organization. The bosses have answered by signing union contracts for one season only and not taking back the same help next year.

Sometimes, as in Monticello last year, strikes are broken by the American Legion.

Shipping Clerks "Donate" Overtime

Meet the young shipping clerk, industrial slave of New York's empty million dollar dress industry. There are fifteen thousand more like him in this, the richest city of the world, fifteen thousand young workers whose glorious lot is a sixty hour week and a weekly pay envelope as thick as your thumbnail. And with the advent of the new depression and the general onslaught on wages and hours taking place throughout the nation, conditions are becoming worse.

Your average shipping clerk is about 22 years old, has a high school education, and is a product of a poverty-stricken environment. He got his job through a clip-joint agency or through "pull." As a matter of fact there is more "pull" in this industry than anywhere else.

"Donate" Overtime

The shipping clerks check in at 8 in the morning and quits at 5:30—nominally of course. During the rush season beginning in late July and lasting through September he unwillingly donates hundreds of hours of free overtime to his boss. Here as in most industries the boss offers the young worker the alter-

WE WORK ON A FARM

Tobacco Road Comes Up North

By BEN THORPE

HARTFORD, Conn.—A new Tobacco Road has arisen in New England which rivals even the famous Georgia section for its squalor and poverty. Up here in Connecticut tobacco plantations run all the way from Hartford to the Massachusetts border.

I work on a farm near Hartford. My job is typical for the average white worker. The many Negroes are worse off. We receive \$2.25 for a ten hour day—when it doesn't rain. Out of that we have to pay \$7 a week for room and board in a company shack. So that following a week's labor the worker receives a pay envelope containing about \$3 to \$4. The trouble is that you must live in the company boarding-houses if you want to keep the job.

Live In Shacks

The "boarding houses" in which we live, or to be accurate, the shacks, are small and musty. They are very crowded, three men (as in my shack) sleeping in one bed.

Most striking of all the lousy conditions on the farm are the sanitary provisions. Although we have cold running water in our shack, we have no toilet. Near the fields what is supposed to be a lavatory is a shack three feet square with a hole in a wooden box inside it. When you go in, you're 'greeted' with a pretty nauseating stench.

Conditions for the Negroes are even worse. They only make about \$1 to \$1.25 per day. Naturally they don't live in as "royal" a style as the white workers. Most of the Negroes are brought up from Georgia.

Child Laborers

Conditions are so bad that the Connecticut tobacco workers really realize the necessity for a union. Out here we know what lousy working conditions really are. We sweat like hell in the hot fields for ten hours per day. Kids of twelve work side by side with their parents. Every now and then someone drops from exhaustion.

Unfortunately many of the workers remember the last attempt to organize a union. The Communists tried it and the terrorism of the bosses smashed the union to bits.

As one of the workers said: "We're ready for a union. All we need is leadership."

native of taking his job or leaving it. With the labor market glutted with 300,000 unemployed youth, the boss is free to hire and fire at will. The shipping clerk can accept rotten conditions or he can lose his job. With his family in need, what else can he do but shut his mouth tight, and work?

He continues at his job, packing at a furious rate, pushing racks about the shop, running off to express offices with rush orders. He is a combination shipping clerk, traffic clerk, messenger, push boy and sometimes bookkeeper. When the 100% unionized dress workers have gone home at five, he is still hanging around cleaning up odds and ends. Then his boss informs him, that tonight "we'll" stay overtime since Mr. Abercombe Cohen, the Peoria jobber, is expecting a shipment in the morning. He starts to complain that this is the third night in succession he'll get home just in time to wake up for work. But back to the grind he goes—at \$15 bucks per week.

California Farm Workers Gird For Union Drive

By MARTHA THOMPSON

I am writing these hurried lines in the early part of July just before the California agricultural season reaches its peak. We are again trying to build up a powerful union movement among the most exploited workers in America—the agricultural laborers of Imperial Valley. That is why I can't write as much as I wish.

The job facing us is really tremendous. Some of the obstacles are: organized and powerful bosses, the Farmers Association, which despite internal contradictions and market competitions, always unites to crush attempts at unionization; the vigilantes, deputized and armed, at the service of the Farmers Association. Not only do we who are trying to build a union here face the difficulty of meeting tremendous resistance from the bosses, but the ranks of the workers themselves are divided. There are different races—Americans, Mexicans, Philipinos, Chinese—divided by language and prejudice. The work is of a migratory nature, scattering a union membership all over the state after each crop harvest. We also face extreme poverty: lack of funds for strikes, transportation, organizational activities, etc.

Songs of Revolt

But despite these barriers, we still can win. For one thing, many of the workers are Mexicans who have an old revolutionary tradition. In their oil-lit shacks are sung the songs of revolt of Mexico, hymns and folksongs of Pancho Villa. And

Diet of Petitions

Taking advantage of the increasing union sentiment, they are herding many workers into their 'union' and feeding them on a diet of petitions and letters to "Dear Pres. Roosevelt". With the highways lined with unemployed workers, camping with their families behind billboards or in the trees that grow around small creeks or ditches, they collect signatures beneath high-sounding phrases to impress congressmen. Henderson, the international union rep, in his report to the state convention a few weeks ago, made a plea for funds for the international office in order to establish a more efficient lobbying system in Washington, D. C. Oh stupidities of stupidities, these workers starve, their children die. They need bread, not illusions. The government, thru the State Farm Bureau, organized the Farmers Association in 1933 (the year II of the New Deal). They exclude us agricultural workers in all Wage and Hour legislation, tho' we need it most. And it is from them you expect assistance?

Offer Program

The progressives in the CUCOM and the FFUW (independent and militant agricultural unions—Ed.) in L.A. county counterpose a real program for the agricultural workers in the West. We say to the workers and in our bulletin "Campesino Organizado" for the predominant Mexican workers, we say: an international union for workers of all races; a democratically centralized union like the SUP (Sailors Union of the Pacific); a crop sys-



even more important, their conditions of life teach them early the necessity of unions and revolutionary organization.

There have been many strikes, most of them sporadic and unsuccessful. Since the workers, most of whom are quite young, have learned to expect little, these strikes are not fatal. But if only a union could teach them how to strike successfully! How their morale would then be raised!

Even more treacherous to unionization of the field workers is the activity of the Stalinists through the CIO agricultural union. Though the CIO may be progressive elsewhere, it certainly isn't around this part of the country where the Stalinists control it.

tem of striking, utilizing the market competition of the different growers; immediate demand of the hiring hall which is the only method of maintaining the union in the migratory and seasonal industry; field committees to protect the workers from the tricks and deceptions of the bosses; and a well trained defense squad, made up of the most courageous workers that will serve to meet the vigilantes. The flying picket line (in trucks and cars) has been proven by experience to be the most effective weapon in a wide-spread strike.

We face a tough job. There's no use denying that. But once they get in motion—boy—there's not going to be any stopping.

N. Y. A. on Vacation

NEW YORK.—Thousands of New York Summer Students are finding it extremely difficult to attend school because of the fact that the usual NYA aid which helped maintain them is no longer being provided to summer students.

Exactly why summer students don't get NYA here is somewhat of a mystery. The most authoritative economists and scientists have informed the "Challenge" after much investigation and research, that young people still have to eat in the summer, de-

spite the heat. Your correspondent has not yet found any transportation routes which have ceased charging nickel fares. People still wear clothes in the summer, especially young people.

The "Challenge" has been unable to find out if the NYA denies all these facts. We wonder. Because if these young students need the money they get from NYA in the winter, why don't they need it in the summer? Do they stop living then?

Don't Know What To Do--

DEAR BILL;

I'm dropping you a line from Toledo, where I have just arrived. I never thought that it would be so damned tough to get a job if you went tramping around the country and were willing to work at pretty low wages. But I just couldn't get any.

Right now I'm pretty flat broke. Since I left New York I've covered quite a bit of territory, and let me tell you, boy, this is some good-looking country, as pretty as your best girl friend. It took me quite a long time to get through Ohio, since it was hard to get lifts here. So that I had a chance to speak to some of the people in this part of the country. And, hell, things don't look so hot.

The farmers are hoping for a good crop, so that they can get a little bit out of the red. One nice old fellow to whom I spoke told me that he didn't know just how he was going to get along this coming winter unless he received some miraculous prices for his crops, and there isn't much chance of that. As a whole, the farmers appear pretty downcast, not exactly ready to go out and fight yet, because they don't know whom to fight.

The towns are even worse. America is made up 50 per cent of beautiful farms and 50 per cent of the most miserable slums. Most of the towns around here are auto, rubber and allied. There isn't a stitch of work to be had. Unemployment is terrific.

Hell, I don't know what to do. I'd hate to come back home without any dough in my pocket, but there doesn't seem to be much of a chance of landing a job.

This town doesn't seem to be so hot. Too many idle people walking around the streets.

Yours,

Sam.

THE CHALLENGE OF YOUTH

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MUST SINGLE MEN STARVE?

This issue of the CHALLENGE prints two stories on the plight of single young men seeking relief. In California, they have been sent to subsistence camps which bear an ominous resemblance to Hitler's forced labor camps. In New York, one such young worker, William Lubin, has been arrested, and a court "injunction" makes him liable to a stiff jail sentence if he so much as walks into the relief bureau.

Just what does the government expect single young men to do? Are not these people expected to live?

They have no jobs. They are separated from their families, which neither desire nor are able to support them. Many of them are ineligible, for various reasons, for the CCC, which cannot absorb all unemployed youth anyway.

And when they apply for relief, they are shunted from one administrator to another, investigated a dozen times, choked by the miles of polite red tape. And then the answer is always: NO!

What a joke! Young people today cannot get married because of the lack of a job. But along comes the Relief and says: You can't get relief unless you are married. If you are single, you can starve. Heads you win, tails I lose!

Such a situation must not continue. In California the labor camps have been abolished because of workers' pressure. In New York, the YPSL is beginning a series of actions to lift the "injunction" from William Lubin.

GIVE THIS YOUNG MAN A CHANCE TO LIVE! HE SYMBOLIZES THE PLIGHT OF THOUSANDS OF SINGLE YOUNG MEN FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHT TO LIVE!

Conditions are so bad that only the Seven Dwarfs can afford to whistle while they work.

TRADES, NOT GUNS

The New York "Daily News" is a smart paper.

When the News, which has over a million circulation, gives its position on a certain question, you know that it's coming directly from an important agency of the Coupon Clippers, who run this country. What the "N. Y. Times" says diplomatically and subtly for capitalism, the News puts frankly and bluntly.

That's why its recent editorial on the CCC camps is so important.

THE NEWS WANTS TO OPENLY MILITARIZE THE TRIPLE C CAMPS SO AS TO MAKE THEM PART OF THE AMERICAN WAR MACHINE. IT ISN'T SATISFIED WITH THE PARTIAL CONTROL THAT THE ARMY HAS OVER THE CAMPS NOW. IT WANTS THE CCC TO ACT AS A RESERVE FORCE FOR THE ARMY.

Teach CCC to shoot—for what? The News talks about "self-respect and self-reliance." What slop that is! Most of the CCC boys come from working-class homes or from farms. Many of their fathers are members of trade unions AND MOST OF THE CCC BOYS DON'T WANT TO BE TAUGHT HOW TO BECOME GOOD CANNON-FODDER FOR THE NEXT BOSSES' WAR. THEY DON'T WANT TO SACRIFICE THEIR LIVES, SO THAT STANDARD OIL CAN MAKE MORE COLD CASH. THEY WANT TO BE TAUGHT A DECENT TRADE, SO THAT WHEN THEY GET HOME, THEY'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE A LIVING.

That's why this rotten piece of demagogy from the News fills us with disgust. **THE CCC BOYS WANT TRADES, NOT GUNS.**

That's why they must fight to KICK THE ARMY OUT OF THE CCC. That's why they must fight to transfer their camps from the CCC War Department control to the NYA Vocational Camps where you can at least learn a trade.

EASIER SAID THAN DONE

THE DAILY SPARKS, of Lamar, Colorado, reports that the graduating class of the McClave School of that town has adopted as its motto: "WPA, Here We Come!"

PREFER IL DUCE TO WORKERS

Even we, hardened to expect almost anything from the cynical bureaucrats of the Stalinist movement, were a little surprised to discover that the leaders of the fascist youth movement of Italy were invited to attend the 2nd World Youth Congress.

Some well-intentioned supporters of the Youth Congress movement have attempted to explain away the listing of Italy among the nations invited by saying this referred to the underground anti-fascist movement. But why is not Germany listed? Does not the German underground youth movement deserve the same consideration?

The real explanation is to be found in the Soviet foreign policy—in their suicidal attempt to maneuver one imperialist power against the other at the expense of the working class. The Soviet Union hopes to woo Mussolini away from Hitler. Therefore, it becomes necessary to spit into the face of the heroic anti-fascist youth of Italy and rub shoulders with their oppressors in friendly discussions.

LIFE IN A CCC CAMP

By a CCC BOY

I went to a CCC camp because I had nothing else to do. I had become tired of hanging around corner drug stores in New York and doing nothing. So I joined up with the triple C.

Let me say that you can't paint the picture of CCC life all black or white. There are a lot of things about CCC life that are swell. There's no denying that. There are, on the other hand, some things that are pretty bad.

The camp I went to is located in a dairy farming region in central New York, near Syracuse. It is nine miles away from a paved road town, O—. There are approximately 250 fellows in the camp, about equally divided between farm and city youth. The city boys come from New York, Buffalo, and Utica; the plough jockeys, as we call them, from nearby vicinity.

We work six hours a day, five days a week and you spend an extra half a day on Saturday for the Army around the camp. The work consists of tree planting, bug hunting and bridge building on State property.

ARMY RULE

When at work we are under the jurisdiction of the state foresters (about 5), most of whom are well-to-do farmers. At all other times, the Army has jurisdiction over the boys. The Army has jurisdiction over all things except work in the fields or on the roads.

Before you go to work, you are required to take an examination at the Army HQ in your city and are not sent up if you have any disease. Consequently there are no city boys with poor health in the camp. But the farms boys get their exams in camp and quite a few unhealthy or diseased boys are passed by.

There are three salary rates in the camp:

1. The ordinary \$30-month man. If the boy is a local boy he gets \$5 and \$25 is sent home. If he has no folks, the \$25 is saved for him by the camp. This service is generally appreciated. The city boys retain \$8 and the rest is sent home.

2. The \$36-month men. These are truck drivers and assistant leaders.

3. The \$45 month-men. These are the leaders, sergeants.

Most of the men are in the first classification.

The food in the camp is not satisfactory. I haven't been here

long enough to find out why, but I know that as far as quantity, variety and quality are concerned conditions are not so hot.

The barracks are kept very clean by the fellows. The beds are kept clean and have ample covers.

As far as education goes, there is really very little. There's a class in English and one in photography, but there is no serious attempt made to provide education for the boys.

Only recently has some semblance of an attempt at vocational training been made. In my camp 12-week courses (1 hour each morning) have been established in:

1. Auto mechanics, which is a joke since the camp has no practical equipment with which to teach the boys.
2. Diesel Engineering in which practical work is impossible and only theory is taught.
3. Carpentry (there is a work shop).
4. Insect pest control which is nothing more than bug hunting.

he has an ache in the back or in his legs, he gives pills.

The dissatisfaction which the boys have has taken the form of frequent strikes in the field or on the road. Once, for example, there was a strike against working in a driving rain. I'm not yet sure as to what causes all the strikes, but I do know they are all sporadic and spontaneous.

"AGITATORS" FINED

"Agitators" are fined \$3. This is a lot of money in a camp. The boys say that an agitator is anyone who objects to how something is run in the camp. This has caused quite some resentment.

The sore spot of the camp is the question of drill. Once in a while the captain tries to teach the fellows how to march. I can truthfully say from my own experience, that though most of the boys aren't radical, they really resent gun-toting. When the fellows have to march there is a good deal of resentment and lack of interest. I honestly believe that if military training were made a dominant feature of camp life, most fellows would skip.



One of the things the fellows object to is the fact that when you get a few days off now and then, you have to pay 1 cent per mile travelling. Now when you live far away and you get only \$8 a month, it's pretty tough to pay your carfare. If you hitchhike home, it cuts your stay considerably. You're faced with an alternative of cutting your stay or your wage.

The medical care is not so hot. It is not uncommon to see the camp doctor drunk, especially when one needs him. He was once drunk when he had to give rookies needles, but it didn't stop him. He is, incidentally, an Army MD. If a man reports that

The camp chaplains (of which there are different ones every two weeks) try to instill the boys with "respect for authority." Only about 50 out of the 250 boys pay much attention to them.

The whole idea of youth vocational camps isn't so bad if we're taught a useful trade and given permanent jobs later. If the food were better, we would be much more satisfied. The basic question is, of course, that the boys know damned well that once they get out of camp, there won't be anything for them to do. That is why the idea of laying off the gun-toting and paying attention to vocational training is so important.

A Job Hunt In New York

By RUTH WILNER

At seven-thirty every morning my mother awakens my brother and me. We both have breakfast and then Dave (that's my brother) goes to work for the WPA project where they're building the East River Parkway. I go looking for work. This Wednesday morning after breakfast Dave and I walked downstairs together.

Dave gets paid on Tuesday so I knew he had some money. I asked him for a dime and he gave me fifteen cents. We got to the corner and I said goodbye.

I walked down to the IRT thinking all the time where I could look this morning. There's nothing now at the department stores—its slow during the summer. Besides I'd been going back every week since I got on as extra help during Christmas. They always say they'll let you know.

I rode to 34th Street. I walked over to 6th Avenue. Down on 31st Street I stopped at an agency to look for Female Help Wanted. "Experienced Girl Wanted, Bookkeeper, \$12; Girl, experienced hemstitching, \$10." Well, nothing for me. I walked down to the next agency. Nothing. I kept walking down looking for a

job at which experience wasn't necessary. I can see I made a mistake not taking the commercial course in high school. I wanted to go to college and be a teacher. It would be swell to have a nice job like that. You could go to Paris or to the Grand Canyon in the summer.

Blonde Competition

At the agency on 28th, "Waitress experienced \$5 a week and tips." I thought maybe I'll try this. I walked upstairs and sat down. There was a pretty blonde sitting next to me. It was awfully hot in the place. In the winter I always think its better to look for a job in the summer, but when it gets so hot as it was, I wish it was below zero. I sat for a long time watching the man calling up the fellows and girls. After a while he called up the blonde. I could hear what they were saying. She wanted the waitress job. He was asking: "What Experience?" She reeled off a list of places. I saw that I was wasting my time. I got up and left.

On 42nd Street I stopped in front of Steubens Tavern and watched the people eating lunch on the sidewalk cafe. At a corner table there was a fellow and a girl eating and

laughing, the girl drinking a light-colored beverage. Just then the waiter brought her a triple decker toast sandwich. My weakness. I was getting a little hungry.

Old Classmate

A familiar voice called: "Ruth." I turned a saw Esther, a girl who had been in my 7th term English class in Seward High. "Well, well," I said, "if you stand on 42nd Street long enough you'll meet everybody who ever went to Seward." "What are you doing these days? With the money you're earning as a teacher you should be out in the country in weather like this." "Money I am earning as a teacher? Ho, ho, what a joke! Don't you know I have been waiting to be placed for the last year and a half? I have just been down Sixth Avenue looking for a job as a waitress until the Board of Education gets around to me."

My disappointment at not having gone to college was now a little less keen.

We walked down 42nd St. between Broadway and 8th looking for one of the movies that only charge 10c before one o'clock.

Finally we saw a sign: "Revival, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

Esther said: "I like that picture. Let's see it again."

"Okay," I said, "I'm crazy about Gary Cooper."

SPORTS

By MORTON PAUL

There is something about a news dispatch from Berlin these days that is always calculated to delight the average newspaper reader and keep him from morbid introspection or wife-beating. Only a short time ago, Herr Walter Darré, the Reich Minister of Agriculture, was explaining that the Hebrew tabu on pig meat was due to the fact that "the semitic soul does not and can not comprehend the soul of the pig"; naturally inferring that it takes a Nazi to fully appreciate the deep profundities and delicate nuances of the pig soul.

And now another little gem has come from the happy land of Hitlerdom, this time regarding the late shambles otherwise known as the Louis-Schmeling fight. It is unnecessary to go into the morbid details of the business. Suffice it to recall that Schmeling, the Aryan hero with the Mongoloid features wound up flat on his back, which is where Aryan heroes, Mongoloid features or no Mongoloid features, are not supposed to wind up—according to Nietzsche.

Mr. Max Schmeling, you will recall, was well aware of the supremacy of the Aryan hero and thruout the training period spoke in a loud clear voice, as befits a Nordic warrior, of "ending the black dynasty of boxing." Like all Aryan heroes, Schmeling exuded supreme calm and self-confidence in his noble mission. Unfortunately, Joe Louis, a rather simple soul, did not read Nietzsche, and therefore exuded nothing but sweat.

Came the night of the fight—Schmeling, calm, cool, collected, Louis eager and impatient. Came the bell—Joe Louis, otherwise known as the Tan Terror, Dark Destroyer, and Sinister Senegambian by sports writers who are paid per yard of alliteration, proceeded to take Mr. Schmeling apart. While Joe Louis was industriously scattering portions of Nordic warrior about the ring, said Nordic warrior commenced to collapse—calmly, coolly, confidently. And thus with all about bedlam, Schmeling the Aryan hero continued to lie flat on his back—cool, calm, and uncollected. In fact, so firmly did Joe Louis slug the Aryan superman, that aforementioned superman was dragged off to a hospital, where, still calm and self-confident, he spent the days contemplating the ceiling and wondering whether Nietzsche had ever been up Louis' training camp. And here at last is where the latest little gem from Hitlerdom comes in.

It seems that they are showing pictures of the Louis-Schmeling fight in Berlin. However, the Nordic soul—Nazi version—being what it is, a victory for a member of an "inferior" race over an Aryan is unthinkable. So the picture being shown are those from the second round of the first Louis-Schmeling battle, in which, you will recall, Joe came out on the wrong end. The only part of the last fight shown in the Aryan films is the so-called kidney punch. Unfortunately the little item of the six kidney punches which Schmeling the Aryan hero hit Louis with, before he decided to go to sleep, is omitted. An Aryan oversight, no doubt.

**23rd PSALM
Radical Version.**

Roosevelt is my shepherd, I am in want;
He maketh me lie down on park benches;
He leadeth me beside great need;
He restoreth my doubt in the capitalist system;
He leadeth me in paths of desolation for the system's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of starvation, I do fear evil; for thou art against me;
Thy profiteers and politicians, they frighten me.
Thou prepareest a reduction in my wages before me in the presence of my enemies.
Thou annoonest my income with taxes;
My expenses runneth over my wages.
Surely unemployment and poverty will follow me all the days of the capitalist system.
And I will dwell in a rented house forever.