

# CHAMPION

OF YOUTH

JULY  
1936



PRICE  
5c

**LET THEM LIVE---Paul de Kruif**  
**THE KILLER TYPE---Tom Dean**  
**WE'RE NOT LOST---Gil Green**



WE'VE MADE OUR BOW, AND a happy occasion it was all round. Frankly, we're both surprised and grateful for the warm reception. The mail has been full of bricks and bouquets and we still don't know which is which since many of the bricks were wrapped in bouquets, and vice versa. At any rate we need both, so that we know where we stand.



NOW THAT SUMMER IS HERE, deluging us with correspondence ought to be easy. In fact, we can think of no more opportune time. Of course that doesn't answer completely the serious problem of what to do with one's leisure time. Most of us can't get away, nor can we use that leisure time to advantage back at home. Not only do we lack the means, but we also lack the facilities. This is doubly true for the youngsters in large cities who have few, if any, playgrounds, swimming pools or spots of green and shade.

BUT ONE THING WE CAN DO with a vengeance: summer provides a great chance to do a good deal of reading, discussing, and studying about what makes the world go round until it cracks up. This message must be brought home in every neighborhood, every village and every farm. We've all got a huge educational job on our hands—to talk up, explain and organize the United Youth League for which this paper stands. We know how badly young people—of all sorts of convictions and beliefs—need such a united youth organization working for a system of production for use and not for profit. We need that desperately, as much as life itself. And we urge all those interested to make tours, to visit the towns and cities throughout the country to organize the United Youth League and sell the CHAMPION. Get in touch with us at once about itinerary and other advice.



EVERY READER AND EVERY organization an organizer for such a League. That's a job, that's a call to the builders of tomorrow! How to do it? By getting out that old pioneer spirit, by speaking and discussing before young groups everywhere, by shouting about the CHAMPION (and selling it) and by organizing such groups. In West Homestead, near Pittsburgh, for example, a group of young people—mostly steel workers—formed just such a progressive club which could readily affiliate to the United Youth League when it is officially formed.

TO GET BACK TO THE letters. From Wisconsin—"Outside of rather vague references on the editorial page and in short sections of Angelo Herndon's article there are no references to a United Youth League." From the stockyards in Chicago we get a warning finger: "Now my recommendations—a good love story, a few hints on how to make girls beautiful—a real expose

# ON THE RECORD

of why we girls have to pay large sums for a few cents worth of cosmetics." Well, Chicago, we've filled part of your order. See what bricks can do?

TWO BACKSLAPS FROM Cleveland: From the *Cleveland Citizen*, the official organ of the State Federation of Labor, announcing our paper in the short and sweet way—"it's a dandy." And a final tribute from the same organ: "As soon as Hearst sees the CHAMPION of Youth he will swear it is issued in Moscow." Thanks, Cleveland. Hearst please copy.

ORMOND FORTE, EDITOR OF the *Cleveland Eagle*, well-known Negro journal, says in a leading editorial that we are "an invigorating example of the serious and purposeful venture on which the youth of America, in its quest for larger and more abundant opportunity, has set out." The agricultural workers on the picket lines in Arkansas and Tennessee say "it's great." We return the bows—and say, thanks.

BEFORE WE LEAVE THE subject, one big bouquet for the group in New Brunswick, New Jersey, which

is organizing a club on the basis of the CHAMPION so that it can sell it in large quantities.

This last remark brought a smile to the constantly dour face of our business manager. But we can't stop him from saying his piece. He reminds us that the low rates for subscriptions for the CHAMPION are only temporary, and that we'll have to hustle to get in all subscriptions on a mass scale ere we become a weekly in the fall. And he's right.

THE NEXT ISSUE? THE article by Congressman Amhe we promised, a special article by Francis J. Gorman, Vice-President of the United Textile Workers of America; a symposium on youth and a Farmer Labor Party with Senator Elmer A. Benson, Maurice Sugar, Norman Thomas, and Earl Browder; a burning story-account of the agricultural workers in the South by Edwin Mitchell; a bigger and better batch of short stories, features and columns of all sorts—not forgetting our artists and humorists who are working on a hot weather issue designed to cool any young brow.

## For Freedom's Cause

By Angelo Herndon

The Tories have had their breathing spell. The Supreme Court, in its haste to hoist the black flag of reaction over the American people, ran out of breath doing everything but declaring itself unconstitutional. And now, apparently to steal some thunder from the big supreme courtiers who slackened for a while, the little supreme courtiers rush in, do their work.

I have been ordered back to a Georgia chain gang for 18-20 years by the Supreme Court of that state which upheld the old slave insurrection law upon which I was indicted. And insurrection? Organizing white and Negro workers for the right to life, little enough to ask for in the southern slave belt where cotton choppers are mowed down on the picket line.

I had been snatched from the chain gang by the united efforts of all groups—Socialists, Communists, liberals, progressives—all liberty-loving people. That victory was a genuine and memorable triumph for freedom and democratic rights. There is perhaps no better example of the power of unity than this one which saved me. And now those unified forces must go back to battle with new strength and greater numbers.

For not only is this an immediate defense of all our democratic liberties, the rights of freedom of speech and assemblage; not only is it a fight to save me; the importance of the Angelo Herndon case is not so much what will happen to me personally. The important thing is the Georgia insurrection law which the state court has upheld in its decision, and the threat it holds for all labor organizations, all Negro people, and all progressive-minded individuals.

The last convention of the American Federation of Labor condemned the insurrection law which the lynch criers utilized to sentence me. The campaign for freedom today must go forward. The International Labor Defense has secured a stay of sixty days in which to appeal to the Supreme Court. Before that legal swamp of reaction moves on the matter, the voice of all America must be heard. Every individual, every organization, must make that voice stronger and louder by making protest actions immediately to Governor Talmadge of Georgia, the Georgia Supreme Court and the United States Supreme Court. The campaign of the united defense committee must be supported at every turn. The battle lines have been drawn. In the shadow of Independence Day, the American people must again toll the bell for its hard-earned liberties.

READER AND WRITER SHAKE hands—at least get to know each other better in this brief column devoted to our contributors. This corner will be given over to the authors so that we can have our say about him or her.

CERTAINLY PAUL DE KRUIF needs no introduction. This ace "microbe hunter" and writer, author of the recently issued "Why Keep Them Alive?" has something to get off his chest (a very big one) and he does it in his justly famous vigorous and breezy manner. He writes, "...the best of luck to your venture," and offers a precious bit of advice: "But remember the one hope left is LEFT." We promise to remember, Dr. de Kruiif.

JACK CONROY, AUTHOR OF "The Disinherited" and "A World to Win," who completes his short story in this issue, shouts: "Hurrah for the CHAMPION. Luck and long life. I'll boost you whenever and wherever I can." Harvey O'Connor, author of "Mellon's Millions," says, "My best wishes for the new paper," and writes for our next issue. Prof. E. A. Ross of the University of Wisconsin who wrote the short and effective article on how to scotch Hearst, thinks the paper "is certainly vigorous and well written."

HOWARD RUSHMORE, writing "This U. S. of Ours," is a Westerner now living in North Dakota among other places, is a journalist by training and a Farmer-Labor Party organizer in that part of the country. Gil Green is National Secretary of the Young Communist League of America.



TOM DEAN IS A YOUNG short story writer. He likes to write short, short ones—with a punch. Budd Schulberg was former editor of the *Daily Dartmouth* and as a graduation gift received the school's literary award. James Lerner is National Secretary of the Youth Division of the American League Against War and Fascism.

ARTHUR CLIFFORD IS THE former chairman of the Michigan Youth Congress and writes on youth subjects. Joe Green sails the seas and writes yarns about his work both on land and on sea. Joseph Cohen is former editor of the *Young Worker*. Marcella Parker writes from Hollywood and is in the midst of movie life there. Roger Chase, former editor of the *Columbia Spectator*, is a member of the CHAMPION editorial board. Sydney Horovitz lives in Pittsburgh, Pa., and is a student there.

NOW, WE HAVE SOME additional editors, working in an advisory capacity. They will be advisory editors, and are too well known to require introduction. Robert Morss Lovett, Professor of English at the University of Chicago, "is very much pleased with the CHAMPION of Youth, and shall be glad to be of any assistance in my power." Frank Palmer, editor and publisher of the "People's Press," congratulates us and thinks "it's a splendid job." The list of advisory editors reveals: Senator Lynn J. Frazier, Robert Morss Lovett, Dr. Eduard C. Lindeman, William Rollins, Grace Phelps, C. Hartley Grattan, Dr. Frankwood Williams, Jack Conroy and Grace Lumpkin.

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# LET THEM LIVE

By PAUL de KRUIF

Illustrated By Ned Hilton

*We are unable to use the science we've already got—and these are the enemies of youth and science*

NOT a week passes without several letters coming to me from youngsters, male and female, from fourteen years old to twenty-four, telling me they've read my books, and that these books have helped make them want to be searchers, or doctors, but that they haven't any money, and what shall they do. These letters make me feel lousy, and ashamed to have made a good living writing these so-called inspirational books which inspire kids to aspire to careers in a civilization that sings of science out of one corner of its mouth and spits out that science out of the other. However, these books have been written and they're all water over the dam and that's that, but now the question for me is—so what?

## Fables of Plenty

What am I going to tell those thousands of youngsters who've never had the chance to study science that I had, these boys and girls on whom I've played the dirty trick of making them want to do science in a world that whines about there being too many searchers now? Well, I could go Horatio Alger on them, and tell them of the famous automobile wizard I know. He was a poor farmer boy, and worked like hell in his summer vacations to save money to go to the University, and lived on coffee and sinkers for years at a time—and now he is rich and can make any kind of science he wants to. The story of his life has an excellent moral, to wit, that you won't get anywhere without working. But the story, today, has a catch in it, too. If you'd take the number of eager boys and girls who are willing to work just as hard as our scientific millionaire ever did to get through college, and if you stack these hundreds of thousands of ambitious boys and girls up against the number of jobs that'll give them coffee and sinkers and leave something over for their college tuition, what's the answer?

The answer is a horse laugh for Horatio Alger.

What, then, am I going to tell them? Of course, I've got to admit this: that there is still a chance for a few super-energetic, shrewd, crafty, honest, tough

youngsters to work their way into a research career. These are the ones my Tory friends are always bringing up to confound me, when I say the kids today haven't the chance the kids of our own day had. It's the old gag of the libertyleaguers and budgetbalancers: anybody can find work if they really want to; anybody can work his way through school if he'll only get up at three every morning and work till midnight. I don't believe it. But I can't prove these professional self-made men—who to me are the greatest of all pains in the neck—are wrong. The argument always degenerates into you're-a-liar-no-it's-you-that's-the-liar.

## The Cards Are Stacked

Then I've got just one answer left: if you made a survey of all the science that has been made by searchers who had to work their way through school by getting up at three in the morning and working till midnight, and if you left out all the rest of science, made by men and women who had a decent chance to get an education without half-killing themselves, we'd still be back in the horse-and-buggy days.

But can't a boy or girl learn to be a searcher without a University education? Yes, it is possible. It has been done. There is Michael Faraday, that poor boy who deliberately stayed a poor

man all his life, and who more than anybody in the world is responsible for the grandeur and wealth of the nabobs of the General Electric and Westinghouse Companies. Faraday was a bookbinder's apprentice whose only scientific education was his unguided reading and his bottle-washing in the laboratory of Sir Humphry Davy. But there are hundreds of thousands of young men and women who are not born Faradays, yet who are capable of becoming excellent searchers for truth. And what would be the consternation of our scientific authorities, if all these hundreds of thousands should line up before the doors of our laboratories, demanding to become bottle-washers?

## Too Many Scientists?

And after they'd served their lab-swipe apprenticeships, and had become capable of making discoveries on their own, even though they were without Ph. D.'s, or even A.B.'s, who would then be able to hire these hundreds of thousands of young searchers so they could buy the coffee and sinkers to keep them going to make their discoveries?

The answer of the liberty leaguers and Mussolini-lovers is that there are too many scientists already, and that we are unable to use the science we've got. Now we're getting to the nub of the argument. It's on this ground that the battle of the next years is going to be fought—to the death of the old economic order, and the birth of a new one.

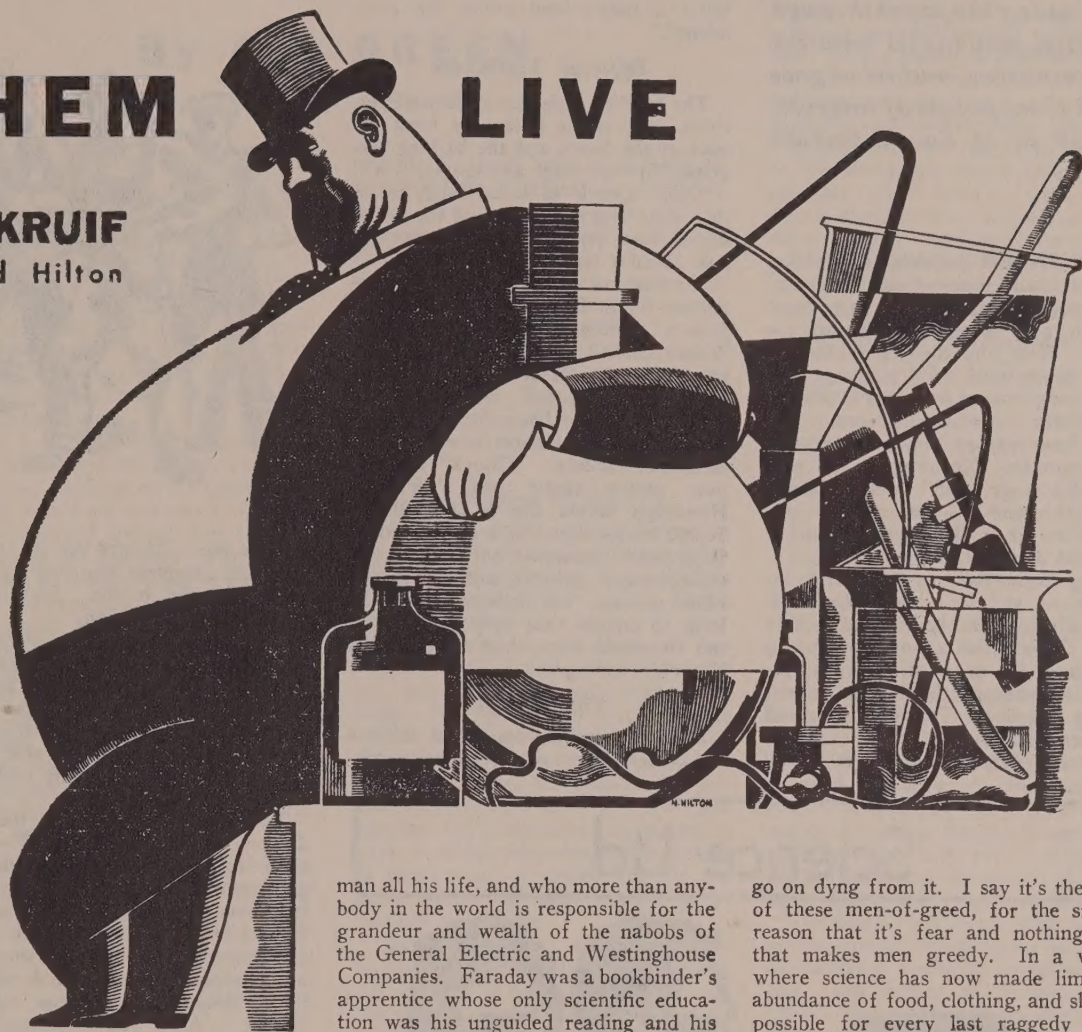
We are only unable to use the science we've already got because of the fear of those men-of-greed who believe that, in order to guard themselves and their own families from tuberculosis, for example, masses of poor people will have to

go on dyng from it. I say it's the fear of these men-of-greed, for the simple reason that it's fear and nothing else that makes men greedy. In a world where science has now made limitless abundance of food, clothing, and shelter possible for every last raggedy man, woman, and child, these men-of-greed are like imbecile human squirrels—believing it is necessary to glom on to millions of dollars worth of food, clothing, and shelter *for themselves and their own*. They think that's the only way to keep from being cold and starving.

## These the Enemies

In a world where there's more than enough for all they believe it's possible to maintain a squirrel-system of each for each. And these are the enemies of youth and science. What then must I say to those youngsters who have become entranced by the beauty and glory of science, and who want to enlist in that army of men-without-greed?—because I've never known a searcher worth his salt who was greedy for money, or who possessed any notable amount of it. What I would say is what I would do, if I were beginning again, and had this last twenty-five years of searching and writing to live over, yet equipped with the bitter experience of the observation of the present frustration of science.

If I had it to live over again, I wouldn't aspire to be a searcher to begin with. I'd first get it straight in my head that science will not really be possible until American life is changed from its present system of *I-for-mine* to a system of *we-for-ours*. And the first book I'd study would be an adventure story, by Walter Duranty, called "I Write As I Please."





# THIS U. S. OF OURS By HOWARD RUSHMORE

*Continuing the jaunt through America, viewing its beauties and resources, and what goes on at these points of interest. A look in at South Dakota*

**B**IG-EARED jackrabbits, nibbling at their prairie-grass breakfast, looked wonderingly at a tiny band of men who came slowly across the plains. Here and there a rattlesnake hissed disapproval. On a distant hill, a slow smoke ascended, then another—the Arikara tribes had also seen.

Du Lhut paused and surveyed the rolling prairies. He turned to his men. "It is a strange land," he said "and a wonderful land." One of his aids pointed to the smoke signals. "And it is a land of death."

Many moons have passed; many Indian braves and white men were to go to the Happy Hunting Grounds before South Dakota rose out of a wilderness into one of the states of America. Du Lhut's expedition in 1680 blazed a trail for the Veredryes, Truteau, Lewis and Clark and for civilization.

"Chuck" Jennings down at Sioux

Falls, comes from one of South Dakota's pioneer families. "The history of our state is a plenty thrilling one," "Chuck" told me. "As the poet said, 'she's a tough land under the corn, mister'."

## Official Vigilantes

The bustling little city of Sioux Falls, clean, new, seems a far cry from the days of the Sioux and the barking six-guns. "It isn't tough any longer, is it?"

"No," "Chuck" said, "at least, not in that way. But the Sioux and the rattlesnakes were clean-fighters compared to our enemies now."

He told me about the official vigilantes—South Dakota's Department of Justice. "Motorized Storm Troops," "Chuck" called them. "And if they aren't effective, Hearst calls for other vigilantes to 'guard' his Homestake mine over in the Black Hills."

The name of Hearst is well hated in South Dakota. "Chuck" can tell you plenty about that. "William Randolph sends the S. D. colleges 10,000 bucks a year as a sort of bribe. Last year I wrote an editorial in our college paper pointing out that it was blood money. The college didn't take long to decide that they needed the ten thousand more than they needed 'Chuck' Jennings."

## The Drought

Around Clark, trees stand leafless and barren against the hot prairie winds.

Illustrated By William Sanderson



pensive sets. They're not so necessary for good reception but they are necessary for good profits. So they may finally release television.

small grains will be dead as them trees." A Chinese pheasant burst like a many-colored rainbow into the air and flew low against the ground. The farmer watched him vanish over the hill. "They make a go of it here," he said slowly, "but they're about the only things that do."

Roberts County, up near the North Dakota line, is "lake country"—and in these rolling hills, some of the most glorious chapters of South Dakota history have been written. Farmers have battled Indians; now they sit with them in meetings of the Holiday and Farmers' Union. Red men and white tell you "things are getting ready to change." After you've listened to one meeting, you believe them.

They will tell you, these Roberts county pioneers, about a summer night two years ago when the battle of Clear Lake was fought. Farm organizations had been growing with amazing rapidity and a training school was established near Clear Lake. The American Legion recruited a hundred thugs and raided the big wooden hall.

## The Hearst Influence

Seven of the farm leaders fought the vigilantes off for hours. One of them—a crippled war veteran—stood in the attic with a baseball bat and sent the raiders down like ninepins. But the sheriff and officials furnished tear gas. The seven farmers were driven from the attic and beaten insensible.

"It was a great fight," the crippled veteran told me. "They took it out on us, but more of them went to the hospital than we did."

The next day four hundred farmers gathered, ready to fight. The Legion withdrew its forces hastily. Later, with the location of the school changed, the Legion rallied again. A storekeeper in a nearby town talked to them. "What's going on around here?" he wanted to know. "All these farmers have bought up every shotgun shell I've got in the store. They say something about getting ready for another raid."

The Legionnaires turned a trifle pale. They looked at each other, then across the street. Lanky farmers

could be seen watching from wagons; they had .45's on their hips. The Legion men walked quietly out of the store and left Roberts County. Five hundred farmers unloaded their guns and went back to the fields.

I talked to several of the student leaders in one of the little colleges. They came from farms and had worked their way through school. They are active in the Townsend movements, fighters against war and for a Farmer-Labor party.

## He Owns the Future

One of them spoke at the United Youth Day rally in Mitchell. I remember some of his words . . . "we're not ready for cannon fodder by a long shot . . . but we are ready for jobs . . . and it's time we decided which side to fight on." His father owns a quarter-section of a drouth-stricken prairie; the son owns the future.

Across the Missouri River, the Badlands rise in broken beauty of wind-carved rocks, of jumbled mountains. A native at Lead told me a few things about Hearst's Homestake gold mine.

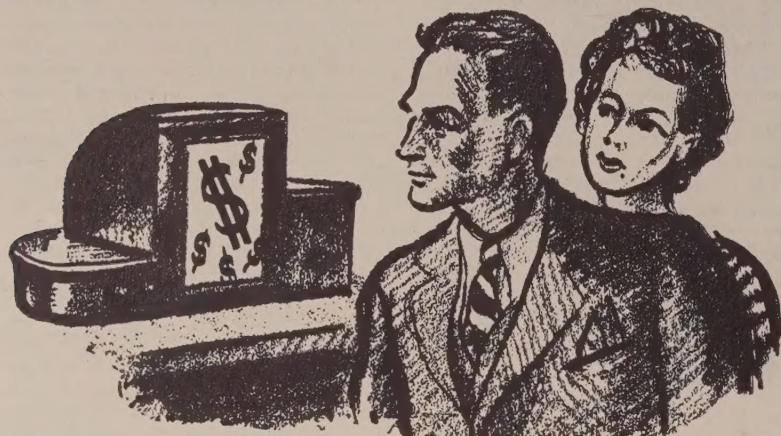
"It's like a rattlesnake in this beautiful country," he explained. "They—the company—tries to hide the fact that Hearst runs it. They also threaten lynching to labor organizers of any kind."

Deadwood still remains the "pleasure" town for Lead. The latter is controlled by the company; the former by gamblers and the vigilantes. "Wild Bill" Hitchcock died over a card table in Deadwood decades ago, but poker chips and six guns are as numerous in the frontier town as they were when they packed Wild Bill away with "his boots on."

"Hearst runs Deadwood as a vice resort for his workers," one told me. "One minister said that 'I don't know what I'm doing in Deadwood; I can only speak for Hearst & Co.'"

A full-length book would not cover the history of struggle in the "Sunshine State." But the fight has changed; it is no longer civilization against barbarism; it is freedom against tyranny. And, carved high on Mt. Rushmore, the hundred-foot face of George Washington stares across South Dakota into the future. His smile of hope is set in everlasting stone.

## Science Ltd.



Illustrated By Colin Allen

**W**HAT sound was to the silent movie television is now to the radio. Even more startling and dramatic changes are in store for the radio with which you "can see and hear at the same time."

Television has been ready for the big broadcast. Engineering has simplified television so that it can be worked into the present broadcasting system with ease—and put on the air immediately. But television is not available for general use because it is purposely being kept "on an experimental basis and under control"—because the controlling interests have not yet decided among themselves who shall control. For a long time this invention, like countless others, has been kept in cold storage.

A good many broadcasting stations have been completed by the large companies although details are not avail-

"The drouth killed 'em," a weather-beaten farmer told me. He jammed his pitchfork savagely into the ground. "Another week of these winds and our able in the 'secret' war for control of the air-waves. The large newspapers and movie companies are known to have studios all prepared for the moment when the grab on the air waves is settled. The army and navy are putting up a stiff fight, too, since they want control of certain air-wave frequencies for their own purposes."

Nobody is supposed to know who will get the biggest slice out of the whole business; no one is supposed to know what the other company is doing. Actually, they know all about each other's plans and patents, and have suppressed all progress in television until they can decide to bilk the buying public into purchasing complicated and very ex-



# WE'RE NOT LOST

*The National Secretary of the Young Communist League offers his organization's views on the formation of a United Youth League in America*

**By GIL GREEN**

**Illustrated By Bard**

MUCH has been written and even more said about the plight of the younger generation. In fact, without knowing a thing about astronomy, I am willing to wager that if the articles written on this subject were assembled and placed end to end, they would reach the moon. And after reading a good deal of the stuff, one cannot help but get the impression that at least a few of the honorable authors live on that celestial body.

Now, I want to make it clear at the outset that I certainly do not object to articles and speeches on the youth problem. In fact, I am oftentimes a victim of this habit myself and am only too glad to welcome the participation of others as helping to sharply bring to the attention of the American people the conditions existing among its youth. What I do object to however, is the note struck by a good number of these experts (!).

There seems to be a movement afoot to sell youth the idea that it is a "lost generation" and as such has nothing to live for. As a Communist, I can only disagree completely with this view of the official prophets of despair.

## **We Make Our Lives**

Of course, we as Communists know only too well of the plight of America's younger generation, of its thwarted ambitions, sufferings and hardships. In fact, we believe that we realize this state of affairs better than most people. But this does not lead us to the belief that all is lost.

To draw such a conclusion would mean to admit we're licked and ready to fold up. Nothing is further from the truth. America's youth may be down but they're not out. The fact is, they are only beginning to fight.

We firmly believe that the young men and women of this country, together with the rest of the people as a whole, have every possibility for deciding the future course of their own lives and of the nation. But in order to do that, they must first have a clear understanding of the cause of their difficulties, and of the solution.

Our plight is not due to some natural catastrophe—some famine or earthquake. Our country has more than sufficient wealth and natural resources to

provide its youth with ample opportunity and with guarantee for future security. We live in the most modern industrial land on the face of the globe. Our rich fertile fields can provide food abundantly. Our giant factories can turn out products in an endless stream. Yet the farmers are forced to reduce their crops, and industries operate at only 60% capacity. And this, in the face of millions who are needy and a whole generation of youth that is more than anxious to work, to build and to create.

## **A System in Decay**

What then is the cause? Are we to pin the blame on to the likes and dislikes of a temperamental God and thus escape the real answer. Some people may, but we do not.

We declare that the cause of our plight is to be found in the nature of our present day society—capitalism. Under this system our land and its wealth, the accumulated product of the sweat and blood of generations of American toilers, has become the private property of a small group of millionaires and billionaires—the capitalist class. It is this class with its sole motive of profit which is responsible for the hardships and sufferings of our generation and our people.

Capitalist society throughout the world is in the midst of an ever deepening crisis. It is declining and decaying. The very productive forces which it nurtured and developed with the aid of science and technique, are today running wild, beyond control. Through the introduction of modern machinery and new methods of speedup, less and less workers produce more and more goods. Ours is the age of mass production and of mass unemployment. Ours is the fate of a surplus generation.

## **This System Works**

But this need not be so. By uniting its ranks and joining hands with all toilers under the leadership of the working class, the youth of this country can remove from its throat the clutches of the parasitic ruling class. It can help build a society in which exploitation of man by man will be unknown and in which the productive forces of the

country will be utilized in the interests of the people. This is what we mean by a Socialist society.

There was a time when people said Socialism was impossible, that a society without classes, without exploitation, was only a wild figment of the imagination. Today we know differently. We can point to one land which has already abolished capitalism and is building a Socialist world—the Soviet Union.

Is it an accident that of all the lands of the world, the Soviet Union is the only one which faces no crisis, which has no unemployment and which is constantly raising the material and cultural level of its people? It is not! Socialism has decisively proven its superiority over Capitalism. Socialism works!

## **We Are the Builders**

If our generation is to live up to the heritage of those who went before us, if we are to keep alive the ideals of freedom and equality, if we are to follow the revolutionary and democratic traditions of the founders and builders of this nation, then, upon our shoulders rests the responsibility of ending the plight of our generation and of future generations by militantly fighting for a Socialist America.

It is the struggle for Socialism that converts us from the status of a lost generation to that of a generation with great ideals, courage and purpose. We must make the dreams of past generations for a truly free America a reality.

Nor can we hesitate. Either we go forward or backward. Decaying capitalism is dragging the people of the world into another horrible slaughter. In order to maintain its rule, it is destroying the hard-won democratic rights of the people, and driving towards fascism.

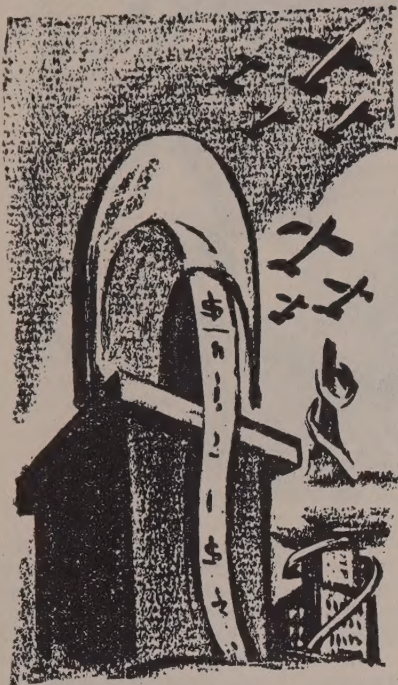
The youth of America must not permit this country to retrogress into a land of capitalist reaction, oppression and war. The victory of fascism in the United States will mean the destruction of all past culture and progress and the doom of our generation.

## **Hands Across America**

It is for this reason that the burning need of the moment is the unification of all progressive forces and first of all of labor, in the fight for peace and for the immediate needs of the masses of people and the youth. But more than that, it is necessary for all those youth who wish to bring about a new social order to band themselves together in one united organization of youth.

In the past few years, tens of thousands of young men and women have become convinced of the bankruptcy of capitalism. Everywhere youth are talking of the need for a new society based

(Continued on page 15)





# THE KILLER TYPE

*A short fight story in which without the "killer instinct," Russ Kennedy, a glove pusher makes up for the deficiency*

**By THOMAS DEAN**

*Illustrated By Dixon*



**A** PRIZEFIGHTER is a funny and complex animal. A lot of people get the idea that any baby who is big and rough, ought to be able to step into the ring and become a champ overnight. A first-rate pug is a highly skilled person, he has to be able to think, he has to be able to take a punch, he must be fast, he must have a stiff wallop, and above all he has to be cruel and the killer type. Not that he goes around frightening kids, but merely that cruelty is his business.

And you see my boy, Russ Kennedy, had everything except the killer instinct. He could hit, he could box like a whiz, and he could take it, but he didn't have whatever it takes to tear in suddenly and knock the other guy's head off. More times than I like to think about, Russ would have a guy hanging on the ropes, bleeding and cut and out on his feet, but Russ wouldn't have the heart to finish him, he would back off and wait for the guy to recover. But Russ was a swell guy and a good little middleweight and while I gave up hoping for him to be champ, I still figured that he would be a top-notch for a few years and knock down a nice chunk of the green.

Of course, I tried every way I knew of to make him mad in the ring, but no go. He was a brainy guy and once I said to him: "Look, kid, let's look at this from the point of logic, whatever that is. You don't want to hurt the other guy, right? Now look, you knock the guy around and he's out on his feet, and then what? You don't step in and finish him with one clean solid clout, no, you let him come to and then start beating him all over again. Talk about not hurting him, why you're giving him two beatings instead of one. It's these little beatings that make guys punch drunk and down on their heels. Damn it you can hit with the best of them, why can't you knock him cold with one clean blow, a short quick kayo doesn't have any bad effects on a guy, once he comes to."

And he would shake his head and say: "I know, but I simply can't do it. I'm not a beast and when I see a guy is bleeding and out, well, I can't hit him again. I can't do it and that's all there is to it."

I had brought the kid along nicely, had him fighting a few soft fights and then a build-up and soon he was rated around New York as a top contender. I paid out dough to the right boys when necessary and things didn't look bad. The kid was in line for a shot at the champ and that meant at least thirty thousand for our end and then he could quit. That was what we were aiming for, that big match with the champ. We had made a few thousand, but when you spread it out, it doesn't last long. I got over living in cheap hotels long ago and any dame with a sob story finds me a wide open sucker—and they find me! Russ let the dames alone, but he had another kind of hobby that kept him broke, he was a nut on unions.

Now I used to work, once, before I got wise to myself and became a fight

manager, and I know that unions are all right, but Russ, well, I don't know. It seems that he had been a street car conductor before he turned to boxing and they had organized a big union and had a strike and from what he told me it seems that the strikers got the wrong end of the stick. The company brought in thugs, had them made deputies and then the thugs started knocking off the strikers. The kid's old man had been bumped off in the strike and I guess he never forgot that. So every time he read about a strike, out would come the old check book and fifty bucks would be on its way to help out the strikers. It sounds screwy, but that's the way he spent his dough.

When they had that big strike on the Coast last year, he read every paper that had any news about it and once he said: "I feel like a heel sitting around this swell hotel and thinking of those guys out there picketing and fighting the cops. Why most of those guys are my friends, I ought to be fighting with them."

I told him to take it easy and he quieted down, but not before he had

sent five hundred bucks to help them out. Maybe it was better than wasting it on night clubs and the rest, anyway it was his dough and if he liked that sort of stuff, I certainly wasn't going to kick. As I said, it looked like we were going to get our chance at the champ and that big pile of dough, and that's what we were shooting at.

It looked like the champ would sign to fight us in a few weeks, when suddenly some baby out west starts raising Cain out there. His name is Young Anderson and in the short space of three

months he knocks six of the most promising middleweights in the West flat on their pans. From all accounts this guy was a one man cyclone, a two fisted hurricane, etc. Even after you boiled down all the newspaper hooley, he was a rough, tough slugger who could hit. Well, he came East and started yelling for a chance at the champ and then the public begins demanding, or at least the sports writers demand, that Russ meet Anderson, the winner to fight the champ. They offered me five grand for my end and I signed.

We never saw Anderson till the night of the fight, and did he look tough, friends, he had killer written all over his battered face. Russ kept looking at him and he said: "You know, I've seen this guy some place before. I wish I could remember where." I told him that if I ever saw a face like that before, I'd do my best to forget it and that's what he should do. But Russ kept on staring at the scowling Anderson and finally I said: "Listen, kid, the only thing you got to remember now is to keep your jaw away from this guy's right."

In the first round Anderson comes tearing across the ring and Russ stings him with a left jab and dances away. It was plain to see that Anderson didn't know anything about the finer points of boxing, he was a plain slugger and I settled down to a pleasant evening of watching Russ outbox this ape. Then Russ suddenly stepped inside of one of Anderson's swings and landed a terrific right uppercut square on the jaw and as Anderson started falling, he clipped him with a straight left that opened a cut over the western boy's face. The crowd went wild and it looked as if Anderson was through, but he got up by nine and stood there, swaying on his trembling legs and plainly out. Any other guy in the world would have rushed in and knocked him cold, but Russ, he just dances around, hits him a few light jabs and gives him a chance to come to.

Believe me Anderson came to! He was a killer and he had been hurt and he went wild, started swarming all over Russ, swinging them from his ankles, throwing caution to the winds and just swinging. Russ covered up and waited for the storm to blow over, but as soon as he opened up, bingo! one of those crazy swings caught Russ on the chin and knocked him flat. I'm shouting for him to get up and all the time I'm thinking that the big chance at the

(Continued on Page 15)



**T**HE sports writers of his time, with their love of alliteration had christened Mike Gibbons, the "St. Paul Phantom." But Old Mike didn't earn that sobriquet until after he had retired from active competition among the middleweights of the day. Then Gibbons went into the business of teaching boxing by correspondence.

One of my friends had seen the "ad" promising to make a man out of any weak sister who subscribed for the Gibbons course and thereafter we would wait impatiently for the next mail which would bring its catalogue of illustrated instructions in the refined art of physical criticism.

We did learn to box. But in thinking back on that period its clear that the lessons of the St. Paul master had little to do with our increased ability. The important thing in learning to box is to keep boxing.

Naturally, there are a couple of fundamental points that all beginners must learn. First, there is the proper stance to take in order to be most effective. Righthanders always should stand with feet apart, about twenty-four inches, left arm extended about halfway, chin carried on the chest behind the left shoulder with the right hand just above the level of the ear.

Raise the heel of the left foot, pointing the toe at a forty-five degree angle to the heel of the left foot which is raised slightly. Now you're ready to go. But where?

Well, just try bouncing back and forth, on your toes, keeping your feet

an equal distance apart. If your left knee is bent a bit, it ought to help. After you've done this for a long enough time to get the rhythm, try shooting your left hand, straight from the shoulder, in time with your bouncing.

Your right hand should not move at all in the beginning, especially if you are trying this out against some one who is not following the course in the "CHAMPION." You can never tell what such a guy would do. Just keep sticking your left hand into your opponent's face and if he tries ducking, aim for his chest and nine times out of ten you'll hit his chin. This will annoy him very much. In such a case you might advise a sub to this paper.

Now, an argument arose in our gang one night and we agreed it must be settled by a fight.

The first round was called and the contestants came out into the center of the ring which we had marked off with chalk. They stood poised, darting left hands in the approved Gibbons manner—feint, feint, feint, right cross.

Time was called and the first round ended. No damage had been done.

With the second round, the fighters stepped to the center of the yard and began simultaneously to poke their left hands at each other. But this time, instead of feinting three times before delivering a right hand blow, the boy who was not a Gibbons student feinted only twice and drove his other hand into his opponent's middle. It was a nard punch and it ended the fight.

—LEW AMSTER



# WELL, FOR HEARST'S SAKE!

The scene is laid in the office of William Randolph Hearst, editor of the Colonial, pre-Revolutionary tabloid. The year is 1775. The dark clouds passing by on the revolving background represent the rising storm of democracy that has already begun to blow the fashionable stove pipe hats from the Tories.

W. R. presents a very dignified picture in his side-burns and jowls to match his frock-coat, cross-gartered stockings and frilled (and stuffed) shirt. Over his head hangs an elaborate gold-framed picture of George III. It is inscribed: "To Randy, my loyal subject, for his VIGILANCE in combating UN-ANGLO-SAXONISM."

Enter Jack Lait, editor of the American Weekly, the colored supplement which brings the facts of life (and the choicer morsels of fiction) to the breakfast table of American families (for at least to those who still have breakfast tables.) Lait, also double-cross-gartered, bows politely in the aristocratic style of the period and says:

Lait: No luck, boss. Waited in that closet all night and couldn't get a shot at Martha Washington in her steps.

Hearst: I said get that picture didn't I? Now what are we going to use to illustrate the full page lay-out on WASHINGTON — AMERICA'S BEDROOM HERO?

Lait: Couldn't help it, W. R., Martha slept in her petticoat all night.

Hearst: Tell Brisbane to write a paragraph attacking American women for not using night gowns. Maybe he can tie it up with his apes. They didn't use them either.

Lait: Martha even looked under the bed before she took her wig off.

Hearst: Well, superimpose something — use the same picture we used last month—remember the one we framed Paul Revere on?—WAS THE FARMER-PATRIOT JUST OUT FOR THE RIDE?

Lait: You better be careful, W. R., I hear this guy Washington is plenty tough.

Hearst: Who is this Washington anyway? two-for-a-penny revolutionary who wants to overthrow our government and establish a democracy—like they had in Greece. Listen, the Greeks tried that 2000 years ago—and where did it land them?—behind the grease-

The Cast: Tom Jefferson, Tory Hearst, and a Stooge.

The Plot: Hearst raises the reb scare, as only he can

By BUDD SCHULBERG

Illustrated By Segap



ball! Those damned Greek heathens wanted everyone to have the right to vote. We don't want those alien ideas in this country. Say! that isn't a bad idea for tomorrow's editorial.

Lait: Might go for the front page—BEWARE OF DEMOCRACY—IT WILL TAKE OUR COUNTRY BACK 2,000 YEARS!

Hearst: Look in the files and see if there are any pictures of Greeks starving. We'll show our readers what it's like to live under a democracy.

Lait: Better take it easy, W. R., there was an awful lot of talk about democracy down in the street this afternoon. Some agitator was talking to them and they

were listening' to all the democracy they could squeeze into both ears.

Hearst: Why didn't you get a picture of them? We could caption it "THE MOB—A GREAT BEAST." ...ALEXANDER HAMILTON. In two days we could work up a real reaction against those would-be democrats. Show how democracy means everybody is free to sleep with everybody else's wife. Freedom for all, get it? Tell them that's Greek and UN-ANGLO-SAXON

Lait: But I'm afraid we didn't quite finish off Jefferson, W. R., he was the guy who was talking to the crowd in the street when I came in. He's pretty strong, W. R. People are actually begin-

ning to believe this stuff about everybody having the right to happiness. I even heard some stooge called Pat Henry say he's the Father of Americanism.

Hearst: Yeah? Maybe I'd better see him. I'll talk with that red-legged leveler!

Lait goes to fetch him. In a few moments Jefferson enters. He is simply dressed. He frowns at the picture of George III and refuses to take Mr. Hearst's snuff.

Jefferson: Well, Mr. Hearst, I never expected a Democrat would get into these offices—peacefully.

Hearst: Come in, my boy. Have a cigar. I'm always interested in new ideas and I just wanted to find out what was on your mind. Maybe I can help you.

Jefferson: Mighty kind of you, Mr. Hearst. I wish I could believe you. We're tired of being hog-tied by England. I was telling that crowd that we should be a nation of free farmers—everyone owning and working his own plot—that's possible here in America. That's why we're calling it the American system—Americanism—no one having too much or too little.

Hearst: Very interesting, son. Sounds like a great cause. How would you like my papers on your side?

Jefferson: You only have one side, Mr. Hearst, and that's the side your bread is buttered on. The only interest you ever showed in our poor farmers was to sell them subscriptions to your tabloids. The only way you can help Democracy is to shut down your papers and go back to honest living again.

Hearst: All right, you hick politician! I gave you your chance. Why, in twenty years your little Declaration of Independence will be the laughing stock of America. (Jefferson exits.) Say, Lait, put a couple of men on his trail. Tell them to bring back pictures of CASANOVA JEFFERSON in his BVD's. Then we'll quote him as saying, "Pursuit of happiness means WHOLESALE SATISFACTION OF LUST."

Lait (rushing in): Here's the superimposed picture of Martha in her undies. It turned out swell. The King ought to knight you for this!

The Curtain Falls.

## A WORLD GET-TOGETHER

By JAMES LERNER

A GENERAL has come to America. But unlike the dozens of other military dignitaries who have visited us since the World War this visitor has no good will in his pockets and a sword at his side. He comes with good will, true, but with a peace plan on his lips. He left his sword somewhere on the Battlefields of No Man's Land.

Although the General's main purpose in coming to this country was for the organization of the World Peace Congress, he will also pay attention to the preparations for the World Youth Congress, also to be held in Geneva from August 31 to September 7.

The first attempt to establish an international union of all youth was that of the Paris Congress held in the summer of 1933. Out of that grew the Youth Section of the American League Against War and Fascism among other kindred groups in many other countries. It has been necessary to improve the organizational structure of this international youth movement, and an International Conference was held in Brussels, Belgium, early this spring for that purpose. The credentials

report at this conference revealed delegates from 23 countries, representing 12 million organized young people.

\* \* \*

Geneva in September will now be the scene of the Congress of all youth. About 20 national organizations in the United States have already registered their intention to send delegates, most of whom will also attend the Brussels sessions.

The World Youth Congress is being sponsored by the League of Nations

Association, which is allotting credentials for American delegates. Although the discussions at the Congress will be varied, delegates are committed only to the necessity of seeking "ways and means for common action of youth on the international front."

With Paris, 1933, and Brussels, 1936, behind us; with the experiences of war, and successes in the fight for peace established, we are certain that the ship returning to America on September 16, 1936, will carry not only representatives of a large section of America's young people, but the program which will win the majority for peace—for the League of Peoples.

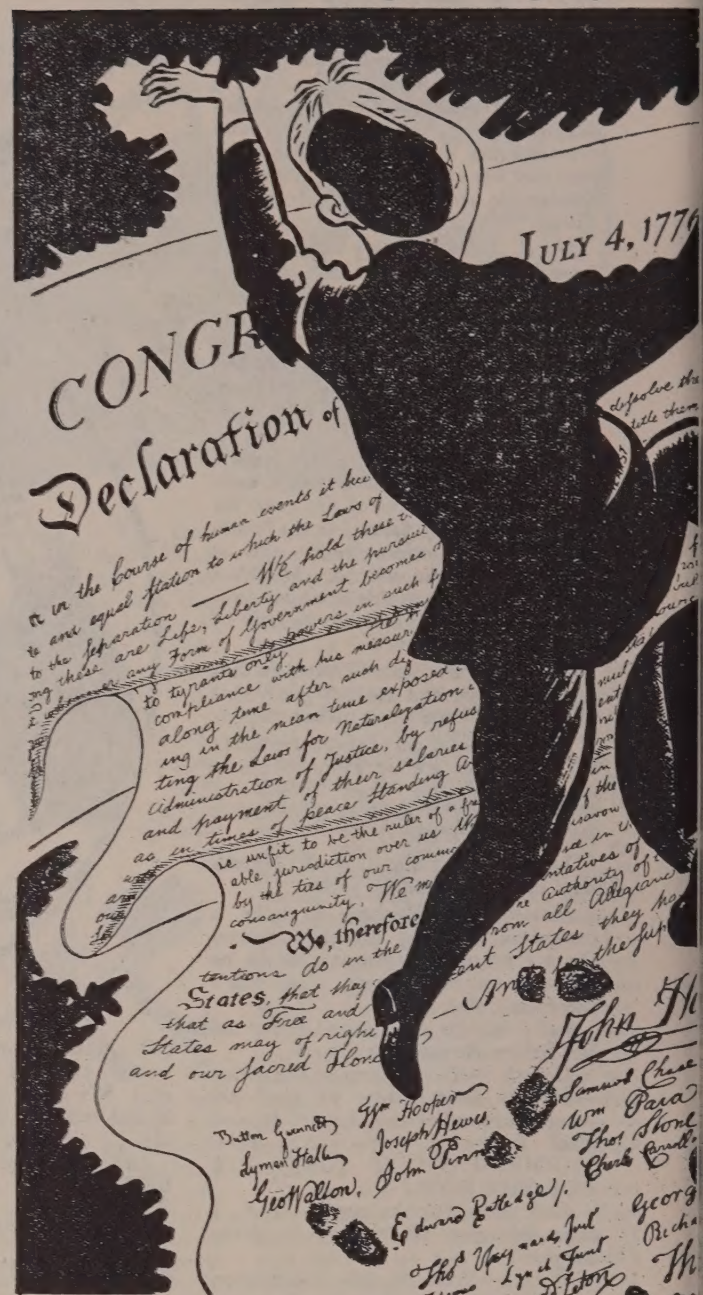


A digest of high spots and

"In the name of God and the devil . . . to devote my life to the obedience of my superiors . . . extermination of the Anarchist, Com-

The Black Legion is dead! Beware of it.  
—ROGER E. CHASE

The CHAMPION Of Youth is working for the establishment of a united youth organization which will fight for a new social order based on production for use and not for profit. We invite our readers, and particularly representatives of youth organizations, to write to us giving their opinions on this matter and suggestions for steps to be taken to accomplish this great task.



## THE DANCE OF DA

## THAT'S WHAT *THEY* SAY

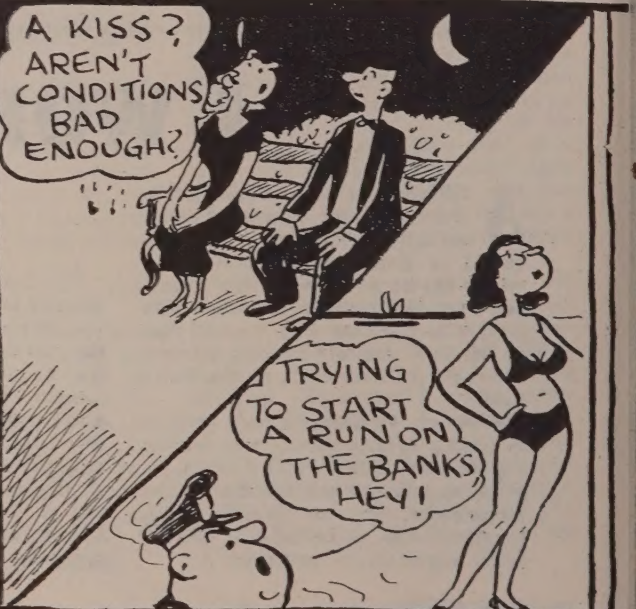
DR. NICHOLAS  
MURRAY BUTLER  
SAYS THAT BAD  
MORALS ARE  
RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THE  
DEPRESSION!



## PURITAN



15,000,000  
MINDS  
IN  
THE  
'GUTTER'!





Outstanding in the events of the month, are two which pertain to questions of "constitutions."

In the same week that the U. S. Supreme Court ruled against the minimum wage law, a new constitution was proposed for the Soviet Union. The facts involved in both developments, offer a signal opportunity for adding two and two together.

On June 1 the Supreme Court decided by a 5 to 4 decision that: "The right to make contracts about one's affairs is a part of the liberty protected by the due process clause. Within this liberty are provisions of contracts between employer and employee fixing the wages to be paid."

What strange things are done in the name of "liberty." What the five senile gentlemen said was that no State had a right to curb the exploitation of or fix minimum wages for women and children in industry. Let us recall that in previous decisions, the court had deprived Congress of the power to make laws in behalf of labor or the farmers.

In the name of liberty, our uncrowned autocrats reduce the women and children of the nation to the status of serfs. Nothing must interfere with the liberty of the employers to decide working conditions. And there is a conspiracy being organized by a group which styles itself the Liberty League, to institute fascism in America. Together with Hearst, these gentlemen have written into the platform of the Republican party the defense of the usurped powers of the Supreme Court.

While the reactionaries all over the world

strive to promote fascism, the new constitution of the Soviet Union calls for an unparalleled extension of democracy. It provides for direct elections, a two chamber legislative body, complete control over officials by the electorate, political rights and equality of all people over 18 years, and the like. But there is one clause which most newspapers have managed to omit. We refer to the provision which asserts the inalienable right to a job for every man and woman under Socialism.

Coming back to this country we can make an interesting comparison between Roosevelt and some of his more illustrious predecessors, who were also confronted by attempts of the Supreme Court to rule America.

In a letter written in 1820, Thomas Jefferson said of the Supreme Court justices: "You seem to consider the judges as the ultimate arbiters of all constitutional questions—a very dangerous doctrine indeed, one which would place us under the despotism of an oligarchy."

And Abraham Lincoln, who led the American people in opposition to a Supreme Court decision upholding chattel slavery, said in his inaugural address: ". . . if the policy of the government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the supreme court . . . the people will have ceased to be their own rulers."

Now, more than ever, does the defense of the hard won democratic rights of the people become a central issue in this country. And not least important, on the international scale of the forces making for democracy is the new constitution of the Soviet Union.

Luis Carlos Prestes, Brazil's national hero and a leading world figure in the struggle for human liberties, languishes in a dungeon and awaits the executioner.

The long arm of Wall Street, of foreign money interests, casts a shadow over the vast plantation that is Brazil. A nation in servitude, Brazil is the arena for this foreign capital—the arena in which an entire people, save for the wealthy, is trampled by oppression. Even the air reeks of barbarism and peonage.

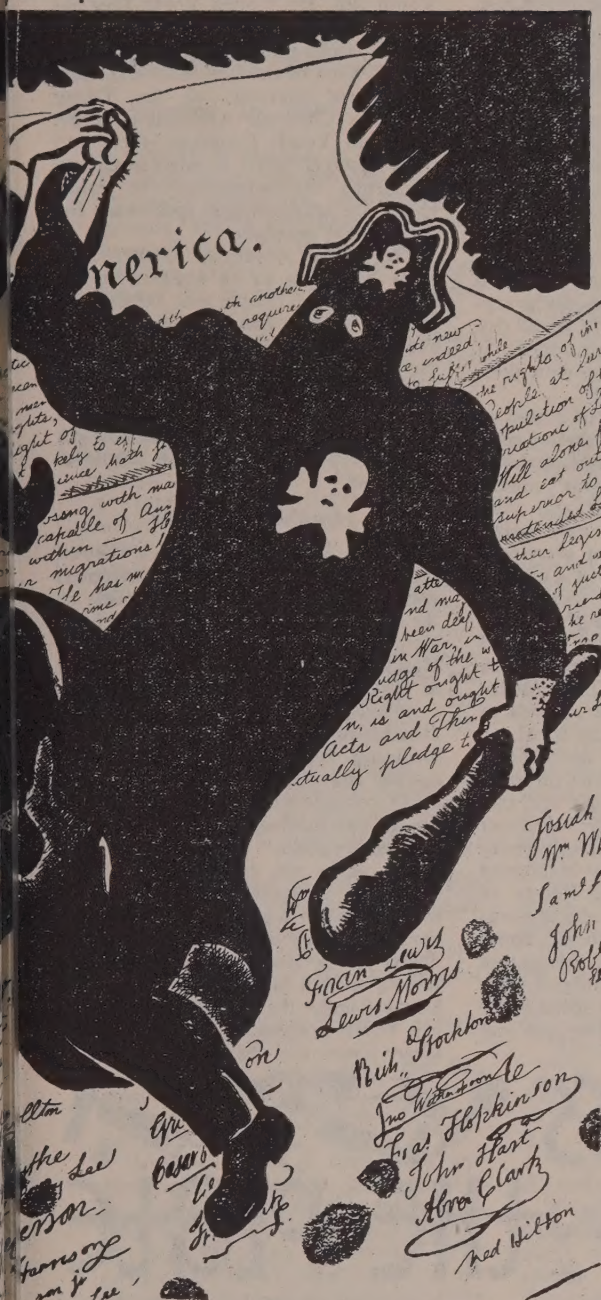
The great tradition in Brazil has been one of resistance to and liberation from the ruthless adventures of imperialist domination. Luis Prestes stands at the head of those engaged in that struggle. In every way the hero of his people, he is the best loved man in Brazil. Not for nothing has he been titled the "Knight of Hope"—a knight leading his

people up from servitude to independence and life.

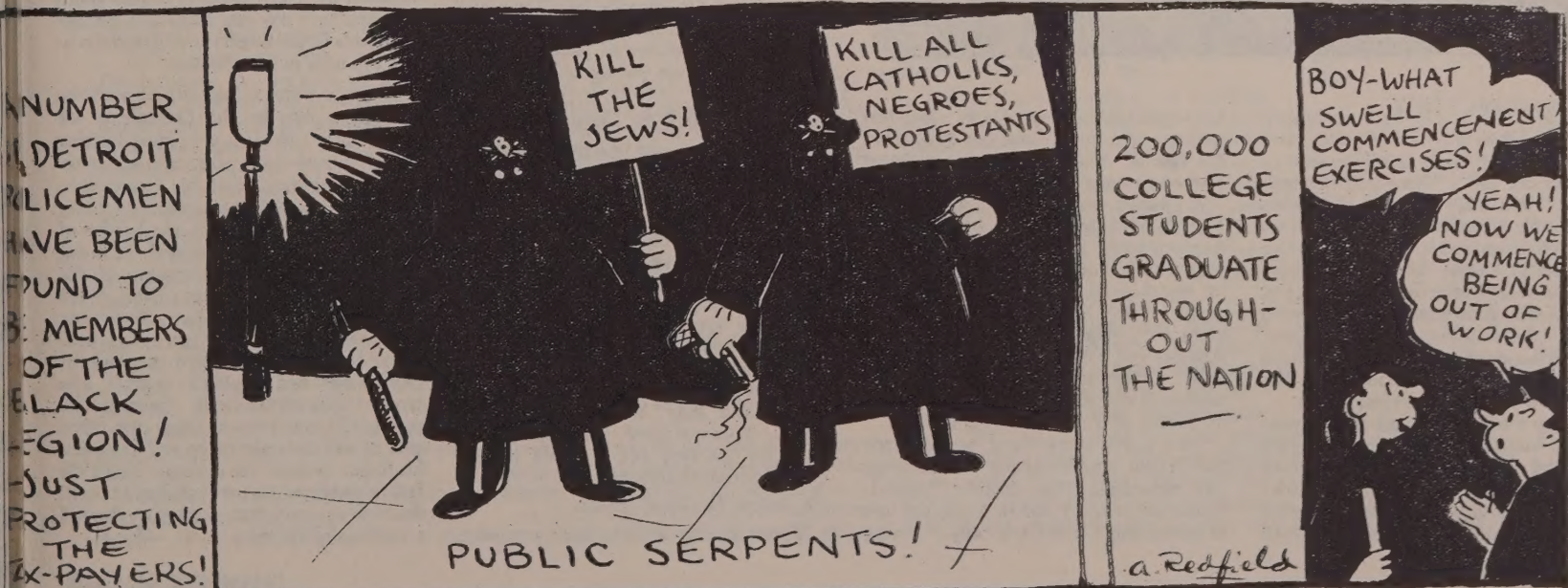
That "Knight of Hope" is in the shadow of the executioner's block. The reactionary government of Vargas, now in power, knows nothing but vengeance for the figure who knows the road to freedom for an enslaved people. Because Prestes is the guiding hand for his people's liberation, there is no telling when the ax will descend on him. Americans will recall with what callous savagery Victor Allen Barron, a young American in Brazil, was murdered.

The fate of Prestes is inextricably bound with the fate of peace and freedom in the world. And all friends of freedom and peace, all foes of reaction, colonial misery, hunger and destitution—world opinion, in short, must come to the defense of Luis Prestes.

—By A. REDFIELD



**ATH—Ned Hilton**





# YOUTH FORWARD

Convening on July 3, 4, 5 in Cleveland the American Youth Congress begins its third historical year

By ARTHUR CLIFFORD



Vicentini

THERE will be dirt farmers among them, with sun-tanned faces, and hands that know the very texture of American soil. There will be steel-puddlers and coal diggers, machinists and garment makers; share croppers from Arkansas and fruit pickers from the Imperial Valley. There will be boys and girls from the schools and colleges, and boys and girls whose soles are worn thin by the constant search for jobs. From America they will come, to claim again their rightful heritage to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Among the hundreds of young people who assemble in Cleveland on July 3, 4, and 5, at the Third American Youth Congress, there will be many who remember a similar convention the year before in Detroit, when organized youth

announced its coming of age. But few perhaps will know how for two hours the fate of America's youth movement seemed to hang in the balance.

It was a sweltering night: typical Fourth of July weather. Clark Park was emptying its crowd of 3,000 persons who had attended the opening rally of the Second American Youth Congress. They had applauded the delegates bringing greetings from Los Angeles and New York, Seattle and Atlanta. They had stood in profound attention to the reading of the Declaration of Rights of American Youth.

Two miles away, in a second floor hotel room, another group was meeting. The delegation from eastern Pennsylvania had just arrived in town, too late to attend the Clark Park rally. Sitting

with them were a few members of the Committee of 76, in charge of arrangements. A serious problem confronted the group. Some of the Pennsylvania delegates had been refused lodging in the hotel because their skins were black.

## Spokesman for Youth

Scarcely had the second American Youth Congress gotten fairly under way, when it was faced with a crisis. Its program affirmed the right of Negroes to complete equality with whites. Now, late at night, under the most trying conditions, these Youth Congress delegates were called upon to put their program to the test. It would have been easy to muffle the question, to tell the Negroes to take care of themselves. Besides, everybody was tired; many had driven all day and all the preceding night. Yes, it would have been easy for the white delegates to shrug their shoulders.

And, to tell the truth, not a soul in that room dreamed of following such a course. Weariness meant nothing, the lateness of the hour meant nothing. What mattered was that young men and women were being subjected to discrimination, were told that they could not sleep in a certain place because their skins were dark. Without a single dissenting vote, the little group of delegates pledged themselves to see that Negroes were admitted to that hotel. The conclusion was foregone. Negro as well as white delegates slept at the hotel.

Down Detroit way, and doubtless in hundreds of other communities throughout the country, young people still talk about that congress. They remember the pride, enthusiasm and unanimity with which they collectively hammered out in the Declaration of Rights of American Youth, the first adequate expression of their own questioning, hopes and determination. They remember especially the feeling of confidence, that, united together, youth could successfully forge a path of peace, freedom and progress.

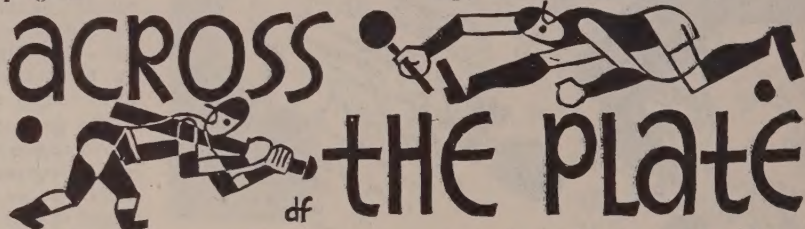
Since the Detroit convention the American Youth Congress has grown in stature and influence. The nation-wide campaign for jobs, climaxed in the Senate hearings in March on the American Youth Bill; the United Youth Day parades and demonstrations; the April student strikes; the Olympic Boycott; the affiliation of the Industrial and Business Girls' divisions of the Young Women's Christian Association to the American Youth Congress—these and other actions have strengthened and broadened the movement. It stands today, the acknowledged spokesman for the younger generation.

The Third American Youth Congress promises to be even more interesting and important than the second. Much has happened in the year that has passed, not only among the youth, but in the world as a whole. War, which threatened last July, has broken out in Ethiopia, as German and Japanese fascism begin their desperate march to imperial conquest.

## Unified Strength

Fascism, which Sinclair Lewis showed can happen here, has openly announced itself in all its ugliness and brutality in the Black Legion. Social and economic security for youth, of which Roosevelt's National Youth Administration seemed at best a distant rumor, finds concrete expression in the American Youth Bill. Discussing ways and means of popularizing the Declaration of Rights among the youth of America alone, could competently fill every hour of the all too limited time of the Cleveland convention.

But above all, confidence, the consciousness of unified strength, the certainty that the winning of a better life lies in the unity of all peace loving and liberty loving youth—these must be renewed, so that young America may go forward under the banner of the American Youth Congress to "a better life, a larger liberty and freedom."



## That Sharp Ruppert Eye

NEVER known for rash investments, Colonel Ruppert has another winner in Joe Di Maggio. The Frisco Italian has already more than earned his keep by consistent hitting and clean fielding. What's more, the gang "who would never forget Ruth" is out there yelling for their new idol.

## Zioncheck May Be Crowned

Bad feeling is said to have broken out again in Burper's Alley where the boys who handle the fate of the wrestling game pass the time sharpening their knives. The present war centers around a difference of opinion about who is to get the right to sign Congressman Zioncheck to a contract. The Big Boys of Burp are sure that whoever gets the Congressional Clown to make his cross on the dotted line will have a real breadwinner who will draw like adhesive. A compromise may be made with Ali Baba, be-moustached behemoth, exchanging his title for a couch in the Congressional chambers.

## No Noise Is Good News

Those hissing sounds that you may

miss in the neighborhood of the Phoney Fifties can be explained by the fact that Hymie Caplin's boy, Lou Salica, is no longer in the running for the bantam-weight championship. Until his boy was defeated by Tony Marino, Caplin could be heard most any day sending disparaging noises in the direction of Sixto Escobar, top man in the division.

We met Escobar recently at a reception given him by the Committee for Porto Rico. He is a shy, good-looking lad of twenty-three and inclined to regard the admiration of his countrymen with wonder. We sat together in a box at the old Park Palace on the border of Harlem's Latin neighborhood, listening to speakers explain the growth of the movement to liberate Porto Rico. When the chairman called on him, Sixto rose and asked to have his greetings conveyed for him because he'd just had his tonsils out and couldn't speak. The crowd understood and cheered. A young kid ran around from the other side of the horseshoe tier and extended his finger to touch the champ. The kid's father motioned him on but Sixto caught the message and turned to give the kid a warm handshake.

—L. A.

CHAMPION of Youth



# SAILING

By JOE GREENE

Illustrated by Ernest Hainsley

IT WAS in Havana, in Sloppy Joe's place, where you can find anything you're looking for, from trouble to pleasure, that I first heard about the "mutiny" on the "S. S. California."

I was drinking beer with George Britt, a shipmate, when a sailor off the "S. S. Oriente" came in with the news.

No new agreement had been signed with the shipowners, he told us. The officials were still negotiating, though no one knew what the negotiations were all about. The membership referendum voted down the old agreement by a five to one majority. Out in San Pedro, the crew of the "California," led by a sailor named Joe Curran, had "mutinied" as a protest against the conditions aboard ships and against the Union officials who were carrying on negotiations behind the backs of the membership. Finally, Secretary of Labor Perkins called Joe Curran by phone and promised that there will be no discrimination against the crew. The "California" sailed for New York, three days late.

"Phew . . ." George exploded. "But what the hell kind of mutiny is it," the sailor off the "Oriente" added, "when the ship is safely tied up alongside the dock?"

"Hell!" George thumped the table with his huge fist, "it's a strike! That's just what it is, a strike!"

"Here's to the 'California' and a real strike . . ." George raised his glass of beer.

"And to a National Maritime Federation . . ." I added.

"And for a strong, rank and file, democratic International Seamen's Union . . ." the sailor off the "Oriente" finished.

When we came to New York, the Negotiating Committee had signed a new agreement with the shipowners. Only one demand had been granted, a \$5 raise in wages per month. The agreement, however, tied our hands for two years, during which period there were to be no strikes or job actions, and all grievances were to be settled by a Mediation Board.

The membership was not given a chance to vote on the new agreement. In fact, no one knew its terms until after it had been already signed.

Three days later, the "S. S. California" came in. In spite of Secretary Perkins' promise that no discrimination would take place, 64 members of the crew were fined, fired and blacklisted. And the officials of the Union refused to help the discriminated seamen; refused to have a referendum vote on the new agreement.

The day after the "California" arrived, on Thursday, March 19, 374 seamen, the crew of the ship, struck.

Their demands were the original demands endorsed by the entire membership on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts: 75c an hour pay for overtime, eight-hour day for the Stewards Department, union control of hiring, democracy in the Union and for a National Maritime Federation . . .

The hours between midnight and four a.m. are the loneliest hours on the waterfront. West street is quiet then. The



elevated highway is deserted. Underneath the highway, deep shadows sprawl. It is chilly, gloomy. Sometimes, out of the darkness, an automobile comes hurtling, then disappears again. Sometimes, a street car rattles along West street, turning the bend on 23rd street. Sometime a huge truck comes roaring down the street and leaves a greater quietude behind. The piers loom high above in the darkness. Everything is still, deserted. In front of the closed dock gates, two pickets march up and down, up and down . . .

George and I were picketing pier 60, North River. It was two a.m. We talked in whispers.

"This time last year . . . where was I? Oh, yeh. I was in the Alkazar, in Hamburg . . . I was with Greta . . . You know her," George was saying.

"The red-headed one?"

"Yeh . . . And two months ago? I was in Balboa . . . And two weeks ago? In Havana. And now? On the picket line . . . Funny, isn't it?"

"Wonder when Haney is coming with the coffee."

We were both silent for a while, thinking of Joe Curran's words: "We didn't strike the 'California' for ourselves. We didn't strike for better conditions on our ship only. We struck for better conditions on ALL American ships."

Haney came up with a pitcher of coffee and 2 cups for us.

"What's the news?" George asked as he took his cup.

## Wouldn't Scab

"Four guys just came in from Chicago. They're Lakes men. Said agencies are advertising in the papers for Able Bodied seamen to take jobs in New York. They took the jobs because their fare here was paid. But they're Union men and wouldn't scab."

"So our officials are recruiting scabs for the shipowners?"

"Yes. But the shipowners pay them back what it costs."

"Bozo Lyons," Haney continued, "the firemen's delegate, drove up with a carload of gorillas and beat up the pickets on pier 48. We sent a squad out to protect them."

Haney went up the street. Everything was quiet again. We resumed our march, up and down, up and down . . .

A strike call was issued for the entire port of New York. More than 80 ships

were on strike and more than 7,000 seamen signed up for picket duty.

The newspapers carried on a campaign for safety at sea, against the "reds" who were inciting our seamen to mutiny, for a continuous government discharge book, Hearst screamed about Communists trying to destroy our Merchant Marine.

The "friendly" police suddenly became very unfriendly. Mass picket lines were herded away from the struck ships and over to the Italian Lines at pier 59.

Against these attacks, our ranks continued to hold united . . .

On Monday, May 16, police terror began in earnest. A mass picket line of 100, peacefully picketing pier 62, was arrested. While they were being taken to the station house, another line was formed, this time of over 150 seamen. They, too, were all arrested.

About 200 of us were standing on 11th Avenue, in front of strike headquarters, waiting to form another mass picket line at pier 62, across the street.

Suddenly word was passed among the police to "Ride them down!"



Hollywood, July.

HOLLYWOOD is one of the most exciting, most glamorous of all places to millions of people who live outside and to several thousand more who come here from the outlands to conquer the studios and take home some of the gold. Most of the latter end up living in cheap rooms, hunting extra work that cannot possibly go around among the eleven thousand waiting for such jobs; the men begin wearing bright open-necked sweat-shirts, appearing in cafes at lunch time in make-up, the girls acquire made over faces and clothes like Crawford, Hepburn and Colbert, and give out their professional rating as "in pictures."

## Not Forgetting

Maybe if they go without work long enough, they'll be willing to help entertain the visiting prominent American citizens, and help out their bosses. You know, you've seen pictures of mayors smothered at the station in a "bevy of beautiful girls." Well, all these things and more are going on every day and every night in Hollywood, and we aren't forgetting it, but it is summer out here, and it is quiet, in a repressed, thunder-storm sort of way.

For weeks and weeks, the exciting battle of the Screen Writers' Guild and the producers, plus their new band of apple-polishers, the Screen Playwrights, had everyone on an alert ear. The intellectual battle has to all outward appearances ceased, but the producers are doing a little quiet firing, picking off a writer here and there, careful to get a Guild member.

Many Guild members with the price of the Vendome and the Trocadero, Hollywood's most exclusive restaurant and night spot respectively, are consistently boycotting these places because W. R. Wilkerson, owner, and also publisher of the Hollywood Reporter, daily trade paper, has been fighting the Screen Writers' Guild and predicting ruin for the motion picture industry as

A squad of motorcycle police dashed full speed into the seamen. They rode on the sidewalk and crashed right into us.

"Lookout!" I heard George shout. "Lookout, Walters, lookout!"

Too late. A motorcycle smashed into a seamen. He went down. His head struck the curb. Foot police followed the motorcycle squad. They charged into us, swinging their clubs. We fought back—but we were barehanded . . .

The Executive of the International Seamen's Union offered terms to call off the strike. At last they found out that there is a rank and file membership in the Union.

We accepted the terms and called off the strike. But the fight for better conditions and pay for overtime we did not call off; the fight for a democratically run union, goes on until every racketeering official is out.

George and I have our jobs back. We are sailing this week. We are going back to the ships to organize for further strike struggles to improve our conditions.

So are the thousands of others . . .

a result of the Guild's uniting with the Authors' League of America.

There has also been some drop in the Hollywood Reporter's advertising during the hot weeks of the fray when ads appeared almost daily by the Guild and by their critics—those writers, backed by the producers and headed by Rupert Hughes, who formed the equivalent of a company union known as the Screen Playwrights. There's a very good reason for Mr. Wilkerson's producer sympathies: Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M studios has controlling interest in all Wilkerson enterprises.

James Timony, Mae West's manager, and little theatre producer, rehearsing "The Law Demands" at the Hollywood Art Theatre, has been caught up by the Actors' Equity and Guild. Three Equity and two Screen Actors' Guild members were ordered out of the cast under threat of suspension. The agreement is for \$40 a week for senior members, \$25 a week for juniors.

Second one to be pulled up is the Beverly Hills Little Theatre, producing "Cadenza." All members of the cast were asked to sign affidavits that they would not abide by the undercover agreement the theatre had made with them.

## "Heil" MacLaglen

Recently, when Victor MacLaglen was placing his footprint in the sacred cement of the Chinese theatre forecourt, a non-admirer, a small frail man, stepped up boldly and threw an overripe tomato at the leader of Hollywood's armed band of vigilante horsemen. A half dozen of his prize-fighter built, personal guards, walking up and down in front of the theatre, rushed to the aid of Boss Victor. Failing to save him the indignity of the tomato, the giants gave chase to the little man, threatening to "beat him to a pulp," but somewhere in the maze of Hollywood's little streets, he escaped, and was saved a sample of MacLaglen's terror.

—MARCELLA PARKER



# YOUTH AND LABOR

By  
**SYD HOROVITZ**

THE American scene is witnessing a dramatic climax in the history of the working class: the drive to build a labor movement of thirty million organized members, a movement which can make possible steady employment, security and a decent standard of living for all.

The spotlight centers on the city which has been the citadel of the steel barons, coal overlords, millionaire financiers and bank presidents: Pittsburgh.

Here, recently, over 2,000 steel workers gathered in Rankin for the first meeting of the big steel drive—to break ground for the organizational push which will embrace 400,000 steel workers. Laborers milled around the platform, listened to the addresses and roared with one voice for organization. Among the speakers stood Patrick T. Fagan, district leader of the United Mine Workers of America, who is working with the Committee on Industrial Unionism for the creation of one big industrial union in steel.

## Big Steel Drive

He declares: "The workers, driven to the point of desperation, will understand more and more that a starving worker is no better off than a starving loafer and they simply must organize in order to lead a happy life. It is positively criminal that the American masses do not receive a better distribution of the untold natural resources and products and benefits of this great country."

Mr. Fagan pointed out that reactionaries and conservatives are making special appeals to youth, that they wish



Pat Fagan

to make use of youth as strike-breakers or in any capacity to curb the collective bargaining power of labor.

## Appeals To Youth

He stated: "Both major parties consider youth so important that leading politicians make special appeals to them and set up youth divisions of the party. Employers are replacing older workers with young inexperienced hands who are believed to have no tradition of trade unionism, boys fresh from CCC camps. Such methods employed in mining camps are absolutely criminal because the work is of such a hazardous nature. Any propaganda which labor's enemies are introducing into the schools, we will fight to the finish."

In full swing, Mr. Fagan became specific: "Anything which the Liberty League, Chambers of Commerce, Republican party, public utilities, and other reactionary groups intend to perpetrate against the people, we are 100 per cent against. E. T. Weir, corporation head who is the outstanding exponent of reaction here, has set about becoming a political factor in Pittsburgh. The local Chamber of Commerce, likewise, has stood as an obstacle.

The Pittsburgh Coal Company worked through the local Chamber of Commerce to abrogate the contract with the workers signed for the term 1924-27; on May 15, 1925 they broke the conditions pledged; they abrogated the contract August 20."

Today through our own local Chamber of Commerce, it may be added, are inspired the decisions which the Supreme Court rendered against the Guffey Bill, NRA, and other labor legislation.

But the United Mine Workers, too, is stressing the fact that its program must be carried to youth. A program of sports has been arranged with leagues throughout the district and its seven sub-districts; 45 soccer teams, football teams, mushy ball teams, and other sports teams have been organized. The campaign under the jurisdiction of the Committee for Industrial Organization is backing all movements for recreational centers. The miners take an active part in the civic affairs of the community; they try to put men on the school boards, to better the community life, to bring some measure of recovery. The UMW of A has fought continually against child labor.

## Role of Supreme Court

Mr. Fagan places no blind faith in so-called laws to help workers, pointing out that they will be enforced only when labor is sufficiently organized to enforce them. "This is clear," he says, "laws mean absolutely nothing unless they are enforced; without a strong union organization to enforce the law, nothing can be accomplished."

Asked whether he would join forces with the American Youth Congress, whether he would support other broad united front movements which stand to educate the youth to react to issues concerning them and to point out to them the necessity for joining industrial unionism forces, Mr. Fagan replied, "Yes, of course! There is no question about my support and my organization's support of the American Youth Congress and similar youth movements! I myself addressed the local Youth Congress at its convention recently."

## . BOOKS .

IMPERIAL HEARST. By *Ferdinand and Lundberg*. Equinox Cooperative Press. \$2.00.

HEARST: LORD OF SAN SIMEON. By *Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates*. Viking Press. \$3.00.

These two books are the most comprehensive and irresistible indictment which any American ever faced. There is remarkably little duplication in the two volumes, proving that Mr. Hearst's misdeeds could probably fill a library shelf.

CREATIVE AMERICA: ITS RESOURCES FOR SOCIAL SECURITY. By *Mary Van Kleeck*. Covici. Friede. \$3.00.

An expert, whose facility with figures has not impaired her social vision, shows how the United States could provide for its inhabitants if the "possessive" forces were compelled to yield to the "creative." Starvation is not an act of God.

SOVIET COMMUNISM: A NEW CIVILIZATION? By *Sidney and Beatrice Webb*. Scribner's. \$7.50.

Two people who have given their life to a genuine pursuit of truth report on the state of the land of socialism. It is a "new civilization," they report, in a volume fraught with significance for every person who wonders what will happen next. The prohibitive price is one of our contemporary tragedies.

JOHN REED: THE MAKING OF A REVOLUTIONARY. By *Granville Hicks*. Macmillan. \$3.50. The exciting and important story of the Harvard boy who cast his lot with the oppressed of the world.

RULERS OF AMERICA. By *Anna Rochester*. International Publishers. \$3.50.

A study of the men who rule America—and how powerful their rule, often concealed, can be.

WHY KEEP THEM ALIVE? By *Paul De Kruif*. Harcourt, Brace \$3.00.

A sensational expose of a social system, which develops the techniques of life-preservation—but refuses to let people use them.

## LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH

### APRIL

Five thousand agricultural workers will answer a strike call effective Monday morning.

### MAY

I can't forecast just now what will happen, one minute it looks as if the battle is won, then, all of a sudden, something breaks against us. I think if most of the people are out of the fields Monday morning the strike will close the next day with a victory for the union (Southern Tenant Farmer's Union).

The most brutal form of terrorism still goes on, very little money is coming from the East, the lines are being drawn sharper each day.

The strike of agricultural workers is spreading to all sections of the South. A small group walked out in Mississippi, where no strike call was issued. It seems as if the whole rural area will go out on spontaneous strike. I have never seen such discontent as I have witnessed in the past month.

### JUNE

The general strike was called by representatives from each local in the affected areas at a meeting called in Memphis. It is our only weapon to force the

disarmament of the gunmen employed by the landlords and their interests. Victory looks like it might be near somewhere, but one never knows what might happen next in a situation like this.

Throughout the strike there has been terror, much more brutal than I saw when the union was being organized, and during the cotton pickers' strike last fall. I take it for granted that you know of the concentration camp set up to break the strike. Of course, we don't have fascism as yet in the southland; but looking at the methods being used to combat this strike one could hardly distinguish between the terror of the reactionary landlords and the outright fascism of Hitler. This is the worst that I have ever witnessed. Gosh, I'll be glad when we get the planters whipped and their lackeys disarmed.

The strike is still on, although I can't tell how many days or hours it will last. The planters with their gunmen are increasing the terror against the cotton-choppers. A mob attacked a picket line. We had one man murdered last Monday.

Don't forget to send us the paper (CHAMPION). We thought the last one was grand.

—EDWIN C. MITCHELL

## RECIPE [On the House]

Three-fifty per. is no relief,  
Won't paste putty on a broken pane;  
Set a square meal in front of the kids,  
Or spread us a sheet on our straw mattress beds.  
But the guy with the paunch and the plastered hair  
Mixes and sets the drinks on the bar:

*Bi-monthly check  
The many-gold smile*

*Add  
The slow poured purring of gentle oil  
"... Come on buddy ... it's on the house*

*You've shelled out enough to have one free  
So give us that grin and what the hell!"  
A few of us line at the rail and swill,  
Remumble his coaxings over the beer  
Till it drips on our chins and we droop to a snore.*

*But most of us grip our knuckles and stare.*

*"... There's lots more fellas where this come from  
So don't go round and listen to the reds*

Stick by us just one of the boys  
Americans—all

*O ... oh say can you seeee ...  
Drink on it! annuzzer! and long about dawn*

*When you're pie-eyed grateful and spoilin for fun*

*We'll take the likker to a lynchin spree  
An show those bastards who hate Uncle Sham*

*The reashun why God has made the tree ..."*

*Three-fifty is no New Birth  
But don't worry, we'll take it ... for what it's worth.*

*We know by the gnaw and the shrink of our guts  
And the undrunken anger strong in our heads*

*There isn't any Roosevelt filling the glass*

*Or Morgan clinking the registered cash  
Can set up enough to get by with a laugh.*

—DAVID SCHREIBER

CHAMPION of Youth



# AMERICAN SPIRIT '76--'36

*The Revolutionists and Tories in 1776—what was their historical class position? Who are the Americans of 1936 and what's their historical status?*

By  
**JOSEPH COHEN**

**"T**HE proud oppressors over the earth shall be totally broken down and those classes of men who have hitherto been the victims of their rage and cruelty shall perpetually enjoy perfect peace and safety till time shall be no more."

This is the American dream. These hopes were expressed in a letter by Samuel Adams to Thomas Jefferson.

One hundred and sixty years ago, on the fourth day of July, the American Continental Congress solemnly published and declared "that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states."

## *Birth of a Nation*

There was new hope for mankind in that declaration: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal . . ." Their "unalienable rights" to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," were proclaimed. And the sacred right to revolution was firmly asserted: "That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends (life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness), it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness . . ."

The right to revolution? Nay, more, the duty: "when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security."

## *"Reds"—1776*

To each age its own problems, its own solutions. In the first American revolution it was necessary to unite the colonies, break the power of British rule, and establish an independent nation free from the economic shackles imposed by British domination. There were many who saw future tasks and impending solutions. Thus, in his original draft of the Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson included a scathing denunciation of Negro slavery. But it took another revolution to free the chattel slaves.

Countless petitions had been sent to the British king before the colonists adopted their independence declaration. But as Patrick Henry once asked: "Will the oppressor let go the oppressed? Can the annals of mankind exhibit one single example, where rulers, overcharged with power, willingly let go the oppressed, though solicited and requested most earnestly?"

It was the "radical party" among

the colonists, the organizers of the revolutionary Committees of Correspondence and other such groups, which saw the logic of the conflict with England, the need for independence, unity and mass action to accomplish these ends. It was Tom Paine, "alien agitator," who wrote those incendiary pamphlets which showed that the rights of the colonies could be won not by collaborating with the Crown and Tories, but only by overthrowing the British yoke.

## *Conspiracy of Silence*

Our school books often give us a picture of the American revolution as a glorified tea party, with well-mannered gentlemen under powdered wigs and with gorgeous ruffles, dancing Virginia reels with many petticoated young ladies. They do not even bother to recall that the "Boston tea party" itself was an illegal act, an example of one of the mass actions organized by the radicals. They forget that the farmers and mechanics who fought the revolution, froze at Valley Forge and conquered at Yorktown, were precisely the classes which had been in opposition to the rich merchants, many of whom desired a peaceful settlement with, and not a drastic separation from England.

And why are our text books silent about such heroes of the battle for American independence as Crispus Attucks, the Negro, who led the demonstration which the British converted into the Boston massacre? Why don't they tell about this Negro hero who was the first man to fall in the struggle for American Independence?

It was the age-old resistance of the common people to tyranny and oppression, which found its highest expression in the revolution. Graydon,

a Tory in the days of '76, thought it "scarcely necessary to mention that the spirit of liberty and resistance drew into its vortex the mechanical interests, as well as that numerous portion of the community, in Republics, styled the People; in monarchies, the Populace, or still more irreverently, the Rabble, or Canaille."

## *Give Me Liberty*

The "red baiters" of that day, or as they have been aptly termed, "reb baiters," attacked the "mob" and the "anarchists" in much the same fashion, and often the very language of Hearst and the reactionaries who have inherited the mantle of the Tories of '76. The New York Gazette, a Tory paper, accused Tom Paine of desiring the confiscation of property, it accused the rebels of fomenting "anarchy, riot and bloodshed." The Tory merchants who opposed the decision of the radicals to prevent British imports from entering the colonies spoke through Reverend Samuel Seabury, who asked: "Will you submit to this slavish regulation? Let them examine your tea-cannisters and molasses jugs, your wives' and daughters' petticoats . . ." The home and the sanctity of womanhood must be preserved.

One can picture the 18th century Tories, as they raged against the rebels, who organized the following demonstration in New York in 1775. Here is the description in the Pennsylvania Packet of March 13, 1775.

"Early this morning, preparations were made for the meeting at the Exchange in New York. A Union Flag, with a red field, was hoisted on the Liberty Pole, where at 9 o'clock the friends of freedom assembled, and having got into proper readiness about 11, began the march to the exchange." Red flags, in 1775!

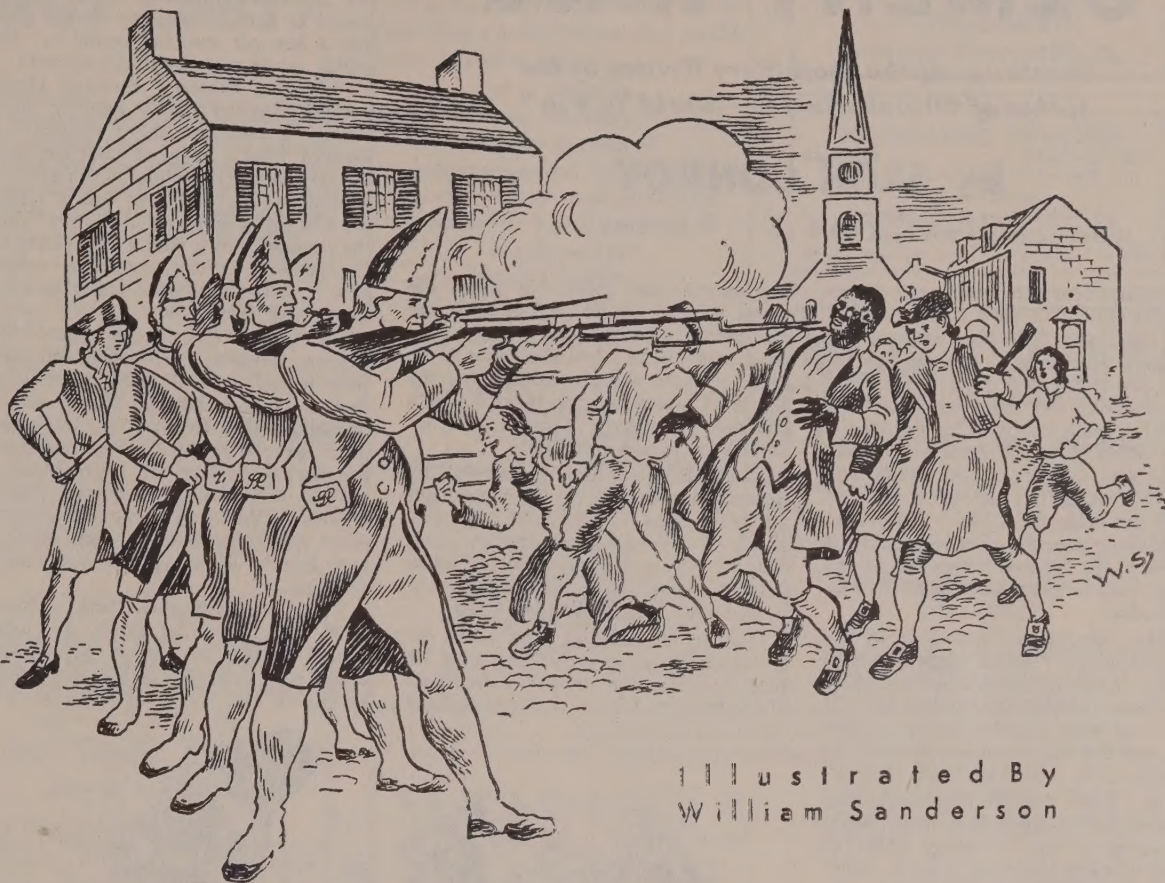
Democracy was sedition in 1776. But America was born in a struggle of the common people. It became a nation which helped spread the new revolutionary doctrines throughout the world. Tom Paine, active in the French revolution, sent George Washington the key to the Bastille, overthrown symbol of reaction in France, at the request of Lafayette. This was an expression of French gratitude for their debt to the American revolutionists who had become the international incendiaries of their day.

Those democratic liberties (limited as they are in a society divided into rich and poor), which were expounded in the American revolution and won at the cost of so much suffering, are threatened again, 160 years after the signing of the declaration of independence. Dragging the grand word "liberty" in the dust, the American Liberty League strives to rob the American people of those "inalienable rights" proclaimed in 1776. A Black Legion rises as did the British troops and Hessians to destroy every gain of the first struggle for American liberty.

## *"Reds"—1936*

To each age its own task. That of 1776 was the breaking up of British rule. That of 1861 was shattering the hold of the slave owners and the emancipation of the chattel slaves. That of the present day is the emancipation of labor from the sway of a handful of bankers and industrialists who control the wealth of the nation, even though this wealth has been created by the men and women who are exploited by the small body of wealthy drones.

The American dream lives on. It can and will become reality.



Illustrated By  
William Sanderson



# CEMENT KING

Conclusion of the Short Story Written by the  
Author of "Disinherited"—"World To Win"

By JACK CONROY

Illustrated By Dixon

The basement excavation sank deeper into the earth. The black loam had been easy digging, and the clay was not bad, though it stuck like glue to our spades. Then we came to a hard whitish soil that crumbled like ash when you finally forced a spade into it. One side of the hole sloped up to the ground level, and teams with scrapers circled around and around, taking out the loose dirt we could not hold on the ends of our slick spades long enough to heave it out. The stench of the lathered horses and of our own sweat conquered the earth's sweet, wild odor.

While digging we saw little of the Cement King. "Little bugger's hand's shoved in the company's pockets up to his elbow," Highpockets would say. "I don't see why Schultz favors a shine like that the way he does. Some folks just got it in 'em t' be nigger lovers."

But I knew that the little Negro had been working away bailing empty sacks, unloading a car, or piling sacks of cement beside the shed door in order not to be caught napping if the mixer should start.

As it grew hotter, we all became as lean as wolves, and as snarly. Our inner thighs and u. lerarms were galled so cruelly that it was a task to walk, let alone work like beavers, with the salty sweat smarting our raw places as it poured over them. The drinking water was tepid as dishwater, and many of us cursed over a sick stomach all day long, even though thirst might drive us to the bucket time and again.

The Cement King voluntarily assumed part of my work—dumping the cement into the pan. This was the toughest part of my task. My wrists were weak and sore, my nostrils plugged from breathing the stifling, acrid fog. My hair was stiff as wire. And when I was shoveling way desperately with blistered hands to get enough gravel into the pan before the whistle tweeted its shrill warning that the engineer was about to hoist, the Negro grabbed a shovel and deftly heaped gravel, two to my one.

## Too Tired

Like most of us, the Cement King couldn't afford a lodging place. He dug a burrow like a rabbit hutch in a ravine near the railroad tracks and fronted it neatly with packing cases and burlap. The rest of us continued to lie in the toolsheds or on the sand. We were too tired to build huts for ourselves, or we were not ingenious enough. And most of the men hated the little Negro, heaping upon him the resentment they felt about their unenviable lot—the sore muscles, the ragged clothes, the cold food bought at a grocery store, and the death-like sleep in the sandpiles or among the rags.

Then came the time when there would be a light sheen of frost, visible under bright moonlight but vanishing under the weakest sun. We arose stiff and morose from our damp sand beds, frowning as we shook the grains from

our overalls and jackets in which the sweat we had poured out so hotly the day before was sour and clammy as a dead man's skin. And there was to be seen, right before our bitter eyes, the fat, black smoke pouring from the hut's chimney, cunningly fabricated from paint buckets and syrup pails.

It was not long until it required the noonday sun to dissolve the frosts, and all of us tried to cram into the toolsheds. But there was not enough room. Being a boy, and a timid one, I had to content myself with the sandpile and some burlap bags I had discovered.

One day the Cement King asked me if I'd like to sleep in his hut, since he had room for one more. I hesitated about this, for I knew it meant epithets

and persecution from the other men if I should be discovered. But it was getting colder, and each morning my throat was so raw I had to wince when eating or drinking. Though I was dog-tired, I often stumbled around and around the half-finished building until I could drag my feet no farther. Then I'd sag leadenly into my rag pile until morning, awakening with my teeth clicking together. So I compromised by going to the Negro's hut under cover of darkness.

He was always up early, to get a supply of cement ready for the morning run, and there would be coffee and flapjacks ready on the brick stove to greet my opening eyes. The hot food glowed in my stomach until the comfortable sun had warmed the chill out of the air. I contrived to slip out before daylight, and the others never new where I had spent the night.

It was only a few days after a flat car-load of wooden water pipes, treated with pitch on the outside, had been piled on the bank just above the Cement King's hut that the resentment of Highpockets and the men burst into flames fiercer than those that destroyed the water pipes. At noon the Negro cooked his dinner in the hut, and this noontime when the pipes began crackling and burning and the pitch hissing, everybody knew what had happened—a spark from the Cement King's chimney had started the fire.

Highpockets knew too well that he would catch hail Columbia from old Schultz; perhaps he'd lose his job. All the pipes would surely burn, and it would be hard to save the cement shed and a box car standing beside it. No telling where the fire might spread.

"Oh, that baboon!" shrieked Highpockets, dancing like a monkey on a stick. "I told him this'd happen! I knowed what'd happen! But the lack bugger wouldn't pay me no mind."

None of us had ever heard Highpockets say a word about danger from the chimney, but it isn't a safe policy to dispute with a boss, particularly when he's hopping mad and you're a long, weary way from home.

The Cement King popped out of his burrow, plunged back inside, emerged with a pail full of water, which he dashed on the blaze. There was a crackling like firecrackers, and the pitch spat and ran in all directions, each burning rivulet kindling fresh fires.

"Oh, you fool jjit!" howled Highpockets. "Make it worse, will ya?" Ain't you got a speck o' sense in that burr haid? Water spreads it worse'n anything."

Then he stooped, selecting a good-sized rock from the gravel pile, and hurled it with all his strength at the bewildered Negro. All the men began screaming and throwing rocks as fast



as they could pick them up. The Cement King stood rooted with amazement for a moment, then ran up the incline to the railroad tracks, holding the bucket before his face. The rocks peppered it like hail, and a hit between the legs caused him to drop the bucket and cry out in agony. Then the rocks found his face and head; blood trickled from his mouth.

## That Look

I had not thrown a single rock. But I can never forget the look he gave all of us as he paused for a moment before vanishing across the tracks. It seemed to me that he was looking mostly at me, with grief, wonder, and reproach. The little fellow had always tried to do all of them a good turn when he could, and he was the only one among the slaughterhouse, bullies who had not browbeaten me and taken advantage of me. Now every hand was against him. He could not understand it.

Though I had not raised my hand against the Cement King, I did not feel easy in my mind, nor have I since that day. I was only a boy then, and I was afraid of the others. But the little man was the only friend I had there, and he could not know that none of the stones that bruised him so cruelly was flung by the one who had shared his hut and his hot food in the mornings when the frost was thick and the outside air cold.



SOMEONE ought to write an accurate history of the American cosmetic industry. It would be revealing. It would be shocking. Romantics would boycott it. But truth-loving American girls and women would be grateful.

Grateful because for years and years now Beauty has become a religion, with all the accompanying mysticism and magic. It is governed by a holy trinity—BEAUTY—the cosmetics manufacturers and the priests and priestesses who preach their gospel through one-fourth, one-half and full page ads.

Instead of spending our money on ritual—we go home and think about how our grandmothers kept their skins fine and clear; how they kept their hair healthy—how they preserved the soft white texture of lovely hands. And like the jig-saw puzzle, once you see part of the picture, the rest is easy. It isn't magic.

## Here's How

For one thing—it's dreadfully important that the skin be kept clean. Unless it is cleansed very frequently the dust and grime will settle in the pores—form blackheads and eventually cause infections and eruptions. A good cleanser, that is both cheap and efficient, is a combination of witch hazel and spirits of camphor. Add half an ounce of spirits of camphor to a quart bottle of witch hazel and for about thirty-five cents you have a good cleansing lotion, as well as an astringent. It should last several months.

If your skin is dry and you want a lubricant—there are any number of preparations which will soften the skin and prevent it from chafing. Toilet Lanolin, U.S.P., can be bought in any drug store for about nineteen cents. By applying it to the face and leaving a thin film on over night you will find that your skin stays soft and suppliant. Lanolin's also good for the hands. And, if you aren't too finicky about smells, there's nothing better than just good old olive or castor oil. Olive oil is used on babies and the Roman ladies used it for cleansing their skins.

Massage is important, but don't treat your face as though it was in training for a wrestling match. The tissues and muscles of the face are delicate. They don't need much strength—except for occasional smiles and a chew once in a while. But we don't chew or smile as much as we should these days—and circulation in the face gets sluggish. Massage for the face should be a slow, gentle patting. Something like wind-beating—to wax romantic. Whether the up or the down or the sidewise motion is the best—I don't know. I've seen each method recommended by creditable authorities. I recommend just patting. It won't rub any muscles or tissues the wrong way. A few minutes of that finger tip patting massage each night will bring good results.

No one thing determines beauty. Rather it is a combination of clear skin, healthy, lustrous hair, bright eyes, tidy nails as well as neatness and taste in one's clothing. And paying high prices for magic potions isn't going to do the trick. A beauty routine needs time and discipline more than money.

—JEAN NICHOLS

CHAMPION of Youth



# THE KILLER TYPE

(Continued from page 6)

champ and thirty thousand berries is laying out there on the canvas. By some miracle Russ got up at eight and started to back pedal around the ring with Young Anderson after him like a wildman. I stood there, biting my lips, and praying that Anderson wouldn't catch up with him.

The bell rings and as Russ comes to his corner, I yell! "Sap! Why didn't you finish him off?" Russ just shakes his head and he's a little glass-eyed and he said: "It's funny, but I've seen that guy before. You don't forget a face like that."

"Listen kid, you got to pull yourself together. Everything we've been shooting for, the champ, the big money, and the rest, is gone if this clown hits you again. He can hit! Keep him off. Don't take any chances with him. Stay away from him and outbox him. Decision him and we get the champ and all that juicy dough. Another thing, don't let that cut over his eye heal. Keep it open, don't let a scab form. Keep..."

"That's it!" Russ yelled, coming to life suddenly, and jumping off his seat like he got a shot in the arm. "I told you I had seen him some place before. Scab! That's what he was, a scab! He was one of those thugs in the street car strike."

As the bell rang and I shoved Russ into the ring, I had one look at his eyes and they looked so hard and cold that I got a chill. Russ shot across the ring, surprised Anderson in his own corner, stepped back from Anderson's first swing, and then smacked Anderson with the fastest left hook I've ever seen. The punch bounced Anderson into the ropes and as he came out he ran into a straight right that broke his nose. Talk about killers, Russ just propped Anderson against the ropes and banged away with everything he had, and he had plenty! I never saw him like that before, he could have beaten anybody in the world at that moment. Anderson just slumped against the ropes, his face a bloody mess.

Of course the ref jumped in and stopped it. But now I'm busy. If I can only prove that the champ was a scab, I'll have a new champion on my hands. But I don't think it will work, as the champ is a nice guy and has never been a rat. Maybe Russ will just outbox him.

# WE'RE NOT LOST

(Continued from page 5)

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