

DECEMBER, 1936

Champion

OF YOUTH



SPAIN'S YOUNG HEROES

By JOSEPH CADDEN

Letters

The Young Workers Club of our city was organized about a year ago, with a membership of 30. It was formed to provide wholesome entertainment as well as education for youth in industry. Some of our members have already read *Champion* and liked it so much that they decided that the rest should know about the magazine. So now we are asking you to send us 20 copies of the last issue.

Miss Wally Gottschalk,
Allentown, Pa.

* * *

I have taken over the editorship of "Yak," organ of the Youth Advisory Council of the National Union of Clerks and Administrative Workers, the only one of its kind in the British Trade Union Movement, and I am particularly anxious to get material on youth trade unionism in the United States. I should like to communicate with some reader of *Champion* who could exchange information with me on the subject.

James Moran, 2 Duncan St.,
Islington, London, N. 1.

* * *

We awaited with interest the appearance of your magazine and enjoyed reading all of its issues.

New Voices Magazine.

* * *

Allow me to congratulate you on the success of your powerful little magazine. I am deeply interested in its future. May I make a suggestion?

I would like to see your sports department become the major interest. This idea is not dictated by my personal desires. If we consider the other magazines seeking to attract young people—i.e., *American Boy*, *Boy's Life*, etc.—we find that the most successful of these are just those that have discovered that sports, athletics, and outdoor life engage most of the time and energies of America's youth. I urge you to enlarge your sports section even if it means to squeeze out some other department. This section should be full of sport shots, hints, coaching, comment about and by sport luminaries.

S. L. K., New Haven, Conn.

* * *

I am sending for sample copies of your publication and if it is a truly *Third Party* magazine you can count on my subscription. I am not a Socialist and did not vote that way but I have voted my last major party ticket. My efforts in the future will be to enlist men and women in either an American Labor Party or Farmer-Labor Party. True liberal leaders in every state, all state Socialist leaders and all state Technocrat leaders should meet in a national caucus and immediately form a *United Third Party* and IMMEDIATELY start building County and State organizations in every state.

Although I supported Roosevelt, personally I feel that he is with Wall Street and against Labor. I have heard that he is instructed to give to the people certain things; but when it comes to giving the people those things in life they are entitled to and need he will not.

Chas. J. Hitchcock,
Kansas City, Mo.

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

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Our Stand

This magazine is dedicated to the aspirations and interests of the young people of the United States.

Living in the richest country of the world, a nation which could provide abundance for all its citizens, we inherit a tradition of courageous independence from those who have toiled to build the vast productive strength of this land. Our forefathers sought to leave a heritage of freedom, peace and security.

Today that heritage is threatened by a destructive economic crisis, by steady attacks on our liberties, and by the onrush of a new world war. Millions of young Americans have been deprived of the right to earn a living.

The times cry for a *Champion of Youth*.

We declare that we shall not be a "lost generation."

We hold that if American youth is to improve its lot here and now, it must join hands with the workers of hand and brain, of cities and farms, in the building of a Farmer-Labor Party.

We wholeheartedly support the formation of a nationwide Farmer-Labor youth movement.

We stand for a society in which men shall produce for their own use—not for the profits of a handful of rulers.

We stand for a society in which there will be no financial power, no House of Morgan to drive us to war.

We stand for the equality of Negro and white, of all races and nationalities.

We stand for a society in which every young man and woman will be accorded the fullest educational opportunities.

That is the American dream. Towards its realization this magazine is dedicated. And we will champion the cause of the youth who demand the right to work, who oppose fascism with its destruction of all healthy social and educational values, and strive to promote the great cause of peace.

In every struggle for economic relief, against war preparations, for civil liberty and the democratic rights of the people—we will preserve and strengthen that vision of an America of plenty and peace. Our hands shall be outstretched to our brothers and sisters in every land who share our hopes, who face the same perils and who are confronted by the same enemy.

Contributors

GEORGE RUTHERFORD'S story is based upon his experiences in a CCC camp in Florida. Born in Martinsburg, West Virginia, he says his "twenty-one years have consisted of an effort to learn as much as possible and to find some sort of useful job to do in life, which is what all young men and women are seeking and which is constantly being denied them."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT is professor of English at the University of Chicago and an officer of the American League Against War and Fascism and League for Industrial Democracy.

JUANITA JACKSON is special assistant to Walter White, head of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and youth leader of the organization.

JOSEPH CADDEN, executive secretary of the American Youth Congress, has just returned from Spain. He was a member of an International Youth Commission which made a survey of the Spanish people's struggle against fascism, and the author of *Spain—1936*, a pamphlet based on the Commission's findings.

MARK STARR has long been educational director of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. He has written extensively about workers' education.

WILLARD UPHAUS is executive secretary of the Religion and Labor Foundation and editor of *Economic Justice*, its publication. He was one of the first to take up the fight in behalf of Prof. Jerome Davis, advisory editor of *CHAMPION*, who was dropped from the Yale faculty because of his advanced social views.

MORRIE SCHNAPPER, managing editor of *Champion*, was formerly economic analyst of the National Youth Administration. He is making an intensive study of the American Legion's influence on youth.

HELEN MORTON is chairman of the United Student Peace Committee, which is marshalling and co-ordinating student peace activities throughout the country. She is the representative of the Intercollegiate Christian Council.

KATHRYN CORDELL has been authorized by the Rust Brothers to write about their famous cotton-picker. She is co-editor of *American Viewpoints* and a contributor to *Common Sense*, etc.

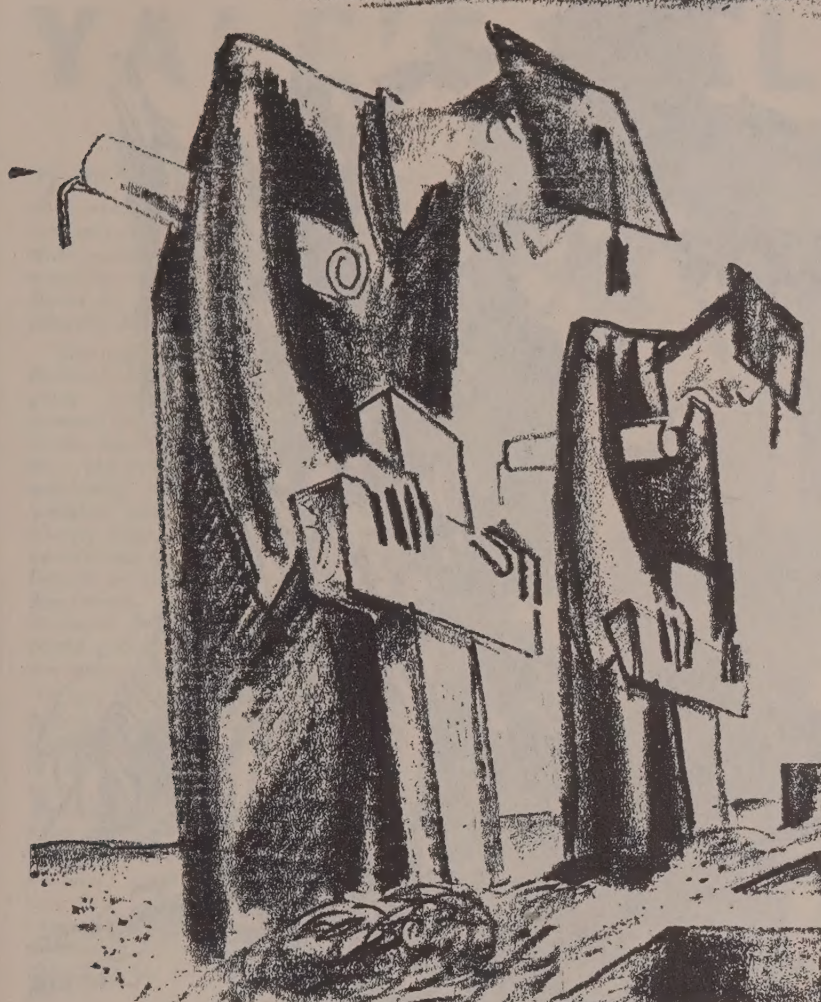
In the first place the *Champion* is eminently suited to the needs of the youth it intends to reach. The very flavor of the magazine smacks of youth. The middle page is promising and attractive. I would suggest that the next issue contain an article explaining the dangers of fascism. The past issues assumed a greater knowledge of fascism, its program and origins, than the facts warrant.

Joseph M. Selove, Chicago.

As a teacher I am tremendously interested in your magazine. I should like to have copies of all back issues. Good luck to your venture!

Edwina Kenney, Palo Alto, Calif.

CHAMPION of Youth



THE LEGION LIES!

by MORRIE SCHNAPPER

Illustrated by Anton Refregier

A Documentary Expose of American Legion's Attacks Upon Academic Freedom and Youth

Organization of the American Legion by convention action favored the so-called teachers' oaths. This action was not reiterated in 1935 and that program has not been made a part of the national activities for the year 1935-36. Some State Departments of the Legion are actively for such oaths and others are not. In other words, there is considerable autonomy in the American Legion, but in this instance the National Organization is taking no stand officially.

What Commander Murphy meant to say was that the organization as a whole diplomatically refrained from coming out formally for teachers' oaths but left it up to its constituent parts to do so. And they have done so. The seven state oath laws passed in 1935 and the twenty such laws later introduced in state legislatures have all been maneuvered in one manner or another by the State Department of the Legion. The District of Columbia measure requiring all teachers to swear every two weeks that they have not taught or advocated Communism, one of the most alarming measures of its sort, was chiefly furthered by a group of powerful red-baiting Legionnaires. Among the most vociferous of these Legionnaires was Major General Amos A. Fries, U. S. Army, retired, one-time Department Commander of the Legion of the District of Columbia. The passage of State Senator McNaboe's resolution calling the investigation of radicalism in New York City schools was greatly facilitated by Legionnaires lobbying in and out of Albany.

Certainly the Legion did not show that it had seen the light when at its convention in September it applauded vigorously when Orville C. Pratt, president of the National Education Association, said: "School teachers who attempt to indoctrinate their pupils with un-American doctrines have no place in the school system and the sooner they are put out the better" but remained significantly silent when he expressed somewhat progressive views about education.

And certainly its remarkably intensive and extensive 1936 "Americanism" program, conducted with discreet but effective reticence, does not indicate any break from the organization's reactionary past. Emphatically on the contrary. That program constitutes the most thoroughgoing offensive on the American school system ever launched by the Legion, or for that matter, perhaps any other organization.

A confidential bulletin entitled "Americanism—A Program of Action," issued only to Legionnaire offi-

cial, contains ample damning evidence.

Under the heading of "Pacifism in the Schools," it calls upon Legionnaires to see to it "that the public schools should not be used for the propagation of subversive doctrines" and to bring pressure upon school officials "to be more careful of the organizations to which school buildings are loaned."

It instructs the Legion's National Director of Americanism "to prepare a monthly news letter or bulletin to send to each State Superintendent of Public Instruction for disseminating information among the high school principals in his state in regard to communistic and radical movements of youth groups."

Pointing out that the Legionnaires of several states have sponsored oratorical contests on patriotic subjects for high school students and that these contests "have proved that they can promote citizenship and build friendship for the Legion without great cost," it proposes "the operation of a high school oratorical contest on a nation-wide scale and directs the Americanism Commission to give immediate and careful study to the best means of financing such a national contest."

It urges Legionnaires to "vigorously oppose the Communistic Youth movement, especially as expressed in the Summer Camps for children, and the formation of like clubs in our schools and colleges."

It suggests that "the schools and colleges of the United States be encouraged to improve their curricula and methods of teaching" American history, civics, and political science "to the end that such studies be made more effective in developing better citizens" of the Legionnaire type.

It recommends the establishment of "School Masters' Clubs" composed of Legion educators, teachers, etc., and motivated by the ideals and purposes of the Legion's National Americanism Commission.

It endorses "the Macfadden Youth Movement," urges its expansion and outlines a study of this movement "for the purpose of considering an expansion of the program to national proportions. Attention is called to the fact that 'The Alabama Department of the American Legion has maintained a youth movement with the aid of Bernarr Macfadden . . . in 40 separate towns in the department during the current year, in which more than 17,000 of the youth of Alabama have participated, and said movement has been in every way satisfactory to all concerned and resulted in great benefit to the department and the youth of the state.'"

FOR all its sudden liberal propagandizing and posturing with regard to academic freedom, the American Legion—stripped of its false mask—is today more reactionary than it has ever been. Irrefutable documentary facts, revealed here for the first time, prove it.

The story of the Legion's alleged change of heart has its origin in an address made last summer by Frank Miles, a representative of National Commander Ray Murphy before the National Education Association. In this address Miles was reported to have come out against compulsory oaths of loyalty for teachers and to have urged respect for academic freedom.

No sooner were Miles' words broadcast than many educators and publications went into raptures about what seemed to be a reversal of the American Legion's reactionary policy. U. S. Commissioner of Education outdid himself in a paean of praise. Even *The Nation* commented editorially "we are glad to see the Legion defending teachers against the super-patriots, and we are also pleased to learn that it is aware, at least officially, of the menace of reactionary movements." And ever since liberals have been in something of a dither about it all.

The fact of the matter is that such unsuspecting enthusiasm has been far from justified.

Miles did not actually represent the opinions of Commander Ray Murphy, one of the most blatant Tories of the organization. Undoubtedly he did express the views of thousands of Legionnaires sick to the stomach of the organization's onslaughts on American schools but he did so without their active support or articulated convictions.

Why then did Murphy permit Miles to speak in his behalf?

Because Legion panjandrum was becoming disturbed by the increasing number of Legionnaires who had such views.

Because Murphy himself found his policies were making him un-

popular with the rank and file membership.

Because it was becoming abundantly evident that public opinion against the Legion's educational attacks was mounting.

Because Legion officials saw that they needed the cooperation of educators much more than educators needed their support.

By simply having Frank Miles, a Legionnaire with something of a reputation as a progressive, speak as his representative before the National Education Association, Murphy was able to win the support of the rebelling membership, placate public opinion, and end the enmity of educators—all without actually committing himself or the Legion to any viewpoint of action less reactionary than those previously expressed and pursued. Miles and Miles only was left responsible for what Miles said, which explains why he had to keep reiterating that his views were his views only and not those of the Legion.

When Commander Murphy was asked by the American Civil Liberties Union whether Miles' speech represented the official Legion position on educators' loyalty oath bills, he replied that it did not. He wrote equivocally:

"At Miami, in 1934, the National

My Buddy Cries in the Dark

by GEORGE RUTHERFORD

Illustrated by Cartelle

EVERY night it's the same thing again. My buddy will start crying and keep it up the whole damned night.

It's been going that way for almost a month now and I've been losing sleep on account of it. It ain't like nothing I've ever heard before, that crying of his. It sounds like it comes from down in his belly somewhere and makes you think of a dog that's been hurt that can't be done nothing for. If you'd be able to say something to make him feel better, make him feel like you know how hard hit he is, it'd be better maybe. But a guy hates to keep saying to his buddy, "Gee, Bill, I know it's tough, Buck up and take it on the chin." Especially if you've said it to him a thousand times already. Besides, I've never been much on this sloppy stuff and it makes it tough on me, too, to keep thinking about what happened to him while he's away from home here in this CCC camp. It gets me to thinking.

The whole trouble started about a month ago right after we'd come in from the woods where we was working. It was just about time for chow, about twelve thirty, and Bill and me was washing up. Him and me was buddies ever since we come in the CCC. I don't see what kick an educated guy like Bill gets out of palling around with a dumb cluck like me, but that's the way things happens sometimes.

"Bill," I says, "yuh didn't do so bad wit dem trees today."

"So bad?" he says. "If you ask me I did swell. Twenty-one trees down in six hours. Pretty damned good!"

He was all smiling that day. After you've been in the CCC for awhile you learn to keep smiling, even if your back pains from cutting down trees. If you didn't smile you'd kick hell out of somebody because you're so mad. It ain't a lot of fun to get up at four o'clock in the morning before the sun's up and start to work.

After that we was separated in the mess hall during chow. I couldn't see where Bill was setting and it didn't make much difference because I was hungry as nine bears that day. In the middle of chow the top-kick jumped up on a bench and said something about turning in worn out shoes to be fixed and to keep the barracks clean if we didn't want special duty, and then after that he announced that my pal Bill Jones was wanted in the office.

When I next saw Bill, he was just staring into space and saying nothing. He looked funny.

"What'd dey want at the office?" I asks him.

He looked at me. "My mother's ill. She may be dying."

"Gee!" I says, jumping up and going over to him, "dat's tough."

"Yeah," say Bill. His voice was like a guy's voice sounds when he feels like crying but don't want nobody to know.

"Are dey sending yuh home Bill?"

He gave a funny laugh. "No." He looked like he was going to bawl. But he didn't.

After a minute he says kind of quiet, "They're going to check up and see that it's not a trick to get sent home free."

"Jesus Christ!" I yells, they're crazy. Dat's a helluva way to do tings.

When'll yuh know?"

He just shrugged. "I dunno."

There wasn't much we could talk about that afternoon. The other guys and me tried to be funny and cheer him up a bit. But Bill didn't seem to get so cheerful. He'd laugh at our wisecracks a minute and then get sad looking again. The rest of the day dragged by and after evening chow Bill went to the office to see if they'd investigated yet.

They told him they'd received no word.

The next morning we went to chop down trees as usual. Four or five times I had to tell Bill to shake a leg. The leader kept giving him tough looks to make him work faster, but Bill didn't seem to take the hints. Finally I went over to the leader and told him about how Bill's mother was sick and he was cut up about it.

"We All Knew . . ."

"That's bad," the leader says. And he didn't get after Bill much anymore but it bothered me anyway because Bill was pretty absent minded and I kept getting afraid a tree would fall on him if he didn't watch out.

It was after lunch that day when they called Bill into the office again. When he come back to the hut this time he looked worse than the day before. He didn't say nothing to any of us. He stretched out on the cot and turned his face to the wall. I didn't open my mouth.

We all knew his mother was dead. We didn't have to be told. We knew it.

The other four guys left the hut, but I didn't go. I couldn't. I wanted to say something to make him feel better. But I couldn't think what to say. I was too dumb to. It wasn't long before Bill let a big sob.

"Take it easy, pal," I says the best way I could.

Bill jumped off the cot. He acted crazy. He stood in the middle of the hut and screamed as loud as he could.

"Those sons of— Can't even go home and see your mother before she dies. Got to investigate to see if your own parents are pulling a trick to get



you out of this stinking hole. Afraid they'll have to spend a few lousy dollars to send you home. It's all right to slave like a poor damned Negro, but you don't even have the right to see your own mother."

"Sure, Bill," I says. "Sure, pal" . . . I put a hand on his shoulder but he threw it off.

"Oh God almighty," He fell on his cot and rolled over and over like a guy having fits. I didn't know what to do.

He just went on yelling and rolling. I left him and went to the first aid room to get Lieutenant White, the company doctor. He put something in a glass and came with me.

"What's the matter with Jones?" he asks me. I told him.

"It's a shame," says the Lieutenant, in that way which shows all officers don't really give a good damn. "But we all have to lose our mothers. Jones will have to take it like a soldier."

"I know, Lieutenant," I come right back at him. "But he should've been sent right home."

The Lieutenant didn't answer to that.

We went in the hut. Bill was still in his bunk. He wasn't hollering anymore. He was just gazing at nothing. When he saw the Lieutenant he froze right up in the face.

"I don't need anything, sir."

Bill rose up from the cot and swung his arm. The glass in the Lieutenant's hand fell. The ammonia splattered all over the floor.

"I said I didn't want it," Bill yells. He got on his feet. He looked square at the Lieutenant. His eyes were all swollen and his face was all wet. I never saw Bill look at anybody as ter-

rible as he looked at Lieutenant White.

"Listen," he says. He was calmed down now, not yelling any more. "If you officers were human and had wired my mother I'd be home right away and she might be alive now."

"But my boy," the Lieutenant stammers, "regulations are—"

"Regulations?" Bill laughs. "Who cares about the damn regulations? This isn't the army. There's only one regulation as far as you and the rest of the officers are concerned. We guys of the CCC are nothing but bums to you, bums with no place to go and no jobs. We're scum to you and you treat us like scum. We're not supposed to be given any consideration. We're not supposed to have parents, not even the right to see them when they're dying. We're not supposed to have any feelings. We're just supposed to work ourselves to death and be good little soldiers and thank the powers that be that we're allowed to live like that. We're bums that the government's feeding. Hooray for the government!"

The Lieutenant was red in the face. He was mad.

Flustered, he says, "Jones, we will let you go home for the funeral. You will have ten days. If you're not back in that time you'll be automatically stricken from the rolls. Report to the office after supper."

Bill laughed in a funny way. "Funeral?" he says. "No thanks. My father's too hard up for me to go home to see a corpse. He needs that twenty-five dollars he gets from me. No, I won't go home. It's too late now, thanks to you and your rotten camp."

(Continued on Page 15)

CHAMPION of Youth

YALE'S KALE *Versus* DAVIS

New Haven, Conn.

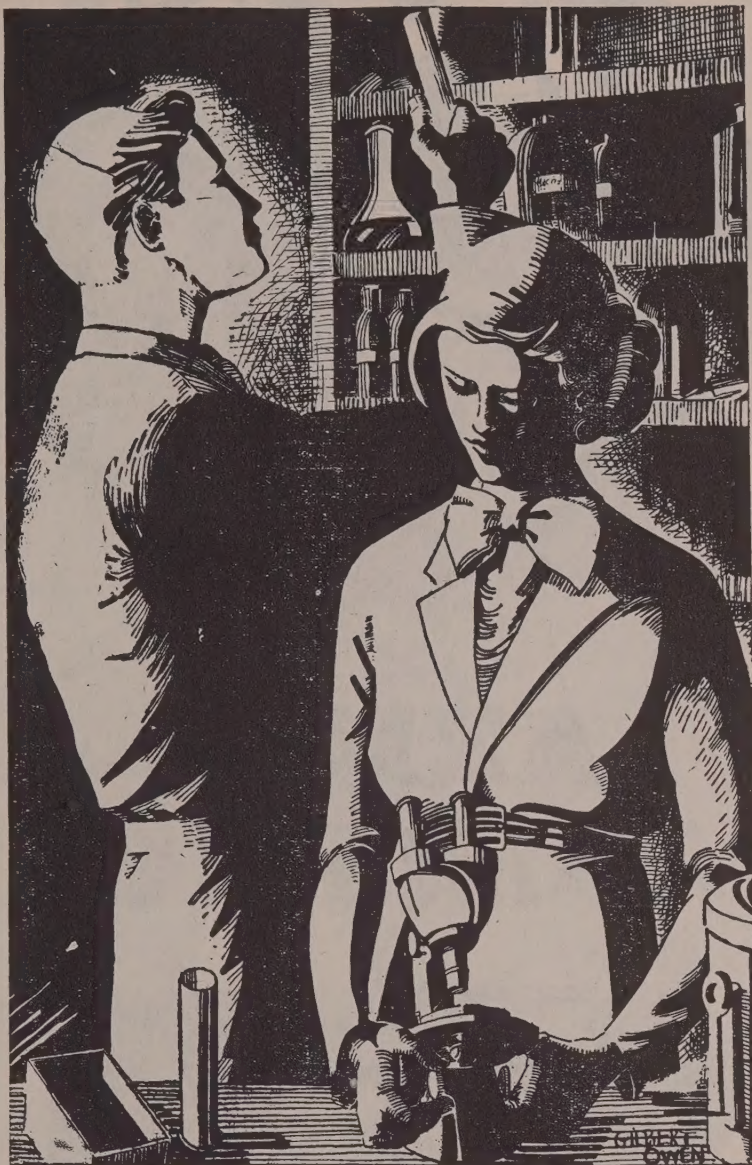
THE BIG financial interests operating through Yale University, struck at a friend of youth when they succeeded in preventing the reappointment of Professor Jerome Davis to the faculty of the Yale Divinity School.

The official statement given out October 22d, by President Angell, gives budgetary reasons as the ground for the action taken, but due to the work of investigating committees, the evidence is becoming overwhelming that Professor Davis's political and economic views were chiefly responsible. In fact, the most convincing proof is a statement released promptly by Dr. Douglas C. Macintosh, also a member of the Divinity School Faculty, that he could prove, if and when it became necessary, that such is the case.

"There exists evidence," Professor Macintosh said, "which I can refer to more specifically and describe more fully if and when it seems necessary, which to my mind indicated conclusively that economic views expressed by Dr. Davis from time to time and particularly in his recent book, 'Capitalism and Its Culture,' taken together with the antagonistic reaction of a considerable number of Yale alumni to the same, did undeniably figure upon the underlying causes of his being dropped from the faculty."

Unless the Yale Corporation is compelled by a flood of protest, and possibly a more dramatic demonstration on the part of students, to rescind its action, a great university will have established a dangerous precedent in violation of academic freedom at a most critical time in our history.

It is not surprising that the recent book, *Capitalism and Its Culture*, should



by WILLARD UPHAUS

have figured in the situation, for it is a sweeping and convincing indictment of the sins of the capitalistic system that the plain man can read and understand. The chapter on education shows clearly how the pressure of big business is seen in educational retrenchment, in the coloring of courses of study, in perverting research in favor of the utilities, and in generally dominating educational policy through the disproportionate representation of bankers, trust officials and manufacturers on boards of control. The particularly "dangerous" thing about the book is that it names names.

In dismissing Professor Davis the Yale Corporation ignored the request of the Board of Permanent Officers of the Divinity School to reappoint him for another three-year term. But from the standpoint of American youth a more fundamental question is whether students have any right to be heard in matters affecting them so vitally. The moment the possibility of Professor Davis's dismissal became known last Spring the Student Council of the Divinity School petitioned the Yale Corporation to keep him as a teacher. This petition, supported by the student body, declared that the action was a menace to academic freedom and that Professor Davis, because of his stimulating and inspirational character, filled an invaluable place on the campus.

That Professor Davis has been held in high regard as a teacher is proved by student opinions taken a few years ago in a national survey of theological education. Students in the various classes in the Divinity School were asked to estimate the value of the different courses they had taken. Professor Davis' course in "Christianity and Social Problems" led all the rest in the opinion of students. An equally enthusiastic endorsement of the course was registered again last spring.

The Rust Brothers' Cotton Picker by KATHRYN CORDELL

Alexandria, Va.

BOTH John and Mack Rust were born on a Texas farm, where at an early age they began picking cotton by the laborious hand-to-sack method. The older brother John vowed that some day he would devise a machine which would eliminate the painful hand-picking method. Although the boys had been orphaned early in childhood, John managed to study engineering and drafting through a correspondence school, working meanwhile on farms in the South, spending ten months in the army during the World War, designing agricultural implements and working in the wheat fields of Kansas, and even for a time cultivating prunes in California.

The younger brother Mack worked his way through the University of Texas and after graduation secured a position in the General Electric laboratories at Schenectady, N. Y. Meanwhile John had devised his first model of the now famous Rust cotton picker; he remembered having seen his grandmother moisten her spinning wheel in order to make the dry cotton fibers adhere, and on this principle he had devised an endless belt of moistened spindles for the picker. In 1927 he returned

to Texas in order to be near the cotton fields for experimentation. The following summer he was joined by Mack, who had given up his job with the General Electric Company to devote his entire time to helping perfect the machine. For a while the Rust brothers lived at the New Llano Socialist Colony in northern Louisiana, where they found sympathetic encouragement and assistance in their work. For eight years they labored at building various models, made improvements and tested their machine on dwarf and giant cotton. At the beginning, as is customary with inventors, the boys thought their task comparatively simple, but perfecting the cotton picker proved no short-order job.

The Rust brothers' present universal pull-model cotton picker is mounted on large rubber-tired wheels, and is so constructed that the tunnel-like opening from front to back straddles the row of plants. Into this opening a line of some 1,300 smooth wire-like revolving rods are projected sidewise from an endless belt. These rods, having first passed through a moistening device, run through the cotton plants like a giant comb, and because the rods are wet, the dry fluffy fibers adhere and wind themselves around the rods in such a man-

ner that the forward movement of both belt and machine forcefully pulls the cotton from the prickly burrs of the mature bolls. The green bolls and leaves are left unharmed. The cotton is then mechanically stripped from the revolving belt, any adhering leaves and rubbish are blown from it (this being the most recent feature the Rust brothers have devised for their machine), and the cotton then passes by suction through a hopper and into a large bag at the end of the machine.

As far back as 1931, it was estimated by the Delta Experiment Station that with such a mechanical cotton picker Southern planters will be able to reduce their labor populations at least 75 per cent. The Rust brothers themselves have estimated that their machine will cut the cost of harvesting cotton from the present figure of from 20 per cent to 30 per cent of the total production cost to about 5 per cent.

The tentative price of the machine is \$1,995 f.o.b., Memphis, although the inventors have declared it is possible that the machines may only be rented under contract with specific guarantees to labor. "We are trying hard to find a way whereby this machine may be a blessing to labor instead of a curse," are

the words of the inventors.

Within the coming decade thousands of tenant farmer families in the South may be abruptly and involuntarily freed from King Cotton in a second great emancipation, for the Rust brothers' cotton picker is sounding the death knell of the traditional Southern social and agricultural structure.

Through this invention of the last great field of hand labor and the greatest single source of woman and child labor in the United States are about to be abolished. The complete mechanization of the cycle of cotton production is now at hand. Eventually it will eliminate the back-breaking toil in the cotton fields each fall of millions of "moderns"—and how anachronistic the word—not unlike the Egyptian slaves of by-gone centuries, who picked cotton from sunrise till sunset, differing only in that these Twentieth Century slaves toil from "can't see" till "can't see." More than that, the mechanical cotton picker spells social revolution, affecting as it must the lives of from eight to ten million persons who raise or are dependent upon the raising of cotton in the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas,

by ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

WORK for peace must take two forms—political and psychological, an effort through government and an effort through direct action of the people.

Already some progress has been made in keeping the United States out of the next war by neutrality legislation. When Mr. Thomas Lamont stated with respect to the World War, "We did not know how to be neutral!" he spoke not only for the Morgan partners but for all of us, from the President and the Secretary of State down. Above all, the United States has taken the initiative in a pledge entered into with sixty-three nations to renounce war as an instrument of national policy. This pact, rightly used, may become a magna carta of international peace.

We know, however, that if the people of the United States, under the influence of pressure groups, decide that they want war they will have it. Accordingly it becomes necessary to cultivate the people's will for peace.

Already popular pacifism is a hopeful element in the situation in Europe. It seems clear that Great Britain, France and the Soviet Union will not engage in war except for self defense. Even from Italy and Germany we are told that the people will give their dictators everything except a European war.

In this country the great danger is still that if a general war breaks out, we shall be drawn in, partly because we are not willing to pay the price of an embargo upon war, partly because of a kind of psychological undertone, the suction of a great catastrophe in which our feeling is engaged by sympathy or excited by contagion. Therefore it is necessary to build up a sentiment for peace as a habit of mind. The various movements which pledge individuals to take their country at its word, and refuse to support their government in a policy which leads to war, are, in effect, efforts to put moral force behind the pact of Paris (Kellog Peace Pact).

It is natural that youth should recognize war as its great enemy. Wars are made by those who do not expect to fight them. Wars must be stopped by those who do. As Michael Corday wrote bitterly in *THE PARIS FRONT*, "Blood is the milk of old men."

Especially youth is properly critical of the evidence of a lack of good faith on the part of the government in introducing a warlike habit of mind in young men and women through the R.O.T.C. That youth should manifest its interest in peace, and its will to peace, on certain occasions, Armistice Day, Memorial Day, the anniversaries of the outbreak of the World War and of America's entrance into, should receive the support and commendation of all who have the interests of youth at heart.

I remember the eagerness with which clergy and teachers, headmasters and college presidents hastened in the last war to turn the young men committed to their charge into cannon fodder.

The opposition so regrettably evident on the part of educational authorities to the youth movement for peace is in part the result of a bad conscience, in part fear of pressure groups, in part weakness of mind. Only in the last case they can be forgiven for they know not what they do.



ARMED ARMISTICE



Illustrated by William Sanderson

by HELEN MORTON

CEAUSE fire!

On Armistice Day, 1918, there was rejoicing and thankfulness that the "war to end war" was over and that once and for all the world was "safe for democracy."

A strange contrast confronts us between then and now. Eighteen countries have given up democracy; nations glare at each other from behind higher piles of armaments than ever before. Imperial policies, totalitarian governments, civil war menace the security of the world. Economic and political forces are goading us into a frenzy of pre-war hysteria and fear.

Our peace work is somewhat frantic, unrealistic, often failing to take into account the fundamentals which underlie international security. There is little unity of thought between those who disbelieve in international war but do believe in class war, between those who believe in the necessity of violence and those who stand for the principle of non-violence. Peace action takes multiple forms and the uncoordinated efforts of many groups disperse the power of the peace cause.

Many organizations which have a concern for more effective peace action touch the college and university campus, the R. O. T. C. issue especially since the increase in government units has stirred up interest and opposition. Student protests have been heard from many parts of the country.

United for Peace

In an effort to strengthen the work being done, a group of the major national student organizations have formed a United Student Peace Committee. The organizations are the American League Against War and Fascism, Youth Section; American Student Union; American Youth Congress; Committee on Militarism: Education; Emergency Peace Campaign, Youth Section; Foreign Policy Association, Student Department; League of Nations Association; National Intercollegiate Christian Council; National Student Federation; War Resisters' League.

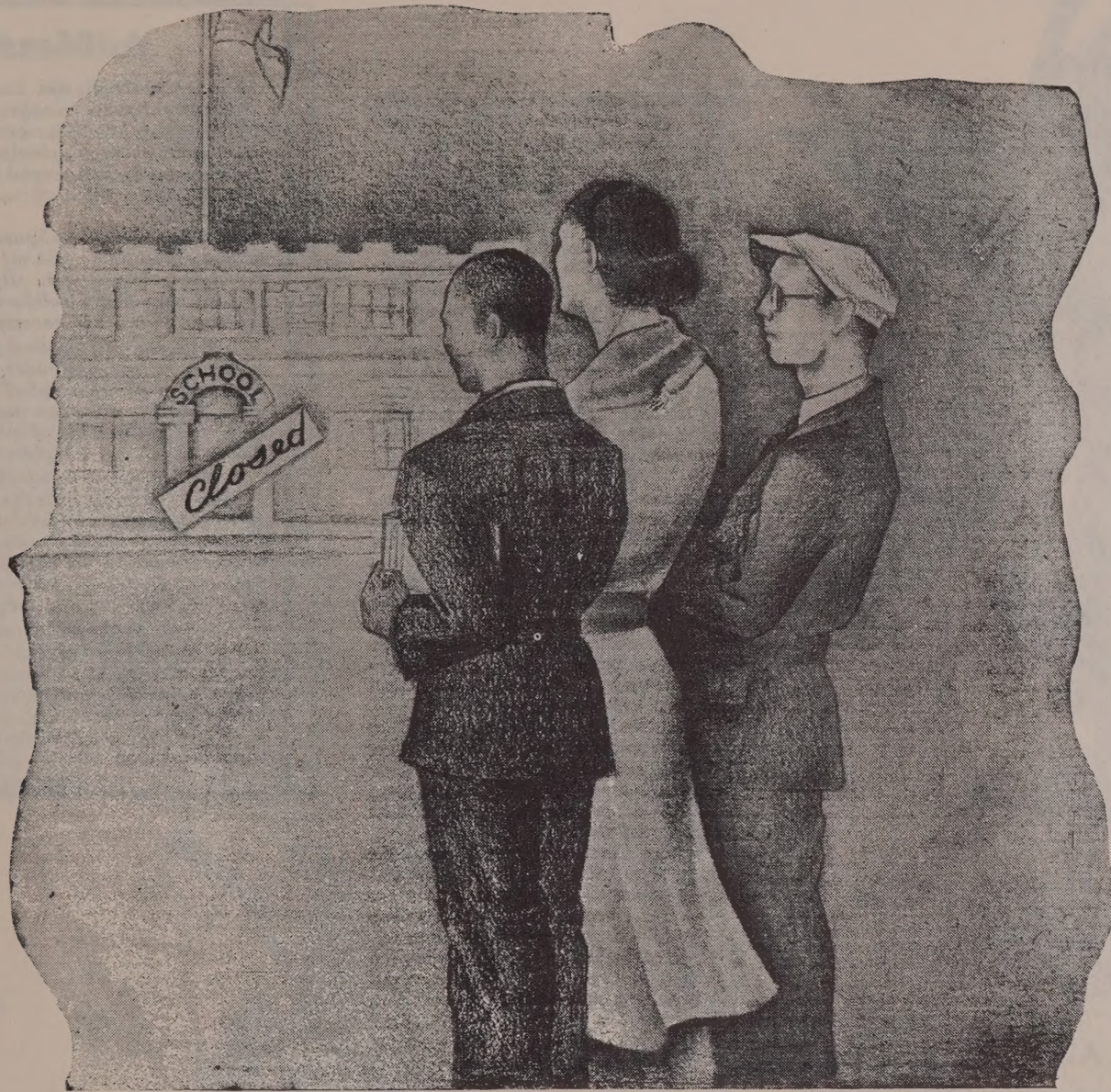
Their work for this year is built around a five-point program: seminar to study the causes of war in November, radio panels on controversial peace issues, deputations to carry on peace propaganda and interview political office holders, a peace poll and a strike against war in April.

The nature of this work will vary according to the particular circumstances on each campus but it is the hope of the committee to enlist the interest of all those who believe in peace and are willing to understand the causes of war and take part in some practical form of anti-war activity.

It is possible that in the perspective of history the period we are now in will be one of prolonged outbreaks of war rather than presenting the event of an isolated "world war." Civilization as we now know it may be cracking under the present aggravated strain of military preparedness and a resultant war.

The peace forces whether effective or futile, of immediate or future use, have a hope of stemming the tide only if they gather together in one great voice of protest, in one united effort to construct the kind of international security in which war is outlawed in all its forms.

EQUALITY IN EDUCATION



by JUANITA JACKSON

"To make a contented slave you must make a thoughtless one. It is necessary to darken his moral and mental vision, and, as far as possible, to annihilate his power of reason. He must be able to detect no inconsistencies in slavery. The man who takes his earnings must be able to convince him that he has a perfect right to do so. He must not depend upon mere force; the slave must know no higher law than his master's will."

—FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

THEY Trooped into the Jim Crow car, seven of them school books in hand. Setting themselves with accustomed ease in the cooped-up box of a car that was labeled "colored" there followed lively chatter.

I was interested.

"Where do you live?" queried I of one.

"Occoquan, Virginia," was the answer from a clean-cut chap of 18, and with that 14 eyes turned on me in wonderment.

A series of questions ensued, revealing a typically American situation. Yes, they are Negro youth, and because of their race, every school day they must

travel back and fourth 27 miles each way to junior and senior high schools in Washington, D. C.

Why? They looked at me in amazement, as if I ought to know without asking. No schools for colored children in their county after the 6B grade! For six years they are taught in a two-room school by one teacher who earns \$55 a month. When that grade is completed, the few, whose families can afford it, pay \$8.50 a month for transportation, and come on into Washington to finish their "public" education. But the great majority remains at home in the out-of-school, unemployed idleness that eats into the heart of youth, rotting out initiative, destroying ambition.

Tragic you say? But this condition is far better than that of most young Negro Americans.

Per Capita Expenditure

For the great majority of Negro youth, 82.2% to be exact, lives in southern states where there exists unbelievable inequalities in the per capita expenditure for Negro and white school children.

Fred McCuiston of the Rosenwald Foundation, in a study of eleven south-

ern states in 1930, shows that the average expenditure for white children in the South is \$44.31, while the expenditure for Negro children is \$12.57. In certain states of the deep South with huge Negro populations, the discrimination is still greater: Georgia spends an average of \$35.42 for each white pupil and \$6.38 for each Negro; the figures for Mississippi are \$45.34 against \$5.45.

But there are even worse extremes. In Alabama, where the averages for the State were \$36.43 for the white child and \$10.09 for the colored, there is one county in which the figures were found to be \$75.50 for the white child and \$1.82 for the Negro.

It is estimated that these eleven southern states would have to spend an additional \$39,668,000 to bring the expenditure per pupil in Negro schools up to the average for the white schools. Children of millions of Negroes of the deep south have about one-fourth the educational opportunity of southern white children and about one-eighth that of the average pupil in the nation as a whole.

School Buildings

Recently, Dr. Charles H. Houston, special counsel for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored

People, made a tour of Virginia. In Coeburn he found white school children attending a well equipped, modern brick building which is the Coeburn consolidated elementary and high school. There is a fine gymnasium and auditorium, plus an athletic field with flood lights for night football games. In October, 1935, a large gang of FERA labor was leveling off the ground behind the gymnasium to provide more play and parking space.

But the colored children were housed in a Negro church where the school is so crowded that "the little children are packed all day in the pulpit. No labor was being used to fill in the gully in front of the church."

Three miles from Coeburn the Tom o Creek colored elementary school is held in an abandoned boarding house belonging to the Virginia Iron, Coal and Coke Company, formerly used for Negro miners. There are no individual desks or playgrounds there.

In fact, the value of school plant and equipment for each white pupil in the south is \$157 and for each Negro pupil \$37. It would require \$240,000,000 to bring the per pupil investment of Negro schools up to that of the whites.

The Negro Teacher

Negro teachers can hardly keep body and soul together and it is impossible to live according to the simplest American standards to safeguard health and to maintain professional growth. For the Negro teacher's salary is only 47% of what the white teacher receives in 13 southern states (\$901, white; \$423, Negro).

The Journal of Negro Education, published by Howard University July, 1935, page 290, states:

"Again, despite the fact that the training of Negro teachers, today, more nearly approximates that of the white teachers, the discrimination in salaries of white and Negro teachers increased from 52.8% in 1900 to 113% in 1930!"

And again, the teacher who dares to attempt to secure more equitable facilities or to protest against inequalities, faces dismissal.

Graduate Training

Southern states do provide a measure of undergraduate instruction for Negroes on the college level. But not one of them, excluding Maryland, provides any graduate or professional training for Negroes.

This gives even more cause for protest when we find that Negro college enrollment jumped from 5,231 in 1922 to 22,609 in 1932, which means that more students are demanding graduate and professional education. Then, too, the higher requirements for teaching, the trades and the professions, and keener occupational competition, have exerted a greater pressure on this demand for graduate opportunities.

The Meaning

The Negro youth of America are aware of all this. We know that the denial of equal educational opportunities is simply a technique of racial exploitation. We know that it is a part of a general pattern of oppression in America.

Keep the Negro ignorant, and the lack of knowledge, the resultant apathy, indifference, and satisfaction with things as they are will keep him from fighting for his rights when he gets \$8 a week and he ought to be getting \$16; when he

(Continued on Page 15)

DEMOCRACY'S



by JOSEPH CADDEN

EVEN against the background of white sheet Antonio Munoz was pale. A bullet in the spine had paralyzed him from the waist down. But he smiled as he thanked us for visiting him in this Madrid hospital, his handsome face reflecting confidence in the final victory of his cause—democracy.

At the foot of the bed his mother looked on proudly and wept when the American girl kissed her. Here was her son, a leader of the Spanish youth defending her government, their government, receiving homage from young America.

From Munoz's pale lips came tales of courage—not his own but the courage of the Spanish people as they struggled virtually unarmed, untrained, against a professional army equipped with foreign artillery and planes. With their bodies they had held off the fascist advance; with only a few cartridges to load their out-moded rifles and shot-guns they had stood until death against the relentless attack on their homes, their freedom, their Spain.

Munoz told us of how Spanish youth was leading this defence, of young girls throwing themselves over parapets to meet the invaders hand to hand, of mere boys refusing to surrender in the face of death. He told us how youth organizations had taken the initiative to organize battalions behind the lines to harvest the fields left idle, work the factories left empty.

Later that day, on the way to the front in the Guadarrama mountains, we saw this saga come to life. Only a few miles from the fascist lines, young people were thrashing wheat, singing as they worked. Their songs were of freedom and a full life, of a free Spain which they would build. With confidence in their hearts, others marched to the front singing the same songs.

Some of us had come to Spain with doubts in our minds. Was it all worthwhile? Was this tremendous sacrifice of

life and property justified? Victory against the odds the Spanish people faced seemed impossible. Thousands had fallen; thousands of homes had been destroyed. And still the possibility of defeat had never entered their minds. Confident, they went on against the odds.

These doubts we had were foreign to Spain. The answer to them was clearly written on the faces of all we saw. These young people, workers and farmers, had already felt the lash of dictator-

ship. Centuries of oppression were piled up on their shoulders. They had freed Spain by the ballot, by electing a republican government. Those who sought to overthrow this government, take the power from the people and return it to a few cruel hands, must be defeated if Spain is to enjoy justice and peace, the opportunity to build a prosperous, modern country. That victory is worth any sacrifice, for without it life would once more become meaningless.

That is why the Spanish people defend their government with their very lives. They stand united to defend their rights, their freedom, with every drop of sweat and blood in their bodies.

* * *

In Reus, a small town we passed through on our way to Madrid we met Father Curaloz. He was standing in the middle of the square surrounded by a crowd of laughing children, his pupils at the parish school, showing them a deformed cabbage which seemed to have ears. We asked him whether many of his fellow priests were still in government territory. We had heard that all of them had been murdered.

"Many of the misled have died," he said, "I was born here, in Reus. These children are part of my family. Their welfare is mine. Our Church left them behind. I remain as a servant of God to help them."

Father Curaloz is an old man. He went on to tell us of the years he had spent aiding his people to attain the democracy they had won. When their right to self government had been endangered, he had stayed with them even though the Church had aided the rebels. All of his people were good Catholics. Their loyalty had been tested many times. In July, when the loyalty of the Church to the people had been tested, the Church had failed; it had failed because among its people it had distinguished between the few and the many. Then it had chosen to help the few. All were the children of God and

A Message

WE, THE United Youth League, front-line trenches, send throughout the world upon them to stand steadfast behind democracy. In this crucial hour of demands the enthusiastic and uns everywhere.

The cause of the Spanish people democracy safeguarded, of all from poverty and war. By virtue quests international solidarity not the sake of all other poverty-ridden

Because international fascism has launched a vile slander campaign the press and has supplied the guns, bombs and other necessary other countries know of this campaign bullets which are slaughtering Sp

The imperialists of the world people. Today Spain is the locale expresses its imperialist dreams. Germany and other countries send other weapons to the Spanish fascist intervention is an imperialist trick to the case of Ethiopia, and to help enslave

This is the terrible truth. Of for we have an unbreakable faith succeed we need your unconditional of the Spanish youth! Inferences We Spanish youth, arms in hand, Spain; expose international fascist fight; send material aid. (Excerpt)

UNITED YOUTH



YOUNG HEROES

to America

of Spain, fighting fascism in the greetings to all young people reaction and fascism and we call the Spanish people's struggle for history, Spain urgently needs and support of freedom-loving youth

the cause of all who wish to see h to see the world emancipated his fact, the Spanish people re- or the sake of Spain but also for n-ridden nations.

izes this threat to its existence, it against the Spanist people through fascists with airplanes, machine weapons and materials. You of know of the German and Italian heroic youth.

we declared war on the Spanish ar in which international fascism or nothing have Portugal, Italy, planes, tanks, machine guns and To speak at present of non-inter- ank international protest, as in the Spanish people.

ds are not those of desperation, or triumph. But we tell you: To arity. Everybody to the defense ot be an obstacle to effective aid! es you to: Spread the truth about al its villiany; unite behind our an appeal)

THE OF SPAIN

the Church was mistaken in choosing among them.

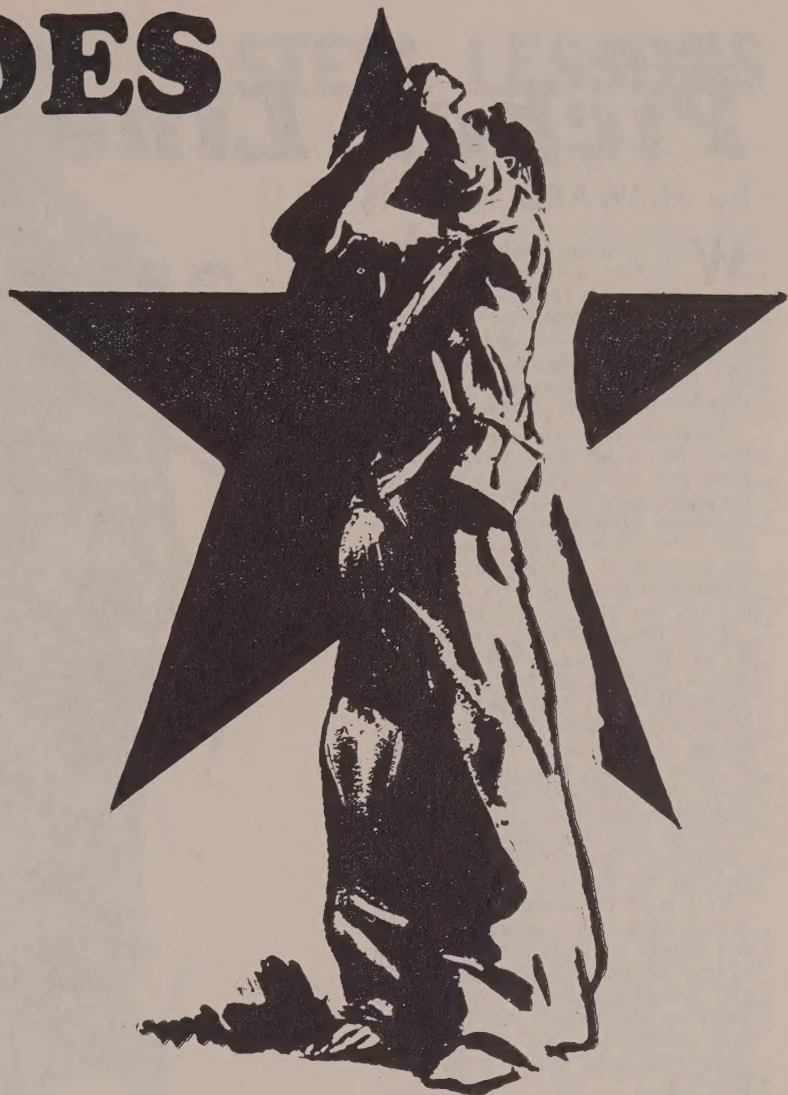
In the small towns there were many priests loyal to the government. Those of us who had been prejudiced against the government by newspaper stories of atrocities committed against the Church came to realize during our stay that the masses of Catholics had been betrayed. All of those who understood Christianity and acted in accordance with their beliefs remained supporters of the government.

* * *

Our experiences in Spain furnished us with ample proof of the remarkable unity of the Spanish people. Only this absolute solidarity behind their common cause made it possible for them to face the odds before them. And in Spain, fertile ground for so many political factions, this unity is particularly striking.

The great example we encountered was the Spanish Youth Front. In this federation, 19 national organizations, representing every conceivable point of view, were participating. It includes Catholics and Communists, sport and cultural groups, students and young teachers, republican women and socialist men. As one unit, all are devoted to the defense of democracy and are using all of their resources to that end. Without this unity, they cannot exist. The forces of reaction are determined to suppress every one of these groups—right as well as left, Catholics as well as Communists.

Santiago Carrillo told us something of the long years spent in achieving this unity. As secretary of the United Socialist Youth, he took particular pride



in the fact that his organization—an amalgamation of Communist, Socialist and anti-fascist youth—had taken a leading part in pointing out to all young people that they faced common problems and in order to solve them must face them together. The conservatives were timid for a long time. They recognized the necessity for coordinated action, but were not sure of their ground. At first they only cooperated on specific issues. Then gradually they came to see the advantage of complete coordination and the Spanish Youth Front came into existence. In the present struggle for democracy, it has done trojan work and without the unity it represents the people of Spain could not have held out against their would-be oppressors nearly so long as they have.

* * *

We asked Carrillo for his impressions of American youth and their organized activities. He told us that he had followed them closely and that in many of the civil liberty campaigns such as those for the freedom of Angelo Herndon and the Scottsboro boys, Spanish young people had participated by writing letters and signing petitions.

"The youth movement of Spain," he told us, "has always looked with sym-

pathy toward the youth of America and their work to extend democracy. While working for unity in Spain, we have felt the help of North American young people through their publications and letters. We hope that the road to unity we have successfully passed will be followed soon by American youth. Without this unity we could not make our stand against fascism."

Then we asked him what North American youth could do to prove their sympathy with the Spanish young people struggling for democracy.

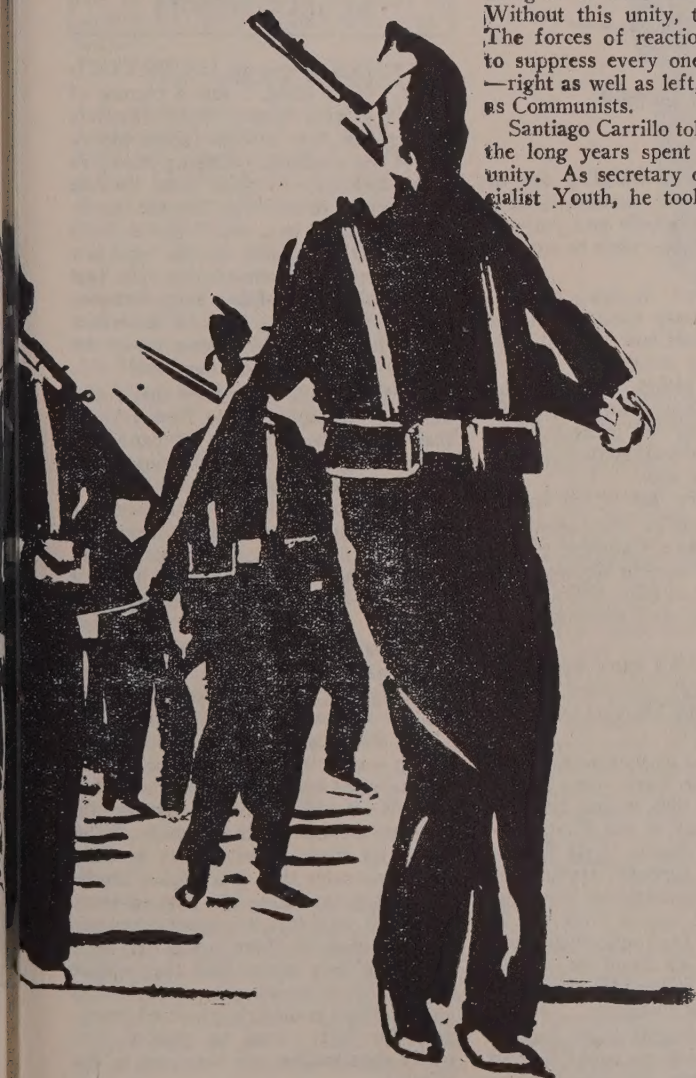
"*Work in your own countries for this unity,*" he answered. "*When all of your young people have come to recognize their common destiny, they will together be able to do a great deal for us.*"

"*In the meantime you can help us by sending us warm clothing. We shall need it during this winter for our struggle will not be over soon. We shall need food too and medical supplies. Send us these things as soon as possible because, if the fascists are victorious here, they will destroy the peace of the world and cause suffering throughout the world. Even you, far away in America, will not escape this suffering.*"

Your Aid Is Imperative!

An appeal for aid was sent to Champion by Cabello, a member of the executive committee of the United Youth League of Spain in charge of foreign relations for the organization. In his letter, Cabello writes: "We expect great help from you and are certain that we will not be disillusioned. Our experience has convinced us of the efficacy of international support. Form committees to aid Spain. Mobilize the young people for our struggle. COLLECT FUNDS, FOOD, CLOTHING. RECRUIT INDUSTRIAL TECHNICIANS. Everything that comes from you will be doubly valuable."

Again we invite readers to send funds for Spanish democracy and peace, care of our magazine.



A Short Story

Picket Line Romance

by HOWARD ADAMS

WHEN Mickey Jones walked along the city street, few people knew him. Not that that put him in a separate class from the thousands of others who rub shoulders and duck autos together in blissful non-acquaintance, but Mickey Jones was famous. At least his songs were famous.

Although his sun-browned face, his blue eyes and his blond, wavy hair had never been introduced to the song singing populace by way of Puffed Rice endorsement advertisements or the movie screen, he couldn't walk more than two blocks without hearing a passerby whistling or humming—or a radio blaring out—one of his recent hits.

Right now, as Mickey was weaving his way through the crowds on Eastern Avenue, he could hear his "My Mamby-Pamby, Miami Mammy" booming forth from the nickel-in-the-slot electric phonograph of Joey's Cafe. From the radio of a car stopped at a traffic light he could catch the familiar words of a husky-throated, female blues singer rendering his latest smash sensation, "My Heart's Goin' T' Freeze When Ya Give Me the Breeze."

To top off the street scene revue, a Western Union boy shuffled along beside Mickey whistling, off key and out of tune, but unquestionably distinguishable, the old standby and most popular Jones creation, "How I Miss the Moonlight on Niagara's Mist" (and the "Niagara Falls Baby Who Yearns to Be Kissed").

Not to be outdone, Mickey, drawing inspiration from a fruit store window, began to hum a semi-original stanza, occasionally mumbling a phrase that sounded suspiciously like, "she eats bananas, tum-tee-dum-tee-dum, — bananas, tee-dum. . ."

Lost in the intricacies of thoughts concerning girls who eat bananas and the jazzing of a few measures from Beethoven, Mickey was jolted into consciousness as he bumped into a soft and frilly bit of femininity.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Mickey muttered.

"That's all right," said the young lady, her lips parted in a smile that displayed two even rows of milk-white teeth. "Guess you were thinking about something and you weren't looking where you were going."

As her brown eyes gazed at Mickey, her smile seemed to him to change from one of amusement to one of friendly greeting. His heart beat quickened its tempo and took on a couple of grace notes as Mickey observed her peaches and cream complexion and her thick, chestnut hair.

Then the young lady (who began to hum a melody—in keeping with the musical tang in the air on that bright September morning, though it was not one of Mickey's songs)—the young lady did a most unusual thing. Swinging on her heel, she turned completely around and began to walk off in the same direction from which she had come.

Mickey noticed for the first time that she was wearing a cardboard sign, "Salesgirls of this department store on strike. Please do not patronize."

Now Mickey was a good union man himself. Since the time he had played the tuba in his home town he had held a card in the musicians' union.



But, to be openly frank and above board, Mickey was less interested at the moment in the department store strike than in the little chestnut haired picket. Walking up to her he engaged her in conversation with, "What caused the walkout?"

"Eleven dollars a week for fifty hours."

By this time the girl had come to the end of the store's building line. As she turned about, Mickey turned around also and walked back with her. When she had covered the route a dozen more times Mickey learned her name. It was Louise. What was more, he had become, knowingly or unknowingly, a part of a two-man—or, rather, a one-girl, one-man—picket line.

"Hey, don't go in there," Mickey was saying. It burned him up to see a snobby looking, middle aged woman starting to enter the store. "This store's on strike, the girls are being worked to pieces for eleven bucks a week. You wouldn't want your daughter working that way, would you?"

The middle aged woman hesitated, pretended not to hear, and walked through the door rather quickly.

"Well, I'll be," Mickey burst out. "You'd think people would . . ."

"Don't be so upset," Louise interrupted. "We're keeping most of them out. Only a few who don't know any better or have so much money they don't care about anybody else going in. But lots of people who start for the door decide to go away when they see us."

It was then that the cop came around

the corner. He was whistling one of Mickey's songs about sunflowers in a clover field with cowbells and you—or something of the sort—when he stopped abruptly.

"What's the idea? Is this a parade? Ain't the street busy enough without marchin' two abreast and blockin' traffic? Ain't it busy enough?"

Now the last picket line—and the only other picket line—that Mickey had been on was when his orchestra had walked out of a dine-and-dance joint in Chicago five years ago.

Mickey's memory had lapsed on the fact that cops were as short tempered with pickets as they are amiable to employers who contribute to the legal police pension fund and other police funds of a more diverse, and sometimes not as legal, a nature.

Mickey really didn't know what happened after he had exclaimed, "Now lookit here, we're not blocking any walk. There's lots of room . . ."

Although he was as mad as a bull in a pit trap, he had to laugh when he saw Louise clinging to him as they bounced on the wooden seat of the Police Department's "Black Marie." As the car sired its way through traffic, the words and music to something like "just riding in a patrol wagon with you, a patrol wagon built for twenty-two" kept running through his mind no matter how hard he tried to keep the silly combination out of his thoughts.

"We'll have a benefit show for the strikers and I'll bring my tuba," he told her. "We're going to win—tee-tee-

dum. Side by side—together . . ."

Just then the patrol wagon lurched as it came to a full stop in front of the station house and, of course, when Louise was thrown into his arms, he held her tight and kissed her.

From that point events moved faster than a one-man band performer playing "Tiger Red."

After being sealed up separately for three days by the justice of the court, Mickey and Louise were sealed together permanently by a justice of the peace. The fifth day found them spending their time between the interior decorator's and the picket line. On the sixth day the strike was won and the Joneses spent an evening at home. Mickey found time to go over a newly-written piece of music.

"Quite good. Quite a rounded out piece of work to do in jail without a piano, isn't it?" he asked Louise. "Tum-dee-dum, tee-dum. Doesn't go bad at all. At least it's as good as anything I've ever written," he told her. "How did you happen to be interested enough in plink-plunking to spend your time in jail writing this song?"

"Oh, that," laughed Louise as she displayed her employment identification card from the department store: LOUISE FOX—706—MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

OH, GIRLS!

by JEAN NICHOLS

WHEN I was an UNPRECOCIOUS child, I saw a picture of a very pretty lady furtively raising her skirt to draw some money out of her stocking. Keeping money in your stockings was quite usual because mother used to do it too. But the shocking part of it was, and I guess that's why I still remember it, that you saw so-much of the woman's leg. In fact respectable people didn't keep that picture in their homes. I don't remember where I saw it. The caption under the picture read: "Run on the bank."

It wasn't until years later that I understood its implications. Now I know that when a woman puts her hand into her stocking she is really starting a run on the bank account. Every time I hear a rip run—my heart sinks and I wonder which meal I'll give up this week so that I can go about fully clothed. And what with hose the way they are—I've been losing weight constantly.

Now, after these years of starving for stockings, it appears that wisdom in shopping might have stopped many a run on the bank account. Consumers Union includes in their report for this month a very interesting survey of several different brands of hosiery. And—oh girls—it looks like we'll just have to give up the hunt—for bargains. "The best fifty cent stockings are actually more expensive than good dollar stockings," they say, and, "the best seventy-nine cent stockings are more economical than most of those in the fifty-cent class, but less economical than dollar ones." Which merely goes to show that you can't get a dollar's worth of stockings for fifty cents no matter how much shoe leather you wear out in the attempt.

UNION SCHOOLING

by MARK STARR

A UNION that means business must be ceaseless in activity to make its younger members fully aware of labor's history, ideals and methods.

In most cases the ordinary schools are no help in this. School teachers have too often ignored the part played by labor for more than a century in shutting the factory gate and opening the school door to the great mass of children of this country. The students, for example, are told about Barbara Fritchie, but they are not told about Mother Jones. In their reading they are given the attractively told story, "A Man Without a Country," which, by inference, suggests that a man without a job or without a dime or without anything else is really well off if he can still live in the accidental land of his birth.

We know that the organized teachers and progressive school boards are changing this; but meanwhile too many young men and women enter industrial life completely unprepared to play their part in maintaining and improving the conditions of their livelihood.

There is the significant story of the university class in Oklahoma which knew all about Joe Louis but little about John L. Lewis. As a matter of fact, one of the members of the class described him as a senator with a pink beard!

The School's Neglect

A recent study made by Dr. Michael Levine of 13 history texts, published in 1930 and since, and used in 44 high schools in New York City, shows that in the main contemporary social problems are ignored.

"Most of the textbooks," he continued, "do not treat a majority of these problems in a manner calculated to provoke critical thinking with reference to current issues and controversial elements. No challenges as to the status quo relating to these problems are introduced and no hints as to the existence of current controversies or differences of opinion in these areas are offered by most of the textbooks."

It is no surprise that when, during the NRA period, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union secured 150,000 members, many of these young recruits knew little of what unions meant and their labor education had to be undertaken from the bottom up. Indeed, many misconceptions had to be destroyed before they became intelligent participating union members.

General economics and economics of the garment industry, history of the union and of the labor movement, economic and social problems, English, public speaking and parliamentary law—these are the mainstay of the educational program.

But union education for those young in age and union membership cannot be confined to formal study classes. Youth rightly demands color, music, dancing, flying banners, marching songs, sport and high adventure. The Educational Department of the ILGWU runs its own athletics, including baseball, basketball and soccer teams; provides gym,

tennis and swimming facilities; has its own choral, mandolin, dance and dramatic groups, as well as a great variety of study groups.

Classes are run directly for locals on their own premises. In six residential New York areas, social and educational centers maintain a balanced program of study and play. There are special classes in training for trade union service. The students who have been to institutes and classes have their own Student Fellowship and youth is prominent in all the educational activities of the union as participants and promoters.

A wide range of attractive pamphlets explains the setup, work and history of the union. The members have their own songbook and 13 of the songs are available on two victrola records. Three of the locals have followed the example of the ILGWU itself and made movie pictures of their diversified activities—in work and at play, at the Union Health Center and at Unity House (the union's summer home) as well as on the picket line.

There is a great deal of miscellaneous activity by way of picnics, dances, conducted tours to museums, excursions, boat rides, demonstrations and theatre

parties. A number of the locals run their own mimeographed journals to supplement *Justice*, the fortnightly official organ. Some of the locals are building up their own club rooms, equipped with collections of magazines and books. Recently three of the locals have launched youth clubs for the sons and daughters of union members.

Last year's report showed a total of:

507 groups with more than 15,000 students.

20 educational directors in towns such as Houston, San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston and Montreal, Canada.

18 additions in publications list.

8 institutes with 300 students.

19 scholarships to workers' summer school and colleges, including five eight-month scholarships at Brookwood Labor College, Katonah, N. Y.

In the provision for its youth, the ILGWU pioneers, but other unions are seeing the necessity of this work and the benefits which it brings. Only by the attraction and education of their YOUTH can the unions ensure their future.



STEEL LESSONS

by DAVE DORAN

A STONE'S throw from Pittsburgh is the town of Homestead. It cuddles down between two giant mills, the Homestead Works of Carnegie Steel and the Mesta Machine Corp. A stranger approaching the city from any direction must go past one or the other of these mills. It is as if they are placed to warn, "Beware! You now enter the domain of Steel."

Of late the mills have opened wide their moat-like gates. Young men from the tri-city area of West Homestead, Homestead and Munhall have been hired by the thousands.

A few months ago I attended a meeting of young people in West Homestead. This was before the pick-up in the steel industry, when young people still had little hope for a job. We met with a group of seven young fellows. Unlike Homestead, a few blocks away, it was possible to meet openly in West Homestead. As a matter of fact, this particular meeting took place with the kindly aid of the Burgess of the town, Richard H. Lawry, present head of the Pennsylvania Farmer-Labor Party.

Most of our group of seven had just left school and they told us of their graduation.

We asked each one what he would like to be. One by one they told us their ambitions: a lawyer, a priest, a businessman, an economist. American youth stood before us, asking for opportunity for a chance for a career.

A few weeks ago, I met these young fellows again. Heavy hiring in the Homestead plant swept some of them into the mill. Others were not so fortunate. For those who got jobs the future had for a while seemed smooth and rosey.

The Union Way

But already conditions in the mill dampened their optimism. Their jobs were not secure. They were constantly afraid of being fired. After all, they were hired by the mill owners because they figured young guys wouldn't want a union; they thought the same when they felt a strike coming on in 1934, and before that in 1919. This made some of our young friends realize they needed protection, and that only a union could give them that. Others were afraid they would lose their jobs if they joined the union. No sooner were such questions raised than they were answered. Young fellows were fired in 1934 because the mill owners succeeded in weakening the union. Where there is a strong Union there is no firing. We discussed how the mines were organized by the United Mine Workers of America. No firing there. Wages for miners are all over \$5 per day, compared with \$3.70 in the steel mills. It was pointed out that John L. Lewis is working to give steel workers the same conditions as that of the miners, that money taken for initiations and dues goes right back to the steel workers in the form of organizers and literature intent upon building a powerful union.

Is it any wonder that those seven young fellows we spoke to are joining and building the union? They have yet, however, to learn how to achieve opportunity and a purposeful life for all youth. I believe that Burgess Lawry and the Farmer-Labor Party will show them the way.

NEWS VIEWS

"THIS stoppage of work is sheer madness. Nobody wins, everybody loses." Thus spoke O'Grady, of the Department of Labor, when 38,000 west coast maritime workers went on strike. But it will be quite a job to convince those seamen and longshoremen that they are included in Mr. O'Grady's category of "nobody." They will argue along simple, but sternly logical lines.

As a result of the 1934 strike the men on the west coast secured the highest rate of maritime pay in the country. They won the principle of employing men through hiring halls under union jurisdiction. Now they are determined that these gains and other demands for overtime pay, preferential hiring, shorter hours are included in the new agreement.

The Maritime Federation of the West Coast, and its dynamic leader, Harry Bridges, gave the shipping employers every possible opportunity to settle the present dispute peacefully, and without resorting to strike. It would be absurd to think that the men are anxious to quit work just for the pleasure of losing pay, and perhaps meeting the same vigilante terror that Hearst organized in 1934. They voted 9 to 1 for a strike, because the employers refuse to understand any other language.

Maritime workers on the East Coast and other parts of the country have indicated their support for their brothers on the shores of the Pacific. They know what solidarity is.

Poor Rich Boy

Another case of a recent wage demand comes to mind. But we don't think this one will have to come before the National Labor Relations Board. Nor do we think that armed vigilantes will intervene in this dispute.

It seems that young Roger Firestone, who has just returned on the Rex from a honeymoon jaunt abroad, plans to stop in Akron and demand a pay raise from his father, Harvey Firestone.

Young Firestone works for his father in Miami and claims that his salary of \$125 a month will not be enough—now that his wife needs support. Did the money for the trip abroad come from the \$125 salary, Roger?

Hail and Heil

A New York Times dispatch from Talavera de la Reina, which was captured by the Spanish fascists, describes how, "The cheering crowd, composed mostly of soldiers, sang the Portuguese national anthem, and followed with Deutschland Über Alles and the Italian song Giovinezza."

Rarely has history presented such anomalies. German and Italian fascists want us to believe that they are fighting for Spanish nationalism. Mahomedan Moors would have it that they are saving Spanish Christianity.

Lovers of peace in America cannot but view with great alarm the prospect

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY

BY A. REDFIELD



of a fascist victory in Spain. Strange indeed is the logic of those who say that the peace of the world is served by surrendering Spain to Germany and Italy, the world's most militaristic nations. Again we invite our readers to contribute toward the victory of democracy in Spain, thereby aiding the cause of peace, by sending contributions care of CHAMPION, 2 East 23rd Street, N. Y. C.

Not So Dead

On the eve of the celebration of the 19th anniversary of the Soviet Union, foreign correspondents sent persistent reports about the death of Stalin. Finally an enterprising Associated Press reporter sent a note to Stalin and asked if the reports of his death were slightly exaggerated, as had been the comment of Mark Twain in a similar situation. Stalin went Mark Twain one better and told the A.P. man:

"I know from the reports of the press that I had long ago abandoned this sinful world and moved into the other world. As one cannot doubt such foreign press dispatches unless he wants to be expelled from the list of civilized people, I request you to believe them and don't disturb me in the calm of the other world."

Nazi Football

Gather 'round, you football and sport fans. Listen to the Nazi theory of how football should be played. Here's the official Nazi doctrine on football as it appeared in the Voelkischer Beobachter:

"It was recognized, thanks to the fruit of the ideas of the National Socialist revolution, that the key to success in sports lies somewhere else than in the purely technical—in athletic and militant training, and in football above all in the composition of a racially homogeneous unity of comradeship sworn together for weal or woe. This leads us from the pure emotional aspect of football to its next and higher principle—that of strategy."

This racial homogeneity wouldn't go very far with Bernie Bierman's boys, Lou Little's gang, and many other teams. But that brings to mind another question in American sports. Why are Negroes barred from big league baseball? Why should American sportsmen and fans tolerate a situation which can be upheld only by such sheets as the Voelkischer Beobachter?

Labor Convenes

The 56th annual convention of the American Federation of Labor should settle a good many problems. Uppermost in the minds of trade union members throughout the country is the question of unity in the labor movement. The responsibility for a split will weigh heavily on the shoulders of those who refuse to rescind the order suspending the unions affiliated with the Committee for Industrial Organization.

Ducks & Herrings

"Landon goes duck hunting," the headlines inform us. But what really concerns us is where William Randolph Hearst will go. His hunt for the red herring continues. His papers have already raised the cry of revolution, because tens of thousands of ship and dock workers want a chance to live.

Is there a Hearst paper in your city? Do they show Hearst Newsreels in the movie houses down your way? America's Public Enemy Number One is on the run. Let's finish the job so that even ducks will refuse to bite at his decoys.—J. C.

CHAMPION of Youth

Youth In Action

AMERICAN YOUTH ACT PILGRIMAGE PLANNED

by EDWARD ROLLINS

The last meeting of the National Council of the American Youth Congress adopted a number of proposals which should put the American Youth Act on the front pages of every newspaper before long. On January 29, a pilgrimage of American youth will arrive in Washington and present 1,000,000 signatures on petitions for the American Youth Act, the Benson-Amie measure.

December has been set aside as Youth Act month. This period of intensive activity will start on Thanksgiving Day and continue until New Year's Day. To get the most effective action during this month, it was deemed advisable to set aside one week each to important organizations, during which period the drive will be organized to meet the special requirement of such organizations.

The first week will be for the settlement houses, clubs and fraternal organizations; the second for the YMCA's, YWCA's and other "Y" organizations; the third is designated as church organization week; the fourth, trade union and unemployed organizations week, and the fifth week will be student week.

A series of dramatic actions will bring the Youth Act to the attention of the entire country. In addition to open hearings, where young people of the various communities will testify for the act, there will be poster and oratorical contests. Ministers will preach sermons for the act. Bazaars for needy children and youth will be run, booths for the collection of signatures will be set up in the lobbies and halls of institutions and organizations.

BALTIMORE GROUP MEETS, DISCUSSES NEW WORK

Baltimore, Md.

Attended by representatives from Delaware, Maryland, Washington, D. C., and Virginia, the largest youth congress ever held in this region was convened on November 7 and 8 by the Baltimore Council of the American Youth Congress.

Joseph Cadden, National Executive Secretary of the American Youth Congress, addressed the more than 150 delegates. Sessions were interrupted during the first day so that delegates could participate in the annual peace parade sponsored by the Baltimore Peace Congress. Inter-denominational services were led by Mr. Little of the Baltimore YMCA at the opening of the second day's session. Round table discussions were held on the American Youth Act, Peace, Civil Liberties, National Minorities, Trade Unions and Organizational problems.

During the afternoon of the second day, all delegates assembled in the main hall of Johns Hopkins University and

LABOR ORGANIZES YOUTH

Almost four hundred young voters, representing sixty-three labor, educational, social and fraternal groups, enthusiastically showed their willingness to break away from the established political parties and cast their lot with the newly-formed American Labor Party, when they met at the Hotel Claridge in New York City on October 8th and voted to organize a Youth Division of that Party.

Temporary officers, elected to lead the activities of the division until after the election, were Irving Velson, chairman; Roger Wunderlich, secretary. Mr. Velson is regular secretary of the Brooklyn Metal Trades Council, and Mr. Wunderlich the former president of the Non-Partisan First Voters League for Roosevelt. A City Committee was also set up to carry on the program of the American Labor Party which seeks the reelection of President Roosevelt and Governor Lehman, and bring the organization's general objectives directly to the masses of youth and first voters throughout New York City.

Resolutions voted on and passed at the initial conference endorsed both President Roosevelt and Governor Lehman,

approved in its entirety the program of the American Labor Party and set up the youth division as a permanent body.

Throughout the various co-ordinating meetings which have been held, the constant theme as expressed by the various delegates is that the time has come for the youth of the country to assert itself politically through the medium of a party which will more intimately represent their interest.

Pointing out that the youth division of the American Labor Party faced the task of illustrating to young voters why their interest lies with the organization of labor, Mrs. Alma Weiner, chairman of the youth division, stated.

"The special interest groups have lined up in such a way that they fail to countenance youth's problems. There is no answer but that youth must band together politically to insure its own future."

Youth divisions are being organized in various Assembly Districts throughout New York City to work from their local district headquarters, the addresses of which may be obtained by calling the Hotel Claridge, offices of the American Labor Party.

CHICAGO COMMONS PLANS

by MARVIN RIFE

Chicago, Illinois.

THE social settlements in this country are today in a unique position. In the midst of industrial strife, rumors of wars, and general social disorganization these small oases in the deserts of despair stand as rejuvenating factors. The young men and women going into this field of work are becoming better and better equipped to meet the problems of everyday living with skilled techniques.

In our own Chicago Commons the head of every department in the house is at least a college graduate with specialized training in case-work, group work, and social organization. We are all working progressively toward the goal of co-operative group action on the part of the neighbors living in the community. We have come to realize that no youth or peace movement is possible until we have laid down the necessary

heard Rev. John Hutcheson of the Brown M.E. Church, who delivered a radio address on the Youth Congress and its work.

After adopting resolutions and plans for intensive activity for the American Youth Act, and discrimination against Negroes, and similar measures, the Congress elected a Regional Committee to carry on the work of the Central Atlantic States Regional Youth Congress.

Six thousand young people from 60 organizations were represented at the congress. The YMCA, YWCA, trade unions and other important organizations were well represented.

foundations for the give and take of ideas.

This may seem like the rehashing of an idea that has been in vogue in the settlement field for years. But a more realistic appraisal of the situation reveals a paucity of preparedness on the part of young people to do incisive thinking on their own feet. The fields of religion, education and politics, to say nothing of business, do not allow for initiative of thought. Ideas are crammed into the bewildered minds of our youth, and it is little wonder that such a small amount sticks.

It is, therefore, the duty of the social settlement to train its young people in the art of democratic expression within their own groups. Concomitant with this development can come the broader outlooks upon community, national, and world-wide problems. We cannot hope to bridge the gap between the flabbiness of thinking and living of our present young people and the projected ideal of a vigorous, well-integrated group moving toward higher goals of social well-being until we create in these young people the preliminary tools of expression.

We are moving away from the old charity idea, when men and women became interested in settlement work because it was "the thing to do." It has now become a serious job. Who knows but that a short year or two will find increased responsibility falling upon the shoulders of labor, which best recognizes the stresses and strains falling upon youth. We train youth today to meet a crisis that is imminent tomorrow.

BURKE DISMISSAL BLOWS TO ACADEMIC FREEDOM

By DR. HARRY ELMER BARNES

One of the promising signs of life in academic circles is the storm raised by the case of Robert Burke at Columbia University.

The facts in the case are essentially the following:—Last February, Columbia University received and accepted an invitation to be represented in the anniversary celebration at the venerable German university in Heidelberg. President Butler was away traveling at the time. The acceptance was apparently merely a perfunctory conventionality.

A protest against this implicit approval of the Nazi regime in Germany, which had been particularly ruthless in its assaults upon academic freedom at Heidelberg, was made by leading members of the Columbia faculty and by the American Student Union.

At the close of March, President Butler had returned and received a delegation of students. He is said to have promised to look into the matter and to have stated that if being represented would involve even implicit political approval of the Nazi system he would veto representation and would recommend that other American universities act in similar fashion.

In spite of the fact that plenty of evidence was given that the Nazis intended to make the celebration a political and military pageant, Columbia selected its representative and Dr. Butler refused to grant an audience to another delegation of students.

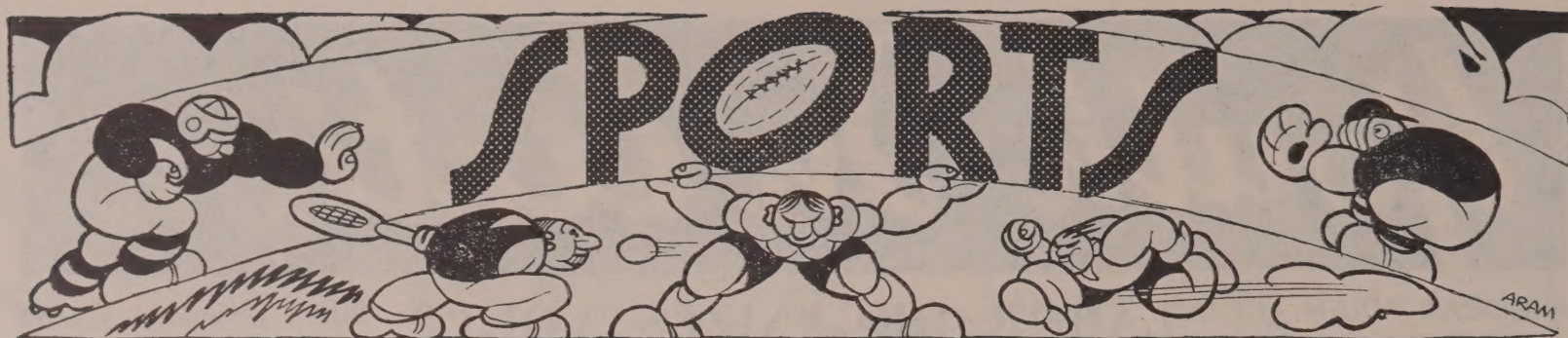
On May 12, Columbia students conducted a mock book-burning spectacle on the campus and then marched to the front of Dr. Butler's house, where two prominent students, Paul Thomson and Robert Burke, addressed the students. Some picketing signs and posters were left in front of Dr. Butler's home. Burke, it is alleged, made no abusive remarks and quieted those who felt inclined to employ abusive language.

Dean Hawkes of Columbia summoned Burke to his office, where Burke justified the meeting as a whole, but denied any unseemly conduct on his own part and apologized for any such conduct on the part of others. On June 16 he was dismissed, but no such disciplinary action was taken against other participants.

Finally, the dismissal of Burke is a blot on the record of Columbia with respect to academic freedom. It stultifies many of Dr. Butler's forthright pronouncements on the subject. To protect against a regime which is a living denial of the "free university" that Dr. Butler has so often extolled is a matter which should enlist the hearty support of the Columbia administration. They should be able to overlook a little excess of zeal in a good cause.

And if Dr. Butler could, in 1915-18, turn on his good friend, the much admired Kaiser of Dr. Butler's pre-war years, there is no very good reason why he should feel especially wary about offending Adolf Hitler and Joseph Goebbels.

(Excerpts, N. Y. World-Telegram)



Renaissance of Football

By BERYL GILMAN

THIS has been a renaissance year for football. Everybody has gone in for renaissance. Big and little elevens from the Coast. The Big Ten and the East have been booting themselves in and out of pigskin honors so fast that Bill Cunningham and Grantland Rice are groggy from following the spectacle. When Walter Camp pulled his famous surprise by choosing two members of the little Center team for his all-American team he ushered the little college into pigskin limelight. Bo Macmillan was a kind of nouveau riche intruder into the closed corporation controlled by the Big Three.

This season has been a star year for the little fellows. The elevens stuck away in jerk-water towns and used heretofore as rest stations for the big fellows on the way to sectional and national honors, did a good deal of upsetting in their own little way. Marquette, Duquesne, Temple, and Villanova have paced the field in this respect. And Duquesne's mid-season triumph over powerful Pitt was a national stunner.

The renaissance has touched the East for the most part. In addition to the little fellows who stepped into big shows, former football headliners returned to the front pages. The Big Three is back in its own; the Dartmouth Indians brought back memories of Oberlander, while the remade Cornell outfit evoked names like Pfann and Kaw. Columbia, Penn, Navy and Georgetown were in the big swing time and provided fast and furious football before huge crowds. Georgetown especially showed plenty of power, although its schedule wasn't too overwhelming.

Harman's Crackerjack Players

Harman's Pennsylvanians deserve a word of mention. Harman has been on the spot all season and knew it. His big Red and Blue team came along very slowly at first and dropped its second game to Yale by one touchdown. But the Penn players came along steadily, just like Northwestern, and has displayed some bang-up football, taking Princeton, Navy and Michigan in handy fashion. In Kurlish, Hauze, Shin and Murray, Harman has uncovered some crackerjack ball players.

For a while it looked as if football would again be confined to the mid-west this year. The Ohio State rampage against Mal Stevens' N.Y.U. Violets at the beginning of the year, Minnesota's unbroken string of victories and Purdue's and Northwestern's potentialities made it look like another Big Ten year on a great scale. But when Fordham took Southern Methodist over the jumps and then nipped St. Mary's, all critical eyes turned to the Maroon.

Fordham played what is probably the most inclusive schedule of any eleven, taking in the East, West, mid-West, Southwest and South. Against Pitt Crowley's boys played a classic game, hitting and holding the Panther powerhouse on all fronts. The line that held back Marshall Goldberg, La Rue and Stapulis was holding off the fastest and most dangerous set of backs in this part of the country. The Fordham front wall showed that it was made of steel and concrete. Against Purdue the New Yorkers loosened up and opened up. Purdue, it must be remembered, made more ground against Minnesota in the first half than it did all day against Crowley's mountain of beef. Isbell, Stalcup and Drake are outstanding backs but they couldn't budge the Fordham line. They couldn't even budge Nat Pierce and Ed Franco. The Maroon line play against Purdue was a magnificent thing to see. The Bronx players did everything but push the Boilermakers back into the stands—and they almost did that.

Study in Gridiron Contrasts

Crowley's huskies were not rated a top-notch backfield, but against the Boilermakers the backfield looked like it had got a chunk of renaissance itself. Behind the immovable Franco at tackle, Pierce at guard and Wojciechowicz at center, Palau and Gurski did a fine day's work. Andy Palau is a smart ball carrier, a good passer and kicker. Frank Mautte, like Columbia's Sid Luckman, was jinxed by injuries, but be that as it may, Fordham's front wall, from end to end, looks like it could bounce back eleven cowcatchers. It's a speedy line, too, aggressive and sharp to analyze opponent's backfield play. Football fans will have to scratch their heads to name a line as powerful as this one which will rank as one of the best to walk into a stadium.

In the South, Duke looked hopeful except for its loss to Tennessee, and Georgia has been taking it on the chin much too often. The big renaissance, however, came to Tulane, which had tied Auburn in a scoreless game and then ran roughshod over Colgate. Louisiana State played tip-top ball, but Alabama's parade through Tulane to the tune of 34-7 revealed that the Alabama Rose Bowl Association has another sectional topnotcher, although it was tied by Tennessee. But by now Alabama—taken for granted like Minnesota—has become a Rose Bowl tradition.

In the Big Ten Minnesota was taken for granted as a matter of fate and history. Bernie Bierman's line pounders were an institution with a tradition that nobody cared to challenge. It looked like Bierman would go on forever, and when Northwestern upset the Gopher applecart at 21 consecutive wins, the Wildcats, thanks to renaissance, were on their way to their first Big Ten Title. Northwestern has been the mid-Western dark horse and now it has come through. Lynn Waldorf, in his second year at Northwestern, brought his good luck with him. Waldorf has won three championships in four seasons. In 1933 his Oklahoma A. & M. squad won the Missouri Valley Conference title and in 1934 his Kansas State College eleven captured the Big Six Crown. Last year was Waldorf's first in Evanston and now he has guided them to a championship as he became head man in that circuit.

Those Alleged Dark Horses

The Wildcats were rated dark horses as a matter of grace. Actually they were considered out of the running, especially with Minnesota cracking up everything in sight. But Northwestern has come along nicely and surely all season. Its one-point victory over Ohio State was the turning point for them, and its last-minute touchdown against Minnesota was the climax to its development.

The Wildcats tore down a great deal of tradition in dragging the supposedly unbeatable Gophers around the lot, but it served to convince that Northwestern is a sectional if not national titleholder. Fred Vanzo, the tremendous quarterback, and Bernard Jefferson, the giant Negro half, are the big guns in the Wildcat offensive. Red Fuller, the center, stands out in his league as does California's Bob Herwig and Fordham's Wojcieschowicz. Northwestern stands out in the Big Ten (Minnesota is still no slouch, having trampled Iowa) as the sectional leader, as does Fordham in the East and Santa Clara, Southern California, and Rose Bowl Washington on the Coast.

The Fall of Balsamo

By GEORGE MARSH

THEY'RE still looking around in middleweight circles for another Stanley Ketchell. Before his recent fight in New York with Babe Risko awed whippersnappers had it that Harry Balsamo, the Harlem slugger, was the boy to carry on where the great Ketchell left off 20 years ago. And from most angles, except that of experience, it did look like the fight boys were backing the right pug. But along comes the resurrected Babe Risko, ex-middleweight champion, to turn an expected slaughter into a one-sided victory and—sad to relate—the Broadway boys are once more holding the bag.

Murdered: About 20 Middleweights

Built like the stone walls of the subway he used to work in, Balsamo can hit like a trip hammer. He had gone on a murderous merry-go-round at the expense of about 20 middleweights up to his recent beating by the clever mitts of Babe Risko. His one-round knockout of the capable Jewish middleweight champion, Eric Seeling, chased from Germany by that great sports lover, Herr Hitler, began his comparison with Stanley Ketchell.

Now it seems that these comparisons were, to put it mildly, a bit premature. In making the Harlem puncher a foil for a stabbing left jab, Risko brought out the fact that Balsamo was nothing more than an average boxer carrying a heavy right hand wallop. In clearly out-pointing Balsamo, Risko comforted the middleweight champ, Fred Steele, that he need fear no eastern threat to his laurels.

Practically everyone was rooting for Harry to come through. They like him because he's a clean, game boy. His terrific hitting power was developed while swinging a sledge in the New York subways. In view of the fact that the subway workers may strike for better conditions in the near future, the writer would suggest that their favorite son, Harry Balsamo, take out some of his recent disappointment on the hired finks and gunmen who may attempt to break the strike.

Sing Sing Minus Sinful Football

In ruling out football games at Sing Sing, Prison Commissioner Mulrooney is batting true to his form as a tough police chief. He has endeared himself to the thousands of victims of the social order in Sing Sing as the good Samaritan who thinks watching a football game will hamper their rehabilitation.

Mulrooney's edict stopped paid admissions to football games at the prison. This means no uniforms, equipment, or any chance to develop teams. According to Harry Von Kirsberg, coach of the prison football team, this means the end of the only decent regulation enjoyed by the prison's over-populated colony. You can voice your opinions on this arbitrary action by writing to Warden Lawes at Sing Sing.

EQUALITY IN EDUCATION

(Continued From Page 7.)

gets three months of schooling and he ought to be getting eight; when he gets the torture chamber instead of the witness stand.

Keep the Negro illiterate and he will be a "good Nigger," docile pawn in the ruthless game of a decadent economic system which, governed by the profit motive pit: one race against the other, fomenting hatred and bitterness between the two in order that both might be further exploited.

What is more we realize the vital need of fundamental social and economic change. But how can the Negro function effectively in this process with his present lack of educational equality?

There is a transition step.

There is the need of direct and immediate action in the field of securing for the Negro those fundamental constitutional rights of which he is at present denied. This is the task of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

And believing that the Negro will never be able to take his rightful place in the nation as long as he is systematically denied the educational facilities with which to equip himself, we have launched an active campaign against discrimination in public education. The campaign will reach all levels of public education from the nursery school through the university. The N.A.A.C.P. education program has six specific objectives for its immediate efforts:

- (1) Equality of school terms;
- (2) Equality of pay for Negro teachers having the same qualifications and doing the same work as white teachers;
- (3) Equality of transportation for Negro school children at public expense;
- (4) Equality of buildings and equipment;
- (5) Equality of per capita expenditure for education of Negroes;
- (6) Equality in graduate and professional training.

The N. A. A. C. P.'s Task

The ultimate objective is the elimination of all segregated facilities. The N.A.A.C.P. proposes to use every legitimate means at its disposal to accomplish actual equality of educational opportunity for Negroes.

Already we have won the University of Maryland case, by which the highest court of the State of Maryland on January 15, 1936, confirmed the right of Donald Gaines Murray, a qualified Negro student, to enter the law school of the university. In this case there has been set a precedent which will be used by thousands of Negro students in other states to gain admittance to their state universities.

Several of the county boards of education in states where cases have been filed by the N.A.A.C.P. have greatly increased their appropriations to Negro schools for current expenses, transportation and the like.

As a result of this national educational campaign, several states have passed scholarship acts to provide graduate education outside the state for Negro students, who heretofore have been unable to secure graduate and professional training at public expense.

We are glad to note the increasing awareness of fellow youth of other races

to the fact that to struggle for Negro rights is to fight fascist terror and to help build the new society, a new co-operative commonwealth. And may the struggle for justice, freedom and equality along all lines be a cooperative one.

White, yellow, red and black youth of America, may we together pledge to the 300,000 young Negro Americans between 15 and 24 years of age who can't read or write, to the hundreds of thousands of Negro children in the deepest South who have only one fifteenth of an opportunity for education, may we pledge to the suffering black and white masses everywhere, our determination to free every black and every white child in America from the blight of ignorance.

MY BUDDY

(Continued From Page 4)

"Jones," the Lieutenant says, "if you keep up in this strain we're going to punish you. You have no right to blame us. I can't allow you to criticize the officers of this camp. We're members of the United States Army!"

"Swine," Bill spat. And right after he said it he vomited all over the floor. His face was green.

After that he stumbled out of the hut. I didn't see my buddy all the rest of the day. That night at ten thirty when taps was blown he still hadn't come back. I figured he wanted to be left alone, to be by himself. But I worried just the same. I was too tired from working that day to stay awake.

At about one thirty I woke up. The hut was full of a terrible sound, like a hurt animal. The moon was shining in the window of the hut and I could make out that Bill was in his bunk. He was moaning and crying. His sobs, low though they were, sounded so awful they almost got me to crying.

I keep thinking, suppose my mother was to die on me while I'm here in this CCC camp? Suppose I never see my own mother anymore, like my buddy, Bill Jones?

BOOK NOTES

YOUTH SERVES THE COMMUNITY by Paul R. Hanna. (D. Appleton-Century.) \$2. A survey of youth participation in cooperative activities for community improvement. The author, a scholar, believes that such participation leads to great educational and social benefits. The book initiates a series on educational problems under the sponsorship of the Progressive Education Association.

ARE AMERICAN TEACHERS FREE? by Howard K. Beale. (Scribners.) A searching and definitive examination of restraints upon the freedom of teaching in American schools. Undoubtedly the most important book yet published on the subject, it constitutes part of the report of the Commission on Social Studies of the American Historical Association.

MEXICO, A REVOLUTION BY EDUCATION by George I. Sanchez. (The Viking Press.) A scholarly account of the part education is playing in the establishment of a new social order in our neighbor republic. It explains the full significance of the Mexican government motto, "To Educate is to redeem."

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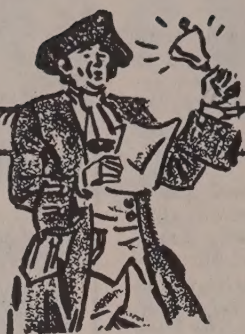
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