

FEBRUARY, 1937

Champion

OF YOUTH

10c

SINCLAIR LEWIS
FRANCIS J. GORMAN
ARTHUR CLIFFORD
ST. CLAIR DRAKE
ROSE TERLIN
BRUCE W. KNIGHT
NAT HOLMAN
ANGELO HERNDON
DR. HANNAH STONE

WHY YOUNG CRIMINALS?

Warden Lewis Lawes

John W. Studebaker

Letters

The new Champion was enthusiastically received by my friends, many of whom bought copies from me. What a beautiful magazine! I like the attractive colors and photos. The articles reflect every phase of youth activity.

Vivian P. Mint, Dover, N. J.

I think your magazine has great possibilities. May I as a teacher warmly interested in youth, and as an aunt of three nephews and a niece, make a suggestion? It seems to me that you ought to carry much more cultural material.

Elna Sherman, Philadelphia

The magazine is swell!

Stephen Ford, Indianapolis

I found the last issue extremely attractive and interesting.

Margaret Marshall, Associate Editor, "The Nation".

You must have robbed a bank to get out the last issue. Seriously, it's the best yet. In my gang we would say, *It's a honey*. I liked its professional appearance and all those pictures are swell.

Emil Pages, Welfare Island.

Accept my compliments on the finest issue you have yet brought out! You are in a glorious field and are rising magnificently to a great opportunity.

But I want to warn you against sports articles. Athletics are all right in their place if they are restricted, but your aim is to cultivate social consciousness and organization among youth and not concentrate their thoughts on games. Probably the reason why American youth is so lackadaisical with regard to social problems, is the fact that it is altogether too interested in sports.

And why don't you publish articles on sex?

F. H., Kansas City, Mo.

The January issue was a marked advance on the earlier numbers. It is certainly vital and interesting. I congratulate you on your achievement thus far.

Robert Morss Lovett, Chicago

I am enjoying *Champion* very much and must congratulate you on giving it popular appeal. Might I suggest a review of young people's activities in foreign countries?

Robert G. Spivack, Cincinnati

I think you ought to publish a good deal more by young people about their own lives and experiences.

Mary Crawford, Boston

Champion OF YOUTH

Vol. II

FEBRUARY, 1937

No. 8

CONTENTS

Fool's Errand—Sinclair Lewis	3
Sit Down, Brother—Arthur Clifford	4, 5
Let Me Live!—Angelo Herndon	6
Sex, What Must Be Told—Dr. Hannah Stone	7
Governor Benson's Program—Allan Stone	8
Labor Party's Activities—Edward Morgan	8
Basketball Pointers—Nat Holman	9
Debbies Give Me a Pain—Joan Hatton	10
How to Militarize the Young—Bruce Knight	11
Science	12
Adventures With Spain's Defenders—Roger Klein	12
Listen, Graduate—John Hutchison	13
Fighting Lochinvar—Tom Dean	14
I Died in the Chair—Joe Bologna's Own Story	15
Why Young Criminals—Warden Lawes	16
John Studebaker, Sanford Bates, Katherine Lenroot, Austin H. McCormick, Grace Abbott	17
Oh, Yeah!—Miriam Gurko	18
Lincoln and Lynching—St. Clair Drake	19
Cupid in Arms (Photos)	20
Peace Realism—Rose Terlin	21
Hitler's Military Incubator—M. B. Schnapper	22
Feathers in Heaven—Harry Granick	23
Subsidized Promoters—Dave Richards	24
Crown Prince—John Broome	25
Sweatshops—R. L. Safford	25
South Stirs—Edward Strong	25
Trotsky Trial	26
Movies of the Month—Mort Hampton	26
Youth in Action	27
American Student Union—Robert Spivack	27
News Views	28
America's Youth in the C.C.C. Camps	29
Unionization Necessary—Francis Gorman	29

Opinions expressed in signed articles are not necessarily those of the magazine or its editors.

The *Champion of Youth*, published monthly by Champion of Youth Publishers, 2 East 23rd St., Room 508, New York City. Subscription, one year, \$1; single copies, 10 cents. Entered as second class matter, May 15, 1936, Post Office, New York, N. Y. Vol. II, No. 7.

Editor
M. B. SCHNAPPER

Business Manager and Managing Editor
IRVIN KEITH

EDWARD MORGAN
HILDA SCOTT
DAVE DORAN

Editorial Board
ANGELO HERNDON
ROGER CHASE
BERYL GILMAN

MARGUERITE REED
JAMES WECHSLER
JANE WHITBREAD

SENATOR LYNN J. FRAZIER
DR. EDUARD C. LINDEMAN
PROF. JEROME DAVIS
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Advisory Editors
FRANK PALMER
WILLIAM ZIEGNER
C. HARTLEY GRATTAN
JACK CONROY

KENNETH M. GOULD
HARRY ELMER BARNES
SHERMAN DRYER
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

OUR STAND

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

It supports the American Youth Act as an immediate means of improving the tragic lot of the 5,000,000 young Americans who are out of work and out of school.

It supports the work of the American Youth Congress.

It stands for alliance of all progressive youth with labor.

It is opposed to war and to all efforts to militarize youth.

It is opposed to every form of race prejudice.

It is opposed to reaction and fascism and urges the maintenance and extension of democratic and civil liberties.

It declares that these ends can be best achieved through the independent action of all progressive Americans in a Farmer-Labor Party. It supports every step in the direction of such a party and in the formation of a Farmer-Labor youth movement.

Contributors

SINCLAIR LEWIS needs no introduction. His *It Can't Happen Here* is today a best seller.

BRUCE WINTON KNIGHT, professor of economics at Dartmouth College, is the author of *How to Run a War*, a documentary satire on war. He says that our request for a short article made him feel like Edward Everett when he said, "If you want a two-hour speech, I can make it right now; if you want an hour's speech, I'll make it next week; but if you want a fifteen minute speech, you'll have to give me a month."

JOAN HATTON says she's "just another American girl who feels that it is about time to remedy the evils in our society." She was formerly the editor of a Los Angeles high school paper.

EDWARD STRONG is chairman of the youth section of the National Negro Congress and one of the leaders of the American Youth Congress.

JOHN ROGERS knows the C.C.C. from first-hand contact. At present he is a Washington, D. C. journalist.

FRANCIS GORMAN, vice president of the United Textile Workers of America, is one of youth's chief labor exponents.

ARTHUR CLIFFORD has been active in the American Youth Congress since its inception. He lives in Detroit and has helped organize youth behind the labor movement there.

ST. CLAIR DRAKE contributes to *Crisis* and similar publications. The youth activities of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People engage much of his attention.

DR. HANNAH STONE is Medical Director of the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau and of the Marriage Consultation Center of the Community Church, New York. She is co-author of *A Marriage Manual* and a contributor to *The Nation*, etc. Her efforts recently resulted in Judge Augustus Hand's notable decision freeing the medical profession from the restrictions of the Comstock statutes.

NAT HOLMAN is known throughout the length and breadth of America as its ace basketball coach. He achieved fame several years ago as the outstanding player of the Celtics.

ANGELO HERNDON'S autobiography *Let Me Live* will be published in full by Random House early in March.

JOHN HUTCHISON is associated with church youth activity in Baltimore.

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

FOOL'S

by SINCLAIR LEWIS



WHEN I graduated from school I suppose I was about as artificial and idiotic and ambitious as most youngsters. I wanted to climb, socially and financially. I wanted to be famous and dine at large houses with men who shuddered at the Common People who don't dress for dinner. You see, I hadn't learned that the only thing duller than a polite dinner is the conversation afterward, when the victims are digesting the dinner and accumulating enough strength to be able to play bridge.

Oh, I was a fine young calf! I even planned a rich marriage. Imagine then how I felt when, after taking honors and becoming fifteenth assistant clerk in the magnificent law firm of Hodgins, Hodgins, Berkman and Taupe, I was set not at preparing briefs but at serving summonses. Like a cheap private detective! Like a mangy sheriff's officer! They told me I had to begin that way and holding my nose I feebly went to work. I was kicked out of actresses' dressing rooms and from time to time I was rightfully beaten by large and indignant litigants. I came to know, and still more to hate, every dirty and shadowy corner of the city. I thought of fleeing to my home town where I could at once become a full-fledged attorney-at-law. I rejoiced one day when they sent me out forty miles or so to a town called New Mullion, to serve a summons on one Oliver Lutkins. This Lutkins had worked in the Northern woods, and he knew the facts about a certain timberland boundary agreement; we needed him as a witness and he had dodged service.

When I got off the train at New Mullion, my sudden affection for sweet and simple villages was dashed by the look of the place, with its mud-gushing streets and its rows of shops either paintless or daubed with a sour brown. Though it must have numbered eight or nine thousand inhabitants, New Mullion was as littered as a mining camp. There was one agreeable-looking man at the station—the expressman. He was a person of perhaps forty, red-faced, cheerful, thick; he wore his overalls and denim jumper as though they belonged to him; he was quite dirty and very friendly, and you knew at once that he liked people and slapped them on the back out of pure easy affection.

"I want," I told him, "to find a fellow named Oliver Lutkins."

"Him? I saw him 'round here 'twa'n't an hour ago. Hard fellow to catch though—Any hurry about locating Lutkins?"

"Yes. I want to catch the afternoon train back." I was as impressively secret as a stage detective.

"I'll tell you. I've got a hack. I'll get out the old boneshaker and we can drive around together and find Lutkins. I know most of the places where he hangs out."

He was so frankly friendly, he so immediately took me into the circle of his affection, that I glowed with the warmth of it. I knew, of course, that he was drumming up business, but his kindness was real, and if I had to pay hack fare in order to find my man, I was glad the money would go to this good fellow. I got him down to two dollars an hour; he brought from his cottage, a block away, an object like a black piano box on wheels. He remarked, "Well, young fellow, here's the handsome equipage," and his grin—well, it made me feel that I had always been his neighbor. They're so ready to help a stranger, these villagers. He had already made it his own task to find Oliver Lutkins for me. I loved him for it. By myself, I figured, I might never have found Lutkins. Now I was an army with reserves. In a burst I told the hack driver that I wanted to

serve a summons on Lutkins; that the fellow had viciously refused to testify in a suit where his knowledge of a certain conversation would clear up everything. The driver listened earnestly. At the end he pounded my shoulder (very painfully) and chuckled: "Well, we'll spring a little surprise on B'r'er Lutkins. He's probably trying to get up a poker game in the back of Fritz Beineke's harness shop. Plays a lot of poker and a great hand at bluffing—damn him!" Bill—"William Magnuson—fancy carting and hauling," he told me—seemed to admire Mr. Lutkin's ability as a scoundrel; I fancied that if he had been

ERRAND

Illustrated by Wm. Sanderson

sheriff he would have caught Lutkins with fervor and hanged him with affection.

At the somewhat gloomy harness-shop we descended. A scanty sort of man, presumably Mr. Beineke, was selling a horse collar to a farmer.

"Seen Nolly Lutkins around today? Friend of his looking for him," said Bill with treacherous heartiness.

Beineke looked past him at my shrinking alien self; he hesitated, and owned: "Yuh, he was in here a little while ago. Guess he's gone over to the Swede's to get a shave."

We sought the barber-shop of the Swede. Bill was again good enough to take the lead while I lurked at the door. He asked not only the Swede but two

(Continued on Page 31)



I glowed with the warmth of his easy-going friendship

SIT DOWN, BROTHER!

by ARTHUR CLIFFORD

The Story of the Auto Strike
and an Interview with Martin
About Youth Participation

Seen
on the
Scene



LIKE HOME



DEAN CARR of Wayne University fumbled with his handkerchief. He wiped an imaginary drop of perspiration off the back of his neck while real beads broke out on his brow. His eyes popped.

"Y-you say he wants to make up his exams later?"

"Yes, I understand that is permitted."

"And he's a sit-down striker?"

"He can't get out, you see, to take the exam at this time. He's in the Cadillac plant."

"I hardly know what to say to this. This is unprecedented. It has never happened before."

"Well, no. But then sit-down strikes in the auto industry have never happened before either. Can he make up his exams or can't he?"

"Make them up? I-I—" Dean Carr became distressed. "Is he being kept in there by force?"

"Of course not. He's heart and soul for the strike. But he doesn't want all that time in night school to go for nothing."

"Very well," said the Dean with a sigh of resignation. "Let him come around when the strike is settled."

Detroit was accustomed to such incidents by the middle of January. If the Dean of Wayne University was slow to catch on, the rest of the citizenry were not. Children of strikers thought nothing of kissing their daddy goodnight through a factory window. The strikers themselves dug in, made themselves comfortable.

An open shop town was becoming unionized. Black Legionism was being replaced by industrial unionism. Almost everywhere one turned in the working class residential neighborhoods one heard the greeting, "Brother"—a word that at first sounded almost outlandish

on Detroit lips.

And what was true of Detroit was even more noticeable in Flint. General Motors dominates the city of Flint, "the largest company town in America." The population fluctuates with the production season. Two weeks after the beginning of a long lay-off it will be down as much as 25 per cent. Industrial spying, the murderous speed-up, insecurity, and all the other trappings of the auto industry's god, stalk the city, naked and unashamed.

But Flint is a different city today. Workingmen, hitherto held in subjection by a Black Legion that honey-combed

the police force and penetrated the highest political circles, stand up straight once more, and walk with the step of confidence. They have demonstrated that if they stand or even sit together they can bring the auto barons to their knees. They sat down in the two Fisher Body plants. Police and the infamous Flint Alliance—a Black Legion subsidiary allied with the Bergoff strike-breaking agency—tried to evict them from Plant No. 2. But shot guns and tear gas bombs failed to turn the trick. Virtually the whole population of Flint rallied around the strikers who, with fire hose, hinges and other missiles, repulsed the attack.

It was as Walter Reuther said. Walter is the youthful president of the Detroit West Side Local of the United Auto Workers, which has such plants as Ford, Cadillac, Fleetwood, and Kelsey-Hayes under its jurisdiction. Walter is one of the three Reuther brothers who symbolize, in a sense, youth's participation and actual leadership in the auto struggles. Victor and Roy, the other two, 25 and 27 years of age respectively, directed the defense of the Flint Fisher Plant. From a sound car they patrolled the battle front, shouting encouragement to the strikers and pointing out weaknesses in the enemy line. Walter, who organized the successful Kelsey-Hayes strike of a few weeks before, is two years older than Roy. He has worked in the auto plants since the age of 18. Seven of these years were spent at Ford's.

I looked up above him on the wall at the letters neatly printed there. They spelled: "Human Right Before Property Rights."

"What are the advantages of the sit-down?"

"Plenty. The most important, perhaps, is the education the strikers themselves receive from it. They have to live together day and night for possibly weeks on end. They have to set up their

ALLEY-OOP!

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

Some Youth Sidelights On Labor's New Strike Technique In Detroit, Cleveland

STALLED

own government and run their own affairs."

The interview was interrupted by the entrance of a young fellow whom I recognized as a national leader in the American Student Union. He now works at Kelsey-Hayes and like so many other young auto workers has assumed an active part in the union leadership. He reminded Reuther that it was almost time for him to take the sound car out for his nightly speaking engagement to sit-ins at the Cadillac and Fleetwood Plants. The sound car, incidentally, which plays so important a role in Flint is, like the sit-in method itself, one of the numerous up-to-the-minute techniques which the auto strikers have acquired.

I decided to ask Reuther one more question. "How important a part is youth playing in these sit-in-strikes?"

No sooner was the question uttered than I perceived how unnecessary it was to ask it. The union headquarters was crowded with young people. There was one young fellow who had not been to work for a week. Not because his plant was on strike but because it was "worth \$6.50 a day to be on the firing line." A call came in from a National Guardsman who had been ordered to report for duty in Flint. He was calling for 200 union buttons. He had half the company organized.

Walter Reuther smiled at my question. "I suggest," he said, "that you go out to one of the struck plants and see for yourself."

It was a cold rainy night but the windows of the Cadillac plant were wide open, so I gathered it was quite warm inside. At many of the windows family groups stood chatting with the men folks.

Inside, the men were collected in little groups, some playing cards, some chess, some reading. In one corner a chorus was engaged in close harmony.

Young Onie Feldt, sit-down editor of the plant wall newspaper, came to the window. I asked him how it was that young people were so much in evidence, when the Cadillac was known to employ a much larger proportion of older men than the other auto shops. He explained that when the strike was called everybody went home who wanted to and naturally the young men stayed.

"How many are inside now?" I asked.

"Enough," he said significantly.

"Don't you miss the movies?"

"Naw. Why should we? We have plenty to do. Six hours picket duty a day, cards, books, the radio, and then, you know, we eat!"

On the sidewalk in front of the Detroit Art Institute is the replica of a famous statue by Rodin. It represents a man

HOT-CHA-CHA!

with his chin on his fist sitting down—and thinking.

The auto workers of Detroit, Flint, and other cities are taking a tip from that statue of "The Thinker." They too have begun to sit down—and the powerful General Motors Corporation is doing the thinking. That at any rate was the opinion of Homer Martin, president of the United Automobile Workers, when I saw him the other afternoon.

Despite his obvious weariness and his need above everything else of a good rest, Homer Martin graciously consented to speak to the readers of *Champion*.

"You see," he said, with a tired smile, "I'm not much more than a youth myself."

After meeting Homer Martin it is easy to understand the love and respect he enjoys among the auto workers, organized and unorganized alike. Friendliness is his outstanding characteristic. On the surface his demeanor is one of reserve, befitting a former Baptist minister, but the wide grin that frequently overspreads his face reveals a deep well of warm humanity actuated by an intense desire to be of service to his fellow auto workers. At the time of the interview his forehead and cheeks were creased by thin lines.

"What is your opinion of the sit-in

method? Is it an improvement over the old fashioned strike?"

Martin smiled tolerantly. "What do you think?" he countered.

"How did you happen to select this particular method?"

"We didn't!" Martin replied brightly. "The workers themselves chose the sit-down method. Definitely, with the giant plants and conveyor lines of mass production industries, the sit-in strike is a technique being developed by the workers themselves."

"Would you say that the success of the General Motors strikes up to this point is due in any way to the part that young people have taken in their leadership?"

"Absolutely! There is a spirit of courage and independence among these young auto workers that you don't have when you have only old men to deal with."

"Youth has played and continues to play a significant part in this great industrial struggle. There is hope for America when the youth of our land are ready to stand and fight for the principles of freedom, whether political or industrial. The greatest battle today is the battle for industrial democracy and freedom, and it cannot be won without the service and idealism of youth."

HEY, POP!

Let Me Live!

I was born on May 6, 1913, in the little town of Wyoming, Ohio. My earliest recollections are wrapped in mist. It was only at the age of six that I first became conscious of the world, and the experience which initiated me into it was—tragedy.

I was then ill in bed, and the tenderness and concern of my mother, brothers and sister moved me very deeply. My illness had made me keenly sensitive to all that went on about me.

My mother Harriet (we children used to call her Hattie familiarly, for she was a friend as well as a mother to us) is a mulatto Negro. She has Indian and white blood in her veins. I always thought her beautiful, and even to this day she looks as young and charming as any of my sisters. My illness had upset her very much, so that she neglected her housework. She constantly hovered over me and looked with anxious, brooding eyes. Child though I was, I sensed her distress and my heart went out to her in sympathy and gratitude.

One night she came into my room crying softly. She took me up and clasped me in her arms saying:

"What hurts Mother's child, tell me? Now you must hurry up and get well fast." Then she sang to me.

On the wall opposite my bed hung a large picture of Jesus. He seemed to be looking down upon me with grave searching eyes. When my mother came to the end of her song, she pointed to the picture and said to me with deep feeling:

"He will stand by you."

I asked her: "Who is Jesus?"

She answered that Jesus is God's only begotten son and that He gave his life so that all of us might be saved. Those who do not believe in Him will go to hell and be burned with fire and brimstone. But those who believe in the Saviour will surely go to Heaven and have life everlasting.

I asked her: "Do you think Jesus can make me well?"

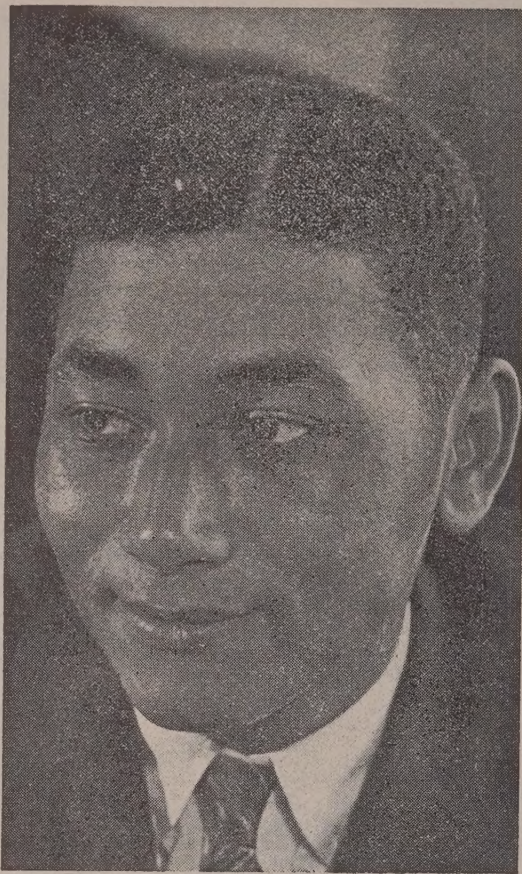
Piously my mother answered: "Jesus can do anything He wants to."

Every night she knelt by my bed, and as I looked into the searching eyes of Jesus on the wall, she prayed with deep emotion:

"O Lord, I bow not for form nor fashion but with sincerity and truthfulness to You who can destroy but will defend, to come to my aid at this hour of need! O, Lord, you know how powerless and helpless I am down here in man's sinful world. Please, Lord, spare my little son!"

My mother was very religious. God was always with her. That was quite natural; her father and great-grandfather were preachers. She often used to say to me: "Some day, Gelo, you too are going to be a preacher." This made me feel very proud.

One day I saw some white children at a game of marbles. Innocent of any evil thoughts or expectations, I joined their game. As my misfortune would have it, I shot all their marbles out of



by ANGELO HERNDON

Sentenced to 18 to 20 years on a Georgia chain gang for organizing Atlanta's jobless, Angelo Herndon will appeal his case on February 5th before the United States Supreme Court.

the ring. A white boy, livid with rage, called me a "nigger." "Nigger?" I repeated, not understanding. "What does 'nigger' mean?" The boys burst out laughing and I laughed with them good-naturedly. But the incident thereupon went beyond name-calling.

"Do you want to know what 'nigger' means?" asked the white boy spitefully. "Let me show you."

Together with the other boys he began to pelt me with stones and I fled for dear life. After a while, tiring of their sport, they let me alone. With feelings smarting more than did the bruises on my body, I turned in the direction of home. When I entered the house, I ran to my mother, weeping. Between my sobs, I managed to gasp the all-important question:

"Mother, what does 'nigger' mean?"

A look of pain and indignation came into her face.

On our way home from school, we Negro boys would frequently meet with certain white boys. As long as we ganged together these white boys did us no mischief. But whenever it was the

misfortune of one of us to be alone, they gave us a good shellacking. At first we did not fight back. We took to our heels, trying to get out of reach of the sharp stones they would throw at us. We had to run fast and so frequently that we grew sores and callouses on our bare feet.

Once, when complaining to my mother about my sore feet, she asked me how it happened. I told her that after we left school that day, some white boys hid behind houses and waited for us to approach. When we came near them, they began throwing stones at us and we had to run for our lives. One of our boys got hit in the head with a stone which one of the white boys threw at him. They chased us, but we finally got away.

My mother's concern gave way to grimness. Her eyes flashed fire.

"So you call yourself a son of mine, Gelo," she shouted at me and then and there she began to lambast me, admonishing me that next time if I did not fight back the white boys I had better not come home again, if I knew what was good for me.

One morning in the spring of 1926, my brother Leo and I left home for Lexington, Kentucky. We went by freight train. People had told us that a lot of money could be made in the Kentucky mines if we worked hard enough. Since there was no legally specified age limit for miners at that time, we felt sure that we could land jobs and earn enough money between the two of us to help keep the family going.

Luck was on our side. We landed jobs immediately. Nobody then seemed to be particularly concerned about having kids of thirteen, which was quite the usual thing, and it never occurred to anyone to question it.

Leo and I were given jobs as car loaders. First the coal was cut by a machine and then it was shot down with dynamite, after which we loaded it into the cars. The compartments in which we worked were only from three to four feet high. We continually had to stoop and hit our heads against the ceiling. We were paired off in twos in each room. The work was terribly hard. My back ached. My whole body was stiff and sore with strain and what made matters worse were the callouses on my feet and the blisters on my hands. Life was utterly unbearable. Fortunately for me I found comfort in Leo's company. We helped each other along and we felt that together we would overcome all difficulties.

Every two weeks an estimate of our work was given by the company. Together Leo and I cleared, after the usual deductions were made, approximately \$35 for this period. We received no pay for overtime. And that was during the prosperity era, at a time when wages were high! The fact that we were being cheated by the coal company did not strike us then as very significant, for we were still childishly innocent about the ways of the world.

I recall the night when Leo and I were first initiated into coal mining. Between the two of us we managed to load twenty tons of coal. The next day we felt indescribably stiff and sore. That night we were unable to continue work.

Leo said to me: "Do you think you can stand it?"

I countered: "What about you?"

"Oh, don't worry about me," he replied. "All I want to know is whether you're all right."

"Of course, I'm all right!" I lied defiantly.

The pain in my back was almost killing me, but I stubbornly refused to admit it. The dreadful thought of conditions at home stiffened my spine.

In addition to the strain of working from sunrise to sundown we were obliged to walk from three to four miles from the bottom of the mine to the surface. There was a mantrip for the use of the coal loaders. Only those who had "company jobs" (jobs offering fixed wages, in counterdistinction to our piece-work jobs) could ride the mantrip. On every pay day I found in my pay en-

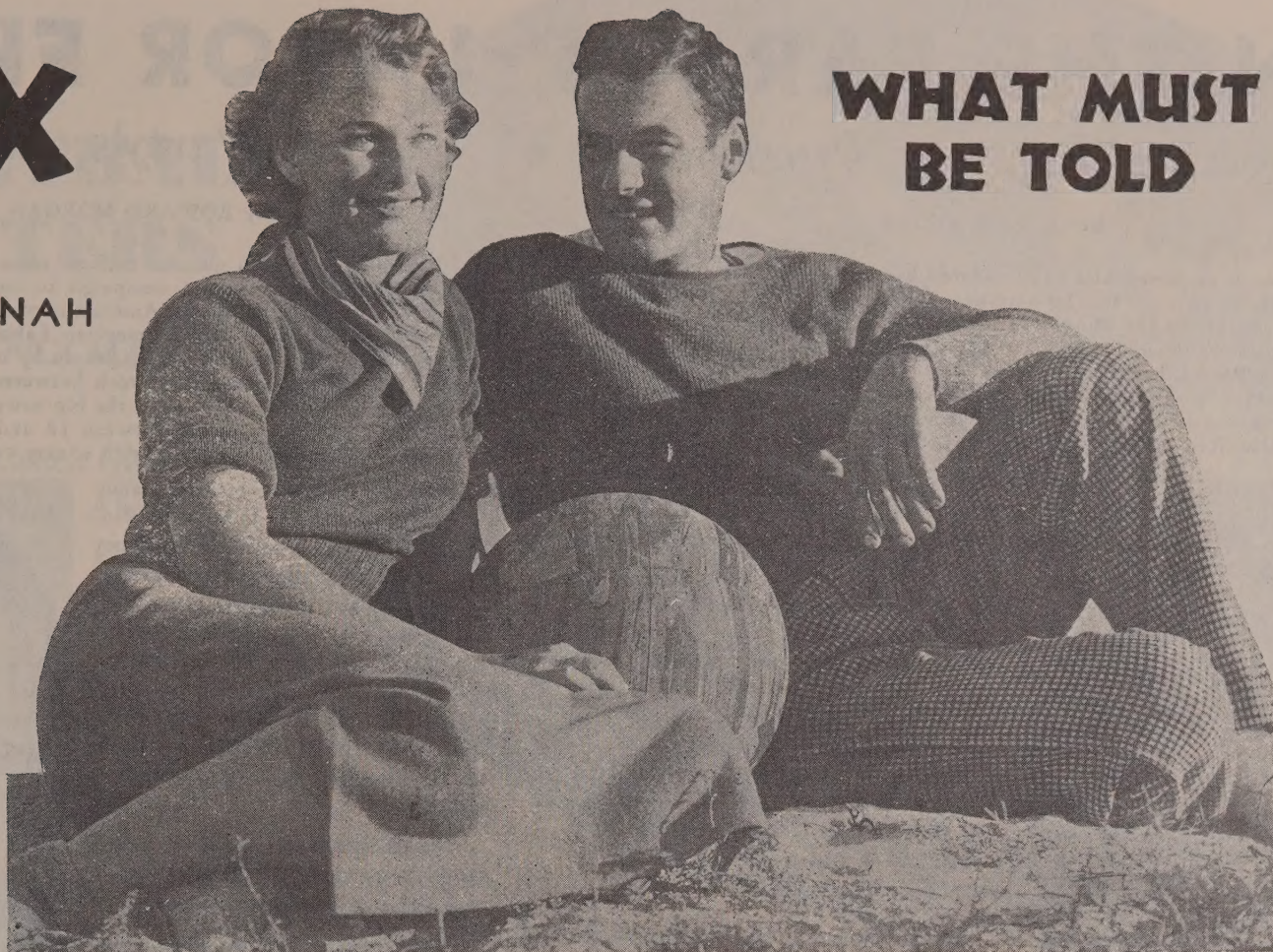
(Continued on page 30)

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

SEX

by DR. HANNAH
STONE

WHAT MUST BE TOLD



Gendrau
Photo

THERE is the story of the grandmother who took her two grandchildren, Mary and Jane, aged seven and nine respectively, to the Zoo. They saw the elephants, the tigers, the crocodiles, and heard something about the life history, habits and customs of each. In the birdhouse they came across a stork, and grandmother thought that this was a fine opportunity to give the children some enlightenment on the "facts of life". Accordingly, she explained to them what a very useful and valuable bird the stork was, and how every now and then it brought a little child from heaven to its expectant parents. Whereupon the children smiled knowingly at each other and Jane whispered: "Mary, shall we tell grandmother the truth?"

In spite of the apparent sophistication of the younger generation, however, there are still a surprisingly large number of young people who are quite ignorant about even the elementary "truths" of sexual physiology and psychology.

Time and again I have had young men and women with college degrees tell me that although they had learned during their college courses all about the sex life and reproduction of earthworms, oysters and rabbits, they knew very little about the sexual biology of human beings. Only the other day a young woman with a Master's degree in science, after telling me of a serious difficulty into which her sexual ignorance had led her, deeply deplored the fact that while she had devoted so many years of study to science, she had learned so little about the essential facts of sex and sex behavior, facts which were now of such momentous importance to her.

That some form of sex education is essential need hardly be emphasized. In animal life the sexual function is controlled by certain instincts and behavior patterns. Animals will mate only at certain seasons, presumably when conditions are biologically most suitable for the survival of the offspring. It is said that in very primitive human life such a periodicity of sexual relations also existed and that matings took place only during certain periods of the year, at the time of the Spring and Autumn festivals. Whether this was actually so or not is still a matter of dispute among anthropologists, but we do know that to-

day, at least, man has to a very large degree lost any periodicity in his sexual life, and that his natural instincts can no longer serve him as an adequate guide to sexual behavior. Obviously, then, if he cannot depend upon the normal check and control of his instincts, he must substitute knowledge and reason as a basis for his sexual conduct.

In the animal, furthermore, sex behavior is merely the result of certain neuro-muscular reflexes and physiochemical reactions. In man, on the other hand, the sexual processes are intimately bound up with his emotional and social life, and sex expression cannot be divorced completely from social experiences. In civilized life the sexual association means much more than merely a physical association. A satisfactory sex life must be based upon both these factors—an adequate biological knowledge and a rational or cultural attitude towards sexual conduct.

This is but an introductory article, and I shall therefore merely outline here briefly what I consider to be the chief objects of sex education in general. In my opinion sex instruction should have a threefold purpose in view: first, it should aim to maintain sexual health and sexual balance and keep the young man or woman from exposing themselves to conditions which might

injure their sexual or reproductive capacities; secondly, it should help to shape and to formulate certain standards of sexual behavior; and thirdly, it should prepare young people physiologically and psychologically for the marital relationship.

It is an unfortunate fact, but nevertheless a fact, that in connection with our sex life and sexual functions there have developed a large number of pathological conditions. I need but mention the venereal diseases, sexual perversions or aberrations, frigidity, impotency and other disturbances of the sexual function and response. These disorders might result either from sexual abuse, from irregular and promiscuous sexual conduct, or else from unnecessary repressions and inhibitions of the normal sexual impulse. At any rate, it is the part of health wisdom, and it should be the chief aim of sex education, to maintain sexual health on a sound foundation, and to strike the essential balance between mis-use and non-use.

In this connection two problems require special consideration. One is the question of auto-erotism or masturbation. It is a question which concerns a great number of young people at one time or another and which gives rise to an untold amount of mental anguish. Yet, it is the general medical opinion today that auto-erotism as such may be regarded as a transient stage in the normal process of sexual development, and that whatever harm may result from it is due in the main not to any actual or organic injury, but rather to the psychological and emotional by-effects, to the feeling of fear, of guilt, of sin and inferiority which this practice so often engenders in the mind of impressionable youth. This feeling is sometimes carried over even into adult life, and I have seen many grown-up men and women suffer from sexual disturbances and

maladjustments which could be traced directly to the mental conflicts that had accompanied auto-erotic practices in youth. An adequate sex preparation in early life may well prevent the development of any ill-effects from this source.

The second important problem is that of venereal infection. Sexual taboos are rapidly breaking down, and with them the timidity and hesitancy with which the venereal problem was formerly approached is now disappearing. Today even the daily newspapers speak openly and by name of the venereal diseases and emphasize the need for adequate prevention and care. While it is quite true that with modern treatment both gonorrhea and syphilis may be completely cured, yet one should not underestimate the dangers that lie in venereal infections. They are a potential source of much physical distress and sometimes of permanent injury to the reproductive and other organs. The point, however, which requires special emphasis is the fact that venereal diseases are definitely preventable. Even with the best of care one cannot always avoid contracting, let us say, chicken pox, or mumps, or even typhoid fever, but one can, under normal conditions, avoid contracting a venereal infection. In this respect sex instruction can be of the utmost value in maintaining sexual health.

Adequate sex instruction, again, will help to create and develop those values and standards which are necessary for a sound sex life in a social environment. When we attempt to translate this idea into actual practice, however, we find ourselves in a peculiar dilemma. On the one hand, sex in our present social life is everywhere exploited commercially, and the sexual appetite is continually being stimulated by all available means—by an erotic literature, by romantic

(Continued on Page 30)

ON THE FARMER-LABOR FRONT

Governor Benson's Program

by ALLAN STONE

The youth problem must be considered hand in hand with the problems of the adult section of the population, said Gov. Elmer A. Benson in his inaugural address to the Minnesota State Legislature. Striking out at economic conditions which he said had handicapped the young people of the nation, Gov. Benson brought forward a set of recommendations to reestablish their social, economic and political security. As a member of the U. S. Senate he introduced the American Youth Act last year. In his speech to the Minnesota State Legislature, Gov. Benson said:

"The pathetic condition of youth during this depression is a challenge to those who believe in the perpetuation of the present order.

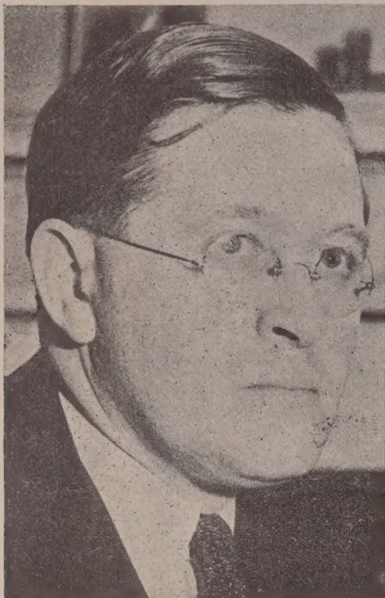
"Thousands of our young folks, who have spent the best years of their life acquiring an education training themselves for a life's vocation in either the trades or the professions, many with college and university degrees, not a few who have graduated with marks of distinction, find that society has no use for their abilities and their talents. They knock from door to door in quest of employment which is denied them."

Minnesota should take the lead in the movement in behalf of youth, he declared. Recalling that the late Gov. Floyd B. Olson was the first state executive in America to outline a youth plan, Gov. Benson said, "The work thus started must be advanced." He urged:

1. Enactment of a Minnesota youth act which should include creation of a state youth commission with power to determine the actual needs and conditions of youth.
2. Formation of social, recreational and employment centers, particularly in rural areas.

The plan for state aid to students started by the late Gov. Olson at the University of Minnesota became the pattern for the nation and was adopted by the federal government, Gov. Benson recalled.

No poverty-standard for youth will ever be admitted in his state, declared the Governor. "Minnesota must find the means to offer to youth something better than a pauper existence," he said, and pointed out education as "one concrete way of demonstrating to young men and women our faith in them." An expanded college program and adequate means to assist in the general program of youth planning were demanded by the governor as urgent state needs.



GOVERNOR BENSON

Labor Party's Activities

by EDWARD MORGAN

When more than a quarter million votes are cast for a new progressive party after a short campaign in one state, it's not only an exceedingly happy sign on the American scene—but it's very definitely news. When this party—the American Labor Party in New York—recognizes the problems of young people by creating a separate youth division which continues active work between elections, that's particularly good news. And now comes the big news that this youth division, which includes young people between 18 and 30, is setting up a permanent organization, complete with a new constitution and platform.

What does the American Labor Party youth division do between elections? Mrs. Weiner answers that one; she explains that there are committees for the various activities; educational, social, organizational, publicity and public speaking. The last one includes not only a public speakers' bureau but also a class to train new speakers. These activities continue all the time, before, during, and after elections.

The officers of the American Labor Party proper are Mrs. Elinor Herrick and Luigi Antonini, union leaders.

While there hasn't been much about it in the newspapers since the election, the American Labor Party has continued to be pretty active. On the seventh floor offices of the Hotel Claridge, overlooking Times Square, Mrs. Alma Weiner, director of the New York City youth division, will greet you—if she can take a few minutes off from the innumerable committee meetings that seem to be going on all the time. Answering your question, she will tell you that there are already between forty and fifty youth clubs in New York City as well as county committees in each borough. And Ray Pinkson, chairman of the city youth division, will proudly add that forty-one trade unions are already officially affiliated, rattling off a list faster than you can take it down, "Nine locals of the International, four locals of the Amalgamated, the Joint Board of the I.L.G., the Joint Knitgoods Council. . ."

The chief interest of the youth division members at the present time is in the constitution and platform which are expected to be ready, after weeks of work, in the early part of February. Details about these documents were not available as this was written but it is expected that they will rally the support of many thousands of young people.



LUIGI ANTONINI

SPEAK UP, YOUNG AMERICA!

Our first call for autobiographies, for personal histories, brought a flood of responses—so many, in fact, that we're considering the possibility of publishing many of them not only in "Champion" but also in a special pamphlet.

But there are many more such stories to be told; stories about what is happening to young America, what it is thinking, what it is planning.

Your experiences, your views, make swell copy, swell stories. For after all, what you are doing and thinking is what interests young people everywhere. Yours is the real story of young America today.

So let us have your "My Story"—long or short, tragic or funny, profound or light. The offer still goes: the authors of the ten best "My Stories" of the month will receive a copy of Sinclair Lewis's best seller, "It Can't Happen Here." And, as we've promised, we'll publish as many as we can.

EDITORS, CHAMPION OF YOUTH.



BASKETBALL POINTERS

by NAT HOLMAN

*A Noted Coach Gives
Some Advice About
the Popular Game*

YOU readers being youngsters who may some day try out for a basketball team, I suppose the most interesting slant I can give this article is that of the coach who will receive you.

What do I look for in the fellow who would play the game for alma mater? Well, I can't look for any particular style of play, for boys coming from different schools and club teams generally play different types of games.

That is to say, it's still the game of basketball as we know it, but one fellow may have played with a team using a slow deliberate offense, with pick-offs and set shots. Another may come up from a quintet that stressed the use of the pivot play as a basic attacking maneuver. And so on.

It's the job of the coach to take these boys and mold them into a style of play most suited for capabilities of the whole group.

That is not to say that I don't look for certain basic qualities. There are so many things a fellow must have and be able to do before he is an experienced and really useful player. He must be a good ball handler. That is fundamental. With new offensive schemes such as the zone system (more on that later) being used, good ball handling is at a premium. For a team of good enough ball handlers can beat any defence.

He must have footwork. That's something else that is vital. The boy whose feet won't behave loses that extra step on the defence—and there go your two points.

Reflexes are important. Much more important than you might imagine. Up at the College where I coach, my boys go through regular drills to develop and sharpen their reflexes. We do things as simple sounding as having a boy face one way, look straight ahead, and call out what is happening off to the other side of him.

If a defensive player just looks ahead of himself blindly, a man will slip right past him and under the basket before he knows what is happening. I like my boys to have a working idea of the *whole picture* when they are out there on the floor. They should know the relation of every man on the floor to every other man.

Sounds very difficult, doesn't it? Good players develop these attributes with

experience and a little intelligence to start with.

I might add, in relation to having an idea of the whole picture, another important thing. I have seen games lost because a player lost his head when his man got away from him to score, and became motivated just by the desire to retaliate. That player becomes less than valueless to his team.

Every coach, of course, must say something about constant practice on weak points, and conditioning. Well, I can't be too different. I'll mention it.

Some people see a high class basketball team perform—with its silky smoothness—fast instinctive cuts—breath taking passing—and never think of the hard work each and every individual in that combination put into perfect himself.

Spectators see the finished product, and just like people who marvel at the genius of the great writer, artist and doctor, rarely think of the long, patient work put in before they finally blossomed out as the finished product.

Enough of practice. Let's get to an intangible something which I think every player should have. Two cardinal principles they must know are: 1. Problem solving—the ability to diagnose an offense. 2 The quality of readiness—being alert.

There's a third thing I look for in my teams and it's important. It's the quality of *resolution*. I think I can say that every team of mine goes out *resolved* to do a good job, no matter what the score or particular situation may be. And if you think those are just meaningless words, or "the old oil," you're badly mistaken!

I have been asked thousands of times what I thought of the zone of defence, a fairly prevalent practice.

Briefly, I don't think it's the best defence for the game of basketball. The man-to-man is ideal for both players and spectators. You'll never find an individual star blazing forth with the zone system in use. A star just can't do his stuff, can't flash away from his guard

Oops!

NAZI SCHMELING BOYCOTTED

The sudden flare of public indignation that responded to the signed contract between Max Schmeling and James Braddock for a championship bout, may postpone the battle. Many prominent anti-fascists have threatened to boycott the scrap. The Anti-Nazi Federation to Champion Human Right, led by Louis Untermeyer, has already launched offensives. It is being pointed out that Schmeling is an avowed Nazi and that he is being used by Hitler as a means of spreading Nazi propaganda.

Rumors about having the fight shifted to Berlin are dubious because the guar-

antee may not be to the promoters liking. But already the midwestern press is seeking the title fight. Emphasis is placed on the fact that in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and Milwaukee there are large German populations.

Schmeling's promoters may have to follow Greely's famous advice, "Go west young man."



for those miraculous lay up shots that bring down the house.

If the zone defence becomes universal, the players might as well be called X, Y and Z instead of by names.

That for the zone defence. I don't like it, but I feel that I have to teach it regardless. It's something new in basketball and players should be up on every development of the game.

The good doctor throws away his oldest books as new ones come forth with more modern data and methods. I'm not scrapping the man-to-man technique, but if the zone is to be part of the game—well, the fellows I teach should know about it.

In conclusion, I want to say that I think as many boys as possible should play basketball, and have the opportunity to play this fast, interesting, modern game. The growth of America's sports movement is certainly a healthy sign, and deserves support. We should have more gyms and recreational centers, more workers organizations playing the game.

Lots of luck!

Heil Hitler!

DEBBIES GIVE ME A PAIN

by JOAN HATTON

LIKE a lot of girls I know, Barbara Fields wants to get married but it makes me sick to see that she has to bait eligible prospects with a party that cost \$50,000. I never spent more than 50 cents to go to a dance where I might meet new fellows. When I gave a party, I bought some fruit, some candy and some ginger ale for anaemic highballs. But Barbara drowned her house and guests in gallons of bubbling champagne, stuffed them with caviar, anchovies and petits fours, kept their feet dancing to the hot music and slow rhythms of two orchestras which alone cost \$10,000 to hire. And the guzzling and stuffing went on in the most expensive salon at the Ritz amidst decorations of thousands of calla and tiger lilies.

Barbara's lavish coming out party was the most brilliant social hit of the season up to date. Her \$50,000 display put to shame more modest debuts ranging in cost from \$10,000 to \$45,000. But the Wideners of Philadelphia were not to be outdone by the Fields of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Widener, accordingly, sent forth their daughter Joan into the marriage mart at the same cost of \$50,000. All this is flamboyant evidence that the social season for debutants anxious to advertise their desirability, is in full swing. See your local newspaper for their pictures, draped, undraped, in simple Sunday night dress or sophisticated decollete. Somehow they all look willing and waiting and very much alike. Costly party after party, disguised auction after auction, set before the eligible wealthy males the privately-schooled, expensively-groomed daughters of the four hundred.

Spending \$50,000 for a blowout—it makes me burn. That much money would pay me a salary of \$20 a week for 50 years. Twenty dollars is six more than I make a week selling in a Los Angeles department store and probably \$6 more than a salesgirl earns in the Chicago department store of Marshall Fields, Barbara's wealthy papa. If I made \$20 a week, I wouldn't have to

keep away from the dentist when my teeth need fixing so badly. If I made \$20 a week I could save up in no time at all for the new winter coat I've been doing without. The difference between \$14 and \$20 is for me the difference between scrimping and a little indulgence, between pinching pennies and living with a modicum of ease and decency.

The party at the Ritz was Barbara's second coming out. It wasn't enough that her father sent her out once before to the tune of \$50,000; she had to come again, this time, the fond parents hoped, with more success. The first affair didn't produce the goods: no husbands in the offing. So mamma Fields, a little worried, took \$50,000 of the million dollar yearly alimony that she gets from her ex-husband and determined to impress the single men-about-town with Barbara's golden charms. The eligible males must have been most forcibly struck by the blaring extravagance. Turning the faucet of the horn of perpetual plenty which flowed with champagne, lilies, swing music and crooners, was Barbara Fields, finger-waved, massaged and manicured—waiting to be caught and captured. "Hail to the chief who in triumph advances"—all credit to the suitor who reaps the reward.

And so they'll be happily married—perhaps again to the tune of \$50,000.

What's \$50,000 to Marshall Fields?—a mere nothing, a mere trifle. What's \$50,000 to me?—more than I'll ever see in one lump sum, more than it costs to support a family of four for ten long years, more than it would cost to

send 3,000 salesgirls to the country for a week's vacation.

If you think I'm a case of sour grapes you're on the wrong track. I've got what Barbara spent \$100,000 to find—genuine love. I'm twenty-three, married two short and exciting months and happier than I've ever been before. I get a big kick out of life—Barbara Fields can't get a bigger one. If money could buy happiness—Barbara's extravagant waste might be justifiable. But the irony lies in the fact that not only is Barbara's wealth ineffectual but that in her very milieu her fortune hovers as an obstacle to her chances of real happiness. Somehow people in her strata of society are so possessed by their shallow scramble after new foods, new cocktails, new thrills and new faces that they find themselves more often in divorce courts than in the privacy of their living rooms with their husbands and children. My mother and father struggled hard to bring us up but they managed to find happiness in their love for us and for each other. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Fields, with money to burn, didn't make a go of marriage.

MARRIAGE MART

Chicago has its well-known Furniture Mart and Merchandise Mart. A new market was added to the list when a North Shore society leader opened what she terms a "marriage mart" for young women.

Husbands will be found for debutants and sub-debs, if a series of four dances is a success.



BARBARA FIELDS

All Mrs. Fields has left of her early love and romance is a cold million dollars a year alimony. A cold million in cash is nothing to sneeze at but it is no passport to happiness.

Now I admit a girl has to get to meet a great many boys before she finds love and a husband. Every girl has to "come out"—but when I came out at eighteen nobody wrote it in the papers. The dress I wore to my first big party cost \$8.75; the only flowers we had were jack-o'-lanterns; the beverage we quaffed was soda pop; the food we ate was cheese and ham snug between two pieces of rye bread; the music we danced to came from a static-laden radio. It was a swell party; everyone had a good time. I made friends and found myself dated up for two weeks ahead. My debut was a roaring success.

Champagne, dry and extra sec, caviar and petits fours, \$50,000 worth of splendour and show for a kid's party—that's disgusting waste. It gives me a pain.

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

If the idea is to destroy lives and wealth on as large a scale as convenient, it is clear that we ought to get you young people of America nicely militarized. And this is largely a matter of teaching you things that are not so. Ever since 1917 the administrative side of militarism has been too well understood to present any great problem today. Nowadays it comes down pretty much to making young America believe a number of things that are not true about nations and war.

The only way to know things is to learn them. People who do not learn are like the powerful Ole, who didn't know his own strength—or anything else. But no self-respecting autocracy's Minister of Youth and Education would be so lacking in ambition as to stop with making you merely as ignorant as Ole. If he can get you taught things that are not so, you will have to unlearn what you "know" before you know even as much as nothing at all. Indeed, this is the only way to do the job on you.

The saying that "an idle brain is the devil's workshop" is contradictory, for a devil's workshop, instead of being idle is occupied with devilry. Young brains are bound to learn, and the only way to keep them from finding out things that are so is to keep them busy learning things that are not so. The way to do this is to aim chiefly at emotions, using just enough misleading argument to make the emotional appeal sound logically respectable. As a means of militarizing you, it is especially important to impart the following bits of misinformation.

First (emotion), a "nation" has a personality separate from the actual people of the country.

Of course this is not so. If it were so, "the United States" could get rich by taxing Americans out of everything they have, or by borrowing from them and not paying back. If it were so, laborers would produce nothing for their "nation." Laborers, you see, spend their wages on necessities, that is, consume what they produce, so that if "the United States" is something separate from themselves they do not produce anything for "the United States." The idea is false, but it comes in handy for the teaching of militarism.

Second (more emotion), this independent personality of the "nation" is absolutely sacred—so much so that the "nation" owes you nothing and you owe it everything, including your lives.

The German philosopher Hegel (inspiration of William II, Hitler, and the like) taught that the "nation" is always right. He had two "proofs" of this. First, the opinions of politicians must be right because they are always the opinions of the majority, which is not so. Second, the majority is never wrong, which is not so either. If these things were so, you would have to applaud your own execution by state officials. It is bunk, but it is useful to militarism.

Third ("logic"), your nation can get rich by grabbing pieces of real estate from its neighbors.

Thus it can secure outlets for lots of population, and get much more raw material, and acquire much larger markets for its products. But when it is remembered that the people are "the nation" it is clear that the nation can do no such thing. Outside regions which are

How to

MILITARIZE THE YOUNG

by BRUCE KNIGHT

Professor, Dartmouth University

Illustrated by William Sanderson



Here Are a Few Enlightening Pointers
About the Ever Busy Business of
Moulding War Minds and Bodies

good for people like you to live in are already populated by such people, and if the regions are not good your people won't go there anyhow. You can already get raw materials from these regions by buying the materials, and that is just what you will have to do after grabbing the territory. Your neighbors will already buy from you if you offer attractive prices, and they won't buy from you after the grabbing unless you do the same thing.

Fourth (back to emotion), you must grab territory to give its natives your superior culture.

In practice, natives find the bulk of this culture to consist of whiskey, tuberculosis, opium, firearms, slave labor, and the like, introduced by such modern educational devices as TNT and mustard gas. There may be some doubt about cultural programs like this, but there is no doubt that militarism is needed to support them and the wars to which they lead.

Fifth (more of the same), you must become a first-rate killing machine in order to assert and defend your "national honor."

Although your American friends include Schulze, Viviani, Fournier, etc., you must believe that Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, etc., are by nature a low lot who intend to grab what you want and are going to attack you any day now.

Sixth (same subject continued), "patriotism" of this sort is glorious.

Textbooks, especially in "history," should abound in chest-expanding legends of our military heroes, also in the iniquities of foreign fiends. Children should return from grade school their eyes popping with the stuff. They should salute a flag which in their minds symbolizes this sort of thing, and teachers should take special oaths of allegiance in the same spirit. People who don't believe it should be put down as poltroons and traitors. With the same object, children should attend as many military parades as may be, thrill to martial music, be equipped with clothing and implements looking like those of soldiers, be put to taking oaths and drilling and parading, be set to yearning for a chance to exalt their good "nation" over bad "nations."

Finally (complete triumph of emotion over sense), war is an undiluted operetta.

Forget that in reality it is almost unending boredom and squalor. Forget that you are engaged most of the time with mud, hunger, lice, germs, and sergeants, ever waiting for something to happen and hoping it won't. Fasten your minds on poetic duels where foreign cowards speedily cry "Uncle!"—where only "the enemy" really gets messed up, where you come off with just enough bandages and blood to heighten your heroic appearance, visible, somehow, to the Girl of Your Dreams, or where, if you die, you somehow enjoy a mere painless and impermanent death in Her arms and soon come back to the stage for kisses and curtain calls. There is glorious militarism, glorious war, glorious victory, and then a glorious victor's peace in which you make your neighbors so sore that the only thing to do is go on with more glorious militarism, war, victory, peace, and war.

The problem of militarizing you is the problem of getting you to believe things that are not so.

SCIENCE

If you are one of those people who are fascinated by steam shovels you will be interested in the power shovel bucket recently put into use in an Illinois coal mine. Its capacity is 32 cubic yards and it can fill a railroad car in two bites. It is made of an aluminum alloy and is not too heavy for its size. Problem in arithmetic: If a man with one power bucket can do 32 times as much work as one with the present type of steam shovel, how many more men will have to look for new jobs?

Poor Man's Aid

Still another labor-displacing invention seems to be trying to eliminate the southern cotton picker. Popularly known as "the poor man's cotton picker," it is a small, box-like arrangement, containing several whirling claws operated by current and attached to the operator's hand.

Animals Instead of C.C.C.

The federal government is making use of animals on engineering projects in direct competition with its own C.C.C. operations. In the lowland farming sections of Oregon, forest rangers are trapping beavers whose dam building causes lots of trouble in the irrigation canals. They are transferred to the mountains and let loose in the streams to do their stuff. The dams the beavers build have been useful in reducing soil erosion and retarding the force of the spring freshets.

Cotton For Roads

Soon you may be driving your car over a cotton road. Well, not 100 per cent cotton, but a road mixture of which it is a part. The Department of Agriculture has been authorized to buy five to six million bales to be distributed free to states for experimental purposes. They are to be applied to the construction of 600,000 miles of "bituminous" roads. Cotton will be incorporated into a hot mixture of fine stone, sand and asphalt cement. It has proved to be a good binder, and increases resilience, toughness and non-skid properties of automobile roads.

Boomerang

Business is trying to develop a new way of eliminating labor by exploiting the ingenuity of the worker himself. The National Industrial Conference Board, employers' organization, has inaugurated a system of prizes, wage increases and promotions for workers who suggest or invent labor-saving devices. Human nature being what it is, the board is able to announce a degree of success in its campaign.

Among its prizewinners it lists:

A new type of shipping container for films saving a company \$3,000 a year in shipping clerk hire.

One large concern reports an annual saving of from \$100,000 to \$500,000 in wages due to its workers' inventive genius. And business, being appreciative, probably rewards such workers with fully 5 per cent of such saving, as incentive for further effort. That is if they don't labor-save themselves out of their jobs.

ADVENTURES WITH SPAIN'S DEFENDERS

by ROGER KLEIN

May West looks out over the Madrid battlefront.

A picture of her and other American actresses can be seen posted over a dugout of the Youth Front Battalion, near Barrio Usera, a suburb. Mae is withstanding the war well, for despite the continuous shriek of shells and shrapnel, she stares haughtily at the enemy lines, disfigured only by a mustache placed on her seductive lips by the irrepressible youngsters who serve in the battalion.

I have just returned from a three-hour trip to the front, where I have seen many such humorous touches which only emphasize the calm bravery of the bloody civil war.

Passing the Princess Bridge, on the way to the front, we left our car in an obscure gully, hiding it as well as possible from the eyes of rebel aviators and protecting it on three sides at least from shells of the snub-nosed trench mortars.

On every side of us, there were regular lanes laid out. We did not know where they led to. The suburb itself is, or was, composed of tiny modern dwellings, with tiny fenced-in little gardens in front of them.

My guide, Carlos Alvarez, president of the Federal Youth organization, showed me to the kitchen of what had been a trim little bungalow, now two-thirds destroyed. There he introduced me to the chief of the Youth Front Battalion for the sector, Commander Lozada, in charge of operations.

Lozada didn't waste any time. "You want to see the front lines?" he asked me. "Come ahead, I'll take you up and show you myself." Lozada walked in front, Carlos and I followed in Indian file, sticking close to the street wall. We crossed to the house on the other side. We entered it through a round, neat, hole in the wall on the same line as the trench. All this time the habitual noise to which all Madrid is now accustomed, the crack of rifles, the bursts of machine guns, the explosions of mortar bombs, kept up steadily. Now I was conscious of a new sound, a deeper, told is caused by a new type of ex-more throaty "boom," which I was plosive used by the rebels.

"Hello, Frenchie," someone shouted. I looked around and was greeted by a chorus of yells, "Salud, camarada!" It was the young soldiers of the Battalion who had been informed they were being visited by a journalist.

The militiamen were grouped behind sandbag mounds, in groups of 20, or 30, or 10. I was shocked when I looked at them; they were all a bunch of kids, boisterous, rowdy, as more fortunate kids throughout the world are. These boys are cynical beyond their years. They make fun of everything, and life isn't so funny in this part of the globe. The effect is gruesome. They laugh at the enemy, they laugh at each other during the day, but at night, each night, they have no time to laugh, for then the battle rages.

"We, we are Catalans," a young lieutenant told me, "the others in this group are Asturians, like Lozada, Alvarez, Vidal and Rozado." Young republicans tell me of the feats of the trade union group, the socialist and communist divisions. Each group is anxious to praise the courage of the others, none want to talk of themselves.

In a street fortified with sandbags that crown a tile roof of a house whose walls are pierced by mortar bombs and supported by more sandbags, the students stand guard. Some of them returned from peaceful Paris to put themselves at the service of their government. One of them, the son of a Catalan deputy, I knew as a journalist in France. He told me he preferred the "parapeto" to the editorial room.

In the students' trenches, the earthen walls are plastered with the pictures of movie stars, with the inevitable mustaches painted on. Where there were no photos there were paper garlands.

As I left, I heard shouting and laughter from a group of boys in a dugout on my left. There were a half dozen young Sevillians. "Hi, the journalist," they called. "You'll have to tell about us . . . we're only six, but what brutes! They'll never step on us." Their laughter echoed in my ears long after I returned to the comparative safety of the city.



FLUFF

No alien styles in necking are wanted in Dallas, Texas, if cancellation of a performance billed as "Necking As It Is Done in Foreign Countries" can be taken as a sign.

Announcement of the exhibition, sponsored by the campus Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. here, brought long lines of students to the box office to plank down their quarters for admission. Only two people were not greatly disappointed when the show was called off by order. They were the two star performers, and they had lots of time to practice, anyhow.

Woolies Versus Flappers

Girls are becoming more "uplifted morally" and are setting the pace for a national moral upswing, Mrs. Alice Phillips Aldrich, social worker in the Chicago Women's Court, believes. She should know, for she has, according to her own count, been caring for girls for years—455 girls, to be exact.

And it is all being blamed on woolen undergarments.

"Now can you imagine the flapper wearing woolies?" she demanded.

Girls of Wichita Falls, Texas, had better get busy. Certain young men of the city have instituted a strike and demand that girls telephone for dates.

Ditch "Wallie"

Broken-hearted Reed College students have disbanded their "Wallie Simpson for Queen" club. It didn't work.

THEATER COURSES

John Gassner, recently appointed to the New York Critics Circle, and in charge of playreading for the Theatre Guild, will teach a new course, "Play Workshop," at the New Theatre School, 117 West 46th Street, N. Y. C., according to a supplementary catalogue just issued.

New courses, new studies, and what is claimed to be an innovation in theatre schools—a Musical Theatre Studio, where a study of the musical arts will be integrated with the arts of the drama, are also scheduled to begin functioning this month. Other new courses include "The Development of Modern Staging and Directing" with John Bohn, Federal Theatre Project Director, instructing, and "Shakespeare as a Dramatist," with Bernard N. Grebanier, Professor of Literature at Brooklyn College, instructing.

I.W.O. ANNIVERSARY

Because the International Workers Order is going to celebrate its Seventh Anniversary, music lovers are going to benefit by a gala night of entertainment.

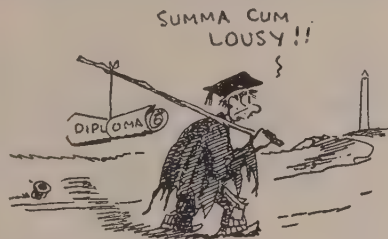
The affair is to be held at New York Hippodrome, 43rd Street and 6th Avenue, Saturday, February 13th. It will feature outstanding artists of the music world.

Leading the celebrities is Madam Thalia Savaneeva, Lyric-Coltura Soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Sergie Radamsky, noted tenor, and Junita Hall Negro Choir. There will also be a dramatization of the poem "Troops Are Marching."

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

THE thousands of students graduating these days should not feel too discouraged because, in spite of having spent four years in college, they will nevertheless be able to get an education. Of course, they'll be at a disadvantage but they can overcome it.

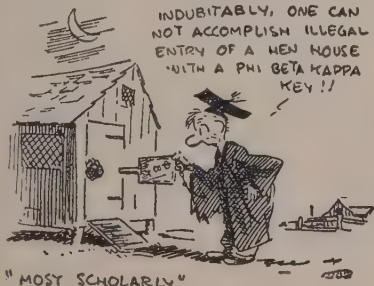
Take my case. Several years ago I graduated from one of the lesser-known institutions of learning which one always talks about reminiscently as preferable to the large metropolitan universities. The small college, they tell me, is better able to develop individuality and initiative. Well, here is what my college education looks like to me after the benefit of a few years' perspective.



VOTED "BEST DRESSED MAN" - "BEST LOOKING"

First consider the faculty, noble molders of men's minds. Selected presumably to make young students socially aware and socially useful. I regret that they completely failed to enlighten our minds; they only befogged them.

Now we have never had one of those diverting scandals in which a professor's teachings about the sanctity of the status quo displeases the administration, and he wakes up one fine day to discover that an unexpected financial crisis has made necessary the elimination of his position. Even when accomplished with a show of plausibility, which is rare, such shams reflect nastily on a college's reputation for liberalism. My college has safeguarded itself against any such disturbances by rigid care in the selection of its teachers. But even this solution is accompanied by penalties. If you aim exclusively at getting safe men, the chances are that you will get some stupid ones too. The two traits seem to go together.



"MOST SCHOLARLY"

There is for instance a gentleman in the French department whose pronunciation is more suggestive of Hoboken than of France. He is a regular attendant at the local Rotary Club; and having at the beginning of his academic career made a wealthy marriage, he is also a stockholder in one of the city's banks and an enthusiastic member of the board of trade. He is popular among students for easy grades, and for the risqué stories he tells at football pep-meetings. There is also the chaplain who in addition to his pastoral duties runs the department of religion and ethics. The one thing students remember about his required course in biblical literature is his long-winded effort to establish the virgin birth of Jesus Christ as a valid example of partheno-



"MOST TALENTED"

genesis. There are innumerable others like these two small men with small jobs. They serve to illustrate the kind of education that must necessarily issue from my college.

But let us look at the two best departments in the institution. The department of English literature and chemistry which are reputed to do the best work get a majority of the ambitious students. The professor of English is a hard-boiled, hard-marking man with a very competent knowledge of the history of literature. I majored in his department and was captivated by his lectures on writers from Beowulf to Thomas Hardy. It was not until I had graduated that I began to learn some of my teacher's shortcomings. He had only faintly intimated that people were still writing books today, and he had never suggested

dents, a fraternity brother of mine and a brilliant student who got his M.A. degree at the age of twenty, compensated for a bad inferiority complex by active participation in the R.O.T.C. He will undoubtedly be of inestimable value to the department of chemical warfare.

The department is staffed by three men. The head is an absent-minded man who has gone off into the Einstein mazes of physical chemistry, so that philistine sophomores consider him more of a religious mystic than a practicing scientist. Another professor is a hard-boiled, cynical man who spent his spare time during the prohibition era testing liquor for the town's most exclusive bootlegger. Freshman chemistry is taught by a decrepit fellow who spends hours telling students how ungrateful industries have spurned his researches, how many times he was on the verge of a phenomenal discovery that would have revolutionized such-and-such an industry when an unsympathetic vice-president cut off his funds. After the first half-dozen references to this perennial theme freshmen learn to wink at each other and settle down for a nap.

These few illustrations from our faculty might be multiplied many times over. But as they stand, they will perhaps serve to show why I think I was so completely miseducated at college.

LISTEN, GRADUATE!

by JOHN HUTCHISON

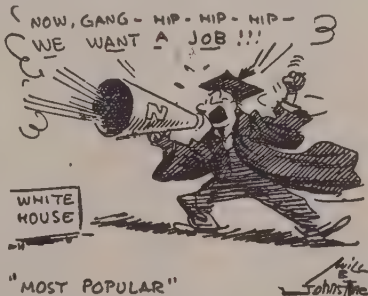
Illustrated by Will B. Johnstone

that some few of these books might be worth one's while to read. Furthermore he was definitely scornful of any attempt to relate literature to the doings and sufferings that make up the common life of mankind. I recall one occasion when he wandered from his lecture to poke clumsy fun at the economic interpretation of literature. He called it the fad that came after Freud.

To get the full context of this picture, here was a man standing at that very moment in the heart of Lehigh valley, one of the most important industrial regions in the country, telling his students in effect that the means by which the people of that valley made their living had no relation to their arts of expression and communication. The occasion has occurred to me many times as a golden opportunity to point out the social roots of literary and artistic achievement. On the dunces and dullards one wastes no pity. But here was a man of competence and imagination killed by the rootless system that sunders literature, and indeed all education from the common life of mankind.

The chemistry department is good enough in its field to receive one of the research fellowships that the Du Pont Company strategically places among the colleges each year. There is of course the stipulation that the Du Ponts receive benefit of any discoveries made in such research. The department does turn out an annual quota of skilled, competent chemists who have not the remotest idea of the social significance of their profession. One of their stu-

As I have mentioned, the college is located in the Lehigh valley where if anywhere it would be natural to perceive the relation between education and economic and social processes by which mankind lives. But the fact is that the college goes its way completely unperturbed by what goes on outside its walls.



"MOST POPULAR"

On College Hill is an ivory tower from which every offending voice is carefully excluded. And the only contact that students have with what a snob called "the other half of the world" is in saloons and bawdy-houses. This academic stillness begets a social apathy that may last all one's life.

What is the student reaction to this dreary land of dullness and stupidity? There are many youths of imagination and intelligence who came to college, and seeing it for what it is either turn cynical or leave.

But the vast majority who have only the dim perception that they are being bilked find asylum in that persistent form of adult infantilism known as college spirit. This broad term embracing

COVERED FIFTEEN OFFICES, WITHOUT GETTING A JOB, IN TEN FLAT - THAT'S A WORLD'S RECORD FOR 'EM TO SHOOT AT!!



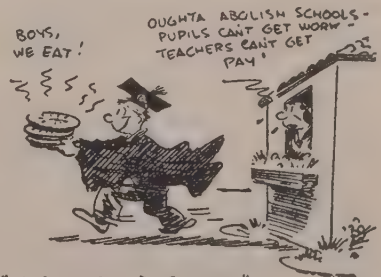
"BEST ALL AROUND ATHLETE"

phenomenon beginning with getting hazed as a freshman, learning how to hold your liquor at football games and dances, singing the alma mater song with tears in your eyes at graduation, and then coming back periodically to get drunk at alumni reunions. A few of the more significant manifestations call for comment. When I was in college I viewed the freshman-sophomore fights, the rushes, the hazing, and the hell-weeks as a rather innocent though childish form of good fun. Occurrences since then on other campuses have revised that estimate. Football teams, loyal sons of the alma mater, and other thickheads have been recruited to purge the campus of those students who don't believe this is the best of all possible worlds. The only reason that this has not happened at my college is that there have not been any such around to purge. In other words, this form of college spirit generates mob passions and blindness that so easily become the tools of social reaction. College spirit is thus an excellent training for future fascists. One of the braggarts who in my freshman year was the most emphatic about maintaining what the hazing tradition calls "freshman discipline" has since his graduation become an enthusiastic member of the Crusaders, an organization which has much in common with Der Fuehrer's program.

But this expression of college spirit passes after the first two years, and as an upper classman you smile contemptuously at the childish sophomores who take such delight in hounding freshmen. Then you begin to appreciate the maturer pleasures of beer drinking, dancing at local casinos, dating local women of dubious reputation, and getting by with a minimum of effort and a maximum of bluff in your studies. By attending as many movies as your allowance will permit you become an authority on the latest goings-on in the cinema world. You spend a vast amount of time listening to the radio and so become an authority on orchestras and jazz music. By dint of much practice you learn to hold an abnormally large amount of beer before going to the men's room to vomit. Very possibly you have learned the names, and addresses, and phone numbers of all the local bawdy houses.

If you have money, clothes, a smooth line of talk, and a generally personable appearance you will unquestionably be invited to join a fraternity. Here you

(Continued on page 31)



"MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED"

THE Blonde said: "Look, Charley, this is the tenth time they've clinched in the last minute. These bouts are awful."

"Okay, we'll beat it. It was your idea coming here." Charley reached under the seat for his hat and the Blonde ran a powder puff over her nose. They stood up and by doing sort of a walk and wiggle, managed to get by the row of knees and out into the aisle. The Blonde had the kind of soft yellow hair that made people stare at her, and she had the kind of slender figure that made several men in back of her gulp and whistle.

With her face still turned to the ring, the Blonde took a few steps forward, and then it seemed that she walked into a stone wall and bounced off. As she was sailing through the air she had a faint glimpse of a smiling face and bright red hair, and then a pair of strong arms grabbed her as she was about to hit the floor and set her gently on her feet. The Blonde liked that. She was by no means a small girl and the very thought of anybody catching her like a child was quite pleasing. And when she looked up at the big redhead in front of her, she was pleased again. Tall girls have great difficulty finding men of their own height, and this one was even taller than the Blonde.

"You seemed to have walked into me," the redheaded young man said.

"I'm sorry," the Blonde said and she managed to take her eyes from his face and saw that he was quite naked and that he looked very nice in his little trunks and open bathrobe.

"You needn't apologize. I didn't mind it at all," the young man went on smoothly.

"Well! I like that!"

"Did you? I'm glad, because I liked it too. I didn't catch your name, though?"

"Come Charley," the Blonde said in what she hoped was the voice of the well-mannered girl. She tried to shove the young man out of the way, but it's hard to move 196 pounds of muscle, and this 196 pounds was topped off with a handsome face and a charming smile.

"How about all this?" The boxer said, pointing to the floor which was littered with papers, calling cards, a compact, and some change. In the middle of the mess was her open pocket book and the Blonde wailed: "Oh, my pocket book," and knelt to pick the things up. He knelt and helped her, although his hands were bandaged and he had a hard time of it. Charley felt that he ought to kneel too, but there was no room and he stood by while the redhead picked up a card and read: "Miss Emily Wilson. Emily, I like that name, I really do. And just look at this envelope—being dunned by your creditors, I bet—Miss Emily Wilson, 55 Avon Ave. Really a nice section of the town. I'll call on you one of these days—tomorrow."

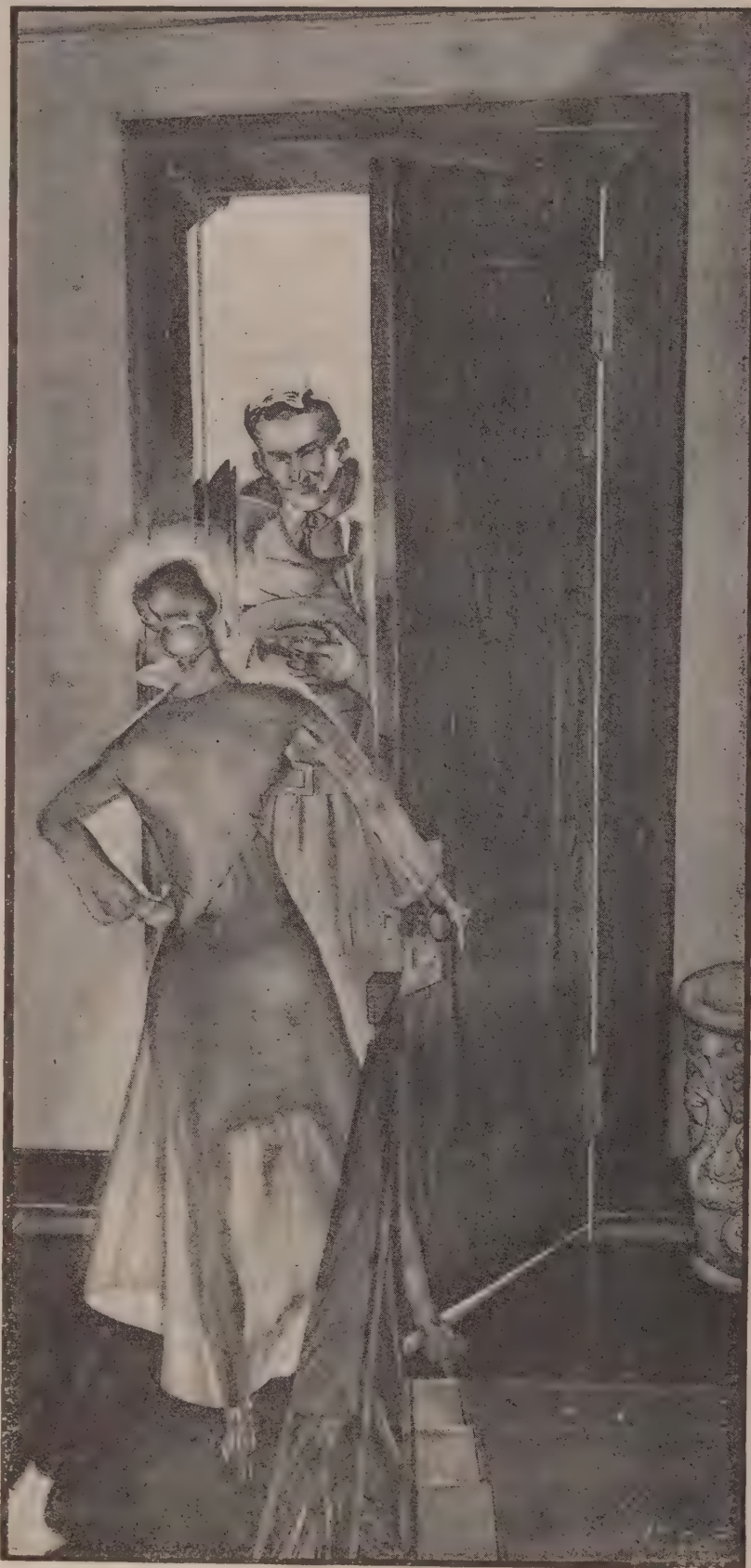
The Blonde jumped to her feet and tried to think of something clever to say, but there was no sense in talking to a retreating bath robe and she couldn't shout because enough people were staring at her now. "Who is that?"

"Young Lochinvar," Charley said meekly. "You remember Fred Lochinvar, the best quarterback of 1933, or was it 1932? He came up with some little school out West, you know, one of those opening games where the big university plays the hick school and everybody is praying that the hicks will take the big college. That's what happened. This

FIGHTING LOCHINVAR

by TOM DEAN

Illustrated by Herman Bernar Temple



*When the Blonde Met Fred, She Knew
She Had to Hate Him or Like Him—
P.S. She Decides to Marry Him.*

Lochinvar came out of the West all right, and while I don't know if he carried off any maids, he certainly carried that ball all over the field! What a back he was. Went into the ring after college and has been doing just fair."

The next morning as the Blonde was leaving the house, a husky, handsome young man greeted her. He raised his hat and said: "Good morning, Emily. 'Tis Young Lochinvar on his trusty tin steed. Going somewhere, pretty-girl-with-the-swell-figure?"

The Blonde decided that she would either have to high-hat him or like him and she liked him, so she smiled and said: "I have to be in the office by nine, Young Lochinvar."

"How about calling me Fred?"

"All right. My friends call me the Blonde."

"Okay. I'll call you darling in a few minutes. Hop in the lizzie."

When the car started she noticed again how much taller he was and how small she seemed. She said: "Fast worker, hey?"

"Sure, and why not? I haven't seen you for twenty-four years and I have to make up for all that lost time. You're very blonde, very beautiful, very nice, and in general I like you very much. Personally I think we ought to get married."

"You what?" the Blonde almost shouted.

"Married. You know, minister, ring, and death do us part stuff. After all, I could see you for several months and buy you candy and things; I could make little speeches about your blue eyes and your red lips, and then ask you to marry me. But why do that? It will be more enjoyable if we get married first and I give you the nice speeches and things after we're married. Most people have the pretty talk first and the marriage second and that is wrong. By the way, do I have to ask your father?"

"Father?" the Blonde said weakly and blankly.

"Do I have to ask him for your hand? Some fathers like that sort of thing. Makes the old man think he really is a big shot at home."

"I guess you had better. But I don't think father will like you," the Blonde said and her mind was in such a daze that her voice seemed far away and very small, as if someone else was talking. "He likes slow, steady men. Always gives them tests to see if they have the right stuff in them before he puts them up for membership in the union. He's the head of his local of the electrical worker's union."

"The redhead beamed: "Electrical workers, hey?"

"Yes. But listen you can't . . ."

"Well this is a surprise," Lochinvar cut in. "I have two grand in the bank that I've saved from my boxing career, but I don't like boxing. I know that I'll never be a champ and I know that you wouldn't want me marked up. It so happens that being an electrical engineer is another of my many talents, but I haven't worked at it—times being what they are. Now when your old man gets me into the union, why I can earn enough as an electrical worker to keep us going. This is very fine. Where is your father? I'll ask him now."

"Now? At the Hillside Country Club," the Blonde said weakly.

"Country Club?"

(Continued on Page 30)

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

When Joe Bolognia Burned,
He Was Trying to Speak
Here Are His Thoughts

I DIED IN THE CHAIR

JOE BOLOGNIA'S OWN STORY

What was on Joe's mind as he walked the "last mile" from the death house cell to the chair? The accompanying article is based on facts obtained from Joe's brothers and friends and from eye-witnesses at the execution.

I DIED in the chair. They turned the juice on me and I burned. They took Teddy Di Donne first, and five minutes later it was my turn. Afterwards my brothers had a little trouble getting money together for the funeral but they managed somehow. The whole neighborhood turned out and there was a lot of praying and crying and now I'm dead and buried. Only there was something I wanted to say before I died . . .

I tried to tell the newspapermen who watched the execution but there wasn't much time and it's hard for me to put my story into words. You see, I never had much education. I had to quit high school when I was a kid and go to work. Who knows? Maybe, if I'd had a chance to finish school, I never would have gotten mixed up in a thing like this but that would make another story. Anyhow, I never got through school and I can't always make people understand just what I mean.

Besides, you can't count on the newspapers. Look at what they did to me right along, trying to make me look like a tough old gangster. Now, I know it was wrong to hold up that subway change booth and I'd be the last guy in the world to want to see that change collector die. After all, he was a young guy like me, trying to make a living and I didn't want to see him die. So, I'm not trying to say at all that it was right to hold up the change booth or anything like that, only what did the newspapers have to lie for, making me look like a hard-boiled killer.

Sure it was a crime, but the papers don't treat all crimes like that. When a banker uses up money belonging to other people, he can beat it in private yacht and the papers don't call him a

gangster. Or when these slum landlords don't put fire escapes on wooden frame houses like the laws says, the newspapers don't call them criminals—not even when people burn to death. I guess there are sort of rules about which crimes count and which don't.

In Sing Sing you have lots of time to think about things like this, especially the last day when they put you in that special cell—pre-execution cell they call it, only we call it the "dance hall." You remember all sorts of things from way back when you were a kid—things you forgot long ago. I remember the first time I stole anything: mickeys from the vegetable store. All the kids used to swipe them and bring them down to the flats where we roasted them over a fire. That was a crime too, and the first time I was scared. We were pretty religious and I knew stealing was a sin, but all the other fellows did it and the vegetable store had so many mickeys they never missed the few we took.

I wonder how many people commit-

ted crimes like that but never had to commit worse ones. You see we swiped mickeys 'cause we didn't have them and we couldn't get them any other way. And that's the way we went into the hold-up. It was because we didn't have any future, the family was on relief, and it wasn't bad enough that we had nothing to look to after being out of work for years—but the kid brothers were in the same boat.

I got four younger brothers and every one of them quit school to go to work. Only one of the four has a steady job now, and his is only one day a week—in a butcher store. Sometimes I felt I didn't want to live at all, things were so bad, but then I used to think it was better to take a chance with a hold-up than just to give up. I know the hold-up was wrong, but sometimes when a fellow thinks about his life and all like that, he just gets desperate.

Of course, if I'd known then what I know now, I wouldn't have done it—and now when it's too late, I'd want to

live. I learned a lot while I was in Sing Sing, although it was too late to do me any good. I mean about the way the kids got together to help us—all six of us. They put up a swell fight for me—my brothers and friends and family and the whole neighborhood. They got people writing in letters to the radio station from all over the state, and then they were sending in letters and telegrams and petitions to the Governor, thousands and thousands of them. It was swell the way they all worked along with each other. I knew then that instead of Teddy and me and a couple of others trying to get ours in a stick-up we would have been better off if all of us had got together and tried to get a decent living.

Yes, they put up a swell fight, and while they didn't save Teddy and me, they must have had something to do with the Governor's commuting the death sentence of Bruno, Kimmel and Zizzo, and then at the last minute saving Scata

(Continued on page 31)



LACK OF RECREATION FACILITIES LEADS TO CRIME

Courtesy, Y.M.C.A.

by WARDEN LEWIS LAWES

I KNOW from my thirty-one years of experience, sixteen as warden of Sing Sing Prison, that delinquency—especially juvenile delinquency—is traceable to certain well defined social causes.

Ten years ago many men today in prison were existing in an environment which made their fate inevitable. Their ultimate misfortune could have been predicted with certainty at that time. Today those same conditions are sowing the seeds which will produce in due time another crop of criminals to take the place of those who, in a large measure, could have been developed into law-abiding citizens. Legislative bodies ignore that fact.

Recently I read:

"The government estimates that there are from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000 young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five who are neither working or in school. These youngsters are regarded as being at the mercy of whatever fate may apportion among them, from day to day—you may name the possibilities yourself and let your imagination have its fling. Many children are forced to drop out of school to support themselves and family. In the final analysis they neither find work nor have they acquired an education. Each year the colleges send out into the world men who quickly learn that they cannot earn enough to sustain themselves. There is hardly a day when I do not receive letters from men who ask me whether they should steal or starve!"

Such a condition and others that I shall mention are completely disregarded by our legislative representatives.

They believe that by increasing punishments, giving the right to a judge to comment on the evidence or upon the failure of the defendant to take the stand, the problem of crime will be solved. As a matter of fact, it will be no nearer solution than before unless we take cognizance of the fact that certain conditions create criminals. We must eliminate the breeding spots of crime. We must evaluate and strengthen all our social agencies.

In a recent survey I made of 1,000 consecutive commitments to Sing Sing Prison between 1934 and 1935 I attempted to ascertain in how many instances those men were in conflict with the law before being sentenced to state prison. The ages when delinquency first manifested itself ranged between the ages of four and sixty-nine. Two hundred and forty-seven or approximately 25 per cent were delinquent before the age of sixteen. Between the ages of seventeen and twenty about 24 per cent fared similarly. Between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-eight, 21 per cent. Between the ages of twenty-six and twenty-nine, about 10 per cent, and between the ages of thirty and thirty-nine, about 12 per cent. To complete the thousand there are those who are forty years or over—ninety-nine in all—or 9.9 per cent of the entire group.

From this study we note the alarming fact that about 70 per cent of all those men who had committed some criminal act before the age of twenty-six. Of that group the very great majority came into conflict with the law as mere youngsters, and we can safely assume that before that time, many were probably normal average children.

What was the influence in their lives that created the breaking point, or caused them to deviate from the norms of social behaviorism that society has set for itself as the requirement for a life in a law-abiding community? What made them a menace to society?

When a young man enters the gates of a state prison, then all other social agencies have failed in their attempt to thwart his criminal acts. The home, the school, the church; one or all were unable to make him conscious of the part he should play in the social structure. Often economic factors have conditioned, at least to a large extent, that person's misfortune.

Crime is a social problem and must be treated from the standpoint that society itself is a factor in producing the criminal that preys upon it. Criminals are not only disturbing to the community but they are the products of the community. Some find themselves in situations created by the very society in which they are unable to adjust themselves to the standards of living, which that same society demands of them. There are some who, because of mental defects, are unable to meet the strain of economic competition.

But such causes are amenable to correction through healthful surroundings and proper direction.

Prevention Necessary

At present our efforts are too largely concentrated on the end results of the crime sequence; results that would not exist if the sources were eliminated. It is of paramount importance that society marshal those social agencies that can prevent delinquency, and so strengthen them that they will act with greater efficacy than in the past. If we are to succeed in our efforts to combat crime we must direct our attention to the problems of causation, not wholly—as has been the universal practice in the past—to merely apprehending the criminal after he has already done colossal damage not only to himself but to society.

Let us discuss some of these social agencies that can aid in that respect but have largely failed to do so.

The home, after all is the basis of society. That agency can best train a youngster to develop healthy habits. In many instances, however, the parents are unable to do so. Some homes are so badly organized, either by poverty or other misfortunes, that the home environment instead of being pleasant produces results of opposite extremes. To escape the discomforts that exist, contacts are sought elsewhere. Very often the street corner, the poolroom or the gang offer the only outlet. We know what results follow.

When the home fails to shape the behavior patterns of children then other social agencies must assume the burden of developing in them wholesome and well integrated personalities. One of our

social institutions that can aid in that respect is the school.

But why is it that our schools so often fail in their ultimate purpose?

Very often I have found men in Sing Sing who possess unusual capacities to do certain types of work. It may be mechanics, in music or in other fields. When men are assigned to jobs that match their innate inclinations I have heard many exclaim: "If I only was trained to do that type of work I never would have come here." That statement may in many instances be taken with a grain of salt. Nevertheless, I cannot refrain from feeling if the abilities of those men could have been ascertained during the initial period of their schooling, and properly developed, their latent capacities would not necessarily had to be discovered in correctional institutions.

With these thoughts in mind I believe that our educational system certainly needs changes. There must be greater diversification of methods and subject matter that meet the needs of individuals not masses. And likewise, children must be studied with a view to developing their capacities that will enable them to work in the fields of their inclinations.

Many schools have opened clinics that study children whose conduct aberrations show that they are not healthy or well integrated. More such clinics are needed. By studying a child's social, physical and emotional makeup, individual treatment can be prescribed that will check his divergence toward an unwholesome pathway.

More Recreation

Of course when children attend school and are kept busy, there is little chance for mischief. But what about the recreation hours after school. In some cities the school authorities have attempted to meet the problem in part, by appropriating money for extra-curricular activities. It is my opinion, however, that children should not be lead to believe that play periods are in any way associated with their school work.

In many large cities there is an utter lack of proper recreation facilities.

We know that where playgrounds and boys' clubs exist there is less likelihood of children being lured to places where the influences may lead to delinquency.

Recently, in the City of New York, one of the prosecutors, greatly disturbed because the crime of burglary was being committed with great frequency in his borough, called a crime conference. I was attended by prosecutors, police officials, representatives of insurance companies and others. More police were requested; the prosecutor asked citizens

WHY CRIME

Jobs

by JOS

Executive Secretary

The pilgrimage that thousands of young people made to Washington on February 19th to 20th, backed by a million petitioners of juvenile delinquency on these pages.

They are both aspects of the same problem. The nation awaits millions of young people as non-existent jobs is an America that states, the solution for the crime problem is in providing young people with jobs.

The American Youth Act of 1938, to help young people between the ages of 16 and 24, at trade union wages, it would cost the nation \$3,500,000,000. Scores of Congressional hearings on the American Youth Act, declared that crime is the maintenance of prisons, gallows, of benefit neither to young people nor to the nation immeasurably less.



CHAMPION OF YOUTH

YOUNG NALS?

Jails

ADDEN

in Youth Congress

American young people are making to us attention on the American Youth dramatic contrast to the rising tide

problem. The bleak America that forced to leave school to look for many to crime. As Warden Lawes not to be found in adding to our with the facilities that they need. solution in concrete form. Designed and 25 to stay in school or get jobs far less than does crime. At the Act, Howard Oxley, C.C.C. educa- committed by young people, cost millions are expended annually on hairs and gas chambers which are ety. The American Youth Act wo rs and lives.



Courtesy Y.M.C.A.

to co-operate; and in the end, according to a newspaper report that I read, the burglary problem was left about where it was before the conference. One resolution was adopted recommending that householders be warned to lock windows and bolt doors before retiring at night. The principal of one of the leading high schools however suggested a more logical solution. She stated:

"I am principal of a school now where five times each day the school is filled and emptied. What happens to those children who are turned out into the street after classes? How many have homes that are adequately heated? These children want glamour and excitement. They can't get it in the school that is emptied five times a day. They want to go to the 'movies' and they have no money. You talk of juvenile crimes; the solution is simple. It is a wicked thing that such conditions are allowed to continue.

I should like to call certain other facts to your attention. A recent report of the Board of Education of the City of New York showed that more than one-fifth of the children today attending public schools are so completely undernourished and ill clothed that it is impossible for them to pursue their studies with profit.

More Clubs

We need more boys' clubs, more Scout troops, more playgrounds ably manned by leaders who can give children a proper sense of direction. It is regrettable, however, that often the very boys who could benefit most from such organizations are not admitted. These most urgent cases are commonly rejected today because of the limited facilities of the existing organizations.

Youth Groups

We have experienced the effective work done by the various youth groups. It is imperative that they be increased until all children in need of them are reached. Government appropriations for new prisons and reformatories could well be diverted for that purpose. The results would amply justify any investments in youth centers. Not many men in Sing Sing have been affiliated with youth organizations. It may surprise some but rarely does a trained athlete come to prison. We have had some excellent teams, but all its members with few exceptions were developed right in prison.

Adding to our police force, passing new laws, will certainly not prevent delinquency, if we cannot provide children with the facilities that they need.

OPPORTUNITIES ARE LACKING

THE recent increase in juvenile delinquency is disturbing to the complacency of the American people. It is not, however, difficult to account for.

A system of universal education which is designed to develop in each individual his power to think for himself and to control himself by his own thinking is the principal safeguard of democracy. Reliance upon self-control is safe, however, only when opportunities for constructive and wholesome activities are present to balance the destructive appeals of lawlessness.

Whenever a social situation leaves young people frustrated in their normal ambitions to achieve something worth while, the customary amount of self-discipline is bound to prove insufficient. Then there is an increase in the number of young people who engage in crime. Freeing the human spirit from control by fear must be accompanied by the provision of opportunities for that free spirit to engage in satisfying activities which are in the public interest. (Special to *Champion of Youth*.)

JOHN W. STUDEBAKER

U.S. Commissioner of Education

A BETTER SOCIETY NEEDED

SHALL we "give the boy the devil" and let it go at that? Or shall we assume some of the responsibility for the conditions under which the youths of our cities are being reared?

Undoubtedly it will not do him any harm to "give him the devil" once in a while, but unless all the lessons of past and contemporary history are to be disregarded, unless the warnings of sociologists of today are to be ignored, we cannot look forward to any very great improvement unless we are prepared to accept our share of responsibility in a concerted movement for the preparation and maintenance of a better social order.

SANFORD BATES

Director, U.S. Bureau of Prisons

SOCIAL FACILITIES INADEQUATE

THE majority of delinquents and criminals are individuals who in childhood lived in homes where the essentials of normal family life were lacking. They attended schools which did not meet their needs. And they lived in congested neighborhoods where street life afforded their only opportunity for adventure and satisfying experiences.

Economic security, including social provision against the hazards of unemployment, incapacity and widowhood and development of adequate public welfare service for family relief and child protection, is the most important measure of crime prevention because it contributes to normal and wholesome lives.

We have our choice in the United States between expending large sums on courts and penal institutions and developing such measures of social protection and school and community organization as will encourage development of wholesome childhood and make it unnecessary for boys and girls to seek companionship and adventure in ways which are socially destructive and individually demoralizing.

KATHERINE F. LENROOT

Chief, Children's Bureau, Department of Labor

PROPERTY UNEQUALLY OWNED

THOSE who are in the police or prison business know that their problem is not made more easy by the youth of the criminal but more difficult.

He has little sense of property rights because, if he thinks about it at all, he thinks that property in this country is rather unequally distributed.

Nowadays he is almost always out of a job and often lives in a 'jobless home or one supported by the relief rolls. He cannot get money honestly and he wants money. He sees the racketeer getting by with it.

It comes predominantly from the under-privileged groups; from those people who live on the economic fringe; from the families whose homes are crowded, unattractive, and poverty-stricken. Poverty may not breed criminals, but the things bred by poverty breed them.

AUSTIN H. MacCORMICK

Commissioner of Correction, New York City

FAMILIES INSECURE ECONOMICALLY

IT is clear after thirty years of experience, that we cannot expect the juvenile courts as now organized, to prevent delinquency. Evidence has accumulated year after year that the failure to meet fundamental community needs, explains much delinquency and unhappiness among children.

Because of the lack of economic security in family life, because of our failure to provide adequate homes for the lowest income group through a public housing program and increased recreational resources, as well as more and better social and psychiatric service for children, we are making little headway in preventing delinquency.

GRACE ABBOTT

Sociologist and Author



Those Ads About Ritzy Clothes Give This Young Lady a Satiric Laugh—She's Inclined to Think That This Isn't Quite a Year of "Elegance and Grace"

depressed.

Are you a college student in the throes of indecision as to what course you should follow? Do you lie awake nights wondering whether to join the American Student Union or go out for the team? Or whether your friends will think you stuffy if you show any interest in economics or politics? Don't worry any longer. One of our biggest department stores will take care of all your personality and career problems. Their ad (which makes us all happy with its news of the fine type of serious, intelligent college student we have today), quotes the Dean of Princeton: "The collegiate type of youngster with the coonskin coat is gone. Today we've got the material we've been praying for."

Ah, comments the copy-writers, a "New type of College man. . . . As we observe the young college man at his favored spots about town, he seems to us very estimable. Poised. A little on the reserved side. With his own ideas on politics, Proust and the forward pass. As to his taste in women—vitality, plus a knack for clothes, is what puts a girl over these days." And the ad goes on to address the co-ed, advising her to use the famous may-I-meet-her perfume: ". . . a whiff of Crepe de Chine is a potent trifle, against which no amount of poring over Economics A will immure your man. . . . A perfume to make you forget the books you left behind you. \$1.25 to \$30.00."

The same co-ed and other young girls seeking direction to their lives can find invaluable assistance in the ad of another great department store. Do you want a career and glory but are puzzled as to just what constitutes glory? This ad has your answer. "No greater glory," it says, than "to face the world in furs of breathless splendour."

Or suppose you're just depressed. Suppose you're a member of that increasing portion of the middle or professional classes which is gradually being forced down in the economic scale.

The process of being declassed is painful not only to the pocketbook, but to the ego. Don't worry about it. You can salvage everything by visiting that great store which has created a coat that "offers real security against wear, weather, and fallen pride."

I didn't, until I didn't fully appreciate the psychological effect of clothes until I read another ad which said, "We don't want to be 'Highbrow' . . . But listen! Do you know the difference between evening clothes that are spiritually with you and evening clothes that are merely physically along?"

I didn't, until I read still another ad which finally convinced me. As an example of this new, untapped source of vital energy and inspiration, it's a little masterpiece. It reads:

"You're a perfectly nice person. You don't flirt with other women's husbands, and you don't talk to handsome strangers in the bus. But deep down in you, there's something of the siren—something in you that wants to allure, attract—be noticed and admired. These dresses will bring out the siren in you! They're so smart, so breathlessly lovely, they will make

HOMES NOT WAR

A group of girls working on a relief project in a Middle-Western city recently sent the following letter to Mrs. Roosevelt, according to the National Council to Prevent War:

"We, a group of 340 girls who are working on a relief project are happy to know that you are coming to speak on world peace here.

"In case of another war, we know that we, the present generation, will be the ones to suffer. We are looking forward to marriage, to establishing homes, and to peace-time opportunities for our children. We do not want another war to take our future from us."

Birds of Paradise out of little brown wrens! They'll make the man who always thought of you as the kid next door think of you as a menace! They'll make people stop talking about your heart of gold, and talk about your gorgeous back! Every woman owes it to herself to own at least one dress that gives her supreme confidence in her own beauty and in her power to charm! See that you get yours in tomorrow's sale."

But perhaps the most significant advertising message of all is about the political trend. I know it will gladden the hearts of thousands who have always regarded women as politically ignorant or irresponsible, or at worst, dangerously conservative, to know about "the radical color hit of Schiaparelli's . . ." It is called Parlor Pink and is most revelatory of the new interest in politics. "Schiaparelli looks at the world and the French political situation through rose-tinted spectacles. The result: the provocative new PARLOR PINK . . ." I confess the copy-writers seem just a bit confused when they speak of "Parlor Pink" as a "radical" color. On the other hand, the association of "rose-tinted spectacles" and Parlor Pink leads me to suspect a greater subtlety on their part than I had believed possible.

At any rate, radicals can now rest happy, secure in the knowledge that at last the Revolution can take a full stride ahead, since our young womanhood is being exhorted to don their "Revolutionary Gauntlet Mitts in Parlor Pink" and "Fly a Parlor Pink handkerchief to proclaim your true colors."

LINCOLN AND LYNCHING

by ST. CLAIR DRAKE

*As a Young Man, Honest Abe
Vowed to Hit Slavery and Hit
It Good and Hard*

THERE is a legend, oft quoted (and no doubt as authentic as most historic stories) of a vigorous young man who, incensed at a slave auction in New Orleans many years ago, vowed, "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit hard." Decades later, when political and economic mills had ground a gory grist, man and moment met, and in that conjunction were the liberating forces which gave concreteness to that youthful wish of Abraham Lincoln to hit slavery and hit it hard.

In honoring Lincoln on his birthday this month, we usually think of a melancholy man made cautious through advancing years and party obligations, expressing unconsciously the forces in his society. But it is high time to celebrate another Lincoln—the robust young man who exploded with indignation at the sight of a New Orleans slave mart. American youth should honor this Lincoln on February 12th.

Issues have changed since 1863 and the liberation of the Negro people has entered a new phase, a phase in which the wisdom of the conservative Booker T. Washington—"The white man cannot keep the Negro down in the ditch without getting in with him" coincides with the penetrating insight of Karl Marx, "the white workingman can never be free as long as the Negro is in chains." And with this realization goes a corollary that the Negro will never be free as long as his white brother is exploited.

In looking on this state of things, American youth sees new things to be hit—economic exploitation, war and incipient fascism, racial arrogance—and proceeds to hit them hard. Many must be the blows, varied the weapons, numerous the fronts. There can be no weariness in well doing. The Scottsboro boys must be freed, Herndon must not go to the chain gang, youth must not again fight to make the world safe for plutocracy.

Around these human symbols we all rally. For these causes we all fight. Specific organizations must, of necessity, limit their field—one for defense of political prisoners, another the struggle for Negro civil liberties, for still others strike relief, etc.—but there are times when certain common objectives grip us, and we all unite. Such has been the Student Strike Against War, and such should be this 1937 birthday surprise for the young Lincoln—*A Nationwide Demonstration Against Lynching*, a celebration dedicated to hitting "that thing" and to hitting it "hard."

Much of the pioneer leadership in the fight against lynching has been supplied by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and it was only natural that out of this fact should grow the following incident which occurred in Baltimore on July 1, 1936, at the first Youth Conference of the Association:

Three hundred of them rise, black bands upon their arm, and stand in silence. The flag flutters to half mast to the strains of "God of Our Weary Years . . .," while a placard proclaims:

**WE MOURN FOR ALL WHO
HAVE BEEN LYNCHED**

Yes, for *all*! Over 5,000 of them—some black, some white; some guilty of crime, many innocent, but all the victims of grievous wrong and therefore worthy to be mourned. But most especially for the six murdered sharecroppers, lynched last year because they dared to dream of a New South.

Then a change of mood—the voicing of a militant determination, the rise and fall of a mass chant—

**VICTIMS OF ROPE AND FAGGOT
WE SHALL NOT BE A LOST
GENERATION**

The next day the militant spirit finds embodiment in the Pledge of Youth—"To fight relentlessly . . . against the insane fury of the mob" and concrete-

ness in the resolution "To lead the youth of the nation in a militant and dramatic demonstration . . ." against lynching and the failure to enact adequate federal legislation.

Already, then, among Negro youth, there is a tradition of action, of militant protest, of dramatic intensity in the fight against lynching. The N.A.A.C.P. Youth Councils would extend this spirit—from these "pioneer" colleges to every college; from the Baltimore Conference to every community; from each youth council to the churches, the lodges, the labor unions and the great unorganized groups; from the race to the nation—uniting all opponents of lynching in a thunderous protest that will be heard and heeded.

So the N.A.A.C.P. Youth Councils have issued a call to every person who hates lynching, to all who would prevent it and end it, to join them on February 12th in a nation-wide demonstration against lynching, in favor of Federal legislation, and as a plea for a **LYNCHLESS YEAR**.

On several campuses, Student Emergency Committees await their telegrams. Word comes from GHQ—**TIME IS RIPE LEAD CAMPUS DEMONSTRATION**.

At Fisk, Morgan, and Union the student bodies assemble, voice their protest, and dispatch telegrams.

At Christiansburg Institute, around a half-masted flag the students pledge their support to the Costigan-Wagner Bill, send a telegram of protest, and disperse singing:

"Oh Freedom, Oh Freedom . . .
And before I'd be a slave
I'd be buried in my grave . . ."

And from West Virginia State College an avalanche of over two hundred letters and fifteen telegrams descends on Washington!

Our Chance Again

Once more Congress is in session and the fight on the legislative front begins. Here is youth's opportunity to implement its legislative fight with a mass movement that will shake America from coast to coast.

The fight against lynching is a day-by-day struggle in which a few devoted leaders have, for years, battled unceasingly. Their weapons have been many and varied, the battlefield extensive. They have written pamphlets and books; drafted laws and buttonholed legislators; they have risked their lives investigating and photographing lynchings. They have "blockaded" Congress and forced it to consider anti-lynching bills; they have snatched men, innocent men, literally from death. They have never relented. N.A.A.C.P. youth salutes them.

Behind these leaders are forty-two
(Continued on Page 26)



Do the children comprehend the barbarism perpetrated by their elders on Rubin Stacy, young Negro worker lynched at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, on July 19, 1935?



CUPID In ARMS

Are these Girl Colonels the kernel of the argument for the R.O.T.C.?

Does such playing at war make for an educational approach to the war-peace problem?

Shall we allow the army to sell us military preparedness and their brand of political philosophy as we are sold tooth-paste, cigarettes, or movie thrillers?

—Committee on Militarism
in Education

CYNOSURE OF MARS

"When Miss Mary Lou Collom, of the University of Cincinnati, became an honorary colonel, she was presented with a sabre by Col. Alfred Ritten, of Appleton, Wisconsin."

Pittsburgh Press

THE COLONEL WITH CURLS

"Miss Leslie Walters was selected out of fifty pretty candidates at South Dakota State College to be honorary cadet colonel of the R.O.T.C., and lead the grand march at the annual military ball. Eight other college girls composed her staff."

Atlanta (Ga.) Journal

BEAUTIFUL BAIT

"One of the reasons for the success of the women's rifle team at George Washington University is Helen Taylor, the Captain."

N. Y. World-Telegram



FOR THOSE WEARY EYES

"When the command, 'Eyes right!' rang out on the old oval at Syracuse University, the optics of the student cadets of the R.O.T.C. snapped with an audible click, for in the reviewing line were the newly installed and highly decorative co-ed sponsors."

Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal



Youth Angles

Bests Crasher

It took a mere 16-year old stripling to break the perfect record of being first at all public functions that Omer C. Catan has painstakingly made for himself.

And the irony of it is that the youth did not even know that he was breaking Catan's perfect score.

When a new branch of New York's Independent Subway system opened here recently, Catan set his alarm for 4:30 a.m., and dashed to the subway entrance to be first through the turnstiles. Unfortunately, he rushed into the wrong entrance.

Meanwhile, a block away young Harry Brenton strolled calmly down the other entrance and took first place at the turnstile. When the new subway line was thrown open to the public, Brenton, the 16-year old, was first through the gate.

Snub Boondoggling

Young people working on a local National Youth Administration project are complaining that they have time for an occasional game of handball and penny-matching. They want more work to do.

They are employed on the mimeographing project, and they plan to notify officials of their eagerness to work at full capacity. They fear that when the project expires on January 31 they will find themselves without jobs.

Mental Prime

Young men and women between 18 and 25 years of age constitute the mental cream of the nation, Dr. Irving Lorge, Teachers College, Columbia University instructor told the fortieth annual farm and home week of the University of Illinois at Urbana.

"An adult is probably in the prime of motor ability, sensory functions, intelligence and learning efficiency between the ages of 18 and 25," the psychologist told his audience.

Net Wages: \$1

Because he failed to obey a local law which requires that all Negro hotel and restaurant workers be fingerprinted, a 16-year old Negro of Fort Lauderdale, Florida went home with one dollar after working 119 hours in seven days in a local restaurant.

Seven days' work from 7 a.m. to 12 midnight in the restaurant netted the youth five dollars. Police officers fined him four dollars for failure to comply with the local fingerprint statutes. Net wages: one dollar.

Dead or Alive

Will young David MacKenzie return from the grave?

The brilliant, 20-year old son of Rear Admiral W. B. MacKenzie of Dunbartonshire, Scotland, and an honor student at the University of Edinburgh, young MacKenzie left home to enlist in the International Column fighting in Madrid in behalf of the Spanish Government.

He was reported killed in battle during the heavy fighting towards the end of November. Now there is an unconfirmed report that he is alive and well, although he has had a number of narrow escapes from death.

PEACE REALISM

by ROSE TERLIN

Student Secretary, Y.W.C.A.

A clear, incisive, well-documented account of the student peace movement, *War Our Heritage* by Joseph P. Lash and James A. Wechsler, is exceedingly timely, as the War Department budget takes a new leap and Europe hovers on the brink of the next world war. A realistic, straightforward analysis of the factors which make for war, by two of the leaders of the student peace movement, it is a welcome antidote to the sentimentality and confusion which has characterized some other sections of the peace movement.

Our War Department budget has doubled since 1934. No new enemy has threatened to land on America's shores; the conflict, for which we are not spending over a billion dollars a year to "defend" ourselves, is another war to defend our world markets—another world war in which the people pay the price and the financiers, munitions makers, and big business men reap the profits. The Student Peace Movement, therefore, fights the skyrocketing budgets of the War Department and warns that they will not engage in such a war however much propaganda may make it appear a "holy war." The students fight war preparations at the point at which they are involved in them and at the point where they can be effective: military preparations in the high schools and colleges.

War Our Heritage is a handbook and a history of the R.O.T.C. on the campus, and the efforts of students to oppose its extension. The authors have gathered together, from R.O.T.C. documents, a searching and damning analysis of the objectives, methods, and results of the R.O.T.C. They have not missed the important fact that the military mind is opposed to democracy and to free and independent thinking. Witness the utterances of Col. Orville Johnson, director general of the R.O.T.C. at the annual

can Student Union and walked out of classes at a given hour to demonstrate their united demand for a reduced armament budget, for the passage of the Nye-Kvale Bill (making R.O.T.C. optional) for more curriculum courses and extracurricular opportunities for relating education to critical social issues, and for genuine neutrality legislation. Their



convention of the R.O.T.C. Association, that "his organization maintains an intelligence service to ferret out radical activities in the schools and colleges" and aims to "compile extensive files and memoranda on various radical leaders in the schools and colleges." The work, he says, is "being financed by individual contributions from some of the great industrial leaders of the United States."

Much of the peace work of the hundreds of peace organizations has been ineffective, because it is too rational. The assumption has been that if we only knew enough about the people of other lands, if we only studied international relations enough, there would be no more war. Study is absolutely essential, but alone it does not suffice. Action that involves the emotions and the will, and which is participated in by masses of people is also necessary for effectiveness in the event of war. Education is more than the gathering of facts. It involves action, which generally yields learnings which cannot come any other way. Therein lies the importance of the Student Peace Strike. Last April a half million students of high schools and colleges responded to the call of the Ameri-

platform concluded with the famous Oxford oath: "to refuse to support any war which the government of the United States may undertake." This has been the center of attack on the student peace movement.

The Student Strike Against War is not disloyalty to the college nor disloyalty to American ideals, nor the desire of students for a lark—nor any of the other charges which have been hurled. It is the direct result of the War Department's plans for "M. Day" (Mobilization Day). A congressional investigation inadvertently revealed that the War Department's plans for the outbreak of the next war are in excellent shape. The M Day Plan, which will be rushed through Congress, on the declaration of the next war, will immediately draft every human, economic, and natural resource of the country under a military dictatorship for the prosecution of the War.

The only effective way to prevent this military Fascism is the resolution, taken in advance, by masses of people to refuse to cooperate in the destruction of American democracy. The Student Strike Against War is a dramatic ex-

Book Notes

ORGANIZATIONS FOR YOUTH by Elizabeth Pendry and Hugh Hartshorne (McGraw-Hill). Insofar as this volume authoritatively presents the major facts about the history, activities, and principles of the most important character building youth organizations, it is an invaluable — almost indispensable — handbook. Its authoritativeness is derived from the cooperation given the authors by all the organizations covered. The essays "represent the views of executives who are intimate with the details of history and program" and it is not the purpose of the authors to offer independent approval or disapproval of these plans and programs".

* * *

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A SOCIAL INSTITUTION—THE Y.W.C.A., by Mary S. Sims (Woman's Press). Unlike most official accounts of institutions, this study is not a long-winded bit of ecstasy. It is sound and sober. Here and there it contains the sort of healthy criticism which has been characteristic of the organization within recent years. All in all it is a significant "attempt to discuss what actually happened to the Y.W.C.A. in the United States of America from its beginning in 1858 to the years 1934; to show its growth and development as a social institution; to relate the general course of events within the institution itself to the wider happenings in the social, economic and religious life of the United States, particularly as it affected women; and to discover generalizations and identify concepts which may be common to social institutions."

* * *

THE HIGHER LEARNING by Robert M. Hutchins (Yale University Press). A progressive educator's analysis of our universities. Attacks increasing vocationalism of modern education and insists that young people should be taught how to think and not how to make a living.

M. B. S.

pression of student loyalty to peace and democracy, and its form is determined by the realities of national policies. The success of the Strike Against War in April, 1936, the mounting military budget, the inevitability of war in Europe and the Orient (whether imminent or not) have led to the formation this year of the United Student Peace Committee, combining the peace activities of a broad range of student organizations in a united, carefully planned program for peace. The climax of this program will come in the April Student Strike Against War.

The students are leading the way in a program which stresses the need for unity among peace organizations, and for a program which is geared to the realities of national policy in regard to peace and war. It is sound educationally in combining study and action—action at the point at which students can act. One would hazard a guess that this generation of youth, committed to peace, will do more than thin the ranks of chaos—by virtue of their numbers, their unity, their clarity concerning the causes of war, and their sound strategy.

HITLER'S MILITARY INCUBATOR



Bruce Bairnsfather in "Old Bill Looks at Europe" (Dodge)

by M. B. SCHNAPPER

AT rigid, almost immobile attention they stand, 47,000 brown-shirted boys and white-waisted girls—47,000 Hitler Youths—assembled in an immense Nuremberg stadium. Here and there the great masses of brown and white are spangled by blotches of blue, the distinguishing color of the naval contingents of the Hitler Youth. Hundreds upon hundreds of Swastika banners flutter briskly in the fall air. Warplanes roar close overhead.

Suddenly, the sharp notes of bugles pierce the air. Upwards shoot 47,000 young hands, fingers straight and taut. And they remain uplifted as a small thin man with a funny little mustache, a sticky mop of hair, and a determined face—*Der Fuehrer*—hurries nervously down the center aisle, followed at a respectful distance by Baldur von Schirach, Reich Youth leader, and Rudolf Hess, Nazi Party deputy.

Not a voice speaks, not a body stirs, as Hitler and his aides ascend the lofty tribune at the end of the stadium. Nor is there anything but utter silence in the audience as a few minutes later Hitler opens his speech from the rostrum with words of the utmost significance.

"The old guard that has built up this new Reich is already ageing and one day from the strain of battle and sorrow it must pass on. Then the New Germany will have to rely on young generations. I know you will grow up to be men like your fathers and brothers of the last war."

But there is unrestrained applause when Hitler, climaxing his address, tells these 47,000 Hitler Youths that they must be ready for war with Soviet Russia, characteristically sweeping his arms upward as he tells them this.

Long before attaining power, Nazi realization of its military as well as political dependence upon complete militarization of youth led to the establishment of the Young Steel Helmets or *Jungstahlhelms*, nationalistic and militaristic predecessor of the Hitler Youth. An official publication tells us this in connection with the origin of the Young Steel Helmets.

"The far seeing leaders soon realized that the struggle for the internal and external liberation of Germany must become a mighty rising of the whole people, a struggle which could not be fought by ex-soldiers alone. Therefore, each year the youth of Germany must be taken into the movement in order to be able to carry on the struggle in the future." (*Jahrbuch der Deutschen Jugend*, Jugenddeutsch-

land-Verlag, Berlin, 1934, pp. 17-18.)

That the Hitler Youth is preparing for the military "struggles in the future" was plainly indicated by Hitler when he told 47,000 of its members that he was confident that they would "grow up to be men like your fathers and brothers of the last war" and would be "standing beside, behind and before me and will help me fight."

And when in the same speech he stated that the "New Germany will have to rely on your generations" he equally plainly admitted that it is through the Hitler Youths, knowing nought but the virtues of fascism and the vices of democracy, that he expects securely to fasten Nazism on the back of Germany. He put the matter less tactfully in a speech at Siemens in 1935 in which he said, "Many parents are too old to be won over for National Socialism, but the young people stand by me and we will capture the children once and for all." (*International Press Correspondence*, February 15, 1936).

In an unrestrained mood of ecstatic wish-fulfillment, his lieutenant, Baldur von Schirach, Hitler Youth chief, prophesied that the existence of the Nazi regime "is guaranteed for thousands of years ahead, thanks to the fact that a young generation will always arise, and with the guidance of the Hitler Youths, will proclaim the old fighting aims of National Socialism, and endeavor to realize them to the utmost of its power." (*Volkischer Beobachter*, April, 1934).

In its efforts toward achieving its military and political end at all costs, the Hitler Youth has swept aside all democratic nonsense about the right and desires of the individual, has made the minds and bodies of its members mere tools of Hitler's Nazi regime. "It is indeed our pride," von Schirach once told several hundred officers gathered in the Cathedral of Braunschweig, "that we are not an institution of The State for Youth, but an organization of Youth for The State" (*The Hitler Youth*, October

28, 1935). Members of the Hitler Youth must serve the State at all times, must fight for it, must be subservient to its every will and whim. They can justify their lives only in those terms. The individual counts only insofar as he serves Hitler's purposes; when he ceases to do so he becomes a traitor. *Der Fuehrer Uber Alles*—this the Hitler Youths' major precept.

"Youth has no rights, it has only a duty—a duty greater than right." This was von Schirach's reply to an article in *Das Junge Deutschland*, No. 4, August, 1934, complaining that youths in the Labor Service camps worked between 11 and 16 hours a day. (*Hitler Triebt Zum Krieg*, Editions du Carrefour, Paris, 1934.)

And there is voluminous evidence, that the Hitler Youth has stopped at nothing in propagandizing and terrorizing its members into willingness to follow Hitler to war, to political barbarism. Shortly after the murder of George Strasser—a Nazi leader whose prominence, brilliance and influence were not altogether to Hitler's liking—one of Strasser's sons, a member of the Hitler Youth, was asked by a neighbor what he thought of Hitler, his father's murderer. The boy blurted out tensely: "He is our Leader in spite of everything." Only terror could explain such a statement. (Konrad Heiden, *A History of National Socialism*, p. 425).

But in spite of all this militarism and terrorism, the young people of Germany are not all being fooled. Promises of a world ruled by Hitlerism can not make up for sixteen hours a day of enforced labor or for food shortages and economic conditions like these are inherent in the Nazi set-up.

Underground Catholic, Social Democratic, and Communist youth publications reveal that young Germany is not only becoming rapidly disillusioned with Hitler's "New Germany" but is actually preparing for a genuinely new Germany.

Education for War

ANATION geared for war, idolatrous of war, intent upon war—this is today virtually the be-all and end-all of the Nazi educational system. Hitler's statements regarding education in his autobiographical *Mein Kampf* blatantly say or imply as much. The meaning of these words is plain enough:

"The educational work of the Nationalist State must consist in the first place in the training of healthy bodies and not in the mere teaching of knowledge. Mental training is a matter of secondary importance. A people of scientists, of physically degenerated, weak-willed and cowardly pacifists, will not be in a position to ensure its existence on this earth." (p. 452.)



"Our German people which today is lying on the ground, exposed to the kicks of the whole world, needs the suggestive strength of self-confidence. The entire training and education (of the young German) must be such as to convince him that he is superior to others. His own physical strength and agility must convey to him the belief in the invincibility of the whole of his people. The nation will only be able to rise again if it is convinced of the possibility of winning back its freedom. This conviction can only be the final result of millions of individuals feeling the same. The collapse of our people was gigantic, and our efforts will have to be equally gigantic if one day we are to put an end to our misery."

ONCE, as often happens, there were two brothers. And, as often happens, they were not of the same mind.

One, believing devoutly in the Lord, firmly maintained that He helps only those that help themselves and that the Kingdom of God must come first on Earth before it can come in Heaven. Therefore he co-operated with his fellowmen of like belief in all ways, knowing that only so could he provide his family with food, shelter, and education, all of which he deemed important.

The other brother disagreed entirely. He placed all hope on Heaven and accepted the vicissitudes of the un-organized with a patient and, indeed, a happy heart. Eternity was more real to him than a 10 per cent wage cut. And, indeed, the poorer he became, the happier. For he believed that the good Lord loves those who submit to all troubles and that even at the moment, there was preparing for him in heaven a golden cushion stuffed with the softest down of mocking birds.

Thus while his children cried for bread, he put his dreams resolutely on a table in Eternity, groaning under the most delicate wines, the most luscious fruits, the meltingest roast duck, the sweetest hearts of birds of Paradise. When his children showed him their frozen feet and their little bodies blue with cold, he sat them all about him and shut his eyes and told them how it is always warm in Heaven, and how beautiful are the wings of the angels, each feather being of a different color and so laid against the next that the effect was quite dazzling.

When his poor wife complained about the holes in the roof and the broken window pane through which the storm carried the cold and rain and snow into the little house, he kissed her and told her of walls made of light and the roofs made of celestial song and of how the angels spend all their time to singing.

Now you may have noticed that the poor man thought a lot about feathers: the golden cushion stuffed with the soft down of mocking birds, the table groaning with the weight of the meltingest roast duck and the sweetest hearts of birds of Paradise, the wings of angels all of a different color. And if you will ask me why he dreamed so much of birds and feathers I shall have to tell you that I don't know. Perhaps, because the poor man was flighty. Perhaps because feathers and wings mean birds, and birds seem never to be hungry or cold, they go where they will, and always they sing. Always.

Now his brother was very sorry to see him so poor and his family so wretched. Time and time again, he came to the poor man's home with advice and a basket of food, or a pair of shoes, or money.

Feathers in Heaven

by HARRY GRANICK



But the poor man was very proud and stiff-necked. He would accept nothing from his brother. He believed the Lord would take care of His own in His own way. He sternly rejected his Brother's protestations that he too believed in the Lord and was devout. Indeed, he pityingly sent him away, reminding him that it is harder for a rich man to enter Heaven than for a camel to slip through a needle's eye.

He continued to do his own individual best which made matters worse from day to day. He accepted his miserable existence without a murmur. And in the meantime, with each year, a new child was born into the family, so that the little he had, must needs be stretched a little further. But the poor man did nothing, for he thought that all this made him surer of a golden cushion stuffed with the softest down of mocking birds.

Now his brother was no longer able to bear the sight of the poor man's sufferings. And so he decided to take matters into his own hands.

He planned to place a basket of necessities in his brother's way so that he would be sure to find it. He knew that the poor man would believe the Lord Himself had left the basket there for him and that therefore it would be an insult to the Lord not to take it up and use it.

And so, the next day, knowing his brother would walk down a certain street at a certain hour, he hid himself and waited. By and by, he saw him coming along, leaning on a cane, for the poor man was ill and weak with little to eat. The brother quickly placed the basket in his way and hid himself to see what would happen.

As usual the poor man was thinking of feathers and wings. And, as he walked, he gave thanks for the fact that he had every trouble that a poor man might possibly have. For his wife had just borne him a new baby that morning, there was not a bite in the house, the children were crying for cold, one of them had fallen down and cut his head, another had the mumps, and he himself, he was ill and out of work.

As he came closer to the basket, he tried to think if there were a single trouble that he did not have. And suddenly he thought of blindness. He wondered what it would be like if added to all his other troubles, he were blind.

And so thinking, he shut his eyes very tightly so that he was indeed blind and began tapping his way along with the cane, as blind men do.

And when at last he came to the basket, which would have given food and warmth and medicine to his family, he merely tapped it with the cane and thinking it was a stone, he stepped carefully over it and went on. The brother saw all this with the greatest astonishment. He picked up the basket and went sadly home.

CARLELLO

Why the Subsidized Promoter ?

by DAVE RICHARDS

TODAY a major scandal exists in college athletics, but nobody whispers a word about it. It isn't the Subsidized Athlete. It's the Subsidized Promoter.

Where you find honey, you find flies—and where you find money, you find the promoter. And the tendency in college athletics today is for the colleges and the college athletes to be working not even for the enrichment of Almy Mammy—but for some business-minded outsider who knows a good thing when he sees its profits.

Take the basketball situation. (Note to Mr. Ned Irish: this advice is unnecessary to you—you've already taken the situation well in hand.) We find, for example, that one promoter, without investing a nickel of his own money, is making four times as much money out of the labors of the basketball players as the colleges themselves.

Three years ago, Mr. Ned Irish set out on the career that was to make him a profit estimated by his close friends as being near to three quarters of a million dollars. And it was all really very simple.

First he went to Madison Square Garden. "I want to rent the Garden for basketball games," he said. Tim Mara, owner of the football Giants, for whom Irish had worked as a publicity manager, put up the money. So Mr. Irish gained exclusive control of the Garden's basketball games.

Then he high-pressured the colleges into renting the Garden from him. He persuaded them that they could accommodate more people in the Garden, and that by playing double-headers, it could be profitably filled. The schools agreed—and agreed to giving Mr. Ned Irish a cool fifty per cent of the take.

Sure, Ned Irish has to pay the rent of the Garden. He has his expenses to pay. But so do the schools—the training costs, the coach's salary, new basketballs, sweatshirts, and crying towels for the press agents. So it was worked out—with Ned Irish taking half the gate, and the colleges taking the other half.

Over a hundred and sixty thousand people attended the Garden's basketball double-headers last year. The prices range from \$1.10 to \$2.10. Those few who buy second-gallery seats find themselves able to occasionally catch a glimpse of the game—provided they have not neglected to bring along their periscopes. So just get out your little multiplying machine, and figure out how much money Ned Irish took in—and how much the schools had left, when you consider that their fifty per cent of each gate was split four ways.

One thing you have to hand Mr. Irish—he doesn't care who he makes his money from—so long as he makes it.

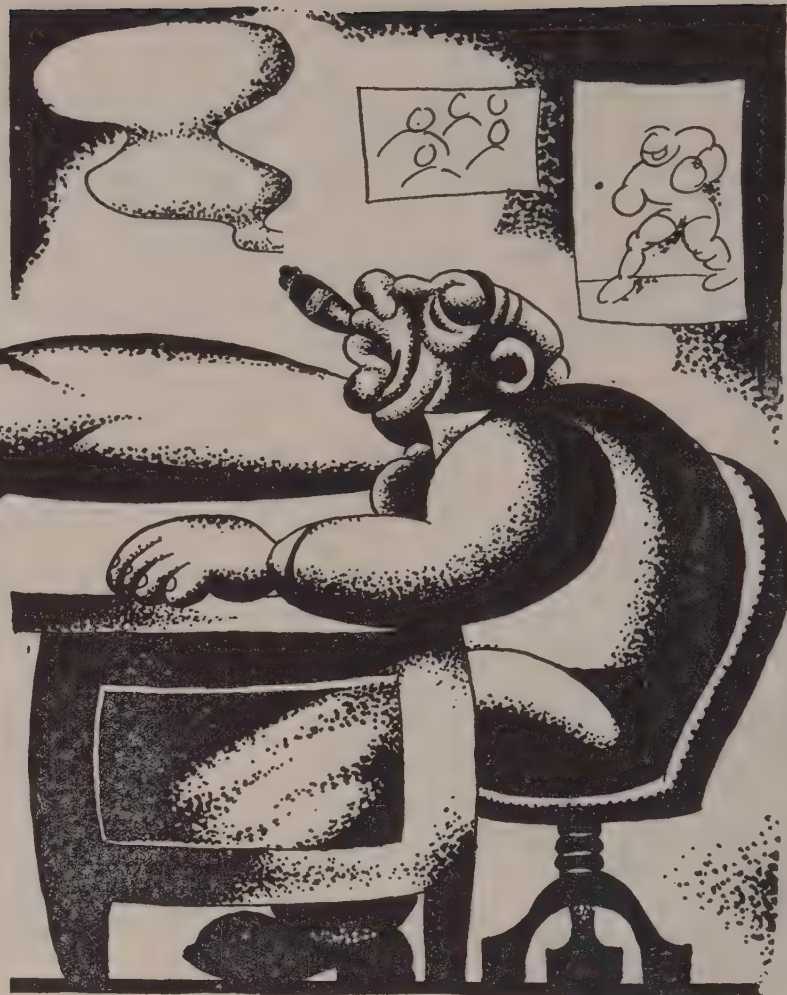
Of course, he makes most of it from his steady customers—the New York colleges such as New York University, Long Island University, Manhattan, City College, etc.

But there is nothing provincial about Mr. Irish's outlook. He has brought to the Garden during the current season the teams of Indiana U, St. Josephs, Georgetown, Stanford, Duquesne, Ohio State, North Carolina, Washington and Lee, George Washington, Utah State, Tennessee, Springfield, Notre Dame, Temple, and De Pau University. East is East and West is West—and Kipling was right, unless, that is, Mr. Irish gets his 50 per cent for the meeting of East and West.

Recently Mr. Irish has expanded and opened a branch store in Philadelphia, so that he can reduce overhead expenses by scheduling two games in his basketball emporiums for touring teams.

The attitude of New York University in this regard is just a little bit puzzling, especially since nobody would ever think of her lads as Babes in the Woods. As a matter of fact, during the football season, N.Y.U. has the Yankee Stadium under exclusive contract, tied up tighter than a drum, and any team that wants to play in N.Y.U.'s manger when they aren't there has to give N.Y.U. a cut of the gate receipts. At last year's Colgate-Tulane game, N.Y.U. even sent out the complimentary press passes. But they seem to be quite content—that is, the Athletic Department is—to let Mr. Irish take his 50 per cent for nothing insofar as the Garden is concerned.

Their representative, Arthur Schiebler, related to me quite candidly that N.Y.U. didn't go into the Garden to make a profit. He explained that there were 40,000 students and 60,000 N.Y.U. alumni in New York, and that they



wanted to get a place where everybody could see the team play. But he didn't see any reason why, if there was no need to "promote" basketball—if the crowds were just waiting to see N.Y.U. play—why it was necessary to give a promoter 50 per cent when there wasn't any promoting really necessary.

Of course, the students attitude is another thing—but then the students at N.Y.U. don't count for much in running athletic affairs. They're not represented on the Athletic Council; the Athletic Budget is a Holy of Holies that must not be discussed, and when I quoted to Mr. Schiebler the figure of \$5,000 as the profit on basketball for 1935, according to the student newspapers, he just said bluntly that Nice People Didn't Talk About Such Things.

The students' chief objection was the arbitrary action in raising the prices on the second balcony to 40 cents for Garden games, even to those who held their Athletic Association books. The allotment of these seats was inadequate, and the seats themselves were characterized by Washington Square News as being "putrid." The students, who had no voice in this price increase, raised the cry of "Taxation Without Representation." This year, the N.Y.U. board made a concession. They offered the students \$1.65 seats—if they had an A. A. book, paid 75 cents per game, and stood in line to get the exceeding inadequate number of tickets allotted for their use.

The Washington Square News editorial on the matter just about summed up the situation. It said, "Ned Irish needs us. We don't need Ned Irish." Brave words—but evidently somebody needs Ned Irish—because the N.Y.U. athletic people deny the palpable fact that they're being rooked.

That's the Garden situation outline. But it isn't confined to basketball. We've just received news that one Ray McCarthy in Philadelphia has made a similar arrangement for football, involving Villanova University. He got a toehold on Shibe Park—and now has an agreement that for releasing the park for Villanova, he is to receive a modest 25 per cent of the football receipts for all games. It's nice work, if you can get it.

Temple University in Philadelphia shows the "Subsidized" Promoter in another guise. The Philanthropist who financed the construction of the New Temple stadium was naturally in a position to influence where that stadium was to be built.

One more example, and we yield the floor. Slip Madigan at St. Mary's College, in California, is widely known as a football strategist—but his master minding doesn't stop with the fake reverse and the Statue of Liberty play. For this Character Builder has a little agreement with the Fathers which entitles him to a 30 per cent cut of the gate receipts for all St. Mary's games—at home and abroad. After Slip gets his cut, the college bondholders get theirs—and if there's anything left for the coffee and cake, they're lucky.

The plaintiff rest his little case. We have demonstrated, your honor, that today the tendency in college athletics is to squeeze out even the graduate managers and athletic departments, and put college athletics at the disposal of shrewd promoters with no connections with the colleges at all. There's as much money for the colleges in college basketball as there is money for milk in the Milk Fund fights. The college athletes are working for pay all right—the only trouble is, they're not getting it.

SWEATSHOPS

by R. L. SAFFORD

Houston, Texas.

Young girls, whose families are on relief, slave in "junior sewing rooms" over the country receiving niggardly sums for one week's work each month. To these girls, the ballyhoo about the National Youth Administration means nothing but slim rations and patched hose.

A typical example of this federal bounty to youth is a junior sewing room located in a Texas city of 10,000. Here in a mouldering old building whose only ventilation is four high windows, two of which cannot be opened, twenty girls sew tediously with their fingers. One leaky lavatory provides sanitary facilities for the entire group. Dirt is constantly swept in the faces of the young workers. One girl, already suffering from a bad sinus infection, had her condition aggravated as a result of the dust from the floor and the lint from the cloth.

The workers never know at the end of the day whether they will work another day. A girl may get her week's work one month; next month, Uncle Sam's sweatshop may be closed through some piece of red tape. When this particular sewing room was opened, all the country girls were sent home without jobs. Several girls told me personally that they would rather chop cotton anyhow than work in such a hot place.

Wages in these sweatshops vary according to the relief standards of each county. In the county where this particular shop is located, the intermediate scale of young workers is \$12 per month based upon forty-six hours of work. But no girl ever receives the opportunity to work forty-six hours in a single pay period, so that the individual amounts paid average six and eight dollars per month. The girls never know when to expect their check nor are they ever sure of what amount they will be paid. A banker's wife acts as time-keeper in this shop, receiving a good salary for computing the starvation wages of the girls.

Only 30 minutes is allowed for lunch. But very often, individual workers have neither food in their baskets nor money to buy sandwiches.

The old game of dividing the workers is practiced with all its viciousness in this shop. The girls have been told that the N.Y.A. is actually sending some youths to college, although the campus dole of \$15 per month will hardly pay room rent. Similarly, the Negro girls employed in the shop work in a section apart from the whites.

These sweatshops, scattered over the country are a strong argument, for example, for the American Youth Act. For as the old cotton kingdom of the South continues to disintegrate, more and more girls will be forced at first into the sewing rooms and later into the streets. A strong youth movement is vitally needed in this state if its young men and women are not to become life-long peons.

CROWN PRINCE

by JOHN BROOME

JAMES ROOSEVELT, eldest son of the President and the apple of his father's eye, entered the uncloistered world from the portals of Boston University Law School a few months after the Crash. The personable, young six-footer thus became an outstanding, if hardly typical member of the depression generation. Young Jimmy, as he is known to several thousand intimates in New England, jumped the gun on the crisis and won on the go away. In the lean years following his graduation, he succeeded in raising his annual income from \$10,000 to \$300,000.

Jimmy's activities have centered mostly on insurance. He found that he possessed an extraordinary knack for selling policies. While other salesmen wasted time growling about their slim pay envelopes or worrying how to pay the rent, Jimmy boldly cornered G. W. Hill of the American Tobacco Company and sold him a \$2,500,000 life, the largest policy ever issued in New England.



JAMES ROOSEVELT

Of course, the salesmen passed unkind remarks about Jimmy—using his influence with his father as a lever, and all that—but they had said the same thing when he had completed a mammoth deal for insuring the employees of Columbia Broadcasting, and every other time he swung a big policy.

But Jimmy can't help it if his father happens to be President.

He is a Roosevelt, though — the coming Roosevelt in politics they say. Just three when his father became a State Senator, Jimmy, as a child, was lulled to sleep with campaign speeches and played with a toy mule.

In two recent instances, however, he swerved sharply from the path his father cleared for him: once, when he publicly defended J. P. Morgan, accused of income tax evasion; and again, lately, when he caused a small riot in the White House by coming out against the Child Labor Amendment in opposition to his parents.

We can almost hear Jimmy's mother, on being informed of those tactical errors, say to her distraught husband, "Well, Franklin, boys will be boys."

As a rule, however, Jimmy has done exactly what you would expect from an ambitious young fellow in his position.

In Groton School and Harvard, he became president of class after class and head of numberless societies. He dabbled in athletics and even secured a job, possibly in order to set a fine example for the depression generation.

In his struggle for a livelihood, Jimmy has directed his exceptional talents into many fields. The *Daily News*, New York tabloid, valued his literary ability to the extent of printing his intimate, day-by-day stories of a Presidential cruise.

Jimmy exhibited the same spontaneous wit in that series that has characterized Mrs. Roosevelt's columnistic endeavors. The subtlety and finesse of these two columns have been rivalled in the literary world only by Beatrice Fairfax's lovelorn articles and the *Brisbanalities* of "Today."

Blessed with the versatility of a Leonardo, our Jimmy, has delivered blow after blow to the groggy jaw of pursuing Destitution; he has been a radio commentator taking entranced audiences "backstage at the White House," a large-scale farmer applying his schooling to the Hyde Park estate, an inspired executive of the Young Democrats, a president in his twenties of a great yeast corporation (alleged to be owned by Waxey Gordon), and a Lieutenant Colonel of the Marine Corps by virtue of his military acumen. All these has Jimmy been, and by such remarkable efforts in the last few years has he kept the wolf from his door.

And, in case the wanning depression should suddenly hit him, Jimmy can always fall back on a political sinecure.

Wary politicians in Massachusetts pointed years ago to his political desires anent that state. Jimmy gained a foothold in Massachusetts when as Keeper of the Royal Patronage in 1933 he distributed employment plums according to a rigid "Spoils" philosophy. As a result he won himself the appellation of "Crown Prince" from the local Tammany. He demonstrated he had a firm hand and a thick neck.

"Crown Prince" suits Jimmy. His appearance is all a court could ask for, but his utterances have been rather unfortunate. He got himself into hot water when he advised striking employees to go back to work and then forgot them as he did in the Brockton Shoe Strike. An heir to the throne who knew his

(Continued on page 26)

SOUTH STIRS

by EDWARD STRONG

Washington, D. C.

THE Conference of Southern Negro Youth on February 14th, the historical birthday of Frederick Douglass, marks the beginning of a new epoch in the struggle for freedom and equality of Southern Negro Youth.

What will this conference, being prepared by the National Negro Congress Youth Section, mean? It will mean that Southern Negro Youth from every walk of life—in the mills and on the plantations; church and religious groups; political parties and settlement houses; sharecroppers of Arkansas and Tennessee; tobacco workers from the Carolinas; young cotton pickers from Texas; students from Virginia Union, Howard, Atlanta, Fisk, Bishop College, Spellman, Morehouse, Morgan and other educational institutions of the South; fraternities and sororities; tenant farmers and the domestic services; workers in steel in Birmingham and Baltimore; government employees from the nation's Capitol—will have their own representatives meet in Richmond, Virginia and arrive at a plan for their betterment in every way. It will mean that Negro Youth in the South will no longer be almost entirely unorganized and leaderless, wasting the great energy it has in undirected gropings and outbursts. It will mean that for the first time in the history of the nation a progressive Southern Negro Youth movement will be in the making.

The call for the Conference opens with the following inspiring words:

"The past seventy years since the Emancipation Proclamation has witnessed the heroic march of our people from the darkness and gloom of slavery towards the dawning light of freedom. Undaunted by persecutions and oppression Negroes have directed their footsteps from the land of bondage towards the Promised Land.

"But today, as we look around we see the growing clouds of reaction and oppression closing in upon us. New barriers are erected to bar the path of our progress.

"Today our people are as one under the common yoke of exploitation, discrimination, and hunger.

Leading up to the Southern Conference a national Negro Youth Week was held during the second week in January. In addition to popularizing the Southern Conference, Negro Youth Week served to publicize the plight of Negro Youth through positive dramatic actions, and to place concretely certain proposals before local, state, and federal officials relative to ways of alleviating this plight.

There are many special circumstances at the present time that make the coming Conference more significant and of more urgent necessity than it could have been at any other time in the history of the American Negro. All over the world working people are organizing themselves to fight against Fascism. Youth, while it suffers in the South more than elsewhere—and suffering is great, everywhere—youth constitutes the manhood of tomorrow: and that manhood must organize itself and have confidence in itself and its ability to solve its problems and destroy evils that confront it. The Southern Negro Youth Conference must strengthen this confidence and arrive at a plan of action.

TROTSKY TRIAL

In view of the interest evoked by the present trial, the following review by Nathan Frankel in *The New Masses* is particularly timely.

The author of the pamphlet under review (*Behind the Moscow Trial*, by Max Schachtman) is a professional Trotskyite and editor of Trotsky's works. He was not present at the trial of Zinoviev and his associates held in Moscow last August. Both these circumstances must be taken into consideration, for the author is not merely partisan but his absence from the August trial deprives him of any special authority on the subject; he admittedly has no new evidence to support his views. He arrives at his conclusions upon the basis of published material available to all of us and which we are all equally at liberty to examine.

The questions under consideration reduce themselves to two. Did the defendants have a fair trial? Were they guilty?

The charge against them was their responsibility for the murder of Kirov. In countries concededly regarded as democratic, such as the United States, the judicial process of evidence and conviction is clear enough. A defendant may be convicted if he merely pleads guilty to the charge against him. If, in addition, a signed confession is read into evidence, and if the defendant admits that he made that confession voluntarily, no one would question the conviction. And if, further still, the defendant turned state's evidence and confessed not merely before the trial but testified fully to his guilt at the trial itself, then, according to American court procedure, his guilt would be established beyond the shadow of a doubt. Yet these are precisely the stages through which the sixteen men at the Moscow trial went. They pleaded guilty, they made confessions before the trial, they did not claim that the confessions were extorted, and they reaffirmed and amplified their confessions at an open trial. Under these circumstances, is there a court in the world which could have rendered any other verdict but guilty?

We in this country, distant from the trial, unfamiliar with the individuals involved, are faced with two versions. One says the trial was fair; the other says it was a frame-up. We are left with a choice between what common sense accepts as *fact*, and what a will to believe makes of *inference*. Confession in open court in the presence of many foreign observers is a fact. The notion that the trial was a frame-up is based on surmise, conjecture, suspicion, speculation, and fantasy. It is not a fact but a hypothesis, and a hypothesis which has no real evidence to support it. It is said, of course, that *possibly* there was a frame-up, but when we examine this possibility, we find that it has no basis in the *facts*.

San Francisco

The Assembly of Youth held here on January 9th and 10th was attended by four hundred delegates from all parts of Northern California. A California Youth Act, modeled after the American Youth Act, was drafted and proposals for legislative action discussed.

Movies of the Month

by MORT HAMPTON

"WINTERSET" answers the question of poetry's place in the movies. It answers with a loud and lusty affirmative. It is the tale of young Mio, reaching the goal of a life-long trek to find out if his electrocuted father did kill a paymaster. In the shadows of an East River bridge he meets the convicting judge and the real murderers, all haunted by the perversion of justice.



Based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, "Winterset" has drawn on what is probably one of the most dramatic events in contemporary American history. Some of Maxwell Anderson's lines actually brought to mind, in beauty both of word and of spirit, the last letter of Vanzetti.

* * *

ANOTHER GOOD THING

The theory that you might as well hold on to a good thing once you've got it is an old one for the movies.

Unfortunately, we remember very little about "The Thin Man" other than that it was a mystery with William Powell and Myrna Loy, and that it was swell. Pretty much the same thing goes for "After the Thin Man." It continues the detectivities of Mr. and Mrs. Nick Charles, thrust this time into mystery. The story is an exciting one with many, many murders.

* * *

JIMMY CAGNEY, THE GREAT

"Great Guy" is notable for two things, Jimmy Cagney's return to the movies and a story that tells some startling things about food rackets.



As a deputy commissioner in the department of weights and measures, Cagney finds that the inevitable "big boys" are in the way of civic virtue. The climax comes when he uncovers a few of their tricks: double-bottom baskets and lead weights in chicken necks. He reveals the interesting figures that 40 per cent of our national income goes for food, and that if the racketeer takes 5 per cent, he's getting away with more than the national war debt.

Cagney's return is a welcome one. Jimmy Cagney is not a pesky kid who uses his fists at the drop of a footstep. He seems to be a "great guy".

LYNCHING

(Continued from page 19)

million members of the many organizations that, last year endorsed the Costigan-Wagner Bill. It is this forty-two million that the Youth Councils of the N.A.A.C.P. would lead into action in February, in a demonstration of solidarity, in an outpouring of anti-lynching sentiment in approbation of the fight their leaders have made "against the insane fury of the mob."

A lynchless year. This would be truly something new. It is the ultimate goal. There shall be no let-up until America has had *one* year free from the mob. It will require persistent education in the cause and cure of lynching. It will necessitate an aroused public opinion finding its will expressed in federal anti-lynching legislation.

The fight is not yet over, but there have been moments when victorious skirmishes have given augury of the final result. Such, for instance, was the year 1922, when under the brilliant leadership of James Weldon Johnson, an anti-lynching bill passed the house: "The following year, the sharpest drop in the annual toll of lynchings occurred during the history of lynching in the U. S." In 1934, when Walter White had brought the battle to the Senate floor—"Of seventeen lynchings, two occurred early in January. Then there was a complete cessation of lynching until it was evident, in June that Congress would adjourn without voting on the bill."

The mass pressure of "the forty million," implementing a Federal anti-lynching law can break the grip of the mob. This, with increased educational and economic opportunity will make lynching a memory. The nation-wide demonstration is a next step toward the LYNCHLESS YEAR.

Five thousand one hundred and two persons have been lynched. Sixty per cent were under twenty-five.

Countless have been the mobs, but they were composed chiefly of persons in their late teens and early twenties.

Youth lynch and is lynched!

But the lynchers do not represent the new youth—black and white—which through their united endeavor will win at last a LYNCHLESS AMERICA.

They will do it through hard work—educating and organizing for legal action.

CROWN PRINCE

(Continued from page 25)

job would either have given out shoes to the strikers with his own hands or taken a cruise to the islands until the mess blew over.

A democratic Crown Prince should never praise a Fascist government as Jimmy lauded Italy after his European trip in 1933; it gets people mad.

And certainly he should not come out against a child labor law and for pari-mutual horse racing within the same week. Some grumblers would find a comprehensive knowledge of horses in both decisions!

James Roosevelt may or may not go far within the next few months, but it will pay to watch the young man. As special assistant to the President—a job he got the other day—he's bound to get himself into plenty of hot water.

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

Youth In Action

STATE BOARD PROPOSAL PRESENTED TO GOVERNOR

A delegation from the New York City Council of the American Youth Congress urged Governor Lehman to establish a State Youth Commission to handle the special problems of youth.

The Governor evinced great interest in the proposal and consulted with his counsel regarding the possibilities of creating the Commission.

Under the terms of the proposal, the Youth Commission would be set up in the State Department of Social Welfare and would give particular attention to unemployment, crime prevention, vocational guidance and apprentice training.

The delegation which talked with the Governor was composed of Doris Sheafe of St. James Presbyterian Church; Janet Feder, executive secretary of the New York City Council of the congress; Esther Schler of the Department Store Employees' Union, Local 1250; Madge Sheddson of Vassar College, a member of the National Student Federation, and Philip Schiff, head worker at Madison House.

The delegation asked Governor Lehman to endorse the American Youth Act, now pending in Congress, and left with him a memorandum containing the proposal for the new commission, which follows:

"We also urge upon you the establishment of a New York State Youth Commission, which would have as its function the examination and investigation of the problems of youth with special reference to unemployment, vocational guidance and training, apprentice training, juvenile delinquency and crime prevention and other factors relevant to the social well-being of young people in this State.

"It is estimated that about 800,000 young people would be considered as part of the unemployment problem alone. Such a youth commission could become a part of existing State departments, such as the Board of Social Welfare, and should incorporate, as part of its permanent advisory staff, representatives from youth organizations, consumer and welfare groups and labor organizations.

"We hope that you will give these matters your earnest consideration."

PUPILS FINGER PRINTED

More than 2,000 pupils have been fingerprinted in the Ecorse High School in Michigan. Ecorse is the town of the Great Lakes Steel Corporation, a subsidiary of U. S. Steel. More than 1,500 parents refused to have their children fingerprinted.

NO STRIKE BREAKERS

Local students will not act as strike-breakers in the marine strike, they have written the Joint Strike Committee at San Pedro. Students at San Pedro high schools are also reported to have refused offers of jobs as strike-breakers.

More Sit-Downers

Members of the senior class at North Olmsted High School, Cleveland, staged a sit-down for five hours to demonstrate their dissatisfaction over the quality of the class rings. They demanded their money back and the right to order from another firm.

FOUR SPANISH DELEGATES SPEAK IN CINCINNATI

Dr. Jesse Halsey, pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church, presided at a meeting sponsored by a large group of public-spirited organizations at which four young Spanish delegates from the Madrid government told a story of Fascist persecution.

The four young Spanish veterans, touring America under the supervision of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, who spoke at the meeting are: Ignaz Eugenio, of the staff of the Catholic magazine *Cruz y Rayo* and formerly a student at the Catholic University of Louvain; Luis Simarro, commander of a military battalion until disabled by wounds; his wife, Loma, a nurse and leader of the Spanish youth movement; and Josefina Ramirez, director of a Red Cross Hospital.

Among the organizations which sponsored the meeting were the Y.M.C.A. and the Federation of Protestant Churches.

CONVENTION PROGRAM OF Y.C.L. ANNOUNCED

In announcing the eighth national convention of the Young Communist League, which will meet in New York City on April 2-5, Gil Green, national secretary, made public the following call to all members:

"Our convention convenes while American Labor in the basic mass production industries, steel, auto, marine, textile, are entered in the greatest trial of strength in the history of this country and are joining hands with other progressive forces for independent political action.

"We gather on the eve of another student strike for peace; one which will without doubt surpass all previous efforts.

"Our eighth convention will meet when the victory of Socialism in the Soviet Union has been recorded in a new constitution, the most democratic in world history, and therefore the most powerful weapon of the toilers of all lands in their fight against reaction and fascism.

"The convention assembles in the midst of a new wave of collaboration and cooperation on the part of America's youth organizations in behalf of legislation beneficial to young people, and in the first place for the American Youth Act."

THE STUDENT UNION PLANS WIDER PROGRAM

by ROBERT SPIVACK

THOSE who expected a post-mortem over the one year old American Student Union were disappointed. Instead there was a rebirth.

The 250 delegates had two thoughts uppermost: the Union must be preserved, because the price of disunity is too expensive; and, secondly, the Union must develop from a negative force on the campus into a positive, constructive agency which can unite all students on a program of immediate demands.

With eight thousand members, three times the combined membership of the dissolved National Student League and Student League for Industrial Democracy, and another 25,000 students partially paid-up Unionists, the convention adopted a program which gives every indication that America is witnessing the birth of a genuinely progressive student movement.

Reaffirming its opposition to war the convention recognized the fascist nations as the immediate menaces to peace. It called for opposition to war preparations at home and unity of the anti-war forces abroad. Cognizant of the dangers in Spain, the convention called upon President Roosevelt not to hamper material aid to the Loyalists by individuals and groups because it gave "tacit" support to the fascist rebellion.

Not only did the members recognize the progressiveness of the labor movement, but fifty got up at 5:30 a.m. to help the Steel Workers Organizing Committee distribute leaflets at the Carnegie-Illinois plant, in defiance of the "red" squad. Other resolutions called for reiteration of the fight for maintenance of academic freedom in the Jerome Davis and similar cases; for the abolition of the R.O.T.C.; for extension of the N.Y.A. and passage of the American Youth Act; and for organization of southern schools, white and Negro, in order to fight for larger educational opportunities and against racial discrimination.

More than 200 chapters were represented, the largest turnout being claimed by the Chicago district, whose chapter numbers 412 members.

National leaders Joseph P. Lash and James A. Wechsler, executive secretary and director of publications respectively, addressed the convention.

On its list of sponsors for the convention of the A.S.U. were the names of Clarence Darrow, nationally-known lawyer; Prof. Anton J. Carlson, head of the physiology department at the University of Chicago; Ernest O. Melby, dean of the School of Education at Northwestern University.

In the minds of American students there is today a resolve that our schools shall not be an open shop for war, for fascism, and for repression. With the Student Unionists in the vanguard American schools may become a closed shop for peace, security and equality.

Kitchen Police

Pledging support to striking unionists at the Fisher Body plant, Detroit and Cleveland members of the American Student Union are preparing to do their turn on the picket line and do kitchen police duty for the duration of the General Motors strike.

BILL OF RIGHTS FOR STUDENTS APPROVED

A bill of rights for students was adopted at the convention of the National Student Federation of America. Recognizing the principle that students are on a similar footing with faculty members in that they have a list of substantive rights, the plenary session of the convention passed the statement of student rights that was drawn up by Teachers College. A rival measure, introduced by James Tumulty of John Marshall School of Law, was defeated.

Meeting in New York to consider the topic "Students in Democracy," the delegates condemned compulsory R.O.T.C. training, and recommended that the Civilian Conservation Corps training camps be removed from the jurisdiction of the War Department. They did not specify what branch of the administration should receive jurisdiction over the camps.

A resolution approving the American Youth Act in principle but not as a specific piece of legislation was passed. Election of officers resulted in retaining Arthur Northwood, Jr., of Princeton, as president; Mary Jeanne McKay of Florida State College for Women was chosen vice-president; James Mayer, Fresno State College in California, treasurer.

Its program for 1937 includes opposition to the introduction of the R.O.T.C. in colleges not yet having a military program, condemnation of censorship in any form, and endorsement of student cooperatives.

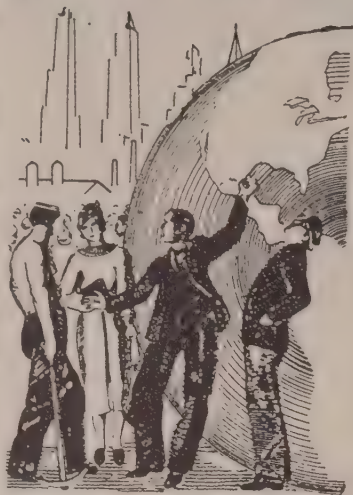
ATTACKS FRATERNITIES

Fraternalism are "an undemocratic encroachment upon the student body," declared Harvey Pullman, president of the newly-formed Texas Student Government Congress, at the first convention of the organization, held in Fort Worth.

Unity among students in sixty Texas colleges has been achieved by formulation of the Congress. Established to promote closer cooperation along progressive lines among the various state colleges, the Congress has doubled its membership since its formation a year ago.

Under the plan adopted by its founders, student officers in member colleges are invited to attend an annual conference or send delegates. It was at this year's conference that Pullman made his statement on fraternities, as he was endorsing a resolution against these features of campus life.

NEWS VIEWS



translate the people's mandate at the polls into more of the things it needs: security, leisure, happiness.

A Rainy Inauguration

A cold rain falling on silk top hats failed to dampen the enthusiasm of the thousands who gathered in Washington to witness the first January inaugural ceremony in our country's history. Standing in the rain, bare-headed, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, took the oath of office of President of the United States for the second time. Progressive youth everywhere will heartily endorse the President's statement that "The test of our progress is not whether we add more to the abundance of those who have much; it is whether we provide enough for those who have too little."

Well spoken, Mr. President. But labor can't refrain from asking how the dismissal of 387,000 workers from WPA projects jibes with the press report that you have declared "war on poverty!" It is indeed a poor general who starts his war by surrendering the positions already won. Much has been said by the President and by Administration spokesmen of the "mandate of the people" delivered at the polls last November. The Administration should heed that mandate; it demanded repudiation of the desire of the reactionary forces in American life to carry through a policy of retrenchment in Federal aid, retrenchment of work projects and direct relief. The mandate was echoed by upwards of 2,000 project workers who assembled in Washington recently at the call of the Workers Alliance. It will be sounded again when several thousand young people, representing a million and a half members of the depression generation,

come to Washington on February 19th at the call of the American Youth Congress in a mighty pilgrimage asking for passage of the American Youth Act. The will of the people—their desire for security, and opportunity to work and achieve—must be stated in no uncertain terms so that the "war on poverty" becomes the people's war, conducted militantly with no quarter for the "economic royalists."

Boycott Schmeling

The Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi Federation has declared a boycott on the Braddock-Schmeling fight. The boycott is based on Schmeling's membership in the Nazi movement. It seems to have caught the imagination of American fans and the promoters are already getting gray. Americans don't seem to like the idea of seeing good American dollars taken back to Nazi Germany by an avowed disciple of Der Fuehrer.

Congress Forgets History

Congress and the Administration seem to have forgotten some American history. Our legislative representatives in Washington should read any accredited history of the United States. And those who speak in the name of Jefferson during election campaigns and in Independence Day speeches should take a glance at some of the letters written by this same patriot during the period of the French Revolution.

When our forefathers fought for independence in 1776, they readily accepted the aid of Lafayette, the liberty-loving Frenchman, and his troops. Our history books properly condemn the use of Hessian troops by the British throne.

When in 1789 the French people rose in arms against feudalism and aristocracy and fought to establish the world's

second democratic republic, it was none other than Thomas Jefferson who evinced intense sympathy with their objectives.

Lovers of Liberty

But that was many years ago. Upon convening last month, the 75th Congress of the United States rushed to declare an embargo against the duly elected government of the Spanish Republic. In the name of peace our country has committed what is virtually an act of war against a friendly republic.

As our Minute Men stood at Concord Bridge, the embattled people of Spain stand at the gates of Madrid with the cry "Non Passeran"—"They Shall Not Pass."

Shall our country, with its glorious traditions of freedom and democracy, aid the enemies of those very traditions? American citizens—lovers of liberty have already contributed upward of \$1,000,000 to the cause of Spanish democracy. They are packing to the rafters the halls where the Spanish youth delegates touring our country are speaking. And their voice is heard in Congress when John T. Bernard, young Farmer-Labor Congressman from Minnesota rises and shouts for the world to hear, "I Object."

To undo the shameful denial of assistance to a sister democracy, fighting for every principle and ideal dear to Americans, Bernard's "I Object" should be amplified a million-fold, through increased support of the Spanish people, more food and clothing and medical supplies, bigger meetings, stronger demands for withdrawal of all foreign fascist troops from the arena of the Spanish civil war and a thorough powerful protest to the Administration and Congress, requesting repeal of the embargo resolution.

I. K.

MIGHTY General Motors—with 69 plants and 135,000 workers in 36 cities scattered throughout the country—is closed by a wave of strikes organized and led by the robust, young United Automobile Workers of America. In Flint, at this writing, 1,200 workers still hold Fisher Body plants 1 and 2, despite violence used against them by deputies and police. In Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and a dozen other cities General Motors workers are demanding the guarantee of better living which can come only through organization. They seek recognition of their union as their agency for collective bargaining. General Motors, citadel of the open shop, has already been forced to retreat from its original position of refusal to even talk to the union representatives.

As this is written it is reported that John L. Lewis, leader of the progressive forces in the Committee for Industrial Organization, has requested the President to ask General Motors to negotiate the strike demands. Sloan and Knudsen, General Motors executives, whose salaries are listed as being among the ten highest for 1936, still refuse to negotiate. But the morale of the workers is high; the union is growing by leaps and bounds; organization is being consolidated. Looks as though General Motors will have to come through. (See Arthur Clifford's article on pages 4 and 5 for more details).

Labor Looks Ahead

Meanwhile the steel campaign conducted by the Steel Workers Organizing Committee of the C.I.O. is gaining momentum each day as February 15th, the end of the 90 day period for organizing steel, approaches. Men in steel are heartened by the strength and confidence being shown by the nation's auto workers.

Miners, a half million of them, organized in the United Mine Workers, prepare to enforce their demands for a 6 hour day, 5 day week and a minimum daily wage when their present agreement with the operators expires on April 1st.

Labor, having defeated reaction in the November elections is determined to

You Can Earn Money!

By selling "Champion" in your spare time you can actually earn about \$10 every week—even more, if you're a real go-getter. Our cash commissions on yearly subscriptions and monthly sales are much higher than those of most publications. And you'll find that the new "Champion" practically sells itself.

BRING "CHAMPION" AROUND TO CLUB MEETINGS
SHOW COPIES OF THIS ISSUE TO YOUR FRIENDS
CALL IT TO THE ATTENTION OF NEIGHBORS
MAKE STREET AND HOUSE-TO-HOUSE SALES

Write today to our business manager, Mr. Keith, for copies and details about this opportunity.

10,000 New Readers Wanted to Start Big "Sub" Drive

Special Offer

You can get a copy of Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here," which originally sold for \$3, and a year's subscription for only \$1.75.

A copy of "War Our Heritage," by James Wechsler and Joseph Lash, 50c sale price, and a six months' subscription for \$.80.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

2 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find \$...

... Please enter my subscription

for

One year \$1; Six months 50c (See special offer)

UNDERWOOD

AND OTHER

New and Rebuilt



TYPEWRITERS SOLD RENTED

Guaranteed
Lowest Prices
Quickest Service

Underwoods, Remingtons, Royal, L. C. Smiths and all other Makes Sold, Rented, Bought, Repaired, Exchanged, Rebuilt and Refinished—Like New—All Latest Improvements. Guaranteed for One Year the Same as New Machines.

Also Check Writers and Adding Machines. Authorized Agents for Remington, Royal, Corona and Underwood Portables. Mimeographs.

Established 1896

J. E. ALBRIGHT & CO.

New York Office:

832 Broadway ALgonquin 4-4328

Between 12th and 13th Sts.

796 FULTON STREET BROOKLYN

NEvins 3-2308 - 2821

America's Youth in the C.C.C. Camps

THE NEAR FUTURE

By AL POST

PRESIDENT Roosevelt in his budget message to Congress said: "The C.C.C. has demonstrated its usefulness and has met with general public approval. . . . It should be continued. . . . I strongly recommend that Congress enact . . . the necessary legislation to establish the Corps as a permanent agency of the government."

What does this mean? The President may want the camps permanent for any one of three reasons:

1. To carry on the conservation work they have been doing;
2. To act as a military reserve;
3. To cope with the problem of unemployed youth.

Conservation is fine, but it is work and for it we should demand full union wages. Otherwise the camps will become a permanent agency for undermining labor standards. (See Gorman's statement.)

Militarization of any kind in connection with the camps must be opposed by all thoughtful Americans.

The third point contains important implications not only for the camps but for all the present and future working population. Recent figures show that business activity is back to 90% of 1929. There has, however, been no comparable recovery in employment. Prosperity is here again for business, but its effects are felt only by a limited portion of the population. This prospect is not a pleasant one, especially for the several million young people in search of first jobs. And it is the permanency of youth unemployment which is implied when the President advocates a permanent C.C.C. In other words, even the President doesn't seem to expect "prosperity" to return for everybody!

True, we do not want the camps disbanded as long as there is no better machinery to care for unemployed youth. But there is better machinery — the *American Youth Act*. And we should attempt to remedy the situation which makes unemployment of youth possible. The shorter working day, the shorter working week, with no reduction in pay, elimination of speed-up, are partial solutions. These have been the constant demands of organized labor and strikes are being fought on these issues. It is imperative that American youth, both in and out of the C.C.C., realize that the only hope for a better deal is to join hands with organized labor. Only by organization can we put an end to this situation where America finds the wolf of unemployment waiting around the corner of recovery.

Mr. President, American youth wants recovery, for all and, until that time, we require special provisions more adequate than the C.C.C.—*We demand the American Youth Act.*

FEBRUARY, 1937

WHAT WE STAND FOR

This page, sponsored by the YOUTH PROTECTIVE COMMITTEE, will appear regularly each month. We stand for:

1. Take the camps out of army officers' control. No military training, drill or formations of any kind.
2. Increased food allotment and improved quality of meals.
3. Increase in base pay to \$45 a month. Trade union wages for all skilled men (chauffeurs, clerks, plumbers, electricians, etc.)
4. Right to organize. Recognition of all committees and organizations of men in all grievances.
5. No discrimination against Negroes.
6. Protection against accidents. Adequate compensation for injuries and disease. Life pensions to families in case of death.
7. No dismissals because of C.C.C. curtailment without providing jobs or relief.

C.C.C. boys in or outside of the camps, write to the Editor of AMERICA'S YOUTH, 2 East 23rd Street, N. Y. C., Room 508. Send stories, letters, experience accounts, photos, anything about the life in camp.

AN INDIGNANT ENROLLEE SPEAKS UP

by A PA. CAMP EDITOR

HAVING just finished reading *Champion*, I decided nothing would stop me from writing my appreciation of it. I find the magazine interesting from the front cover to the rear cover.

George Rutherford's short story revealed the true happenings of every C.C.C. camp in the nation.

What you stand for won me over completely. There are not many articles printed revealing the hardships of the C.C.C., only those that picture the C.C.C. as a paradise and a haven of rest. The national C.C.C. publication, *Happy Days*, has glorified the army in every manner and form. Each week it tells of the "rosy life" enjoyed by members of the C.C.C. I have always wanted to see a publication placed into the hands of the

young people that has the backbone to go behind the scenes and produce the bad conditions of C.C.C. life. I may get a discharge for writing you; if I do I'll not cry about it. The army officials demand too much respect and give so little. They



can talk to any enrollee in any manner they desire, but just let an enrollee talk even with a slight tone of defense and he is given a dishonorable discharge.

The majority of officers want to be worshipped as kings, some of them even go so far as to call their desk their "throne". Now, is that right? I could write many pages relating some of the things that really happen and never complete the true picture, but as soon as a fellow exposes his dislike for the Corps, they throw him out, they take your freedom of speech and try to keep you from thinking, but thanks to God, we can all think as we please.

Please send me full details of your paper and program and I assure you my cooperation to the limit. Also furnish me with information concerning your subscription plans.



We have a camp paper, of which I am Editor, but in name only. I can not write anything except censored articles. If I could, I would fight fire with fire. I would like to prove to the officers that despite our unfortunate station in life we are as good as they come.

hardly, but you ain't got no uniform on so's they can pack you off in a car an' shoot you in some country we ain't never heard of before. If the Captain don't give me no discharge I aim to go over the hill. I wasn't borned to be no soldier in no man's army."

Jim winks at me.

"Folks are doin' a heap of thinkin'," he says. "Now, if they would only get together we might keep these boys from a-gettin' shot to pieces in some war they got no business with."

"Education," I say.

"Education," says Jim. "But not while the Army has got it."

When I get back to No. 3 I find the same thing. The fellows are sitting or standing around in little groups with long faces. They all feel lost and helpless, and they don't know what to do about it. We're lost. We bunch around and go this way and that like a lot of sheep . . . and if we aren't careful we'll soon find ourselves in a war.

UNIONIZATION NECESSARY

By FRANCIS J. GORMAN

Vice-President, United Textile Workers of America

I wish first to commend the Youth Protective Committee, and the Editors of "Champion" for the splendid editorial appearing in the recent issue of your publication on the C.C.C. camps. I wish, secondly, to take up issues brought up in this editorial.

In my opinion there is nothing more vital to the future American trade unionism and American democracy than to organize the C.C.C. boys into bona fide unions. This becomes a necessity not only from an economic point of view, but also from a political standpoint. The statements from our own War Department on militarizing these camps are very alarming. They would, if militarized, become breeding grounds and reserve corps for fascism. We MUST not let our American youth be used as fascist reserves, as were the German and Italian youth. Attention must be called to what Mussolini did with the cream of Italian youth in his recent plunders in Ethiopia. He sent them there to die in a war over which they had no control, and in which they had no personal interest.

As for the casual suggestion of Major Mosley that they be required to spend one day for military training, and the next for vocational training, etc., it is outrageous!

General MacArthur also calmly suggests a "small stipend" of a "dollar a month!" Not even the textile workers are paid as low as this, and we have thought we were pretty far down in the economic scale.

In my opinion, it is an immediate necessity to organize these young boys. They must have full educational and vocational opportunities, and they must not be regimented for future wars.

I shall personally try to interest those in the trade union movement with whom I come in contact in helping to launch a real organizational drive in the C.C.C. camps.

Unorganized, the C.C.C. boys remain a threat both to trade union standards, and to the future peace and anti-fascist policy of the United States.

BETWEEN OURSELVES IN THE BUNK

by JOHN ROGERS

We sat on our bunks . . . waiting.

The Sergeant stuck his head in the door. It was Sunday night.

"If you ain't on sick-list or K.P. the Captain wants to see all of you the Rec . . . an' the first guy given me any lip has his name in the book."

Every Sunday they pull the same old gag about the Captain wanting to see everyone in the Rec, and every Sunday that means a weary lecture.

After the shower I go down to No. 6 to see Jim, the farmer guy. No. 6. is too quiet. I can tell when I go in that it wasn't only a lecture to-night. Something else was on the menu.

"War," Jim says. "The Captain says we have to get ready for war."

"I ain't gonna go," says one boy.

"Uncle Sam'll get yuh," says another. "If yuh don't come out he'll starve an' beat yore mammy and pappy until yuh gotta go."

"They allus get poor folks to do they fightin' for them. I'd like to see some of them rich fellows doin' the fightin' oncet," says another.

"Hell," says another. "You got as much chance of seein' that as yuh have of bein' Major."

"I'm a-goin' back to the mill," says another. "You don't make no money

DON'T MISS

The Basketball

Triple-Header

NEW YORK HIPPODROME

43rd Street and 6th Ave.

FOR SPAIN!

Friday, Feb. 19

7:00 P.M.

ALL - STAR

Ex-Collegians

vs.

All Star Pros

Local 22 vs. Local 91

I. L. G. W. U. (girls)

Amalgamated Clothing Workers

vs.

Furriers—I.W.O. All Stars

PROCEEDS TO
AID SPAIN

Auspices:

North American Committee
to Aid Spanish Democracy

Tickets on sale at:

Hippodrome Box Office

North American Committee to Aid
Spanish Democracy

35c, 55c, 75c, \$1.00

Buy Your Tickets in Advance!

FOOL'S ERRAND

(Continued from page 3)

customers if they had seen Lutkins. They decidedly had not.

"Well then," Bill concluded, "he's probably getting a scrape at Heinie Gray's. He's too darn lazy to shave himself."

At Gray's barber-shop we missed Lutkins by only five minutes. He had just left—presumably for the poolroom. At the poolroom it appeared that he had merely bought a "pack" of cigarettes and gone on. Thus we pursued him, just behind him, but never catching him, for an hour, till it was past one and I was hungry.

Village born as I was and in the city often lonely for good coarse country wit, I was so delighted by Bill's cynical opinions on the barbers and clergymen and doctors and draymen of New Mullion that I scarcely cared whether I found Lutkins or not.

I knew that my friend Bill was not free from guile. I knew that his hospitality to the Young Fellow from the city was not altogether a matter of brotherly love. I was paying for his time: in all I paid him for six hours (including the lunch hour) and for a lunch his old woman put up for me at what was then a terrific price. But he was no more dishonest than I who charged it up to the Firm and it would have been worth paying him myself to have his presence, to hear him comment sardonically on the boys who come home from college in "ice-cream pants," and on the young lawyer who, after years of torrential arguments with his wife, would put on either a linen collar or a necktie, but never both.

In that day I came to know New Mullion better than I did the city and to love it better.

After lunching we resumed our search for Oliver Lutkins.

Mighty with strategy we drove out to his ma's farm. We were met by an enormous and cheerful old woman. My guardian stood before her and snarled, "Remember me? I'm Bill Magnuson, the expressman. I want to find your son Oliver. Friend of mine here from the city is from the attorney general. We got legal right to search any and all premises for the person of Oliver Lutkins."

Bill made it sound terrific, and the Amazon seemed impressed. She retired into the kitchen and we followed. From the low old range, she snatched a red iron and she marched on us, clamoring, "You just search all you want to—providin' you don't mind gettin' burnt to a cinder." She bellowed, she swelled, she laughed at our nervous retreat.

"Let's get out of this. She'll murder us," Bill groaned and, outside: "Did you see her grin? She was making fun of us. Can you beat that for nerve?"

I agreed it was lèse majesté.

On the way to the city I worried very little over my failure to find Lutkins. I was too absorbed in the thought of Bill Magnuson.

But if I did not think much about Lutkins, the office did. I found them in a state, next morning; the suit was ready to come to trial; they had to have Lutkins; I was a disgrace and fool. That morning my eminent career almost came to an end. The Chief did everything but commit mayhem; he somewhat more than hinted that I would do well at ditch-digging. I was ordered back to New Mullion and with me they sent an ex-lumber-camp clerk who knew Lutkins. I was rather sorry because it would prevent my loafing again in the indolence of Bill Magnuson.

When the train drew in at New Mullion, Bill was on the station platform, near his dray. What was curious was that the old dragon, Lutkin's mother, was there talking to him, and they were not quarreling but laughing.

From the car steps I pointed Bill out to the lumber-camp clerk, and in young hero-worship, I murmured: "There's a fine fellow, a real man."

"Meet him here yesterday?" asked the clerk.

"I spent the day with him."

"He help you hunt for Oliver Lutkins?"

"Yes, he helped me a lot."

"He must have. He's Lutkins himself!"

But what really hurt was that when I served the summons Lutkins and his mother laughed at me as though I were a bright boy of seven, and with loving solicitude they begged me to go to a neighbor's house and take a cup of coffee.

"I told 'em about you, and they're dying to have a look at you," said Lutkins joyfully. "They're about the only folks in town that missed seeing you yesterday."

Condensation, The Nation

LISTEN, GRADUATE

(Continued from page 13)

will be initiated into more than you realize at the moment of your formal induction into the mystic brotherhood. In short you will be initiated into a system of organized snobbery built upon the credo that social acceptability, smooth clothes, smooth talk, money, and complete conformity to the group are the chief end of man. Every sort of coercion and persuasion, from paddles to talks by the fraternity's travelling secretary, will be used to cram this faith down your throat. Through the medium of your fraternity you may very possibly be introduced to an activity known as campus politics, where young people learn the latest approved deceptions in securing campus offices, and the most lucrative graft in their administration. It is excellent training for what President Eliot of Harvard once in moment of unconscious humor termed "the great after-life." In brief it is here that the educational process is polished off and finished. The work of stifling any individuality and imagination you may ever have had is completed. And you are ready to be turned out of the hopper, a standard product cut on a stereotyped pattern, stamped with the same trademark as thousands of other young men and women who have been going through similar processes at other similar institutions. You like the same things, you think the same thoughts, you wear the same clothes, you look for the same jobs. In short, having for four years been in contact with dead things you are now dead yourself.

Personally since the time that I went through this hopper, I have had the good fortune to live and study with some men a good deal wiser and a good deal more courageous than any I met in college. I hope that the thousands upon thousands who graduate these days will be as fortunate as I.

I DIED IN CHAIR

(Continued from page 15)

too. I can remember that last night, after the three of us were all dressed and ready for the chair, all of a sudden the warden came in and Scata yelled, "I got life." The warden told Teddy and me there was no word for us, but you know how it is, they told Scata the same thing the day before when they pardoned the first three but then they saved him anyway. So we weren't sure, it didn't seem we should die either.

But it got later and later and no word came. I'd said my last goodbye to my brothers at about nine in the evening and the minutes kept ticking off. Then, just before eleven they came for Teddy. He went out with the warden and Father McCaffrey, praying. The door shut and the lights seemed to darken . . .

They were back in a few minutes, the warden and Father McCaffrey, but not Teddy. It was my turn. We walked down that last stretch and everything flashed back quick, roasting mickeys with the fellows down on the flats, waiting by the wheel of the taxi for fares that never came, going away to the C.C.C. camp and coming back to the same old life. Everything was all mixed up and I was trying to think of what I was going to say. When we got into the death chamber, the light blazed in my eyes. Before I knew it they had me in the chair and all I could get out was "I am innocent," and then it was all over.

DINE AND WINE AT

JOHN'S Italian Restaurant

302 EAST 12th STREET

NEW YORK

(near 2nd Ave.)

Regular Lunch and Dinner

Also a la Carte

Popular Prices

SPECIAL DINNER, 65c to \$1.00

Private Dining Room for All Parties

Phone: TOMpkins Square 6-9554

GALA CONCERT

Celebrating 7th Anniversary

International Workers Order

of New York City

Sensational Program

MADAM THALIA SABANIEVA

Prima Donna Coloratura

Metropolitan Opera Co.

JUANITA HALL NEGRO CHOIR

formerly of Hall Johnson Choir

SERGEI RADAMSKY

Noted Tenor

"TROOPS ARE MARCHING"

Dramatization of Moïse Nadir's Poem

I.W.O. Symphony Orchestra

I.W.O. Mandolin Orchestra

SAT., FEB. 13, 8:30 sharp

HIPPODROME

43rd Street and Sixth Avenue

Tickets, 35 cents to \$1.65

On sale at all I.W.O. Branches and at
80 Fifth Avenue

FIGHTING LOCHINVAR

(Continued from page 14)

"Yes. The union has it's own golf course. Anything wrong with that?" The Blond was getting back to normal. "Hell, it's a great idea. Let's go."

When they arrived at the modest club house, they found that her father was in the locker-room and Lochinvar sent in a card which read:

"Am about to marry your daughter. Would like your permission."

In about five minutes flat, a tornado hit the club in the form of the rather stout Mr. Wilson. He came storming up to them and said to the Blonde, "What the devil is the meaning of this?"

"Well, father I . . ."

"See here, Mr. Wilson," Lochinvar said, grabbing the old man's hand and violently shaking it. "I want to marry your daughter. We love each other very much; I'm twenty-four years old; I have made two thousand dollars as a prize fighter; I'm an electrical engineer and I'll make a swell union man. Will you give me the honor of your daughter's hand?"

"Will I . . ." Mr. Wilson almost choked. "Why I don't know anything about you!" he finally shouted.

"Let's walk out to the first hole and discuss this," he added bluntly.

They walked in silence through the swishy and slightly wet grass to the first hole, and as they got there two men suddenly came running out of the nearby woods. The men looked like moving picture gangsters; burly, tight fitting coats, hands in pockets, sinister expressions, and all the rest. One of them raised a fist menacingly at Wilson.

Lochinvar smiled and thought that the old man sure worked fast. Probably arranged all this in the club-room. Putting him to the test right away. Well, this would be easy.

Wilson said: "I told you that I have no use for thugs. You can't shake me down. Get out of here!"

One of the thugs smiled, a cold dead smile, and pulled a big automatic out of his pocket. Although he had a very decided aversion to guns, Lochinvar almost burst out laughing. The hams were over-doing their act. But he supposed it was about time for him to do his own little hero act. He stepped in. His right caught the man with the gun, on the chin, and knocked him flat. As the other one reached for his gun, Lochinvar brought up his left and exploded it on the fellow's jaw.

People were running towards them, and one of them had all the ear-marks, and foot-marks, of a detective. "Anything wrong, Mr. Wilson?" the dick asked, as he came up.

"Anything wrong? You fat head! Fine bodyguard you are. As far as you were concerned, I was as forgotten as Whistler's father! Here arrest these two and I'll prefer charges against them."

"Wait a minute," Lochinvar said, feeling his throat get dry and his knees begin to shake. "You mean this was all on the level? These are real guns?"

"I'll say so!" said the dick. The Blonde came over and took Lochinvar's arm. "Are you ill, darling?" "Real guns . . . holy mackerel!" he said faintly. "Come, Blonde, I need a drink of water or something to steady me. I'm sort of a bust as a hero."

The Blonde laughed. "You're hero enough for me," she said as they started back for the club house.

LET ME LIVE

(Continued from page 6)

velope an account of deductions which the company made. These usually amounted to from ten to fifteen dollars. They were for baths (which I hardly ever got a chance to take), for school (I was only thirteen years old then and certainly had no children), for medical and hospital service, for insurance and for supplies. All supplies, such as carbide lamp, dynamite, fuses, picks, etc., had to be bought at the company store and nowhere else. Anyone who bought elsewhere was liable to immediate discharge from the company service.

One Saturday afternoon, upon being paid our two weeks' earnings, we saw that most of the money had been deducted for the fantastic purposes mentioned above. Leo and I were dazed.

But the company did not content itself merely with making deductions from our pay. Because the workers had no union they were systematically robbed. The company was like God the Father. It could do what it pleased and the worker who would have the temerity to protest would find himself booted out of the place. They robbed us with an undisguised brazenness over which I still marvel today. The check-weighman would have the motorman run the cars filled with our coal over the scales at full speed without stopping. In this way, on cars holding four thousand pounds of coal we never got more to our credit than 1700 to 1900 pounds.

One day at the weighing in ceremonies, when I saw the company rob us of the fruits of our labor which we earned by the sweat of our brows and the ache in our limbs, I lost control of my temper, which I was trying hard to restrain. Immediately there passed before my mind's eye a vision of mother and the children crying for bread. My fighting spirit was aroused. I ran up to the foreman and found myself shouting into his face:

"You have no right to do that! I have 4000 pounds of coal in those cars and you are only giving me credit for 1700. This is a gyp and I don't mind telling it to you."

Livid with rage, the white foreman seized me by the throat and began shaking me. I was delicate and thin and almost a child. But what hurt more than the shaking I got were the words he said.

"You dirty little nigger, shut your trap and don't let me hear a sound from you again. You take what you get and be grateful for it. If you don't like it, get the hell out of here and see if you are treated better elsewhere."

By June, 1932, the relief situation in Atlanta had reached the low water mark. The relief officials with farcial intent were giving the unemployed a free ca-

rousel ride. White unemployed recipients of relief were given less than sixty cents a week for each individual in the family. It goes without saying that Negroes got the leavings and there was mighty little of that.

In explanation of a decision to drop twenty thousand from the relief roles, the city and county authorities declared that their treasuries were empty. Then adding insult to injury, they made a pious grimace. What unemployment? The New Deal had done away with it already. However, to show that the myth of the democratic right to petition had been sustained, the Fulton County Commissioners made a grand gesture. They invited all those who were in actual need of relief to present their grievances in person.

We ordered printed ten thousand leaflets calling for a demonstration at the courthouse. To my amazement and joy when nine o'clock arrived, which was just one hour before the meeting was scheduled to open, workers both black and white and small tradesmen began pouring into the square. At ten o'clock about one thousand workers of whom more than half were white, formed ranks and marching shoulder to shoulder, oblivious of color difference, filed into the court house building.

Our efforts succeeded beyond our wildest hopes. The following day the relief authorities announced they had appropriated \$6,000 for additional relief. Furthermore the order about dropping the twenty-three thousand families from the relief rolls was rescinded.

One day after the court-house demonstration I entered the post-office, tranquil with the evening's peace and gentleness. I felt myself grabbed from behind by two powerful hands. When I wheeled around I looked into the sneering face of a police officer.

"Solicitor Boykins wants to see you, sonny boy, about those threatening and scurrilous letters that you have been passing around."

I surmised he had meant the leaflets which we issued for the demonstration.

For three months I rotted in the degenerate atmosphere of the jail. Guilty or innocent, they were determined to keep me there until they would be able to go through some farce of a trial. A farce it had to be because they did not have one iota of evidence against me. It was harder for me to obtain competent counsel on account of prejudice against me as a Negro and a Red than for me to become President of the United States. The vileness of our life seemed to pour into my veins and robbed me of all peace. I had little appetite left for living in such a world. What sustained me and still sustains me is the moral duty of acting in the light of my convictions.

SEX

(Continued from page 7)

movies, by fifty-seven varieties of sexy magazines, by making sex-appeal the chief basis of any sales-appeal.

At the same time, however, our laws, our customs and our morals prohibit any sexual expression outside of marriage, and marriage itself must be postponed to a comparatively late age because of economic and industrial conditions. Thus we attempt to adopt a moral code which may have served well in biblical, or pastoral and agricultural times, to a social order which has since become mechanized, industrialized, urbanized and commercialized. The result is a rather chaotic state of affairs, and young people, especially, have to continually pass through the gamut of artificial stimulation and artificial repression—an effort which is hardly conducive to physical or mental health.

Under such circumstances it is obvious that sex education is confronted with insuperable difficulties. For a saner sex life we need, perhaps above all, a reinterpretation of our social order and a reappraisal of our morals and standards. That these are already in a state of transition I need hardly mention.

There is one other point, however, which I should like to mention. Many of our present day sexual difficulties could largely be avoided by the inculcation of a more positive social attitude. It is important for young people to have a social outlook, to participate in the movements of the day, to feel a part of a larger unit. It is not good for one to be too much preoccupied with one's own feelings and sensations and fancies, to emphasize too much one's particular problems and troubles. When one realizes that there are important tasks to be done, when one participates actively in the social life of the day, many of the disturbing problems of sex life resolve themselves normally and naturally.

NEW THEATRE LEAGUE
NEW THEATRE SCHOOL

Register Now—Day and Evening Classes
MUSICAL THEATRE STUDIO
Prod. Technique in Musical Forms
PLAY PRODUCTION STUDIOS
Acting, Body Work, Voice, etc.
117 W. 46th ST.
Directing, Playwriting,
Catalog on Request.

For that NEXT
Entertainment . . .

Singers - Theatre Groups - Puppets -
Monologists - Dancers - Vaudevillians -
Orchestras - All in the Holiday Spirit
REASONABLE GAY ENTERTAINING
Call ARTISTS' SERVICE BUREAU
BRyant 9-3781 or stop at 117 West
46th St. - New Theatre League

Artef Theatre
247 WEST 48th STREET, N. Y. CITY
Phone: CHickering 4-7157

Presents
"CHAINS"
A Stirring Drama in 3 Acts
by H. LEIVICK

Nightly (except
Mon.) Mats. Sat.
and Sunday.

Prices: 50c, 75c,
\$1.00, \$1.50

In dance terminology The Champion of Youth
is certainly a "fast stepper."

Social Dance Group

94 FIFTH AVENUE
Bet. 14th and 15th Sts.
A School for Ballroom Dancing
Learn to Dance
WALTZ, FOX-TROT, TANGO, ETC.
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Beginners Our Specialty. Fees to suit your needs and
pockets. For further information write or call BR. 5-9264

A Gala Affair

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

Presents

Three Short Films

"DEFENSE OF MADRID"

"MILLIONS OF US"

"IDOL OF MILLIONS—

JACK DEMPSEY"

and

A DANCE

Music by a Well-Known

Orchestra

EARLY IN MARCH

(Watch for Date!)

The

AMERICAN PEOPLES

CENTER

303 West 59th Street, New York City

Subscription 50 cents

Your Money's
Worth

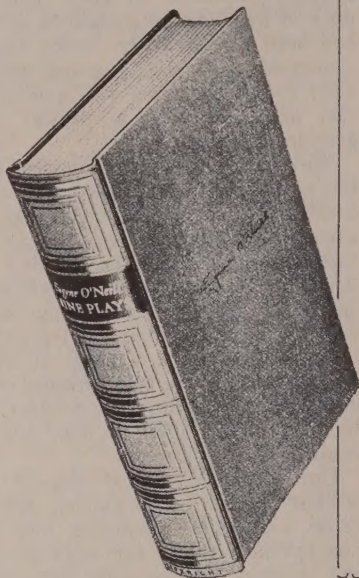
A **FREE** COPY FOR YOUR LIBRARY

of a volume containing *nine complete plays* by the winner of the

NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

NINE PLAYS BY EUGENE O'NEILL

RETAIL PRICE FIVE DOLLARS



CONTENTS

*Selected by the author,
with an Introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch*

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

STRANGE INTERLUDE

EMPEROR JONES

MARCO MILLIONS

THE GREAT GOD BROWN

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN

GOT WINGS

LAZARUS LAUGHED

THE HAIRY APE

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS



EUGENE O'NEILL's plays in recent years have marked him as the most significant figure in the contemporary American drama. The recent award to him of the Nobel Prize for Literature puts a foreign stamp of approval upon our own native appraisal. This volume of representative plays, selected by Mr. O'Neill, was a past "book-dividend" distributed, free, among Book-of-the-Month Club members. Why a free copy of this volume is now offered to you, is explained below.

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

HERE is no reader of this magazine who will not find it in many ways to his advantage to subscribe to the Book-of-the-Month Club, and we make this offer to demonstrate that such is the case. What we propose is this: mail the coupon below, and a copy of *NINE PLAYS* will immediately be put aside in your name, and held until we hear whether or not you care to join. In the meantime, a booklet will at once be sent to you outlining how the Club operates.

No Compulsion to Buy Any Book—Study this booklet at your leisure. You may be surprised, for instance, to learn that belonging to the Club does not mean you have to pay any fixed sum each year. Nor does it mean that you are obliged to take one book every month, twelve a year (you may take as few as four). Nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month selected by the judges. You have complete freedom of choice at all times. More than 125,000 families—composed of discerning but busy readers like yourself—now obtain most of their new books through the Book-of-the-Month Club. What are the advantages that induce them to do so?

Books You May Have Missed—The principal one is that you really obtain and read the new books you promise yourself to read. Over the past few years there have undoubtedly been dozens of new books which you were very anxious to read at the time, but which you would confess sadly you simply never "got around to." *This would never happen if you belonged to the Book-of-the-Month Club.* The Club's unique system effectually insures you against missing the particular books you wish to read.

One Book Free for Every Two Bought—There are also very marked material advantages in belonging to the Club. Records over the past few years show that for every two books its members pur-

chased, on the average they received one book free. Book-dividends alone (which represent a form of profit sharing) amounted to more than \$1,250,000 worth last year.

Here is a remarkable fact: of the tens of thousands of families which use this service, *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman.* Every one of them joined upon the recommendation of friends who were already members, or after simply reading—as we ask you to do—the bare facts about the many ways (too many to outline fully in this space) by which membership in the Club benefits you as a book-reader and book-buyer.

If you are interested, simply mail the coupon, and a free copy of the *NINE PLAYS* will be reserved in your name, pending your reading of the booklet we shall send you.

A852

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.
385 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PLEASE send me without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service. It is understood that if I decide to join the club, I will receive a free copy of *NINE PLAYS*, by Eugene O'Neill.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Business Connection, if any.....

Official Position or Occupation.....

If eighteen years or under check here, and address envelope Dept. B. ☐

Books shipped to Canadian members through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Ltd.

For a fresh, lively and authoritative story of the student movement for peace in America, for a penetrating insight into the present crisis and a program of action that leads thousands in a common front against war, read

WAR OUR HERITAGE

by JOSEPH P. LASH and JAMES A. WECHSLER

Introduction by Bruce Bliven; Illustrations by Redfield

Read "WAR OUR HERITAGE" to find out where you stand—before it's too late.

Cloth bound copies, \$1.00. Special paper-bound edition, \$.50

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY