

APRIL-MAY, 1937

Champion

OF YOUTH

PEACE
AND
LABOR
ISSUE

I.W.O.
EDITION

Pages
25, 26, 29

CITIZENS OR SOLDIERS?
BLACK LEGIONISM IN THE C. C. C.

Letters

Your last issue was the best yet.
F. H., Washington, D. C.

The February issue was tops. Keep up the articles on sex. Would also like to see more articles by Arthur Clifford, Nat Holman, and Joan Hatton.
Albert Kabler, Inglewood, Calif.

The symposium on crime contained valuable information which I have used in a lecture at Plymouth, Mass.
Frank W. Barber, Director
American Youth Council
Springfield, Mass.

I think that your publication is by far the most pertinent periodical that I have had the privilege of reading. I hope that even more of the youth of America will be able to read your publication.
Bille Dotson, Richwood, W. Va.

I found the last three issues quite sprightly.
Paul Kellogg, Editor
Survey Graphic

It is so encouraging to have a progressive mag that arouses interest in the South. The articles by and about Negroes are handled well.
Bill Greenleaf,
Jacksonville, Fla.

We've had a couple of stories now from boys telling about their experiences. How about the girls? I'd like to hear something from them.
Ed Warner, Cleveland

Angelo Herndon's story was very interesting. I'd like to know more about his case before the Supreme Court this month. Personally, I think that is the most important part of his story. Many of us are very vague about the details of his case.
Stephen Foster, New Haven, Conn.

I didn't like the article by Dave Richards on the sports promoters. From the way it was written it gave the impression that promoters give the colleges quite a lot of publicity as well as an opportunity to play other college teams, and so after all, are entitled to a profit. It didn't point up how the college athlete really gets gypped. I'd like to see more on the same subject.
Joe Langer, Boston

In my tour I have been giving a great deal of attention to *Champion*. Why? Because I have been overwhelmed with the last two issues and I have become one of your most enthusiastic boosters; because the need for literature in the South is so very urgent and at the moment *Champion* is the only publication that can adequately meet this need.
Delegates attending the Southern Negro Youth Conference were exceedingly enthusiastic about the magazine.
Edward Strong, Secretary
Southern Negro Youth Congress
Richmond, Va.

Champion OF YOUTH

Vol. II APRIL-MAY, 1937 No. 10

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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 program 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

SENATOR ROBERT LA FOLLETTE, one of the youngest members of the United States Senate, is the chairman of that body's Committee on Civil Liberties. He has evinced great interest in the American Youth Act.

TOM DEAN has probably written more fiction for *Champion* than any other writer.

J. B. S. HARDMAN is editor of *Steel Labor*, organ of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, and of *Advance*, organ of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. He has figured prominently in the work of the C.I.O.

CATHRYN RAY is a recent graduate of the Minnesota Agricultural College and a member of the Farmers Union.

ARTHUR CLIFFORD has just joined *Champion's* editorial board. A resident of Detroit, he will report on youth activity out his way. He contributed "Sit Down, Brother" to the February issue.

LAWRENCE FINE is a student at Minnesota Agricultural College, and a leader of the Farmers Union local there. He is the son of State Senator C. W. Fine, popular officer of the Farmers Union movement.

KATHARINE BARBOUR is a member of the staff of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations.

JAMES LERNER recently joined *Champion's* editorial board. As youth secretary of the American League Against War and Fascism, he has been prominent in the American peace movement within recent years. He is the author of several pamphlets and a score of articles on youth and peace.

JOSEPH CADDEN, executive secretary of American Youth Congress, is the human dynamo that supplies the energy behind the Peace Ballot of the World Youth Congress.

JAMES C. CLARK is the educational director of the Y.C.L.

EUGENE COTTON is a recent graduate of the Columbia University Law School.

JOSEPH P. LASH, executive secretary of the American Student Union, is in the forefront of the student fight for peace. He is co-author of *War Our Heritage*.

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

THE party goes on, skirting the edge of the barrage, weaving down into shell craters old and new, crawling out again. Two men half drag, half carry between them a third, while two others carry the three rifles. The third man's head is bound in a bloody rag; he stumbles his aimless legs along, head lolling, sweat channeling slowly down his mud-crust face.

The barrage stretches on and on across the plain, distant, impenetrable. Occasionally a small wind comes up from nowhere and thins the dun smoke momentarily upon clumps of bitten poplars. The party enters and crosses a field which a month ago was sown to wheat and where yet wheat spears thrust and cling stubbornly in the churned soil, among scraps of metal and seething hunks of cloth.

It crosses the field and comes to a canal bordered with tree stumps sheer roughly at a symmetrical five foot level. The men flop and drink of the contaminated water and fill their water bottles. The two bearers let the wounded man slip to earth; he hangs lax on canal bank with both arms in the water and his head too, had not the others held him up. One of them raises water in his helmet, but the wounded man cannot swallow. So they set him up right and the other holds the helmet brim to his lips and refills the helmet and pours water on the wounded man's head, sopping the bandage. Then he takes a filthy rag from his pocket and dries the wounded man's face with clumsy gentleness.

The captain, the subaltern and the sergeant, still standing, are poring over a soiled map. Beyond the canal the ground rises gradually; the canal cutting reveals the chalk formation of the land in pallid strata. The captain puts the map away with care. The two bearers raise the wounded man and they follow the canal bank, coming after a while to a bridge formed by a water logged barge hull lashed bow and stern to either bank, and so pass over. Here they halt again while once more the captain and the subaltern consult the map.

Gunfire comes across the pale spring noon like a prolonged clashing of hail on an endless metal roof. As they go on the chalky soil rises gradually underfoot. The ground is dryly rough, shaling, and the going is harder still for the two who carry the wounded man. But when they would stop the wounded man struggles and wrenches free and staggers on alone, his hands at his head, and stumbles, falling. The bearers catch and raise him and hold him muttering between them and wrenching his arms. He is muttering "... bonnet ... bonnet" and he frees his hands and tugs again at his bandage. The commotion passes forward. The captain looks back and stops; the party halts also, unbidden, and lowers rifles.

"A's pickin' at's bandage, sir-r," one of the bearers tells the captain. They

let the man sit down between them; the captain kneels beside him.

"... bonnet ... bonnet," the man mutters. The captain loosens the bandage. The sergeant extends a water bottle and the captain wets the bandage and lays his hand on the man's brow. The others stand about, looking on with a kind of sober detached interest. The captain rises. The bearers raise the wounded man again. The sergeant speaks them into motion.

They gain the crest of the ridge. Southward the barrage still rages; westward and northward about the shining empty plain smoke rises lazily here and there above clumps of trees. But this is the smoke of burning things, burning wood and not powder, and the two officers gaze from beneath their hands, the men halting again without order and lowering arms.

"Gad, sir," the subaltern says suddenly in a high, thin voice; "it's houses burning! They're retreating!"

"Tis possible," the captain says, gazing beneath his hand. "We can get around that barrage now. Should be road just yonder." He strides on again.

The ridge is covered with a tough, gorselike grass. Insects buzz in it, zip from beneath their feet and fall to slatting again beneath the shimmering noon. The wounded man is babbling again. At intervals they pause and give him water and wet the bandage again, then two others exchange with the bearers and they hurry the man on and close up again.

The head of the line stops; the men jolt prodding into one another like a train of freight cars stopping. At the captain's feet lies a broad, shallow depression in which grows a sparse, dead-looking grass, like clumps of bayonets thrust up out of the earth. It is too big to have been made by a small shell, and too shallow to have been made by a big one. It bears no traces of having been made by anything at all, and they look down quietly into it. "Queer," the subaltern says. "What do you fancy could have made it?" They circle the depression, looking down into it quietly as they pass it. But they have no more than passed it when they come upon another one, perhaps not quite so large. "I didn't know they had anything that could make that," the subaltern says. Again the captain does not answer. They circle this one also and keep on along the crest of the ridge.

A shallow ravine gashes abruptly across their path. The captain changes direction again, paralleling the ravine, until shortly afterward the ravine turns at right angles and goes on in the direction of their march. The foot of the ravine is in shadow; the captain leads the way down the shelving wall, into the shade. They lower the wounded man carefully and go on.

After a time the ravine opens. They find that they have debouched into another of those shallow depressions. This one is not so clearly defined

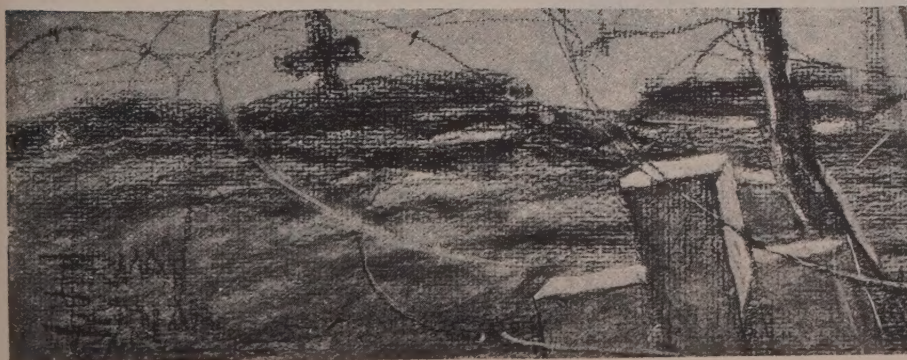
(Continued on page 27)

A SHORT STORY

CREVASSE

By WILLIAM FAULKNER

Illustrated by Herman B. Temple



MAY DAY, 1937

By J. B. S. HARDMAN

IT'S a drum-beating, flag-flying May Day this year.

Climb up here on the reviewing stand with the rest of America, and watch labor's parade march by.

Here come the old veterans of unionism—the miners, with raises in their pockets; half a million clothing and garment workers; printers and textile workers and building workers—the old and tried and stalwart, with old battles behind their smiles. It's good to see them smiling.

But here come new regiments swinging around the corner, new faces, new banners, whole new armies. A roar goes up from the stand. It's the auto workers! Three hundred thousand of them! It's the steel workers! Shout out your lungs for them! It's the radio workers, rubber workers, shipyard workers, line upon line of them. And they keep coming—newspaper writers, oil field workers, grocery clerks with pencils behind their ears, shoe makers, candy cooks, hospital nurses in gleaming white—thousands upon thousands, swinging into the march of unionism.

Yes—it's a flag-flying, bugle-blowing, heart-lifting May Day this year.

Of course, we miss some old familiar faces. Where's that official car, where are those gleaming top-hats, where are Mr. Green, Mr. Woll, Mr. Hutcheson, Mr. Frey, Mr. Tobin?

Good heavens—could that gang of small boys in the gutter, thumbing their noses and screaming nasty words—could they be labor's erstwhile leaders?

But never mind. The parade has passed them by.

And by the way, everybody seems to be proudly carrying banners proclaiming "C.I.O." Guess the letters stand for "Come In and Organize." It certainly seems that everyone is doing it.

This May Day is different from last May Day, and from the May Day before that, and the measure of the difference is "C.I.O."

Not two years ago the C.I.O. was born. A little more than a year ago it met its first test in action. Two months ago it made its first world-shattering conquest. Today it is the labor movement.

During '36 the C.I.O. turned the twin titans of American industry. The auto industry—stream-lined production, public relations experts, smiles for the public, hell for the workers, open shop

in the modern manner; and steel—die-hard conservative, fifty years non-union, bloodily, ruthlessly open shop with feudal overtones. Auto and steel, twin pillars of anti-union industrialism.

In the auto industry, rival unions poured into the great river of the C.I.O.; old fears were drowned in new courage; men joined and joined and joined. The steel industry rorked to the drive of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, and steel workers joined and joined and joined.

Just yesterday, organized auto workers paralyzed the vast General Motors Corporation with their own version of "We Shall Not Be Moved"—got a union agreement. Today Chrysler is busy deciding he wants to make cars, after all. And the auto workers are three hundred thousand strong.

In the thick of it, the United States Steel Corporation, Bourbon of the industry, found that the writing on the wall was a union contract, signed agreements for all its subsidiaries, embracing

38 per cent of the industry. The same day General Electric with its 60,000 employees called in the radio workers, gave national recognition. And G.E.'s great rival, Westinghouse, is tossing futile increases in the path of the prairie fire.

The same patterns of success are being cut by the Textile Workers Organizing Committee, by the Petroleum Workers Organizing Committee, by the drives in the shoe industry, the cement industry, the metal mines.

Gains in unionism—we can't list them here. Ask anyone in Detroit, and you'll hear that barbers, cooks, insurance salesmen, dime store girls, are "going C.I.O." Ask anyone in New York, in New England, out West, and you'll hear the same. Ask any of the C.I.O. unions, and you'll find that they've taken in thousands of new members in the wake of the all-consuming national drive. Labor is jamming the C.I.O. bandwagon.

The C.I.O. drive has meant good hard cash in the pockets of labor's trousers.

Members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America—135,000 of them—have an extra \$30,000,000 to spend this year, partly due to the new "labor climate" that followed the dawning of the C.I.O. Steel workers got a 10 per cent raise not to join the union, and a 10 cents an hour raise, and a \$5 a day minimum, for having joined. Auto workers got theirs, radio workers got theirs, flat glass workers, miners, thousands are jingling coins again.

All in all, one billion dollars in increased wages per year has been forked out to labor by industry—as a result of the C.I.O. organizing campaigns. And for the first time in our history, wages have gone up faster than prices as we swung out of the economic cycle.

There is nothing magic about the success of the C.I.O. It runs according

to the best experience of labor over many years. In the first place, it is centralized. Money, men, skill, experience, prestige, are dumped into one pot and ladled out as needed. Second, it has tremendous energy that makes one dollar do the work of two, and one man do the work of four.

But the C.I.O. is far more than a huge organizing machine—it is a labor movement. The labor unionists, leaders and rank and file, who are in the C.I.O., follow certain precepts, old saws that still bite into the problems of today. "An injury to one is an injury to all." "A nation cannot live half-slave, half-free." "A chain is as strong as its weakest link." "United we stand, divided we fall." And they're all true.



Those vast financial resources of the C.I.O.—they're the dimes and nickels and quarters and dollars of men and women in factories and mines; they come out of \$15 and \$20 and \$30 pay checks.

The vast manpower, the energy—it's tired union members canvassing after the day's work is done, it's leaflet writing during supper time, it's conferring in 15-hour sessions, it's speaking over a bad sore throat. It's hundreds of thousands of workers like you and me, pitching in and doing their tremendous share.

The thought that moves them is more than more dollars for workers, more purchasing power for prosperity, more safety for their own unions in a powerful union movement. They want all American labor organized so that it can speak, so that it can think and move and act, so that its power will be thrown against the power of the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the duPonts, the Hearsts, the Liberty Leaguers, who have never been challenged in America. More power for labor—that is the C.I.O. cry.

And it's coming. We can see it, we can feel it, labor's enemies tremble before it.

That's why it's a grand and glorious May Day, this year.



The pictures on these two pages show scenes at recent sit-down strikes in which girls participated

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

SIT DOWN, SISTER

By ARTHUR CLIFFORD

LIKE a contagion, not of disease but of power and strength, it has raced through the industrial centers of the nation. Rubber workers have caught "it", auto workers have caught "it", steel workers have caught "it." Old men, young men, messenger boys, shoe clerks, truck drivers, printers, pin boys in bowling alleys—they've all got the fever. Now the women are down with "it."

Down is right! Sitting down!

Dime store girls, cigar makers, department store sales girls, waitresses, soda jerkers all are making good use of this new technique that helps wages keep pace with rising prices and profits. From coast to coast young women workers are responding enthusiastically to the invitation to, "Sit down, Sister!"

Not that young women are utter strangers to the sit-down. They were taking part in them back when newspapers were printing sit-down in quotation marks. They figured in the early Bendix strike. They participated in the Kelsey Hayes sit-down last December that won the highest minimum wages for women in the auto industry. And in Flint, when the Fisher and Chevrolet plants were occupied, they organized their famous Emergency Brigade, whose militancy and readiness for action discouraged more than one General Motors vigilante.

Now they have adopted the method as their own. They like it. They like the way it effectively keeps out scabs. The best thing they like about it is the way it gets results. How popular the sit-down strike is with them may be deduced from the fact that although Detroit at present is the center of the movement, yet news of young women sitting down emanates from every corner of the world. In far away Osaka, Japan, for instance, Geisha girls sat down for eight days and won their demands, including recognition of their union.

Detroit's second largest department store was closed by a sit-down strike of salesgirls and culinary workers. The Detroit branch of the Lerner chain of women's apparel shops suffered the same fate. Two downtown Woolworth stores

were closed and opened—after the girls had won substantial wage increases. Women furriers in a local sweatshop sat down and won a 100 per cent recognition of their union and a 100 per cent wage increase.

Every first class hotel in town was reluctantly compelled to request its guests to go elsewhere, and carry their own baggage. Lily Pons walked down twelve flights of stairs at the Statler, when in the lobby 300 waitresses, bus girls, and chambermaids sang, "Solidarity Forever."

At Hotel Webster Hall something even more tragic occurred. The strike of elevator girls, waitresses and bell hops

(Continued on page 28)



MARGIE'S STORY

By MARGARET REGAN

You'd like to meet Margaret Regan. If there ever was a typical American girl, she's it. Some of her co-workers in the store are dark-haired and others light, but Margaret's curly hair is an attractive medium brown. There are chubby girls and thin ones, but Margaret—you've guessed it—she's just medium. Sparkling blue eyes, dimples when she smiles (and she smiles often), she'd grace the cover of any American girls' magazine. But Margaret—or Margie as her friends call her—is too busy; she's one of the girls in a five and dime chain who, under the leadership of the Department Store Employees Union, Local 1250, A. F. of L., have been making history.—Editor's note.

I'M SITTING DOWN! And I like it! You can't appreciate how good a sit-down can be unless you've stood up behind a counter eight hours a day, six days a week. It's a relief just to get off your feet. Then, for once in your life, you don't have to worry about the alarm clock or getting docked or fired for coming to work a few minutes late. When it rains you can stay in the store anyway, knowing that there's no chance of your being sent home for the afternoon, losing a half-day's pay because business is slow.

These are some of the advantages we think of this afternoon, the eleventh day of our sit-down strike. Besides, we manage to have a pretty cheerful time staying in the store with all the other girls and fellows who've been working here together for years and years. We've set up our own kitchen in the back with the union sending in three square meals a day. Of course, there are packages of food in the restaurant counter of the store but none of us would touch that. We've been particularly careful not to touch anything in the store, and before we leave when we win this strike we're going to clean up, taking our cots and bedding out with us, so that the store will be even cleaner than when we started the strike. We pass the time singing union songs like "Solidarity Forever" or "We Shall Not Be Moved," or we play

cards, or wait for the latest report from our negotiation committee.

After all, that's the most important thing, you know, because we're not sitting down to have a good time. We're trying to protect our jobs—to make sure there's something in our pay envelopes at the end of the week. When I think about that pay envelope I get mad. Of course, it was worse when I was working part time for five years. I'd be called for a few days or a few weeks and then be laid off, on and off, on and off, until I'd never be sure whether I had a job or not. And most times I'd be laid off, after rushing for weeks, just after a holiday like Christmas or Easter, when the papers were advertising all the nice things I couldn't afford to buy.

Last year I worked steady, full eight hours every day including Saturday, and Thursday night until the store closed at nine. Figuring twenty-eight or thirty cents an hour, which is what we were paid, and not counting off the time you lose on rainy afternoons or holidays without pay, we were lucky to average about thirteen dollars a week. That was before they started deducting: a dollar and forty-four cents for lunches, twenty-five cents for laundry on the uniform they make us wear, breakage, and so on. If we had ten or eleven dollars clear, it was something to sing about.

MAY DAY TRADITIONS

By WILIFRED FOSTER

To increasing numbers of young Americans, May 1st isn't merely an occasion for frolicking on the green or for celebrating "Child Health Day."

In a vastly deeper sense, the yearly commemoration of May Day means much more for American youth. For May 1st is rich in great traditions and promise for the forward march of young workers.

Originally sprung from native soil out of a union of the organized forces of industrial workers, the initial celebration was launched in 1886. The then powerful Knights of Labor, the up and coming American Federation of Labor and the Socialists utilized this day to strike on a nationwide scale for the shortening of the workday to eight hours.

May Day 1937, is significant too, because it revives the necessity of independent participation of labor in politics.

After a severe lapse of half a century the urgency of political action to reinforce activity on the economic sector, recognized at the dawn of the modern labor movement, is about to take vigorous and material form. The rapidity with which the Committee for Industrial Organization follows up its sensational triumphs in basic industry, and makes ready to enter the field of political articulation, as John L. Lewis puts it, is the most important and encouraging sign in sight.

May Day 1937 must spur progress toward security, peace, and progress.

BATTER-UP!

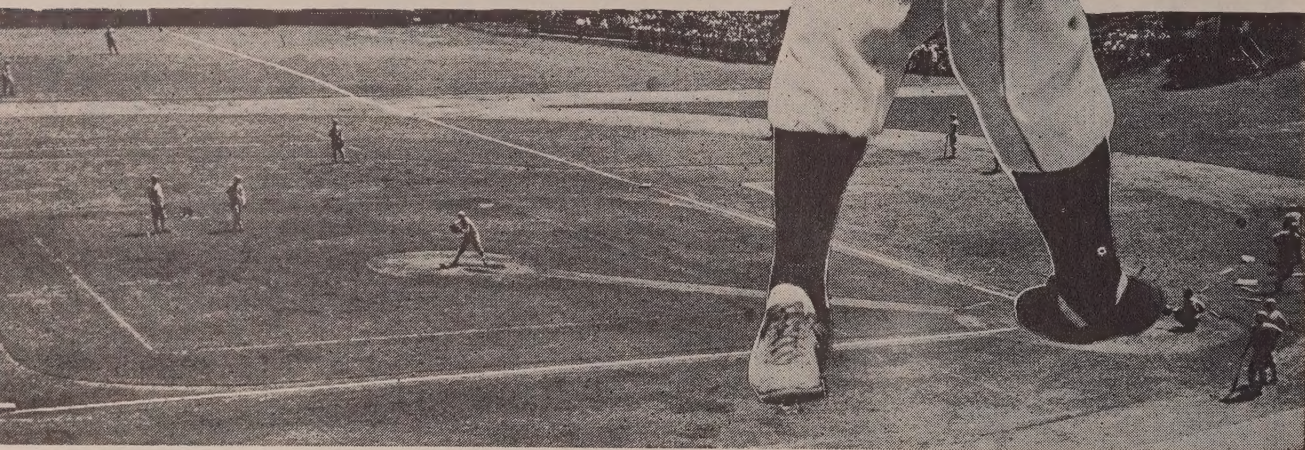
Baseball Season's Open Not Only for Those Professionals but Also for Labor—Unions Are Now Taking to the Game

By HAL HOBART

A wind-up . . . Crack! the ball raced out to short centerfield and 30,000 people roared. Another windup . . . Crack! another hit and another road went up. The San Pedro waterfront workers were leading 3-1 and they had a man on third and another on first. Big Tim Selley was coming up to bat. Another run and the ball game would be sewed up. But Lefty Robbins was good in a pinch. He retired Selley.

The San Francisco maritime workers had their inning. Kelley hit a beautiful shot to right field for a triple. Maxwell advanced him with a sacrifice. Kearns almost broke the bleacher fence with a terrific double and Smitty sent him home on an infield out when the San Pedro second baseman fumbled and was too late to catch Kearns sliding home.

The score was tied 3-3. The roar went up and up. Then became still. The players tightened up. Hammers wound up. . . .



"Chuck" Klein, who will try to poke them over distant fences for the Phillies again.

Remember that's not a major ball game we're talking about. That's about the labor game played between the San Pedro Maritime workers and the San Francisco union nine. That was a labor game played by workers. It was something new and vital in American sports. It was Labor Sports.

A few weeks ago a basketball game was played at the St. Nicholas Arena in New York City. Two thousand court enthusiasts jammed every available seat while the Teachers Union and the Furriers Union went through forty minutes of sizzling action on the floor.

The ball sizzled around the court like shot from so many rifles. The Teachers, a smooth, clever, coordinated outfit had speed, tricks and clean shooting. The Furriers were aggressive, determined and uncanny shots. For forty minutes the Arena was a bedlam of noise, excitement and sheer heart-pounding thrills. The game see-sawed. The players cut and passed and shot.

It doesn't make any difference who won. Two labor quintets were playing a basketball game the like of which hasn't been seen around these basketball-minded parts in many a moon. The

two thousand fans were convinced that Labor Sports could be as good as the kind of sports they had been subjected to for so many years—sports for business reasons, sports which did not give the man in the street, the average man or woman the chance to participate.

This was Labor Sports!

Ever since 1924 when the first Labor Sports Union was founded the need for such a movement has been recognized by many labor organizations. Despite every conceivable type of obstacle and difficulty the Labor Sports Union has managed to lay the basis for the great movement today spreading throughout the country.

Workers love to play. Workers like athletic competition and participation. But labor generally has been lax to recognize the social significance of workers sports. And so it was left to the corporations and the industrial magnates to take advantage of this desire among the workers and use it for their own selfish interests.

In Pennsylvania, in a typical town, a steel company organized an athletic program. Its workers flocked to join. A basketball team was formed. The

players were given every advantage: time to practice, free expenses, gratuities in the form of less work, bonuses, more credit in the company stores—all sorts of things which would tend to keep the workers from thinking of improving their lot through their union. But worse than that. As the players began to travel, as they got more publicity and gratuities from the company, they dropped from the usual haunts of their fellow-workers. They became a separate entity—the company's privileged "pets."

It has happened in steel, in coal, in every basic industry, in the small and in the large shops. The worker's love for sports has been used by big business to subtly divide the workers—one group against the other.

But the challenge has been taken up. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union has organized a wide and intensive athletic program. The International Workers Order has started national tournaments in basketball, baseball, track and other sports.

The climax came with the election of Judge Jeremiah T. Mahoney as President of the Amateur Athletic Association. The disgraceful leadership and Nazi-

100% SUPPORT

Judge Jeremiah T. Mahoney, president of the Amateur Athletic Union, when asked to comment on the new trend in labor sports, said:

"The new interest shown in sports by labor is one of the most significant and welcome signs of our times. I have always felt that the working man ought to have more attention shown in athletics. The A.A.U. intends to open many district offices throughout the country so that unions and labor groups desirous of joining the A.A.U. will find it easier to contact us than heretofore. The Labor Sports Carnival this July at Randall's Stadium in New York under the auspices of the A.A.U. will be the biggest thing of its kind ever held. We're behind the labor sports movement 100 per cent."

knee-bending of Avery Brundage and his Nazified clique within the A.A.U. was swept clean out of office. Judge Mahoney invited labor to join the A.A.U. and help make amateur athletics in America a mass sport: clean, wholesome and progressive. Labor got busy with plenty of gusto. In every hamlet and city workers began to organize sports.

What labor sports in France, Czechoslovakia, Spain and Mexico has done should be a fine example to American workers. The workers and progressive elements have rallied around a single sports banner and helped unite factions of all beliefs. These sport unions have helped bolster the bulwark against fascism. It has been these sport-loving workers, united and bound together in their sport organizations, which have been in the forefront of the united efforts in their countries for peace and security and against reaction and fascism.

In America, too, the workers have begun to see that sports is a vital channel for united efforts in their own behalf. Too long have the profit-minded, racketeering athletic promoters used sports for their own selfish ends.

The labor sports conference held in January instituted the first firm groundwork for a National Labor Sports Federation, the beginning of a genuine People's Sport Federation. The unions are now busy planning and arranging athletic activity and competition. Thousands of young men and women who hitherto have been unable to engage in athletics are coming out en masse.

Games for Spain are being played in every major city of the country. Soccer, basketball, ping-pong, baseball, and other sports are used by unions, worker's clubs, fraternal bodies—for Spain, for democracy against fascism.

50,000 people jammed the People's Sport Stadium yesterday as Jimmy Butts, great Negro pitcher, hurled a 3-0 shutout win for the United Mine Workers against the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. It was the play-off battle in the National Labor Sports League which found more than 200 unions and workers' organizations competing in the greatest mass athletic program in the history of this country.

Far-fetched? Not by a long shot. It's going to happen any day now.

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

AMEND THE COURT!



THE NEED today is not to amend the Constitution, but rather to amend the Supreme Court. The court is both out of touch with the problems of twentieth-century America and out of harmony with the Constitution. In its exercise of the judicial veto it has taken unto itself powers which it was never intended to have by the founders of our constitutional government.

In the current struggle for President Roosevelt's program of judicial revision the strength of popular democratic government in America is once more pitted against the organized force of reaction. The same groups that fought President Roosevelt so bitterly last fall in their vain attempt to regain their former control over the federal government and strengthen their economic power over the American people are fighting him on this issue of court reorganization. They were repudiated by an overwhelming majority of the people last November, but they have not surrendered. They seek to frustrate the popular will by raising false issues designed to rally support behind the majority of the Supreme Court dominated by the outworn economic beliefs of a past generation. This majority by a tortured construction of the Constitution has impaired the legislative power of Congress.

A great hue and cry has been raised throughout the nation protesting that the Supreme Court of the United States is a sacred institution above criticism and beyond constructive reform. The lawyers who live off their Liberty League clients have come flying to the defense of their meal tickets, and their bar associations have been working overtime in organizing the attack upon the President's program. The newspapers have taken up the cry of "dictator" again, and the entire anti-New Deal propaganda machine is running at full speed.

In this hubbub it is important that the will of the great silent masses of our citizens be not overlooked. When it comes to noise, the reactionaries can put on as good a demonstration as anyone, but the will of the American people is not expressed in noise. The Republicans found that out last November, and I do not think that there are many members of Congress who are fooled by the clamor raised by minority groups on this question of judicial usurpation.

When a majority of the highest court in the land, one of the three coordinate branches of the Federal Government stubbornly clings to an outmoded philosophy which the people of the country have emphatically renounced, it is a threat to a functioning democracy.

These judges are the lame ducks of our courts. Their social philosophy has been repudiated by a new generation, but they hang on to their jobs by virtue of a life tenure in office.

Six of the justices of the United States Supreme Court are over 70 years of age, and five of them are very near, or over, 75. Not one of them is under the age of 60, yet the active work and struggle in this nation is carried on by men and women between the ages of 20 and 60. Society generally recognizes the merit of retirement in old age. Many universities require their teachers to retire at 65 or 70. Most corporations retire their executives in their sixties and retire their workers, without pensions, between 40 and 50. There seems to be little objection to applying the same principle to the lower Federal courts. Why not apply it to the Supreme Court?

President Roosevelt's proposed reform of the judiciary vitally concerns young America. Its interests are profoundly involved, for example, in such legislation as the American Youth Act, which would provide jobs and educational opportunities and in the Nye-Kvale Bill, which would abolish compulsory military training in the colleges. Were the American Youth Act passed, the present Nine Old Men would perhaps rule it unconstitutional on the same basis on which the A.A.A., the N.R.A. and other social measures were invalidated.—Editor's note.

The answer is that there are some people who fear that to do so will change the temper of the Court's opinions. I, for one, hope so. I am convinced that the American people as a whole share the same hope. We want a Court that is in touch with the problems of this present generation, a Court that will recognize that the Constitution is a living instrument, a Court that will stop using the Constitution as a means of preventing the legislative and executive branches of the government from enacting legislation which a majority of the Court is opposed to for economic and political reasons. The people want the right to solve their problems.

There is no need for me to recite what has happened to some of the most important labor legislation written into law by Congress and the States in the last several years. We know the stand the Supreme Court took on the N.R.A.

and its governmental controls over hours, wages and conditions of labor. We know what happened to the Guffey Coal Act, the Railroad Retirement Act, the New York Minimum Wage case. Who can tell but what the same fate awaits the National Labor Relations Act which offers the support and co-operation of the Federal Government to workers who want to avail themselves of their right to independent organization and collective bargaining? What will the Court do to the Social Security Act?

But organized labor is not the only great group of American citizens that has a stake in securing greater understanding and appreciation of present-day problems in the Supreme Court. Read the majority and minority opinions of the present Court on the problems which mean food, clothing, shelter and happiness to the average man, and then just try to figure out what action the Federal Government can take within the limits of these decisions to solve these great problems.

The American people are not fundamentally interested in theories. They are interested in results! The collapse of democratic governments in other countries should serve as a warning to those who really believe in that form of government. These governments were discarded because they were impotent. If a majority of the Court is permitted to throttle the legislative branch of the government and thus to block all effective means of meeting the grave economic problems of today, it can happen here. Conscientious and intelligent statesmanship demands that we find ways and means to make our form of government work so that it can solve the problems of minimum wages, collective bargaining, social security, crop insurance, soil erosion, unemployment relief, housing, flood prevention and the conservation of our natural resources. As long as a majority of the Court stands athwart the will of the people and obstructs the working of democratic government, it is inviting the breakdown of our economic system and the destruction of our form of government by revolution.

The stalling of our government by judicial fiat in recent years is not a defect in the Constitution. It is a defect in the Supreme Court. We do not need to amend the Constitution. It did not enact any particular economic system. Justice Holmes was once impelled to remark sarcastically that the Fourteenth Amendment did not enact Mr. Spencer's "Social Statics." I

(Continued on page 28)

FUNDAMENTALS

False Neutrality

By JAMES LERNER

did that of 1914. An effective peace policy for young America should proceed from certain fundamental attitudes.

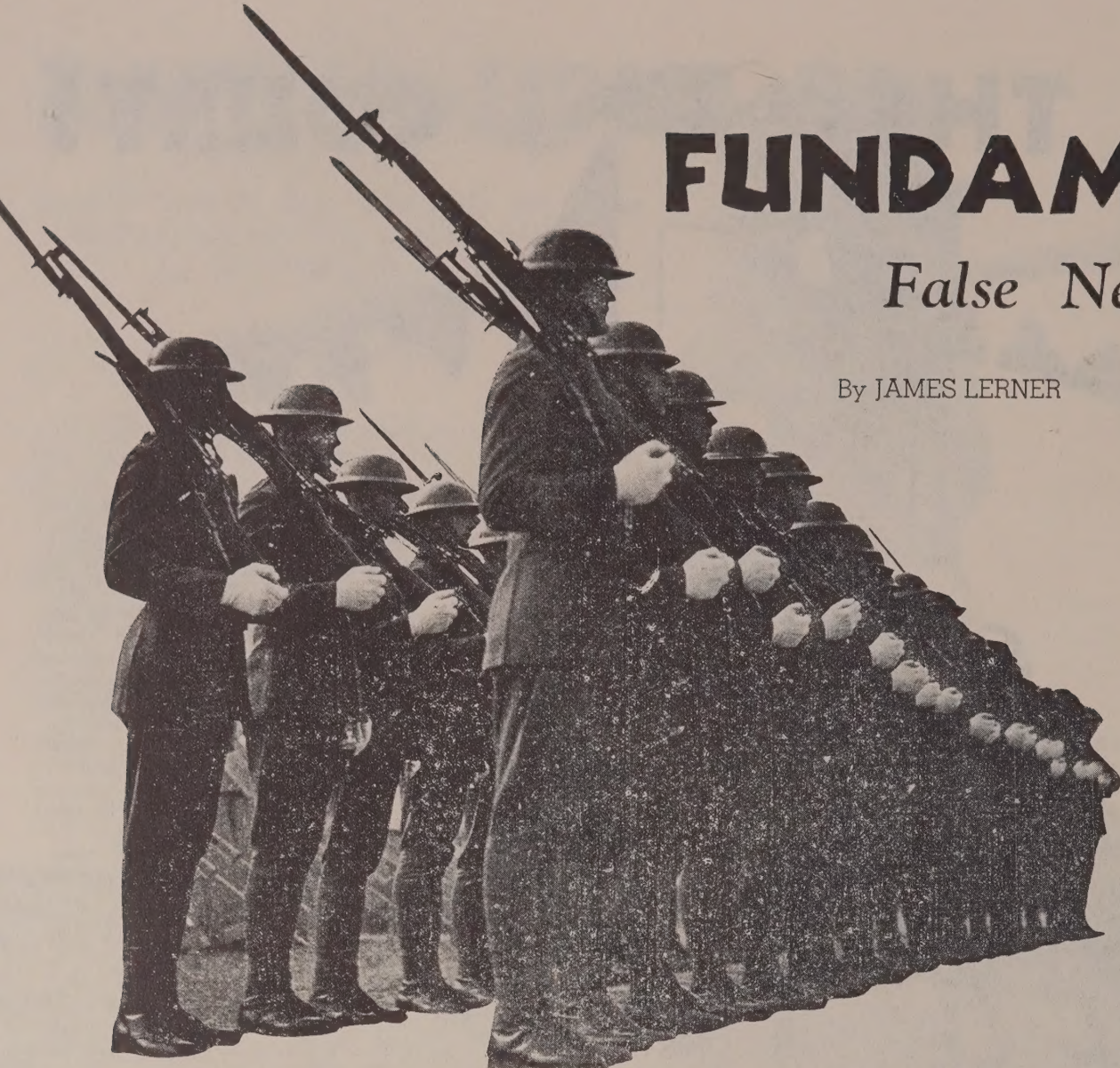
The first is that peace can only be secured through the action of the people themselves. At the World Youth Congress in Geneva last summer a leader of the British delegation tried to dissuade the American delegation from standing for "pressure on governments." But it is too important a matter for us to hand over our lives to a government in which financial, industrial, militarist interests have the controlling voice. A bad government needs the pressure to make it change its stand, a good government welcomes the pressure as aid in its fight against war supporters.

The second fundamental point is that we cannot believe the myth that every country of the world can pursue a foreign policy which is completely independent of everyone else. Our peace policy must do in world politics what we do in home politics. Since impartial neutrality has proven a failure or impossibility it is high time that we recognize the need for a new approach. Let us act on the international field as in our national policy. That is, let us isolate the aggressor, refuse to sell him anything.

The third major point in an effective peace policy is that we must oppose all interference with the rights of peoples. In order to carry on aggressive warfare a nation must bind and gag its people. The Industrial Mobilization Act now pending in Congress aims at that very thing. If passed the Sheppard-Hill Bill would enable the President—when ever Congress shall declare war or the existence of an emergency due to the imminence of war, to control wages and prices, disband labor organization, censor the press and radio, draft all between the ages of 21 and 31 and conscript the entire civilian population for service under any conditions. That is military dictatorship. The people must decide the policies of the government and must keep the avenues for such expression open. Democracy can only live when it fights for more powers all the time.

An army adjusts its tactics to fit each new situation. The peace movement must do the same it is to be of value.

But it must ever remember these facts: modern wars are caused by imperialism, the continual battle on the part of the wealthy classes to increase their power by foreign investments, foreign trade, aggression and colonies. And that in order to make possible the sacrificing of men and women in this "holy" cause the old war-cry are insufficient in themselves. They must be combined with organized violence, with fascism. And a realistic peace movement is one that takes all these into consideration.



AS EVERY young American knows, George Washington's final words on retirement were advice to the country to keep out of foreign entanglements that might lead us into war. That advice must have been very acceptable to the citizens of the new nation. Years of foreign oppression, the Revolutionary War, the efforts to establish an independent economy, some 3,000 miles of water in a sail-boat era—all contributed to fortifying the isolation feeling. And European history with its steady procession of war certainly was distasteful to Americans.

But even in the days before the great liners and the zeppelin the severing of connections with the other side of the Atlantic remained more often a "text" for demagogues than an actuality. After all, foreign policy is made by the dominant interests of the country. Or, as has been said, the flag follows the dollar. A few years after Washington made his farewell speech Napoleon and Britain were engaged in a desperate war for control of Europe and the world. Just as in 1914 the powers on opposite sides insisted on controlling the seas and the United States insisted on trade with all.

America's first attempt at neutrality came in 1807 when Congress prohibited trade with warring nations in Europe. Ships remained in their New England harbors, prices of goods usually sold by America sky-rocketed in England because of the American "embargo" and "nonintercourse" acts. Two years later these neutrality laws were repealed under pressure. The dominant interests had won, trade was renewed with all comers and three years later we went to war. Neutrality had failed.

In 1914 the President of the United States proclaimed a policy of neutrality in relation to the warring powers. We were going to trade with all who

wanted to buy. But as in 1812 Britannia Ruled the Waves and in a few short months—whether American traders wanted to or not—trade was limited almost entirely to the Allies because England could stop our boats from going anywhere else. Neutrality had failed.

In 1935 Italy went to war against Ethiopia. And again the American government decided to be neutral. It stopped all munitions from going to either side but permitted both to buy unfinished products from which to make munitions. Italy had the factories to convert the material, Ethiopia did not. Our policy played right into the hands of Italy. Neutrality did not exist.

At the beginning of the current Span-

ish war we again stopped munitions from going to either side. But the Spanish rebels had pulled a smart one. They got Germany and Italy to buy their munitions from this country and elsewhere. And as that highly conservative publication, the *New York Herald Tribune*, has said, "in this case the effect was to penalize the Loyalists and aid the rebels and their fascist allies." So again our neutrality turned out to be non-existent.

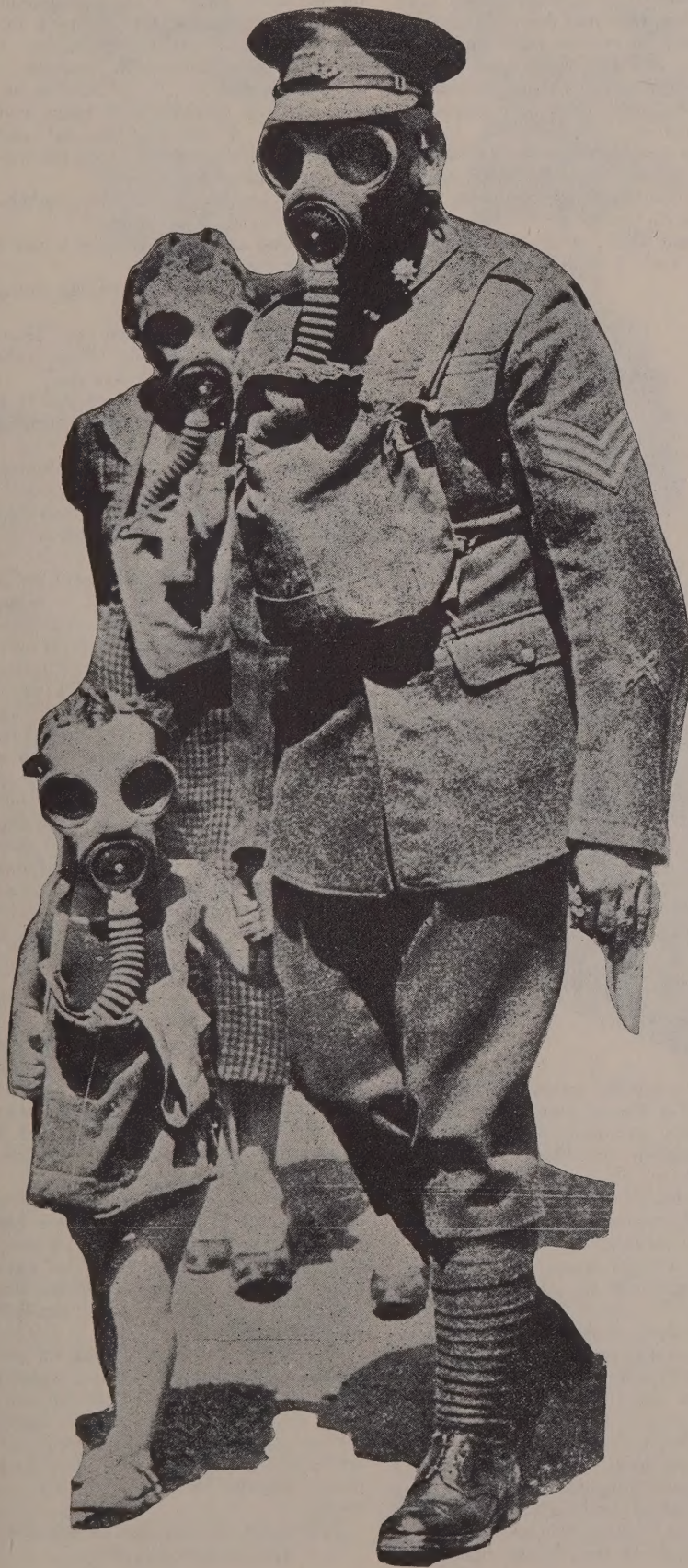
Four times at bat and four strike outs! It has been said by many that this neutrality policy is a peace policy. Impossible! A program which helps fascist forces fight against democratic governments or against smaller nations is a war policy.

It has been said that regardless of whom our policy hurts, it will keep us out of war if we avoid the pitfalls of "entanglement" in these incidents as they arise. But these are not isolated incidents—they are links in a chain. First Japanese invasion of China, then Italian invasion of Ethiopia, now German and Italian invasion of Spain. Now the three countries are tied by treaties to continue their war policies. A peace movement which fails to deal with these concrete facts but discusses abstractions about peace in the future fails in its duty. A peace policy that fails to recognize that some are attackers and others attacked as in the case of the two recent wars cited—such a policy helps make war inevitable. The neutrality we have will no more keep us out of war than

OF PEACE

Realistic Action

By JOSEPH CADDEN



A FIRE on the next street is not so dangerous as a fire in the next house—which in turn does not endanger you so much as a fire right in your own house.

But fires spread. There are winds which carry sparks, and most of us realize that the fire in the next house—or on the next street—must be put out if we are to consider ourselves entirely safe from the flames.

The Atlantic is a wide ocean and the Pacific is wider. But there are winds—even some regular “trade winds”—constantly and quickly crossing the wide expanses.

Could these winds carry a spark as far as our house? Or is the United States safe—by virtue of its physical distance from the scenes of fires?

Could a spark reach us out of the smouldering coals of Japan's invasion of China? From the flames of the Italian and German invasion of Spain? From Africa and the Near East where Mussolini's agents are striking matches? From Central Europe where Hitler's lieutenants are patiently rubbing sticks together? Can the heat from flames so far distant scorch our walls?

Most Americans say “no.” Especially not if we protect ourselves with an asbestos of “neutrality.” They are confidently rubbing their hands behind a thin sheet—which itself may burst into flames. Because they can not see the danger with the naked eye they refuse to admit its existence and bury their heads a little deeper in the sand. For “neutrality” has never proved its asbestos quality. And 130 million Americans are wrong if they think they're living on the moon.

Fortunately all Americans don't hold that view. There are many who know American history and know from it that “neutrality” has been an empty word.

“Let's keep out of entanglements.” “Isolation is the only way.” “Keep America out.” I think these widely flung slogans are hoaxes. We're not living apart from the rest of the world. Those who cause wars are not on another planet. Our daily lives are not satisfied with products of our forty-eight states. We're in the middle of a complex, interlocked, world community. There are no real boundaries.

In small communities incendiaries are considered public enemies and arson is a crime. By dealing with these unhinged individuals firmly we eliminate one cause of fires. But in the larger world neither Hitler nor Mussolini has ever been in the shadow of a jail for lighting fires.

Our first job as world citizens therefore seems to be to eliminate the most obvious cause of war. Together the countries of the world can force the fascist governments to change their tune. Since our country is not now doing this, it is our duty as citizens to persuade our representatives in Washington and abroad to act in this matter—and immediately—if it is not already too late.

If we eliminate this cause of war, we should have a better chance to build a peaceful world community. We could then go on to establish economic justice and political freedom without which we can not live in peace. Realistic democracy could then be attained.

But we as young people—the kindling-wood of the next great fire—

are not satisfied with this program alone. We know that it will not be realized immediately, and while we work toward it, we—as young Americans—must look to domestic problems which complicate the world situation. Here at home we must estimate the peace value of a billion-dollar war budget—of a Civilian Conservation Corps in the hands of the War Department—of increasing funds for R.O.T.C. and C.M.T.C.—of an elaborate industrial mobilization plan. We must set our own house in order in order to eliminate more fuel for the fire; we must establish educational and job opportunities—bring about freedom for the oppressed minorities by insisting on the civil rights guaranteed us as citizens.

This work for peace is being carried on by thousands upon thousands of young Americans because they realize their responsibilities as citizens. Throughout our land groups of young people have arrived at conclusions reached through experience, study and discussion which prepare them to act on the most vital peace issues faced by Americans today.

No matter whether these groups have been forced to play baseball or produce plays, whether they hold conservative political views or radical, whether they are for boys or girls, Catholic, Jewish or Protestant, student, farm, church or factory, whether twelve or twenty-five years old—each group has realized its duty to America in general and has formulated plans to help avoid war.

Most of these groups of young people have come together in the American Youth Congress because they know that together more can be accomplished than would be possible alone. I don't mean by that that all the young people of America have reached the point where they are active in behalf of peace, or that all of them are connected with the American Youth Congress and subscribe to its program. A large percentage are members of no group and have not yet arrived at conclusions. But organizations with membership totaling more than three and one half million participate in the American Youth Congress, and a great many other young people—unorganized—have joined in single actions. Most important is the fact that they have a medium of expression and a vehicle for action in the American Youth Congress. Together in this federation they can take necessary steps to avoid their unnecessary sacrifice in the flames of war.

At the present time youth is active in the fight to defeat the vicious Shepard-Hill industrial mobilization bill, to take the C.C.C. camps out of Army jurisdiction, to abolish compulsory military training, to reduce the unwarranted expenditure of public funds for war materials, to establish more just economic conditions through the American Youth Act, to defend the civil liberties so essential to a peaceful community. Through the American Youth Congress a concerted effort to realize these essentials is being made.

In addition to participating in the April 22nd Student Strike Against War, the American Youth Congress—in order to stimulate young people who are

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Crabs

By TOM DEAN

IT WAS one of those days when you feel like hell and everything goes wrong. I just left Eddy's, where I had been bunking for the past three weeks, and I had two hours to kill before I was due at Dot's house. You know how you feel when you have to sleep at this guy's house and grub a meal and some clothes from that guy, or pretend you don't mind when the girl friend slips you a little pocket change now and then. Sure, Dot was my girl and it really was just a loan, so help me I'd pay it back some day—but it hurts just the same.

So I was walking up the street and thinking how swell things would be if I got that job, and how Dot and I could get married then and her folks would stop looking at me in that funny way. They knew that Dot and I had, well, we're young and you know what, and since they thought I had honest intentions they still opened the door when I rang.

I didn't like the idea of having another meal at her house and I walked into a sea food joint that looked good, and I looked at the menu and thought: "The hell, I'll order crabs. What if they do cost a quarter more, what if I am stone broke two bits sooner? A fellow has to have his fling now and then." Of course all the time I knew that I was a damn fool and that I needed that extra two bits badly. But I felt so bad I didn't give a hoot about anything . . . and anyway, it sure was a pretty state of affairs when I had to worry my head off about spending a quarter.

When the crabs came they looked swell, with potatoes and cole slaw on the side, and I figured that I might just as well stop beefing with myself, the quarter was spent anyway, and enjoy the crabs. I bit into the first crab and right away I got steamed up at the thought that I was spending too much money.

I looked out of the window, to get my mind off the crabs, and I saw that it was raining slightly and that a big tall guy was marching up and down with a sign advertising a local beauty parlor. The sign was on a stick and he was carrying it over his shoulder like a gun, and taking long even steps and holding himself erect like a soldier. He was so young looking, and so big, that he seemed out of place carrying a sign. Usually the old men carry off those jobs. The fat guy behind the counter saw me looking and said: "That's Soldier-Boy. How's the crabs?"

"Oh . . . say, what's the matter with him?"

"He's nuts. Used to be a Marine. Was down in Central America when they was fighting that Sandino or whatever his name was. Must of got too much sun—they say the sun gets you that way. He thinks he's still in the army. Always marching around with that damn sign and standing at attention when he stops to rest a bit. He's batty all the way through."

"That's Soldier-Boy. How's the crabs?"

Illustrated by
Herman B. Temple



I didn't say anything and started to pick away at the cole slaw. It began to rain real heavy and the Soldier-Boy ducked into the store and put his sign up against the wall. He sat down next to me and wiped the rain from his forehead with a dirty rag and said: "Time for mess. Let me have some beans and gimme a couple of old rolls with the bread. You know."

Fatty-behind-the-counter gave him a mock salute and said: "Okay general, I'll see what I can do for you. Raining pretty hard out. Won't last long, though."

"Ah, that ain't nothing," Soldier-Boy said and waved his hand. His voice was very pleasant. "You ought to see some of the rains they had down there. We'd be walking in swamps with mud up to our knees and them damn bugs all over us, and then suddenly it would rain like the devil. Jesus, did it come down, but we carried on."

"What were you carrying on about?" I asked because I didn't feel like eating and I couldn't just sit there like a sap.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what did you go down there to fight for? I wouldn't walk through

they felt like fighting so much. Look, the natives are still getting the wrong end of the stick, the fat slobs are still fat, and what did you get out of it?"

"What are you talking about?" he said, a little annoyed. "They're Americans, ain't they? And we're American Marines and it's our duty to back them up. You see, now?"

"Why don't you ask them to back you now? Why don't you get one of the big shots and ask him to slip you your share of the dough he made as a result of you Marines knocking off the natives? He'd be glad to slip you a couple of hundred or maybe help you carry that sign. You know, anything for one of our boys!" I was getting mad because I knew that there were a lot better arguments against war, but I couldn't think of them at the moment.

"Duty is first . . ." Soldier-Boy began, between mouthfuls of beans and stale rolls. I watched him eat and wished I could go at the crabs the way he was tackling those beans.

The counter man said: "Hey, ain'tcha going to finish these crabs?"

I said no and plunked down a half a buck on the counter.

"What's the matter, something wrong with them?"

I said no again and stood up. "Here, give them to Soldier-Boy. Two crabs ought to make some fine medals."

Soldier-Boy gave me a surprised look and said: "Thanks, pal. This is turning out to be a swell feed."

I walked out and it was still raining hard and I felt disgusted with myself. Four bits wasted on some crabs and then that crazy tin hero. I hadn't even talked to him right.

As I walked up to Dot's house, I could see that things were in such a mass, everything was so mixed up, that maybe I ought to clear out and start all over again. I knew a way of going to Spain, to fight for the government, and I began to think about it seriously. Sure, Dot would be heart-broken, and it would be hell to part from her because I was daffy about her, but . . . it was just as bad this way, no job, no money, not even a room. One of these days she would get tired of it, fed up, and then we'd both be hurt for the rest of our lives. Maybe this way, well, she was young and good looking, and after a few years she'd forget me and get a fellow that could marry her. Maybe . . . I didn't know what to do.

I was pretty well soaked when I rang the bell and I could hear Dot running to the door, and then it opened and she was standing there, all smiles, so pretty and sweet; so nice that I almost felt like crying. You see she was so clean and bright and warm looking, and I was wet, my suit was wrinkled and worn, you know what I mean.

She said: "Darling!" said it in that eager way of hers, and gave me a big kiss and hug, wet coat and all. I wanted to keep on kissing her, but I just gave her an easy soft kiss and thought it was going to be terribly hard to tell her that we were through.

She smiled at me as I took off my coat, and then she put her arm around my waist as we walked down the hallway, I could feel my stomach turning hot and cold at the very thought of not seeing her again. She said: "Honey, I have a surprise for you! Wait till you see it."

I didn't say anything and she squeezed

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an insect infested swamp unless I had one hell of a good reason for doing so. What were you doing it for?"

"I was in the Marines," he said proudly.

"So what?"

"Well, we was down there protecting our interests from the greasers."

"You were protecting 'our' interests? What happened to your share in the interests?"

"You don't understand. These greasers were robbing the American interests and they sent the Marines to protect our interests. Don't you see?"

I was sorry I started him going. I said: "Yeah, but why should you be sent down to protect a couple of big shot banana companies who are robbing the natives left and right? They should've let the fat slobs who owned the company go down and do the fighting, if

LIVE ON LOVE

By MIRIAM GURKO



WHEN it comes to keeping in touch with life, next to news dispatches I like advice for the lovelorn.

Take marriage for instance. That's one of the most important problems for all of us young people. If there's any point on which we need guidance, it's marriage. We're at that age where things are so likely to be confused, when we're puzzled about everything, even our very feelings. Now for example, would you like to know, if there weren't a handy book of etiquette around to tell you, that:

"You are standing at the beginning of that glorious, wide, outward path called Life. It stretches out before you, a vast flower-carpeted vista bathed in sunshine. You are impatient to wander through its lanes, plucking at the bright flowers that you see nodding out of the shadows. Bright flowers—their roots in tears. You whisper to yourself that you will cut the flowers at the stem and keep out of the shadows, ending as you began in sunshine."

At this stage in your life of course you must "Be gay cheerful, vivacious, happy—for you are youth, and youth is gay." (What do you mean, you haven't a job and don't feel gay? Don't you know that youth is untroubled by cares and obligations?)

Well, let's say the "sweet miracle" occurs to you too. You fall in love. And then comes the time when you begin to think of marriage. You spend hours sipping tea at the Ritz, discussing when and where. If instead of tea at the Ritz, it's coffee at the Automat, you also talk of how. You're torn between questions like "Should we wait until we have enough money to get married on?" and "Should we get married anyway and let the money take care of itself?" And then you answer yourself that if, on the one hand, you wait, you'll probably be about seventy before you hobble down to an unecstatic altar. Or, on the other hand, if you yield to that "carefree impulsiveness of youth" we've been hear-

ing so much about, you're afraid you'll discover that, as you've suspected all your short, inexperienced life, money just doesn't take care of itself.

But then one day, you open your newspaper and there you see Beatrice Fairfax's little contribution to the happiness of the nation, and what does she say? "I believe young people—especially those who think they know it all—shouldn't hesitate to get married. All young people should do it as soon as possible." Beatrice, I should explain, is the lovelorn editor of the Hearst newspaper.

That settles it of course, and you dash off to her dad ("if you are at all well-bred") and tell him the happy news. (He knows it already, of course. Her mother took care of that. She probably knew it long before you did). This being a depression, her parents don't demand that you be able to "start together in the affluent circumstances to which the older generation may have attained. They ask only that the young man be able to give a good account of his business or professional standing and prospects."

That's right up your alley. You've got lots of business standing. You're No. 3,176 on the list of prospective appointees for file clerk in Sears and Roebuck Company. Your prospects are looking up too. Only two years ago, you were No. 3,964. In about fifty years you ought to make it. In the meantime you've ben on relief since last March, so that any day now you'll be eligible for a W.P.A. job. That is, if there are no more slashes in the W.P.A.

All this is O.K. with Papa. He won't be eligible for a Townsend pension for another fifteen years yet, and he finds bringing up five children on the \$70 a month he gets as an elevator operator a slight strain. After he pays the rent, the gas and electric bills, and buys food and clothes, he hasn't got quite enough left over for the opera. You see, Papa's a great follower of that wonderful Dean of a girl's college who once said that

the remedy for a worker feeling the strain of the depression is to go to the opera, sink back in his seat, close his eyes, and just relax. So he's glad to have one less child to worry about.

The bride begins to prepare her trousseau. She dashes down to Klein's and buys her "two evening gowns, at least, three dinner gowns and half-a-dozen afternoon dresses." She rushes across the street to Ohrbach's for her "two pretty tea-gowns and two dozen pairs of stockings," and finally winds up a block or two down 14th Street, probably at Lerner's Outlet Store for "the frilliest, daintiest chemises and negligees she can find." These are just suggestions, of course. The book of etiquette I consulted says you don't have to buy this particular assortment. "The personal trousseau depends entirely, of course, upon whether one is going to Palm Beach by steamer or to Alaska by airplane, whether one is going to Bermuda for just a week or in Europe for several months. A safe rule is to buy only what you know you will need; anything else can be purchased later as needed."

"It's really most gratifying, this business of being a bride, even though ones unruly hairs do insist upon missing a beat or two. One can't really help feeling important with caterers being called into conference and mysterious packages arriving every hour . . .

"During the last week of happy confusion, one seems to glide through a misty, unreal fairyland on billows of bridal satin. Through it one sees one's mother hastily wipe away a tear."

When dear old grandfather has finished telling you what damned fools you

are to get married on nothing and the bride is ready in her "gown of old lace"—maybe the dress isn't lace but it's old anyway—you start off for the ceremony. Don't forget, the book cautions you, to provide enough motors for all your guests or, if the wedding is out of town, to have a special train. So you charter a De Luxe Street Car Special and go to the garlanded City Hall where the thrilling event takes place.

And so you're married. And are you worried now about money? Are you saying "Now that we're married, what about the rent?" That's easy. As usual, *The New York Times* comes to the rescue. Flanked by some unique opinions on the sit-down strike technique, there is our answer in a letter from one of Brooklyn's white hopes:

"Thousands of single persons doing W.P.A. work should be encouraged to marry. For this purpose the Works Progress Administration should organize a marriage bureau and give a five-dollar weekly rise to people who get married through this service. Here is how my plan would work out: The husband would get a five-dollar rise and the wife would lose her job. Through this procedure the W.P.A. would save thousands of dollars. At the same time my proposed W.P.A. marriage bureau would make thousands of single W.P.A. workers happy. The proverb 'two can live cheaper than one' could be made of good use."

What's that I hear? You haven't enough for even one to live on? Don't be silly! You're young aren't you? Live on love!

Sacrificed

Frederick Fowler went to his doom bravely and with the dignity that befits one conscious of his innocence, which he proclaimed to the last. We, who are familiar with all the circumstances surrounding his case, are constrained to affirm that he died a victim of our system of law which has come to honor justice in the abstract as a conception, rather than in the concrete as a reality. His youthful body was sacrificed upon our judicial altars by those who worship the forms of justice—who have made a fetish of its symbols and have overlooked its substance.

He was tried, it is quite true, "by due process of law" and given the benefit of the application of the forms prescribed for the rendition of justice. But his conviction by a jury was based upon insufficient and improbable evidence, upon evidence that, separated from other unfortunate circumstances, very few would credit as sufficient to identify him in any manner with the commission of the crime for which he paid the death penalty.

His family and friends will ever cherish his memory as a youth of promise who was the unfortunate victim of our system of justice and of social circumstances which outrage human nature.

ANTHONY R. MAYO
FREDERICK FOSTER

This poem was written by Frederick Fowler "on his last day of earthly life," according to Anthony N. Petersen, chaplain of the Scarborough, N. Y., Presbyterian Church. He was electrocuted at Sing Sing together with three other boys.

WHY?

By FREDERICK FOWLER

*Strange only yesterday it seems
I was young, free, dreaming youth's dreams;
Now I find though I don't know why,
I stand condemned to die.
To my anxious queries they say,
"Society's been outraged, you must pay."*

II

*They state their reasons with extreme tact
But firmly as an undeniable fact.
"We must have order else chaos would be
This is the truth, as everyone can see"
But why must payment
Fall on me?*

III

*"An outrage against society—"
These words often come back to me.
Not long ago was I not one
Of those that bask in the sacred sun
Protected from dangers, snug as can be,
A self-righteous member of society?*

IV

*I ponder my lot from time to time
But find myself more perplexed in mind.
What have I done to deserve this fate,
Why have I incurred society's hate,
What is my crime, where's the proof,
Why doesn't someone discover the Truth?*

V

*Strange only yesterday it seems
I was young, free, dreaming youth's dreams,
Now I find though I don't know why
I stand condemned to die.*

WITONSKI

REJECTED

Joining the Army Is Not as Easy as It Used to Be Unless You Are an Einstein or Something

By JOHN BROOME



UNTIL that morning when I looked at the poster, joining the Army had been the furthest thought from my mind. The fact that, today, it is again one of my furthest thoughts, requires a little explaining.

I have always had a profound dislike for being shot at, or, even, for shooting at anyone else. In addition, I abhor militarism and war. But, in spite of those prejudices, I found the temptation to avail myself of a long vacation from unemployment, plus an assurance of solid food three times a day, too much for my generally weakened condition.

"The U. S. Army Wants Men," read the attractive sign. "Fair enough," thought I, "here's one man that wants the U. S. Army, and wants it badly." Without stopping to rationalize further, I hurried down to the Whitehall Street recruiting station.

Before that day, my personal contacts with the military aspect of our country had been confined to motion pictures like *The Big Parade*, and faint memories of a handsome uncle in uniform, who dangled me on his knee before 'God took him away.'

While in school and college, I had successfully avoided, in consecutive order, the R.O.T.C., the C.M.T.C., and the National Guard. I preferred my books. It may be that my youthful pre-

occupation in literature misfitted me for modern life, and is the primary reason why I am sitting, today, in an ill-larded

Although it meant a great deal to me, I approached Whitehall Street, that Brooklyn kitchen rather than in front of a well stocked Army mess table.

morning, with little fear of not being accepted. In truth, I felt a bit condescending about the whole affair. Why, some of the crummiest mugs I had ever seen had worn Army or Navy uniforms. Moreover, I possessed an absolutely brand new, never-used B.A. degree, to offer Uncle Sam!

The large, bustling recruiting office was doing a land-office business when I got there. Clerks, in khaki, were testing eager young fellows at every available desk. Monotonous questions and quick, clean cut answers circulated about and clashed audibly in the sun-lit room. As I stood in the threshold, my phony nonchalance evaporated.

For a moment, I had an uneasy feeling that the rest of my graduating class had beaten me down there. But, no: the faces around me were all unfamiliar. I spotted one lad, however, who, I was sure, had played basketball, opposite me, on a rival college quintet. He was big and rawboned, an excellent physical specimen, but the written test he was poring over had his forehead tied into knots.

Perhaps my class-mates had joined the Navy! The thought filled me with an internal warmth. Good boys! With them in the Navy and me in the Army, everyone, including Hearst, could sit back and quit worrying about our 'foreign foes.' The Class of '36 would see America through!

I squared my shoulders in military fashion. Spying an empty seat before one of the desks, I quickly occupied it and faced the clerk.

"I want to join the Army," I informed that tough-looking, khakied hombre who was swaying noisily on a swivel chair. He stopped moving and looked me over.

"What for?" he said shortly.

I stared at him. I opened my mouth to answer but, when nothing issued forth, I closed it again. It had never occurred to me that one had to give a reason for joining the Army. I had always vaguely surmised that, as in the French Foreign Legion, no questions were asked except, perhaps, the relevant query of where to ship the body.

"What for?" I echoed feebly.

"Yes," said the clerk, patiently enough. "Why d'ye want to enlist?"

"The sign," I muttered. "I saw the poster this morning. You know . . . And . . ." I trailed off lamely. Would it be wise to let him know that what I wanted was to eat regularly? For some reason, I felt that that would be held against me.

The clerk was eyeing me curiously. He may have guessed my thoughts. "Here,"

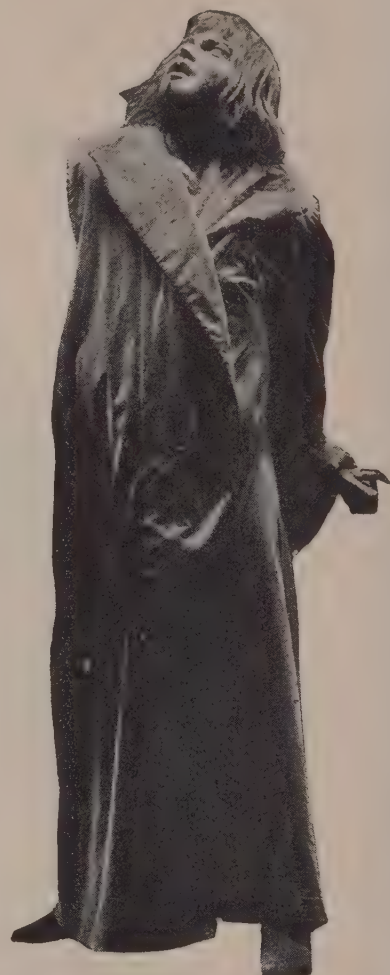
(Continued on page 23)



BROADWAY WHIZZ

At Twenty-three, Orson Welles Has Achieved Success on the Stage—Is Ace of W.P.A. Theatre Projects

By MORTON HAMPTON and EUGENIA CAMMER



THE theatre is a precarious place for new ideas.

Either novelties in material, acting or production are sought after with a kind of craze, or else they are completely discouraged. Unfortunately, the latter situation seems to be the case most of the time. There is a fear of something new that is outrageously difficult to shake off. In almost every field young newcomers have faced this problem; in the theatre probably more than anywhere else.

Broadway and Hollywood are bitter places for young people to break into. After a long apprenticeship to mediocrity in technique and production, those who have had the courage to stick it through become completely absorbed by the kind of work they have been doing and refuse to do anything new, content with the achievement of a success in terms of dollars. One must not be unnecessarily hopeless about this, because there have been and there still are men and women in the theatre with genius and the means of seeing that genius realize its dreams. The sad part is that they all seem to get their chance so late in life that, of necessity, a certain amount of their vital spontaneity and passionate devotion to the integrity of the theatre art is lost in the fear of not producing a success.

That is perhaps why the career of Orson Welles is in a measure inspirational. This talented actor-director is 23 years old. In his work lies a world of meaning not only because of his achievements as an artist—but because he is a representative of what youth can do in the theatre if given the opportunity.

Applause rocks the house each night when the curtain falls on Christopher Marlowe's "Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," the successful W.P.A. production. It is as much for Orson Welles, the star and director, as for what he represents in the theatre: young vigor that can put a new punch into ageless

masterpieces. Producers go wild each season searching for "box office hits." Too late they wake up and find neglected masterpieces becoming just those "smash hits" when placed in enterprising, creative hands.

Orson Welles' first experiment in "revivals" proved that courageous production would draw the crowds to the W.P.A. Theatre Project. Last spring, when he produced Shakespeare's "Macbeth" with an all-Negro cast and a South Sea island atmosphere, it brought down the house throughout the country. Now he has done it again with "Dr. Faustus," while a slightly bewildered Broadway looks on amazed at "Standing Room Only" signs at the box office. The conclusion is obvious. Audiences like a good thing and when they get it they will flock to see it in preference to stale comedies or leg shows.

Orson's career has filled his twenty-three years very fully. He started early in the theatre when, as a child, he played animal roles in the Christmas festivals of Chicago department stores and walk-on parts in opera. Educated in America, England and China, his parents sent him to Ireland and Scot-

land to study painting. Announcing himself to the famous Abbey Players as a "great American artist," he became the first non-Irish player to be admitted to their ranks. He was fifteen then. At seventeen, this amazing boy was already directing. A movie in England followed, then travels on the Continent. In 1934 he returned to Chicago. A chance meeting with Thornton Wilder brought him to the attention of Katherine Cornell, who was looking for a Marchbanks for Shaw's "Candida." He remained with Miss Cornell for her production of "Romeo and Juliet." Then followed the role of the banker in Archibald MacLeish's "Panic." Last year he met John Housman, managing director of the W.P.A. Theatre, and the result—"Macbeth." He began the current season with "Horse Eats Hat," a hilarious French farce in which he figured as adapter, director and actor. Next came the leading role in "Ten Million Ghosts," by Sidney Kingsley.

Successful in the Broadway theatre as well as in the W.P.A. theatre, Mr. Welles says:

"Right now, the W.P.A. seems to be the most vital part of the American

theatre. No backing could be got from Broadway producers for 'Macbeth' or for 'Dr. Faustus.' They insisted that people weren't interested in such plays. When each turned out to be a success, offers from Broadway were waiting. We had three for 'Macbeth' and two for 'Faustus.'"

Orson, himself, has turned down numerous Broadway offers. Recently he rejected a movie contract offer from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which would have netted him a considerable sum.

Orson has great faith in the W.P.A. productions. It is his hope to build a permanent National Theatre from these productions. Realizing the tremendous role which young people play in the theatre, he says, "The success or failure of the Federal Theatre lies at the doors of Youth."

Immediate plans for himself and the W.P.A. Theatre center about the revival of significant plays at prices within the range of the average person.

Orson Welles has a great future ahead of him. His work has already received the necessary approbation of the public and in his success lies the hope that young people will at last be given the chance they so richly deserve before they are swallowed up by years of discouragement or complacency.

TEACHERS UNITE AGAINST FASCISM

America's 1,000,000 public school teachers have been called upon to preserve traditional American liberties against encroachment of fascism in the United States. The call was made in a report of findings of the John Dewey Society for the Study of Education and Culture, a nation-wide association of educators organized last year "to study the role of education in the changing social order."

Warning that reactionary forces are attempting to destroy political democracy in order to prevent the growth of democracy in finance and industry, the report urged that school teachers work to defeat these forces. The report was edited by a committee of educators, under the chairmanship of Dr. William Heard Kilpatrick, Professor of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University, and head of the John Dewey Society.

Holding that "classroom methods, teacher attitudes, community activities, school administration and teacher organizations can play a part in the struggle to advance the democratic ideal in defiance of any threat of fascism," the report declared: "But there can be no certainty of victory. We remember that 15 years ago there was only one fascist government, while today there are 10 or more. Is it in the stars that we alone shall escape?"

DO YOU remember, Junior, how at the age of one and a half you sneaked a bread-knife out of the kitchen and meditatively hacked a few chunks out of the leg of the dining room table? And Aunt Hezebel gurgled with delight and declared you were going to be a carpenter like Abraham Lincoln (who wasn't)? You don't want to be a carpenter now, do you, Junior?

And then when you were four, you got a badge, police whistle and nightstick from Uncle Rexford. You swore, then, that you'd be a policeman; and all the relatives thought you were just too cute, though your father didn't like it much when you tried to club the cat. But you don't want to be a policeman now, do you, Junior?

But then the family began noticing that you had developed an extremely lusty voice and that you used it too damn much. And it was Aunt Hezebel, again, who cooed, "You know, Junior talks so much. I'm sure he's going to be a lawyer like John W. Davis." That was how it all started, wasn't it, Junior?

Then you read some of the Mr. Tutt stories, and thought, gee, it must be swell being a smart lawyer and getting huge fees. And then there were all those big murder trials, with lawyers getting their pictures in the paper.

I don't suppose you were ever told, Junior, that very few lawyers ever handle many criminal law cases. Sure. Only recently a county lawyers association discovered that only about one out of every three or four hundred lawyers specialized in criminal law cases. So you'd better not count on too many thrills along that line.

Do you know how to start a legal action, Junior? You'll have to if you're going to be a lawyer. Well, usually you serve the other fellow with a summons and complaint. The complaint tells him what you're suing for. But you can't just say,

"Dear Mr. Glump:

Your car hit mine, so pay me \$50.

Yours truly,
J. Igglephoos"

No, Junior, that would be too simple. There must be a caption at the top, giving the name of the court, and then it will say, spread out so as to waste a lot of space: "Igglephoos, plaintiff vs. Glumph, defendant;" and then "Plaintiff, by his attorney, Junior, complaining of the defendant herein, alleges:" And then comes a lot of separately numbered paragraphs with long, drawn-out, meaningless phrases and sentences, in which Mr. Glumph becomes "the defendant herein," and poor Mr. Glumph didn't merely hit your car but "did operate said automobile recklessly, negligently, and without proper care," and so forth.

Nothing very thrilling so far, is there, Junior?

And so it goes, Junior, with technical, unthrilling and nonsensical pages flowing back and forth. The case may eventually get to the calendar for trial, and stay there anywhere from a few weeks to three years. Then comes the trial which may last an hour. Only a very exceptional case will last more than two days.

So you see, Junior, it isn't very thrilling at all.

But oh yes, I forgot, Junior. You're entering law not only because of the glamor. You also want to become an honored and wealthy member of the community, a member of a profession and not a mere tradesman or laborer.



So You Want to be A LAWYER?

By EUGENE COTTON

Illustrated by Darryl Frederick

Quite right and quite noble indeed. When you land your first job in a law office, Junior, you'll invest your savings in a nice new Chesterfield overcoat, a derby and a fat cigar. And you'll glance very haughtily at the stenographers who jostle you as you ride down to work—oops, pardon me—to your office, in the morning.

But Junior—stenographers will probably earn three times as much as you. That's right—three times. Five dollars a week, oh learned attorney and counselor at law. That's your first salary as a member of the ancient and honorable profession.

Of course, you may be among the favored few who were able to afford a course at one of the larger and more prominent law schools—Columbia, Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Michigan. About \$400 a year for tuition alone, plus books, plus living expenses. Probably in the

neighborhood of \$1,000 a year, for three years.

A pretty expensive and often impossible proposition, Junior, but it's worth it. It may double your salary. Yes-sir-ree, Junior, you may get \$10 a week, and if you're lucky, \$15. Fifteen dollars a week, Junior! Almost as much as the stenographer who takes your dictation! But, of course, Junior, you're going to tell me that that's only the beginning. In practically no time you'll be advising captains of industry, admirals of commerce, emperors of finance.

Right again, Junior. There's not a thing to stop you. But somehow most other lawyers don't seem to be able to do it. Mind you, Junior, I'm merely questioning your ability. I'm merely stating facts. When the New York County Lawyers Association surveyed the lawyers in Manhattan, it found that forty-two and a half per cent of them received

incomes which were "below the respectable minimum family subsistence level," while "a substantial number are on the verge of starvation, with almost ten per cent of the New York City Bar virtually confessed paupers, as indicated by applications for public relief." The same survey revealed that there is at the top of the New York legal profession a group of lawyers who comprise slightly over one per cent of the number of practicing lawyers. The salaries of this group, when added together, will give you a total which is *more* than the total of all the salaries of the lowest fifty per cent! Think of that a minute, Junior. The top eleven or twelve men out of a thousand lawyers earn *more* in total (and it's about twenty per cent more) than the lowest five hundred.

So you're right, Junior, when you say there's room for a good man at the top. There's room, but unfortunately those at the top aren't going to move over. Far be it from me, Junior, to deny that you may become one of that select group. Still, about 2,000 other Juniors are becoming lawyers in New York each year, and all with the same notion. And about 1,980 of them are doomed to disappointment. It almost pays to play the sweepstakes.

But—and I'm not kidding now—don't let me discourage you, Junior. Weigh the alternatives and decide whether you'd prefer fighting other people's squabbles to fixing their teeth or building their homes. And if you decide to enter the legal profession, enter it without illusions or glamorous notions. Enter it resigned to the possibility of becoming a well-dressed clerk. Enter it with the realization that from all indications you may, if *very* fortunate, achieve an income which approaches the wage paid skilled manual labor in unionized industries.

But enter it as a profession. For the profession does have ethical standards, Junior—standards which are more often violated than followed—but which are, nevertheless, not merely glamorous illusions. Those standards might denounce "ambulance chasing." But they should denounce just as vehemently in the words of Frank Walsh, honorary chairman of the National Executive Board of the National Lawyers Guild, "Rolls Royce chasing." Those standards, if followed, would cause John W. Davis and his Liberty League Lawyers (no, Junior, that's not a jazz band to dash to the defense of Angelo Herndon and Tom Mooney, with even greater alacrity than they now offer their services, for a somewhat greater return, to the utilities and railroads.

Those standards, Junior, even at sub-union rates of pay, are a heritage of the profession. So if you enter the profession, recognize your probable economic status and join the National Lawyers Guild to protect yourself by organized activity. Join the Guild in its fight to increase the economic opportunity of that lowest fifty per cent by extending the civil service system to attorneys in public departments, by opposing the unlawful practice of law by banks, trust companies, title companies, etc., by substituting merit for favoritism as the basis on which a judge makes such appointments as referees, special masters, guardians, etc.

Lots of luck to you, Junior. I'll see you in court—if you don't decide to become a carpenter after all.

CITIZENS

Youth Leaders Challenge War Department's Subversive Attack on Civil Rights in the C.C.C.—An Open Letter to President Roosevelt

Illustrated by WILLIAM SANDERSON

WE ARE gratified that you marked the fourth anniversary of the Civilian Conservation Corps by recommending to Congress that it be made a permanent organization. The establishment of the C.C.C. on a regular basis at this time is to us, as to all American citizens interested in the welfare of young America, a significant milestone. There can be little doubt that throughout its four years the C.C.C. has done much toward alleviating the plight of its enrollees. Nor can there be any doubt that the C.C.C. is as necessary today as it was four years ago: between four and five million young Americans still walk the streets in search of jobs.

If, however, the necessity for establishing the C.C.C. on a permanent basis is abundantly evident, it is equally vital, it seems to us, to consider ways and means of assuring the enrollees conditions in keeping with the highest standards, and true to democratic principles. To achieve these ends we emphatically urge you to recommend to Congress that the C.C.C. be made part of the Department of Interior and not, as at present, an adjunct of the War Department.

We regret to say that we have just learned that the War Department has been endeavoring to curtail the civil rights of the 350,000 young Americans in the C.C.C., in a manner somewhat suggestive of the regimentation of the Nazi Labor Service Camps. As evidence of this, we submit three incidents for your consideration. It seems to us that these incidents contain an ominous warning of what would happen if the C.C.C. became a permanent adjunct of the War Department.

The three matters are as follows:

1. On January 19, 1937, by command of Major General Albert J. Bowley of the United States Army, Third Corps Area Headquarters, Baltimore, Maryland, an order was issued to all company commanders and all educational advisers connected with C.C.C. camps in the area, charging *Champion of Youth* contained "propaganda intended to promote disloyalty in the Civilian Conservation Corps" and indicating that the circulation of the magazine be suppressed among members of the C.C.C. The heading of the order is related to alleged "subversive" activities, but no indication was given as to the nature of the material construed to be "subversive," nor did it offer any specifications elaborating upon the charge that our publication contained "propaganda intended to promote disloyalty in the Civilian Conservation Corps."

2. On February 27, 1937, a few weeks later, the leading editorial in *Happy Days*, a newspaper published in Washington and described as the "Authorized Weekly Newspaper of the Civilian Conservation Corps," viciously attacked the magazine, *Champion of Youth*. The editors of *Happy Days* bluntly stated that they would "like to meet the editors of this sheet (*Champion of Youth*) in a dark alley some night," and they boastfully declared that they still had enough "World War physical prowess left to change the white streak down a couple of black backs to the yellow they should be."

3. A few days later, on March 3, 1937, another order was issued by Major General Bowley, which directed that "All magazines and publication containing subversive material will be turned over to Corps (headquarters) for investigation."

The *Champion of Youth*, it should be explained, is a non-profit making periodical and is published in the best interests of young America. Its nationwide circulation has ranged between

forty and sixty thousand. It has enjoyed the cooperation of responsible organizations throughout the country, including the American Youth Congress, the Farmer-Labor Juniors, the Y.W.C.A., the Boy and Girl Scouts of America, the Committee on Industrial Organization, the American Student Union, and other labor and youth groups. Its Board of Advisory Editors includes such distinguished Americans as Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, Dr. E. C. Lindeman, Professors Robert Morss Lovett and Jerome Davis.

Inasmuch as the *Happy Days* editorial referred to above—inspired, we believe, by the War Department order of January 19, 1937—made specific reference to the February issue of the *Champion of Youth*, it will interest you to know that that particular issue contained articles by such persons as Commissioner of Education John W. Studebaker, Warden Lewis Lawes, Professor Bruce Knight of Dartmouth College, Miss Rose Terlin of the Y.W.C.A., and Mr. Francis Gorman, President of the United Textile Workers of America.

The three matters which we are calling to your attention, we submit, have a significance which transcends the mere suppression of the *Champion of Youth*. They raise a number of important questions, a few of which we submit herewith for your consideration.

First, there is a question raised as to the control and administration of the educational programs in the C.C.C. Are these programs under the arbitrary control of the War Department? If so, does the War Department make it a regular policy to suppress books and publications which it considers "subversive?" If so, what other publications have suffered suppression as has the *Champion of Youth*, and for what reasons?

Apart from the above question, the War Department's arbitrary action makes it pertinent to raise the funda-

mental issue as to the rights of camp enrollees. Have the three hundred and fifty thousand young Americans in the C.C.C. surrendered their democratic right to read what they please? Does enrollment in the C.C.C. mean that one's civil liberties may be curtailed and subjected to the dictation of the War Department?

Then, the above-mentioned editorial in *Happy Days* raises a series of questions as to the official status of that publication and of its relationship to the War Department. *Happy Days* claims to be the "Authorized Weekly Newspaper of the Civilian Conservation Corps." What does such authorization imply? To what extent is the War Department committed by the editorial policies of *Happy Days*? Does the incitement to violence and un-American Black Legionism advocated by the editors of *Happy Days* reflect the authorized views and policies of the War Department? If *Happy Days* is a privately owned, profit-making enterprise, then we question the legitimacy of the special privileges it now enjoys by being distributed by the War Department as the "Authorized Weekly Newspaper of the Civilian Conservation Corps."

In conclusion, Mr. President, permit us to reiterate the importance of the larger implications of the matter herein described. The evidence presented seems to us to lend basis for the fears some citizens have had that the C.C.C., if misused, would lead to the regimentation of American youth and the destruction of our treasured civil liberties. We sincerely hope that you will take immediate steps to eradicate these evidences of an American brand of fascism in the C.C.C. We feel that this can best be done by removing the C.C.C. from the control of the War Department and placing it under the Department of the Interior.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed)

William W. Hinkley, Chairman,
American Youth Congress

James Lerner, Youth Secretary,
American League Against War and
Fascism

Joseph P. Lash, Executive Secretary,
American Student Union

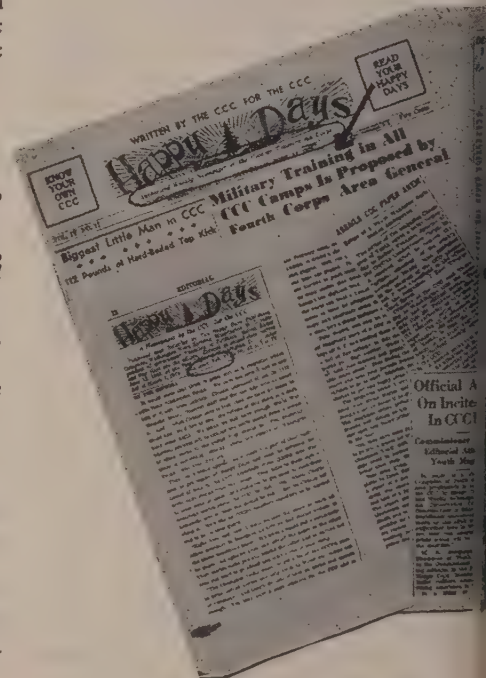
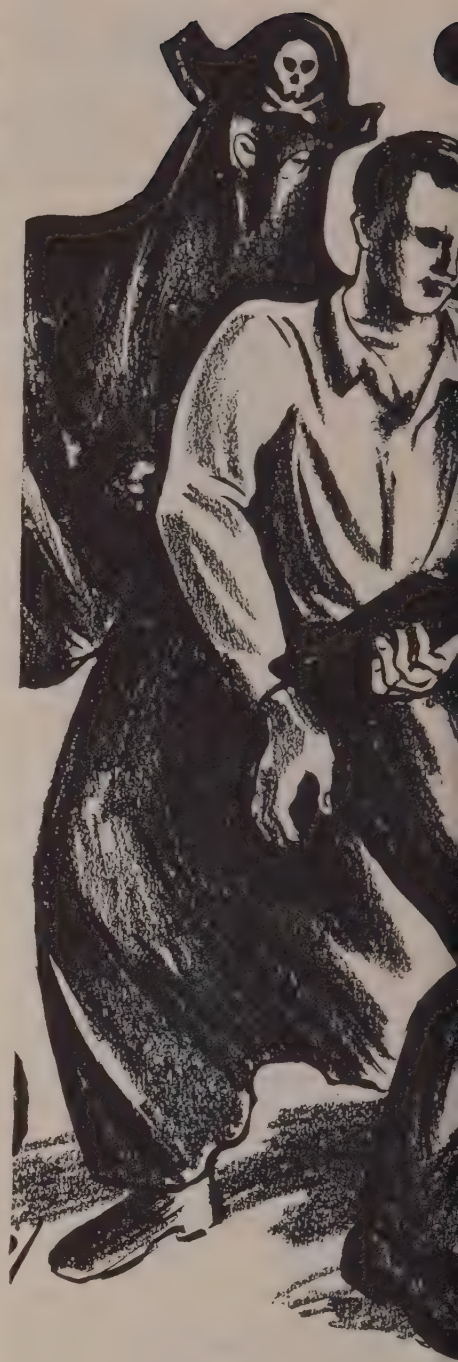
M. B. Schnapper, Editor, *Champion of
Youth*

Arthur Northwood, President, Na-
tional Student Federation

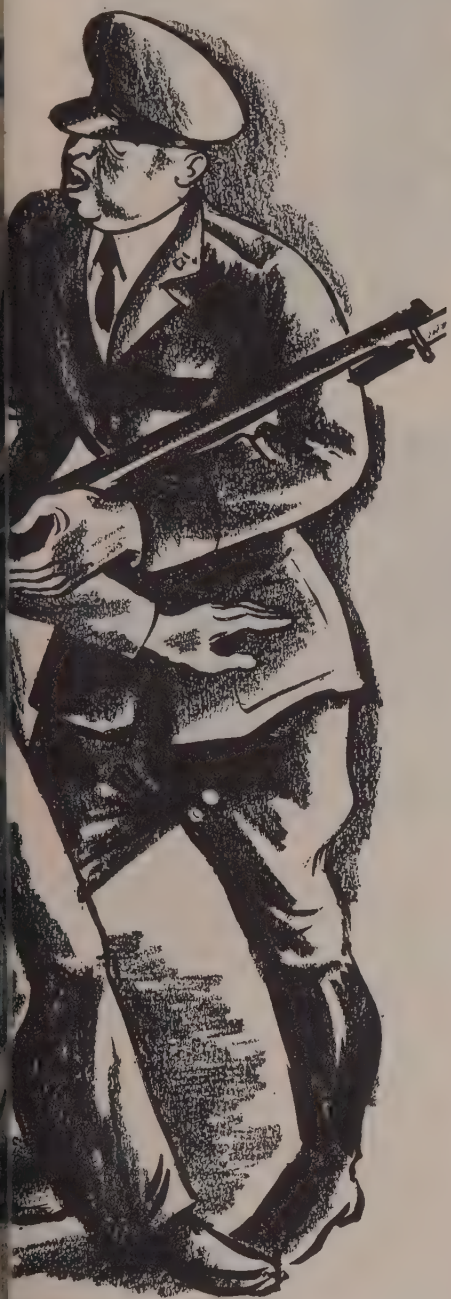
Edwin Johnson, Executive Secretary,
Committee on Militarism in Edu-
cation

Harriet Engdahl, Executive Secre-
tary, Youth Protective Committee

Sam Pevzner, Youth Director, Inter-
national Workers Order



CHAMPION OF YOUTH



SOLDIERS?

Letters to Fechner, C.C.C. Director, and Hoyt, "Happy Days" Editor—
Denunciation of Incitement to Violence and Suppression

By JOHN W. STUDEBAKER
U. S. Commissioner of Education

My dear Mr. Fechner:

March 15, 1937

The enclosed photostat of an editorial appearing in *Happy Days*, February 27, has been brought to my attention rather forcefully and I understand that it is being brought to the attention of several members of Congress.

I think that you will agree with me that this editorial is a direct incitement to violence. It is the sort of thing one might expect to read in a Ku Klux Klan or Black Legion publication.

Certainly the editors of *Happy Days* display considerable irresponsibility in attacking a publication and its editors when the officials of *Happy Days* "have not seen it" and admittedly base their strong words on "hearsay."

Expressions such as "we would like to meet the editors of this sheet in a dark alley some night," coming from the editors of a publication advertising itself as the "Authorized Weekly Newspaper of the Civilian Conservation Corps" seem indefensible. This expression is repugnant to any one who understands or appreciates the meaning of American traditions. It assumes that the way to answer a point of view with which we disagree or which we detest is by threats—in the words of the editorial, "We're out to get you."

On many occasions the President has been eloquent in his defense of our great democratic traditions of free speech, free press, freedom of assemblage, freedom of the individual, and of human liberties. You and I have often committed ourselves publicly to the defense of these cherished traditions. People have a right to expect, therefore, that we should express ourselves in condemnation of un-American incitements such as the one which I refer, when these influences so directly affect programs for which we are responsible. Educators generally and an increasing number of our citizens, are very familiar with the subtle methods of propaganda and indoctrination employed in the editorial.

As you know, I have urged for a long time that education is not simply a process in which the individual is engaged when he is actually studying particular subjects. The learning process is going on constantly. I have felt that the whole Camp program should be an educational experience, study and work being integrated. If this is true, I believe that we have an obligation to counteract attempts to create the impression that the boys in the Camps are not perfectly free to "think as they will and speak as they think," to study all points of view, to read publications they choose, and that we should continue to do this in part by appropriate public utterances designed to give force and reality to sound educational principles. As I understand it, the enrollees retain all their rights as citizens and may, therefore, read anything they desire. The contrary position would be in line with the practice of a concentration camp.

Certainly an editorial like this appearing to carry official authorization does not create an atmosphere in which freedom of inquiry essential to any educational program can be carried on.

Although *Happy Days* is not an official organ of the Camps, it is generally considered so. As a matter of fact on page 115 of the book entitled "This New America" the actual words are used "official paper of C.C.C."

This incident raises serious questions concerning the conditions under which a private newspaper should be circulated in the Camps as "authorized" for circulation therein. And this question relates itself to the general problem of Camp education because a newspaper is part of the educational resources.

It seems to me that in recent months *Happy Days* has been used to indoctrinate the enrollees with a definite attitude toward the introduction of military training. This is admittedly a controversial question. There are other questions concerning public affairs which are controversial and which have been handled from a biased point of view from time to time.

Regardless of the technical defense which may be offered to prove that the officials responsible for the operation of the Camps and the educational program are not responsible for the editorial or news policies of *Happy Days*, the majority of the enrollees will continue to believe that the policies are those of the government. I am wondering what practical steps might be taken to clarify this situation.

My Dear Mr. Hoyt:

March 15, 1937

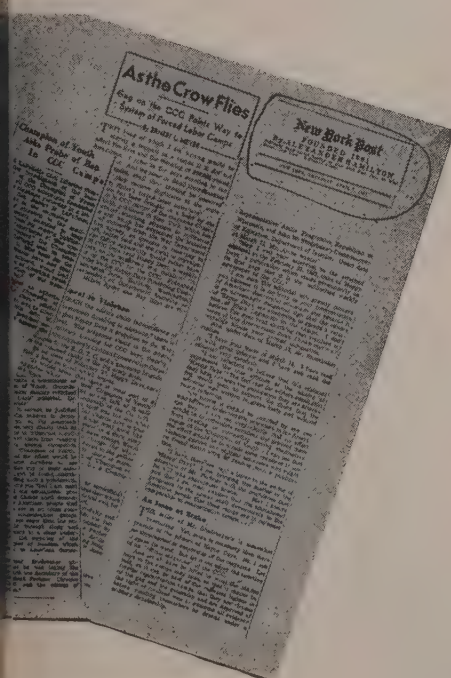
A member of the Congress has directed my attention to an editorial "By the Editors" appearing in *Happy Days* of February 27th.

I have found *Happy Days* to be, on the whole, a very helpful publication for the exchange of news items and information among the camps. I was, therefore, somewhat shocked to read this editorial. I have seen the magazine *Champion of Youth* and while I certainly disagree with some of the points of view expressed in it, particularly with respect to the C.C.C. camps, I think that your correspondent has greatly exaggerated his point. He says: "I want to take the space to warn all fellow members to disregard all articles and stories written in the above mentioned publication." In the February edition the *Champion of Youth* carried a splendid article by Warden Lawes, one by Governor Benson, one by a professor from Dartmouth College, and statements by the director of the U. S. Bureau of Prisons, Chief of the Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, Commissioner of Correction, Grace Abbott and myself.

My reason for bringing this to your attention is that I have been devoting my energies to a great extent to the defense of the principles of freedom of expression and freedom of inquiry which are so essential to education and democracy. As you know, the educational program in the camps is being given direction by the Office of Education. Such an editorial arouses emotions and feelings which are not only contrary to the spirit of democracy but are definitely injurious to an educational program.

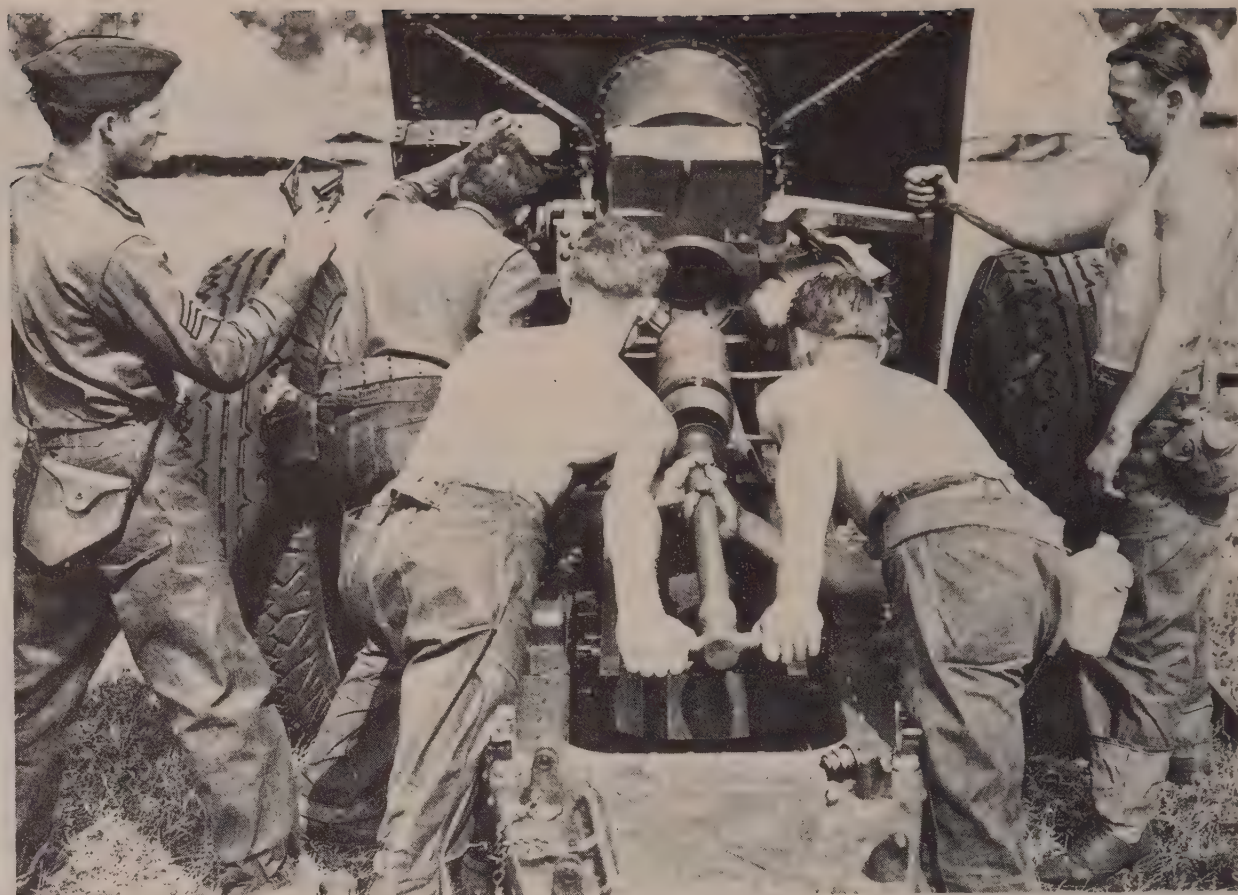
Most of the boys mistakenly, I understand, consider *Happy Days* to be a sort of semi-official publication; therefore, when the editors say, "we'd like to meet the editors of this sheet in a dark alley some night" . . . "we still have enough World War physical prowess left to change the white streak down a couple of black backs to the yellow they should be" . . . "You'd better close shop, *Champion of Youth*. We're out to get you!" . . . the enrollees might quite justifiably consider this sort of incitement representative of the proper and American thing. I am sure that after sober reflection you would not want to defend this point of view.

The fact that we may disagree with the point of view or a particular emphasis in some publication certainly does not justify us in attempting to intimidate the editor, the contributors or the prospective readers, especially by taking advantage of what has been made to appear to be an official or "authorized" relationship to the camps. The enrollees in the camps are American citizens who have the right to read whatever they will and make up their own minds concerning it. The Congressman who wrote to me, I believe, is quite justified in characterizing this editorial as "attempting to spread a variation of Black Legionism in the camps." In view of the fact that your editorial has been distributed and read by most of the enrollees it is, in my opinion, incumbent upon you to give equal space and prominence to a forthright statement representing those who do not agree with your suggestions that the way to settle differences of opinion is to meet people holding such opinions "in a dark alley," "to get you," "to change the white streaks down a couple of black backs to the yellow they should be," all of which are contained in the editorial and represent a method of attack which is exceedingly undesirable if not un-American.



STRIKE FOR SPAIN!

By JOSEPH P. LASH



A widely read columnist recently declared that the world was on the verge of war because there were too many young men who like to play at war and strut around in uniforms. If this columnist, however, had conducted his investigations more carefully he would have discovered that the youth of America is in violent rebellion against the war system and that the war makers have an elaborate institution in the schools whereby they try to make war appealing to young people.

What is the R.O.T.C. but a vast propaganda effort to make the war system, and the reactionary ideology tied up with that system, colorful and appealing through natty uniforms, and playing at war? And if that doesn't get one, there are polo ponies to make militarism alluring. And if one is still not seduced, there are co-ed colonels who add sex appeal to militarism. Romanticising war would seem to be a contemptible business, but that is the chief function of the R.O.T.C. with a few additional ingredients of romanticising Big Business, the *status quo*, and the authoritarian state. To make war seem heroic is an essential step in the preparation of war.

Because the R.O.T.C. is an essential

part of the war preparations of the United States, the American Student Union carries on an unceasing campaign for the abolition of military training. The R.O.T.C. represents, on the campus, the war preparations of American imperialism, which on a national scale include the billion dollar war budget, the naval bases in the Pacific, the M-Day plans.

American youth does not intend to lay down its life in shell holes around Shanghai or Timbuctoo. The program of the American Student Union states that "we will not support any war which the U. S. government may undertake," for we recognize that such a war would be imperialist in character. The A.S.U. means business by that declaration. That is why it carried through the anti-war strike last spring which enlisted the support of 500,000 students. For the strike against war is a dress rehearsal of what we intend to do in a war crisis.

But the student anti-war movement is not the private property of any organization. The A.S.U. was jubilant when our strike last year was so successful that it finally opened the way for the establishment of the United Student Peace Committee which groups every import-

ant national student organization in a united front against war. If the war makers are to be defeated *all* the young people must be mobilized in the peace movement. And in the effort to achieve this universal mobilization of youth the A.S.U. finds partial fruition of its efforts in the imposing array of organizations associated with the United Student Peace Committee.

Now we are concentrating our efforts in achieving a parallel enlistment of high school students in the fight for peace. It is a vast undertaking in which our reactionary opponents do not hesitate to inflame student against student, nor to resort to covert violence and outspoken browbeating. It is the belief of the Union that peace actions must be related to the extent of understanding and of the will to peace that exists among high school students. As a consequence the A.S.U. has called upon high school students to participate in the anti-war strike by holding student-controlled peace assemblies. This will enable us to reach thousands who otherwise remain unaffected by our work and to create a peace movement in the high schools which is not confined to the courageous few with convictions.

Another basic part of peace work of the Union is combatting the war danger that arises from fascism. At the present moment this means Spain. The American Student Union believes that the most crucial sector in the fight against war at the present moment is the outcome of the war in Spain. By now it has become painfully clear that we do not have a civil war in Spain but an international one, in which international fascism is waging an undeclared war against the Spanish people.

If Italy and Germany win the Spanish war, does anybody believe they will then rest? Or would not this victory be merely a preparatory sortie before the major operation against the Soviet Union?

The world peace movement has a vital stake in the defeat of Germany and Italy in the Spanish war. Such a defeat

would temper fascist arrogance and strengthen the peace forces. Such a defeat would eliminate the possibility of another nation joining the fascist war international. Because the fight for peace is enthroned in the very forefront of the A.S.U. program, it supports the cause of the Spanish Loyalists.

The A.S.U. would like to see the anti-war strike become a demonstration of sympathy for the Spanish people. The victory of the fascists in Spain would strengthen the jingoists everywhere. It would disorganize the peace forces. It would bring nearer the outbreak of a major world war in which the U. S. would be in the greatest danger of becoming involved.

The A.S.U. will in the preparations for the strike educate the student body on the relationship between the war in Spain and keeping America out of war. Concretely it will do this by raising the slogan, "*We fast that Spain may eat.*" The strike this year is to be supplemented by a fast which is to show the conscientious intention of the striking students to work for peace. Students will be asked to give the money saved through fasting to various causes. The A.S.U. proposes that students turn their money over to the Spanish people who now are fighting the battles of the international peace movement.

The A.S.U. peace program has many other facets: educating students on the causes of war; campaigns against fake neutrality measures such as the Spanish embargo and the provision of the McReynolds Bill which would outlaw contributions to Spain; and the staging of mock M- (mobilization) Days. There are, however, two other aspects of our work which should be mentioned. We believe that neither students alone, nor youth alone can prevent war. We believe that basic to an effective anti-war struggle is the mobilization of the whole community, and especially the trade union movement.

Young Women's

Christian Association:

By KATHARINE BARBOUR

DO YOU believe that the world must be rid of war? Do you believe that peace cannot come without world cooperation?

Do you believe that every person who has learned to work with other socially-minded individuals is a worker for peace?

Do you believe that independent thinking, an appreciation of other nationalities, and a love of justice can help to abolish war?

The Young Women's Christian Association believes all these things, and therefore, counts itself among the host of those who are working for the peace of the world. Three hundred thousand junior and senior high school girls over this country are affiliated with the Girl Reserve Department of our national work, and it is hoped that most of them are experiencing the thrill which a feeling of world citizenship can give. There are evidences that some of them are—

In Tuscon, Arizona, 300 Girls Reserves marched for Peace in the Armistice Day parade and drew city-wide comment.

In a small New York town these young people have given a boost to a local Peace Council which is sponsoring discussion groups, forums, urging that more and better peace books be placed in the public library, etc.

In hundreds of cities every second week of November Girl Reserves join with Y.W.C.A. members in fifty-two countries in thinking of what "World Fellowship" demands of each person.

These are just a few of the ways in which Girl Reserves of the Y.W.C.A. are trying to further the cause of World Peace. The Dreihock Meisje of Holland, the Girl Citizens of Australia, the Hua Kuang girls of China, the Kalmecatl (Explorers) of Mexico, the Girl Guides of England, the Cadets of France, and the Juniors of Belgium are all a part of the world-wide network of the Y.W.C.A. Between them flow letters, greetings carried by voyaging members, and above all, a sense of friendliness toward all youth of the "blue triangle."

The motto of our world's organization which has its headquarters in Geneva is "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." It is impossible to write these words and the preceding paragraphs without thinking of all the Girl Reserves who are not concerned about world peace, and of the inadequacy of what all of us are doing. In a movement, however, which reaches out over the world, and includes all races and creeds, there is a potential force for world peace which is being tapped by some courageous leaders.

*"The World stands out on either side,
No wider than the heart is wide."*

"Heart-stretching" is a large task when girls of all countries and backgrounds are asking for a place in the new heart—the process brings each of us face to face with every perplexing problem of the present day. Our hope is that out of their experience in Y.W.C.A. clubs Girl Reserves will emerge as citizens with keener minds, more adventurous, inquiring spirits, and a finer appreciation of others. We believe that this is one road to peace.

ARMS AND THE GIRL

Girl Scouts of America:

By ANNE NEW

A GIRL Scout is a friend to all and sister to every other Girl Scout."

This sentence from the code of the Girl Scouts and Girl Guides has been translated into French, Portuguese, Hindustani, Chinese, Japanese, Dutch, Czechoslovakian, Polish, Greek—all the tongues, in fact, of the thirty-two nations affiliated with the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts. It is the expression of the spirit of cooperation and understanding which is the basis of national and international Girl Scouting.

The Girl Scouts believe that the way to create international friendliness is to offer young people a code which cuts across racial, religious, social and even caste barriers to establish habits of conduct whose only sanction is human worth. As a practical expression of this spirit of cooperation and the desire to know each other better, delegates from the thirty-one foreign countries of the World Association are coming this August to Camp Andree, near Briarcliff Manor, New York, to join with the Girl Scouts of the United States in celebrating their Silver Jubilee. These foreign girls will come, eager to teach their arts and crafts, their national songs and stories. They will join with their hostesses from every state in the Union in cooking the camp meals and dividing the camp chores. American and foreign girls will live in small family groups.

These international meetings are not a new idea in Girl Scouting. There is a permanent Girl Scout international camp at Adelboden, Switzerland, to which girls from the United States and foreign lands are sent (financed by the interest from the Juliette Low Memorial Fund, set up for this purpose). These girls learn to work and play together, finding out where each shines or is outshone. They return better fitted to be leaders in their own countries, and to understand the problems of international cooperation which all future leaders must face.

To all Girl Scouts, whether they can attend an international encampment or not, the organization offers the right to work for the world knowledge proficiency badge which can be won by girls who have materially increased their knowledge and understanding of other nations.

By seeking to build character, self-reliance, health and breadth of vision through practical, day by day activities, the Girl Scouts feel that they are working toward the goal set forth by Lord Baden-Powell at the International Conference at Budapest in 1928:

"The ideal of the Girl Guides (and their sister Scouts) is unity; to break down in the coming generation prevailing differences between classes, creeds and countries, and to bring about in their place peace and good will in the world."





Youth Section, American League Against War and Fascism:

Above: Courtesy Mussolini

PEACE ENEMY NO. 1: FASCISM

By MAURICE GATES

UNQUESTIONABLY, in discussing the peace activities of the Youth Section of the American League Against War and Fascism, at this time, we must place in a cardinal position our activities on behalf of the beleaguered but valiant defenders of democracy in the Republic of Spain. At the present time this struggle of the Spanish people occupies our minds and attention almost to the exclusion of everything else.

We are a peace organization bringing a totally new concept into that field of activity. We believe and events have justified that belief—that to work for peace today requires that we not only work against war but we must also work against fascism and fascist forces—the creators of war. China, Ethiopia and Spain are ample justification for our stand in this regard.

Our position in this regard left room for no quibbling when on the 19th of July the Spanish Republic was attacked by Moorish troops led by fascist-minded Spanish generals, aided by Hitler and Mussolini. We have not wavered in this respect since; ever day has proven more conclusively that Spain and Spanish democracy are under attack from World Fascism. We have organized daily collections of food, clothing and medical supplies among thousands of young people in schools, churches, "Y's", settlement houses, shops and neighborhoods. We have conducted, initiated and cooperated in meetings for this purpose throughout the country. In Chicago, our youth branches presented to the Spanish delegates \$113.30 and 28 cases of milk. Similar acts have occurred at nearly every such meeting. We have further come out in such meetings against the shameful embargo of the United States government, against the duly constituted democratic Republic of Spain, which marks the most blatant betrayal of democracy likely to ever occur again in our generation.

In performing this work we have not been of the opinion that this is our own particular struggle but we have rather

conceived of the task being the job of all American youth, regardless of opinions held by them. That is why we have always strived for what is termed "mutual cooperation" on the part of all youth organizations in this campaign. The Youth Division of the American League played a major part in making it possible for the official delegation of the Spanish Youth Front to come to America and to tour the country.

In order to insure the continuation of this valuable and necessary work we have initiated the United Youth Committee for Spanish Democracy and the Defenders of Spanish Democracy. The first being a federation of organizations to collect aid for Spain and the last a chain of clubs organized on the basis of individual memberships to conduct collections of material aid for Spain.

In addition to this the Youth Division of the American League is interested in elimination of military control from the camps of the Civilian Conservation Corps. We believe that the continuation of such control makes for military regimentation and may lead to conditions similar to those in Hitler's forced labor service. We have worked consistently for civilian control of the camps. In the

near future there will be a bill introduced into the Congress for this purpose and we will bend our every resource to mobilize support for its passage.

The Nye-Kvale Bill of the last session of the Congress furnished us with one of our main campaigns, that of making military training in the schools and colleges optional instead of compulsory. We favor this because we regard it as a practical step in the direction of complete abolition of military training in the schools. We believe that with enough support a similar bill can be put through both houses of the Congress.

The Sheppard-Hill Bill introduced into this Congress as a part of the Industrial Mobilization Plan of the War Department is a bill which we feel must be defeated and which vitally concerns the youth of the nation. The bill if passed would regiment our entire generation and make of us minions of the military. Its viciousness lies in its fascist implications. It means mobilization for death. We have begun to encourage protest against this measure and we earnestly solicit the cooperation of all groups and individuals to insure the defeat of this plan to regiment our generation for complete annihilation.

In a few days the fourth student strike against war will have become history. These tasks of concrete effort for peace still remain: 1. Demilitarization of the campus; 2. Diversion of war funds to constructive efforts; 3. Defense of civil rights and academic freedom; and 4. Activity on behalf of genuine neutrality.

We are proud to have been associated with these organizations who formed the Student Strike Committee. May each day in the rest of the year witness a greater cooperation and mutual goodwill, for we believe that along this way lies the successful achievement of the peace objectives of our generation. We young people, have the power to play an important part in influencing the course of history. The task is ours. The opportunity is here.



National Student

Federation of America:

NEVER AGAIN

By JOHN S. HARLOW

AS war-clouds gather on the frontiers between nations, the simple faith of older generations is shaken. They begin to doubt whether the peace so carefully nurtured over two decades can be preserved.

But the great body of youth in America and in the majority of nations, the belief in the possibility of permanent peace is today strong, and from it is coming a new body of ideas which youth itself is attempting to express in action and solidify through organization.

The belief in peace is common to all youth. Active expression of this belief has reached a high level of united purpose in the seven hundred colleges that served as keystones throughout the country.

Illustrating the types of action which youth today feels is essential in concrete peace work, the recent Congress of the National Student Federation considered four attacks on the problem. It expressed its belief in the continuing necessity for international cooperation between nations and the students of those nations. It considered those internal policies which make for peace and must be fostered; and those which make for war and must be diminished. It laid down recommendations for campus thought and campus action by students in the name of peace. Finally, it advocated unity among those organizations working with and among students, representing and serving them, in the common peace programs which have been and will be developed.

When a resolution was passed by the N.S.F.A. body of student leaders, representing colleges in every section of the country, that "world tension demands constructive action on the part of all nations," it meant business. The Federation believes that contact between American students and the students of other countries is an important step in creating that good will between the people of different nations which leads to the desire for peace and the willingness to make the sacrifices necessary for its preservation.

"Ah, ha," says the older and wiser man, "the liberalism of the nineteen-twenties." "A liberalism," answers the Federation, "which was beautifully clear in its realization that isolation breeds suspicion; and in suspicion lie the germs of war." The Federation is therefore proud of its travel bureau, built up over many years, giving students of this country a closer glimpse of the living reality of students in other countries. It is part of its peace program. So also are the debaters whom it brings to America from various parts of Britain and the Empire, sending them to colleges from coast to coast. So also is the affiliation of the Federation with the International Student Service and the International Confederation of Students.

CHAMPION OF YOUTH

ROOTS OF WAR

By JAMES C. CLARK

THE first Socialist youth organizations, formed in the 19th century, sprang from the protest of young people against the growing militarization that was being forced on them; from their realization that they were to be sacrificed to make the world safe for an imperialism which could mean nothing but poverty and misery to them and to the people throughout the world. This opposition was crystalized in the first International Youth Congress, held in August, 1907. Karl Liebknecht, one of the strongest opponents of Prussian militarism and of Germany's entrance into the war, was an outstanding leader at this congress.

This year the Young Communist League of the United States celebrates its fifteenth anniversary. These fifteen years have been marked by continuous opposition to the militarization of young people, and by ever-increasing positive activity on behalf of peace. The keynote of our present activity was sounded by Gil Green, National Secretary, when he opened a period of discussion before the coming national convention.

"The eighth national convention of the Young Communist League will take place at a time when war is no longer a remote possibility but an alarming actuality. International fascism has engaged in a new foreign adventure which has as its immediate objective the colonial enslavement of Spain and its people. Nothing brings home to us more clearly the conditions of the world we live in than the Spanish war. Spain is the sharpest expression of that struggle which rages in one form or another throughout the world between the forces of democracy and those of fascism. All the more certain is it, therefore, that only the defeat of reaction and fascism can save our generation from another world slaughter and enable humanity to move forward in the direction of true democracy—socialism."

In order to fight war, we must be able to recognize its sources, just as we must be able to recognize the forces that make for peace. World war is already a fact on Spanish soil, where Italian and German troops comprise almost two-thirds of the forces fighting the democratic Spanish government, and where ammunition and planes furnished by these fascist powers continue to make of peace-loving Spain a bloody battleground. We need no further proof that fascism is the immediate enemy of peace. Only if the fascist aggressors in Spain are defeated will the danger of world war be averted.

The trial of the agents of Trotsky in the Soviet Union, and the "confessions" of Trotsky in the Hearst press give us ample evidence that German and Jap-

anese fascists, in alliance with the Trotskyites, are plotting war not only against the Soviet Union, but against the other nations of Europe and also the United States.

It is our firm conviction that peace can be maintained. We say this, although we know that there can be no permanent guarantee against war until the roots and causes of war have been eliminated. The World War, Japan's march into Manchuria, Italy's conquest of Ethiopia, the present Spanish crisis—all such wars are fought for colonial booty and conquest, for raw materials, for markets and for surplus capital, in a word, for greater profit. The root of war is the profit system.

The people of the world look to the Soviet Union as the most dependable source of peace, for in serving the cause of peace the Soviet Union helps not only its own people but all people opposed to war. Proposals for universal disarmament, a whole series of non-aggression pacts, the Franco-Soviet Pact, and the pact with Czecho-Slovakia—these are possible only in a country which has no need of war. In the Soviet Union, production depends not on the desire of individuals for profit, but on the needs of all the people. Where there is no profit system, there is no need for war. In order to continue the program of socialist construction which will secure ever-increasing benefits for the Russian people, there must be peace.

We object to any fatalism in the struggle for peace. We disagree with those who say that the action of labor, and the will of the people generally, is helpless against the war-makers. It is the unity of labor and the unity of people throughout the world that will impress upon the governments of nations the universal desire for peace. That is why the Young Communist League has for many years cooperated with other youth organizations in joint action against war. Young Communists participated in the World Youth Congress which established world-wide unity in the struggle for peace, and as one of the affiliates of the American Youth Congress we have actively supported the peace endeavors of that body. In the

(Continued on page 23)



Above: Italian Youth

College Farmers' Union:

R.O.T.C. ROUTED

By LAWRENCE FINE and CATHRYN RAY

NORTH DAKOTA'S youth move forward. Anti-militarism scored heavily when Governor Langer recently signed a bill making military training optional at the North Dakota Agricultural College and the University of North Dakota.

Before that, two years of military training was a graduation requirement for all students. School officials forced students, regardless of conscientious objections, religious scruples or other grounds, to attend the military courses. And if the student disregarded or opposed the pressure, proceedings for expulsion were begun against him.

In the main, the youth of the North Dakota Farmers Union deserve the credit for the present triumph. At its last State convention the Farmers Union resolved to demand optional military training in State institutions, and its sponsorship of the bill grew out of this sentiment expressed by the organization. Morris Erickson, State Secretary of the Farmers Union, led the fight for the measure and secured a divided report of seven to six in favor of the bill from the House Committee on Education. Representative Godwin, House Majority leader, led the fight on the legislative floor where the issue was debated as militarism versus pacifism.

Realizing that the bill was likely to be enacted into law, the professional patriots of the state at once began pouring forth a volley of fire at the Farmers Union and the Farmers Union local at the Agricultural College. *Spectrum*, the college's official weekly newspaper, went out of its way to quote the threadbare "warnings" of the military department head and the military band director that the school would lose its federal appropriations if military training were made optional. This despite statements from authoritative Washington, D. C. sources that there would be no federal retaliation.

The military department, the music

department, the *Spectrum* and other groups united their efforts to crush the bill by throwing fear into the student body. Arrangements for a convocation of students were made then to crystalize and build student opinion in favor of compulsory military training. The day before the meeting, two members of the militarist group approached members of the College Farmers Union local, explaining that the question of compulsory military training would be aired. But when the convocation was called the speakers for optional military training were made to appear first on the program—with no chance for rebuttal while the opponents of the bill used the rest of the entire program to whip up feeling against the proposed measure.

A planted "claque" of members of "Scabbard and Blade", the military fraternity, occupied the front seats at the meeting and promptly began booing until they accomplished their end: to force the proponents of the bill to withdraw from the platform. Amid well-stimulated cheers the advocates of compulsory military training raved incoherently about the downfall of the institution.

The following day the bill came up before the State Senate Committee on education.

The Senate Committee on Education voted 8 to 3 in favor of the bill. A desperate attempt to postpone the bill indefinitely in the Senate proved unsuccessful. And after a bitter and fiery debate the Senate passed the measure 28 to 20.

With the Governor's signature on the bill, North Dakota no longer compels its young people in educational institutions to take military training. The passage of the measure clearly demonstrated the invaluable advantages of a powerful farm organization and threw a spotlight on the splendid work of the youth of the State Farmers Union of North Dakota.

B E W A R E OF VENEREAL DISEASE

By DR. ISABEL BECK



THE ostrich evades life's problems by sticking his head in the sand on the theory that what you can't see can't hurt you. People who emulate the ostrich in the conduct of their affairs usually find that they don't get the good results that are claimed by the bird.

One of the problems that has been most consistently ducked in the past is that of venereal disease, and because of this ostrich-like policy under the guise of "morality," venereal disease and its control have attained the proportions of a major public menace.

The extent to which this problem threatens the health and happiness of young people is evident when we realize that there are at least 3,000,000 people in the United States treated for this condition each year, of which many are between the ages of 16 and 25.

The necessity for widespread education which will enable every young person to protect himself from infection and its often tragic consequences becomes obvious when one considers the fact that few men and women over 21 have never run the risk of exposure to venereal disease, and that 50 per cent of all cases are innocently acquired.

In my professional consultations with young people I have found that although they may have some hazy idea of the existence of venereal disease, they are extremely vague as to the specific details involved. Many of them do not realize that there are two separate diseases in this category. One is syphilis, the other, gonorrhea. They are entirely unrelated to each other and the only characteristics they have in common is that they are contagious and that they are usually, though not invariably, acquired through sexual contact with an infected person.

Today in our country it is estimated that one out of every ten persons is infected with syphilis at some time during his or her life. One half of the infections are in the age group of twenty to thirty years of age at the rate of six men for every four women. The rate is four times as high in the city as in rural districts, and six times as frequent among Negroes as among white people.

The infecting germ, or "spirocheta pallida," resembles a corkscrew when seen under a microscope. If left untreated this disease causes permanent disability and very often terminates in death. It can be acquired one of three ways: through sexual relations with an infected individual, through accidentally handling or contacting infected discharges, and by a baby whose mother is infected with the disease during her pregnancy. This form is called congenital syphilis.

The first symptom is a sore on that part of the body which was exposed to infection. If infection occurred through sexual contact, the sore appears on the genital organs, if acquired from an infected person through kissing, it appears on the lip; if through the use of infected articles, it appears on the point of contact of the article with the body. The

sore appears in two weeks to a month after exposure and persists for from four to eight weeks. It is not painful and in fact is not even recalled by 20 per cent of the patients. Unfastidious people may mistake it for a persistent cold sore.

It is during this period that the germs invade the blood stream and are carried to the various organs. The body discharges are highly infective and are responsible for many innocently acquired infections. The second stage is characterized by skin eruptions that resemble measles, headache, sores in the mouth, falling of hair, and general malaise.

If untreated, or treated insufficiently, the disease pursues a relentless course. Years may pass before the next manifestation, but during this time the germs have been burrowing their way and destroying tissue. Without proper treatment, 10 per cent of cases wind up in insane institutions. Ten to twenty per cent are stricken with severe heart disease. Fifteen per cent of blindness can be laid at its door. The man or woman who contracted the illness in the twenties may reach forty-five before the full blast of the destructive force of syphilis is felt. Even at this late stage, vigorous treatment will allow the patient a 50 per cent chance of cure.

Gonorrhea is a more common disease. In the navy, for instance, there are three cases of gonorrhea to one of syphilis. It is estimated that 60 per cent of males in large cities have it at some time during their lives, that 20 per cent of married men contract it from extra-marital relations, and of these 10 per cent transmit it to their wives.

The infecting agent of gonorrhea is a small biscuit-shaped germ which usually gains access to the victim through sexual relations with an infected individual. Here again it is possible to become infected through careless use of towels or an unsterilized bathing suit recently used by an infected person. The germ rarely invades the blood stream and rarely kills. It produces a local catarrh of the mucous membranes lining the genital organs and manifests itself in an irritating discharge.

The symptoms of gonorrhea may be so unalarming that they are disregarded as a "cold." The chances of cure cannot be predicted definitely, but if treatment is taken early and persistently, the outlook is good.

Until the rest of the world is educated to the danger of venereal disease, it is important that we lay down some fundamental rules of hygienic conduct in our everyday lives. In many instances we are protected by existing laws relating to washing dishes in restaurants, sterilization of suits in public bath houses and medical examination of food handlers. There is no law, however, which prevents us from using towels indiscriminately, nor from borrowing bathing suits. There is no law which protects us from promiscuous petting with "blind dates."

No physician who comes in contact with modern young people can fail to sympathize with the dilemma in which they find themselves. The traditional standards and ideals of sex conduct impose almost unendurable hardships when marriage must be postponed beyond the ideal age. If ethics crack under the strain it is understandable. The promiscuous and casual sex contact is not the solution. It implies no mutual responsibility and creates mental and physical hazards that may have serious consequences in later life. It is obvious that early marriage will do much to relieve the tension.

Youth has the right to demand some type of security, to demand a more rational social order making early mar-

riages universally possible. Until then, no matter what the legal status of the relationship, it is the better part of wisdom to surround it with all the safeguards that modern medicine can provide.

Consultation before marriage should include not only instructions in the intelligent use of medically recognized contraceptives and the removals of fears and inhibitions that may be present, but also a complete medical history, physical examination, and all tests necessary to rule out the presence of venereal infection. If this plan were incorporated into our customs, we should soon put an end to the tragedies, the sorrows, and the bitter recriminations of love gone sour.

A LETTER FROM SWEDEN

SINCE the first issue of the *Champion* I have followed its progress with the greatest interest. I think it is an excellent weapon for the working youth of America to form the united front against war and fascism. Especially the February issue strikes me as an almost perfect youth paper. There are so many fine articles that I don't want to point out one before the other. However, if I had an opportunity to send roses to one of your contributors, I should no doubt send them to Dr. Hannah Stone. Her sex article ought to stand as a pattern for all discussions on the problem. In America like in Sweden there has been enough hypocritical preaching and business made on the sex question.

The Angelo Herndon case is known among the Swedish workers. Now I have translated his appeal "Let Me Live!" for a local paper. He must not be sent back to the chain gang. Mooney and Billings were buried alive, and such a crime must not be committed again by American justice. Swedish papers mention the names of those two veterans very often. Their case, like the one of Sacco and Vanzetti, stands beside the lynchings of the South as bloody shadows on American culture. It is up to the *Champion* and all progressive youth of your country to remove these shadows.

Spain is the main interest of Swedish youth today. Local committees are working in every village and town collecting money, clothes, and food for the Spanish people, for Spanish democracy. More than one hundred young Swedes are fighting in the International Brigade. Olle Meurling was the first to pay the supreme sacrifice. He fell by his machine gun at Madrid December 20. He was the son of a dean of the Swedish Church and was studying theology at the University of Upsala. He was a member of the Swedish Young Communist League. Meurling has—like once John Reed did—by his heroic death enthused thousands of Swedish young people to do their utmost in order to support the legal Spanish government.

The best of wishes to the *Champion* and its editors and contributors.
JOHN TAKMAN, Rud, Kila, Sweden.

REJECTED BY JOHN BROOME

(Continued from page 13)

he said, not unkindly, fishing some sheets of paper out of a drawer. "Fill these out. Underline the right word like it says. You got five minutes."

That put me back on familiar ground. I took the papers and prepared to go to town. The words in common use gave me little trouble but, soon, I ran into a stock of military terms which threw me for a loss. However, I knotted my forehead, worked hard, trusted mainly to luck, and finished just within the time limit.

The clerk marked my answers from a master sheet. When he was through, he looked somewhat surprised. "Yuh passed," he said.

I felt pretty good. Expecting the relatively simple Army Alpha Intelligence Test, I had bene ambushed, so to speak, by what amounted to a damn stiff exam on military terminology. I had been lucky I knew it.

In the medical room, while awaiting my turn to get undressed and be examined, I felt astonishment at the fact that so many had passed that difficult exam.

My self-satisfaction was extremely short lived. Without waiting for me to take my clothes off, an orderly approached and commanded me to open my mouth. Dutifully, I complied. He squinted into my maw, grunted, and looked satisfied.

"Yuh ain't got enough teeth," the orderly said. And he proceeded to check off my rejection.

"How many teeth do you need to join the Army?" I asked in despair.

"I dunno," said the orderly with laconic boredom, "but you ain't got enough."

At that moment, the doctor, a tall, distinguished figure, walked up to us. "Wait a minute," he said to the orderly. And he flashed me a big smile.

FUNDAMENTALS OF PEACE

(Continued from page 9)

not yet sufficiently active and informed—will once again sponsor United Youth Day. This annual opportunity for young people to get together and exert pressure for peace takes place on May 30th. This year—because the date falls on a Sunday—extensive preparations are being made for the occasion. In many places, city wide peace conferences will be sponsored on Saturday, May 29th, so that delegates from every sort of organization can meet and plan to carry out their common programs. On Sunday—and in some cases continuing through Monday—large peace festivals will be held. Several centers will be the scenes of large sports festivals; in others there will be picnics, plays, dances, mass meetings, parades. All of these projects throughout the nation will have the common purpose of uniting all the young people of the community in the work for peace. United Youth Day—with unprecedented participation this year—will be the chal-

"College?"

"Yes, sir. B— College." I smiled back.

"Have you got your Master's?" This, casually.

"Why, no. That is, not yet." My smile vanished. If he was going to tell me to go back to school for an M.A., I would poke him right in the jaw. But he didn't. Instead, he decided to look into my mouth.

"Mmm," he mmm'd, after a very sur-sory glance. "To bad about your bicus-pids." And, with that, he turned and walked away. The orderly neatly completed my rejection and ushered me, a trifle dazed, outside.

My bicus-pids! I hadn't suffered from a toothache in years. And, anyway, I was so hungry, I could have eaten hard-tack with my bare gums!

My bicus-pids, my Aunt Tilly! I saw the futility of it all. If it hadn't been my teeth, it would have been my ears, eyes, feet—something!

With millions of youths unemployed only a combination of a Hercules and an Einstein, or a general's nephew, can crash the U. S. Army. It wants only the super-best. Perhaps President Roosevelt's billion dollar peace-time war budget will serve to lower the barriers a little. Not much. But by and large the army will continue to turn down all but perfect specimens of manhood.

That is—unless war threatens! If it does, the barriers will be torn down and a greased chute substituted to take care of all comers. But in that eventuality, army life will no longer appear blissful, even to the hungriest citizen.

Next week I am going to try the Navy. They say that the officials there, are very particular about the stomachs of those they accept. That doesn't daunt me, I've been on a diet for a long time. And, also, I know enough, now, to keep my mouth shut!

lence of American young people to the war-makers of the world.

Nor does the American Youth Congress isolate itself from the young people of other countries. As a member of the World Youth Congress Committee there is constant cooperation with the youth of other lands who are equally anxious to avoid death in the trenches. All of us together can do a great deal to make wars impossible; singly we are impotent. It is therefore hoped—and expected—that United Youth Day will be celebrated in other countries as a sign of the necessary unity of the youth of the world against war.

Billions of dollars are being spent every year for unproductive equipment which will cause the fire of tomorrow. While there is still time, let each of us—no matter what our political or religious views are—no matter how small our water bucket may seem to be—join with all the others to put out the small centers of discontent and conflict which will burst into all-consuming flames.

CRABS

(Continued from page 10)

me and her mother came out of the parlor, and for once didn't give me the usual—bad penny that came back again—look. I said hello politely and then Dot, who was still smiling at me, like she hadn't seen me for ages, said: "Look!" and opened the dining room door.

It was quite a sight. The whole table was covered with food; clams, oysters, fish, potatoes, and right in the middle a big platter of great, large, juicy looking crabs; I stared at those damn crabs and I was sure that this was the finishing touch. They brought me down to earth, reminded me, sharply, that I was going to leave Dot, that I was in a mess. I could hear her say: "Knowing you're so crazy about sea-food, I thought we ought to have some to celebrate. Oh, it's so wonderful!"

"It's going to be a swell celebration all right," I said slowly, still looking at the crabs.

"You don't seem very excited. Aren't you even going to ask what we're celebrating?" she asked, looking up at me. And when she looked at me I got warm all over.

"Of course. What's the brass band out for?"

"A letter came for you this morning and I opened it and . . ."

"And what?" I asked quickly, a sudden idea hitting me right between the eye-brows.

"You got the job!" she shouted.

Then I was kissing and hugging her and I was a new man. I had a job, no matter if it might be only temporary, I had a job! I could really do some engineering work. I could have Dot, we could have our own modest little flat. We could—everything was all right, everything! Warm soft Dot was in my arms, would always be there, and no more living here and bunking there and . . . I eyed the crabs in the center of the table. I pushed Dot gently away and said: "Let's eat. I want to eat—crabs!" I said firmly.

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked, puzzled. "Why, don't you even want to see the letter?"

"Not right now. Listen, I got to eat those crabs. It will do something to me. Be like a shot in the arm . . . I just have to eat them!"

And I marched to the table like a conquering hero. Later I would explain it all to Dot . . . if I could!

Will Youth Fight?

Every organization should order copies of this Peace Ballot

In order to cover the cost of printing copies are being sold at \$3 for 1,000 and \$1 for 300.

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WORLD YOUTH CONGRESS
COMMITTEE
8 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.

ROOTS OF WAR

(Continued from page 21)

student movement we are among those striving to unite all students behind the United Student Peace Committee in the April 22nd Strike. We are actively campaigning against the militarization of American youth. We support the proposal to end army administration in the C.C.C. camps and place them under civilian control. We stand for the demilitarization of the schools, and support the Nye-Kvale bill which seeks to end compulsory military training.

We support all measures taken cooperatively by nations to end war. By failing to apply effective collective sanctions and drastic measures against Italy, the nations of the world handed Ethiopia to Italy on a silver platter. In the same way, they permitted the conquest of Manchuria by Japan. At the present time, the United States is trying to stay out of war by shutting itself off from the rest of the world. In maintaining its policy of strict "neutrality" it is in reality once more serving the cause of war. By refusing to sell arms to Spain, a recognized democratically elected government, while rebels are supplied with troops and arms from Italy and Germany, the United States is not neutral, but brings fascism and war nearer to its own people.

Sentiment and pious wishes will not preserve peace. Clarity of purpose, unity and action are necessary. At the present moment this means support for democracy in Spain. American youth, regardless of political beliefs and affiliations, can and will be united to aid those who are fighting democracy's battle on Spanish soil. We recall that America's greatest triumphs have never been achieved through isolation. America still remembers French aid in our revolution against Great Britain. We remember the help of British labor during the Civil War. We remember that our patriots have helped to spread the gospel of liberty abroad. It is in accord with our tradition that support be given to the Spanish people now. Fascism shall not pass in Spain. World peace must and will be defended.

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STAMPS

GREETINGS, fellow philatelists. And the first one that pronounces "philatelist" with a long "i" goes back to school. It's short. We have been asked to step right out and conduct the stamp column for you animated hinge-lickers. Well, we've been doing it so long, it runs off the fingers and on to the battered Royal without much trouble.

Speaking of the old Royal brings up the philatelic event of the month which is the Coronation issues planned for the ascension to Great Britain's throne of his Royal Majesty, George VI, Emperor of the subjugated Indians and, by the Grace of God, King, etc. Each and every one of the forty-five Crown Colonies will honor the occasion with a series of three stamps of low value to make their first appearance on the day, May 12, the late Duke gets crowned and everything is made official. These stamps will bear the portraits of the King and his Royal helpmate, Queen Elizabeth. To help the budget out the various Dominions will add their bit with various sets of their own choosing, making the total face value of the group in the neighborhood of \$11.00. Some folks feel that these stamps will follow the Jubilee issues for the late George V which rose spectacularly in value due to the small quantities issued. Present indications seem to point towards a plentiful quantity of the new stamps to meet all demands.

Next big event on the list which is the extension of the Clipper Airmail service to China; Hong Kong and Macao being the new points on the route. Ever since November, 1935, the big clipper ships of the Pan-American Airways have been roaring through the air from San Francisco to Hawaii, Guam and Manila. After long negotiations, complicated by international hindrances the route will now be extended to the above mentioned points. The flight takes place April 21 and weekly flights are scheduled thereafter.

The "patriotic" drum pounders are still celebrating the long awaited Army and Navy series of commemorative stamps which is being wound up with the appearance of the four cent values on March 23 and the five centers on April 15, or thereabouts.

Let's make this a meeting place for all stamp collectors. Send your questions to us, care of the Editor, and remember to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if your letter demands a reply.

John Molter

1,000 JOBS IN STEEL FOR COLLEGE MEN

Jobs in the steel industry for nearly one thousand college men will be open after graduation this spring, according to an estimate by the Iron and Steel Institute. But most of them will be in overalls, the Institute says.

Work in the producing end of steel—the overall end is chosen by 85 per cent of college graduates who are placed in the steel industry, while only 12 per cent take "white-collar" jobs, the report says.

WILL YOUTH FIGHT?

PEACE BALLOT

Sponsored by United States Committee of the World Youth Congress

What To Do With This Ballot

Under each section of the Ballot check the points which represent your opinion. (You may check more than one)

Sign your name and address if you wish to. Indication of age and sex is compulsory. Return your Ballot before May 20 to World Youth Congress Committee, Suite 508, 8 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

A. In Case of Armed Conflict the United States should

- ☐ 1. Prohibit the shipment of munitions and other war materials to all countries at war.
- ☐ 2. Sell munitions and other war materials to all countries impartially.
- ☐ 3. Allow munitions and other war materials to be supplied only to nations attacked.

B. When War Threatens in Other Parts of the World, the Policy of the United States Should Be to

- ☐ 1. Refuse to take part with other countries in any attempt to prevent war.
- ☐ 2. Consult with other nations for the prevention of war.
- ☐ 3. Act together with other nations for the prevention of war (for example—barring munitions and other supplies from attacking nations) but under no circumstances use armed force.
- ☐ 4. Join with other nations in whatever steps may be necessary to check war.

C. I Will Fight for

- ☐ 1. The United States Government only in case our country is invaded.
- ☐ 2. The United States Government under any circumstances.
- ☐ 3. The United States Government under no circumstances.
- ☐ 4. Democracy against fascism.

D. I Believe that the Best Means of Settling World Problems Are

- ☐ 1. War.
- ☐ 2. Cooperation among nations for the prevention of war, direct against those provoking war (collective security).
- ☐ 3. Policy of isolation.
- ☐ 4. More even distribution of raw materials, such as oil, rubber, and metals.
- ☐ 5. World socialism.

E. I Favor Reduction of Our Present Military and Naval Budgets

- ☐ 1. Under no circumstances.
- ☐ 2. If reductions are also made by other great powers.
- ☐ 3. No matter what other nations do.

Age Name
Sex Address
City State

Send me more information about Points ☐ A, ☐ B, ☐ C, ☐ D, ☐ E.

BOOKS

THE GANG, by Frederick M. Thrasher (University of Chicago Press).

This revised edition of Professor Thrasher's study of 1,313 Chicago gangs contains a new section outlining a crime prevention program for suggested use by public and private agencies. Professor Thrasher points out, "There is no panacea for the solution of the gang problem and its related problem of crime. Yet, in dealing with the gangster and the criminal we have spent far too much thought and money upon the problem of repressing the finished product of the delinquent career."

HERE'S TO CRIME, by Courtney Riley Cooper (Little, Brown & Co.)

In this best-seller, Mr. Cooper, who is a good friend of Chief G-Man J. Edgar Hoover, expounds the thesis with abundant examples that "Crime Does Pay." Referring to Joe Bolognia and his five associates, Mr. Cooper emphasizes, "Crime does not pay those who seek so hard to make it remunerative—who are the poor.—E.M.

THE SOCIAL FUNCTIONS OF EDUCATION, by Robert M. Bear (Macmillan). An introductory treatment of educational sociology, this book is intended, first to help the reader achieve a sociological point of view regarding the place of education in society; second, to help the student integrate his knowledge of social processes and institutions and add to that knowledge with a view to attaining greater understanding of the problems of contemporary life and the relation of education to them.

THE TEACHER AND SOCIETY, Edited by William H. Kilpatrick (Appleton Century). This highly provocative and outspoken discussion of the teacher in relation to contemporary America is the first official publication of the John Dewey Society founded in 1936 to foster studies of American education in its interaction with society and social change. It is the result of close collaboration between Goodwin Watson, William H. Kilpatrick, George H. Hartmann, John Dewey and others.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, by Franklin J. Keller and Morris S. Viteles (Norton). An excellent comparative survey of ways and means whereby young people everywhere are being prepared for vocations. The methods and accomplishments of the various nations are described against a background of economic, political and social settings. For all its scholarliness, this book makes fascinating reading.

EDUCATION AND THE CLASS STRUGGLE by Zalmen Slesinger (Covici, Friede). The author examines the liberal educators' program and finds it wanting from his Marxist point of view. Most of the chapters deal with the general problems of class struggle and not with specific problems involving both education and the class struggle. The book grew out of a doctoral dissertation at Columbia University and has an introduction by Dr. William H. Kilpatrick.—M.B.S.

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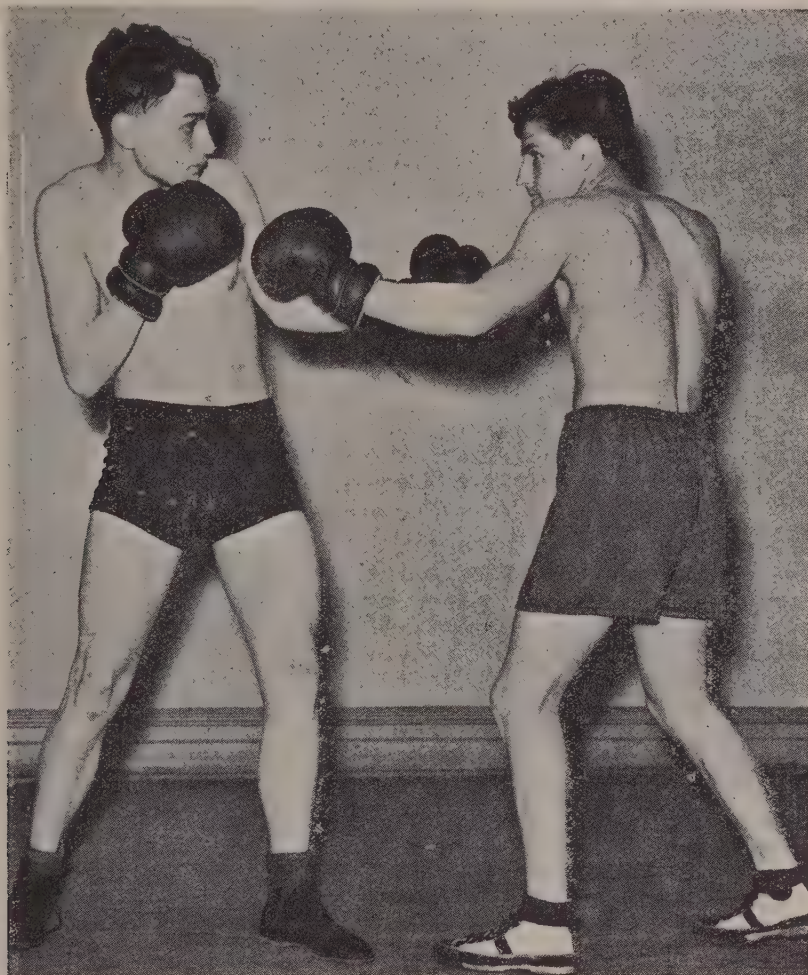
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AUTOMATIC FEED

I.W.O. Youth on Parade

YOUNG BRONX PUGILISTS



Training in the gentle art of fisticuffs is one of the activities offered by the New York Branch Y-195 in the Bronx Community House. Harry Frier and Norman Schultz are just beginning their careers.

NEW YORK SCHOOL MAKES DEBUT

AMONG the highlights of the activities initiated by the New York City Youth Department, the Youth School shines forth as the trail blazer to greater glory and achievements for the youth of this famous metropolis.

Although the first two sessions of each class have already been held, so fast is its fame spreading and so high does the enthusiasm run, that registrations are still coming in. And well might this be so, for the School speaks for itself.

Not so open mouthed are the students of the class on Public Speaking. However, Gordon Sloane (Director of the Speakers Bureau of the American League Against War and Fascism) in charge of the course knows well the tricks of the trade and we've heard rumors that there's been some talk in that class.

For our struggling young journalists, the Journalism and Magazine Make-up course is a veritable revelation. And why not? Doesn't Rex Pitkin, staff writer of the *Daily Worker* know a thing or two? He sure does. And, if you

don't think so just watch for the model magazine which the class will produce.

Other courses, which are no less important than those already described include a class for Educational Directors given by Sol Gorelick, Youth Activities Director; Working Class Fraternalism, a series of discussions on political activities in which the Order engages; and the Technique of Acting ably planned and conducted by Fannie Gardner, Dramatics Advisor to the Youth Department.

The Youth school has been well organized under the directorship of Frances G. Benn, Personnel Director of the City Youth Department. The administration of the school is in the hands of representatives of the City Youth Department and the Student Council made up of representatives from each class.

The City Youth Department looks forward with pride and assurance to a full and well organized life for the youth in our Order with a trained personnel carrying forward the work for "SCHOLARSHIP, LEADERSHIP AND FRATERNALISM."

Let's Get Together

By SAM PEVZNER

National Youth Director

*Letter to the I.W.O. Reader of
CHAMPION who never attends a
Branch meeting.*

DEAR Brother (or Sister):
Hello! Sure am glad to meet you. You know, many times I sit back and try to think what kind of a guy (or girl) you are. Here you are a member of the I.W.O. with lots of things doing every day, and I have no idea of what you are thinking or doing. Of course I have my ideas.

I figure you are a fellow like the rest of us. Work hard as Hades all week if you have a job, like to step out Saturday night if you have the cash in your jeans, enjoy a good ball game at times, or maybe even like to step to bat yourself once in a while to lace the old apple over an outfielder's head.

Maybe you belong to a union. This union idea has caught fire lately and I'll be darned if it isn't helping things a lot. Especially since the working people, young and old, have learned the sit-down strategy. You have to admit that it has the big auto, steel and other industrial moguls hopping. What's most encouraging about it all is that the young fellows and girls in these industries aren't taking a back seat. They're right up there with the best of them.

You know, I wonder if you are wised up to the fact that our I.W.O. is playing a big part in all these union developments. Yes sir, we are right up there helping the workers get organized and win better conditions. We are proud to say our members play leading parts in many unions and our branches help the fight every way they can. If you are interested in brass tacks, ask the fellows who struck in Flint and Detroit, ask the C.I.O. in Pittsburgh, ask the five-and-dime store sit-downers in New York.

Yes sir, we are proud of our Order. After all, you can't grow from 5,000 members to 135,000 in seven years and not have something on the ball. You can't be the fastest growing fraternal organization in the country without being the real McCoy.

Now every letter's got to have a point—and this one has too. I want to know, in light of the above facts, isn't it worth a lot to you to become really interested and active in *your own* organization?

As the National Youth Director, I have another angle on bringing you into the life of our organization. The I.W.O. is anxious as anything to build a real youth movement. We want to build baseball teams, dramatic groups, bands,

choruses, club activities and what not for fellows and girls like yourself. We want you to become proud of our organization and, turning it the other way around, we want to make the I.W.O. proud of you. That's a way a real fraternal organization should work, don't you think?

Being a regular fellow, I know you are interested in some activity, some sport or educational endeavor. You want to get together with other fellows and girls, dance, maybe sing, maybe go out on hikes.

If you are a member of an adult branch get after it to start these activities. Talk to other young members about building an I.W.O. youth club as part of your branch. Start a baseball team or something. How about it? Are you interested? I'm sure if I could sit down with you at your kitchen table and talk things over, you would endorse these ideas 100 per cent.

If you don't know just how to start in your branch, or you face some problem, write me a little letter. Tell me what you think of the idea of building a Youth Division in your branch. Tell me what you think of the I.W.O. It's strictly confidential of course—so you can open up. We are brothers in the same fraternity.

Maybe some day we'll have a chance to shake hands and talk to each other eye to eye. Anyway that's the way I feel. However, Uncle Sam's postman will have to do the handshaking for us for a while. So let's go. And, by the way, let a guy know what you think of the *Champion*, will you?

Regards to all the folks.

Greetings,

Your lodge brother,

SAM PEVZNER

DRAMA MARCHES ON

Fannie Gardner's article on dramatics last month encouraged many otherwise silent branches to write in on their drama experiences. Y-58, a flourishing branch in Buffalo, N.Y., has a dramatic group that has given many performances. A short time ago they put on a one-act play "Woman's Might" which was so well liked that as a result a woman in the audience asked the group to perform in Rochester. Take a bow, Y-58.

Fannie says other branches are doing as well. Why not send in pictures of your dramatic group in a play? There's always room for a good photo.

SAM MAKES A HIT



Sam Pevzner, an avid baseball fan, does not confine his enthusiasm for the national game to cheering from the bleachers. Spring training in New York found Sam one of the first to join the I.W.O. city team. Above, he shows fine form in a game played during the 1936 season.

CLUB LIFE

EDDIE SWANSON out in Chicago is a bug for news. He glories in trailing the Chicago I.W.O.'ers for the pleasure of writing reports for the *Champ*. One night he trailed the I.W.O.'ers to a meeting held for the youth delegates that came from Spain to enlist aid for the Loyalist cause. He reports that 2,000 youth were present (not all I.W.O.). The high spot of the evening came when Major Simarro, the 27-year old regimental commander, arose to speak. The entire audience rose and applauded. Major Simarro, however, having only just recovered from a face wound he had received from a Moorish bullet, spoke a short while. The rest of his prepared speech was read by Harry Robinson. The I.W.O. contributed \$118 to the collection for the cause of democracy.

Believe it or not, (Ed Swanson broadcasting), after years of trying, a youth Council has been set up on Chicago's South Side. This council consists of six Youth Branches and Divisions. They've already held a get-together social at which 70 people were present. This may not seem like very much, but if you know the South Side, it's swell! They're holding a Spring Swing on April 24th at 3035 W. 51 Street. Admission is 35 cents and the music is real swingy. See Ed Swanson for tickets.

Sunny California is determined to get into the I.W.O. swing of things. A newly elected City Youth Committee, consisting of Paul Feinberg, Ada Searles and Ruth Buchberg is out to start the ball rolling again. A full year of various activities is being formulated including Baseball League, outings, dances and a Beach House by the beautiful Blue Pacific. Their last affair, a trip to the famous Huntington Libraries, proved to be both educational and enjoyable.

The Brockton, Mass., City Committee is in the throes of organizing a youth club. The Joint Youth Committee com-

posed of Sisters E. Levenson, A. Stainer and Brother E. J. Fraser are working on 40 people to be contacted for membership.

Cleveland's desire to learn photography may yet be the saviour of the I.W.O. *Youth on Parade*. The photography project will take and develop their own pictures. First they will concentrate on I.W.O. activities. Later they hope to develop to the point where they will engage in real art photography.

The Laicos Club of Cleveland is meeting in the local Council Educational Settlement House and is part of the House. According to the usual procedure they will have representatives on the House Committee or Senior Congress, as it is known.

The Metros, also Cleveland, have secured the services of a professional dance teacher who will organize and teach a Dance Project.

The Sequoia Club got Cleveland's leading sports writer to speak at a meeting for club and former members. The people showed up, the sports writer showed up, and then adults proceeded to kick out the youth they didn't want because they said they were rowdies. Of course, there was no meeting. Some adults are that way.

Club Life, formerly known as *Branch News in Brief*, is your column, to write of the successes, failures and humorous incidents in the activities of your branch and club. Do you like it? Can you suggest improvements? Will you contribute to it? Make this column a real get-together of the branches. Have you forgotten your old complaints that the New Order didn't give sufficient space to the youth? Your complaints wouldn't hold water now. Write to us and you won't be neglected. Don't forget to send pictures of branch activities if such pictures exist. Here's hoping for your full cooperation.

THE AL CAPONES OF INSURANCE

By DAVE GREENE

(Conclusion)

And should your policy be one of the "survivors," your beneficiary stands a good chance of not collecting, because you no doubt "overlooked" reading your policy. Included in your policy contract was a "Sound Health" or "Express Warranty" clause. In everyday language this means that the company can refuse to pay the claim if they can prove that you had one of a long list of diseases when you joined—even if you had the beginnings of some disease that you were unaware of at the time. When a gamble—not until after death can one be sure that some hitch won't be used to refuse payment.

If your policy is able to survive even this—there is still another catch. If you had read the policy, you would have found a "Facility-of-payment clause." This is supposed to make it easier for your beneficiary to collect—BUT—this clause makes it possible for the undertaker, or any relative of the deceased, to present a document to prove that he or she is entitled to a payment by reason of having incurred expenses on behalf of the insured. Once the company has a receipt from such an individual, the company is released from any responsibility to the actual beneficiary of the policy.

When you get through with *industrial insurance*, you find that the only one that "survives" is the insurance companies—they grow richer every day.

The Insurance Year Book presents the following figures (for the year ending December 31, 1934), pp. 412-413:

Total Terminations.....	\$4,428,062,908
Termination by Lapse..	3,127,573,734
Termination by Surrender	983,691,019
Termination by Death..	153,570,202

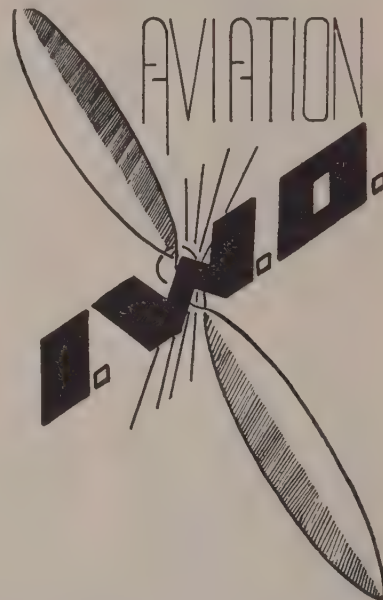
The salaries and commissions paid out during this period amounted to \$149,456,286, slightly less than the amount paid out through deaths.

INTERMEDIATES SANCTUM

AS A result of the response we, Branch Y-6, Lynx A. C. got from the appeal at the end of our column last month for I.W.O. members to write to us, we have decided to form a correspondence circle in our Branch. Those of us that have studied foreign languages are going to establish contact with young people all over the world—especially in France and Spain. Those of our members who have not studied foreign languages, will communicate with people in America and England.

Our other projects include a First Aid and Hiking Club, a system of Debating Teams, and we may reestablish our Photography Circle, that is, if we can get permission to build a dark room.

By means of our circles, we hope to start a new Intermediate Council in New York that will function properly. We intend to send challenges to other Intermediate Branches in New York and get them to participate in various contests. We are still trying to get them to participate in our Sunday Night Socials at 4 West 18 Street and make them regular City-Wide Intermediate Affairs.



THE International Workers Order in New York City is now offering a thorough course in popular, practical aviation. Expert and well-known technicians in the field have offered their services. Classes will in the very near future be open to each and every member of the I.W.O. in New York.

This will include training, enabling the student to qualify for government license. The only charge will be that of upkeep of the plane. The course will include the necessary ground training.

The following course of study is also open to all, especially to those who do not wish to become pilots:

1. History of the development of aviation.
2. Theory of flight.
3. Navigation.
4. Popular current aeronautical events.
5. Elements of mechanics.
6. Trips to airports and aircraft factories.

If you want to be in on this in time, write immediately requesting folder with registration blank. Aviation Dep't, International Workers Order, 80 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C., Room 1610.

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CHAMPION OF YOUTH

CREVASSE—A SHORT STORY

(Continued from page 3)

though, and the opposite wall of it is nicked by what is apparently another depression like two overlapping disks. They cross the first depression while more of the dead-looking grass bayonets saber their legs dryly, and pass through the gap into the next depression.

Then they all stop as one, in the attitudes of walking, in an utter suspension, and stare at one another. Again the earth moves under their feet. A man screams; as the firm earth shifts for a third time beneath them the officers whirl and see beyond the down-plunging man a gaping hole with dry dust still crumbling about the edges before the ground crumbles again beneath a second man. Then a crack springs like a sword slash beneath them all; the earth breaks under their feet and tilts like jagged squares of pale fudge, framing a black yawn out of which, like a silent explosion bursts the unmistakable smell of rotted flesh. While they scramble and leap from one cake to another, the cakes tilt and slide until the whole floor of the valley rushes slowly under them and plunges them downward into darkness.

The captain feels himself plunging down a shifting wall of moving earth. Some one else screams. The scream ceases; he hears the voice of the wounded man coming thin and reiterant out of the plunging bowels of decay: "A'm no dead! A'm no dead!" and ceasing abruptly as if a hand had been laid on his mouth.

Then the moving cliff down which the captain plunges slopes gradually off and shoots him, uninjured, onto a hard floor, where he lies for a time on his face. He has fetched up against something it tumbles down upon him lightly with a muffled clatter as if it had come to pieces.

Then he begins to see the light, the jagged shape of the cavern mouth high overhead, and then the sergeant is bending over him with a pocket torch. "McKie?" the captain asks. For reply the sergeant turns the flash upon his own face. "Where's Mr. McKie?" the captain says.

"A's gone, sir-r," the sergeant says in a husky whisper. The captain sits up. "How many are left?"

"Fourteen, sir-r," the sergeant whispers.

"Fourteen. Twelve missing. We'll have to dig fast." He gets to his feet. The faint light from above falls coldly upon the heaped avalanche, upon the thirteen helmets and the white bandage of the wounded man huddled about the foot of the cliff. "Where are we?"

For answer the sergeant moves the torch. It streaks laterally into the darkness, along a wall, a tunnel, into yawning blackness, the walls faceted with pale glints of chalk. About the tunnel, sitting or leaning upright against the walls, are skeletons in dark tunics and bagging Zouave trousers, their moldering arms beside them the captain recognizes them as Senegalese troops of the May fighting of 1915, surprised and killed by gas probably in the attitudes in which they had taken refuge in the chalk caverns. He takes the torch from the sergeant.

The captain and the sergeant mount

as high as they dare, prodding at the earth while the earth shifts beneath them in long hushed sighs. At the foot of the precipice the men huddle, their faces lifted faint, white and patient into the light. The captain sweeps the torch up and down the cliff. There is nothing, no arm, no hand, in sight. The air is clearing slowly. "We'll get on," the captain says.

The captain flashes the torch ahead. The men rise and huddle quietly behind him, the wounded man among them. He whimpers. The cavern goes on, unrolling its glinted walls out of the darkness; the sitting shapes grin quietly into the light as they pass. The air grows heavier; soon they are trotting, gasping, then the air grows lighter and the torch sweeps up another slope of earth, closing the tunnel. The men halt and huddle. The captain mounts the slope. He snaps off the light and crawls slowly to the crest of the slide, where it joins the ceiling of the cavern, sniffing. The light flashes on again. "Two men with trenching tools," he says.

Two men mount to him. He shows them the fissure through which air seeps in small, steady breaths. They begin to dig furiously, hurling the dirt back. Presently they are relieved by two others; presently the fissure becomes a tunnel and four men can work at once. The air becomes fresher. They burrow furiously, with whimpering cries like oogs. The wounded man, hearing them perhaps, catching the excitement, begins to laugh again, meaningless and high. Then the man at the head of the tunnel bursts through. Light rushes in and around him like water; he burrows madly; in silhouette they see his wallowing buttocks lunge from sight and a burst of daylight surges in.

The others leave the wounded man and surge up the slope, fighting, snarling at the opening. The sergeant springs after them and beats them away from the opening with a trenching spade, cursing in his hoarse whisper.

"Let them go, sergeant," the captain says. The sergeant desists. He stands aside and watches the men scramble into the tunnel. Then he descends and he and the captain help the wounded man up the slope. At the mouth of the tunnel the wounded man rebels.

"A'm no dead! A'm no dead!" he wails, struggling. By cajolery and force they thrust him, still wailing and struggling, into the tunnel where he becomes docile again and scuttles through.

"Out with you, sergeant," the captain says. The sergeant enters the tunnel. The captain follows. He emerges onto the outer slope of the avalanche which had closed the cave, at the foot of which the fourteen men are kneeling in a group. On his hands and knees like a beast the captain breathes, his breath making a hoarse sound. "Soon it will be summer," he thinks, dragging the air into his lungs faster than he can empty them to respire again. "Soon it will be summer, and the long days." At the foot of the slope, the fourteen men kneel. The one in the center has a Bible in his hand, from which he is intoning monotonously. Above his voice the wounded man's gibberish rises, meaningless and unemphatic and sustained.

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AMEND THE COURT

(Continued from page 7)

might add, "Neither did the Constitution." The Constitution is a flexible document prepared by men with a great vision who foresaw the need for allowing each generation the right to solve its own specific social problems.

I believe in a government of laws and not of men, and all of us today respect the Constitution under which our democratic government has been established. But when the validity of our laws is subject to the whim and caprice of five out of nine fallible men, who feel they are responsible to no one but themselves, and when a majority of the Court is accused by Justice Stone, joined by other minority members equally devoted to the Constitution, of adopting "a tortured construction of the Constitution" for the sake of reading into it their own "personal economic predilection," the judicial veto becomes a government of men and not one of law.

Congress is as much a guardian of the Constitution as the Court. If in its own judgment Congress decides that it should have power which it does not have under the Constitution, it must seek those powers through amendment. But if it has certain powers under the Constitution, in justice to the people whom it represents Congress should never allow those powers to be surrendered. Congress cannot disturb a decision of the Supreme Court in a particular case, but Congress is not bound to submit to interpretations of the Constitution which denies it the constitutional right to which it is definitely entitled.

President Roosevelt has proposed a way in which Congress can possibly secure from the Supreme Court a more sympathetic understanding of present day problems and a greater appreciation of the purposes behind its legislation. It is a method entirely within the Constitution and definitely in keeping with the aims and spirit of democratic government. There is a lot of idle talk about the danger of "packing" the Court, but do not be misled by a red herring. Let us be frank about this matter. The vested interests have for years been putting their corporation lawyers on the bench. Under our form of government the will of the majority of the people, not the special interests, should prevail. If the majority of the people want a modern interpretation of the Constitution, they should have it.

If Harding or Coolidge or Hoover had made such a proposal, the same reactionaries who are now protesting so violently would probably applaud his constructive statemanship. If the present Justices resign, the President would appoint only six out of fifteen Justices on the Court. They would still be a minority of the Court. Those who say these appointments would make the Court servile to the President's wishes are casting unfair reflections upon the integrity and independence of Justices Brandeis, Stone and Cardozo.

The proposed reform is long overdue. It is unfortunate that it was not carried through many years ago before the present critical situation arose. But the acuteness of the present situation is all the stronger reason for immediate action.

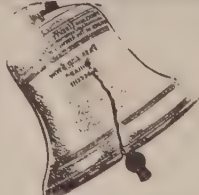
This is not a struggle between the President and the Court; it is a struggle between the representatives of the people

responsible to them and a small group of Justices who have lost touch with the problems of the people, are not responsible to them for their tenure of office, and have not the grace to step aside and let the present generation govern itself.

I am convinced of the wisdom and propriety of the President's proposals for judicial reform. He has pointed out the only way in which the popular will may be translated into effective legislation in the next four years.

I am confident that if this question were to be put up to the American people tomorrow in a general plebiscite, their answer would be an overwhelming endorsement of the President's proposals. For after all, the fundamental question is: Who shall rule this nation, the people or the Court? To my mind there can be only one answer. The nation was established by the people and it is theirs to govern as their welfare will require. The Court is simply an institution set up to do a specific job. When it fails to do that job as the people want it done, when it hinders rather than helps in the solution of social problems, it is the people's right and privilege to change it.

Our task at the present time is to make sure that the voice of the masses is not lost in the tumult raised by organized minorities. Special interests are protesting to Congress against President Roosevelt's plan for judicial reorganization, and they come with the hands of Jacob but the voice of Esau. They claim to represent the sentiment of the people, but be not deceived. We must not confuse noise and activity with numbers. The special interests are both very noisy and exceedingly active, but the people have the numbers. And the people want to retain control of their own government.



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SIT DOWN, SISTER

(Continued from page 5)

took place during the dog show, and among the guests were a number of exhibitors. Patrons and pedigreed pooches milled about the lobby in confusion or wearily climbed to their chilly rooms. Eventually all got to bed with the exception of one exhibitor and his Great Dane, Duke. Duke flatly refused to climb the stairs. Pushing and straining at his hind quarters availed not a whit. Sally the owner led Duke out into the street and they walked around the block all night, getting to bed in the wee hours of the morning after the strikers had won.

Their facility for winning is the real secret of the sit-downs' popularity. They win, and win quickly. Rarely do they last as long as a month. Often victory comes in less than a week. This partly explains why, with the exception of those working at Ford's, practically every auto worker in the Detroit area is or has been involved in a sit-down.

And so it goes. One old trade-unionist put it this way. "A few months ago the labor movement in Detroit was dead from the hips both ways. The Chamber of Commerce for decade after decade sent out invitations to open shop industries to come into this town because we don't have any labor trouble here. But there's been a revival lately."


Revival is right, and the Chamber of Commerce and the Employers' Association did everything they could to head it off. But despite resolutions of the American Legion which describe the sit-down as an attack upon the liberties for which they and their forefathers fought; despite the injunctions which pour forth as fast as county and municipal judges can write them; despite the crusade which both pro- and anti-Roosevelt newspapers have organized in defense of the "American Plan," sitting down is taking the town and country by storm.

Maybe it wouldn't have been so bad, from the employers' point of view, if it had been restricted to the auto workers. Then they and the newspapers might have succeeded in arousing a reactionary spirit on the part of the rest of the population against them. Women especially should have been easy suckers for their crocodile tears over the way the sit-down's cynical attitude toward the sacredness of private property threatened the entire fabric of American institutions, including marriage and the home. Women might have been aroused to demand that their menfolks quit this silly business. But right there a hitch developed. Women sat down, too.

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CHAMPION OF YOUTH

"SLEEPYHEADS"? NOT MUCH!



DARK HORSE TEAM TO PLAY EASTERN CHAMPS

The little known basketball five from Hammond, Indiana, calling themselves the "Sleepyheads" have, by virtue of their phenomenal victories over Chicago and Cleveland teams, become the recognized champions of the Central States athletic prowess.

Pitted against the Sleepyheads in the Renaissance Casino playoff will be the Eastern States Champion. At the moment of writing the final Eastern playoff has not been played. Will it be Philadelphia—that rip-snorting five who snatched a 52-51 score from New Haven, gaining most of their points in the last quarter due to the brilliant playing of Popoff who scored 27 points during the game? Or will it be the New York team?

SLEEPYHEAD TEAM

Leonard Farina, Manager, Forward	
John Sikora, Captain	Guard
Anthony Farina	Guard
Steve Guber	Center
Mike Migasuik	Forward
Arnold Ross	Forward
Michael Kusyk	Guard
Michael Horbovitz	Guard
Joe Corem	Coach

GLEN ROBBINS MEETS

At a meeting held recently in the Midwest, the Eastern Ohio I.W.O. Champions of Baseball reorganized for the '37 season. Wm. Woods was elected captain, Joe Gensor as manager. The following signed up for 1937 pitchers: Tom Gensor, Joe Gensor, W. Woods and Steve Sabo. Catchers: Frank Cominsky, Andy Wyhonec. Infield: Andy Slezak, Steve Nameth, Joe Luka, Louis Nameth. Outfielders: John Bandyck, Steve Gisco, John Gisco and Benny Santa.

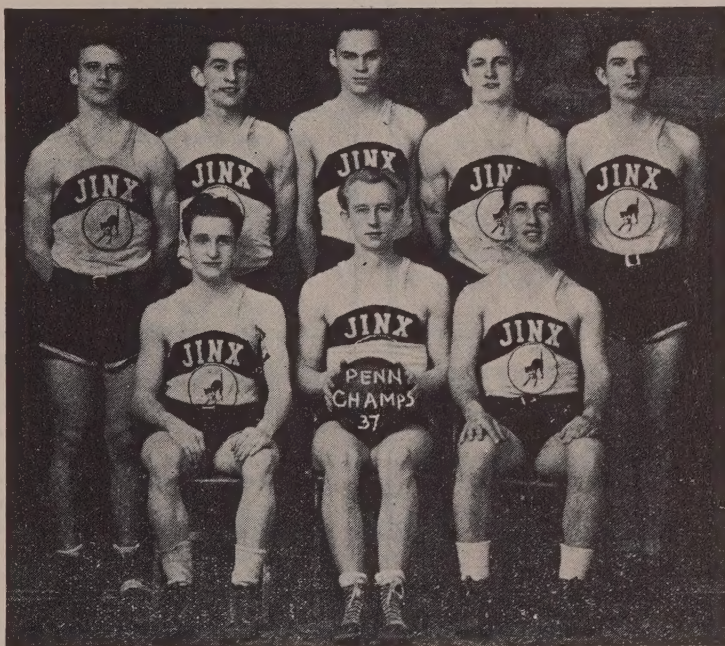
Practically with the same team as last year the Boys promise to top all records of 38 victories and 13 failures. A Crosley Frigidaire will be raffled in the future for funds.

BASKETEERS TOE MARK WHO WILL WIN?

IF ADVANCE reports are any sort of criteria, the I.W.O. playoff for the National Basketball Championship of the Order should prove quite an imposing landmark on the road to a broad Workers' Sports Movement. The leading forces of the Order are displaying a keen interest in the event, realizing full well the significance of sports in the lives of the youth of America. Max Bedacht, our National Secretary, will throw up the first ball and all of the heads of the language sections will be present when the I.W.O. Drum and Bu-

The Bombers Branch Y-116, a team which resembles very closely the Cardinals' Gas-House Gang in their "popping off" tactics, has made short shrift of any and all opposition which the Cleveland amateurs have offered. They are the type of team which does not stop at telling one and all that they are good; they proceed to demonstrate the fact on the nearest basketball court. Right now they are pointing for that New York trip, which the National Committee has offered to the Central States titleholder, and beware to anyone who stands in their way. Their immediate opposition is the dark-horse team of the tournament. All that is known of them is that they are a group of rugged steel workers from the section which annually produces the best teams in the U. S.

JINX OF PHILLY



BASEBALLERS TEE OFF

THE New York City I.W.O. baseball team ushered in the 1937 season with a bang Sunday, March 19, with a snappy four hour drill in Van Courtlandt Park. There were 25 prospective candidates out and all engaged enthusiastically with high hopes of making the grade. Captain Frank Payton supervised the practice session.

The day for the most part was windy and chilly so everyone had to keep hustling not only to play ball, but to keep warm. Some of the players who were particularly impressive were Sam Fine at third base, Harry Kosofsky at short, Sam Pevzner, Bill Kosofsky and Matteo Koln in the outfield. All of the aforementioned are veterans from last season and expect to take up the slack where they left off last year.

Among the rookies, Sam Kramer, Norman Forrester, infielder and catcher respectively and Henry Kosofsky and Dave Reiter, pitchers were outstanding.

The first game of the season has already been booked with the snappy Larry's Royals Baseball Club serving as opposition at Hudson Park, New York, on Sunday, April 25.

gle Corps march into the historic Renaissance Casino.

The Tops in Basketball

Not only will the fanfare be imposing, but the teams which we will put on the floor on the evening of April 25th will present an exhibition of basketball to equal, if not to surpass, the best efforts of any amateurs in the U. S. All of the sections in which eliminations are now in progress report that their representatives are among the leading amateur teams in their respective sectors. The first game of the evening will bring together the powerful I.W.O. All-Stars, a team representing the cream of New York's basketball crop, against a crack Negro team from the Carlton Y.M.C.A. The feature, and championship game, pits the eastern champion against the winner of the Central States Eliminations.

The "Bombers" vs. Steel

At the time of this writing the "Broadway Bombers" of Cleveland seem to have the edge on the rugged Hammond (Ind.) five of Branch Y-53, in their struggle for Central States supremacy.

Mystery Team

In Indiana, Hammond has swept through the Chicago eliminations like a Kansas tornado. They came to Chicago unheralded and they go to Cleveland the same way. Should they defeat the Giant "Bombers," they will probably come to New York surrounded by the same air of mystery.

The Eastern playoffs are in pretty much of a scramble as yet with five teams still in the running for the title. New Haven's high-scoring five defeated Boston for the New England championship (score: 39-35) and the right to meet the winner of Philadelphia-Jersey-Bethlehem playoff which in turn will determine New York's opponent in the Eastern finals. New York's driving Rose Hill Flashes are confident of victory over any team that will be fortunate enough to survive the semi-finals. Their task will not be easy, however, for Philadelphia's Jinx Club boasts of the amazing record of 26 victories in 30 starts, and the Optimos of Newark, N. J., have a slick, well-balanced squad of tossers.

The two games at the National Playoff will be preceded by a ceremony approximating a miniature Olympic Games when all four competing clubs will march up to the executive box led by the I.W.O. Fife, Bugle and Drum Corps. The box will contain the leaders of the National Executive Committee, the language sections, the National Secretary of the Order, as well as many representatives from nearby districts who will make the trip in by car or bus. The festivities will be topped off by dancing to Vernon Andrade's Swing Band.

The price of a ticket for this colorful and stirring event is only 35c. Every member who misses the National Playoff and Festival at the Renaissance Casino will be kicking himself the day after for not attending what will go down in labor sports history as momentous! New York, Phila., New Jersey and Connecticut should be there full force. Get tickets now at the New York I.W.O. office.



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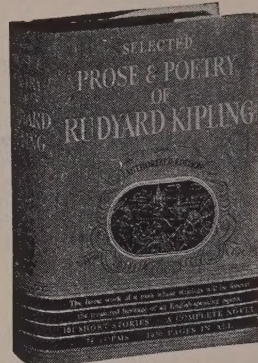
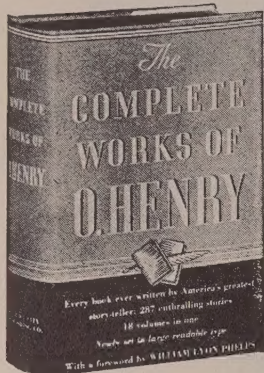
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