



# Champion

OF YOUTH

## BASEBALL BAROMETER

By HAL HOBART

## SYPHILIS MUST GO!

By PAUL DE KRUIF

SHERWOOD ANDERSON · ABBOTT SIMON  
MARGARET SANGER · ANGELO HERNDON  
CHARLES P. HOWARD · JAMES WECHSLER  
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD  
REP. HENRY G. TIEGAN  
ROBERT SPIVACK

•  
Summer, 1937

10¢



# Letters

*Champion* is the most encouraging publication I have ever read. Keep up the good work. I hope you and your contributors realize that God is in this and that he is on our side. He is always in the midst of every fight for social justice or social improvement; and with His help we cannot fail.

Laura Messenger  
Portland, Oregon

I am part of the "Farmer" in the Farmer-Labor Party and am trying to get more of the farm youth to read your publication. The work before us is widening the circulation.

S. Wulff  
Livingston, Calif.

I do not know whether Southern youth is giving much support to *Champion* or not, but I do know that we need *Champion* in the South. I think the magazine is doing a very good job in a field where it is needed very much.

Frank Smith  
Greenwood, Miss.

I can only hope that *Champion* meets the success to which it is entitled. And if there is any way that we of the C.C.C. can help out just say the word. Personally I would like to see a copy in the hands of every enrollee.

Ed Sayres  
Indianapolis, Ind.

The last few issues are great! They are well produced technically and are really "covering" America in a way it should have been done a long time ago! You're really getting to the guts and entrails of the contemporary world and national life. All power to you and may your efforts spell ever greater and greater success! Long live the emergent "American People's Front."

I think I ought to do no less than to get many men and women acquainted with your valiant and urgent work. So I am enclosing \$2 in cash and will send you one or two dollars next month to cover the cost of mailing *Champion* to these listed on the enclosed sheet.

Yours for the triumph of justice and truth.

One of the still small voices of emergent America.

Anonymous, Omaha, Neb.

There ought to be more serious material in the magazine. I like to read short stories by Sinclair Lewis and Edna Ferber, but I also like to read articles by youth and labor leaders. And why not devote more space to what young America is doing and thinking?

Henry Hatton, Chicago

Why don't you publish more photographs of unusual young people, youth leaders and youth activities?

Mary Howe, New Orleans

# Champion OF YOUTH

Vol. II

SUMMER, 1937

No. 11

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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

PAUL DE KRUIF is probably America's most popular scientific writer. There isn't a schoolboy in the country who hasn't read one or more of his books. Some *Champion* subscribers haven't stopped talking about his article in the July, 1936, issue.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, one of the most youthful of the older writers, will be remembered for *Winesburg, Ohio*, and other American classics. His story about exploitation of girls in textile mills is specially timely in view of the present C.I.O. unionization drive in the textile industry.

GEORGE REED is frankly personal about the illusions of subsistence homesteads because he has had some unhappy experiences with one of them in Ohio.

JAMES WECHSLER dashed off his article while making preparations for the second annual American Student Union European tour, which he will lead this summer. Editor of the *Student Advocate*, author of *Revolt on the Campus*, contributor to *The Nation*, the *New Republic*, etc., he is far and away the most prolific writer on student problems.

REP. HENRY G. TIEGAN, one of the leaders of the progressive bloc in Congress, is a Farmer-Laborite from Minnesota and he doesn't let anyone forget it. Every time he makes a speech in the House of Representatives it becomes quickly evident that his is the voice of the militant people's movement in his state.

ANGELO HERNDON, a member of *Champion's* editorial board, was elected vice-president of the Y.C.L. only a few days after the Supreme Court released him from the threat of 20 years on a Georgia chain gang.

ABBOTT SIMON, legislative director of the American Youth Congress, has been in the forefront of the fight for the American Youth Act.

WILLIAM FISCH did intensive research work for his article on correspondence school rackets. He lives in Newark, N. J.

NANCY BEDFORD-JONES is the tireless secretary of the youth bureau of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. She has contributed to *Woman Today*, *New Masses* and other publications.

M. L. GOODWIN, a young journalist, lives at Himrod, N. Y.

CHARLES P. HOWARD, secretary of the Committee on Industrial Organization, is also International President of the powerful Typographical Union.

MARGARET SANGER is president of the National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control; director, Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau.

CHAMPION OF YOUTH





THEY had brought a "minute-man" into one of the Southern cotton-mill towns. A doctor told me this story. The minute-men come from the North. They are efficiency experts. The North, as everyone knows, is the old home of efficiency. The minute-man comes into a mill with a watch in his hand. He stands about. He is one of the fathers of the "stretch-out" system. The idea is like this:

There is a young woman here who works at the looms. She is a weaver. She is taking care, let us say, of thirty looms. The question is—is she doing all she can? It is put up to her. "If you can take care of more looms, you can make more money." The workers are all paid by the piece-work system.

"I will stand here with this watch in my hand. You go ahead and work. Be natural. Work as you always did."

"I will watch every movement you make. I will coordinate your movements."

"Now you see you have stopped to gossip with another woman, another weaver."

"That time you talked for four minutes. Time is money, my dear."

"Three minutes here, four minutes there. Minutes, you see, make hours, and hours make cloth."

It should be understood, if you do not understand, that the weaver in the modern cotton mill does not run his loom. He does not pull levers. The loom runs on and on. It is so arranged that if one of the threads among many thousand threads breaks, the loom automatically stops.

It is the weaver's job to spring forward. The broken thread must be found. Down inside the loom there are little steel fingers that grasp the threads. The ends of the broken thread must be found and passed through the finger that is to hold just that thread. The weaver's

#### A SHORT STORY

## LOOM-DANCE

*When the "Minute-Man" Brought Speed-up to the Southern Textile Workers He Didn't Realize How Fast They Could Decide to Go*

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Illustrated by H. B. Temple

knot must be tied. It is a swiftly made, hard little knot. It will not show in the finished cloth. The loom may run for a long time and no thread break, and then, in a minute, threads may break in several looms.

The looms in the weaving rooms are arranged in long rows. The weaver passes up and down. Nowadays, in modern mills, she does not have to change the bobbins. The bobbins are automatically fed into the loom. When a bobbin has become empty, it falls out and a new one takes its place. The full cylinder of bobbins is up there, atop the loom. The full bobbins fall into their places as loaded cartridges fall into place when a revolver is fired.

So there is the weaver. All she, or he, has to do is to walk up and down. Let us say that twenty or thirty looms are to be watched.

You walk past twenty or thirty of them, keeping your eyes open. They are all in rapid motion, dancing. You must be on the alert. You are like a school teacher watching a group of children.

But these looms, these children of the weaver, do not stand still. They dance in their places. There is a play of light from the factory windows and from the white cloth against the dark frames of the looms.

Belts are flying. Wheels are turning.

The threads—often hundreds to the inch—lie closely in the loom, a little steel finger holding each thread. The bobbin flies across, putting in the cross threads. It flies so rapidly the eye cannot see it.

There are fifteen looms dancing, twenty, thirty, forty. Lights are dancing over the looms. There is always, day in, day out, this strange jerky movement, infinitely complex. The noise in the room is terrific.

The job of the minute-man is to watch the operator. This girl makes too many false movements. "Do it like this."

The thing is to study the movements not only of the weavers but of the machines. The thing is to more perfectly coordinate the two.

It is called by the weavers the "stretch-out."

It is possible by careful study, by watching an operator (a weaver) hour after hour, standing with watch in hand, following the weaver up and down, to increase the efficiency by as much as 100 per cent. It has been done.

Instead of thirty-six looms, let us say seventy-two. Something gained, eh? Every second operator is replaced.

Let us say a woman weaver makes \$12 a week. Let her make \$16. That will be better for her.

You still have \$8 gained.

What about the operator replaced? What of her?

But you cannot think too much of that if you are to follow modern industry. To every factory new machines are coming. They all throw workmen out of work. That is the whole point. The best brains in America are engaged in that. They are making more and more complex, strange and wonderful machines that throw people out of work.

The minute-man the doctor told me about made a mistake. He was holding his watch on the wrong woman.

She had been compelled to go to the toilet and he followed her to the door and stood there, watch in hand.

It happened that the woman had a husband, also a weaver, working in the same room.

He stood watching the man who was holding the watch on his wife in there. His looms were dancing—the loom dance.

And then suddenly he began to dance. He hopped up and down in an absurd, jerky way. Cries, queer, seemingly meaningless cries, came from his throat.

He danced for a moment like that and then he sprang forward. He knocked the minute-man down. Other weavers, men and women, came running. Now they were all dancing up and down. Cries were coming from many throats.

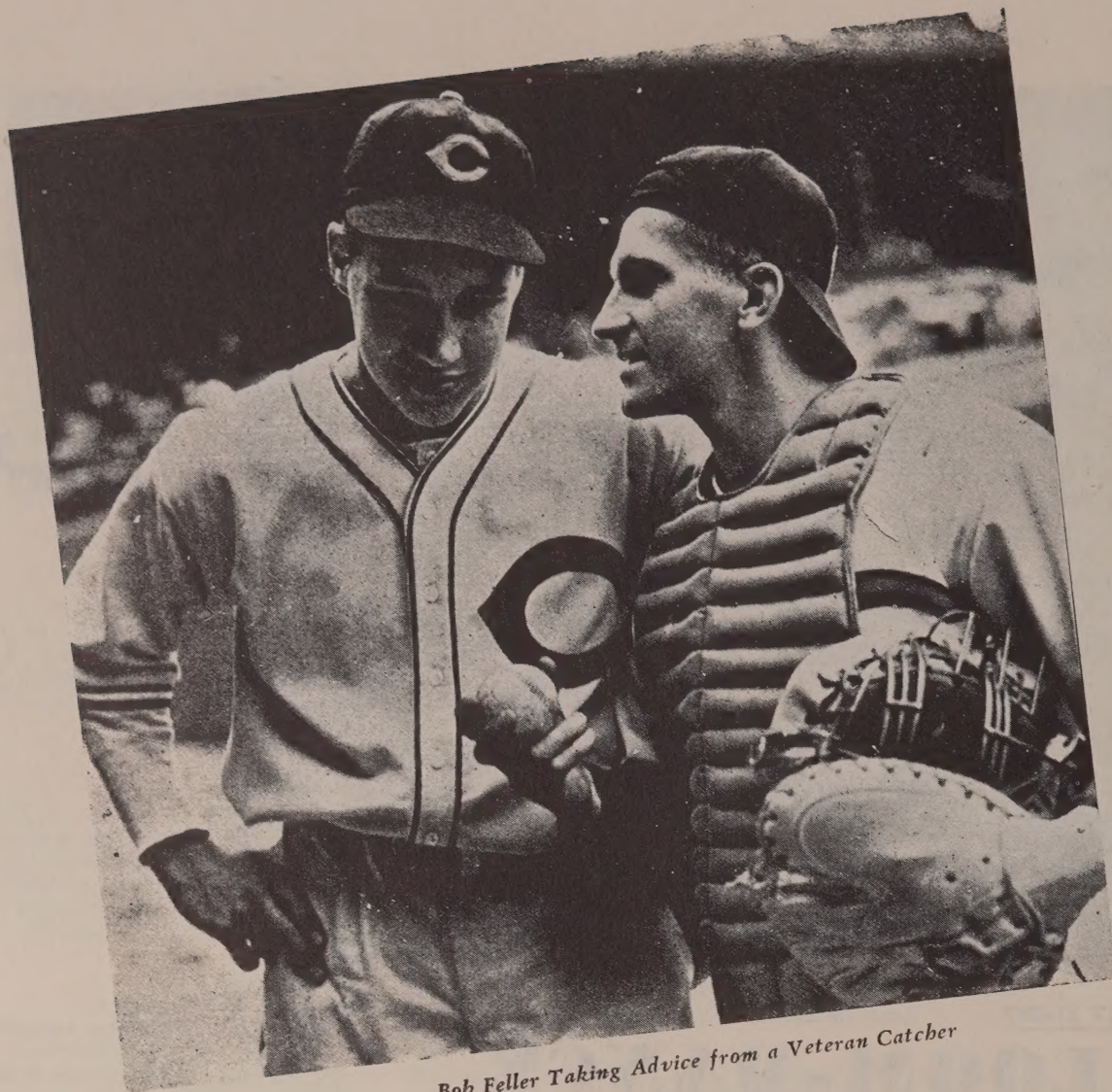
The weaver who was the husband of the woman back of the door had knocked the minute-man down, and now was dancing upon his body. He kept making queer sounds. He may have been trying to make the music for the new loom dance.

The minute-man from the North was not a large man. He was slender and had blue eyes and light, curly hair and wore glasses.

The glasses had fallen on the floor.

(Continued on page 22)





Bob Feller Taking Advice from a Veteran Catcher

**J**ULY 4 is the baseball expert's barometer of the final standings of the baseball year. Though there's no telling what may happen, we've picked them as we see them . . . in October.

We wash our hands of every prediction but one: the Yanks to cop the bunting in the junior circuit. It can't be any other way. That murderous gallery of massagers that parade under a collective disguise as a baseball team is far and away the most terrific outfit that has zoomed across the baseball horizon in many years.

And that goes for the great Ruthian days too. They're a cinch to come through and maybe by at least fifteen games. Gehrig has snapped out a bad slump. To every pitcher in the league that's the most doleful news he could get. Gehrig hitting means the Yanks are just plain murder. From there on it's the same story with slighter variations all the way down. Dickey, Henrich, Lazzeri, DiMaggio, Crossetti, Rolfe, Selkirk & Co. give Gehrig plenty of support. Gomez is having a good year and now that Ruffing is back on the job with his soupbone clicking rapidly into style, the Yankee moundsmen need have little to worry about.

Once you leave the Bronx Boomers (and there isn't a team that doesn't breathe for relief when they do) the wizarding gets tough. Cleveland is putting up a rare battle. It's about time that the Indians came up to pre-season dope. Year in and year out the experts (as if they know) have been saying very nice things about the Ohions in April and year in and out the Ohions have let the experts down . . . usually with a terrific case of deflated ego.

This year Cleveland looks like it really means it. They aren't letting the Yanks do all the blasting. They can hit. They can field. They have pitchers. And they have a cagey manager. They're getting support from the fans. They haven't hit a real bad break yet. Uh uh, we forgot Bob Feller. The schoolboy sensation has been out with an ailing wing but he'll be back. That's bound to make the Indians so much tougher. Will they win? No. Why? Because the Yanks are too good.

The Detroit Tigers were hit a devastating blow when their swell leader, Mickey Cochrane, narrowly missed the scythe as he was felled by a fast curve recently. Mickey is more than a great catcher and an inspirational leader to the Tigers. He's the backbone of their entire play. Everything revolves around Mickey. He may not hit now and then. And he may not catch every day. But he's their leader and without him the Tigers are not better than third. Greenberg is hitting on all cylinders and Gehringer is as ever, Gehringer. The Michigan lads are a fine team and they

could have made the McCarthymen step every inch of the way to grab the pennant. But they're out of the running now. Cochrane, the mighty Cochrane won't be with them anymore.

Then we must consider the Golden-edged Red Sox with their unlimited supply of wealth and open pocketbooks. Joe Cronin has a hustling nine which on paper looks good for second or third. The chances are that they'll wind up fourth. It's hard to figure that out. They ought to go higher but they won't. They're in fourth place now and it's dollars to doughnuts that's where you'll find them in October.

Connie Mack had the boys a bit puzzled at the beginning of the season. He managed to get his youngsters on top and, miracles of miracles, he kept them there for nigh on three weeks. That nettled the first division gorillas no whit. They got out their tomahawks, polished them up a bit and went to work on the upstarts. The A's are in the second division now and sinking deeper every week. But they are a good team and will

be better next season. The venerable Philly institution has a lot of young and snappy pitchers who'll bear watching from now on. Watch those A's next year.

Chicago, Washington and St. Louis make up a pretty hapless lot. Chicago is doing alright and no expert will have to shed bitter tears over a stunning upset by the White Sox over their predictions. We pick them for fifth place. Washington is all at sea and blows hot and cold. Mostly cold. Sixth is the best they can hope for. St. Louis is making even the stoical Hornsby lose heart. The former batting idol is a great manager but his tightwad bosses won't loosen up. That means they're sitting prettily at the bottom of the list and will continue to hold that unenviable position the rest of the year.

The way we pick 'em: 1—Yanks, 2—Cleveland, 3—Detroit, 4—Boston, 5—Chicago, 6—Washington, 7—Philadelphia, 8—St. Louis.

Traipsing over to the senior loop is a job only for the most foolhardy. That's always been the witches' cauldron for the sport soothsayers and this year it isn't any different.

Somehow we like the Giants. Maybe it's another five-cent series that intrigues us. Maybe it's because we're just loyal. But that Hubbell—he's almost enough to blind us to anything else. With Ott hitting, Lieber back in the field, Moore smacking those first pitches and the rest of the moundsmen helping a bit, the Giants are going to win enough one-run ball games to come through.

Terry has a find with McCarthy at first, and Bartell is about the swellest keystone sacker in the league. Yep, I like the Jints.

But that brings up the Pizen twins and them there Pittsburghs. Pie Traynor has an outfit that threatens to make us look like a better monkey than you'll find in a room of sport writers. His gallivanting lads are clicking on every cylinder and if they continue they're due to mix it with the Yanks within a few months.

The Cards just aren't the same blustering, hell-bent bulldogs they like to make us believe they are. They're creaking on all joints and Dizzy Dean is slipping. He's not throwing bean balls for nothing and the boys are beating him with a bunting game. The league has his number, it seems, and without a 25 game a season Dean the Frischmen just can't win. They'll be dangerous every day and they'll win more games than they'll lose. But they won't beat out the Pirates nor the Giants.

The Cubs are our pick for fourth place. Tough luck and a slow start crippled them for a while. It's doubtful if they have the men to beat out the three aforementioned teams.

It's Brooklyn for top spot in the second division. Grimes has a hustling team which can hit—but not consistently. It fields like a sieve, however, and they have only Mungo to do valiant duty on the mound. They're not so hot on the bases but they'll make plenty of trouble for the snooty first divisioners. Boston, Philly and Cincinnati will wind up the league in that order and we're safe there.

We pick 'em: 1—New York, 2—Pittsburgh, 3—St. Louis, 4—Chicago, 5—Brooklyn, 6—Boston, 7—Philadelphia, 8—Cincinnati.

## BASEBALL BAROMETER

*An Expert Gone Prophet Picks Pennant Winners of the Season—Predicts the Yanks Will Cop the Bunting in the Junior Circuit*

By HAL HOBART

CHAMPION OF YOUTH



# NEW AMERICA: PREVIEW

By ABBOTT SIMON

*Legislative Director of the American Youth Congress*

**D**O YOU want to know what America will be like in 1957? Would you like to get a glimpse of what the styles will be twenty years from now in clothes, buildings, industry, politics?

Science, you say, has not yet invented any method of peeping into the future. That may be true.

But science or no science, if you want a preview of what the streamlined Eighty-fifth Congress of the United States in 1957 is guaranteed to look like, take a trip to Milwaukee on the week-end of July 4 this year and see for yourself.

For there will be gathered a great number of the United States Senators and Representatives who will be making our country's laws in Washington two decades hence.

Several thousand young men and women, leaders of American youth today and statesmen of the America of tomorrow, are going to give this country a bird's-eye view of what they, the elected representatives of American youth, would do in Washington's legislative halls if they were the elected representatives of the American people. America had better keep its eyes and ears open.

Youth's Model Congress of the United States which will meet in Milwaukee on July 2, 3, 4 and 5, will be the broadest, most representative gathering of the nation's young people ever held in the history of our country.

The Model Congress has been called by seventy-four prominent youth leaders, adult leaders of youth groups and heads of agencies serving youth, not merely to help foreshadow coming events but to give Young America an opportunity to consider its own problems, seek its own solutions and develop its own program.

Eleven bona fide United States Senators in the present session of Congress have endorsed the general aims of their present imitators and future successors. So have thirty-five members of the United States House of Representatives. They all realize that Young America, in Congress assembled, is a force worth watching.

In four short, packed days, Young America will get a good picture of itself in action. Young farmers will meet young miners. College students will talk things over with millhands. Youthful clerks, sailors and auto workers will discuss their mutual needs and hopes with young men and women from church leagues, peace societies, "Y"s, scout troops, and settlement houses. In Milwaukee next month, the generation still in its teens or just barely out of them will get a good line on itself, where it really wants to go and how it hopes to get there.

They will set themselves up like a real Congress of the United States—with committees, caucuses, and joint sessions. They will listen to expert testimony on the state of the nation. They will introduce, discuss and pass on legislation and resolutions affecting their own interests and the general welfare of their country and their world. And, most important of all, they will learn how they

can best work together in the future for the best interests of their own generation and the public at large.

In many ways, the Milwaukee Congress will be more representative of our great people than the older one on Capitol Hill.

No Congressman in Washington has ever, as far as records show, traveled from his home state to the nation's legislative halls by the hitch-hike route or even by trailer. Many of youth's Congressmen, however, will be able to reach their destination in no other ways. Some delegates will represent those groups of young people whose only possible method of transportation is the roadside thumbjerk. Others will reflect the restless spirit of this age by chipping in to buy a trailer for the trip.

The purpose of this gathering, you see, will be served only by the fullest possible representation of American youth. For the Model Congress is an exercise in democracy. It is aimed to prove that the true democratic ideal is a living, breathing thing.

No group will be barred. Every national organization of young people or national agency serving youth will be entitled to its four senators. Every local group of young folk or community agency serving youth will be allowed one representative for every fifty members or major fraction thereof.

All types of organizations will meet on an equal footing in the best democratic tradition. Farm and city, Negro and white, Catholic, Protestant and Jew, conservative, liberal and radical—they will all meet together to discuss freely their common needs and hopes.

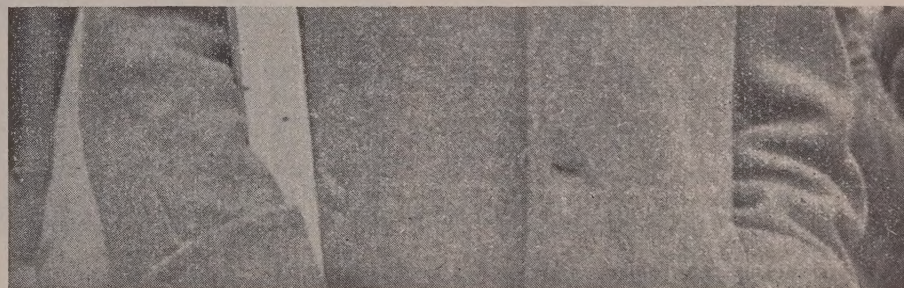
But regardless of their social or racial distinctions, their religious or political faiths, these young Americans will come together to discuss, exchange opinions, argue and agree in a great four-day experiment in practical citizenship.

The Model Congress will be a real social and political education for American youth. As a matter of fact the education has already begun. The impact of the Congress idea is being felt today in every town, village and hamlet where young people are at all organized into groups.

From coast to coast, young people in their various organizations are pre-



*Youth's Model Congress Sessions in Milwaukee Offer a Picture of Young America in Action Today and a Glimpse of the Legislators of Tomorrow*



*Photo Shows a Delegate to the American Youth Congress*

paring for the Congress. They are studying, analyzing and discussing the nation's problems as they have never done before. They are seriously planning legislation—federal, state, and local—which their elected delegates will present to the Joint Committees in Milwaukee—the Committees on Agriculture, Democratic Liberties, Education, Labor, Peace, and Recreation and Leisure Time. And they are holding election days to elect their senators and representatives to youth's own Congress.

Already, the Legislative Drafting Committee of the Model Congress, made up of young lawyers at the national office of the American Youth Congress is being flooded with proposed bills and resolutions from youth groups throughout the country.

In addition, the Model Congress, the six huge joint committees into which the gathering will break up for hearings and the special House of Representative session on youth crime, juvenile delinquency and social diseases, will pass on state and local legislation to serve as models which youth groups in the states and the local communities might use to sponsor in their home legislatures and city councils. So far, there are bills

for state aid to youth to supplement federal appropriations, for state youth commissions, for child labor standards, for bigger education budgets, for better reformatory and parole systems.

On the city and county scale, bills are coming in for building a municipal swimming pool, for keeping the schools open after hours for the safety and recreational needs of local youth, for city crime prevention bureaus, for reforming juvenile courts and for a whole variety of things which Young America has discovered to be necessary out of its everyday experience.

By the time the Model Congress opens on the evening of July 2, American youth will have become really alive to the vital issues of our democracy. In Milwaukee, their chosen Congressmen will learn still more about the country's problems from their authoritative adult advisors. Best of all, the young people will teach each other from the great fund of their own experiences. For a few days, Milwaukee will be the national trading center for young ideas.

Then, when they get back home, they will be fully prepared to carry even further this lesson in practical democracy.



"THIS Commencement," declares the pontifical graduation speaker, "marks the beginning of your career. You are starting out into life. Today you assume your duties as citizens of this glorious land. The road is rocky but by perseverance you will succeed. Live righteously and strive earnestly. Obey orders and you will go far."

There are no bookies who will take bets on how many times these words are being glibly repeated. There are no statistics on the variation of this theme which bored the departing seniors last year. But those persons who have watched history repeat itself think the percentage is again pretty high.

Year after year the graduating classes have heard the same admonitions, the same dreary talks, and the same trite expressions. Commencement commentators are chosen for their honey-dipped tongues and their ability to say nothing beautifully.

Occasionally there is some deviation from the beaten way. Since the first qualification for selection as an interpreter of world events is rock-ribbed conservatism it is not surprising that the seniors are warned "Do not be led astray by subversive elements who would take you off the honorable paths our fathers trod." Some are worse and more specific. "Stay away from unions, stay away from anti-war organizations, and beware of pacifist ministers," this has been the recent trend.

While the orators invariably resurrect the old speeches, they do add a new touch. In the ceremonies held these days there is the usual repetition—the new duties the graduate assumes—and a warning, "Things are looking up, business conditions are improving. America is returning to normalcy. She will regain her old self-confidence if—and that word 'if' is important—we keep government out of business and 'if' (underlined and emphasized) we prevent labor unions from impeding the parade of recovery."

Of course, student reactions have varied as little as the expositor's pious platitudes. Each year the graduate shrugged his shoulders. "Must this guy speak for a whole hour? What's he talking about?" Such was the attitude of the twenties.

In the gloomy thirties the disrespect remained, but in a different form. As the tiring exercises went on, the senior subconsciously asked himself, "Now what? Where do we go from here?"

Does the speaker hint at an answer? Of course not; he specializes in sweetness and light. "Thank God for the depression. It has put iron into our blood. It has made us less materialistic." There just is nothing wrong with anything. That is the motto.

But each graduation ends all that. In the hey-hey days of prosperity young men and women discovered that our "best" citizens did not advance on their merits, but on their cunning. In the dark days of the panic (and light is not yet here, rising prices notwithstanding) they discovered that society has no place for them, trained or untrained. No jobs, no opportunities, no hopes. Every vision, every plan, and every dream is blasted once outside the ivy-covered walls. School is no prelude to life. Commencement is not only a beginning, it is an end.

But it is unfair to be so cynically destructive of the graduation speech with-



## FRILLS OF '37

By ROBERT G. SPIVACK



out offering something in its place. We shall have to assume that every potential Commencement speaker has had the necessary experience or training in public speech. This may be undue optimism; it certainly is not based on history.

In the interest of pure speculation what would make a vital and vigorous address to this year's class? Here are some topics:

"Spain Fights for Peace"—Few students know the contending forces. Why have Germany and Italy taken so active an interest? Why does victory for the Popular Front mean advancement of the peace movement? That speaker who is concerned with the preservation of democracy in America cannot avoid discussion of this war and its effect upon the United States.

"Heroes of Today"—Generally this topic is used. But who are the heroes, even more impressive than the quiet scientist in his laboratory? Certainly the Thomas Manns, the Ernest Thaelmanns, and the C.I.O. pickets murdered recently by Chicago police.

"Functions of the Republican Party."—The speaker who wants to be funny would find ample material in a discussion of the political blindness of this once respectable organization. He would discover on little research how the G.O.P. finds itself more and more in the position of the Rebel Junta in Spain, unwilling to abide by the laws which the

people have instructed a progressive legislature to pass. A variation on this theme might be "How the Republican Party Lost Mass Support." Or maybe "LaGuardia's left-wing Republicanism." All of these are suitable for the politically minded orator.

"The U. S. Army of Aggression." Who are America's enemies? Certainly the American people have nothing to gain and everything to lose by war with Japan. As usual the war would be fought to line the pocketbooks of our imperialists. No nation has reason or desires to attack the continental United States. Ergo, the only reason the War Department wants a big army and navy is for aggression, not defense. Or maybe "defense" now means internal protection of the industrialists against working men who form trade unions? This talk could be full of dynamite.

"Has N.Y.A. Been Worthwhile?" This question can be answered from the point of view of the young worker, the crime expert, the business man, or the social settlement, ad infinitum.

These are all subjects of relative importance. Any constructive-minded speaker could elaborate on these and similar subjects to the delight and education of his listeners. Each subject could be related to the still perplexing problem every senior faces: Can I get a job?

It does not necessarily follow that be-

cause graduation speeches have always been optimistic that today's need be a picture of deepest black and gloom. There are many factors at work in the United States which are forces for progress. Out of the depression chaos has come an entirely new philosophy. Never before have the American people taken so seriously this business of politics. At no other time have the people been so aware of their own power and their indisputable rights. Witness the growth of trade unions.

The most significant thing in American life today is the awakening of unorganized labor. For the short-sighted industrialist this is extremely disturbing. For those who have learned that the interests of the many are opposed to the interests of the privileged few this is hopeful. Every denunciation the Chamber of Commerce makes is ammunition in the battle against them. The worker has learned that the interests of the many are the interests of each.

The Commencement speaker who evades that issue speaks not of today and tomorrow. He speaks of a thoroughly dead yesterday. All his words, all his phrases are empty. In America today it is the Committee for Industrial Organization vs. the National Association of Manufacturers. C.I.O. vs. N.A.M.

The purpose of all this is not to defame the Commencement speaker as such. He is unimportant. But the fact that he is selected for his ability to dull the student mind rather than stimulate it is. The reason these men have been uninteresting lies not in the fact that it is difficult to find challenging scholars. The matter is deeper.

Commencement addresses have been so insipid for the same reason that many find school itself unexciting. As long as young people are taught to evade the pressing issues—the matters of unemployment, war danger, delinquency—so long will school be the preparation for disaster. The problems do exist, the young graduate must face them when he leaves the portals of the house of learning. If he meets them without a philosophy wherein he learns what is shaping his destiny he cannot conquer. He can only be vanquished.

## FOREIGN

**Warsaw, Poland.** Poland's government, now attempting to launch a national party, has not won Polish youth to its support, a spokesman for the *Gazeta Polska*, semi-official newspaper here, declared at a meeting of Warsaw deputies recently.

**Rome, Italy.** Italian school children will secure a winter holiday of forty days in the future for physical training, it is announced. Private sources, pointing out that school programs in Italy are designed with a view to military training, indicated that the move was made to harden children to winter weather in order to provide recruits for Alpine regiments.

**Cambridge, England.** Cambridge University women are imitating an old Smith College (Mass.) custom here in beginning a campaign to knit sweaters and pullovers for Madrid soldiers, the Frente de la Juventud (Spanish Youth Front) reports.

CHAMPION OF YOUTH



# DEMOCRACY'S DEFENDERS

By NANCY  
BEDFORD-JONES

ON the youth of the world hangs the fate of millions of young Spaniards, writes Josefina Ramirez in her farewell to the young people of America. But it is even truer that on the youth of Spain hangs the fate of young people everywhere, the ghastly fate of fascism or the joyous one of liberty.

For in Spain, issues confronting the whole world will be determined. In Spain, where youth is playing one of the most decisive roles in history, it will be decided whether fascism is to gain the upper hand, or whether the world is to be free to progress toward economic happiness, liberty, and peace.

This fact is understood by no one more clearly than it is understood by the youth of Spain. Therefore, casting aside all differences of political and religious opinion, they are united firmly and solidly for the one objective of smashing the fascist invasion of their republic. Their unity is proven by the composition of the *Frente de la Juventud*, or Spanish Youth Front. Here are bound together the organizations of the Republican, Unified Socialist, Left Republican, Radical Socialist, Basque Nationalist, and Basque Catholic youth, the girls', intellectuals', students' and athletic organizations of all types—all joined together in the Spanish Youth Front, the central agency for all of democratic Spain's heroic youth. In one way or another, almost every young person in government territory is represented by the Youth Front or is involved in its work.

Typical of the present activities of Spain's youth as a whole is the program around which a branch Youth Front was recently organized in the Jaen province:

1. Formation of shock brigades for provisioning Madrid and all front lines.
2. Help from the Youth Front for the peasants.
3. Mobilization of youth groups capable of teaching reading and writing to the sons of peasants and working people.
4. Constitution of schools in which youth can obtain good physical and military training.
5. The building of fortifications in all villages of the province.
6. Creation of centers for soldiers in all fronts near our province. In these centers, discipline and respect to the high command will be enthusiastically defended.
7. The Youth Front will execute all orders of the Popular Front government and popularize its decisions.
8. The Youth Front will develop propaganda so that the actuality of the war of invasion will be felt in the province.
9. The training of women for work in industry and in the fields so that

SUMMER, 1937



Josefina Ramirez



Young Spaniards

## A Message to Young America

By JOSEFINA RAMIREZ

I spent four months with you. Four months that we, the representatives of Spanish youth, will never forget. Four months full of activity and of emotion that have left a deep feeling of gratitude in our hearts.

We did not know you. You were in a far-off country about which we knew little. If our journey did nothing else, it was worthwhile just to get to know you, to know your lives, your hearts, your feelings. And if we took nothing back, nothing else to Spain, it would be enough to be able to bring to our comrades the essence of America, which you, in a thousand ways and on a thousand occasions, gradually made us realize. Now we can be sure that we are not alone in the world, not isolated; for at the other side of the Atlantic there is a youth, there is a people, different in language and education, but which at heart resembles us, having the same values of life, the same ideas about our missions and about the rights and duties of humanity.

But that is not all. You gave us even more. We return to Spain charged with the weight of your touching solidarity.

For four months you gave us the most admirable and moving proofs of solidarity. And it is that which we take back to the youth of Spain—the feeling that not only do you think and feel as we do, but that you are ready to put a stop to the destruction of your brothers in Spain.

You have done much, you are doing much. Your example should and will stimulate the youth of all the world. And because of that, we think you too will be more greatly stimulated, and will do more, much more. There are still many things you can do. Do them. Remember that on you and on the youth of the world hangs the fate of millions of young Spaniards, who with their blood and their lives reconquer inch by inch the soil of their country, wounded by the selfishness of foreign tyrants. *All your energy must be for them. Give them all your strength. Do not refuse them a single minute of work.* Remember that they have not even one minute's rest. Their's is the fight for humanity. Their's is the fight for the well-being of the masses. They are the advance guard. The rear must not flinch for a moment.

Many young Spaniards will never see the dawn of victory. In my hospital and in my arms many have already left on the eternal voyage. But you, young America, will be able to see the dawn of victory because you will persist in your efforts in behalf of Spanish youth, in behalf of Spanish democracy. And I am sure you never will stop! I have learned to know you, and I know that you will do your duty.

I am back in Spain. My duty awaits me, yours awaits you. I shall accomplish it. But I shall do my work better for knowing that you are doing your work better. The day will come when we, who have just returned from America, will return with the brotherly greetings of a victorious youth, who will be the vanguard and the pillar of the rights of humanity.

Dear Friends in America! Good bye! Time will never wipe you from my memory and my heart. My gratitude is so deep and so strong that no words can express it. And so I only say: Good bye.

they can replace men when the war makes it necessary.

10. The defense of Madrid by men, foodstuffs, etc., and the independence of Spain.

11. Work so that the relation between the trade unions of the U.G.T. and C.N.T. are always more brotherly, and interest the young people so that they will work in their respective unions.

This is the general program, forged by the necessities of defense, similar to that around which the youth of Spain have rallied with such great unity that they do not hesitate to include as part of their work helping other groups, even adult ones, achieve closer unity.

It is important to note the different types of objectives. First, there is the work at the battle line itself. This work the Youth Front is carrying forward with all of the determination roused by the love of liberty. Before the coordination of the armed forces and the end of the period when any organization could form battalions fighting under its name, the Youth Front and various groups composing it had a number of battalions in the front lines—battalions of young people which earned high recognition as being among the most effective of the forces. They are now integrated with the militia as a whole, in which they carry on as leading members.

For instance, there is the Alicante Youth Battalion, which faced an Italian attack so heroically that it became known as the Battalion of Honor. Its young commandant, Titto, who fought for three days without eating or drinking, said in a recent message: "To international youth, in the name of all the youth of this brigade, I say to you that we shall always keep in mind the importance of our actions and that we

(Continued on page 22)



# JAMBOREE AND PEACE

By E. URNER GOODMAN

*Chairman, Program Division, Boy Scouts of America*

A SCOUT is friendly. He is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout." Upon this statement from the Scout Law is built the world-wide Brotherhood which is Scouting, with a total world membership now of over two and one-half million and a host of former Scouts and Scouters which in America alone totals over 7,000,000.

A Scout handclasp, used in friendship by Scouts the world round; the Scout Sign, made in recognition of the three points of the Scout Promise as a means of greeting and recognition; the Scout symbol, based upon the ancient sign of the north on the compass, and used almost universally in the Scout Badge of the various countries, a Scout Uniform which while differing in superficial characteristics owing to local conditions is based upon certain common fundamentals that are significant of membership in the world brotherhood—all of these are ties which bind the Scouts of various nations together in bonds of comradeship.

More important than these outward symbols, however, is the Scout code, embodying the Scout Oath or Promise and the Scout Law. With certain adaptations according to the situation and desire of the various National Scout organizations, this code is universal. All Scouts round the world participate in the practice of helping other people through the well-known custom of the daily Good Turn.

Thus the Scout youth of the world are bound together by common ideals of honor and service in Scouting. The knowledge that millions of other boys of the nations of the earth follow Scout standards and strive to live up to these lofty ideals, gives the boy who is a Scout a sense of brotherhood and friendship, a consciousness of a common international bond.

St. George's Day—April 23, has been set aside as the Scouts' peace day, a day when they celebrate international good will and world friendship. Letters of greeting are sent between the Scout Associations, and pageants or other programs indicating the place of Scouting in world peace are developed.

The Scout Program is based upon activities that are fundamental to boyhood the world around, because they are fundamental to the human race. The differences between nations have been made by climate, environment and similar factors, and have been fostered by mankind. Scouting goes back to the fundamental factors of human life, when all mankind faced the wilderness without shelter and with only such food as he himself could secure. The appeal of nature and nature conditions of life as against the artificiality and congestion of civilized life and convention is universal. Camping and life in the open appeal to all boys, regardless of the language that they speak. Hiking, woodcraft, swimming, nature study, are basic interests founded in the development of the human race. The Scout Program emphasizes these resemblances, not the superficial acquired differences between nationalities.



## *The Boy Scouts' National Jamboree Occasions This Timely Article on the Scout Program and Its Varied Efforts for Peace*

Undoubtedly the most impressive and spectacular feature of the peace program of the Boy Scouts is the custom of holding great World Jamborees where the Scouts of different nations have an opportunity to meet and become acquainted. Four of these world gatherings have been held and the fifth is scheduled for the summer of 1937. The Boy Scouts of America have participated actively in each of these world gatherings and it is a fact, based upon the evidence of statements of boys who participated, that permanent friendships have resulted from these contacts and that a better knowledge and understanding of the customs of other people have resulted in greater tolerance and friendship for other countries.

In addition to the quadrennial gatherings of boys, there is an international conference of Scout Leaders held biennially. Eight of these have been held. These conferences are gatherings of leaders of the Scout Movements among the different nations, men of outstanding influence in their home environments, who gather together in friendship and

good will to discuss matters for the benefits of all the nations involved.

During the three-year period since the last World Jamboree, there have been held an World Rover Scout Moot in Sweden and several international gatherings and encampments in various other European countries. The above are mentioned specifically because they involved a degree of definite organization, a period of encampment and large international attendance.

American Scouts have been well represented in this greatest of movements among boys for the development of good will. Thirteen hundred Scouts from the United States attended the World Jamboree held in England in 1929. They lived in camp for two weeks with Scouts from more than seventy-three nationalities. Public meetings were held to receive their reports on their return. Notices in the press, pageants, and demonstrations have advanced the cause of international good will.

The National Jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America which will be held in the City of Washington, D. C., from

on in the past and will be developed in the future, is a Peace Garden Conference.

The Boy Scouts of America has felt it a privilege to offer recognition to Scout leaders of foreign Scout organizations through its Award for Distinguished

Service to Boyhood, known as the Silver June 30 to July 9, 1937, will provide an occasion for visits of delegations of Scouts from many Scout countries, as well as from the four corners of the United States. It will be a great demonstration of friendship that knows no bounds of race, creed or nationality.

This in no way takes account of the numerous troops and individual Scouts traveling abroad of which, it is impossible to keep a record.

To promote good will and facilitate friendly participation in Scout activities on the part of Boy Scouts visiting foreign countries, an international Scout passport has been developed.

The Canadian Boy Scouts Association hold a joint encampment in the far northwest annually. Another annual event is that held in connection with the Toronto Exposition, which has been going on for a number of years. Still another very interesting development, typical of others that have been carried Buffalo. Other countries have developed similar awards.

Scout magazines and publications are exchanged among the different nations.

Most Scout organizations have, like the Boy Scouts of America, a plan designed to promote world friendship through correspondence. A scheme has been developed by which letters are forwarded from one country to another, and the correspondence is promoted between two boys who might otherwise never have had common interest or knowledge.

There is definite evidence that the Scout movement is held by nations as an important factor in developing world peace. At each of the Biennial International Scout Conferences, and at each of the Quadrennial World Scout Jamborees, the League of Nations has sent a delegate to participate in the activities, to confer with the delegates, and to bring to the representatives of the different countries a message of encouragement and good will from the League.

## **"Let's Get Together"**

By WILLIAM HINCKLEY

*National Chairman, American Youth Congress*

As the spotlight of the hour is focussed on the great Boy Scout jamboree in Washington, D. C., it is altogether appropriate and important to note the significance that the Boy Scouts of America can take in the youth peace movement now sweeping the country. Much of its program has a great deal in common with the peace activities of many organizations in the American Youth Congress.

And there is much about its social objectives that may well lead toward cooperation with American youth organizations intent upon furthering security, freedom and progress.



**W**HAT is the problem of American youth? What is the relation of youth's problem to that of organized labor, especially now when we are making such rapid strides?

Every problem of young America can be traced back to one great question that has not yet been solved for this and coming generations. The solution to this problem is unalterably linked up with an understanding of labor organizations in this country, their purposes and their actual work.

This country's economic and industrial policies affect the prosperity of the whole nation and the well-being of all its people. Experiences of the past seven or eight years prove this to be true. Millions have suffered, lacking the bare necessities of life. Other millions now live on a standard that is a disgrace to the American people.

Young people who hope to enter the professions will find their opportunity for success regulated to the same extent and in the same degree by a proper solution of our problems. It is self-evident that there are not enough wealthy persons in this nation to furnish patients for all the new young doctors, dentists and lawyers leaving college. Success in these professions depends on the ability to render service to industrial workers for this is a great industrial nation. During the past few years many educated in the professions, many who had given years of their lives to service in these professions were compelled to place their names on relief rolls because those from whom their support had been drawn in more prosperous times were unemployed and unable to pay for services they needed. The future of young people, then, no matter what their walk of life, depends on a proper solution of the problems confronting them as the coming generation of Americans.

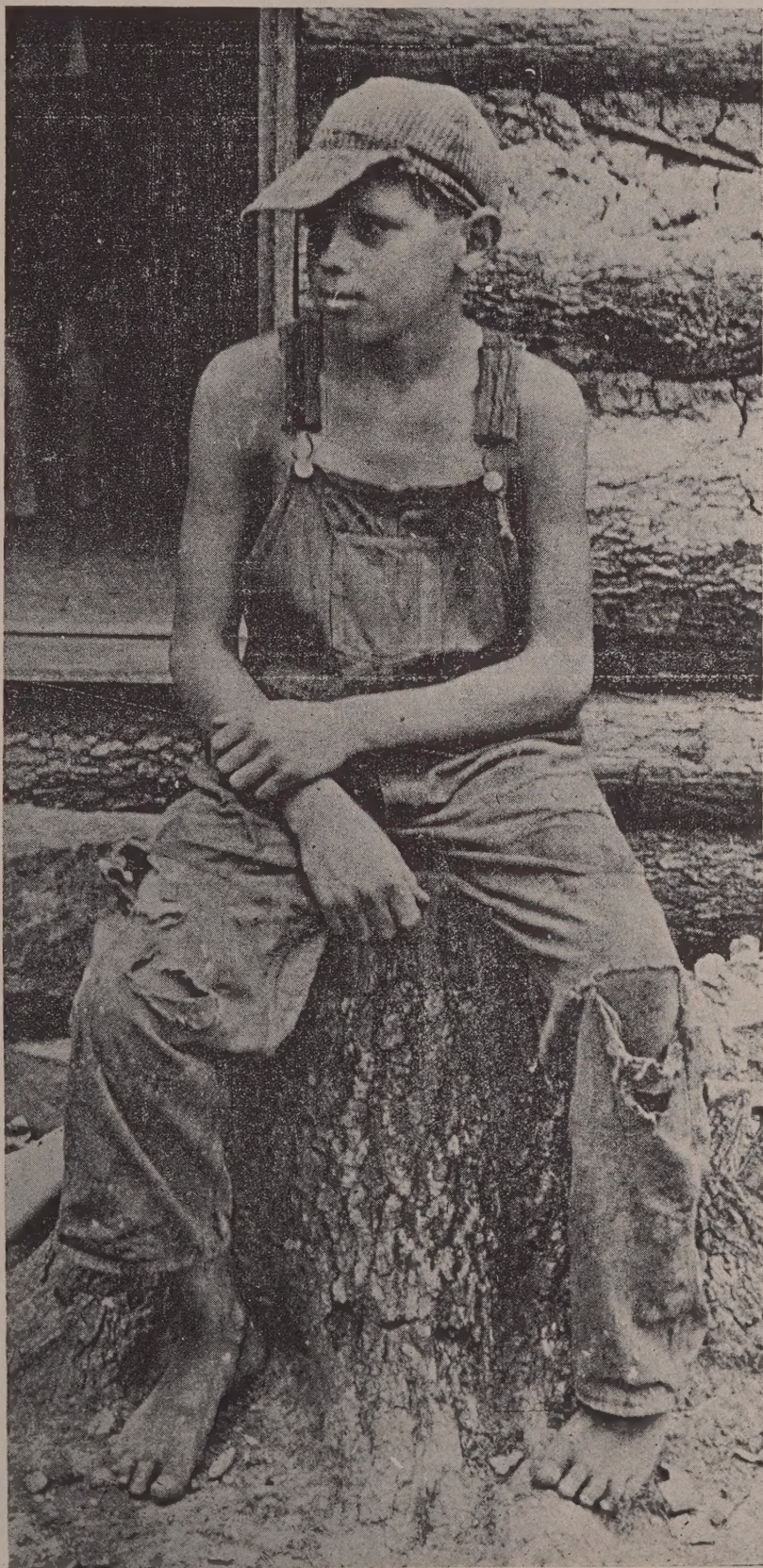
The most hopeful sign that a proper solution will be found, in my opinion, is the organization of the youth of this country, in the American Youth Congress, to deal with the problem by collective action. Naturally the relationship between organized American Youth and organized American Labor should be harmonious. There should be the fullest measure of cooperation, tolerance, a willingness on the part of both elements to discuss every problem over which there is the difference of opinion.

The greatest contribution American young people can make to their own welfare, regardless of their field of activity, is to cooperate with the American trade union movement. Lend full strength to organization of the industrial workers of this country. Discuss the various plans, test every fundamental proposal that deals with successful organization of these workers. Be not misled by a mis-representation of the importance of these differences of opinion. The trade unions are among the democratic organizations in the country. They will welcome the support of the American youth movement. They will accept into their ranks, willingly, gladly, those who now form the American youth movement at the time they become industrial workers. If the members of this movement can come to the unions, not only with a knowledge of their trade or industrial activity, but with a knowledge of the background, fundamental philosophy, experience, trials and tribulations and sacrifices of the American labor movement they will

# LABOR'S VIEWPOINT

By **CHARLES P. HOWARD**

*Secretary, Committee for Industrial Organization  
President, International Typographical Union*



be more welcome than those of us who came into the trade union movement without that understanding and without that knowledge.

I realize that one of the mistakes which we made when we were youths, one of the mistakes which you may make because youth in each generation is moved by very much the same impulses, is that you may attempt to travel too fast in finding a solution for this problem. It is a problem that has baffled the minds of the wisest men our country has produced—a problem that must be solved. Let me emphasize, it can only be solved by the fullest cooperation by organizations because if I understand right, the true purpose of life is happiness, is service to our fellow men. If I understand right, the true purpose of this nation is to be one in which all of its citizens will enjoy the good things of life, will enjoy a higher standard of living. It will be a nation of happy homes and contented people for all rather than poverty, sacrifice and suffering for some so that a comparative few can have far more than they require.

## SCIENCE

It's hard to imagine life without glass, and there's every reason to believe that you're going to see even more of it in the near future, now that a glass has been developed which will bend, and stand an amazing amount of stress and strain. It's called tempered glass.

It is at least five times stronger than ordinary glass, yet it is elastic. It can be twisted and will spring back into place. Unlike other glass, it isn't disturbed by sudden changes in temperature. Pour ice water on it, or molten lead, with no apparent effect.

These new properties are achieved by heating the glass until it is red hot and then blowing a current of cool air over it. This develops a high compression in the outer skin, while the interior remains under tension in the opposite direction.

There's only one drawback. When the surface of the glass is scratched or nicked, the whole object crumbles to bits. This, of course makes it impossible to cut or shape such glass after tempering. It also makes it very unsuitable for use in such things as automobile windshields. \* \* \*

In case your days are too long, you might try living by sidereal time, or star time. Of course you'll have to move into either the Mount Wilson Observatory or the California Institute of Technology, where the first electric clocks ever built to tell sidereal time are installed. A sidereal day is only 23 hours, 56 minutes, and 4.091 seconds. \* \* \*

Industry has stepped up in its installation of labor-and-money-saving machines. Here's a new one that has been installed on glazing machines in a West Virginia china factory. Electric dust precipitators on five machines reclaim four tons of china glaze weekly. Other things they save are: floor space formerly required for cleaning the newly glazed china, 90 per cent of the time and labor of cleaning, and the health of the employees.



# PIE IN THE SKY

*Here Are Some Tips About the Tricksters Who Prey on the Plight of Young America Through Grandiose but Crooked Correspondence School Courses*

By WILLIAM FISCH

Illustrated by Grassick



"Big Jobs in Radio."  
"Get a Government Job."  
"Be a Diesel Expert."  
"Learn Beauty Culture."

YOU'VE been seeing those ads on the back pages of magazines for years, and haven't let them bother you. But lately, maybe you've found yourself thinking, "How about answering one of them. Maybe it's on the level. Maybe if I did have special training I could land a job."

Right there, dear reader, watch your step, for in time it may prove to be the first link in a heavy and expensive chain of sorrow. For the chances are 7 to 1 that your card will be received not by one of the fifty approved home study schools in the country, but by one of the hundreds of honey-tongued gentlemen who have decided to make easy money in the "correspondence school" racket.

This is the way it works. Our heartless friend rents desk space, gives himself a fancy name like "McBoodles Institute of Advanced Technology," and invests in an impressively printed letterhead. He picks a "territory," cards it for unsuspecting "prospects," places an ad in a few cheap periodicals. Then he puts his feet on the desk and waits for the mailman.

Once he gets your name and address he has his hand in your pocket. Equipped with an easy conscience, and honeyed tongue, expert in a crude, money-motivated psychology, the unethical "correspondence school" operator callously plays upon the hopes and fears of a depression-ravaged, desperate youth. Often he operated under the guise of a philanthropic "Vocational Guidance Bureau."

He holds before your eager eyes, roseate pictures of jobs with big money in the "new, uncrowded" fields of Television, Diesel, and Beauty Culture. He breathes seductively into your ears of the security of a government job. He uses the "personal approach." He tells you you were recommended by your high school principal. He makes "Special offers" in tuition, good only for immediate use. He even guarantees you a job after the completion of the "short, easy course," with tuition refunded if the job does not materialize. This latter promise, like the others, is rarely fulfilled.

All these tricks and more are used to snare the unwary into signing contracts for worthless "courses." The contracts themselves are oftentimes noteworthy

pieces of chicanery. Signing one of these important looking documents is often in the same category as signing your name to a blank check. You may find out that you have unwittingly committed yourself to buying a whole heap of expensive machinery and apparatus. Or tucked away in the next-to-the-last paragraph may be an invention of the Devil called a "rider clause." A "rider clause" makes the "party of the first part" liable to anything the "party of the second part" may see fit to include in the contract after it has been signed. You may answer an ad for a bookkeeping course, and wake up to find yourself the "party of the first part" in a binding contract for an expensive course in accounting.

What this means to young America in cold cash can easily be seen. More than a million students enroll annually in correspondence schools. The price for a course in these schools range anywhere from \$50 to \$150. The average is somewhere between \$70 and \$80. Simple arithmetic shows that the tremendous sum of 70 to 80 millions of dollars annually pass through the hands of the home study schools. A good part of this million students with their many millions of dollars are enrolled, it is true, in the fifty approved schools. But what about the remainder?

In 1930 there were four Civil Service Coaching schools. Today there are almost one hundred, fed by the desperation of thousands of young people ready to clutch at anything that might mean a job. The small towns and rural areas supply most of the prey. It is estimated that of the thousands of students who enroll in "Civil Service Coaching" schools, less than one per cent ever secure an appointment.

Statistics taken from the 1936 report of the U. S. Civil Service Commission show that there are far fewer jobs than racketeer correspondence schools care to admit. Of 365,425 persons who took Civil Service examinations in 1936, only 5,653 received appointments. Even this low figure was considerably raised by the abnormal number of appointments to the position of post office clerk and carrier. A reduction in the postal week from 44 to 40 hours gave employment to 4,403 new clerks and carriers. The normal number of appointments is about 500 a year.

Practically the same situation prevails in the Diesel field—happy hunting ground of racketeers. Five or six years ago, "Diesel" was just another engine. Then a Diesel powered automobile made a cross continent trip on \$7.63 worth of fuel. Several railroads installed the now well-known "Zephyr" type of engine.

Publicity about the marvelous Diesel swept across the country leaving a trail of "educators" in its wake, prepared to convince the youth of the country that the future of the world was in the hands of those who knew their Diesel. The

necessary knowledge could be obtained, it would be seen, by simply taking one nice easy course in payments arranged to suit your convenience at a special introductory rate.

Today there are almost a hundred "schools" selling courses in Diesel. In them are enrolled at least one hundred students for every Diesel engine in the United States requiring a technical operator. In 1933, moreover, the National Industrial Conference Board made a study of conditions in twenty-one companies manufacturing heavy-duty Diesel engines. They found that at least 3,813 skilled Diesel men were unemployed. Their report shows that even in the peak year of 1929 the average weekly wage was \$31.26. Today the figure is considerably less.

The last chapter in this series of ironical situations is a little fact that most folks don't know. It doesn't require special training to run a Diesel. The only difference between it and an ordinary gasoline engine is that the latter has a carburetor while the former has an "injector." Anyone who purchases an engine receives operating instructions free. A good mechanic can learn to run a Diesel in about a week.

Recently both the Post Office and the Federal Trade Commission have begun to take vigorous action against schools which are found to be operating under false pretenses, misrepresenting their services, and otherwise defrauding their pupils. In November, 1936, the Federal Trade Commission issued a set of trade regulations for correspondence schools. The purpose of these rules is to foster fair competitive conditions in the trade by branding as "unfair trade practices" the various devices used to snare prospects. Many schools have been made



to desist from unfair practices.

These steps, and the warnings which have been posted by the Civil Service Commission, are all in the right direction, but they do not strike at the root of the problem. The correspondence schools should be made to pass a rigid system of inspection of curricula, faculty, facilities, before they receive license to practice. Inclusion of the home study schools in the jurisdiction of the Office of Education would make this possible.

Meanwhile, if you are contemplating an education by mail, protect yourself in this way. Before choosing a school, write to the National Home Study Council in Washington, D.C. This organization will help you find one to suit your needs from the list of schools which they have approved.

Don't sign anything that you can't understand. Read all contracts carefully. Watch out for "rider clauses."

Beware of the unctuous blandishments of the "personal representative" of the fake "correspondence school." He will promise you Grant's Tomb and the Empire State Building. Make him put it in writing. Better still, keep your shoulder against the door and tell him you are out when he calls.

## Student Drama Contest Announced

The immediate inception of a collegiate playwriting contest under the joint sponsorship of the W.P.A. Federal Theatre Project and its newly formed National Collegiate Advisory Committee was recently announced by Hallie Flanagan, national director of the project.

The contest is a feature of the Committee's campaign to stimulate student interest in the American drama. Other plans call for the establishment of a central college play bureau and student sponsorship of Federal Theatre productions.

Any regularly enrolled student in an American college may submit an original full-length script. There is no restriction of theme but the direct observation of contemporary American life will be preferred.

"A contestant can show what is happening to people—all sorts of people—in America today," Mrs. Flanagan said,

in discussing the possibilities of play material on the observation of contemporary American life.

The W.P.A. Federal Theatre guarantees a production of the prize winning play for at least one week. However, if attendance warrants, the run will be extended. The usual W.P.A. Federal Theatre rental rate of fifty dollars a week will be paid the winning playwright.

Judges of the contest will be Mrs. Flanagan, Hiram Motherwell, chairman, Play Policy Board, Federal Theatre Project; Francis Bosworth, director, Play Bureau, Federal Theatre Project, and two representatives of the National Collegiate Advisory Committee to the W.P.A. Federal Theatre Project, to be announced later.

Scripts must be submitted to the Education Section, W.P.A. Federal Theatre Project, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, by September 1, 1937. Further details are available at the same address.



# "MY LEAGUE"

*America's Prominent Student Leader Looks at the Young Communist League Convention and Expresses Their Aspirations*

By JAMES WECHSLER

**H**AVE you ever seen Madison Square Garden, in the heart of America's metropolis, thronged with young, hopeful people united by their faith in a better world? It happened recently, in a setting of colorful banners, of songs, of clenched fists and strong faces. They had come to sing, to cheer, to reassert their conviction.

And then a slim Negro boy spoke gently, but with solemn meaning: "I am free and I am happy." The occasion was the opening of the Eighth National Convention of the Young Communist League. It was a convention fraught with meaning and vision, destined to affect not merely the lives of those who have become young Communists but of the young generation throughout America. It was a convention which dramatized the most vital currents in American life.

Here were the "young Communists" whom the patrioteers denounce. They were not "alien." They were not even "different." They came from the centers of a battered, courageous nation, from its shops and farms, its schools and mines. No one could dispute this, not even the flag wavers. They were boys and girls whom you know, from your streets and your clubs. They had become young Communists because enduring the crisis and despair of this society, they had retained their faith in the common people. They were young Communists because they found in the Young Communist League a channel through which their simple aspirations might be expressed. For their convictions they had withstood persecution and terror. Many had spent weeks, even months in jails. Others could not reveal their names because reaction was seeking to strike them down. And yet

they spoke without melodrama, without self-righteousness. Young workers told of the great surge into the ranks of the C.I.O. Young Negroes from the South related the restless stirrings of their people. Students recalled the memorable peace strike of a fortnight before. Girls told of work in shops, of the most immediate problems of their lives. And all this was told out of the story of America, of a country despoiled by a handful of financial barons, of a country whose people were rising to claim their heritage. Here was a generation facing a world of war and insecurity, of fascist despotism. And here, gathered in one hall, were the builders of a new world. Yesterday their ranks were scattered. Today thousands accept their leadership. Tomorrow there will be millions.

For what was evident at the outset was that this convention marked a mem-



*Delegates Getting Acquainted Between Sessions*

orable turning point in America's youth movement. The Young Communist League is not a private sect. Neither are its ranks restricted to full-fledged communists. The challenge issued by this convention was a simple, straightforward one: we ask all young people who see the plight of present-day society and the hope of socialism to join in the establishment of a united youth organization—an organization playing a vital role in the fight for the maintenance of peace and freedom today, educating for socialism tomorrow, serving the cause of the working people at all times. This was the keynote—unity of all those who want to defend their simple rights, education for a better society which will eliminate the crises and dangers confronting us today. This was the call addressed to young Americans who are prepared to participate in the great social movements of our time.

It was a convention stirred by great events abroad. From the front in Spain, where world peace and democracy are being valiantly defended, came greetings. They were signed by the boys of the Lincoln Battalion—young Americans who have left their homes because liberty is being threatened in Spain. From delegates from Cuba, Mexico and Puerto Rico came personal messages testifying to the heroism of the colonial fight for independence. From China and Canada alike, from every corner of the world, this convention received its inspiration. This was an American convention drawn from the heart of America, deriving purpose from the facts of American life and the knowledge of America's potentialities for abundance. But it was an international gathering in the knowledge that everywhere young men and women have felt this faith and accepted this challenge.

More than 500 delegates and scores of visitors thronged the sessions. They heard Gil Green, soft-voiced, decisive national secretary describe the great awakening of American young people during these years of depression. They heard his recitation of achievements and defeats in this hour of crisis—in the battle between democracy and fascism throughout the world. They heard his summons for the building of a broad, united youth organization embracing all young people who want to learn about the world they live in and to participate

in the building of a better one. For four days these delegates—many of whom had never been off the farm, many of whom were seeing skyscrapers for the first time—patiently reviewed their work, critically evaluated their job. They gathered in sessions on industry, on Negro problems, on girls organization, on a host of other issues confronting them. They met with solemnity and modesty. But they did not adjourn until they had covered the whole canvas of America.

Out of their deliberations came a clear vision of where they are heading. Their organization stands for the immediate interests of American young people. It will give unyielding aid to the building of such progressive organizations as the American Youth Congress and the American Student Union. It will educate for socialism out of a colorful heritage of learning—the writings of Marx and Lenin whose message has inspired common people throughout the world. They will serve the labor movement in its epic struggle to organize the oppressed and underprivileged. And they will create sympathy and support for the one great progressive monument of our time—socialism in the U.S.S.R. They will teach Americans to love their country, not for its despair and misery, but for its promise, not for what it is but for what it can become, when financial dictatorship is gone.

Conventions are replete with reports, with discussion, with recitation of experiences. Of these there were many, often describing failure, still more often growing success. But this convention was unique for the spirit which animated its sessions, for the ideals which united its delegates. They drafted an intelligent, vigorous program, squarely facing the immediate problems of today—war, reaction and insecurity—and pointing the way to the final freedom of tomorrow. They adopted a constitution which will guarantee greater initiative and discussion within its ranks and providing unprecedented autonomy for local branches. From this gathering came a realistic appraisal of America and a fighting program for the immediate future. But there also emerged a picture of a new generation whose "philosophy of life" is service to humanity, whose ideals are freedom and decency, a gen-

*(Continued on page 23)*

*"Hello America, We're Your Sons and Daughters"*





# SYPHILIS

*The World-Famous Author of "Microbe Hunters," Shows  
How to Fight the Disease*  
By PAUL DE KRUIF

SIXTY-SIX years ago, Pasteur said: "It is in the power of man to make parasitic maladies disappear from the face of the globe, if the doctrine of spontaneous generation is wrong, as I am sure it is." The absurdity of spontaneous generation is universally admitted. What, then are the principal obstacles, not to the mere control of syphilis, but to its eradication, to making Pasteur's dream come true, in the instance of this one plague at least?

The technical tools for its complete annihilation are in our hands. Schaudinn long ago revealed the microbic culprit. Zsigmondy and Siedentopf's ultramicroscope has made its detection easy. Bordet, Wassermann, Kahn have given us tests to spot cases clinically not suspected, yet maybe infectious. Ehrlich, 27 years ago, discovered the weapon to suppress this infectiousness, more drastically, more rapidly, than by any method known for any other major contagion whatsoever.

The one obstacle is generally supposed to be a common yet psychologically formidable one. It is thought that its taint of secrecy and sin is what keeps this plague from being mastered, like smallpox, or diphtheria, or our other vanishing pestilences.

Exiled from the practice of science more or less voluntarily for 14 years, your present reporter has had the opportunity to make certain observations and deductions from reactions to stories written about scientific advances against syphilis. From a long and formidable correspondence, it is possible to conclude that the popular taboo to the smoking out of the scandal of syphilis is no longer a very great one. From an audience aggregating millions—not one protest or moral exhortation has been received. It is plain, further, that if education of the mass is a prime requisite to stamping out this plague, then it is an education cutting both ways that is needed. There must be training that will comprehend all the public, including those physicians, health men, and popularizers of science—including the present writer—who now seek to give knowledge to the mass.

It is granted that syphilis must first of all be made a cosy, an off-hand, fire-side word, like mumps or measles. This it is becoming, more rapidly than many remote from the mass, may dream. It will not be long before the sinister word will be common in guessing games, in spelling bees, and a welcome recruit to the bizarre vocabulary of crossword puzzles. Yet a serious obstacle remains to be hurdled before Pasteur's hectic experiments, his knock-down-and-drag-out diatribes against spontaneous generation come into their own—for syphilis.

The master problem is the education of the educators. Before we can begin the plague's eradication, we must eradicate our widely held contempt for mass intelligence. This has been your reporter's experience, from which he has only begun to profit; to get the public to co-operate against any plague, you have to inform it; yes. But let the mass suspect that you are instructing it from on high, and that you are withholding certain embarrassing essentials, then when its suspicions are confirmed, the people get their backs up. Then the public says: "Oh, yeah? Don't kid us." And then it will shrink back into its shell of non-cooperative indifference.

To get the deep, enthusiastic co-working of the whole people, it is necessary to tell the people all of the truth. Scientific and medical teachers of the people

have got to be candid, absolutely, about such defects in their technical weapons as may exist. More important still, while proud of the present wonderful growth in medical cooperation, they must admit such shortcomings as unquestionably prevail in the rank and file and even among the nabobs of the professions of public health and healing. So that their good intentions to instruct may not boomerang upon the public's would-be instructors, the present incompetence of many of the medical profession to detect syphilis must be admitted. And medical venality that so often cuts treatment short of the point needed to make the plague noninfectious has got to be acknowledged.

With the ground thus cleared, with all cards face up on the table, with promise of a fight as stern against professional incompetence as against the spirochete itself, then, and only then, can mass cooperation be expected, and then real battle for eradication will be ready to be planned.

And, before the fight to the death against the corkscrew germ is joined, this question will have to be answered: Even if the mass, fully and honestly informed, are ready to enlist, will those who rule us give us really adequate means to see this fight through to a finish? If they will not, then all this informing of the public is mere academic balderdash. That is the final and dominating question. In this world today where life is, of all things, so cheap, where life can be bought by those who have the wherewithal to pay for it, can the mass comprehend, and do its teachers understand this simple bookkeeping: That it is a scandalous quandering of money to be sick with syphilis, and still more wasteful to die of it? Understanding that, will all of us then, be able to put our rulers on the spot, with this slogan: "It cost us money to die?"

From his experience of the past year, your reporter believes this is now entirely possible. Once this simple arithmetic is clear to all, to searchers, health men, physicians, as well as the people, then all—now furnished with ample sinews for their war—can join the fight to wipe out syphilis. For what auditor, what pompous budget-balancer can remain pinchpenny, can persist in mur-

derous false economy, when the public tells him that it knows the intelligent spending of a modest amount of money will save untold millions—in the matter of the wiping out of syphilis?

Your reporter has just finished an exciting year's apprenticeship in the art of thawing out frozen funds so that they may be amply and adequately available for a death fight. This campaign has just been crowned with success in the city of Detroit. And while this new type of people's fight happens not to be against the spirochete, yet it involves a plague, the key to the eradication of which is similar to that of syphilis. And a recounting of the technic used to stir up public cooperation in Detroit is certainly justified, for already the Detroit fighters are beginning to formulate plans to extend their principle of eradication to syphilis.

The eradication campaign now begun, for the first time so far as your reporter knows, with really adequate money, is against the still formidable plague of pulmonary tuberculosis. Here too, as in syphilis, the early detection of those infected, and the rendering of all of these noninfectious, is the one basic necessity.

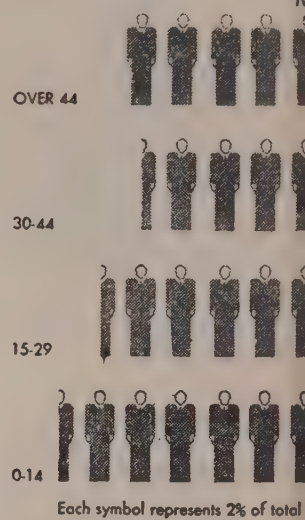
It was explained by a Detroit health group that, by the expenditure of roughly \$200,000 per year for case-finding by X-ray and for adequate epidemiology, many times this sum would be saved the taxpayers, within a few years, in hospitalization costs alone—not to mention the still greater economic burden that consumptives constitute for their communities. This demonstration started the ball rolling. Your reporter wrote a diatribe against Detroit entitled "The People's Death Fight." This story told Detroit's people that they and their city fathers, their holders of the public purse strings were so wasteful, so economically incompetent, that they would not furnish the city's healthmen the few hundred thousand dollars that would in relatively few years be saving the taxpayers many millions.

This sarcastic philippic was harshly nonsentimental. When mention was made of pain, suffering, bereavement, it was only to mock at these manifestations of misery. "To hell with mere lives—what we ask is economy." This was the slogan. Now, in due course, this story came to the notice of a young Detroit, and it could hardly have fallen into hands more powerful or important. This man, now roused to indignation and a sort of smoldering fury, was William J. Scripps, publisher of the *Detroit News*. He called a small dinner meeting and that night, again over the beer mugs, he demanded action to rub out this infamy, this rifling of the pockets of the taxpayers by the TB microbe. To this end he offered the front page of the *Detroit News*, and full facilities of radio station WWJ for as long as might be necessary, to rouse the public to action.

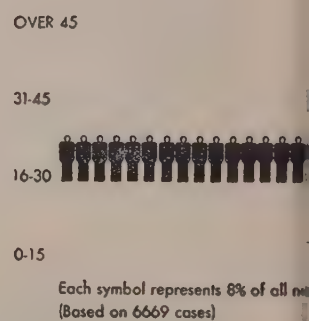
Now began a year long, careful planning of smashing front-page newspaper

## AGE AND SEX

### OF TOTAL POPULATION



### OF SYPHILITIC INFECTED



publicity and radio dramatization. This might be called a laboratory study of public health relations. It was made by a group of nine including physicians, health men, publishers, reporters, and radio dramatists, with the mass of Detroit's citizens the laboratory guinea pigs.

The front-page newspaper stories, appearing daily, told the grim facts with no horrible detail omitted, based upon actual records of cases in Detroit's hospitals, of the needless death of a thousand Detroit people yearly. The medical profession, because of its failure to use generally and adequately the modern means of X-ray diagnosis, because of its adherence to the anachronistic stethoscope, was not spared. The public, the city fathers, the doctors, all were bluntly accused of being collectively accessories before the fact of mass murder, if, knowing all the facts, they should not now take action to begin this economy of stamping out tuberculosis.

On the radio, ghastly daily little dra-

CHAMPION OF YOUTH



# MUST GO!

Great Army of Youth Victims Must be Freed Through a Frank, Open Relentless Campaign

Illustrated by FITZPATRICK

front-page newspaper stories. But all efforts to soften or "sissify" our forthrightness were successfully resisted.

The result is history. The campaign took Detroit's citizens by storm. Demands from citizens where they might go for X-ray for themselves and their children flooded the *Detroit News*. The city's most noted pastor announced that this was not a matter of public health, or economics, but a matter of religion. Immediately after the conclusion of the 12-day campaign the mayor of the city and the council unanimously voted the exact amount of money asked—\$200,000—for the first year's case finding and epidemiology. They furthermore recommended similar appropriations for such time as might be necessary to reduce the disease to the vanishing point. They could do no more—since a limitation of actual appropriation to 1 year is demanded by the city's charter.

There is no question—barring failure to accomplish the results promised—that entirely adequate, yearly grants of

informs you that this eradication plan—in every way similar to that of Detroit—is already being considered for early legislative action by the new administration of the State of Michigan.

And if this goes for tuberculosis, then why not, too, for the far more formidable plague of syphilis? This is what the Detroit group are now asking; and a similar long planning, a gathering of every sort of information, is now on the point of being undertaken in that city. The TB campaign must have begun to show results before the syphilis publicity campaign is unleashed. Years, if necessary, will be devoted to its careful preparation.

As a model, as the frame, as the basis for this projected publicity campaign, your reporter is happy to state that the Detroit group is going to use and strictly adhere to Dr. Parran's magnificent popular exposition of the syphilis problem, published in the *Survey Graphic*, in July, 1936. On the frame of these theses of Parran's we plan our collection of human-interest stories, based on tragedies due to syphilis, that have actually happened in Detroit and Michigan. On the data it is planned to be ruthlessly unsparing of present rank-and-file medical shortcomings in the handling of the problem at the same time that medical participation by Detroit's physicians is eagerly invited. It is Parran's recommended general line of attack, to control, yes, eradicate, the plague that we hope will be put before Detroit's people.

At this moment many are skeptical, thinking of that ancient taboo surrounding the pathologic consequences of venery. It is believed by the Detroit group, from its brilliant young newspaper publisher all the way down through its public health and medical members to its story-tellers, of whom this reporter has the honor to be one, that if we tell everything, honestly, openly, and with rigorous exclusion of any taint of the spirit of Peeping Tom, we will not be thought sensational or dirty.

In support of our belief that this projected campaign will be enthusiastically received, it is with pleasure that evidence of public readiness to be informed, just released by the uncannily accurate Institute of Public Opinion, is here presented.

By an overwhelming majority of 9 to 1, voters in this survey have expressed approval of a Nation-wide campaign against venereal diseases.

When asked "Would you be in favor of a Government bureau that would distribute information concerning venereal diseases?" 90 per cent said "yes"; only 10 per cent, "no."

Voters were willing, even anxious, to express their opinion. The question proved to be one of the liveliest ever put on the ballots of the institute. And only one public measure—old-age pensions—has ever received a higher vote of approval in any of the institute's surveys

of public opinion during the past year.

Finally, there is a certain sort of information that our group will need grievously. It is all possible information—it cannot be too detailed or too technical—on the cost angle of syphilis; it is that for which we are most anxious.

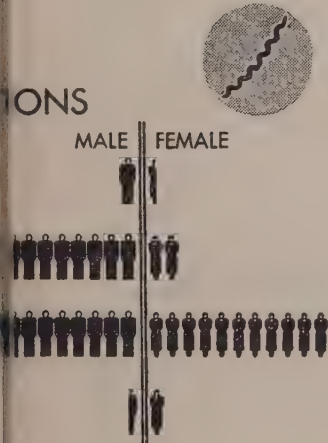
In his popular presentation in the *Survey Graphic*, Dr. Parran has told how hard it is to obtain public funds for active control of syphilis. He points out how much simpler the treatment of cases of syphilis, to a point of noninfectiousness, is than similar treatment of tuberculosis. He says five cases of syphilis can be treated for what it costs to treat one case of tuberculosis. Your reporter realizes that a great extension of venereal control work has now been made possible through the provisions of the Social Security Act. But none will deny—realizing the mass poverty that exists today—that much money will be required by any community that hopes seriously and persistently to pursue a plan of syphilis eradication. In his great popular story, Dr. Parran rightly says that the sin angle of syphilis is a factor inhibiting the release of adequate public money.

"The wages of sin is death. Why should we pay taxes to alleviate this situation?" Thus argue our hypocritical Pecksniffs. And Dr. Parran answers them, pointing out that these righteous ones are already paying more taxes to maintain the victims and to treat them, than it would cost to make syphilis as rare as it now is in Sweden. Yes, and this reporter begs to add, more than it would take to make this hideous murderer of the innocent—as well as the sinful—an evil memory of the past, completely.

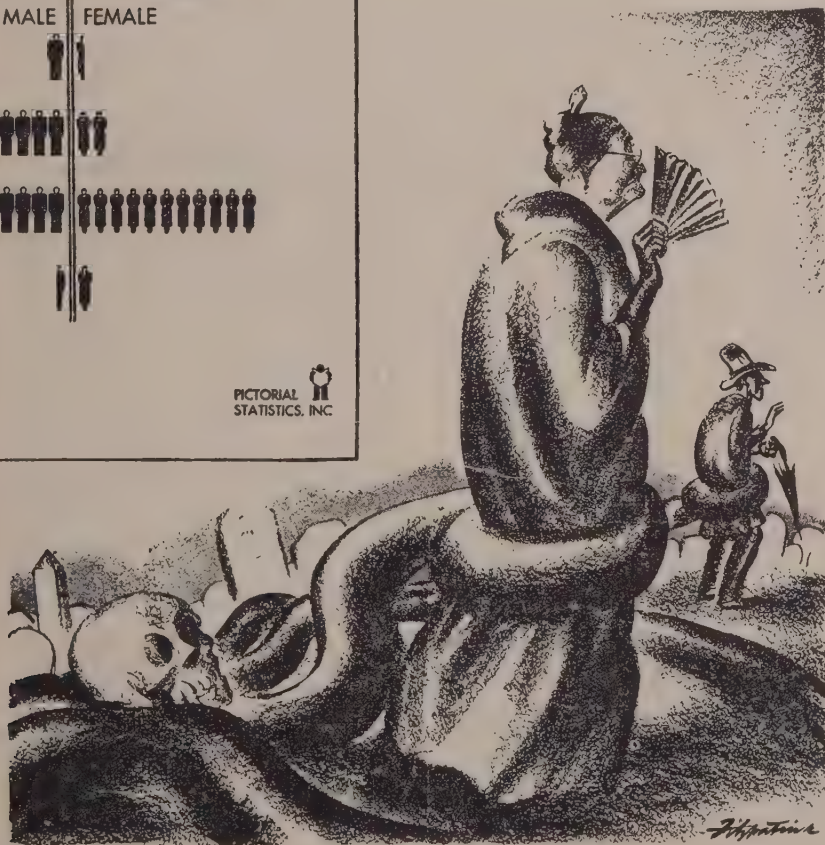
This following information, then, is what would be helpful to the Detroit workers: What is the cost to a community of the size of Detroit of the luxury of maintaining health in the bodies of its citizens? And, with due regard to every essential for the organization needed for the detection of those infected and the suppression of their infectiousness, what amount of money would be ample, really adequate, to begin this death fight?

Just as it has proved to be for tuberculosis, your reporter is convinced that the idea of "it-costs-us-money-to-die" will be valid, in moving the mass action against syphilis.

For this has been our curious experience in the recent tuberculosis campaign for public cooperation in Detroit: That, if you appeal to the mass in most mercenary, hard-boiled, economic words, these words have the curious opposing effect of stirring up mass hatred of misery and suffering. And it is our conviction that this economic, materialistic argument will similarly stir them to compassion for sufferers from syphilis, even if, let us say, half of this suffering is held by many to be the just and awful reward of sin.



PICTORIAL STATISTICS, INC.



mas were broadcast. These were entitled "The Cough of Death." They began with no music or other warning, with an entirely realistic coughing characteristic of an advanced consumptive. A high-powered radio executive present at one of the rehearsals predicted disaster, said this was the most dangerous program attempted in radio history. Some attempt, too, was made to bowdlerize the sarcastic savagery out of the

money will now be forthcoming. Tears in his eyes, after one of these radio dramas, one councilman said: "You fellows can have anything you ask, you can have a million dollars a year if you need it!"

Who believes—given the statistical evidence of a rapidly descending death rate—that this true public cooperation will long remain confined to Detroit? It is with pleasure that the present reporter



# LOUST THE ARMY!

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

**N**OW that there is a legislative proposal before President Roosevelt to continue the C.C.C. camps, the question of control becomes of greater and greater importance. Most Americans feel, I think, that the C.C.C. has been one of the most satisfactory phases of the President's New Deal emergency relief measures. It has done wonders for the physique and health of those attending the camps; the practice of sending most of the pay back to those dependent upon the boys at home has meant that relief has really reached those for whom it is intended and, finally, the work actually achieved by many of the camps is of lasting value, practically all over the country.

But this fine record should not hide the fact that these camps are potentially a dangerous weapon for those to get hold of who wish further to militarize the United States or to bring about a fascist control of this country. It would take very little, indeed, to make them comparable to the forced labor camps of Germany.

Now, so far, the civilian side of the camp administration, headed by Robert Fechner, has done most excellent work in trying to stamp the civilian character of the undertaking upon all its phases. But, doubtless, for reasons of economy at first, the subordinate officers in the camp have been either regular or reserve officers. It is my observation—limited, it is true, and therefore, perhaps, not conclusive—that most of the officers now connected with the camps

are reserve officers, and that the purpose of Congress to have them run by active officers who are not actually needed for duty with troops, is therefore no longer being lived up to as at the outset. Now these reserve officers are young civilians who are called to duty with troops only every other year or so. They are obviously men who have applied for active duty and full army pay because they could not get jobs elsewhere. If it is merely a question of giving them jobs

they could perfectly well be assigned to these camps in their civilian capacity and told not to wear their uniforms.

But behind them stands the War Department which has from the first ached to get its hands on these camps. It has been proposed by some army people that these young workers, on passing out of the camps, should be given three months' intensive training with rifles and then passed into the regular army reserve and held in that by a regular annual retaining fee of anywhere from \$12 a year up. Hence, what the situation calls for if the C.C.C. is to be continued is a complete divorce of these camps from army control. There is not a single reason why the management of the camps should be distributed among two of these departments of the government. There is every reason why control should be vested in only one, the Department of Interior, which is just as competent to run them as is the army.

More than that, the reputed efforts of the War Department to control the reading matter and the educational pro-

grams of the camps is another vital reason why the War Department should be divorced from all further relationship to the C.C.C. camps. Army officers are notoriously intolerant; they are just as ready in most cases to dictate the reading of young men as are their colleagues in other countries. The fact that the War Department has banned *Champion* from the camps and has taken no action against the publication, *Happy Days* since its outrageous attack upon *Champion* reinforces this point. Since *Happy Days* is freely circulated in the camps it seems to many to have at least the approval of the War Department officials behind its blatant nationalism, its intolerance, and its incitement to violence against the editors of *Champion* because its editors do not like the views of the latter publication. The trend of fascism in America is definite and dangerous. We must not let this fine C.C.C. institution be warped so that it will become a ready weapon for the hands of any dictator or group of would-be dictators in this country.

# MORALITY AND BIGOTRY

By MARGARET SANGER

**A**S I WRITE, thousands upon thousands of young people throughout the country are urging the passage of the American Youth Act. This modern Crusade is asking that youth be given a chance, that it be granted at least the same opportunity for success as existed for the older generations.

With the closing of the Western frontier, with the overcrowding of industries and the professions, young people (it is pointed out) must be helped to gain a foothold if they are to find their place in the sun.

Youth asks for training, for education, for work. Beneath these demands is the wish to exercise the most fundamental of human rights. Youth wants some measure of security, it wants the right to marry, to establish homes, to rear children.

In one respect American youth is starting with a far greater chance for happiness than did its parents and grandparents. It is less hemmed in by ancient taboos, by fear and reticence, by false modesty and all the tragedy that comes from refusing to face facts.

For marriage, the threshold to adult life, needs courage and honesty, as well as love and cooperation, and youth has these qualities.

Love in the finest meaning of the term is the foundation stone of successful marriage. It should not be thought of as synonymous with the sexual impulse, though that is a necessary part of love. There must be sexual attraction, but it must be firmly rooted in mutual understanding. Upon this are built respect, self control, sympathy, unity of purpose, many common tastes and desires, a building up and up, until love in its fullest expression has flowered to unite two individual personalities. Marriage thus developed becomes the strongest, purest, most valuable and unique relationship which we human beings are capable of building.

I believe that a couple entering marriage should start with the idea of taking at least two years to get acquainted,

to foster a cultural, physical and spiritual understanding, a joint way of life. Nothing so certainly dooms marriage—the greatest of adventures—to failure as to undertake the trials and complications of parenthood too soon. It is unfair to the young bride, because she never knows herself as a wife, a joyful companion, but only as a mother. And the young husband cannot learn to know his wife as a comrade and helpmate if her whole physical and psychic being is too soon turned towards maternity.

And so, despite the increasing complexity of our present day world, despite its ever present threat of war, its economic upheavals, I believe youth has a greater chance for happiness than those who entered upon marriage in what may seem to have been a time of more ample opportunity.

Young people today can plan their lives. They can decide when and how often to undertake parenthood. Modern methods of birth control permit them to consciously plan their future. No longer need they start out on their honeymoon, outwardly rejoicing, but inwardly filled with fear of the unknown.

The young couple about to be married should go for advice to some sympathetic and fully informed physician. (Doctors young in years but with a mature outlook and themselves married are preferable for this advice.) They should understand the wonderful and beautiful facts about sex and their own bodies. The truth about sex, as about all other things in life, when frankly and clearly taught, cannot injure healthy, normal young minds. Concealment and suppression are what do harm. I have full confidence in the cleanmindedness, the courage and promise of young people, and to them I say, as has been said of old: "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Let them remember the command: "Build thou beyond thyself, but first be sure that thou thyself art strong and wholesome in body and mind."

Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, president of Vassar College, said recently:

"Of all hated things, youth hates most to be betrayed. Hamlet's question to Ophelia is the question which youth is ever asking education: 'Art thou honest?' In this whole question of social hygiene, of which birth control is a part, youth wants to trust and to be trusted."

That the president of one of our leading colleges for women can come out in public and thus fearlessly advocate giving birth control instruction to youth, is in itself a sign of progress. This wise and experienced educator closed his address by saying that he believed that, above all, American youth is democratic and demands equality of privilege. "When youth learns," he said, "that those who are privileged have access to the facts, while the underprivileged have not, it is first angered and then cynical."

All honor to American youth, say I, that it has so deep rooted a sense of justice.

It is doubtless hard for young people who read about birth control in magazines and newspapers, who hear it discussed from lecture platforms and pulpits, to realize the bigotry which blocked the movement in its early days. The first birth control clinic in America, which I opened in the crowded slums of Brooklyn twenty-one years ago, was closed by the police as a "public nuisance," and I and my co-workers were arrested. As the patrol wagon carried us away to the police station, one young woman, who had come too late to get advice, ran after us crying and sobbing: "Save me, save me, come back and save me."

She wanted to be saved from the fear of unwanted pregnancies, from the torture and black despair of bringing into the world children which she could not feed or care for, from the hell of having her life ruled by blind chance.

How splendid if I could write that no such fear exists today, that everyone who wants birth control information can get it. But this is still far from the case. Birth control clinics are no longer closed as public nuisances. More and more are being established with the help of doc-

tors and social workers and public spirited citizens, and with the blessings of the liberal clergy. Birth Control methods are safe, easy to use, and reasonably cheap and reliable. Women who happen to live near one of the 350 clinics now functioning throughout the country, and women who can afford to go to private physicians, can get information. A recent Court decision has removed the legal barriers which have retarded birth control work, and has established the right of American physicians in this field of medicine. *But thousands upon thousands of people are still in ignorance*, and the women who most need this advice are still vainly crying "save me, save me."

But I do not despair, for youth will take a hand, and as Dr. MacCracken says, youth will not tolerate hypocrisy. What is the privilege of the comparative few, is the right of the many.

I believe young people should look forward to marriage and parenthood. To this end, I acclaim their struggle for education and economic security. I believe they should enter marriage with full knowledge of how to postpone parenthood for at least two years, so that they may work and play and learn to know each other, and strengthen the bonds which have brought them together. Then and then only should they undertake parenthood. I also believe that young people should be better prepared and trained for a full, useful life. Girls in particular, before going into shops and factories, should be given training in hospitals. They should learn about diet, hygiene, care of the body and the home. I should like to see every girl enrolled for such training before she is allowed to enter the world of business, or before she is given a license to marry. For homemaking in the fullest meaning of the term is an exacting career and needs the best preparation that can be secured.

With such a program, we would have more permanent marriages, happier homes, greater love and respect, and in the end, more children.



# SUBSISTENCE, MY EYE!

*Homestead Farming Is All Right, Providing You Have Mr. Borsodi's \$15,000 to "Subsist" on.*

By GEORGE REED



**T**HE description and pictures of the Borsodi model homestead, recently printed in *Champion*, are a wry reminder of my own homesteading experiences.

I have no doubt that an adequate income (\$2500) will buy enough labor-saving machinery to make living in the country fully as comfortable as city living, with perhaps a gain in health. That is one thing. It is another thing to advocate subsistence homesteading, as Mr. Borsodi has done, as a practical program for the poor and for the unemployed.

This idea was the theme of quite a widespread movement during the deepest depression years—a movement experimentally supported by the federal government, furnished a philosophy and a literary outlet by the southern agrarians, and widely advertised and backed by the yarn industry, the hand loom industry, the pressure cooker industry, the sewing-machine industry, the garden tractor industry, and the goat industry. I am one of those who tried it.

We were young depression victims, my wife and I, without work, without future. We had just been married. The world looked so hopeless to us that we decided to withdraw from it. We believed, accepting Mr. Borsodi's thesis, that it was possible to deny the intricate economic relationships of the modern world, and to return to an earlier, more direct economy. We were going to produce practically all our simple needs on our own land by our own labor. According to the theory, this would mean all kinds of liberty, lots of leisure, and a bountiful, healthful living.

Our meagre capital making purchase impossible, we rented a little house, together with some two acres of land. At the price we paid we were lucky to get electricity, taking for granted the lack of furnace, bathroom, running water, and outbuildings. Without the expensive appliances to use it, electricity did not save us much labor; lighting was the only use we were able to make of it. So we had to pump and carry all water by hand; we had to haul dirty coal into the living room to stoke the round iron stove, cleaning up the consequent dirt by ancestral methods; we had to cook on a kerosene range—a type of stove combining a weak heating ability with

a greasy daily job of filling the tank. Our household, in fact, operated by somewhat primitive methods.

The outdoor projects were more nearly according to Borsodi-Hoyle. We had several first-class milk goats ("blooded," if you wish), fine chickens, and an ample (too ample) subsistence garden. It is true, our first-class stock was housed in small, unhandy, third-class buildings; also, our garden showed the effects of what is known as erosion. Nevertheless, we gave these typical projects a fair test, and concluded that they are all right—so far as they go. You can produce your own eggs (buying feed) for perhaps two-thirds retail cost. Milk the same. You can do even better with vegetables, producing them for perhaps one-half retail cost; but then, they are cheaper foods in the first place. In the end, when the smoke clears, you find that you have put in practically your full time and have saved possibly five dollars out of a fifteen-dollar monthly grocery bill.

Being without income, we were irresistibly tempted to try to increase the scale of our projects and to put them in the commercial class. Truck gardening, we found, pays the amateur about 1½¢ an hour, if that. Commercial poul-

try raising we found impracticable because of the prevalence of chicken diseases; it is thronged with amateurs anyway, and operates on an infinitesimal margin.

Commercial milk goat raising was a moderately successful experiment with us, paying perhaps ten cents an hour for time invested. Goats are extremely interesting animals; they make charming pets and are generally intriguing and pleasant to have around. Goat milk, aside from its life-giving value in specific illnesses and infancy, is undoubtedly a superior food for anyone. Its outstanding richness and flavor induce a preference for it that practically becomes a habit.

Other typical subsistence projects we tried out to our complete satisfaction were:

Heating with wood and cutting it by hand—didn't work; the winter got ahead of me and I had to hire a power saw to cut it after all. Canning with pressure cooker—reasonably successful, but also time-consuming; cooking current meals with pressure cooker doesn't work, as it takes about half again as long as usual methods. Hand loom weaving—a somewhat "arty" game; weaving yarns are very expensive; looms and expensive and bulky; unlimited time consumed, more than mortals can afford to spare in this busy world. Collecting government bulletins (homesteaders must study their trade)—very successful; I collected at least ten large wastebaskets full, on every conceivable subject from soy beans to slip covers.

Subsistence homesteading, in general, breaks against two insurmountable obstacles. The first is the cost of the

plant: the house, the land, the equipment. Mr. Borsodi admitted that he had invested more than \$15,000 in his place. It appears to be impossible for an unemployed person to build up enough of a homestead to enable him to save substantially on expenses; he ends up simply by lowering his standard of living. The second difficulty is the inefficiency of small-scale farming. In order to raise the feed for your goats and chickens—that is, if you are really to be self-sustaining on your homestead—you must farm some five acres of land. So you find yourself owning a horse. But to feed the horse requires the farming of another five acres. About that time you discover that your horse is loafing too much of the time, so you farm another ten acres to keep him busy. Thus, if you really try to be a consistent homesteader, to be really self-sufficient, you end up by being simply a small farmer—an economic category that displays perhaps the lowest standard of living in the U. S.

We, personally, shied away from the horse. But we conscientiously carried out the program so far as it was possible by hand labor. Yet the question of money grew more insistent than ever. There was the rent, car expense, tools and equipment for the homestead, chicken and goat feed. Moreover, all our old expenses were still with us: the cost of considerable food, of clothing, professional services, fuel, and all the myriad items that go to make up the complexity of our modern way of life. In short, our expenses were greater than they had been in town.



# FLUFF

The flu epidemic will make little headway at the University of Utah if the co-eds keep their vow to stop kissing. The girls declared a kissing strike when a popular blonde pressed her lips against a glass plate and then put the plate under a microscope. The young lady nearly fainted when she saw millions of germs frisking about.

The boys set up a dating strike in what has become a campus battle of the sexes. With true feminine subtlety, one girl is reported to have told her boy friend:

"Kissin' might not be so dangerous if you used the right technique."

Over 2,000 girls are employed in Blackburn, England in a gas-mask factory occupying space that was formerly a modern weaving mill. The looms in the factory were sold for scrap.

University autonomy, a strange concept in the United States, is a common demand among Latin-American students whose universities are almost always state-financed and in whose operation the state often interferes. Both self-government for the student body and self-administration for faculty are asked by the students.

Organization of classes to wipe out illiteracy among peasants and peons continues to be one of the main activities of the group.

Sophomore Sumner of Sedalia, Mo., works pretty hard for his education. Holding a job at Sedalia, which requires his time from four in the afternoon until midnight, he arises at seven-fifteen, drives seventy-two miles to Columbia in time for a ten o'clock class and is back at Sedalia at two o'clock with two hours for study before reporting for work.

Bicycle night riders may find themselves stopped in Wisconsin.

For Assemblyman Bernard B. Kroenke of Milwaukee is planning to introduce into the state legislature a bill prohibiting the riding of bicycles on highways or streets between a half hour after sunset and a half hour before sunrise. It is planned as a safety measure.

American girls' habit of going to the big cities with high hopes but no funds is repeated by their sisters in the North of England.

Recent newspaper articles issue a warning to parents of girls going to London to look for jobs under the compulsion of the continued industrial depression. These warnings state that no girl should be allowed to go to a London job unless the prospective employer can give the highest references. Many cases have been reported of girls being stranded without money to return home.

ASSYRIAN SCULPTURE OF 880 B.C.



ASSYRIAN SCULPTORS 880 B.C. GIVE US THE FIRST KNOWN RECORD OF A SWIMMING NATION, BUT THE ASSYRIANS SWAM BECAUSE OF NECESSITY AND NEVER FOR PLEASURE.

JULIUS CAESAR—WHEN 52 YEARS OLD—WAS SHIPWRECKED. HE JUMPED OVERBOARD, HOLDING HIS SWORD BETWEEN HIS TEETH, VALUABLE DOCUMENTS IN HIS LEFT HAND, AND USING ONLY HIS RIGHT HAND, SWAM TO SHORE.



FIRST ENGLISH ACCOUNT OF SWIMMING, 600 A.D. WHEN THE ANGLO-SAXON BEOWULF WAS SHIPWRECKED AND SWAM FOR 7 NIGHTS IN A COAT OF MAIL KILLING SEVERAL SEA MONSTERS WITH HIS SWORD.



CHARLEMAGNE WAS ONE OF THE BEST SWIMMERS OF HIS DAY.

## SWIMMING

FAMOUS HAWAIIAN SWIMMER, DUKE KAHANAMOKU, HELD MANY WORLD RECORDS. HE WAS OLYMPIC CHAMP. FOR U.S. IN 1912 AND 1920.



WHEN JOHNNY WEISS-MULLER WAS 11 YRS. OLD HE COULD NOT SWIM AND DISLIKED THE WATER. HIS DOCTOR ADVISED SWIMMING FOR HIS HEALTH. JOHNNY BECAME WORLD CHAMPION, HOLDING EVERY IMPORTANT RECORD FROM 50 TO 880 YARDS, AND RETIRED FROM AMATEUR COMPETITION—UNDEFEATED.



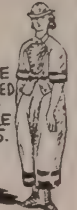
GERTRUDE EDERLE SWAM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL AUG. 6, 1926 IN 14 HR. 31 MIN.—A TIME RECORD WHICH SHE HELD FOR 8 YEARS.



AMERICA SENT HER FIRST WOMAN'S SWIMMING TEAM TO THE OLYMPICS IN 1920. 14 YEAR OLD AILEEN RIGGIN AND HELEN WAINRIGHT TOOK FIRST AND SECOND PLACE IN FANCY DIVING.

AILEEN RIGGIN

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BATHING GIRL WORE IN 1865.



GEORGE KOJAC, FAMOUS BACK-STROKE CHAMP, POISED FOR HIS "RACING START."



TWO UNOFFICIALLY RECORDED, AN AMERICAN, CAPT. PAUL BOYNTON, WAS THE FIRST MAN OF MODERN TIMES TO CONQUER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. HE SWAM IT APRIL 10, 1875.

HELENE MADISON, OF SEATTLE, SET A NEW WORLD RECORD WHEN SHE WAS 16 YEARS OLD.



## BALLOTS AGAINST BULLETS

By JOSEPH CADDEN

WILL youth fight? If so, for what?

What should be the policy of the United States when war threatens in other parts of the world? When war breaks out?

Which are the best means of arriving at a solution of world problems bringing about war?

What should be the size of our military and naval budgets?

These are questions posed in the Peace Ballot published and sponsored by the World Youth Congress Committee for the United States. To insure an intelligent result, a study outline and bibliography have been published on the reverse side so that groups will carefully think out their answers to these important questions through a process of discussion.

Inspired by the success of the British Peace Ballot which had such a wide influence on public policy and opinion, the World Youth Congress Committee in this country has initiated this project.

From a nucleus of the delegates to the World Youth Congress held in Geneva last September, the Committee has grown to include representatives of some of the largest organizations of young people in the country. Together they will attempt to carry on the youth peace movement which had its international orientation at the Geneva meeting where 750 young people from 36 countries and 12 international organizations discussed peace action. There, in the halls

of the League of Nations, a bond was established between the youth of the world, and the World Youth Congress became a permanent peace effort with an office and secretariat in Geneva.

The organization of this first world youth meeting was carried out by the International Federation of League of Nations Societies to coordinate and concretize the peace sentiments of young people throughout the world. The success of the meeting can only be measured in terms of results, and in the United States the Peace Ballot has become the first major test.

It was launched on April 5th, when a national broadcast over the red network of the National Broadcasting Company was used to explain the purpose and scope of the ballot.

Copies of the ballot are available at the office of the World Youth Congress Committee, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

### Chicago, Illinois

The seventh annual national convention of student government officers will be held at Detroit, June 29 to July 3, in connection with the summer meeting of the National Education Association. Jim Goodsell, president of the National Association of Student Officers (the parent organization of twenty-three state groups of student government officers), has announced the program for the 1937 national gathering.

IN EARLY TENNIS, THERE WAS NO RACQUET—THE BALL WAS STRUCK BY THE PALM OF THE HAND.

THE FRENCH CALLED THE GAME "LA PAUME"

TENNIS CAME ORIGINALLY FROM THE EAST. THE CRUSADERS ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE INTRODUCED IT INTO EUROPE.

ANCIENT TENNIS HAD NO NET—THE BALL BEING PLAYED OVER AN EARTHEN MOUND.

IN 1427 FRANCE HAD A WOMAN TENNIS CHAMPION—JEAN MARGOT—PROVINCE OF HAINAULT. SHE WAS CALLED THE "JOAN OF ARC" OF TENNIS.

EARLY TENNIS BALLS WERE COVERED WITH LEATHER, FILLED WITH HAIR.

FRENCH BALLS WERE BLACK IN COLOR.

A "SET" ORIGINALLY CONSISTED OF 7 GAMES.

EN RACQUETTES

"DEUCE" IS A CORRUPTION OF THE FRENCH WORD DEUX MEANING 2—THE VANTAGE STROKES THAT MUST BE PLAYED.

IN 1600 A BRIDE WAS REQUIRED TO CONTRIBUTE FUNDS TOWARD THE FUTURE MAINTENANCE OF HER FORMER TENNIS CLUB.

TENNIS IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE "EN RACQUETTES" FORM OF COIFFURE USED BY CATHERINE DE MEDICI.

# TENNIS

—CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE—



# "I AM FREE AND I AM HAPPY"

By ANGELO HERNDON  
Photos by ROLAND GALEN

*A Message Marking the Writer's Complete Vindication  
by the Supreme Court—Urges Increasing  
Vigilance Against Reactionary Forces*

**I** AM free and I am happy. My complete vindication by the Supreme Court from an unjust frame-up is not a personal victory for me. It is a victory for the down-trodden, oppressed Negro people and all who hate slavery and exploitation.

While I rejoice in the goodness of this victory, I do not do so alone. Those who have worked untiringly throughout the five years of my persecutions have struck a decisive upper-cut at the forces of reaction, and there is reason for them to feel proud. This successful fight proves conclusively that when we are united, we can force our oppressors to listen to our demands.

But we must not be swept away from reality in celebrating this gigantic victory for the working class and the American people. The reactionaries in the South as well as throughout the land are growing stronger and more powerful every day. This should be the beginning

of the fight not only to check fascism, but the occasion for the building of that movement which shall soon bury it in the dark jungle pits of barbarism where it rightfully belongs.

At this historic time, when we of the younger generation are grappling with the many difficult and complex problems that face us, I cannot forget the horrible persecution and enslavement of my brothers in the southland. On the shores of the Mississippi river, where the muddy streams flow quietly in an atmosphere of peace and tranquility—on the deltas and all plantations I can hear the moanful wails of millions of sharecroppers—my blood brothers—who are suffering from the lash and the whip of the slave master. In Mississippi, I can still smell the burning flesh of two innocent black men—victims of a brutal insane mob of lynchers, who, in their convulsions of bestiality, went wild and thrilled to the sight of human flesh

burnt to ashes with blow-torches.

Did I say something about being happy? Yes, I repeat: I am happy to be free—though, as a Negro, I face the same fate as millions of my brothers in common suffering and sorrow. But the freedom I now have shall be utilized to the best of my ability for the complete abolition of this monstrous curse against humanity.

I urge my Negro brothers not to despair. Do not be crestfallen. There are millions of white workers, exploited and oppressed just as you are, who are today fighting your battle as well as the battle of the whole working class. The system which has brutalized you and warped your spirits is headed for its doom. You have not been crushed. The victory in my case should spur you on to real action. Rise up with your white fellow workers, with all of those who stand for progress, and soon our dream of freedom shall be realized. The freedom

of the Scottsboro boys and Tom Mooney must be the next occasion for celebration! We must go even further to preserve democracy and peace the world over. We should do everything in our power to secure and guarantee the victory of the Spanish people against Hitler and Mussolini's barbaric invasion. To the heroes of Spanish and world democracy I pledge that I, together with my Party, my people, and the working class, will work tirelessly till there shall be not one man nor woman oppressed and exploited.

We, young Communists, hail the courage and heroism of Spain's youth. Inspired by their heroic deeds we shall go forward in the fight for a world without suffering and pain imposed upon the young generation by a dying capitalist system. Our lives are dedicated to the creation of life with a purpose, and full of meaning. We march forward today for victory tomorrow.

## BERRY PICKERS

**Y**OU start in the berry field at seven in the morning. It isn't so hot then and you still feel pretty good. You tie your picking basket around your waist and start your row in a hurry. It doesn't seem long before you've picked your eight quarts and can yell "Tray." You grin when the man who carries out the trays punches your card. Sixteen cents, not so bad. If you can keep that up, maybe you and Sis can have some decent clothes for school. That is, if you get to school at all. Last year you didn't. Just moving around, dodging truant officers. It makes you feel bad not to have any schooling, because when you grow up you want to be something more than a tramp picker.

The local boys are coming on the field now. They pick a few hours to earn a little money for candy and ice cream. They don't know what it is to work twelve hours a day straight through the season, from the time when strawberries ripen till the last of the apples are picked. They laugh at you and call you "Wop" or "Polack" just because your eyes and hair are black. No use getting mad either. You can't lick the whole gang. Anyway the boss would throw you off the field if there was any trouble.

Ten o'clock. The sun is hot now and the sweat makes your shirt stick to your back. You aren't picking quite so fast either. Your fingers cramp and slow up in spite of all you can do. Sis, on the other side of the row looks pretty tired. A little girl like her ought not to have to work so hard but Pa said poor folks all had to turn to it if they are going to keep alive.

You wish noon would hurry up. If you put your mind on the berries and don't think about anything else, the time goes faster. Bend—pick—careful not to mash the berries—pick those way down under or the picking boss will be on your neck. Bend—pick—stumble on under the hot sun. You're making two cents a quart. Noon at last.

This is a nice place. They let you eat your lunch on the shady lawn and pump cold water from the well. Lots of people wouldn't let you near the house for fear you might steal something. You munch your bologna sandwiches hungrily and look at the fried chicken and angel food cake the other children have. Bologna was better than beans anyway. Winters, you lived mostly on bread and beans. That was why you and Sis were so small, the school doctor said. You wonder what it would seem like to stay in one place all the time and have a nice home and decent clothes and enough to eat. Like Heaven probably. But Pa said a man was a fool to stay in one place all the time.

Time to go to work again. Six more weary hours in the field. The boss says you're going to pick creepers this afternoon. Creepers are the short, young bushes and the best way to pick them is to move along on your knees. It's slow work too because the bushes don't have very many berries on them.

It's real hot this afternoon. You can feel the little heat waves rising from the sun-baked ground. The stones are so hot you can't put your hands on them. Somebody says the men on the road quit at noon because they couldn't stand the heat. But berries have to be picked

and your fingers have to pick them even if it is 110 in the field. Sweat keeps running down over your forehead into your eyes. The little flies almost drive you crazy. Your mouth gets dry and burning. When the water carrier comes around, you drink in long gasping gulps. You feel better for a little while but soon you're as thirsty as ever. The sweat gets into the scratches on your hands and stings and smarts.

Nobody is working very fast now. Just to keep moving is enough. The small of your back aches like a toothache. You wonder how Ma stands it, tall as she is. You look over at her. There is a little white line around her mouth but she smiles at you. They don't come any gamer than Ma. Pa has quit and is lying over in the shade. Pa says men's backs can't stand the bending like a woman's or a kid's.

You are so tired now. You can hardly close your fingers around a berry. The berries seem to come alive and jump out of your reach. The basket fills slowly. Sis stumbles and falls and lies crying on the soft dirt, too tired to get up.

After a while you quit hurting and your body works along of its own accord. It doesn't seem to belong to you any more. You are almost surprised when the boss yells "Quitting time." You plod wearily toward the end of the field and check in your berries. Time to go home. Home to a poor supper and a hard bed. Home to the few hours of rest you ever get. When you grow up, things are going to be different.

By M. L. GOODWIN

## Maturity

If Cleveland young people present a cross-section of American youth there is no need for moralists to be alarmed. Such is the verdict of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* in a survey made by a reporter, Ted Robinson, Jr.

After interviewing hotel owners, entertainment dispensers and proprietors of "hot spots," the *Plain Dealer* discovers that "(1) The boys don't think it's smart to get drunk. (2) Boys and girls are much better behaved than before . . . they seem to have a lot more consideration for the rights of others."

Cleveland proprietors of cafes classed by young people as "joints," found that high school men and women frequent them less. Robert B. Patin, principal of Shaker Heights High School said that high school students "are much more mature, they have more poise."

But C. C. Tuck of West Tech High School and Dr. W. W. T. Duncan, pastor of the Lakewood Episcopal Church said that young men and women have lost their sense of "responsibility."

Miss Nellie M. Leuhrs and Miss Jean C. Ross of the Cleveland Public Library observed a decrease in demand for frivolous literature and more interest in social subjects, particularly economics.

While the principals, ministers and night-club owners were inclined to give credit to the growing maturity amongst young people to the depression, several of the students believed the growing maturity was due to growing student self-government. This was the view of Helen Averill, student council president at Shaw High, and Robert W. Colquhoun of Shaker Heights High.



## Oh, Girls!

AT TIMES like this it seems as though nothing short of a Senatorial investigating committee could solve the problem of how to stay "cool, fresh, and alluring."

Much of the advice we hear leaves most of us peering wistfully into the looking glass at blemishes which seem to show up twice as much under a summer sun, a complexion that feels dry and rough, but looks shiny, and probably has a generous sprinkling of freckles.

Right here is where the beauty preparation manufacturers look happy, and right here is where you can learn the difference between those products which will really help you look like nine out of ten screen stars, and those which merely cost you money.

The average cream is composed of oils, waxes, and water, and melts at slightly above body temperature. It cost the manufacturer from two to three cents to make, plus the cost of the jar, although it retails anywhere from 20 cents to \$3.50. What you pay for when you buy Elizabeth Arden's cream at \$1.41 and similarly priced products is chiefly the name on the label and the perfume with which the cream is scented. Cream does loosen the dirt, but not any more effectively than does soap and tised, can really "revitalize" your skin, nor can it convert the "estergosol" in your skin into "Sunshine Vitamin D." It cannot really stimulate the circulation water. No cream, however widely advertised, causing it to "throw off dirt," it cannot "nourish" the skin, it cannot cure "cosmetic skin," which does not exist. The condition of your complexion depends far more on your health, what you eat, how much you sleep, and the conditions under which you work, than it does on anything you can pat or rub on your face.

If you are addicted to the use of cold cream for cleansing, there are inexpensive brands which will do as well as the better-advertised ones, and you can keep cool in a movie on the money you save. Belle Fleur at 25 cents a jar, and Hollywood Extra Theatrical at 20 cents are two of these. Max Factor, Lady Esther, Cashmere, Armands, and Ponds are all right too, but cost you anywhere from two to ten times as much. Incidentally, don't be fooled by large jars. They are often pretty thick and don't hold nearly as much as you'd think by looking at them.

Soap and water, unromantically enough, is really the best cleanser. You pay 5 or 10 cents a cake for almost any soap, but if you figure it on the basis of how much you actually get for your money, some are much dearer than others. Camay, Palmolive, Woodbury's, Cashmere Bouquet and other expensive soaps can't do more than clean your face. Ivory's (large size), Gondola Floating (Woolworth's), and Colgate Big Bath will do it for about half the price.

If you have a dry skin or find that your powder won't stick to a well-scrubbed face, it's a good idea to finish off with cold cream. If you can leave the cold cream on all night, your face will be much smoother in the morning.

## BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

### "Lively, Readable, Attractive"

By ROSE TERLIN

Economics Secretary, National Intercollegiate Christian Council

I AM happy to have an opportunity to extend greetings to *Champion of Youth* on its first birthday. A lively, readable, attractive periodical has long been necessary as an instrument for assisting in the development of a youth movement in America—a movement devoted to the realization of peace, freedom, and economic opportunity for all. The *Champion of Youth* has filled this gap admirably. I especially commend you for your efforts to secure authoritative spokesmen in their respective fields as your contributors, and for the wide range of interests you have covered. Because I am eager that our vast student population become more effective in the field of social action, I would suggest more articles dealing with the role of recent college graduates in the field of labor organization as well as at least one article on the development of unions among professional workers. I would also suggest an article on the differential between Negro and white educational opportunities in the South, which exists in spite of state laws which call for "equal and separate" educational facilities.

I trust that *Champion of Youth* will continue as successfully as it has begun and that it will enjoy an ever-widening constituency of progressive American youth.

### "Spirit of Young America"

By WILLIAM W. HINCKLEY

National Chairman, American Youth Congress

YOUNG America always knew that it had a future. For decades, in fact, young people in this country seemed to take it for granted. But with the depression American youth began to realize that its future wouldn't amount to much unless the young people themselves took up the task of building that future with their own hands.

The success of a magazine like *Champion* in the first year of its existence proves, I believe, that thousands of young men and women are becoming increasingly aware of the important part they are bound to play in the history of American progress.

The youth movement in our country is still, to be sure, in its infancy. But it's a lusty youngster, alive and kicking. That's why *Champion* has fitted so well into the picture. In general, it has caught the spirit of Young America today and keenly reflected youth's current temper. It too is alive and kicking. It has helped to articulate the real needs—and aspirations—of the younger generation.

I hope it will be able in a short time to reach out to the broader youth population and to help make Young America more conscious of its tremendous opportunity—to construct its own great future and to create a better, healthier, and happier America.

### "Link Among Progressives"

By JOSEPH CADDEN

Secretary, International Student Service

A MAN in the bus said, "Remarkable!" Since I was reading the *Champion*, I of course thought he was referring to it—and I agreed with him 100 per cent. But instead he was looking out the window at Radio City and mumbling something about "progress."

That also impressed me as an accurate word to be used in connection with the *Champion*. As I turned the pages, I remembered your first issue—published just a year ago. I remember the distinctly bad taste of the make-up, the confusion of the subject matter and the hideous misplacement of the few badly reproduced illustrations.

Today, the *Champion* is quite another publication. A year of steady progress has produced a monthly for American youth which they should be proud to support as theirs. Today, it is a true reflection of the interests and activities of young Americans as they awaken to the importance of public issues and to the importance of their responsibility in the progress of our country's social and political life.

The mere fact of existence over a period of a year is testimony that *Champion* is a direct and valuable contribution. It has furthered the interests of young Americans, stimulated new and deeper interests, served as a link among progressive youth throughout our country.

It is the publication of young America. The editors who are responsible for it deserve a real birthday present—say in the form of about a hundred thousand new subscriptions.

## Book Notes

RHYTHM FOR RAIN by John Louw Nelson (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The highly interesting story of the civilization of the Hopi Indians, told in the form of a continuous narrative about the career of a Hopi boy. The author is Director of Research with the Museum of the American Indian Heye Foundation.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA by Felix F. Vondracek (Columbia University Press). An exhaustive and scholarly study. States that the Chief of Staff of the Czechoslovak army planned an imitation of Mussolini's march on Rome with the aid of the Sokol youth movement.

THE BUSINESS GIRL AND THE NEGRO WORLD, by Frances Harriet Williams—(Woman's Press).

This stimulating brochure is not only informative but suggestive and thought provoking. Data on the Negro in industrial, social and community life is accompanied by questions, topics for discussion and suggested readings. Excellent for study groups, club forums and classrooms.

CHILD WORKERS IN AMERICA, by Katherine DuPre Lumpkin and Dorothy Wolf-Douglas—(Robert McBride).

The plight of child labor system is analyzed in a thorough and definitive survey based on twelve years of field study. The causes, extent and conditions of child labor are reviewed and the hoary arguments of opponents of child labor reform devastatingly answered. The authors conclude that hope for the eradication of this scourge lies not alone in the ratification of the child labor amendment, and in the growth of a genuine Farmer-Labor Party.

CITIZENS' ORGANIZATIONS AND THE CIVIC TRAINING OF YOUTH, by Bessie Louise Pierce—(Scribners). Part No. 3 of the Report of the Commission on the Social Studies.

This examination of the influence of civic agencies on the school is vital to an understanding of private pressure on our educational system in public and parochial schools. Without attempting to criticize the policies set forth by these organizations, the author, who is at present associate Professor of History at the University of Chicago, merely presents the tenets of these groups, which directly or indirectly, influence some twenty-seven million school children.

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE, by Jerome Weidman (Simon & Schuster).

Focusing "Harry Bogen" under the strong lens of a first-person narration, 23-year-old Jerome Weidman presents, in his first novel, a snappy yet stuffy personality, consistently and contemptuously greedy. Against the loud, teeming background of the garment industry, the novel traces Bogen's development from louse to rat. The youthful author shows remarkable talents.

CHAMPION OF YOUTH





A SHORT STORY

# THAT DANGEROUS YOUNG MAN

By SAMUEL ROGERS

Illustrated by Cartelle

THE discipline committee of Bolton College (on the shore of Lake Michigan, a hundred miles north of Chicago) sat behind a table in Professor Hawley's office. Professor Hawley, chairman of the committee, was a little man with a square face and a steel-gray pompadour; his lips were pursed as if he were sucking a piece of hard candy. At his right sat Miss Maxon, the Dean of Women. She was larger and softer than Professor Hawley; her white shirtwaist billowed as she leaned forward, with one elbow resting on the table; her rosy unlined face and her parted white hair suggested the chromo of a "Mother" on a calendar or an advertisement. The third member of the committee, Professor Briggs, a dark young man, fingered the package of cigarettes in his waistcoat pocket and longed to smoke.

"I suppose we're ready for the next one," said Professor Hawley in a businesslike voice. "John Bogart: What is it? Cheating?"

Dean Maxon's bosom stirred as if from a suppressed sigh. "No," she said. "Worse than that. It's most distressing. It involves a girl."

"A student?" asked Professor Hawley. "Have you seen her?"

"I've talked with her," Dean Maxon said. "She has gone home—left college of her own accord. Under the circumstances I think it was the wisest thing."

"Hmm," Professor Hawley said. "Was it . . . ? Was she . . . ?"

"The only thing the girl confessed—" Dean Maxon's voice lingered softly on the word—"the only thing that can be proved from the girl's story is drunkenness, but perhaps if we question this young man. . . ."

"I see," Professor Hawley gave his colleagues a long shrewd look. "Mr. Briggs, perhaps if you would. . . ."

Professor Briggs went to the door and glanced into the waiting-room. "You can come in now," he said to the back of a young man who was gazing out of the window.

"Well, Mr. Bogart," the chairman asked abruptly, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"I think I should tell you," the Dean said in a gentle, careful voice, "that I have talked with Miss Calder."

John Bogart looked interested. "What did she tell you, Ma'am?" he asked.

"Never you mind that," Professor Hawley said. "We want to hear the story from you."

For the first time John Bogart appeared uncomfortable. "I don't think I should talk," he said at last, "until I've seen Miss Calder."

The chairman and the Dean exchanged glances.

"Perhaps you are not aware," Dean Maxon said, "that Miss Calder has withdrawn from college."

Professor Hawley studied a paper on the table before him. Suddenly he raised his head and glared at John Bogart. "Mr. Bogart," he said, "I ob-

serve that you're a senior. You were planning to enter the Medical School next year. Do you feel proud of this escapade in which you've involved a young woman—a freshman?"

John Bogart hesitated as if wondering how he did feel. "I'm sorry it happened," he said after a moment, "but I don't see why I should be ashamed."

"No?" Professor Hawley gave him an acid smile. "Then I don't see why you should not describe to us this evening—of which you're not ashamed."

"You'd better tell what happened," Professor Briggs said in a tone which he tried to make encouraging. "Miss Calder has left college, and don't you see, if you won't be frank some people may assume that much more happened than really did? It's only fair to you both. If there were trouble about your degree, you couldn't enter Medical School, at least here in the state, and I imagine you might find it hard to meet the expense anywhere else."

"Hard's no word for it!" John Bogart exclaimed. "That would mean goodbye to medicine, as far as I'm concerned. I guess you're right, sir. Thanks."

Then, as nobody spoke, he began talking slowly, easily, without self-consciousness.

"Mary's family lived near our farm," he said. "I've known her since she was a kid, but we've never been what you'd call intimate friends. After she came to college this fall I took her once or twice to the movies. I didn't go out with her much because I couldn't afford it, and besides I'm too busy. I've got a stiff program and I'm working four hours five days a week at a restaurant. But I guess I'm the only fellow that ever did take her out. You could see she wasn't happy here in town."

"Well, one day I met her coming from class and she asked me if I'd do her a favor. I told her I wouldn't promise until I knew what it was—naturally I wouldn't—and then she said she wanted me to take her out somewhere Saturday night and help her get drunk."

"You could have knocked me over, I was so surprised. I asked her what was the idea and she said most of the girls in her rooming-house made fun of her because she was so innocent and inexperienced. She said they treated her as if she was a child and wouldn't take her seriously. Of course I just laughed at her."

"Well, about a week later, she called me up at the house and asked if I'd go for a walk. As soon as I saw her she began it all over again, only this time she said that if I wouldn't take her out she knew someone who would. She mentioned a guy that I knew who'd have been pleased enough to do it—too darn pleased; that was the trouble. I told her he wasn't the kind of fellow she ought to go around with, especially if there was going to be any drinking and her not used to it, but this time she was the one that laughed and said it was either him or me; so I said all right then, I would. I'd borrow my roommate's Ford, we'd go to the Chantecleer for some dancing and I'd bring her back

when the other girls would be coming home from their dates: they could see she was tight and she could tell them she'd been with a man to a roadhouse. That was the idea. You don't have to tell me it was childish and crazy; I told her that a dozen times.

"Well, I got the car, and a little gin—not much, I wasn't going to let her take much—and a couple of bottles of ginger ale. We went to a movie first and about half-past nine we started for the Chantecleer. We parked on the way and had a drink but it didn't seem to give her much of a kick, so before we reached the Chantecleer we stopped again and had another drink. That's all she had: two drinks, and they weren't very stiff ones at that."

"The Chantecleer was pretty quiet—just a few students; it's mostly students that go there—and suddenly Mary began to laugh. I was embarrassed because I couldn't stop her and the folks were beginning to stare. I wanted to leave right off but she wouldn't hear of that and before I knew it she was crying and she was afraid. She said she knew she was drunk and she was scared to drive back in a car alone with a fellow. I told her there was nothing to be scared of; she could trust me; we could dance a bit if she felt like it and then I'd drive her straight home, and that would be all."

"Excuse me," Dean Maxon interrupted, very gently, very remotely. "I don't quite understand."

"I beg your pardon," John Bogart said.

"I don't quite understand what you told Miss Calder."

"I told her she didn't have to worry. I wouldn't try to—well, I wouldn't do anything to her."

"Do anything?" repeated Dean Maxon. "What kind of thing?"

John Bogart's face grew suddenly pink and he looked as if for help at Professor Briggs.

"Well, I mean there wouldn't be anything . . . the kind of thing that might get her into trouble . . . that she might be sorry for the next day."

"And you mean that you told this young girl in so many words that it was not your intention . . . to seduce her?" the horrified Dean burst out.

John Bogart, for one instant, looked amused.

"Not in those words," he said. "But that was in your mind?"

"It was in my mind that I wasn't going to, yes; and that's what I wanted to get into hers."

"You wanted to turn her mind into those channels?"

John Bogart seemed baffled; he shook his head and drew a long breath. "I didn't want to turn her mind into any channels," he said. "I just didn't want her to be scared. That was all."

"And so you suggested to her what might happen in the car between you and her?"

As John Bogart did not answer, Dean Maxon drew back from the table and smoothed the white silk folds over her breast. "You may continue," she said.

(Continued on page 20)



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## That Dangerous Young Man

(Continued from page 19)

"There's not much else," John Bogart sounded discouraged. "When we started to dance, she was sick. I've never seen anyone so sick. I guess it was the hot room after the cold outside, and perhaps the excitement; and I don't think she'd ever tasted liquor before. I had to carry her out and when we reached her rooming-house and I was handing her over to a couple of girls, she was sick again, worse than before. I hung around until they got her upstairs to bed—they took her up the backstairs so the chaperone wouldn't find out—and then I came away."

John Bogart looked across the table at the committee. He reminded Professor Briggs just then of a good-natured, rather puzzled dog, awaiting a command.

"So that's all," the chairman said dryly. "Step into the other room please. We may want you again."

As John Bogart closed the door behind him, Professor Hawley turned toward the Dean. "Does this story agree with the girl's?" he asked.

"Yes," she sighed, "in most particulars it does, but one hardly knows what to believe of a young man with such . . . with such an unclean mind."

"I supposed it's leaked out," said Professor Hawley. "I suppose it's campus gossip by this time."

"I'm afraid so," Dean Maxon said. "Numbers of girls saw her come into the house and I heard indirectly, after I'd made inquiries, that they had been recognized as students in an intoxicated condition—the girl at any rate—by some townspeople at that resort. The girl who brought the affair to my attention, a most trustworthy girl who has helped me before, obviously believes that things went much further in the car than the boy confesses."

"Not much doubt of that, I guess," Professor Hawley said.

"Is there any proof?" Professor Briggs asked quickly. "Is there the least reason to suppose . . . ?"

"It would naturally be difficult to obtain proof . . . of such a thing," Dean Maxon murmured. "Perhaps I should tell you that the car was not a roadster; there was a back seat. I've been in-

formed that the Calder girl's hair was somewhat disordered, and we have heard from this young man of what their conversation consisted before he took her to the car."

"It's a clear case," Professor Hawley said briskly. "I don't see how he can remain in college. He'll lose his degree! Too bad, but it can't be helped."

"No," said the Dean, "I don't see how we can keep him. I really do not think it would be fair to the girls we have in our charge."

Her voice seemed to caress the words, as if she was quoting a line from a favorite poem.

(Copyright Story)

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

## A NEW DEAL FOR THE C.C.C.

By HARRIET ENGDAHL

In his recent labor message, President Roosevelt again reminded the nation that all is not well so long as "one-third of our population, the overwhelming majority of which is in agriculture or industry, is ill-nourished, ill-clad and ill-housed." Undoubtedly, the 350,000 C.C.C. boys, sons of working people, to whom the C.C.C. spells meager relief, are among those for whom there is this concern.

Extending the life of the C.C.C. another three years as an attempt to answer the problems of jobless young people raises an immediate serious question, which has been repeatedly raised before, that of removing army control from the C.C.C.

Hearings on the question of extending the life of the C.C.C. have been held before the Committee on Labor in the House of Representatives. Minutes of these hearings carry our reasons why the army cannot be permitted to continue in control of the C.C.C.

The President has repeatedly said he hates war. So do we. Yet army officers themselves have time and again pointed to the C.C.C. as a new field for war recruits.

The armament race chases ahead, although we are a peace-loving nation. The national military budget is geared for war, reaching into the billion mark. War is now raging in Spain for a showdown between the forces of democracy and fascism, a life and death issue which finds its repercussions in America. Banning *Champion* from the C.C.C. by secret order of the War Department is a real threat of fascist suppression by army officers. Fascist-minded officials and individuals are already at work. If allowed half a chance, they would turn the C.C.C. camps into Hitler's forced labor camps as quickly as they would defeat the President's proposals for liberalizing the Supreme Court or any other measure for the good of that great majority whose cause the President champions.

Therefore the first step to take now is to pass H.R. 6210, the bill introduced in Congress by Rep. Bernard, Farmer-Laborite from Minnesota. This bill, sponsored by the Youth Protective Committee, would give the boys the chance to develop and work in keeping with democratic American traditions.

The C.C.C. boys must not remain "forgotten men." They are entitled to the best in American life. They have the right to read what they please, every right to better their working conditions, to increase wages, to organize into trade unions, to demand cultural opportunities, to cooperate with progressive forces outside the camps while they are in the C.C.C.

Army control of the camps has closed the door in the faces of 350,000 Americans. Outright militarization may follow if the democratic forces in this

country do not raise their voices until Congress approves H.R. 6210. Action now will prevent Bernard's bill from dying in Congressional committee. A "new deal" for the C.C.C. boys under progressive civilian control is imperative. Under such control an American brand of fascism will not dare to raise its head in the camps. Write or wire your Congressman and Senator at once, informing him that you are behind the

## I SUPPORT BERNARD'S BILL

By Rep. HENRY TIEGAN

IT is hardly necessary for me to discuss the present plight of the youth of our country. The facts are known to everyone who is at all conscious of the conditions that prevail in America today.

Some aid has been given to the young men and women of the country by the Administration. By comparison with its predecessors this Administration deserves considerable credit. Even so, no real solution of the problems that confront our young folks is definitely on the way to realization.

Coming as I do from the State of Minnesota, I think I voice the sentiment of the folks back home when I say that we want something more substantial for the unemployed in general and for the young people in particular than is contained in those plans that have thus far been offered or have been made use of in a governmental way.

We approve, of course, of the aid that is now being given to the young men and women to obtain schooling in our colleges and universities. As far as it goes that is good. We also appreciate the fact that with all its shortcomings, the C.C.C. has been of some material help to the young men without jobs.

Aside from the inadequacy of the governmental aid in taking care of the problems on a scale sufficiently large to care for those in need, we object strenuously to the militarized scheme of handling the C.C.C. We have not the slightest sympathy with developing the spirit of militarism in our people as has been and is being done in the other capitalist countries of the world. Democracy cannot thrive where militarism grows. Thus I am in favor of placing the C.C.C. under a different management than that which now has control of it.

Congressman John T. Bernard of Minnesota has introduced a bill in Congress which is now before the Committee on Labor to create a new set-up for Emergency Conservation Work. Under the Bernard Bill the President would designate representatives from "responsible organizations of youth, of labor, of education, and of social service" each

Bernard bill to remove the army from the camps. Demand the passage of H.R. 6210.

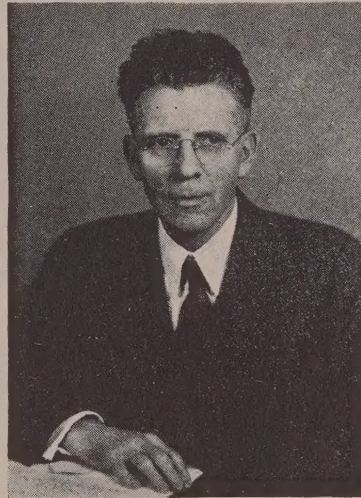
Fill out the following blank and return it to us with your endorsement. Call the bill to the attention of your club, church, union or other organization as well as to individuals, friends, etc. Time is short. Act now in the interest of democracy in the C.C.C.

"I herewith endorse H.R. 6210, Bernard bill to remove the army from the C.C.C."

Name .....

Address .....

Organization .....



Rep. Henry G. Tiegan

of which groups would submit several names of persons to represent them and from whom the President would then make his appointments. This plan if enacted into law will definitely take the C.C.C. out of the hands of the military machine which at present has virtual control of it.

I do not like to boast of our accomplishments in Minnesota, but candor compels me to say that the late Governor Floyd B. Olson and Governor Elmer A. Benson both have fought strenuously to establish better conditions for our young people and to take them out from under the iron heel of our military oligarchy. In his recent proclamation of Peace Day which occurred on April 22, last, Governor Benson expressed his complete sympathy with the objectives the young have in doing away with wars and the program of militarism throughout the world.

Military control of the young men in the C.C.C. camps cannot avoid giving them the idea that armaments and war are essential to present-day civilization and that we must have our share of it with the others.

I heartily subscribe to the Bernard bill.

## CORRESPONDENCE

I should like to explain what C.C.C. editors have to contend with. I have been editor of this camp's paper for the past year. Because of my crusading in defense of the rights of the men of this camp I have acquired a reputation with the officers and some men of being a deep-dyed in the wool revolutionary. You may ask what I have done to create such an impression—have I advocated the overthrow of the government? No, I have merely suggested that army officers are not supermen, and should not be looked upon as such, that rated men should not be allowed to ride roughshod over mere thirty-dollar enrollees, that none of us want to or should receive military training, and such things. Several times I have come within an inch of being dismissed from the C.C.C. And all for comparatively nothing! I was guilty of a lack of respect for things military, that's all.

A Friend,  
101st Company, New Hampshire.

In a past issue of your magazine an article appeared in the C.C.C. section entitled "An Indignant Enrollee Speaks Up." Unquestionably the camp editor who wrote that article was extremely biased and presented a distorted picture of even the unpleasant side of life in the C.C.C.

In fourteen months of camp life as an enrollee, I have found that camp officers are on the whole "regular fellows" who have not the least desire to be worshipped as kings. They are excellent, and their tradition of discipline is not carried into the camps. I am sure that no enrollee has ever been discharged for speaking with a "slight tone of defense." Perhaps my Pennsylvania friend has been placed in a very poor camp; if so he should not consider it typical.

I admire your stand on the C.C.C. Camps, and hope that each of the seven measures is adopted. However, you could make the section of the magazine much more effective by not printing crank letters such as the one referred to above.

Friendly Critic

### FOR A BETTER C.C.C.

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

1. Take the camps out of army officers' control. No military training, drill or formations of any kind.
  2. Increased food allotment and improved quality of meals.
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## Democracy's Defenders

(Continued from page 7)

shall try by all means to be worthy of your confidence. We have the hope for a better future which will recompense our country for the great sorrows the fascists brought us. We are a free country—a country of sunshine and happiness, and we do not want to live in the darkness. To win a better life, we willingly shed our blood."

Such is the intrepid spirit of Spain's youth, which even in the thick of fighting cannot forget the international responsibility it holds.

A second important objective of the Youth Front is the work behind the lines, the preparation of youth for its great duties. For this purpose, it has organized a movement known as "Alerta," a non-political organization, based on organized schools for youth between the ages of 14 and 20 years. There are 43 Alerta schools in Madrid alone, and many more in other regions. They teach a great variety of subjects. Officers who are wounded or on leave give military instruction. Physical culture is taught. Professional teachers instruct the youth in reading, writing and general culture. Doctors and nurses teach the young women hygiene and care of the wounded. Some schools include workshops where girls make clothing and uniforms. An artistic section provides expert instruction for theatre groups, singing, recitation, drawing, etc. Alerta, recognized by the Ministry of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, is being extended by the Youth Front to all regions of Spain. Through it, the younger generation will learn both to do its important part in smashing fascism and to mold itself along the lines which will make it the hope of the new Spain.

Such is the valiant youth of Spain today, fighting on every front from the artistic to the military.

And all over the world, youth is helping. In secret places in fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, they scrape together hoarded pennies; hundreds of arrests only spur their efforts on. In the Soviet Union, they mass together joyously to give help and to swear solidarity from the youth of the land of socialism. In England, France, Canada, Belgium, Mexico they give, give, give—some their lives, some their pennies, but all representing the same spirit of determination and hope. And in America, us—?

*What have we given?*

Because of the greatness of our country, because of the wealth of opportunities, because of the huge numbers of American youth, the help of our young people should rank second only to that of the youth of the Soviet Union. But it does not, so far.

In Bilbao, in Madrid, in a thousand nameless towns and villages, there are young Spaniards and children weeping, going hungry, dying for lack of help from such countries as America. To us, the young people of America, the Spanish Youth Front has appealed that we make it our job to help save these children. Instead of want, disease, hunger, misery and bombardments, Spain's children could be given homes, safe places of refuge. There are hundreds and thousands of children in dire need. But there are also hundreds of abandoned schools, villas, hotels in safe regions; they are waiting only funds to

be transformed into children's homes where the child victims of fascism, suffering so deeply from the invasion, can be housed, fed, where they can have dormitories, school rooms, a small farm to grow their own food, a small shop to make their own clothing, a playroom to teach them once again the happiness of childhood.

And what a cheap price can give them the invaluable gifts of happiness and security in these homes. \$120 can support a home for twenty children for a whole month! \$360 can establish a new home to save twenty children for the glorious future which will be Spain's!

We who are safe in America must give this help. We cannot refuse the plea of the Youth Front, we cannot ignore the cries of the children for help. We must interest our friends, strangers, our organizations in the plight of the youngsters and get them to adopt a home or to establish one. Any group can name the home for which it raises funds; it can secure photographs of the home and its children; it can correspond directly with the leaders of the children in that home, learning directly how much its help is meaning.

American youth cannot shirk this duty; we cannot fail to fulfill this task. The United Youth Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, is the agency which can supply all information wanted on the homes, give help in the collection of funds, and see to it that the home adopted or given by any group is properly installed and maintained. Let every one of us act now!

## Loom-Dance

(Continued from page 3)

All the looms in the room kept running.

Lights danced in the room.

The looms kept dancing.

A weaver was dancing on a minute-man's watch.

A weaver was dancing on a minute-man's glasses.

He had some ribs broken and was badly bruised, but he lived all right. He did not go back into the mill.

The "stretch-out" system was dropped in that mill in the South. The loom dance of the weavers stopped it that time.

Other weavers kept coming.

They came running. Men and women came from the spinning room.

There were more cries.

There was music in the mill.

The legs of weavers became hard and stiff like legs of looms. There was an intense up and down movement. Cries arose from many throats. They blended strangely with the clatter of looms.

As for the minute-man, some other men, foremen, superintendents and the like, got him out of there. They dragged him out of a side door and into a mill yard. The yard became filled with dancing, shouting men, women and girls. They got him into another machine, an automobile and hurried him away. They patched him up. The doctor who patched him up told me the story.

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### "My League"

(Continued from page 11)

eration unable to find rest or satisfaction so long as tyranny endures.

This purpose and this vision had inspired the "honorary delegates" who were absent on an "important assignment" in Spain. These things gave solidarity to the sessions. These things were a startling contrast to the strife which has torn the Young People's Socialist League since the entrance of Trotskyists into their ranks pledged to damage and destroy the youth movement. Here was a cross-section of young America where the leaders of tomorrow are finding their place.

For above all one could feel a sense of growing power, of understanding that the future belongs to us. It was felt throughout the sessions. It was expressed by delegates from the areas of terror and suppression. Today we battle to extend democracy, to preserve the rights for which we have fought these years. But there is a greater hope and a fuller democracy when a new society is created. In our strength, united behind the forces of labor and the people everywhere, is the path to this world. And it was of this power that Angelo Herndon spoke in Madison Square Garden—Angelo Herndon, freed by the power of the people from a Georgia chain gang. Now smiling because his life can be devoted to the freedom of millions of his brothers, now hopeful because he has forever known the strength of the common people, now "I am free and I am happy."

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# A Birthday Present

## —and an Obligation

WE'RE one year old today. It is exactly twelve months since *Champion* made its first appearance. And we can't help but boast of the tremendous advances we have made during that year. You have seen newspaper stock give way to glossy magazine grade and rotogravure colors; pages per issue doubled in number, timely photos and snappy illustrations have consistently increased. At the same time you have read more and better youth short stories by such writers as Sinclair Lewis, Pearl S. Buck, Edna Ferber. You have found forthright, informative articles by Paul de Kruif, John R. Tunis, Philip Murray, John L. Lewis, Oswald Garrison Villard, Harry Elmer Barnes, Warden Lewis E. Lawes. You have kept up with latest developments in features on stamps and sports, cosmetics and science. You have constantly been given more adequate and comprehensive coverage of what young America is thinking and doing.

In short, you have watched *Champion* develop into the most popular progressive youth magazine in America. And that isn't our opinion—it's yours, expressed in hundreds of enthusiastic letters, in a steady increase of circulation, in the response of youth leaders everywhere. Even more important, you have seen *Champion* become the genuine voice of young America, a publication that has won the cooperation of the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the Boy and Girl Scouts of America, the Farmer-Labor Juniors, the National Student Federation, the American Youth Congress, and the young workers in the C.I.O. You have witnessed thrilling developments as *Champion* has helped to unite these young people—students, religious youth, office and mill workers—rally towards a Farmer-Labor youth movement, towards achieving a happier and fuller life for all of Young America.

But these evidences of success have made necessary continually increasing expenditures, and we can't stop now. Besides, many readers have suggested more excellent improvements. And there are still large groups of young people as yet untouched who must and can be reached by *Champion*. But our efforts to reach these youth—essential in our common front against the forces of war and reaction—depend on you. Our plans to improve the magazine with the next issue, which will appear at the end of the summer, cannot go forward without your cooperation. You can help immediately by:

*Sending us suggestions for articles.*

*Renewing your subscription for 12 months.*

*Getting your friends to subscribe.*

*Urging local clubs to take bundle orders.*

*Boosting "Champion" whenever you get the chance.*

*Calling "Champion" to the attention of youth leaders.*

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**The Editors, *Champion of Youth***