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Young China Builds a New Wall
A New Song of India
Ten Million Sportsmen
Fighters for Democracy

FICTION

Hitch Your Wagon
To A Star
A Lesson
Balancing Act

FEATURES

Swing That Club
Miss America

SPORTS

Body Blow to Bigotry
On Thin Ice

LUCIEN ZACHAROFF
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TOM DEAN
BEN FIELD
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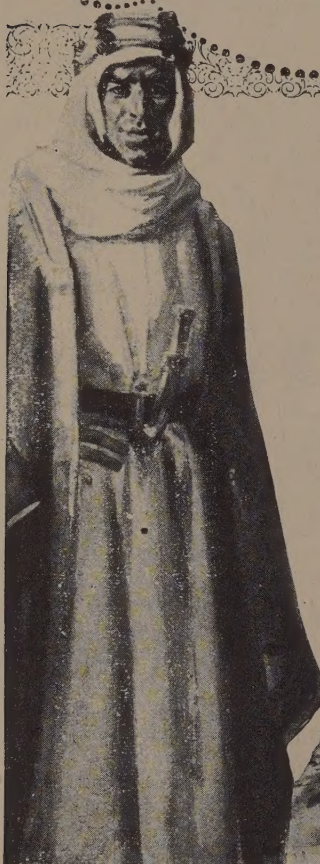


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—a book which until last year was available only in privately printed copies valued at \$20,000 each. Unexpurgated, identical with the original text is this special edition of

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

By T. E. LAWRENCE



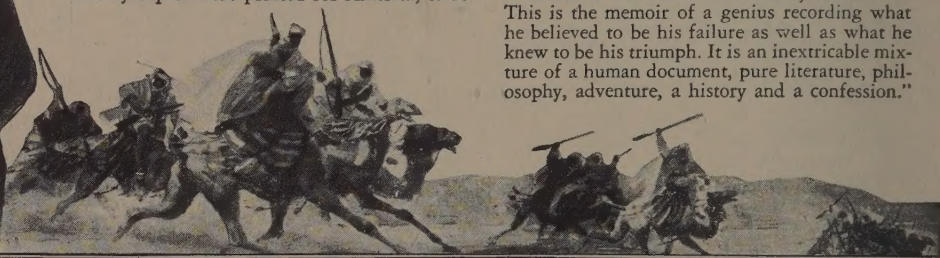
THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM will be, as it was meant to be, Lawrence's monument to posterity. It has an exciting story of its own, and for years has partaken of the sensational and legendary which surrounded everything that Lawrence did. Lawrence finished it during six months of writing at the Peace Conference in Paris. Close to 250,000 words had been written. Then one day while he was changing trains at Reading Station near London, he left this manuscript unguarded and it disappeared. It has never been recovered.

Within a few months he rewrote a second draft in 400,000 words; but his style was careless and hurried, and realizing he would never be satisfied with it, a year later characteristically he burned the entire manuscript. The third text was begun at once and was composed with great care. It is the present one. It was privately printed in London and fabulous sums were said to have been paid for the few copies sold in England. Twenty copies were printed for America, to re-

tain copyright here, and the price of these was set at \$20,000 apiece. Upon his death, last year, the unexpurgated text was given to the world.

"Lawrence was not writing a history in this book. . . . The stream of explanation and narrative is made up of many elements. There are studies of Arab history and Arab character, the latter brilliant in the extreme, and pen portraits of Arabs, Turks, French and British leaders of extraordinary wit, shrewdness and power, and these and much else are floated on a narrative of adventures that are terrible, humorous, exciting to a degree unequalled in our time, enriched by descriptions of the desert, of Arab life, of the backgrounds of critical action, many of which are beautiful in a high degree, real masterpieces of English prose. . . .

"But this is only one strand of this great book. . . . The other is philosophical, but in no abstract sense. It is the meditation, often agonized, sometimes profound and occasionally petulant and despairing, of a leader torn between duty to his conscience and duty to his cause, of a Hamlet uncertain of the worth of his every action. . . . This is the memoir of a genius recording what he believed to be his failure as well as what he knew to be his triumph. It is an inextricable mixture of a human document, pure literature, philosophy, adventure, a history and a confession."



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Champion

Volume III, Number 3

January 1938

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In This Corner

DAVID McKELVY WHITE is the son of a former Congressman and Governor of Ohio. Part of his education was at Princeton and Columbia University. The other part of his education was in Spain as a member of a Machine Gun Company of the George Washington Battalion. His lessons were in the Sierra Offensive at Brunete and other sections along the front. When he returned to this country from the battlefields of Spain, he became the Chairman of the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. He is also a good trade unionist belonging to Local 5 of the American Federation of Teachers and writes for its magazine, *The New York Teacher*.

SOPHIE JURIED hails from Brooklyn. She is tall and charming, and twenty-one. Once she was a factory girl slaving away at shaping men's collars and almost hated men until she learned that something went on top of their necks. Today, she works in a newspaper office and looks forward to the time when she can become a foreign correspondent.

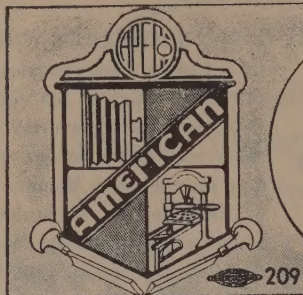
BEN FIELD tells his own story. "I was raised in New York City among the tenements. Even then, the farmer was strong in me. We kids used to scrape together the oats which dripped down from the nosebags of the horses on the street and plant them in the thin dirt in the backyard. Not one of our crops ever got ripe enough to yield a harvest. Year after year, however, we planted the oats.

"At the age of sixteen, I got my first job on a farm in one of the state's northern counties. Our country had just declared war against Germany. Schoolboys and schoolgirls were sent to the farms to take the place of the men who were being shipped overseas. I took to farming. I cleaned stables and planted cabbage to save the world for democracy.

"For the last twenty years, I have tried to learn to know the American farmer. To do so, I have chopped tobacco, milked goats and cows, picked apples, plowed and harrowed, dipped sheep; sweated and played and loafed with him and even organized him in the far corners."

What he has learned about the farmer is found in the stories of his recent book *The Cock's Funeral*, published by *International Publishers* (\$1.75), which has been highly praised by the critics.

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Having Wonderful Time

Curt Conway has his name in lights on Broadway, but he hasn't forgotten the lean days nor he people who aren't HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME.

by Richard Pack



THIS is a Horatio Alger story—1938 style.

You remember the Alger books. Rags-to-riches was the formula. From bootblack to bank president. From newsboy to Senator. The Alger stories were swell propaganda for Big Business. The idea was that you, too, could win fame, fortune and the boss's daughter, if you worked hard, saved your pennies, and kowtowed to the boss. This line of hokum was an excuse for low wages and long hours.

Our modern Alger story is different. First of all, it is a true story. Our hero doesn't win success by running errands for the boss. Mr. Bigdough doesn't give him his first opportunity. The labor movement does. And there's no hokum about this yarn. Our hero knows the economic facts of life.

Curt Conway is our hero's name. Four years ago, he was digging ditches in an Oregon camp of the Civilian Conservation Corps. One of the outstanding of the country's younger actors, he has the leading role in the New York comedy hit, "Having Wonderful Time."

Success stories always start with the hero's birth: Curt Conway was born 24 years ago in Boston. Father: Lou Conway, a comic juggler in vaudeville. Mother: a concert singer and pianist.

Trace the Conway family tree back a couple of centuries, and you'll find a branch or two of royalty. Curt's great, great, great (how many greats he's not sure) grandmother was a duchess, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk.

Being a democratic gal this duchess upped and ran away with her pappy's coachman an Irish gentleman named Barney Malloy. They married, emigrated to America and raised a family. Somewhere along the line, a Conway married into the clan.

So much for ancestry.

Education? Curt started at a Catholic Boarding School in New Rochelle, New York. At 14, he had to leave school and go to work.

Wall Street was his first stop. A \$14

a week job as an office boy in a law office. Alger would have liked this beginning. According to his calculations, Curt would now be a \$75,000 a year corporation lawyer or at least a judge.

Somehow, our hero never had the luck to save the life of his boss's daughter so her father could reward him with a better job. Maybe the boss didn't even have a daughter.

But the boss did have a nasty temper. One day, Curt got sore and talked back. He was fired. Bad start for a success story hero!

Next job was errand boy for an advertising firm. Curt refused to work overtime for nothing. Fired again. Then came a job as a shipping clerk in a Manhattan department store. "They worked the pants off you," Curt recalls. "The place was a regular sweatshop."

He gave up this job to become a soda-jerker. Ten days behind the fountain,

(Cont. on Page 36)

hitch your wagon to a STAR

by TOM DEAN

HE WAS big and healthy looking, with clean-cut features and strong blonde hair and a nice grin; and she had carrot red hair and a sensitive pretty face and soft eyes and a firm young body. And they were both cock-eyed drunk.

It was early in the morning, when the stars are out so clearly, and he stared at the milk wagon, and she drew her evening wrap around her and waited. Finally, she said, "Gee Bucky, we've been standing here almost ten minutes, and I'm cold. What are you going to do?"

"I just can't remember, yet. But I know that this milk wagon reminds me of something, and I'm going to stay right here till I think of it. Milk wagons always remind me of something." His deep voice was a little thick, but he didn't have too much difficulty in speaking.

He walked to the front of the wagon and looked at the horse, and the horse looked back at him, and then he walked around the wagon, staggering along slowly and carefully. He wasn't really as drunk as all that, but he liked to show off when he had a few shots in him. The girl watched him silently for a moment, then she said, "Did it come yet?"

"No, not yet. But it's coming. I can feel it kind of sneaking up on me. Shhh!" And he held up his big hand for silence. He managed to walk around the wagon again, and the girl began to stamp her cold feet. "Please Buck, I'm so cold,

and we have a long ride ahead of us and . . ."

"That's it! Ride! Ride! Giddy-yap . . . whoa, Napoleon!"

The girl stared at him, and he staggered over to explain. "Don't look so blank, darling, it doesn't show up your

playboy, or whatever he is, going for a ride on the milk wagon in the early morning hours. After the hero, or whatever he is, has been out celebrating all night. Right?"

She nodded.

"Okay. Now, we've driven over a



dimples. See, ride is the thing, I mean it's what's been in the back of my mind all the time. I want to ride the milk wagon around. And wake up people, like a second Paul Revere. In the movies, we always see the hero or the

hundred miles to the big city to celebrate my winning the big game. It's all very simple, we'll do it up in proper style. You sit on the wagon, and I'll ride old Dobbin and we'll both sing like hell."

**Illustrated by
John Groth**

What Happens To the Football Hero After Graduation? Ed Schick, State's All-American Halfback, Could Tell the Story.



"It sounds pretty wonderful," she said, wondering if they would land in jail.

Buck made a low bow, almost falling on his face, and climbed up into the wagon. As he reached down to help her up, somebody yelled, "Hey! Get off that wagon!" It was a cold hard voice, very hard and crisp, and it seemed to almost come through the air and slap them in the face. They turned around quickly and saw the milkman coming towards them. He was a big man, as tall and as husky as Buck, but older and a bit on the stout side. He had a worn sheepskin coat and thick gloves, and he carried some empty bottles under one arm.

Buck looked down at him from the wagon seat and waved his hand in greeting. "Good morning, my friend. We want to borrow your horse for a few minutes. And the wagon too, of course."

"Of course," the girl said. "I mean we would have to take the wagon if we took the horse, wouldn't we?" And she smiled cutely.

The milkman grinned. "Pretty well in the bag," he said.

"I guess so," Bucky said. "You see we're celebrating and no celebration, at least not a first class honest to goodness celebration, is complete without a ride on the milk wagon. You understand."

The milkman put the bottles in the wagon and said, "Yeah, I understand. But you kids go and play somewhere else. I've got work to do and I'm behind schedule now."

Bucky shook his head. "Sorry, mister, but we've got to ride your go-cart."

"I'm sorry too, but I have work to do."

Bucky suddenly reached for the reins and the milkman grabbed him by the coat and half lifted half pulled Buck to the sidewalk. "I said I had work to do. This isn't exactly a game with me."

Buck drew himself up to his full six foot three, glared at the milkman, said, "What the . . ." and swung.

He was too drunk to hit straight, and the milkman easily ducked under the

punch and came up with a hard uppercut that caught him on the chin. The milkman grabbed Buck as he fell and eased him down to the hard sidewalk.

The girl looked at the unconscious Buck, her mouth open with surprise and shock. Then she said soberly, "You've hurt him."

"No, he's all right. Just knocked out. The liquor will keep him out for a few minutes, but he'll be all right."

The girl sat on the curb and rested Buck's blonde head in her lap. "You've hurt him," she said again, trying not to cry.

The milkman took off his glove and bent down and felt of Buck's pulse. "He'll come to," he said, straightening up. "I'm sorry that I had to do this, really I am, but I need this job. Stew stuff is lots of fun and a great game, but the company hasn't any sense of humor and doesn't know how to play. I have a wife and . . ."

"And a family to support," the girl cut

(Cont. on Page 35)



Say **HELLO** for me

By
Frances
Maguire

The boys in the National Maritime Union are not all at sea when it comes to knowing what they want and getting it.

THE NEXT breezy afternoon you find yourself walking along the waterfront, and you happen to bunk into a seaman, say hello to him for me. While you're at it, you might even shake his hand.

You might shake his hand because you'll be looking straight at a really swell guy. A tough guy. A guy who can take it. A guy who has learned to reserve his "other cheek" for the girlfriend.

Time was when the seamen wondered what the hell to do about not being able to tell the difference between the toilets and the messrooms . . . what to do when their local color was garbage piled five feet high in the companionways of their bunks . . . what to do when their sheets weren't changed more than once a month and were crawling with vermin and syphilis-carrying bedbugs . . . what to do when the ships sold their hospital beds for passenger space, and the sick and injured had to double up with the well . . . what to do when, as Joe Curran so quaintly puts it, the duck that looks pretty good from the outside falls apart when you put a finger in it, and the

beef that looks pretty good from the outside goes into a truckin' routine.

They wondered about a lot of things. Things I won't mention now because you might have high-blood pressure and I don't want to rub it in.

They don't wonder so much any more. The National Maritime Union knows all the answers.

You see, they've learned a lot since 1932.

1932 found West Coast shipping practically paralyzed, and the idle factories sent thousands of unemployed onto the waterfront to compete for cargo-handling jobs. The men were restive . . . panicky . . . leaderless.

Amongst them was that keen-eyed, keen-witted Australian, Harry Bridges. There soon appeared the "anonymous" *Waterfront Worker* and various pamphlets which were passed from hand to hand, and men read on these sweat-blurred mimeographed pages their own fierce hatred of the Company hiring boss.

But it was no longer a personal, impotent hatred. It was something to unite them. Something to give them courage and impetus.



"Seamen used to wonder about a lot of things."

In 1933, under the disciplined guidance of Harry Bridges, they swarmed into a real union—the A. F. of L. International Longshoremen's Association. They began calling for action. Their demands were simple and reasonable—full union control of hiring halls, better wages and conditions.

Reasonable? Yes!

But these things were refused.

Then came the 1934 strike.

Sailors poured off each arriving ship to join the striking longshoremen. They had learned what unity meant from Harry's books.

Soon the sea and shore workers formed a Joint Marine Strike Committee of the rank and file. I don't have to go into the details of that strike. Surely, you remember it.

You read about Joe Ryan coming from the East with a mind like a swinging door—he could see both sides, particularly, the shipowners', when he signed an agreement in the Mayor's office to settle the strike. When the rank and file found out it was a separate peace for longshoremen, without union-control of hiring halls, they booed and hissed

their International President from a mass-meeting platform on which Harry Bridges sat.

You know what happened later.

You know that the strikers were brutally clubbed, tear-and-vomit-gassed. You know that two pickets were murdered!

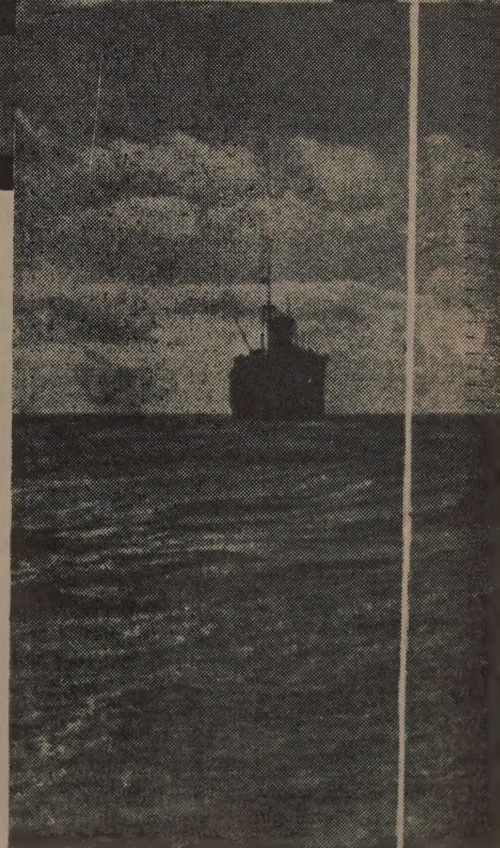
You remember how hurt the police were when their flowers were returned, without thanks. No sentiment, these seamen.

That was in 1934.

In 1938, Bridges' west coast longshoremen, allied through the C. I. O. to Joe Curran's east coast seamen, are taking the lead in organizing a National Maritime Federation. That's something to disturb the sweet dreams of the shipowners.

And Curran's men have their sense of humor. They think it's "cute" when Joe Ryan gets his bit of local color by visiting "his longshoremen" down at the waterfront, after, as *Fortune* magazine puts it, a pleasant dinner at Cavanaghs.

So, the next breezy afternoon you find yourself walking along the waterfront and you happen to bunk into a seaman, say hello to him for me.





A Lesson

By Ben Field

WHEN Sime Russell was cut off relief for swapping wood for a hog's head, he did not wait for the Lord to help him. He went to town and argued long and fiercely with Parkins the relief man.

Parkins said, "You was working, wasn't you?"

"By all hell and the devil thrown in, I was working. The sap wasn't running in the oak. The ax was dull. The sweat was a-flying off my brow like rain. Along came Garry Hill down the trail. Garry just killed hisself a hog. We made the swap."

"You was working. You're off relief till further notice."

Sime hunted up Garry in the grist-mill. He hurried him to the relief office.

Parkins would not be moved.

Sime went home, threw the hog's head into a sack, and lugged it to the relief office. He dumped the hog's head with its blood on Parkins' desk. Slapping the hog's snout, he told of his hard luck the last years.

His patch was dried up like the Valley of the Bones. You couldn't push a spike of corn out of the ground nohow.

Every year his sow would huff up the trail to be tupp'd by Garry's black boar. Last year she was all stopped. She hadn't anything to swill or root. He had to butcher old Margie. He missed meat all Spring. So he swapped.

Parkins shoved the hog's head off the desk. Sime jumped for it. He knocked his head against the desk. Parkins rolled his beady eyes with laughing. "Old man, it's a-coming to you for being sot. It'll learn you a lesson."

Stumpy old Sime muttered, "Mebbe." He threw the hog's head into the sack and hurried home. He took down his shotgun, told daughter-in-law Dosha not to fret if he was gone long.

He made a short cut across the fields to town. He passed Hugh Goar and some of the other boys loafing around the grist-mill.

"Where are you going with the gun, Sime?"

"I'm a-hunting an animal with a terrible tail."

He burst into the relief office with the gun. One of the girl clerks up front threw out her hands and legs to stop him. He pushed her aside. She fell

Parkins, the relief man, thought poor folk were just dirt under his feet, but Sime Russell taught him different.

back, rubbing against the wall as if she had the itch. Parkins was inside with his black hat on, ready to go places. Parkins grabbed the gun. A chair went over. Parkins and the other relief people held on to Sime until Sheriff Al Bibbs tromped in. The sheriff collared Sime and took him to jail.

All Sime was worried about was daughter-in-law Dosha and the five little tarts. Garry brought the six over with his mule team. Sime looked them over, thanked Garry who swore he'd take care of them as long as Sime was cooped. Sime was satisfied.

When the town learned about old Sime's arrest, a crowd gathered around the jail which stood at one end of the courthouse square. Some didn't know about Abe's Dosha and the five little tarts being with Sime.

Sime stood on the bench inside the jail and talked through the bars. He told how his boy, Abe, lost his job in Birmingham and Dosha and the little ones came to live with him. Now Abe was tramping the road from one side of the world to the other looking for work and couldn't find none. A big strappy lad, salt of the earth, couldn't find no work even for a place to sleep and something to eat.

Sime swore he wouldn't have taken relief if his backbone kissed his breast-bone but for Dosha and the children.

Sad Sam Fielding, a one-horse tenant, stood under the window of the jail listening to Sime. He said, "That thair Parkins is a lickall. He carries on like he's kin to bankers, merchants, planters, big cheese."

"He's a damn ignorant skunk," cried Hugh Goar. "Says we're loafers. Where's a job? Carries on like he don't care if Christ was hanged, or caught in a trap."

More men shuffled down the street and across the square to the jail. They joined Sad Sam, Hugh, and the others on

the grass under the trees. They squatted listening to Sime Russell, their knees stabbing through their overalls.

Sime's uncle had been a famous riding preacher. Sime was said to have inherited the gift of tongue from him.

"It's unfair," said Sime. "I been thinking. There ain't never been so much misery in the world before. They keeping us poor dogs. A poor hound'll run a rabbit longer than a fat one will."

The sheriff's car drove up and Bibbs got out as always, rump first. He looked at the men around the jail. He looked at the bars. He went inside and talked to Sime. He got his pretty wife to leave the big sheriff's house, between the courthouse and the jail, and talk to Sime.

The sun went down. The men picked themselves up from the grass. They went off, one by one.

Bibbs turned Sime loose at night.

Sime trudged back to his shack. He satisfied himself that Dosha and the five were getting along. He chopped kindling wood for them. He slung his gun over his shoulder and set out for town again next morning.

The girl in the relief office turned white as cotton sheeting, chattering Parkins was out. Old Sime planted himself near the railing with the gun ready for his trigger finger.

Bibbs tromped in with one of his deputies. They grabbed the gun and knocked the buckshot out. They took the old man under the arms and hustled him off to jail.

The news spread that Sime was being kangarooed. Men and boys left the gristmill, the garage, the corner drugstore. They squatted on their heels in the courthouse grass talking.

Bibbs came into the cell and looked around nervously. He said Parkins was willing to drop all charges if Sime'd go home, behave.

Sime said doggedly, "He ain't a-going to learn me."

Bibbs took Sime by the arm and led him out the back way. He pushed him into the car and drove fast through the town, the car hitting the ruts big enough to bury a sow in, bouncing Sime around like a beanbag. Bibbs drove out into the country and stopped at a roadside stand. He ordered sodapop. "Drink, Sime." Sime wiped his mouth. "Thank ye." Bibbs nodded approvingly as the old man downed the pop.

Bibbs rode Sime up the new concrete road whipped like topcord round the mountain. "Purty?" said Bibbs. Sime nodded approvingly.

Bibbs turned the car about with a broad smile on his face. He drove back to Sime's place and tooted the horn.

Dosha and the five little tarts trotted across the burnt cornpatch. Sime saw they were all right, that Garry Hill was keeping his promise. He saw the hound dog had not reached the hog's head.

Bibbs opened the door and waited for Sime to get out of the car. Sime wouldn't move. Bibbs patted his arm, then swore and bullyragged him. Sime grinned, sitting back taking his pleasure in the sheriff's car.

Cussing to beat four of a kind, Bibbs drove back to town faster than he had driven out and locked Sime for good in the jail.

Next day there was a bigger crowd around the jail. The women folk and the children were there, too.

Sime talked through the bars, swore he'd keep on till the trumpets sounded. He felt kind of like the fox. He struck out his hand between the bars to show his finger. It was bitten off at the knuckle. A little fox did it. He was out a-hunting and caught a young fox alive. He was bringing it back home to his boy Abe, a little fellow then. He was carrying it snug against his chest when the scared fox gave a yip and snapped up his finger. It held on like death himself and chewed away. He began bleeding like running water. He couldn't pull out. He

(Continued on page 38)



When the Town Learned About Old Sime's Arrest, A Crowd Gathered Around the Jail.



Fighters For Democracy

By
D. McKelvy
White

THE INTERNATIONAL Brigades have been fortunate in having in their ranks many seasoned fighters. Quite a considerable number had active experience in the World War, in one or another of the many armies involved. Many again had seen service in various parts of the world in national and revolutionary struggles, in Germany, in Italy, in Hungary and Bulgaria and Ireland.

Yet side by side with them fought many of the world's youth, young men scarcely more than boys, completely inexperienced but none the less brave and determined. One does not ask embarrassing questions in the front lines, but I expect that a certain number had not been entirely truthful about their ages.

Hundreds of these came from America. Several from my own classrooms of only a year or so back, more from colleges and universities throughout the land, more and more from farms and workshops all over the country.

Everywhere their courage and reliability were constantly before our eyes, shaming frequently their elders into renewed energy and endurance. There

are many examples of this—in hospitals, in the front lines under fire, in the important and dangerous work of stretcher-bearing and driving ambulances and supply trucks of food and munitions.

But it was perhaps as runners that these boys did especially useful and heroic service.

The difficult problems raised by the ever increasing complexity of modern warfare are mainly those of communication. We went into action in July with a strength of three army corps. Every battalion and brigade and division had progressively an increasingly large number of attendant services. The base still is and will be for a long time to come (probably for as long as we are forced to fight at all, and in spite of all attempts at mechanization) infantrymen with rifles. But in addition, there must nowadays be machine guns, light and heavy artillery, tanks and planes, anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns, cavalry, propaganda sound trucks, water and food and munition trucks, first-aid and ambulance service, and so on.

With complexity and mechanization comes the necessity for rapid and efficient movement. This is, of course, why communications are so vitally important. Units must be at a certain exact place at a certain exact time with certain exact orders. There are signal corps, and there are field telephones, but all the information and instruction for sections and companies and battalions depend on runners.

It is no accident that so many of these runners were boys and young men. They were selected because they were intelligent, energetic, reliable, and resourceful. The job is difficult and usually very dangerous. A runner is often given only a pretty general location as the destination of his message. He has not only to find the place but also his own of getting there.

The young Spanish-American who was at the head of our battalion runners was, I think, in his twentieth year. I am sure he worked harder and for longer hours than anyone else in the battalion during the twenty-one days we were in the front lines. He came through the offensive absolutely untouched by shot or shell or bomb, and I am sure that he and all who knew him regarded this more as a matter of luck than of care or good management.

He told me that he had once begged brigade headquarters for a detail map, so that he could place the companies of our battalion accurately according to instructions. They had looked at him in surprise.

"Go on out there and look at the place. We expect you to draw us a map when you get back."

And they got their map.

For some reason or other, I remember with great vividness the first of July. The George Washington Battalion had spent the last two weeks in a reserve position near Morata, behind the Jarama front. At last we were to move, to go into action. We had trained and waited for this for what seemed to us a very long time, and everyone was much excited by the expectation that now at last we could get at the fascists and show what we were worth.

We did not know that, after our day's ride, we would be in for a heart-breaking march all the coming night along dusty roads until our legs and brains were numb and our throats gagged with thirst. We were all dizzy with fatigue when, at about five in the morning, we collapsed in sleep on a hillside near Torreldones. And I know that one set of shoulder muscles, accustomed for many years to nothing heavier than an academic gown, took grim punishment that night from a

pack which experience had not yet taught me to lighten. I still carried, for example, my one-volume Shakespeare.

But all this we did not see ahead of us, and I suppose it was just as well that we didn't.

At any rate, by noon on July 1st, we were in trucks at Morata, and, after about an hour's delay in the hot sun, we started to move. For once there were enough trucks and we were not uncomfortably crowded. Barring two or three road jams, we rolled along at a good rate of speed. Everywhere, we saw evidence that we were going into something big. Great fields of tanks, each under an olive tree; long lines of field pieces, drawn up beside the road and covered with branches; an endless stream of trucks, coming and going, passing and repassing, bearing men and munitions. Cheering, shouts, and singing. Often the Spaniards had guitars. Sometimes, as a truck flashed past, we would catch an excitement of streaming banners and an enthusiastic popular chorus. Or a truck would be piled with sleepy-eyed soldiers listening thoughtfully to the thin, nostalgic complaint of a *flamenco*.



And we sang, too, sang as we swept through villages, sang as we crept up hills in second gear, sang as we hurried along the twisting roads, sang as we skirted the suburb heights to the east and north of Madrid. Songs of ourselves, of Spain, and of America. A rousing, wordless chorus of the Quartet from *Rigoletto*, "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," "Old Folks at Home," the "Marseillaise" in Iowa French and Brooklyn English, "Mandalay," "No Pasaran!," "Night and Day," anything that anyone was willing and able to start. The Spanish are a friendly and tolerant people. "Salud, Americanos!"

It was a fine ride. We felt very close to one another, very strong, very eager to meet what might lie ahead. We knew we would not ride back together. And indeed, before the month was over, certain of us were dead, more than half in hospitals.

And again the youth of more than half of the men was most striking. I recall their names and faces with deep feeling. There was Hal, a Negro boy, who just one week later was to go through twenty very terrible minutes before his heart stopped. Al, aged 22, of New York City, who with a nasty scalp wound was to help carry a stretcher. Pete, of the West Coast, who very suddenly, on July 12, went from sleep to death and never knew anything about it. Fred, who ran 10 yards without any stomach. A kid of 19 who shall be nameless and who had to be protected from himself after he had lost, in a single bombardment, his two closest friends.

But many who sang that day are singing still, on the Aragon front, in hospitals, and here in America. The whole progressive movement in this country, and not least of all the youth movement, will benefit from the return of men who fought in Spain and who learned there many valuable lessons.

The Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade is proud of its duty and its responsibility, to take care of the boys as they come back, to see that they are given rest and medical attention, to help them to get jobs, to provide for those who will not be able to work, to help them all to fit themselves again into civilian life. To do this work, the organization must have the assistance and support of all who recognize the importance of their participation in the fight against fascism and for world peace.

A great number of the men who are returning are young. Youth calls to youth, and I am confident that youth will protect and care for its own.



Joe didn't know he was walking a tight rope until Anne gave him the low-down on the high cost of living.

Balancing Act

by Mark Finney

"**A**NNE," says Joe, "we're having company for supper."

"Company is easy," says the wife. "I don't know about supper. Can't eat the ice-box."

"I'm filling it to the ears, Anne. Just come from the grocer's and ordered maximum capacity—so heavy, I had to leave it. The boy is carting the shipment over, and I'm looking forward to the dumb-waiter signal," and Joe waits by the shaft in a position to receive, while Anne wonders who'll do the eating.

"It's the Duffys," says Joe, "which I met in the clinic. His Missus has a falling stomach."

"Her man's is worse, I'm thinking," says Anne, "ever since he hitched up with that district leader and began eating Tammany meals. His middle is rolling over his knees."

"Well, there she was, with her man alongside, waiting her turn at the doctor's to have her stomach lifted, and the minute I hear he has a sedan car, I invited them over for dinner."

"No bargain, either. When he eats, he never asks us to help him."

"You don't have imagination, Anne. It's a five-passenger outfit, just room for us and the kid, and a Sunday in the coun-

try is no punishment to the lungs. "Hey, Bobby!" and he yanks the kid out of the rocker where he was riding horseback and tells him he'll be riding a cow. Which gives Bobby the idea he's a cowboy, and the round-up starts all over the place. Joe don't mind the earthquake, as he sees the groceries walking in the front door, accompanied by the delivery boy.

"Didn't use the dumb-waiter," says the boy, "because I was told to collect."

Joe says that takes all the fun out of eating, and what's the bill.

"\$2.82. I brought change of five."

"Better wait till I give you the five," says Joe, off on a fishing trip through his pockets. Anne makes a pass at the box to see what the nourishment looks like, but the boy says nothing doing, the boss said don't let go till you see the green, as there's \$4.20 past due on last week's damage.

"It's a wonder a little box like that can be \$2.82 worth. Must be all sweet cream."

Joe says this ain't the strawberry season. It's chops and vegetables and coffee and cake—enough entertainment for six people, as the Duffys eat double. "Money must be in my other suit," he goes on, and starts picking every pocket

in the closet including his kid's knickers.

Anne tells the boy to sit down, as he's shifting to his other foot. "Wished I had something for you to read, so you'll pass the time more restful, but Joe, he never buys the paper, being he works nights and don't live regular."

"Hey, Anne," squawks the voice in the wardrobe, "you don't have no pockets in your clothes. What's the idea?"

"What'll I put in them if I had them?"

"A nice how d'ye do!" says he, coming out of hiding. "Turned everything upside down and not a sound fell out."

"Cleaned out?" pipes Anne, feeling a crisis. "And this only Thursday? There's a leak somewhere. You ain't usually broke till Friday."

"Aw, I got money, alright, alright, but it's only 60c. Hey Bobby, you mouse, you been nibbling at my pockets?"

Bobby is lassoing the cat and has his own worries.

Joe thinks the kid looks too innocent, so he grabs him and puts him in reverse. The net profit on the kid's pants is 2c.

"He takes after his father," says Anne.

"Lemme think," says Joe, brooding. "Maybe it'll come to me."

"It's already gone," says Anne. "The

boy has skipped without even saying good-bye."

Joe chases after him but the handicap is against him, and he can hear his supper hopping down the ground floor and out into the world. He walks back, mourning the departed.

"I'm awful irritated," says Anne. "There's that gas bill we didn't pay—that's \$3.30 saved—and the installment man we dodged—that's \$5.00 more in our pocket—and I didn't buy shoes neither. There's a fortune of money we didn't spend. Now where's it hiding?"

"I'm looking," says Joe with a paper and pencil all set. "It's only a matter of bookkeeping. Plus versus minus, and let them fight it out. First, I set down what I came in with—\$28.50. That's assets. Now I start subtracting till I'm tired. First thing is rent, that's \$6.00 I save for the landlord per week."

"Six was last year," chirps the wife. "It's seven a week now, thirty a month. I told you twice but you can't memorize it."

"That's a five dollar raise. The house is a year older, ain't it? What are we paying for—antiques?"

"Ask him, not me. Hurry up and figure, I'm getting hungry."

Joe keeps on operating on his week's wages, and blowed if he don't come through with remains of \$5.12. "Anne," he reports, "here's over five bucks black on white. Darned if you didn't marry a rich man. All we got to do now is make that figure come to life. I bet the kid swallowed it. Hey, where's that can-nibal?"

"Let the kid be. He wouldn't eat money except it had jam over it."

"I got a good mind," says the father, "to have his stomach pumped."

"You didn't figure groceries," says Anne, inspecting his bookkeeping. "You got \$6.00 there, and you're upside down. It should be nine. Don't you read signs? Eggs 43c for brown, and butter 41c, the extra damage is over \$2.00 a day, smarty."

"43c?" yells Joe. "We been frying 43c eggs in 41c butter?"

"Ever since recovery."

"I got a mind to spit those eggs right out."

"And you've been paying 52c a dozen for best white eggs for the kid. Now lump that."

"All I noticed was they're small. Anne, I got a date with that grocer this minute."

"Hold your breath, dearie, he's not the one."

"Who then, the hen? She lays them free of charge."

"It ain't the little grocer. It's the profiteers higher up. And you didn't hear about bacon."

"Then how the heck are we going to catch up on supper?"

"Joe," says the wife. "We stick to bread and potatoes."

"No ma'am. Why do you think I left Ireland?"

Saying which, the door-bell rings.

"It's your Duffys," Anne breathes, "coming to fill their barrels. I'll be sick, that's what, with sudden pains. Rheumatics, Joe, and I'm unconscious with it," and she's tearing to the bed-room.

The act works, and next day, Joe takes time out from sleep to call on the bank. "They got a surplus, Anne, and we got a shortage, so it's opposites attract." He gets past the fierce doorman and into the First National temple, where the congregation is reading from the little book with prayers on their lips. Joe picks up the free circular—"Yours for the Asking—Money for the Family Budget" and finally gets to the loan department where a row of people are waiting on the mourners' bench.

"I been reading your literature," Joe opens up, "entitled Money for the Asking, so here I am asking. Ten dollars will do me fine if the bank can spare it."

"One hundred is the minimum," says the voice with the smile.

"A hundred or nothing?" gasps Joe. "I already got nothing, so gimme the hundred, and I'll take it in singles."

What spoils the deal is something the clerk says. It's installments. "Hell," says Joe. "Installments is what I'm suffering from right now."

So Joe walks out of High Finance, still looking like a question mark, dying for an answer. He's early at the plant, to catch Freddie, the bookkeeper.

"Hey, Fred, you know how to make budgets balance. You do it for the firm, which shows a million and a half profit per annum. My little figures here ought to be a lot easier. I can't make them balance if I stand on my head."

"What's your income?"

"Twenty-eight a week. But I got too many outlets. Now our boss, Houghton, he's got assorted wives and a standing army of footmen and he never goes off his balance."

"His assets, Joe, equals liabilities. In other words, debits don't exceed credits. In fact the margin . . ."

"Never mind the inventory," says Joe. "You mean I need a raise, and I felt it in my bones all along."

"WHAT'LL I PUT IN THEM, IF I HAD THEM?"



Body Blow to Bigotry

by Jim Murphy

PETEY SARRON snared the first two rounds with the ease of the champion. The third landed in his lap because of the slightly low blow Armstrong landed on the Alabama jumping-jack. In the fourth and fifth, the mighty atom began to catch on to the riddle of Sarron's style and in the sixth, he left fly a terrific right-hand swing and landed flush on Sarron's jaw. He went down on his knees . . . stunned. Feebly, he tried to rise before the count, but he was out . . . out cold. And when he went out, for the first time in ring history, three colored fighters had undisputed, and in fact, widely supported claims to the ranking berth in their divisions.

Time was when the aspect of three colored champions in the game that has long been associated with white hopes and "Aryan supremacy" would have sent the Klu Kluxers, the lynch mobs and others of their ilk, home for their shotguns and their bedsheets. But these days, people seem to have wised up and become more skeptical of the slave trade myth that races are widely separated.

Nowhere is this more patently apparent than in the fight game.

Henry Armstrong, the most recent and certainly the tiniest of the triumvirate that includes heavy-fisted Joe Louis and the nimble, steel-trap John Henry Lewis, came up to fistic eminence in the usually tough way any poor guy has to.

Born in St. Louis back in 1912, Henry, the son of impoverished parents, grew up in the dusty back streets of the town of his birth. During his childhood and young manhood, he got along selling papers, setting up pins in bowling alleys and by working in the factories of the great meat-packing center of the States. As he grew older, he developed fistic ambitions and turned to the amateurs to see what he could do in the business of fly-weight beak-busting.

His success here was at best fair, and he took to roaming about. Not so very long ago, he wound up in Los Angeles, looking for any kind of a break. He got that break.

Tom Cox, an expert at easing young fighters into the pros, saw him fight and decided to manage him. At this point, his fortunes began to turn when they had been the lowest ever. He had just been bounced out of his boarding house

for non-payment and had been wandering about without a red cent in his jeans.

The fighting he did under Cox's direction was not impressive, but the experience was enough to get him going on the path that just recently has led to the championship. He learned how to train and to concentrate on the stringent business of fighting. Even now, there is no one in the ring who works so faithfully in the gyms.

After knocking around in the sticks for about a year, during which time Cox sold his contract for a hundred bucks, he finally got a crack at the big-time dough and a championship in Mexico City. He lost with Baby Arizmandi taking the decision after they went the route.

Henry kept plugging away. He tried again, and again he lost. But the third time, he didn't lose. On August 4th of this year, he lifted the Baby's crown and from that time on, it has been relatively smooth sailing. For one, Al Jolson bought his contract from his new manager to the tune of ten thousand bucks and for another, he has sent the best men of his weight spinning amidst the rosin.

The fly-weight stock of Mike Belloise, Buzz Brown, Gene Espinosa and Tony Clavez has shrunk far below par since

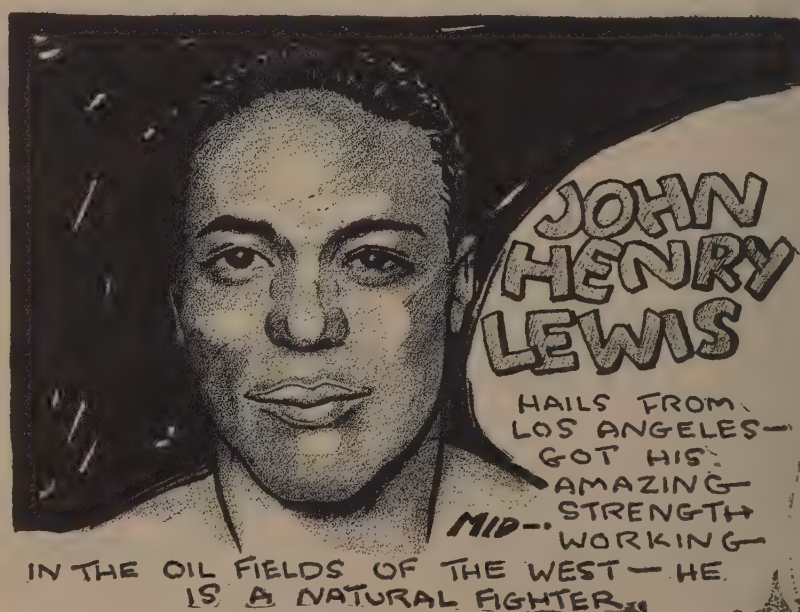
Armstrong put these men out of the swim with his whirlwind style and his heavyweight hitting.

Today, Henry Armstrong is universally rated the best man in the ring when averaged pound for pound, and he certainly rates the berth held by such vest-pocket Titans as Terry McGovern and George Dixon. There's strong talk that he'll some day grab the light-weight belt, Ambers and Pedro Montanez notwithstanding.

The slate of the champ of the light-heavyweights is not a jot less impressive. Two years ago, almost to the day, John Henry Lewis climbed through the ropes in St. Louis and came out again fifteen rounds later, smiling, the new light-heavyweight champion of the world. Out of the opposite corner, bleeding, supported by his seconds, Bob Olin was half-carried to his dressing room and amid applause at his ability to take punishment. He had met a master.

John Henry, the stream-lined American Negro from Los Angeles and Arizona got his amazing strength working in the oil-fields out in the west. He got his skill in the ring because intrinsically, he is a fighting man.

He fights with the ferocity of a tiger, boring in on his toes, always ready to



lash out with either murderous hand, always ready to swap blows and always ready to tear down a cagy opponent with his machine-gun precision. Lewis is a perfect fighting machine.

So far, all that his challengers have shown has been amazing courage. Bob Olin was in such a pitiful state that the fans begged the referee to stop the contest as early as the fifth round.

In his battle with Hans Birkie in March of this year, he only dropped one frame to the clever ring veteran. . . . Al Ettore left the ring with both his eyes closed and also closed was the chance of ever evening up the three defeats suffered by him at the gloves of the champ. . . . Art Sykes went down to stay, in six stanzas. . . . Izzie Singer was trounced for the entire ten rounds.

Jock McAvoy, the English fair-haired boy, was another to merit the plaudits of the crowd for his superb ability on the receiving end. He managed to stay the route, but he was sent packing back to merry England a severely disappointed lad.

John Henry Lewis is a champion and a fighting champion—(in June of 1937, he defended his throne no less than four times!) and his presence at the helm of his class, has brought dignity to the division that under the long reign of Maxie Rosenbloom had fallen into slapstick disrepute. His success in this field has been great, yet seeing him fight, one can't help feeling the strength of character that has lifted this man to his present leadership.

He has long been agitating for a crack at the heavy-weight crown, and while

there is little doubt that he can push over most of the chumps that grace the rostrum of the slugger's division, there is great doubt whether he'll stack up very high against the Brown Bomber.

The saga of Joe Louis has already passed into the ring lore of the nation. The son of a share-cropper will be remembered with the names of Mollineaux, Richmond, Peter Jackson and Joe Gans.

Joe was born into the refined twentieth century poverty that is more cruel than the slave society that gave to the world, Tom Mollineaux and Bill Richmond. His father had already worked himself out by the time young Joe was three years of age. When the old man died, he left a tired wife, a flock of hungry kids, and some worn out land which he worked on shares.

For the next six years, Joe's mother worked the land she'd been cursed with, just managing to squeeze out enough to keep the family alive. Then she married again and went to live in Detroit.

In Detroit, it was the same thing all over again . . . abject poverty. Joe grew up under these conditions, trying his hand at several trades, all of which left him cold and uninterested.

A big boy, large and well developed for his age, he took the advice of a friend and hung around the gyms of the Negro section of Detroit, fighting with the boxers he found there who were happy to have some one to use as a punching bag.

From there, he went to the amateurs. Joe Louis won fifty out of his fifty-four amateur bouts, at the same time attract-

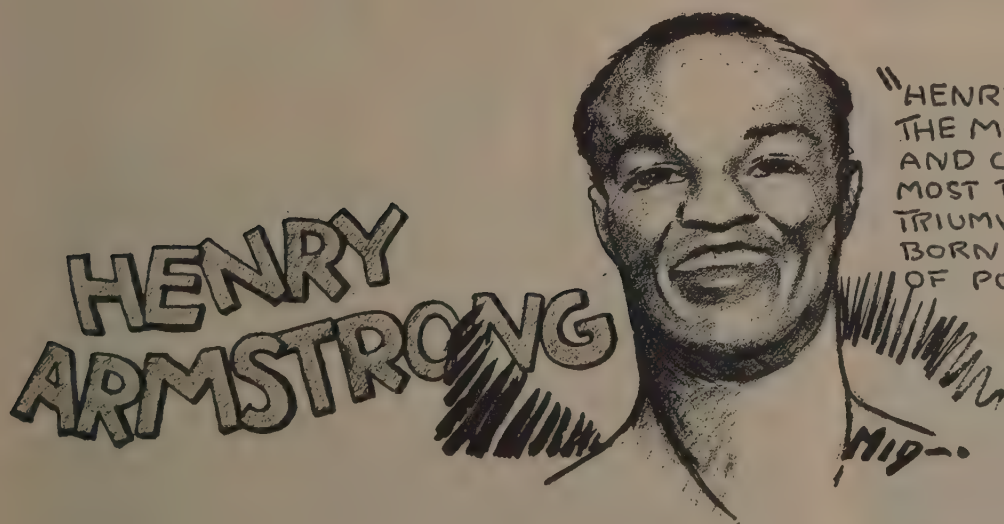
ing the attention of Blackburn who signed him up to fight in the pros and under whose hand he has been ever since.

The pro career of Louis is too well known to necessitate any full length treatment. The whole world knows that he put four ex-world champions to sleep. Many people can recite his record, giving all the facts about each fight. The list is impressive.

Jack O'Doud went down in two. . . . Charley Masseria was out in three. . . . Hans Birkie, Carnera, Levinsky, Max Baer, Paolino, Sharkey, Al Ettore, George Brescia, Eddie Simms and, finally, for the title, Jimmy Braddock, all went the way of the vanquished under Joe's quick fists. These are the best men in the ring today.

From the time of Bill Richmond, the first American ring fighter, down to the present with Joe Louis in the leader's slot, the American Negro has done much for the fight game. Never, however, has the game given as much deserved recognition to the Negro as it is doing today.

There are three champions for the first time, and one of them holds the most coveted spot in the entire fight arena. The Negro people are justly proud of these representative men. Most white people stand four square behind the high esteem in which they are held. They have reached the top in a highly competitive field. They have established an enviable record in the world of sports and are helping to shatter the myth of racial supremacy. Of course, Il Duce and Der Fuehrer wouldn't like that. But we're still living in a democracy.





Ten Million Sportsmen

by
Lucien Zacharoff

EARLY AUGUST was a busy time at the International Exposition in Paris. Famous sportsmen of many nations crowded the grounds for championship contests.

After intensive training and numerous attempts, France's Cartonnet bettered the official world record for the 100-meter breast-stroke swim, clipping two-tenths of a second off the 1 minute 10 second mark set by America's Higgins.

Visiting in Paris at the time was a swimmer who—hard to believe—had surpassed the Frenchman's world record several times, and not by mere fractions of a second.

At the Antwerp, Belgium, Workers' Olympiade, Semion Boychenko swam 100 meters in 1 minute 7.9 seconds. In his own country, the U.S.S.R., his best time was 1 minute 6.2 seconds.

Many in the French sports circles, including Jean Taxis, the great swimmer and international champion in other branches of sports, acknowledged Boychenko's supremacy. Others contended that since he adhered to the so-called "butterfly" style and his leg stroke was that of the crawl, he did not comply with the competition rules of the F.I.N.A., the International Swimming Association.

For eight days, the controversy over his swimming methods raged on the front page of the most important French sports newspaper, with foremost experts taking sides. Finally, the *Auto* organized a committee of three leading specialists who were to judge the contest to determine the permissibility of the disputed style.

The stadium was overcrowded on the day of the contest. In an unfamiliar pool, under strange and otherwise unfavorable conditions, the Soviet sportsman covered 100 meters in 1 minute 8.8

seconds, a full second less than Cartonnet's record time. The three judges announced to the breathlessly waiting fans that in their unanimous opinion Boychenko's style fully conformed to the F.I.N.A. rules.

The world's best breast-stroke swimmer was born into a poor peasant family in the village of Marevka on the banks of the Ingul. He divided his childhood interests between gathering the plentiful wild berries and frequent crossings of the river.

One day his father, crossing a ford near the village, stepped beyond his depth and was drowned. Left to shift for himself, Semion took up the strenuous work of day laborer. His powerful arms, broad shoulders and wholesome character were further strengthened by the emergency.

At the age of 16, in 1928, he left his native village to earn his living on the land in Central Asia. Soon, he felt discouraged because the entire arid region where he worked had not a single body of water.

He moved on. In Akhtyubinsk he enrolled in a factory school. The Ilek River, three kilometers away from the city, satisfied the youth's craving for swimming. However, his studies claimed more and more of his time.

Graduating from the factory school in 1932, he entered the Red Army and was assigned to the Black Sea Fleet. What an exhilaration it was to plunge into the sea at Sevastopol! But three years of "dry life" in Central Asia told; he was slow and ponderous in the water.

Before long, the muscular blue-eyed Semion was noticed by Captain Gostev, himself a well-known swimmer. His potentialities appreciated, he went in for systematic swimming training.

His competitive career was launched in 1933 when Semion was entered in the 100-meter free-style race for the navy's choicest swimmers. He finished third, in 1 minute 16 seconds. The next year he left all competitors far behind in the

Left: Typical scenes in the Soviet Union Today—on the playing fields and in the sky.

same event. Each successive contest brought new triumphs.

In the winter of 1934, the best swimmers of the Soviet Union's army, navy and air force assembled for a race in Moscow. Training consultants present advised Semion to abandon free-style and to concentrate on the breast-stroke. They prophesied a brilliant future for him, what with his natural passion for the sport and imposing build—height, 1.85 meters; weight, 83 kilograms; breathing capacity, 6,000 cubic centimeters.

Heeding the experts, Semion entered the fleet championship race in the spring, 1935, to better all breast-stroke records of the Red Army.

About this time, he witnessed a Moscow athlete using a stroke which was a departure from the conventional breast-stroke, in which the arms come forward out of the water. Semion was impressed, analyzed the "butterfly" style, and on his first attempt to use it two days later, smashed the All-Union 50-meter record.

Military service over, he was invited to Moscow. There, under the tutelage of the foremost coaches, he made progress that has brought him worldwide recognition.

The peasant lad, Semion Boychenko, is one of 10,000,000 persons active in physical culture and sports in the U.S.S.R. today. His story is typical of those of other young peasants and workers who belong to voluntary athletic societies sponsored largely by trade unions.

Before 1917, Russia knew neither sports activities nor facilities for the masses of young men and women. Only the children of the wealthy had access to them. Today, Soviet athletes have sixty large stadiums and 350 medium-sized ones. Besides, there are 6,500 playing fields, 2,500 skiing stations, 390 swimming and boating stations, 2,500 shooting galleries, and so on. Scores of buildings for athletic uses are in the process of construction in every part of the country at this writing.

The last few years have seen an un-

paralleled spurt in sports activities. Only a few years ago, there were two athletic associations—the Dynamo and Spartak. Now there are more than 100 such bodies, with branches in virtually every city. The Dynamo, for instance, has some 400 affiliated sports clubs. Its members have at their disposal 2,645 gymnasias and athletic fields for 26 varieties of sport.

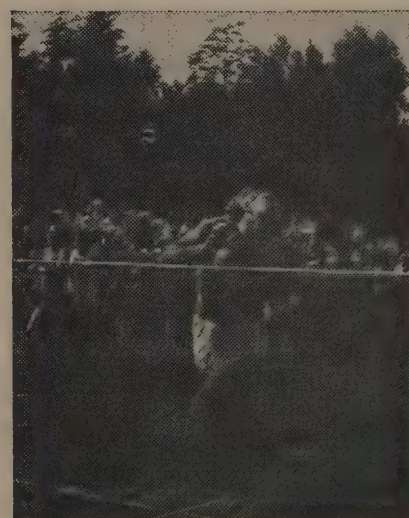
Only four years old, the Spartak includes 150,000 athletes of whom more than one-third have won badges certifying their proficiency in more than one sport. Many members have won world records. There are 3,500 Spartak athletic groups.

A huge aquatic sports stadium is being constructed by the Dynamo just outside of Moscow. Spreading over 20 hectares, it will have an artificial bay in front with an area of 15,000 square meters. In addition to elaborate pools and boathouses, the gigantic center will be provided with a football field and 20 courts for basketball, volleyball and tennis.

In the nation of sportsmen, the Government appropriates annually billions of roubles for physical culture. Each year thousands of competent coaches graduate from five state institutes and 23 technical colleges for physical education. They serve athletic societies in schools, factories, offices, and collective farms. By bringing sports within the reach of millions, the Soviet Government has raised tremendously the health level of the 180,000,000 population.

A series of standard tests was set up in 1932, the passing of which entitles one to wear the Ready for Labor and Defense Badge. By showing mastery of several sports nearly 5,000 athletes have won the coveted badge. The second-degree

(Cont. on page 35)



Right and below: Keen competition and eager zest mark sporting events of all kinds.





Young China Builds a Wall

by

Stanley Wong

"THE FUTURE depends upon the youth." "The future is for the youth." Young people have heard these statements so often that many let them go in one ear and out the other. But they are none the less true the world over. In China, as nowhere else, they have been taken to heart. For the youth of modern China, born into an age of imperialist oppression, realized early the necessity for struggle against future misery and enslavement, and started a Youth Movement of international significance.

This movement originated among the Chinese students, sons and daughters of the petty middle-class, whose educational advantages enabled them to be the first to realize the importance of their country's liberation. But they also realized the necessity for unity and went out to win their less fortunate fellows among the worker and peasant youth for the fight to save China.

When in 1915 Japan, taking advantage of the World War, presented her infamous "21 Demands" which placed a Japanese adviser in every government department, and among other things, deprived China of the right to make loans from any nation other than Japan, a wave of indignation swept through the land. The demands were accepted by the war-lord, Yen Se-kai, traitor-president of the new Republic who nurtured an ambition to become Emperor and wanted Japanese aid. In 1919, at the time of the Paris Peace Conference, China asked that these vicious demands be cancelled. Japan refused. It was at this time that the Chinese Youth Movement crystallized and swung into action. The Students of Peking (now Peiping) called a demonstration surrounding the Foreign Minister's buildings, and adopting the only measures open to them, beat up three of the traitorous, half-hearted public officials, including the Foreign Minister and the Chinese Ambassador to Japan. They demanded that the Foreign Minister refuse to sign the Versailles Treaty unless Japan rescinded the "21 Demands." The delegates were so

instructed, and China won her point. This was a triumphant beginning for China's organized youth.

Three years later, they came again to the fore in their valiant support of the striking Hongkong seamen. Up until this time, Chinese employed on foreign vessels had worked up to 14 hours a day for as little as \$15.00 a month. In the spring of 1922, the seamen of Hongkong finally won a demand for better conditions. They organized under Communist leadership and called a general strike—the first seamen's strike in all Chinese history. It was due to the fund raising and propaganda work which the students carried on among the people that the seamen won their demands.

The next outstanding action in which the Chinese Youth played a prominent part has come to be known as the "Shanghai tragedy." In the years immediately following the Hongkong Seamen's strike, Chinese labor began to realize more and more, the importance of organization. By 1925, the trade union movement had become a powerful force which the wealthy industrialists tried in every way to suppress. Especially was this true of the Japanese mill-owners in Shanghai who stopped at nothing. When on May 30, 1928, a Communist trade union organizer, Ku Gen-hung, was murdered in cold blood, the mill-workers became aroused and called a general strike. The Shanghai students began immediately to call street-meetings, collect funds, and conduct demonstrations. While a group of students and mill-workers were passing through Nanking Route, a street near the International Settlement, the British marines opened fire on the demonstrators. Several were killed and more than two hundred wounded. This aroused the students throughout all China to call demonstrations, and it was their support which gained the demands of the mill-workers and forced the British to pay indemnities for those killed.

At the same time, these activities were laying the ground for the revolutionary movement which crystallized during the same year. It was due largely to the work of the Chinese Youth that when



the Kuomintang and Communist coalition launched their North Expedition, the masses immediately supported the Revolution. This enabled the revolutionary forces to defeat the feudal war-lords and cancel the foreign concessions in Kinkiang and Hankow.

When Japan seized Mukden in September, 1931, the youth of the nation were the first to rise in protest. Shanghai's students led the way with a mass demonstration, and it was decided to call a strike demanding that the Nanking Government resist the invasion. Most of the boys and many of the girls enlisted for strict military training. Further, they took it upon themselves to propagandize a boycott of Japanese goods and to arouse the patriotic sentiments of the people. The Central Government naturally resented this criticism of their non-resistance policy, and the students were told to return to their classrooms, and on December 18, 1931, military police were used to break up the student groups in Nanking. Many were injured and several killed. Soon after the Students' Union and the Students' anti-Japanese Association were forcibly disbanded throughout the country. A large number of the members were expelled from school; some were thrown into jail. This was a hard blow, but the Students' Movement still continued to work secretly.

All the hatred which smoldered in the hearts of China's Youth against the invasion of their fatherland could not be kept forever submerged. When in 1935 Japan threatened to create "Hwapeikus," a puppet state to include five north China provinces, the students' protest took the form of a tremendous demonstration. All the students of all the universities and high schools in China were called upon to mass at Peiping. The size and militancy of this demonstration held on December 9, could not be ignored locally or internationally. It was a bombshell thrown into the arena of world politics where it had been "diplomatically" agreed not to know too much about affairs in China. The pro-Japanese authorities used troopers and military police to break up the demonstration, and in a climate where the average winter tem-

perature is 20 degrees below zero, cold water was sprayed upon the marching students. The Chinese people, and even foreigners who witnessed these events, were aroused and expressed their sympathy with the students.

The news of this demonstration spread throughout China, and similar protests were made in every important city. In many instances, whole student bodies, groups of five or six thousand, attempted to march upon Nanking demanding resistance against the Japanese. They were met with armed opposition, and at length changed their tactics to call for a nation-wide strike. Students quit their classrooms and went out to endure all manner of hardships in order to bring to the people, peasants, workers, soldiers, their message of patriotic resistance. Again they met with persecution, but they persevered, and it is owing to their ceaseless pioneering that China at length, among the peasantry and workers achieved a united national front. Many an interesting chapter could be written concerning this work. But we can only touch upon the role which China's Youth is playing in the present crisis. They are giving not only their ideological support but also their life's blood. Girls as well as boys are fighting in the front lines against the aggressors. They know that the future lies in the balance.



In 1935, a cartoon by William Gropper in *Vanity Fair* made Emperor Hirohito jump out of his silk pajamas.



Sketched From Life by Aline Fruhauf

On the right, we see Gropper's polite answer to the protests of the Japanese Government.

William GROPPER

A Profile

BY
TIPPER KROOPS

Mr. Gropper has been commissioned by the Government to paint the murals for the Interior Building in Washington, D. C. The designs for these murals will be on exhibit at the A.C.A. Gallery early in March.

THE sophisticated slant to his hat, the smile with a slight twist in one corner, the downward turn in his head and the melancholy eyes squinting upwards—there you have William Gropper. He is one of the most successful and popular artists of today, but his success hasn't turned his heart toward the cream puffs of society; it's with the strata where he was brought up.

He's got a soft spot that can't say "no" when you ask him to do a drawing for you. He won't, however, cater to a woman who wants to be beautiful on canvas. He is an honest artist.

His is a story that starts from rags; that is, with bundles of clothes in a sweat-shop factory. He was a bushel boy. What's that? He carried clothes from the cutter to the operators and vice versa at the munificent salary of \$5.00 a week. But his hand, itching to tell stories in pictures, was also kept busy. In sending out business post cards, he would secretly decorate them with cartoons. A cloakmaker who received them became enthusiastic about this "new idea" in advertising and published the drawings in a trade journal. Bill's boss was sore, but when he saw that those funny figures were drumming up business, he raised Bill's salary to all of \$6.00 per week. Somebody finally "discovered" Gropper and paid for his art schooling. Bill had to eat, so an arrangement was made to work half day at \$2.50 a week.

When he was offered a job on the *Tribune* at \$250 a week, he apologized to his former boss for leaving him flat. But the boss docked him anyway. Those sweat-shop scenes will remain with us forever, because he's drawn numerous sketches of those early days.

You've probably seen his drawings in many magazines, *Esquire*, *Vanity Fair*, *Vogue*, *New Masses*, *Fortune* and in a long, long list of books. He draws daily for a Jewish newspaper, the *Freiheit*, and has a most difficult job trying to reproduce those decorative and intricate letters of the Jewish alphabet. Last year, he received the Guggenheim Fellowship and when he was last seen, he was eating an elaborate dish of fresh ham on the remains of the award.

Gropper hates the aggressive war activities of the fascist nations and he says so in his cartoons. A serious international incident almost occurred when the Japanese Emperor protested one of Bill's cartoons in *Esquire*.

Recently, he gathered together a distinguished collection of 56 drawings of the U.S.S.R. which was published in France with an introduction by the renowned author, the late Henri Barbusse.

Gropper is letting us in on a big secret: he's just signed a contract with the government to paint the largest murals in the Department of Interior Building.



BITTER BEET SUGAR

by
Dick Kalm

UNDER the hot, blistering sun in the Colorado sugar beet fields, they don't believe a word of it.

They heard these government promises before—back in '35 when the AAA provisions for sugar beet workers had raised the wage level and restricted child labor through a system of financial benefits.

Hope was born in the hearts of the sugar beet workers. A very modest hope. A hope that they might get a crack at that American standard of living they had heard so much about!

But, in 1936 when the AAA was voided, every hope for a better life vanished.

And now, if you tell them that the new Sugar Act which became effective September 1st promises them almost the same benefits as the AAA, they suck in their cheeks and talk about the weather.

The beet field provisions of the new act attempt to do away with field conditions that make these people who love their children thank God that their kids can work. Even with eighty per cent of the children over eight years of age doing gruelling labor, the average family income has been so low that the standard of living is at the starvation level.

Take Albert F—for instance. He's a typical beet field worker. He's eleven years old. He's been working among the sugar beets since he was seven except for that one year, 1935, when to his amazement, he was kept off the fields and not allowed to work. But the dream was short-lived. The next year, he was out again under the scorching Colorado sun, blocking, thinning and topping the beets.

Albert has a father, mother, two sisters and four brothers. The girls are eighteen and sixteen; the boys fourteen, eleven, eight and two. Albert's older sister who never developed properly, is feeble-minded and can't be of any possible use on the field. His eight-year-old brother is blind. His mother has to remain at home with these two and with the baby who is too young for the fields. With the break of dawn, Albert and the rest of his family are out in the fields. They put in a usual day of 10½ hours.

Albert was only eleven, but he had been working for more than ten hours a day in the beet fields since he was seven.

To you of the eight-hour-day, 10½ hours of back-breaking labor may sound like chattel slavery. Well, what do you think it is? What is true of Albert's family is true of all the others.

These are the conditions that the child labor provisions of the Sugar Act will attempt to correct. Although the Sugar Act provisions went into effect on September 1st last, and are retroactive to July 1st for benefit payments, there are still many growers who have not complied. Failure to comply is not a breach of the law, and the only penalty that can be imposed is the deprivation of benefit payments. Consequently, in a great many sections of the beet growing country, conditions remain unchanged for the present.

And so, one can still find children working with their parents from the rising of the sun until early twilight. At night, when they wearily return to their homes,

sleep is their sole diversion. It's work, sleep, more work, more sleep. . . . Get it?

At this writing, conferences are being held in Denver on the matter of wages. As yet there is nothing definite. Indications point to a gradual betterment in the future.

Up until this new development, there had been chaos in the beet fields. Many of the labor contractors were unable to sign contracts with the growers or to arrive at some agreement on the question of wages. As a result, there was a general feeling of despair. The prevailing wage scale was \$12 an acre but deviations from that level were common, bringing some incomes down to \$9 and \$10 an acre.

Apparently the level of existence to which these people are forced is hellish, and represents a hideous exploitation of a "free" people.

As a result of unwritten contracts, many of the workers have failed to receive even the paltry sums that are due them. Though they have received some of their wages, they have not received the full amount that is rightfully theirs. Their chances of ever collecting are practically nil since there is no written proof of stipulated conditions.

And now, a word about the homes they live in. Their homes are usually five miles from the beet field, and going home means a five-mile trek along dusty roads. Their homes belong to a colony of houses built by the beet growers for the field workers. They are made of adobe and are of two, three or four room units. The laborer is given a period of years over which to pay for the home. Of course, this payment is too often a hardship for the worker, who, if he is unable to make his payments for the house, is threatened with a dispossession.

In many cases, the houses are merely shacks in a bad state of disrepair. In most of these shambles of two, three or four rooms, two or more families are living.

In Albert's "colony" there are 52 two room houses in which 87 families are liv-

(Cont. on page 37)



Night Hoods are in Flower

By FRANK BEEBE

BOB MACKEY stirred in his sleep. He tried to hold on to that dream of labor peace which made sleep so pleasant after a hard day of organizing steel workers in the Pennsylvania hills. The knocking on the door became louder now, and Bob came to in a hurry. His heart beat fast.

"Who the hell is it? What time do you think it is, anyway?"

"Open the door, you sonofabitch, or we'll bat it down." The shack shook with the pounding on the door. Suddenly the glass in a window smashed into bits.

Bob pulled his pants on and went to the door in his bare feet. When he opened it, three men pushed him back into the room, and he saw others behind them. One of the three leaders held a lantern up to Bob's face. Most of the men, he could see by the lights of the lantern, carried clubs, and a few had pistols at their hips.

"Don't light that lamp," the spokesman snapped as Bob reached for the kerosene lamp which was the only lighting fixture in Stan Olson's house. Lucky Stan is away in Pittsburgh for the leaflets, Bob thought.

"Where's Olson?"

Bob said he was not at home. "Anything I can do, gentlemen?"

"Easy on the language, son. You'll be better off if you listen and do as you're told. And don't try any funny stuff. We know who you are, you and Olson here. We're the Law and Order Committee in this town, see. So far as you're concerned, we're the law. You've been trying to stir up trouble. We know what you've been doing every minute you've been staying up here, you and everybody else that's come down. We're happy in this town. We have good jobs, we make a living from the steel plant, and we don't want you or any other "communists" from New York causing discontent among the Polacks and Hunkies in the shops. Now clear out of here. Be out of town before sunrise, or you'll be sorry you didn't take a smart tip. We're being good to you. There are folks who'll complain we're too good to you. We're giv-

The new kind of klan does not dress up in bed sheets. It wears evening clothes and has a starched front.

ing you fair warning—get out before sunrise, or we'll see to it that you do, in our own way."

Bob left town that night, and he wired a warning to Stan from the railroad station at the first stop.

The union wasn't giving the organizers enough support, and if a man was beaten up, well, too bad. A man had to get permission to go into new territory, and there was little encouragement from the union if it meant a fight.

All this was before the C.I.O. (Committee for Industrial Organization), with its S.W.O.C. (Steel Workers Organizing Committee), T.W.O.C. (Textile Workers Organizing Committee) and other organizing committees. Bob was among the first to join up with the C.I.O. He was older now, and had more experience with company towns. He was like a new man. Now there was a chance to do something. Even the older unions, which had been dead until now, were beginning to take on new life. Labor organization was looking up everywhere these days.

And as labor was beginning to take on a new lease on life, Bob Mackey began to notice other things happening around him. Industry was beginning to make a more systematic drive against organized labor than ever before, and they were ready to spend every cent necessary to break the back of labor. Bob learned now, on his second venture into the steel towns of Pennsylvania and Ohio, that a new vigilantism, a more dangerous vigilantism because it is better organized, had appeared.

The crew that threatened Bob in Stan Olson's shack a few years before had been crudely enlisted from the local pool room with a couple of bottles of cheap gin. All the shop foreman had to do to get them to do his dirty work was to fill

them up with rotgut and a spiel about the Americanism of a regular pay envelope, whether large or small. The vigilantes were made to feel like brave men defending the Republic. They were only doing their "dooty" and saving the "institootions" of the United States of America.

Bob remembered reading somewhere in one of Upton Sinclair's books about two klans, the klan of the poor and the klan of the rich. In the past, he had had to face the klan of the poor, the night riding, tar-and-feathers klan. But labor organization was being conducted on a national scale now, and the two-by-four vigilante mob of an earlier day was not enough. The klan of the rich has come on the scene. The new kind of klan does not dress up in bed sheets. It wears evening clothes, it is true, but the kind that has a starched front.

The new klansmen are well-fed, and they sit on leather chairs in luxurious clubs. They deputize hoodlums and give them uniforms and badges and guns and tear gas. They appoint the judges and dictate injunctions. They open and close factories and rule the destinies of their "hands." They hire high-priced publicity men and run full-page ads in the largest papers of the nation to mold the minds of the American people as it suits them best. They control the press, the radio, motion pictures, the platform. The news is sifted through the narrow channels owned and controlled by the klansmen, and theirs is the power to decide what the public should know.

Bob was in the crowd when 10 workers were shot down in cold blood by the Girdler-controlled police in Chicago on Memorial Day, and he always felt that it was just an accident that he escaped with his whole skin. He read about the beating Frankenstein and Reuther and the others got at the hands of the Ford "service men" (company thugs) at the River Rouge plant in Dearborn, and the murder of two and the wounding of many more in Massillon.

Nothing was left to chance, as Bob

(Cont. on page 37)

On Thin Ice . . .

By JIM MURPHY

AS WINTER comes stealing in and the hills become white and everything else takes on a crackly brittleness, the fastest game ever invented comes skating into the rink and lasts until the cold is gone.

At this time, there has not been enough actual play on which to base any sage observations bristling with statistics, but the sports writer can always tell just what team will wind up on top of the heap, giving, to boot, figures and facts that always look good—on paper.

So here goes. Even if it is skating on thin ice.

The Canadiens should furnish dangerous competition for the play-off berth in the Stanley cup race, under the direction of Cecil Hart, who you will recall, made the most remarkable come-back in hockey history last year. He returned to yank the Canadiens from the cellar to the high estate of play-off eminence, only to lose the nod in a heart-breaking five game round to the indomitable Detroit Red Wings.

Hart had seven teams in the play-off class to date and the lads who skate and slug under his wing have taken the cup twice. This year, the Canadien line-up will miss the great Howie Morenz who died last year during the tight run.

In addition, Jack McGill will not appear nor will Bill Miller. They've both quit. Hart, however, still has enough

speedy material to fill in the gaps. Annil Joliat, the team's diminutive left winger and veteran of sixteen years of play, will carry on at port again with Cude at the nets.

Gaynor, Manitti, Blake, Desilets, Brown, Mondon, Lorraine, Drouin and Lupine are available for forward duty, with Lupine still looking very good.

At the defense spot, the colorful Red-head, Goupile will fill in where Bill Miller left off. Other blue line braves are Sebert, McKenzie and Bushwell.

The Canadiens have always had a team worth looking at and with Hart at the helm, they're not going to be push-overs for any man's puck.

The winners of last year's Stanley Cup play and the only sextet to trounce all play-off opposition with the exception of the Canadiens, namely the Detroit Red Wings, are slated by everybody, including most of the opposing managers to repeat their feat of last season, and capture the cup again.

Last season, you recall, they played phenomenal hockey even though Captain Doug Young, Roulston and Amie were fretting in the accident ward with broken legs. They're back again with the omission of Roulston, and since the team is substantially the same, there seems to be little reason why they should not show up as well as they did last year, if not better.

The familiar names of MacDonald, Young, Goodfellow and Bowman are on the defense, Smith at the twined snatch; Barry, Amie, Lewis, Sorrell, Brunteem, Sherf and Heck Kelrea on the front line.

If one were to be so audacious 'as to select one team and lay it on the line for them, it would seem that the Wings were the best bet.

However, they may run into trouble yet. And the team which seems to be the one that may throw sand on the ice for our friends from Lake Michigan is the Boston Bruins.

This year, they have built their defense around the Montague of the rink, Eddie Shore; Eddie, the ace defense man and all-time great of Hockey, last year, suffered a severe spinal injury in training which kept him out of the play for the entire season. This year's advance reports assert he's in the pink, and if this is so, the Bruins stand a chance of plucking a few choice plums. With him on the defense will appear "Flash" Hollet who was obtained for the sum of \$16,000. This combination should be unbeatable.

On the rear line Dit Clapper, a big, rugged and heady player if there ever was one, and a lad with a terrific shot, will hold up that end of the show. Jack Portland, Canadien high-jump champ,





SKETCHES BY
RAYMOND BROSSARD

formerly with the Canadiens rounds out the defense—a defense second on paper only to the Wings themselves.

The Bruin line is what is called a kid-line. Coach Hutchinson thinks his kids Milt Schmidt, Bobby Bauer and Porky Dumart make the best line in the circuits.

If all these imponderables cast their weight in the Bruin's favor, they may ring the bell. On paper, they furnish the most formidable opposition to the Wings we have to offer.

As for the Amerks, you can take out a plugged nickel and toss it for yourself. The team is almost a new one and the great Ching Johnson, whom they could have had for nothing, will not bellow for our Americans. He was left out because of a paltry grand that he no doubt would have added to the box office take by himself. If Ching had been put in the line, we'd hold out some hope for the team, but with him out, we feel the Amerks will be lucky if they land in the last money place.

Here's the list. From Toronto, we offer Happy Day and Jack Schill. Charley Mason comes from the Philly Ramblers and Earle Robinson, the swift pinch-hitting goalie from the "Cup" Wings. Robinson is by far their best man. We recall his single-handed manhandling of the Rangers in the greatest exhibition of goal-tending we've ever had the pleasure to witness. He'll do.

Day will play defense and Schill will replace Cunningham on the port wing. The latter arrangement is probably an improvement.

That's about all we can say for the Americans. If you are a rabid American fan, you can still stick with them because of their name—if you're the type. However, we feel by letting Ching drift down the river, after he lost his Ranger mooring, the management of the Amerks have steered themselves up the creek. Save your money.

Last year, the third place Rangers set down the Toronto gang, then the Maroons, and then were consumed by the Red Wings in the Cup play out in Detroit. The youngsters, Pratt, Cooper, the Colville boys, Shibicky and Watson had a lot to do with their success.

It's by no means odd that Patrick is bringing up another complete line from the Philly Ramblers whence came the Colvilles and Shibicky. The newcomers are Bobby Kirk at right wing, Clint Smith, center and Bryan Hextall at left wing.

Two seasons ago, this combination was the high scoring trio for the International-American League, a trick they pulled a year previous on the Pacific Coast.

All the old-timers—Johnson, Murdock for the first season—will be missing save Frankie Boucher who is still in the picture as a sort of playing assistant coach.

If this year's line clicks the way it did last year, and if the new juveniles do their stuff as in Philly, the Rangers are a cinch for a playoff, and maybe better.

The oldest man on the Toronto lineup is Reggie (Bad Boy) Homer and he

creaks under the load of twenty-seven winters! The Toronto mob play a peculiar gas-house variety of hockey, and the fact that the fans have shelled out with more shekels to Smythe and Co. than to any other outfit gives glittering testimony to the contention that Smythe knows the box-office from a hole in the ground. Also the kids have played well for him.

No one will forget the famed kid line of Conacher, Jackson and Primeau, and the opposition will not forget how well Drillon and Apps clicked last year. Apps, in case you don't know, dropped high score honors to Schirner by one point.

The Montreal Maroons, so badly skunked last year by the Rangers have done little to improve themselves. In fact, Lionel Conacher, ace man has left to take a dignified job of M. P. up there in Ontario. Their list is a fairly unimpressive one.

There is, however, one chance they'll wind up in the chips. Mike "King" Clancy, tough, argumentative boy from Toronto, may have the power of personality to pull the shaggy string of miscellaneous tyros into a fighting team.

He seems to have that quality of leadership necessary in a team, and maybe such unknowns as Des Smith, Maurice Croghan, Paul Ruge and Mel Carez will follow him to victory, or at least to a good brawl. They'll be fun to watch, but we don't feel they'll lend any real competition to the Wings or to the Bruins. But maybe I'm wrong.

Miss America

by
Sophie Juried



1750



1937

Sketched by Helen Robinson

IT'S NOT often that we get a glimpse into the private cosmetic life of women of past generations. Imagine living in the 19th century and using as powdered coral, pumice stone, cuttle fish bone, burnt egg shells and pulverized porcelain! Carbon products were great favorites. These powders acted as rapidly and sometimes more injuriously than the acids also used for mouth hygiene. The repeated rubbing not only wore off the enamel, it also removed the gums from the roots of the teeth. Roman ladies chewed a mastic made of an odoriferous gum. Shades of the days when as children we used to chew tar to make our teeth white! Poppea, who was always one jump ahead of the Roman ladies in the art of cosmetics and dress, invented an enamel for the face. This enamel was worn for days before it was removed, in sections. Thus the Roman habit of bathing in milk is explained. It was thought that milk would counter-act the poisonous effects of the vile cosmetics used.

Today, girls are wise to the fact that they mustn't clog up the skin pores or use poisonous cosmetics. Face powder no longer contains the poisonous lead compounds so prevalent a few years ago. Today, the base is usually zinc oxide and titanium dioxide. Rice and corn starch are the only undesirable ingredients still found in some powders. Starch tends to dry the skin and orris root, a form of starch, is irritating to allergic people. If you're interested in best buys, write to me.

For those girls who like the luxury of a facial, we would suggest oatmeal or egg, all depending on whether you prefer them in your stomach or on your face. An oatmeal pack is made by placing the meal in a cloth, tying it with some thread to form a sack and dipping it into hot water. Rub the goo on your face. When it dries, wash it off with warm water. For an egg facial, use only the white of the egg beaten to a foam. Dip a wad of cotton into the egg and smear over the face. If these facials dry your skin, put some cold cream on your face.

A product much used now because of winter chaps is hand lotion. When buying hand lotion, don't be taken in by lav-

ish advertisements; it's safer to know the ingredients. Some lotions contain carbolic acid, an ingredient of great value to manufacturers because it relieves itching. Yet this same carbolic acid has the peculiar characteristic of being absorbed by skin even when unbroken. It is capable of producing general disturbances of the system and has been the cause of many cases of severe eczema. The possibility of skin irritation is heightened by wearing gloves. The base of most hand lotions is glycerin. Pure glycerin, in case you've been advised to use it for chapped hands, absorbs moisture, which aggravates a skin already dry for lack of moisture. While the glycerin in hand lotions has been mixed with other ingredients, mainly rose-water thus replacing moisture, it is much better to use an ordinary lubricant that carries no fancy names.

Lanolin is considered the best lubricant by most dermatologists, being more effective than any commercial preparation on the market. It comes in two forms, liquid and bulk. Liquid, or toilet lanolin is the more pleasant of the two to use. Next in efficacy is olive oil and other bland vegetable oils, then ordinary cold cream.

Here are some tips on the prevention of chapping. Before retiring, use the lubricant that you like best on face and hands. A dab of oil on the elbows will keep them soft and prevent that horny appearance. If you're in a hurry some evening and have not been looking after your elbows, here's a formula that will work in a jiffy. Pour some cuticle remover on a wad of cotton and rub your elbows. But keep in mind that only regular use of oils will prevent the skin from scaling.

We can't leave you this month without warning you that throughout these United States, there are boys who won't be seen with girls that wear silk stockings. If the girls don't boycott silk, which is made in Japan, the boys are going to boycott the girls. Many stores are carrying full-fashioned rayon and sheer lisle mesh stockings. Lisle mesh looks particularly well. Boycott silk and help the heroic Chinese people defeat fascist aggression.

Swing That Club

By

RONALD HALLETT

Club Swingers burned the midnight oil writing letters to this column last month. Result: the mailman has piled a stack of letters on this desk from all parts of the country which ply this column with questions, inquiries, requests and problems that have been bothering "Club Swingers" from coast to coast for a long time.

For instance: We've received a letter all the way from Santa Barbara, California telling of a newly organized progressive youth club. Among other things, they want to know where educational, social, youth, and labor films can be obtained. The following addresses will produce the desired results: Camera Shop Inc., 800 State Street, Santa Barbara; Fred G. Anderson, Photo Service, 1031 State Street, Santa Barbara; and the San Francisco Camera Exchange, 88 Third Street, San Francisco, Cal. Write to the "YMCA" Motion Picture Bureau, 925 North West 19th Avenue, Portland, Oregon. Easterners can secure the "Y" catalogue from 347 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

They also want suggestions for lively educational programs for discussions, forums, and debates. Write to the Adult Education Council in or near Santa Barbara. They would have appropriate material. If not, the WPA Adult Education Program will be able to help through their regular Forum Division. A group of our Club Swingers arranged a competitive one-act play production tournament on controversial issues and managed to clean up some money for the treasury and stimulate educationals in one undertaking, not to mention the fun and interest aroused with the dramatizations. The National Office of the I.W.O., 80 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C., puts out a booklet, *Educational Programs and How to Use Them* by Will Stern for 15 cents. This pamphlet contains quite a variety of material for educationals and will suggest original ideas. Try also the Department of Parks and Department of Health.

A Club Swinger in Upper Black Eddy, Pennsylvania, writes to find out what this column can suggest for a group which is planning to start work in Dra-

A New Youth Book on Youth

"YOUTH, a World Problem" is the title of a 138-page book recently published by the National Youth Administration. Treating the effort to deal with the youth problem in 58 different nations, this work gives much food for thought to anyone even remotely interested in this subject. The situation in the United States naturally received most attention with twenty pages devoted to it; fifteen are given to Germany, twelve to Soviet Russia, seven to Italy and three to Great Britain.

There is a foreword by Aubrey Williams, Executive Director of the N.Y.A., which points out that opportunities for recreation, education, or employment are fewer than the number of young people who could take advantage of them. Enforced idleness is the result. The author of the book, W. Thacher Winslow, Administrative Assistant of the N.Y.A., states in his introduction: "Certainly it is understandable that youth should, today, be bewildered, if not resentful, at being faced by a long period of idleness when there is so much to be learned and so much to be done; when its own country confronts a tremendous task in creating a just social order, an economic machine that will operate at capacity, producing and distributing goods efficiently and in accordance with human needs, and a world in which peace and justice will prevail."

The editors have written to Mr. Williams asking for an article to be printed in the *Champion*.

matics. First, refer to the December issue of *THE CHAMPION* in the "Swing That Club" column for some information in this vein. Write to Hallie Flanagan, Federal Theatre Project, Washington, D. C., and the New Theatre League, 117 West 46th Street, N. Y. C. for a list of plays suitable for amateur groups to produce. In larger communities, in some cases, the League sends trained leaders to community drama groups at a nominal fee or on a volunteer basis.

So You're Going in the Theater by S. Traube and Barret Clark, is an interesting and valuable book about the theatre. Those in more urban or the metro-

politan centers may be able to obtain the service of a coach or dramatic leader from the W.P.A. program.

A group of Bronxites asks how to obtain free theatre tickets to WPA shows. It is not always possible but in some cases where a small group of not more than twenty finds it difficult to pay for these tickets, they can sometimes obtain free passes by calling the project headquarters: MURRAY Hill 4-5903.

For instance, we've received a let- cial topics, get in touch with the Club Activities Service of the Youth Service Division, 13 Astor Place, several weeks in advance of the date on which the speaker is desired. The Bronx group mentions that their club swung into a prize with the production of *They Shall Not Die* which is good work. Now the group is looking for another production. Have you looked at *Plant in the Sun*? The Vanguard Players of Brooklyn gave an excellent production of this play. It got an enthusiastic response. It may be obtained from the New Theatre League. (See Page 20 of the November issue of *THE CHAMPION*.)

Another correspondent writes for a club of eleven girls in Trenton, N. J., to get suggestions for securing speakers on health, business and beauty culture. For speakers on health, our correspondent should contact the local department of health. Write also to Daniel Cohen, Trenton Industrial Council, 86 East Paul Avenue, Trenton, N. J.

Write to the Washington Bureau of Information of the New York World-Telegram, 1013 Thirteenth N. W., and include ten cents in stamps for the "Party Book" which is full of miscellaneous ideas for raising money through parties. Write also to the U. S. Department of Labor for Publication No. 231, *Handbook for Recreational Leaders*. This is a book of games, songs, etc.

This should start the Trenton club swinging right along and good luck to them and to all the rest of you Club Swingers. We're sorry we can't find enough space to print every letter or to answer everyone's letter.

And to those Club Swingers who haven't sent us a few lines about their club's activity problems, get busy and send us a few words. We'll do our best to answer every request either on this page or by return mail. Until then, "Swing That Club!"

A RINGSIDE SEAT



TODAY when the question of layoffs, of unemployment, of how to hold or get a job is uppermost in the minds of Young Americans, it is refreshing to recall the bold challenge of President Roosevelt to those who would deny youth the right to work.

He stated when setting up the National Youth Administration that:

"I have determined that we shall do something for the nation's unemployed youth because we can ill afford to lose the skill and energy of these young men and women. They must have their chance in school, their turn as apprentices, and their opportunity for jobs—a chance to work and earn for themselves."

That program finds a ready response in the hearts of youth. They have turned their own attention to the problem; the result has been the American Youth Act, a bill drafted by the American Youth Congress and endorsed by the organizations of youth and spokesmen for labor, such as John L. Lewis. This bill which is even now before the Congress of the United States would provide guarantees for those principles expressed in the words of President Roosevelt and would guarantee youth jobs and the chance to an education.

There are dark forces of reaction in America that oppose such measures and stalk the land with the intention of overthrowing democracy, of destroying the rights of labor and the people. From the platform of the National Manufacturers Association Convention, they declared war on all progressive legislation. With the aid of the treachery of William Green of the A. F. of L., they defeated the wages and hours bill in Congress. These Tory forces are sabotaging recovery and aggravating the situation by layoffs and attacks on progressive legislation. They boldly declare that until their immense profits are free from taxation, they will continue their "sit-down strike" against Roosevelt's proposals for security and peace.

The Tories have thrown down the gauntlet. Youth standing together with the forces of labor and all progressive people must taken up the challenge.

Youth are banded together with other workers in trade unions; they have established their own organizations, such as the Y's, Church groups, and the American Youth Congress. It is time that they all act unitedly. A Call for a "Pilgrimage for Jobs, Education and Peace" to Washington, D. C. in March has been issued by the American Youth Congress and the United Student Peace Committee.

It is youth's answer to the tory reactionaries.

Defeat the plot of the Tory enemies of American Democracy.

We must act at once! Force Congress to act by raising your voice for jobs, peace and security.



THE ostrich puts his head in the sand and feels safe. The bird who believes in isolation for America buries his head in his own convictions and fails to see reality. Fascism which he is so sure is purely an old world disease, has already leaped the Atlantic, seized Brazil, murdered 8,000 Haitians, is throttling Cuba, and preparing an armed insurrection in Mexico against the Cardenas government.

Secretary Ickes' warning that "fascism has leaped over wide oceans" and his obvious reference to Nazi Germany, fascist Italy, and Japan should startle a few ostrich heads out of their comfortable retirement and whip the dust from their eyes.

Coming close to home, Secretary Ickes' timely warning assumes special significance in the light of developments upon our own economic front. "As a matter of fact," he said, "it is the fascist-minded men of America who are the real enemies of our institutions. They have solidarity; a common interest

in seizing more power and greater riches for themselves and ability and willingness to turn the concentrated wealth of America against the welfare of America."

THE CHAMPION seems to remember a certain corner around which prosperity was supposed to be waiting for the American people. It's still there, and it's still waiting, but an exclusive gang of reactionaries have muscled in and appropriated it for themselves. The silk hats are doing a sit-down right on that corner. They're sitting on their accumulated profits, the profits they've squeezed out of the American people. And strangely enough, they're crying about "being poor." They want "relief from taxation." With silver spoons in their mouths, they're holding out tin cups and trying to pan-handle the public.

Let's take a peek at their bank account. In 1932, these "poor" Wall Street orphans, the corporations that are squawking about taxation made net profits of \$202,000,000, a quarter of a billion dollars. In 1936, this had skyrocketed to three and a half billion dollars (\$3,632,000,000), and by the end of 1937, it is estimated that they will have net profits of five billion, an increase of 2,500 percent over five years ago!

So they can't pull a fast one on us, these sixty families of silk hatters. The people, millions of them, need a Federal tax program that will balance the budget by increasing Federal expenditures for the people and increasing taxes on the rich who are doing a sit-down on their profits. There is plenty of money in the hands of the monopolies. Over \$500,000,000 more dividends have been collected this year in contrast with the previous twelve-month period. And the "poor" Wall Street corporations want "relief from taxation"!



A New Song of India

by Bajrayudha

ABOUT thirty years ago, when India seemed to be the most docile and peaceful of English possessions, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the Viceroy of India, decided to partition Bengal, a province in the eastern part of India. The people of this province speak one language, are bound together in common traditions and economic interests, and they have been under the same government through centuries in spite of many vicissitudes of Indian history. But the very fact that they had so many things in common probably seemed to be the most important reason for this British statesman to "divide and rule."

Popular constitutional protests failed as they always did, and when people met in legally organized meetings and expressed their resentment in bold terms, they were dispersed with not too constitutional "lathis" (a bamboo stick about 5½" circumference and 6 feet long), leaving fractured legs and skulls behind. Then the English Indian government thought their duty done and forgot all about it.

But there was a small group of young people who could not forget the blood-stained faces and battered bodies. They had seen the gradual impoverishment of the country through alien exploitation, but the very indirectness of it had not stirred them to immediate action. Now the helplessness of the situation was brought vividly home to them with the red signal of their own blood. The partition of Bengal, which in itself was not probably of so great a consequence, became to them a symbol of British ruthlessness and tyranny, and, for once, they realized that to think of fighting against the constitution makers by constitutional means was, if not utterly insane, certainly a hopeless adventure. They met in a deserted garden house outside Calcutta and decided to bring their arguments home, by constitutional means or otherwise.

So they made bombs, of course crude ones, killed several high officials of the government and were then discovered and convicted. Most of them were transported for life to a far-away island in the Indian Ocean, and several of them

were sentenced to death. Those who were waiting to be executed remained gay and cheerful all through, enjoyed sound sleep to the amazement of the English warders, gained weight in the meantime, and had to be aroused from deep sleep on the morning they were going to be hanged. Thanking the hangman for offering his services, they waved farewell to their countrymen outside the jail walls and put the noose round their own necks.

Their activities lasted until October, 1908. But their example persisted. In November of the same year it was promised that the partition would be revoked and this was subsequently done.

Theirs was a failure, considering the ultimate end of freeing the country. But it was a glorious one, for all that. For the first time since the British had consolidated their rule in India, was a political measure, passed by the Parliament, revoked.

Even before this, in Bombay, parts of which were the most recent of the British annexations, the young people had been experimenting with such methods. They also were terroristic in their outlook, having as cause similar incidents to provoke them. They dreamed of founding an Indian empire more or less in the old Hindu style.

All these activities had no connection with the Indian National Congress, which, ironically enough, was founded by retired English officials in order to provide a platform where "honest" criticism of the government could be made in parliamentary fashion. Later, however, it became more and more an organ for expressing public opinion and press-

ing popular demands, rather than an academic institution for futile debate. Until recently, it had always been too much obsessed with constitutional procedure. So the youth movement, which from the very beginning had a revolutionary outlook, remained, of necessity, quite apart from the Congress.

As the National Congress later changed its methods and also its objective (from that of being an equal partner in the British commonwealth to championing independence), so also the young revolutionaries altered their methods of operation. The isolated groups tried to come into closer contact with one another. This was not an easy task; the vast expanse to be covered, the lack of communication and, above all, the constant vigilance of the British made it tremendously risky. But the trial of the revolutionaries in different parts of India served as a sort of official proclamation regarding the existence of different groups, and gradually contact was established. Those revolutionaries who had to, fled from India and lived in exile.

The biggest opportunity for these groups came during the World War. It is true that the country was not fully prepared for an armed revolution; and they were not organized enough to carry on revolution successfully, but they had strength enough to force the government to surrender more power to the people, which could be used subsequently against it. Two main events frustrated their attempts.

After returning from South Africa after his partial success there, Gandhi was taking stock of the political situation. Although he had been against the British government while in South Africa and knew that an agreement made by that government had been broken in a short time, he put his faith implicitly in the promise of the same government that it would grant India self-government if India helped England in the World War. The apostle of non-violence exhorted the people to be recruited as soldiers, to open their lean purses to finance the English government in the purchase of more guns and aeroplanes,

(Cont. on page 34)



Mister HEARS-S-S-T

Mod^{to} *f* *mp* *Vamp* Oh,

p Henry Ford is a tear gas To-ry, With fa-scist bugs in his up-per story, Ber-narr Mac Fadden on

spinach is fed, His muscles have hardened and gone to his head, The boo-by prize goes to dear old Herbie And

Al Smith deserves a wooden der-by, But there is one whose name comes first, Der Führer Will-i-am Randolph Hearst-t. How'd you

f like a 'Heil' sa-lute, Mis-ter Hearst, Wouldn't a Swastika be cute, Mis-ter Hearst, Would you

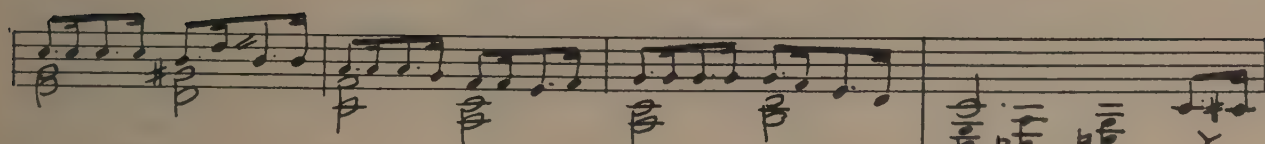
ship us back by freighter, You old rabid labor hater, Wouldn't you love to be dic-tator, Mis-ter Hearst How'd you

like to be the tops, Mis-ter Hearst, With a corps of fascist cops, Mis-ter Hearst, Wouldn't you

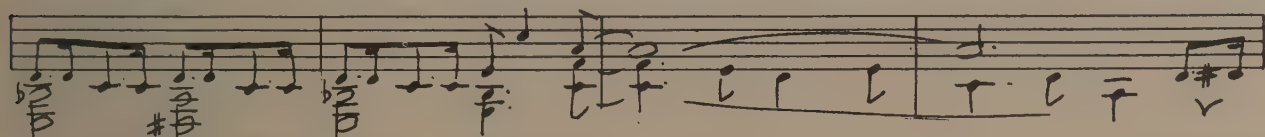
A complete piano arrangement of this song may be obtained by sending 12¢ in stamps to The Champion, 749 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

WORDS and MUSIC

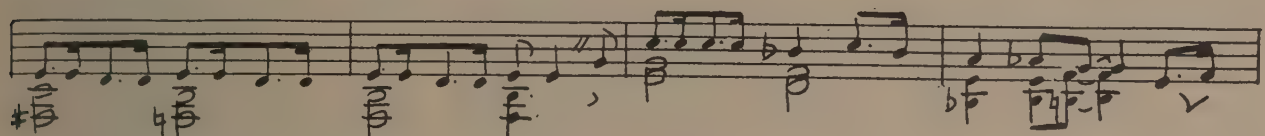
By Lewis Allen



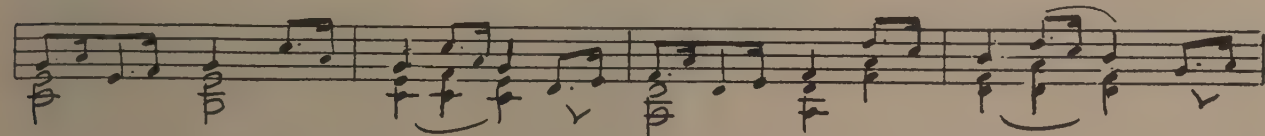
love to play the Aryan, Turning liberals to carrion, For your flag and little Marion, Mister Hearst, You could



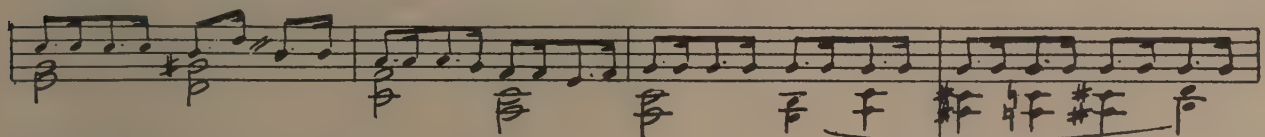
turn the whole darn nation into one big concentration camp — All the



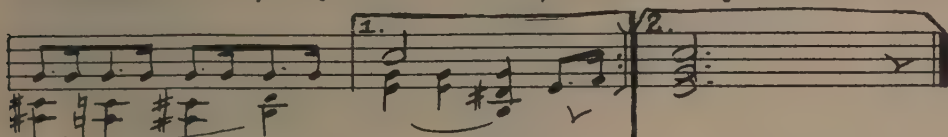
armies and the navies Would be yours and Marion Davies, And all the rest who toil Would get castor oil — How'd you



like Il Duce's role, Mis-ter Hearst We wouldn't touch you with a pole, Mister Hearst, You could



fill the shoes of Hitler, But your soul is even littler, We wouldn't touch you with a one foot, two foot, three foot, four foot, five foot, six foot,



Seven foot, eight foot, nine foot, ten foot pole — How'd you pole — —

How'd you like to shoot the "reds", Mister Hearst,
Murder liberals in their beds, Mister Hearst,
Wouldn't you love to play the Poppa
To that rat, the open shopper,
And rule picketing improper, Mister Hearst?
Wouldn't you like to cut your tax, Mister Hearst,
Give all Union men the axe, Mister Hearst,
Wouldn't you love to have those he-men,
Dressed in brown shirts for your G-men,
Brown the east and west coast seamen, Mister Hearst?

You could turn the whole darn nation
Into one big concentration camp
And that so subversive statue,
That of Liberty staring at you
Into a hotsoy tosy Nazi fascist tramp,
You could plug Horst Wessel's tune, Mister Hearst,
You could string up Heywood Brown, Mister Hearst,
You could fill the shoes of Hitler,
But your soul is even littler,
We wouldn't touch you with a one foot, two foot, three

A New Song of India

(Cont. from page 31)

and began to wait patiently for the day of liberation. The Indian people, so long bitter against alien rule, were misled into feeling sympathy for their enemy faced with danger, in the hope of thus winning their freedom.

Yet the revolutionaries wished to take advantage of the European situation. They were better organized. Arms and ammunitions in big quantities were promised them by a foreign country and were, in fact, on the way. A general uprising was arranged.

Then suddenly, probably through disclosure on the part of some officers of that government, the information about the shipment of arms leaked out. Two ships were caught, and their contents never reached India. The breakdown of the plan was so sudden that not all the organizations learned of it quickly enough. Individual attempts to revolt were made, and in a few places they held their positions for a day or two. The government was thoroughly prepared, so, after a brief struggle, they either surrendered to be hanged, or fled the country. Since they found no sympathy from the people, who did not want to harass the government for the time being, the revolutionaries were eventually discovered and weeded out.

After the armistice, the fulfillment of Gandhi's dream came in the form of the Jallian Wallabagh massacre of more than five hundred unarmed people, young and old, men and women. The massacre was such a blow that even Gandhi lost faith in the goodness of the British government's heart. He launched his famous non-violent campaign, which was the only kind possible at that moment. If he had but started the movement earlier instead of exhorting recruitment, he could have prepared the masses for political change; and that, coupled with the forces of the young revolutionaries, would have changed the course of history in India.

In this movement, the non-violent campaign, the youth of India joined wholeheartedly. Now, even in the farthest corner of India, one hears the name of Gandhi and what he stands for from people who have actually taken part in this struggle. It is amazing to think that in a country like India, where only 10% of the population is literate (the criterion of literacy being the ability to read a letter and sign one's name), where propaganda through newspapers

was impossible, where no radio existed, so much could be accomplished in only ten years. This has been possible through the activities of young men and women who left schools and colleges, went out into the remotest parts of the country, held mass meetings, organized boycotts, trudged from door to door to bring the message of the struggle, and were finally led into prison by the thousands. The history of the non-violent movement in India has been mainly the history of the amazing activities and fearless determination of the youth.

About three years after the launching of the non-violent campaign against the British government, something happened which did not find Gandhi's approval. Growing more and more desperate in the face of the brutal assaults on the Congress volunteers, who were almost exclusively young men and women, the people lost their patience, and violence broke out. In a place in Central India, the people, armed with brickbats and the traditional bamboo sticks, resisted the police force wielding rifles and revolvers, drove them into the police station, soaked the building with kerosene, and set fire to it. In the Punjab a similar mob attacked a detachment of soldiers equipped with machine guns and armored cars, overpowered them, and destroyed an armored car. Gandhi stared at these events with wide eyes, first became speechless and then called off the whole movement. The bloodshed of the victims so shocked him that he completely forgot that by calling halt he was consigning his countrymen to gradual but inevitable and systematic death by starvation—in actuality, consigning his countrymen to violence.

As a result of that, the youth of India changed its method again. Some remained within the Congress, trying to seize it and utilize it to prepare the masses for the future revolt. Others, working underground, retired from the Congress activities and applied their energies in other directions. That Gandhi should eventually find the Congress not completely complying to his ideas and think of quitting it, can easily be understood when one remembers this fact. The number of underground workers can be only partially gauged by the number of arrests and deportations without trial every year.

Until recently, the young people of India were not committed to any particular political philosophy. All they

wanted was to get rid of British domination. The future social and political set-up did not engage their attention, although one could find two extremist groups among them. One group thought in terms of ancient India, and dreamed of bringing the prehistoric Indian culture back into the very structure of its government. Another, bitterly disappointed with everything they saw in India, hoped to annihilate all those shackles of the past and start a completely new chapter in Indian history. Both of them had probably little concept of the complexity of the social problems they would have to face after they had won their freedom, and they certainly did not realize that any pattern of social and political structure would have to be modified according to the conditions prevailing in the land.

But this important realization is dawning upon them today. And that is why both of these groups are approaching one another in one sense—in ideology, the focal point of their previous differences. That is why the "Sanatanists" (the torchbearers of the ancient and everlasting Hindu ideals) are breaking down the barriers of caste and coming into contact with the workers' unions, while the Socialists and Communist-minded youths are beginning to find out that it is more important for them to understand the Hindustani than to know the Russian language.

To one who has followed these current events closely, there is no difficulty in realizing that even the infinitesimally small dose of "reforms" granted by the Parliament and the benevolent and "friendly" gesture of English politicians are more a result of the potential revolt of the youth than kindly experiments emanating from the soul as spiritual aims.

And the youth, the watchdog of the Indian masses, will not be placated by the white-paper "reforms" and the disbursing of a few high-salaried government jobs to fat-bellied Indian political lecturers. They know what price they will have to pay for their country's liberation, the fruits of which perhaps another generation will enjoy. But they also know that liberation is sure and not so far away; and when that time comes, like the heroic youth of Spain and China, they too will be ready to take their places in the front lines in the struggle for the liberation of India.

Hitch Your Wagon To A Star

(Cont. from page 7)

in. "You ought to have that set to music!"

"Yeah, I've got a cute kid, too. And when you're out of work, they don't go by the rules of the game any more, and it isn't very funny. Here," he took a chunk of ice out of the wagon and rubbed Buck's head with it and slapped his face a couple of times. Buck grunted but didn't open his eyes. He slapped him again, and the girl put her arms around Buck and said fiercely, "You leave him alone!"

The milkman said okay and stood up. After a moment, he said, "I don't like to leave you like this, but I have to get going. Don't worry, he'll come to..."

"You had better leave," the girl said as he stepped up on the wagon. "This is Buck Kilcoin, the football star, and he'll just about kill you when he gets up!" Tears were running down her cheeks and she coughed to keep from sobbing.

The milkman said, "So that's him. I thought I had seen his face before. He'll be All-American this year. I saw him play last month, in the NYU game. He's pretty good."

"Pretty good?" she shouted. "Why he's the greatest football player we've had in the past ten years! He's so good, they let him use the famous Ed Schick's number, 66! And when he gets up,

he'll..."

Buck groaned and sat up. He rubbed his chin, stared about stupidly for a moment, put his arms around her, and fell back into her comfortable lap, his eyes shut.

The milkman laughed. "He's just asleep now. You can wake him any time you wish. Well, I have to deliver the rest of this milk. Good morning."

His laughter was the last straw. "I'll report you for this," the girl screamed, her voice shrill with rage. "What's your name?"

The milkman stared at her and said nothing.

"What's your name?"

"I believe you would report me. It would be a big joke, something to tell the other kids about. And you would be so sorry afterwards. So damn noble and sorry—when it's too late."

"What's your name?" the girl said coldly. "You might just-as well tell me. I can see your number on the wagon, 159. That will do in place of your name. I'll report that driver of wagon 159 was rude and attacked my..."

"Sure," the driver said suddenly, his voice bitter and low. "And you can report too, that the number used to be 66, and that the name is Ed Schick!"

He yanked on the reins and the wagon moved on, and the girl sat there, feeling very cold and sober and quiet.

10,000,000 Sportsmen

(Cont. from page 19)

tests include such difficult exercises as a parachute jump, a ski jump, a 50-kilometer hike, a 5,000-meter run, etc. Already 2,500 young men and women have been awarded the badge.

All Europe knows and respects the Soviet soccer players. On their first trip abroad, the Soviet basketballers engaged the leading French teams and piled a total of 295 points in all games against France's 61. In heavy athletics, the U.S.S.R. holds 15 of the 39 official world records. In light athletics, it has won nine international records, five of them held by women.

A characteristic feature of the Soviet physical culture setup is that it is designed not so much to develop champions as to provide health-giving recreation to millions. Consider tennis, a rather aristocratic sport. Today, Moscow alone numbers over 15,000 organized tennis players, not to mention other thousands who play without affiliation to clubs.

Just imagine mountain climbing becoming the rage for new tens of thousands each year! Or, thousands of families repairing to the nearest Park of Culture and Rest on their day off for a parachute jump from one of the training towers which abound throughout the nation!

On land, on sea and in the air, young people by the millions are building strong, healthy minds and bodies. Tens of thousands of boys and girls, after qualifying medically, make parachute leaps from airplanes, pilot gliders, conquer the highest mountains, capture international track-and-field events.

No more than bare scratching of the surface of the Soviet physical culture scheme of things has been made in this brief article. Worth remembering is the fact that one need not have the makings of a champion over there to be encouraged and helped in taking up sports which improve health and develop strength, agility, endurance, courage, will power. Nor is anyone barred from enjoying the sports facilities and equipment of the best clubs because of exorbitant registration fees prevalent elsewhere or because of one's race. Performers of championship caliber do not have to worry about their future opportunities; without commercializing their sports, their country places its resources at their disposal.

By guaranteeing leisure and recreation, as well as gainful work and education to all citizens, the recently adopted Soviet Constitution has made of one-sixth of this planet's surface the sportsman's happy hunting ground.



Having Wonderful Time

(Cont. from page 5)

and Curt was fired. He didn't know how to mix sundaes.

After a few months of job-hunting, he found employment with a publicity agency. He clerked in the office a while. And then—success! Our hero was promoted.

Of course, there wasn't any salary increase. He merely did more work for the same low wages. He was now a publicity writer.

Curt laughs as he remembers those press agent days. "It was a funny job. I had to write publicity copy for a canning company. I used to begin with a luscious description of Hawaiian sunsets, Waikiki beach, Hula Hula girls, and wind up with canned pineapple."

Conditions were bad at home, and for a while Curt held down two jobs, publicity during the day, and another soda-jerking job at night. Fortunately, he was soon able to give up the second job and devote his evenings to acting.

Since the age of twelve, Curt's ambition had been to be an actor. His original idea was to go into vaudeville first, and from that graduate into dramatic acting. But the talkies killed vaudeville and ruined that plan. When the talkies came, Curt gave up learning tap dancing and started lessons at a small dramatic school at night. Then he joined amateur dramatic groups, and here, he received his first actual theatre experience.

Every night, he would hurry home from pineapples and publicity, grab a quick meal, and then dash out to act. He spent three years acting with little theatre groups. "I guess I must have acted with two dozen different amateur theatres," Curt says. "I acted with every theatre bunch I could find. And it was darn good experience."

When he was 19, he graduated into the semi-pro ranks. He got a part in a company that was playing "Front Page" in small theatres in and around New York. Salary: five bucks a performance.

In the depths of the depression, he lost his publicity job. For five weary months, he looked for another job, trudged from agency to agency, listened to the Hoover ballyhoo, wondered if he could find the corner prosperity was hiding around. Finally, desperate, like thousands of other American boys, he decided to "go on the bum."

He hopped a freight, rode the rails down South. It was a bitter experience. When night came, he slept in the open,

or if he was fortunate, in the local jail. "I saw," Curt says, "some of the best jails in the deep South . . . believe me that Sunny Southland was very inhospitable."

Depression plus his Southern vacation, started Curt thinking about the world around him. Why couldn't he and seventeen million other Americans who wanted jobs get them? What was wrong? "I decided then," Curt says, "that there was something screwy about our economic set-up. . . . It seemed to me that we needed a more equitable distribution of wealth, a more just society."

He heard about the C C C. He knew that this wasn't the way out. But he realized that it was better than being a road kid. He joined up.

They shipped him to a camp in Oregon. Curt makes a wry face as he thinks about it. "It was like a chain gang . . . we did chain gang work . . . digging of ditches. That wasn't all . . . there was horrible food . . . army dictatorship."

Horatio Alger would have his hero polish the captain's boots, and get to be camp orderly. But not Curt. He's a fighter. He organized the boys of the camp, led a protest strike.

They went to the captain, demanded better food, decent conditions. The captain decided to break the strike by hitting at its leadership. Curt was fired, dishonorably discharged.

On his way home, Curt stopped off at Divisional Headquarters of the C C C and told them his story. A few months later, he received an honorable discharge from Washington, and his back pay.

In New York, he managed to pick up an odd job from time to time, enough to keep him going. He was still determined to be an actor. He heard about Jasper Deeter's famous Hedgerow Theatre, near Philadelphia. This, he decided, was the place for him.

He spent his last two dollars to get there. He went backstage after one evening's performance, only to find that Deeter would not see him. Curt slept overnight in the railway station, returned next morning to the theatre. Again, Deeter refused. Curt hitched-hiked back to New York.

He came close to starvation, but somehow, he managed to live. He was still sore at Deeter, and one day, he sat down and wrote him a bitter letter.

The letter aroused Deeter's interest and he asked Curt to come down to Hedgerow again. This time he was not turned away. He was given a place in the acting company. He played bits in various shows. In between times, he

cleaned windows and made furnaces for his room and board.

After six months at Hedgerow, Curt returned to New York. This was the turning point in his young life. He discovered a new kind of theatre. It was called the Theatre of Action, an ambitious group of young actors. They didn't have much money, but they had talent—and an idea.

The idea was this—to produce plays about things that really mattered. They believed that the theatre should be for the many, not the few. They wanted a theatre for the people—a labor theatre.

Curt was made a regular member of the company. It was then that his theatre training really started. During the next two years he appeared in dozens of plays and skits. He shared a small East Side apartment with the ten other members of the Theatre of Action company. He took turns with the others, cleaning the collective living quarters. At times, he was even the cook.

The Theatre of Action played before hundreds of thousands of workers in and around New York. Usually, they brought the plays to the audience. They set up their stage in union halls, workers' clubs, even on waterfront docks. The plays were always on topics of current importance—Fascism, War, Unemployment.

Today, Curt emphasizes how much he owes to the Theatre of Action. "I received both practical and theoretical training. First I had the chance to act in a variety of roles before big audiences. . . . Secondly, the Theatre of Action had classes led by famous actors and directors from the Group Theatre. I can honestly say that it was this theatre, and the labor movement, that gave me my first real opportunity . . . Broadway closed to the ambitious young actor, I had to go to the labor theatre for experience and training."

In 1935, the Theatre of Action went uptown to Broadway; produced a full-length play called "The Young Go First." Curt's Oregon experience came in handy for this was a drama about the C C C camps.

Unfortunately, this Broadway venture ruined the Theatre of Action financially. They produced one more play, "The Crime," in which Curt played the leading role, that of a labor leader.

From the Theatre of Action, Curt went into the Federal Theatre of W.P.A. Last Fall, the directors of the Group Theatre, who had watched his work with the Theatre of Action, gave him a small part in the anti-war play "Johnny Johnson." This was followed by a good-sized role in

(Cont. on next page)

Having Wonderful Time . . .

(Cont. from page 36)

"Marching Song," John Howard Lawson's play about an auto workers' strike, produced by the Theatre Union.

In October of 1937, came his big chance. He stepped into the lead in "Having Wonderful Time," when Jules Garfield, returned to the Group Theatre to play in "Golden Boy."

Curt, of course, is a member of the union in his craft—Actor's Equity. His father is president of a theatre workers' union, affiliated to the A. F. L. "I believe every young person should make it his job to join the union in his or her trade," Curt declares. "It's the only way you can better your conditions."

He adds that he regrets the split in the labor movement. "I hope unity between the A. F. L. and the C. I. O. will soon be achieved."

The interviewer asked him about Spain. "Some of my closest friends are fighting for the Loyalists, as members of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion," he answered. "Naturally, I am doing what little I can over here to aid the Spanish people in their heroic struggle against Fascism." "And," he concluded, "that goes for China, too."

Bitter Beet Sugar

(Cont. from page 24)

ing. One family, regardless of its size, to every 1-2 rooms.

Consequent to the low level of income, a widespread credit system has sprung up. Unable to pay for their purchases at one time, the laborers are compelled to buy on credit and make their payments when they receive their wages.

At the end of this continuous stream of exploitation lies only one ending—relief. For periods of from three to five months during the winter and spring, many of the best families have been on relief. In sugar beet time, they are dropped from the relief rolls as soon as they sign a contract for beet field work. They must accept this contract under threats of losing next winter's relief.

It is hoped that the beet sugar restrictions of the new Sugar Act will do away with most of these unbelievable conditions. They don't want much—just that measure of security and independence for themselves and their families that is their right as human beings.

Out in the Colorado sugar beet fields, they remember the AAA, and when you talk about the new Sugar Act they look at you with the look of a guy who sees a mirage twice.

It's just "bitter beet sugar" to them.

Night Hoods Are In Flower

(Cont. from page 25)

could see. The shooting and the tear gas and the swinging of clubs, it is true, were in the hands of the same "small boys" who waited for a chance to play hero, to show the boss that they were "reel" Americans. But they received their orders from the "main office," and some of them even were admitted to see Tom "Tear Gas" Girdler in order to show them what a successful thug looks like. Everything followed a plan—it is called the Rand Plan, and sometimes the Mohawk Valley Formula, after the author (James H. Rand, Jr., of Remington-Rand) and the places where it had been tried out. The Bob Mackeys of the labor movement have seen the plan in action. Here it is in brief:

When a strike is threatened, call the union leaders "agitators"; that will convince some people that union men are bad people. Force a vote in the shop under the direction of the foremen to "prove" the "agitators" are in a minority. Poison the public mind with "facts" proving that the workers are ungrateful and unreasonable in their demands. Line up the Chamber of Commerce and others by threatening to move your plant out of town, and prepare the ground for a "citizen's committee" to oppose the strike.

If a strike is called, call for "law and order," and demand police protection from imagined violence by the strikers. Get the "citizen's committee" to call a mass meeting to win over the public and organize vigilante activities.

Have the community arm and enlarge the police, state police, special deputies and vigilantes for the psychological effect on the strikers and the public, and prepare these armed forces for "the worst."

Organize a "back to work" movement to further discredit the strike and demoralize the strikers. Put a puppet association of "loyal employees" in charge of the "back to work" movement, and thus you can get your scabs and strikebreakers into the shops with the protection of the "law."

Fix a date for reopening the plant, and have at the plant gates, a "peak" army of police and deputies and vigilantes, with all entrances roped off and an escort for the strikebreakers. This will further demoralize the strikers and discredit the union in the eyes of the

public and the dramatic effect of a theatrically staged "opening" with flags and speeches and praise for the community will give the appearance of a genuine desire on the part of the workers to return to work. Continue the show of police force and pressure from the "citizen's committee," and if necessary, shut the town off from the outside world to convince the strikers of the futility of their cause.

The "end" of the strike must be advertised with stories about the plant being in full operation and to the effect that the strikers who are still out are a very small minority, thus inducing the public to place a moral stamp of approval upon the company.

A new year is at hand, and labor has an important resolution to make:

We shall not permit the trade union movement to remain a house divided. We must borrow the slogan that welded the Thirteen Colonies during the Revolutionary War days: "If we do not hang together, we will hang separately."

And there is an important resolution that the doctors, the lawyers, religious leaders, educational leaders, professional workers, the small business man—the middle class—must make if they would remain secure:

Whereas, the trade unions are the first to be attacked by reaction; and

Whereas, the trade unions are the only organized defenses of democracy against Fascism; and

Whereas, attention is directed next to the middle class immediately after the workers are disposed of when Fascism comes to power; and

Whereas, professionals, intellectuals and small merchants in fascist countries have come to recognize that their interests as individuals and as members of a class are identical with those of the workers;

Let us resolve, therefore, that we will do all in our power to defend the civil rights of workers. If organized labor falls, reaction will make short work of us.

The big owners of industry are forcing industrial warfare on the American people. The people have a precedent for joint action against Fascism in the American Revolutionary War. The Thirteen Colonies were able to throw off the yoke of British imperialist domination because the workers, farmers and small merchants fought side by side.

A LESSON

(Cont. from page 11)

slipped his jackknife from his pocket with the other hand. The fox kicked and fought. He cut off its head. It hung on to his finger dead. He had to pry it loose.

Hugh and Sam got up from under the trees. In twos and threes the others rose and moved across the square and down the street. The grounds around the jail were deserted.

Bibbs rushed into the jail, puffing and sweating like an old mare about to foal. "You stirred up a real nest, Sime Russell. They're at the relief, won't leave till Parkins sees them. Parkins won't come anywhere near, can't tend to business."

He lowered his voice. "Now listen, you go home. Go home and don't be honing up them men. Parkin'll put you on relief come the end of the month."

Sime shook his head doggedly.

"We've been treating you too soft, you old stump," shouted Bibbs, slapping his gun belt.

Sime said quietly, "You ain't gunning me. It's a louse in your own eyebrow you're seeing."

Early next morning Bibbs came to haul Sime to Court. Sime couldn't be budged until Bibbs got into his car and drove off furiously to get Dosha and the five tarts, Garry, and the hog's head.

The whole town jammed the courtroom. Men and women climbed into the jury box and even overflowed into the pews where the Negroes sat.

Jamieson Calhoun was sitting. He was known throughout the country as "Turkeyneck" because during court his long neck always swelled and "shot the red." He could give a man thirty days for spitting out of the wrong side of his mouth.

Calhoun called Sime, who walked slowly out of the little door in the rear with his gun and his sack.

The Judge glared down at him. "Turn in the devil loose, heh?"

Sime raised his eyes innocently.

"Do you know the charges?"

Sime was charged with being a public nuisance, disturbing the peace, starting a riot, threatening to shoot an officer of the government.

Sime looked at his gun. He looked at the judge. He said softly to turn the Judge's wrath away, "I was only a-going skunk hunting."

The whole court roared.

Calhoun's long neck turned red. "What else you got to say for yourself?"

Sime took the hog's head out of the sack. He held it up. "This'll testify for me."

A big buck all the way in the rear exploded. The law hurried after him. He pushed out of the courtroom. They could hear him hawing in the street.

Sime straightened his face. "This man Parkins, he ought to be a man. Some says he's a chunk. Some says he's a yoke."

"Amen," bawled out a voice from the middle of the packed court.

Calhoun pounded his gavel. He thundered at Sime, "Mr. Parkins is not here on charges."

Sime called up Dosha and the five little tarts. Little Bonnie became so scared she started crying. Sime took her from her mother and asked the judge to feel of her bones. No more meat on them than on his little finger. When his boy Abe was away he had enough to feed himself. The sow littered by clock. His corn thrived. He didn't have to set foot off his place but to go beehunting or see what was ailing old Margie so long with Garry's boar. Then Abe lost his job. Dosha came with the little five. It became a Christian man's duty to go seeking for them, to leave no stone unturned. And then he run up against this Parkins.

Sime turned around. He studied the crowd. He called, "Hugh Goar, Jason Rhem, Sad Sam, Allen Bell."

The men shuffled sheepishly down the aisle.

"Testify," cried Sime.

Hugh testified how Parkins ordered him to say, "Please" or he could go starve.

Jason testified how Parkins called him shiftless because he didn't go cut oats. The oats were no higher than a mange dog's hair. He let the old mule into the oat patch. Hadn't ought to have done it, said Parkins. Now you can go starve.

Sad Sam testified how Parkins, hearing Sam's wife had given birth again, said, "Man, you got enough in your belly to breed. You can go starve."

The courtroom was in an uproar. Men and women jumped up, shouting and pointing to Parkins who sat near the judge. "Turkeyneck" Calhoun kept hammering with his gavel till the splinters flew. He would not let the others testify.

The witnesses went back to their seats. The courtroom quieted down. Only the flies noised over the hog's head on the floor.

Parkins' black beady eyes shifted and hopped around. He shoved his hat up over his face and leaned over to the Judge.

Calhoun rose and said slowly through his yellow teeth, "There's no shame in you, old man. None at all. The relief is doing all it can for the people. Biting the hand that feeds you—"

Hugh Goar burst out, "We can feed ourselves. Give us what's a-coming to us."

Sheriff Bibbs jumped up and started for him. Hugh slipped out of the courtroom. Bibbs waddled back to the side of the judge.

The judge, the sheriff, the relief put their heads together.

Calhoun rose, gripping his gavel. His long swollen neck shook. "If it wasn't for your age. . . . Thirty days, sentence suspended."

Sime cried, "I don't take no days. I want what's a-coming to me."

"See Mr. Parkins," thundered Calhoun. "And clear the court."

Sime took the hog's head and the gun and pushed through the crowd down the steps into the square. Men, women, and children touched and slapped him from all sides. He saw that Dosha and the children were around him. He crossed the street and hurried down to the relief, the whole town following him. He pushed the girl at the door against the wall and marched into the office.

Parkins hunched behind his desk, the sweat whipping down his thin hair. "Just Sime Russell," he cried.

Hugh Goar stepped out. "Mr. Please," he bawled, "Mr. Please Parkins, you going to settle with this loafer now."

"And this breeder," shouted Sad Sam.

Jason Rhem moved up to Parkins and stood over the desk, his fists knotted up on his chest.

The crowd was a wall around Parkins. He crouched like a cornered mink. He jammed his pen into the inkwell. He started scrawling relief orders.

Sime took his order and studied it over carefully. He gave it to Dosha. He picked up the hog's head and slammed it muck, stench, and all on the desk. Slapping his stubby hand on the snout, he said, "Mr. Parkins, this'll learn you a lesson."



BIG BILL HAYWOOD — Pillar of Labor.

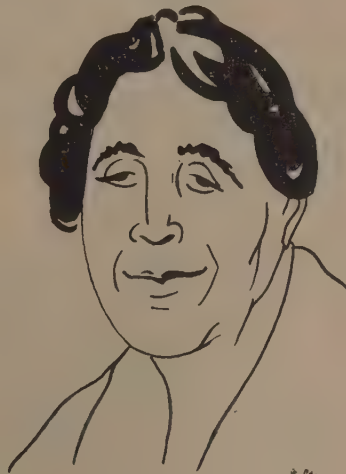
Bill was the leader from the West. He lent his spirit to strikes everywhere. He gave his life for a new society. We'll not forget!

CHAMPS OF THE MONTH 20 YEARS AGO



A. PHILIP RANDOLPH — For Equality.

This brilliant labor leader, now President of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, came up from the ranks. His union is now forging ahead along the lines of industrial organization.



WILLIAM Z. FOSTER — The Indomitable.

This veteran organizer is one of the greatest labor leaders in the United States. He led the great steel strike of 1919 . . . He organized the meat packers. . . And Bill is still going strong!

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN — Pattern for Textile

Twenty years ago, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn was valiantly organizing the fiercely oppressed textile workers of the eastern sweatshops. She's still fighting and teaching today.

TOM MOONEY — Martyr.

There's little unsaid about Tom Mooney. We all know he was framed. And we all know it's up to the liberty loving people of America to see that he's freed.



By Jo Page
and
Jim Murphy



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

WE PRINT herewith the photostatic copy of the official order issued to the CCC camps, making fingerprinting compulsory. This speaks for itself. Nevertheless, let us examine the argument as to why this is done. First, the reason given, is that this should be a start towards fingerprinting the whole population. Why should the whole population be fingerprinted and why make the CCC boys the guinea pigs for this spy system. We are told that the object of fingerprinting is to catch criminals. Why start with the CCC boys — why should they be subjected to a practice of the police line-up, or the Nazi detention camp? This kind of check-up is more than a question of individual rights for the CCC boys. We know that the boys are already under the thumb of strict military control. They are already regimented and regulated along strict military lines of discipline. Fingerprinting the CCC boys now places their whole future lives from their present day to day existence, in the hands of whatever espionage groups, or individuals there may be and thus enables them to make use of these records for their own questionable purposes. This is the method of fascism.

Just imagine what can be written against those ten little smudges if a CCC boy doesn't happen to hit it off with his commanding officer! Fingerprint records can be used against a boy to keep him from any job that he might some day be lucky enough to find. We have repeatedly stated that the CCC, which is a civilian organization for relief of unemployed youth, should not be an Army camp. We now state just as emphatically that it should not be a prison. CCC boys are not criminals, and the U. S. Constitution still governs their rights in the camps. This order for fingerprinting violates the letter and spirit of democratic rights.

There are two things to be done. The practice of fingerprinting must be stopped and the present fingerprint records of the CCC be destroyed. Public sentiment can bring this about. We must let Congress hear our voices.

At the same time, why not inform Washington that we are against any curtailment of the CCC appropriation. The announcement of a 25 million dollar cut in the CCC budget is bad news for the New Year. The CCC boys are entitled to a better deal. Present stand-

CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS
Co. 3215th Camp 5-118
Indian Lake, N.Y.

November 22, 1937

Subject: Fingerprints.

To: Personnel, Co. 3215th, Army, State and enrolled.

1. The Director of the Civilian Conservation Corps, Washington, D.C., has ordered that all personnel in the Civilian Conservation Corps be fingerprinted.

2. This order includes Army personnel, State personnel, and all enrollees.

3. Failure to comply with this order will be grounds for disciplinary action.

4. Fingerprinting will be started this evening, the time being announced by the First Sergeant.

Frank Marshall, Jr.
S. FRANK MARSHALL, JR.
1st Lieut., 304th Cav.
Commanding

Actual reproduction of army orders, demanding fingerprints of all CCC enrollees.

ards are by no means too high. Economy here can only work to the disadvantage of the CCC and the 350,000 enrollees on relief.

TAKE the Army out of the CCC! That's the aim of H.R. 6210, introduced in Congress by Representative John T. Bernard of Minnesota.

Interviewing this stalwart fighter for the democratic rights of America's jobless boys isn't an easy matter. Johnny Bernard likes to talk about the problems of youth, from which he is not so far removed himself. But you have to catch him on the wing. He is commuting by plane these days between Washington, where he has played an outstanding part in the struggle against home-made and international fascism, and the Iron Range where he is acting as field marshal for the C.I.O.

The man whose lone "NO" against the embargo on Loyalist Spain has gone

ringing into history sees the CCC as an important front in the struggle for democracy.

Speaking of the 350,000 young men enrolled in the CCC, he said: "These boys come from the ranks of the workers, their families are for the most part on relief, and they themselves come of age in a world that seems to have no need of young brains and muscle. These boys, with their roots in the working class, have every reason to devote themselves to the cause of Democracy and progress. I want to see them trained to support that cause."

The Congressman was asked how he thought that could be accomplished.

"Take the Army out of the CCC!" he answered. "Army discipline," he went on, "is directed at their minds as well as at their physical fitness for military life. Army discipline, as is proved by last

spring's suppression of the progressive magazine *THE CHAMPION* wants to make them into storm troops for fascism, to isolate them from the problems and programs of their families and their class."

Bernard does not condemn the CCC as a whole. He thinks it offers a partial solution to the problem of unemployed youth. He thinks the federal government owes America's young people the right to work, the right to continue to study, and the right to live decently. But he sees no legitimate place for the Army and its reactionary generals in such a program.

Education, labor, social service and youth itself are the groups who should be represented in the administration of this youth program, he believes. His bill provides that representatives of responsible organizations of such groups shall be appointed to a Board for the the administration of Emergency Conservation Work.

"Organizing iron ore miners on the Range from which I come," said Bernard, "I have met many families who have sons in the CCC. Fathers who are meeting the brutal resistance of the Steel Trust in their efforts to see the Labor Relations Act enforced and their right to collective bargaining recognized in fact as well as in law—mothers who meet tear gas and violence when they ask for relief—don't want their sons "educated" in strikebreaking. Workers' families who are collecting pennies for Loyalist Spain won't let a fascist Fifth Column grow up in this country."

Bernard thinks that the example of Germany teaches the importance of keeping jobless youth free from army and fascist influence. "As long as the War Department controls the CCC," he said, "War Department ideas are going to be hammered into our young men. The boys haven't the background or the judgment to resist this kind of pressure. Some of them will see through it, of course. But we must give all 350,000 a chance to read freely, discuss their problems openly, and keep clear the lines of communication with the people from whom they spring."

The Congressman quoted from the Army and Navy Register's statement about the CCC: "This may prove a lifesaver for the Army.

"That isn't what we want of this program," he said. "It's a youth program—and not an army program. We want it to be a lifesaver for the boys themselves. And, by giving them a chance to prepare for better jobs, to take a part in conserving natural resources, to fit themselves for useful and busy lives—we want to make the CCC a life-saver for peace and American Democracy."



CONG. BERNARD

Rep. John T. Bernard of Minnesota Who Answers the Army's Challenge to the Youth of the CCC.

In the Mail Bag

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

November 26, 1937

Miss Harriet Engdahl, Executive
Secretary,
Youth Protective Committee
55 West 42nd Street, Room 755
New York, New York

DEAR MISS ENGDAHL:

I regret exceedingly that it was not possible for me to reply to your letter of November 16 before this time, and I am sorry that I could not forward you an article by November 22. This was not because of any lack of interest in the problems of your organization, but because of the press of legislative matters which made it impossible for me to write such an article for you.

I want to assure you, however, that I am very much interested in your movement, that I think it is very worth while, and I should be delighted to serve as a sponsor of your Committee.

With kind regards and every good wish, I am

Sincerely,
(Signed) Jerry J. O'Connell.

Dear Editors:

I want to know what the other fellows in the camps think about the United States and the present war situation. All of us are interested in it. We have to be, all young people have to be, for we are the ones who are always picked to fight. I want to ask some question, and I want to know what answers we all have figured out. Should the U. S. Neutrality

Act be applied? If so, would it keep us out of war? If not, what would?

The question of the Neutrality Act is going to be raised in Congress, and we must know how we feel about it. It doesn't seem possible that this country wants to play into Japan's hands. No one has any doubts that Japan has been consistently and obviously an aggressor since 1931. If we sit back and cut off supplies from both China and Japan, it will hurt China more than Japan, which is unjust. And I don't see how it would keep us out of war if the war becomes general in the Far East or spreads to other sections of the world.

If the next world war starts, I don't think there is any legislation that could keep the United States from finally being drawn in. Our only hope is to stop it from starting. War has followed war in the last six years. They have been small, but they are coming faster and faster. Right now, the screaming of shells in Spain are echoed in China. The nations which are not aggressive must work out something which will show concretely that they disapprove of this way of settling national disputes. The Brussels Conference has proved to be a firework which didn't even fizzle. The governments of the world seem impotent. Can't we, the people who pay for wars with our lives, manage to express our desire for some action which will put an end to this constant unprovoked Fascist aggression? There, I have shot off my mouth. I hope some others will write what they think about this.

*One of the generation that
pays for wars.*

Pins and Needles

A Review

By Tipper Kroops

FOR years, you've heard stories about Broadway. You've heard all about its glittering sophistication . . . its streamlined glamour girls . . . its cheap sensuality. Decadent stuff. But you all remember the bromide about there being "a little bit of good in every . . ." Well, there's a spot on Broadway—a *clean* spot. Honest! It's called Labor Stage, recreational home of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

They're putting on a show called *Pins and Needles*.

Its leading ladies go home to their mamas—not their "daddies." Believe it or not, this delightful musical revue is performed by good union members who work all day as dressmakers, cutters, ladies neckwear and knitgoods workers. They're just "plain, simple, common, ordinary, everyday men and women who work hard for a living," as they tell us in the opening number. Dressed in everyday clothes, with an intriguing background of unpretentious settings, this cast holds the enthusiastic interest of the audience throughout every one of their nineteen sketches.

Most of the music and lyrics are by Harold J. Rome whose work in this show proved so excellent that he has already

received offers from well known stage producers, and a national hookup of "The March of Time" program has broadcast several of the songs. The satire is plenty biting, and if you've never believed that swing rhythm and truckin' went with "social-significance," you've got a surprise coming. And what's more (this is for tired union men only) the gals take off their working clothes and don fascinating shimmering *rayon* evening gowns. No Japanese silk for these young ladies!

For the worshippers of Emily Post there's a "Lesson in Etiquette" by a well-groomed society lady who tries to discredit the unrefined display of a picket line. She becomes so indignant that she works herself up into a refined fit of vulgarity.

Numerous sketches could be described, but you really ought to see them for yourself. If you live away from New York, you ought to make arrangements with a union group to produce it.

The wholesomeness and lack of ostentation is what gets the audience. You laugh heartily. There is a mutual understanding between the audience and the actors. However, there are a few individuals in the audience who don't

laugh so loud. After the show you see them step into shiny black limousines. Maybe these cloak manufacturers come to see what subversive activity their troublesome employees are plotting.

The entire cast gives an excellent performance. Ruth Rubenstein, Paul Seymour, Lynne Jaffee, Al Eben and many others help to make *Pins and Needles* the best musical show in town. The cast was chosen from the various union locals, each of which have their own little drama group. That is about all the experience the performers have had, plus months and months of rehearsals after a hard day's work. Charles Friedman who staged the production deserves much credit for the finished, first-rate presentation.

So, if you want hot rhythm, tantalizing tunes, belly laughs, and the glowing feeling of seeing a show with social content successfully performed by working members of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, reserve your tickets immediately. The show will be put on Friday and Saturday nights only, during December, but in January it may run nightly. It is playing at Labor Stage, 106 West 39th Street. Tickets are fifty cents, seventy five, a dollar, and a dollar fifty.

Dots and Dashes

TO THOSE of you who have been waiting for television to come in before trading in that set of the vintage of 1916, the Skyriders offers a bit of timely advice.

Television is *not* around the corner. The technical circumstances making it a thing of the indefinite future will be discussed here in a forthcoming issue.

On the other hand—console radio sales up to the present writing have only been a fraction of the amount anticipated. Coupled to this, the country has experienced a terrific slump in the last month. Manufacturers and jobbers who anticipated a banner year have been compelled to football prices around as the situation grew more acute.

The result is a situation where the buying public can make a real buy.

A word of caution, however, or rather several words of caution.

1. Do not buy a midget set in a con-

sole cabinet.

2. Only buy AC-DC sets where an AC set will not do. AC sets are always far superior.

3. Several of the automatic tuning models are not what they have been cracked up to be. A reliable dealer will tell you which to avoid.

4. Do not buy sets on "time." A considerable saving on the base price of the set can be effected if you buy for cash.

5. See that you get an unconditional, not a parts guarantee, which leaves you open to service charges, or a service guarantee which leaves you open to parts charges.

Specific questions will be answered if letters are addressed to the Skyriders, c/o THE CHAMPION. A stamped, self-addressed envelope must be included.

Note to Music Lovers—WQXR in New York, broadcasting on a frequency of 1,550 kilocycles, devotes its time exclu-

sively to the rebroadcasting of the finest classical music available.

Our readers are warned to beware of the street venders throughout the country who sell a small plug device which supposedly eliminates static and obviates the use of an outside aerial. In the last two years, these venders or "pitchmen" as they are called, have reaped a golden harvest from a gullible public.

The gadget which does these "marvelous" things is usually demonstrated on a radio set mounted on the fender of a car. The pitchmen in rapid succession show how "man made" static in the form of noise created by fans, motors and telephones is immediately eliminated.

The device which sells at from 25 to 50 cents will do *nothing* for your radio set. The demonstration depends upon sleight of hand and fast talking. Beware of the frauds who sell these fake eliminators.

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Sateen Boxing Trunks, Elastic Top
Air Pump, (basketball and football)
Scrap Book
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Powder Compact
Cigarette Case and Lighter
Handy Tool Kit
Fountain Pen and Pencil
Sweatshirt
Oxford Sneakers (men and women)
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Indoor Baseball Bat
Pencil Sharpener, (desk type)
Leather Wallet

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Rollfast Roller Skates
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Sweat Coat, Fleece Line
Zipper Sweat Shirt
Agfa Ansco Box Camera
Carry-All Bag
Basketball Sneakers
Monogrammed Playing Cards
Tank Suits (men and women)
Bingo Set, 8 Players
Football Jersey
Chess Set
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10 SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Football Shoulder Pads
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Football
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Basketball Shoes
Melton All Wool Windbreaker
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Shuffle Board, Discs and Pushers
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Punching Bag
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Ladies Riding Boots
Soccer Ball
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Boxing Gloves
Punching Bag Platform

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Ladies Leather Coat, $\frac{3}{4}$ length
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Carbon Microphone (table stand 5 subs)
Official Collegiate Basketball
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Suede Windbreaker
Portable Phonograph

40 SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Phonograph

50 SUBSCRIPTIONS

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65 SUBSCRIPTIONS

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1. The Champion Prize Contest is open to any individual, organization, club, or group, with the exception of employees or members of the staff of The Champion.

2. The Champion Prize Contest begins November 1, 1937 and ends on midnight, February 15, 1938.

3. The decision of the judges in this contest to be final.

4. The Grand Prize will be awarded to the contestant securing the greatest number of subscriptions during the contest.

5. A contestant is eligible for the Grand Prize regardless of the number of prizes he has selected.

6. In case of a tie—duplicate Grand Prizes will be awarded.

7. All prizes will be awarded on the basis of the number of subscriptions obtained by the contestant.

8. The contestant may choose any of the prizes listed during the contest, providing his selection is in accordance with the number of subscriptions submitted.

9. A contestant may secure a prize for each specified number of subscriptions, or *he may reserve one of the larger prizes* by informing the Contest Department.

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