

DECEMBER 7

1 9 4 3

NEW MASSES

15¢

In Canada

20¢

FREE SPEECH FOR FASCISTS?

A continuation of the discussion by

DR. ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

and EARL BROWDER

THE POLISH HEARSTS *by Ed Falkowski*

TWO YEARS AFTER PEARL HARBOR

DEMOCRACY'S BATTLE *by Robert Minor*

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE *by Joseph North*

PORTRAIT OF A WARRIOR

An interview with Bob Thompson, DSC, by Barbara Giles

A REVIEW OF BEN FIELD'S NEW NOVEL, "OUTER LEAF," BY ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

A SEAMAN SAYS SO

"I GUESS IT TAKES A WAR," writes one of New Masses' seamen readers. "Here I've been around progressive movements ever since I was a toddler. I've been a National Maritime Union member since its inception. Before that I was in the Marine Workers Industrial Union. But I guess it takes a war. Why? Well, too many of us take New Masses for granted, and I confess that I've been one of them.

New Masses, New York N.Y.

Editor:

I guess it takes a war. Here I've been around progressive movements ever since I was a toddler. I've been an N.M.U. member since its inception. Before that I was in the M.W.I.U., but I guess it takes a war. Why? Well too many of us take the New Masses for granted, and I confess that I've been one of them. So what happens. Up till now I've been buying the masses in a haphazard sort of way. But now that I've gone back to sailing again I've become an avid

"SO WHAT HAPPENS? Up till now I've been buying NM in a haphazard sort of way. But now that I've gone back to sailing again, I've become an avid reader of the magazine. It's traditional for sailors to do a lot of reading. They read everything from junk to serious-minded publications. And so to make up for all the time I have neglected to buy NM, I spread copies of it around at random. And it gets results. To say the magazine is good is a gem of understatement. It's terrific! Sometimes a fellow looks around and sees Hitler's little helpers running wild. Then he picks up a copy of NM and it's like a shot in the arm. . . ."

THERE'S MORE TO THAT LETTER from one who keeps 'em sailing, but you get the idea. Many such letters come to us and not only from seamen. They are the very stuff of our morale. Here are the people who try to "spread NM around." You too are among them—you who are battling with us to reach that goal of 5,000 new subscribers by January. The communique on that battle thus far is: 741 new subs in September; 1,094 in October; 1,277 (to date) in November. Total 3,122—or 1,878 subs to go, with just about a month left. The last figure sounds mighty high; but you will notice that the achievements climbed each month. All we need now is one last, mighty effort, and we'll be over the top. Will we make it?

YOU, AND ONLY YOU, CAN SUPPLY THE ANSWER.

NM SPOTLIGHT

Pearl Harbor

OUT of the disaster that befell us on a crisp Sunday afternoon two years ago, out of the shambles of our battlefleet, out of the shattered illusion that we could safeguard our security by simply asserting our might—out of all these, and more, we have emerged with a larger consciousness of how such tragedies shall never be repeated. War is indeed the crucible in which the preventives of future wars are compounded. And if we have learned the bitter lessons, if we have managed at long last to overtake the truth then we have become strong in a way which arms alone can who will taste it.

Our people in their transformed mood, in their heightened anger, know their enemies. To be sure there are still lags in identifying those enemies at home. The conspirators bedeck themselves in a deceptive patriotism. But they are being uncovered and there is greater vigilance against false counsel, against those who transmit Hitler's tenets as being compatible with our national interests. The whole kit and caboodle of them—from Hearst to McCormick, from Wheeler to Hoover, from Coughlin to Smith, from Norman Thomas to Luigi Antonini—stir the witches brew but there are fewer and fewer who will taste it.

That is why our national unity has managed to thrive despite the onslaught upon it. And it is good to know that unity has broadened, that it is maturing in the process of a people's war. But it is still far from that unbreakable union which the times demand. In and out of Congress politics are played as usual, impeding our military prowess and reducing the effectiveness of those mammoth achievements in production. No one will ever know how much stronger we might have been on the battlefield, how much closer to the end we might be, if the willful minority of evil men had been driven from public influence. There is no way of calculating the unnecessary deaths they have caused or the penalties we shall have to pay for permitting them to plot and to ruin.

They—the party of defeat and compromise—have lost many battles. And now they are waging a new one surely doomed again if the American giant will quickly rally to the counterattack. Our participation in the Moscow Conference—like the forthcoming meeting of Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin—was a token of the conviction

that we can neither conduct war alone nor live in peace alone. For two years we have had proof that as a nation our destiny depends on the collective strength of ourselves and our friends. That realization is now symbolized in Mr. Hull's signature to the Moscow agreements. Yet there is a movement fathered by Hearst and pressed by reactionary Poles and clerics to revoke our commitments exactly at the moment when it has become clear that without such commitments the war will be protracted in Hitler's interests. The "issue" of the Soviet borders is merely the convenient vehicle to ram United Nations solidarity. The Soviet position on Byelorussia, on the Baltic states, on Bessarabia, is incontestable whether it be examined historically or ethnically. But the ineffable Polish landlords who betrayed Poland in the first place and their allies in this country push hard to begin a controversy in order to destroy all that has been achieved through rivers of tears and blood.

The Russians have given us time to mobilize our resources. To them we owe our safety for the past two years. The British and the Chinese have held critical fronts while we collected our economic and military assets. Now the final reckoning is imminent. And if there is one lesson to stress on the second anniversary of a day "which will live in infamy" it is that only through our united will can our foes be overwhelmed wherever they are found. The dead whose blood was spilled on the bleached sands of Tarawa, the memory of Colin Kelly and Meyer Levin, the feats of Dorie Miller and Charles French will have meaning only as they weld us closer as a people alongside other peoples in this last round and in the peace to come.

Postwar Plans



ONCE again President Roosevelt has contributed to the morale of the armed forces—and to the nation—by demanding definite commitments from Congress to service men and women in the postwar period. A month ago, the President urged Congress to provide aid to young people demobilized after the war who wish a chance to pursue their education. So far, Congress has failed to act. Now the President has requested legislation to "help our returning men and wom-

en bridge the gap from war to peace activity. When the war is over, our men and women in the armed forces will be eager to rejoin their families, get a job, or continue their education, and to pick up the threads of their former lives. They will return at a time when industry will be in the throes of reconversion."

The President went on to point out that specific plans are needed to assist service men and women to "tide over the difficult period of readjustment from military to civilian life." He asked further for unemployment allowance for those unable to find jobs within a reasonable time. Congress responded by referring to committee bills providing for muster-out pay ranging from \$100 to \$300, and security benefits and unemployment allowance of \$15 to \$25 a week for those not able to get work immediately.

Obviously, the congressional obstructionists will not dare openly to oppose demobilization and unemployment payments. But they will attempt to delay, to reduce the size of benefits, to limit the scope of the legislation. The danger is always present that the intent of the proposed legislation will be violated by the behind-doors mangling processes at which those who bray about "economy"—which they use as an excuse to sabotage the war administration at every turn—are so expert.

Your Battle

THERE is no blinking the fact that the House anti-subsidy vote represented a sweeping defeat for the nation and the war effort. The severity of the defeat cannot be exaggerated; what can be overestimated is its finality. If the Senate has not already acted by the time these words are read, then immediate demands by wire and mail to the Senators themselves can still force a reversal of the shameful inflationary program approved by the House. More important, should the Senate also bow to the defeatists and their farm-bloc allies, the fight for subsidies is even then not lost. That is where the people come in.

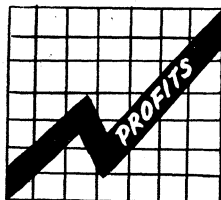
From his repeated statements and his vigorous advocacy of food subsidies to stabilize prices during the war period, President Roosevelt can be expected to veto the congressional go-ahead signal to the inflationists. Thereby the President again will



offer the people a chance to force Congress to pay attention to the war. Previous to the House vote, neither the consumers' organizations nor the labor movement, with the exception of the CIO, showed sufficient awareness of their stake in subsidies to mobilize in time to thwart the farm bloc. In particular, the Railroad Brotherhoods and the AFL procrastinated until far too late in the game to register their full support of the administration's all-important subsidy program. But the costly error can even yet be corrected. The fight is by no means lost against the handful of lobbyists who do not represent those for whom they pretend to speak. The impending Presidential veto permits an aroused public opinion to register its majority desires—but public opinion must be organized as never before.

The anti-subsidy bloc claims to speak for the farmer. Yet when Representative O'Konski polled his Wisconsin farm district on the question of subsidies, the farmers responded with a two-to-one vote in favor of them. Representative Burdick of North Dakota asked for the opinion of farm organizations in his agricultural state, and learned that five hundred members of the National Farmers Union, after exhaustive discussion, voted 490 in favor of subsidies, seven against, with three abstaining. The friends of inflation in Congress no more speak for the farmers than they speak for the workers or middle classes or any other significant group of average Americans. Only through subsidies can the looting of the people by the profiteers be prevented. Only the people's united insistence can take full advantage of a Presidential veto to force Congress not only to reconstitute the Commodity Credit Corporation, but to appropriate the necessary funds to give substance to the essential program of restraining prices from breaking through their already high levels.

A Note on Profits



PASSAGE by the House of a tax bill which makes no significant increase in taxes on high individual incomes and corporations is as good an occasion as any to call attention to an extraordinary wartime phenomenon: the record-breaking profits being made by American corporations despite the highest taxes in history. In a report made to the House Ways and Means Committee in connection with the recent tax hearings, the Treasury Department estimated that 1943 profits *after taxes* will be \$8,750,000,000, as compared with an estimated \$8,350,000,000 in 1942. The pre-war peak was in 1929 when net income after taxes was \$8,084,000,000. In the most profitable year of World War I,

1917, the figure was \$7,342,000,000. From 1940 through 1943 profit after taxes will have averaged nearly four billion more than the average of the four preceding years, 1936-39.

These figures are as a rule never permitted to invade the news columns of the press. If printed at all, they are discreetly buried in the financial pages. At the same time the editorial pages continue to thunder about New Deal "collectivism" and warn that American corporations, groaning under intolerable tax burdens, have just about reached the limit if their "incentive" is not to be killed. Our corporation taxes *are* the heaviest on record. But the only conclusion to be drawn from these lush profit figures is that taxes aren't heavy enough. The Treasury's proposal for \$1,100,000,000 in additional corporation taxes erred, in fact, on the side of conservatism.

Other Cities Please Copy



NATIVE fascists who dreamed of transforming Boston into a New England replica of Berlin woke up with a jolt last week. Governor Saltonstall refused to reappoint Police Commissioner Timilty, who had achieved notoriety through his refusal to cope with anti-Semitic outbreaks which had alarmed the city for many months. The governor, bucking a high-pressure Hearst-Christian Front campaign on Timilty's behalf, chose Col. T. F. Sullivan, present state fuel administrator.

Recognizing the full gravity of the racist issue, 2,500 representative citizens met last week at Symphony Hall to urge maximum speed in the promotion of racial unity. Church, labor, and civic leaders urged that the police department initiate new investigations of attacks upon Jews in the Dorchester area. Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, of the Methodist Church, spoke the meeting's mind when he said: "I can't prove there's a definite tie-up between the recent outbreaks and the vast national fascist movement, but I know for a fact that the former constitute a real menace to our form of government." The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Richard J. Haberlin, vicar general of the Archdiocese of Boston, told off the Christian Frontists with his statement: "To deny our neighbor his inalienable rights amounts to a rejection of God and to despise him because of his race or religious belief is neither Catholic nor American."

It would be well for the new police commissioner to ponder those remarks carefully and overcome the dangerous notion he expressed after his appointment, that the racist outbreaks were mere "kid stuff." Most Bostonians would agree with Rabbi Herman H. Rubenovitz, president of the

Boston Rabbinical Association, who took emphatic issue with Colonel Sullivan. These racist manifestations, the rabbi said, engendered "in youth the same Jew-baiting proclivities which started Germany toward moral collapse and which are the basis of all fascist movements." Colonel Sullivan, moreover, should heed the rabbi's warning that the attacks on Jews appeared to be directed by nationwide anti-Semitic groups.

Instead of pooh-poohing the danger, vigorous police action is certainly in order. The unmasking of powers behind the scene and appropriate measures to thwart them is the evident will of the cross-section of Boston which attended the Symphony Hall meeting. Meanwhile, the people have swept into motion: public-spirited groups in Boston have united in a campaign to promote enlightenment and unity with the city's minorities—a form of activity which could well be duplicated throughout the country.

Worse Than the Disease



THE tender solicitude of Home Secretary Herbert Morrison for the health of Britain's Number 1 Nazi, Sir Oswald Mosley, seems likely to prove most unhealthy for Morrison himself. If the tornado of protest that has been unloosed by Mosley's release sweeps out certain Augean stables of British political life, it will have accomplished a great deal, irrespective of what happens to Mosley himself. Morrison's shameless truckling to fascism has evoked a response which must renew the faith of people everywhere in the will and intelligence of the common man. As one policeman who was stationed at a demonstration in Whitehall put it (according to the United Press): "I don't remember so many people so excited since the days of the general strike in '26." It is excitement with a purpose, the meaningful initiative of the millions who are fighting this war for keeps and are determined to construct a peace free of Mosleys and all they represent.

Just think what happened within a few days after announcement of the British government's intention to release Sir Oswald and Lady Mosley. Britain's organized workers sprang into action with a roar of anger. Delegations representing thousands of war workers from all over the country poured into London toward the Home Ministry and other government offices. The most powerful unions in Britain, the Transport and General Workers, the Miners, the Engineers, the Railwaymen, passed resolutions denouncing Morrison's action. The General Council of the

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FREE SCHAPPES!

A NEWS item in the *New York Times* datelined Washington, November 22, reports: "Without explanation, and with the single word, 'Denied,' the Supreme Court refused to interfere with the conviction of Morris U. Schappes, who was a teacher at City College, New York, for thirteen years, and a prominent figure during the Rapp-Coudert investigation into Communist activities in the educational system."

An inconspicuous place was given this item, though it is more important than many heavily headlined articles, in its sinister significance for the future of true democracy and of academic and intellectual freedom in the United States.

In March 1941 Morris Schappes, instructor at City College for thirteen years, writer and lecturer, advocate of collective security and friendship with the Soviet Union, and also (here seems to be a large part of what Hamlet graphically terms "the rub!") a cooperater in the organization of the New York College Teachers Union—was summoned to appear before the Rapp-Coudert Committee of the New York state legislature, on suspicion of Communist sympathies.

He frankly declared membership in the Communist Party, and said that he knew only three other Communists at City College. The Coudert Committee insisted that he knew at least fifty other Communists there.

Whereupon Mr. Schappes was suspended from his teaching position in City College, and indicted on a charge of perjury! He was tried, convicted (!), and sentenced to a prison term of from eighteen months to two years. He spent thirty-six days in the Tombs awaiting admission to bail.

For a "sidelight" of calcium brightness, let the reader consider what chance the accused had for an honest trial, when every member of the jury in the case openly admitted prejudice against Communism, Communists, and the Communist Party! Also, in a brief filed later in the N.Y. State Supreme Court, the New York Chapter of the National Lawyers' Guild wrote: "The prejudice against the defendant extended to the court itself, whose rulings were unmistakably hostile."

The case was appealed, but the Appellate Division refused to reverse the conviction. From the Court of Appeals, the last legal recourse in the State of New York, it was carried to the Supreme Court in

Washington, which has now pronounced its single word, "Denied."

Yet another sidelight, perhaps even more glaring, was focussed on the case by Senator Coudert himself who, according to the *New York Times*, declared in a speech to a Republican Women's Club (June 3, 1941): "If your dog had rabies, you wouldn't clap him into jail after he had bitten a number of persons—you'd put a bullet into his head, if you had that kind of iron in your soul. It is going to require brutal treatment to handle these teachers. . . . We cannot live with them nor they with us."

IN SHARP contrast to the senator's speech was the testimony at Morris Schappes' trial, offered in his behalf, by Dr. Morris Raphael Cohen, Professor of Philosophy at City College, visiting professor at Harvard and the University of Chicago; President of the Jewish Academy of Arts and Sciences, etc., and author of the book, *Law and the Social Order*. Appearing as character witness for the defendant, Professor Cohen replied to a question by counsel as to Morris U. Schappes' reputation for honesty and veracity: "I should say, very high; generally regarded as a very honorable, idealistic man; very scholarly in dealing with his students." Then asked whether, if he knew that the defendant were a Communist, Dr. Cohen would change his opinion, the witness replied: "Not in the least."



Morris U. Schappes

Many other men and women of highest standing in education, organized labor and other fields, too numerous to cite in this allotted space, have declared their conviction that justice has been denied Schappes.

PM, for Oct. 21, 1943, published an article by Albert Deutsch, who said of the trial: "The wild statements of the prosecution made it appear that Schappes was on trial for Communism rather than for perjury." And he quoted Lloyd P. Stryker, a conservative lawyer who served as counsel for Schappes before the State Appellate Court, as declaring that the conduct of the case was appalling, and "the most unfair trial I've ever seen."

Also Henry Epstein, former State Solicitor General, who appealed the case to the Court of Appeals, described the trial as a "judicial lynching" and a "travesty on justice."

Mr. Deutsch concluded his *PM* article by reporting that he had "checked up" on Schappes among trustworthy people who know him and his academic background, and "They respect him as a man of unusual spiritual grace, imbued with a spirit of high idealism and selflessness. Personal talks with Schappes confirm this impression."

If the writer of this guest editorial may conclude in more personal vein, he would recall an episode of the protest at Columbia University, in April 1932, against the official suspension of Reed Harris, an editor of the student paper, the *Spectator*. While speaking as a member of Columbia School of Arts, class of 1891, from the Library steps at that successful demonstration by the majority of the student body, I was splattered by bursting eggs thrown by the opposition as their contribution to the "debate." Mr. Schappes, who participated in the protest demonstration, said in a letter several years later that he remembered my saying at the Columbia event that a minister *ought* to be in the range of both material and metaphorical egg-throwing, rather than secluded in a study while good conflicts needed support. That is why today I should like to add my voice to the thousands of others who have spoken up for Morris Schappes. I appeal to all lovers of justice, to all who wish to strengthen our national unity in this great people's war to write to Governor Dewey and urge him to exercise executive clemency and commute Mr. Schappes' sentence to the thirty-six days he has already served.

(Continued from page 4)

Trades Union Congress, dominated by conservative Laborites, spoke up, as did the National Council of Labor, which unites the Labor Party, the Trades Union Congress, and the cooperatives. Demonstrations shook Trafalgar Square. Only the Parliamentary Labor Party, consisting of the Labor MP's who were elected nine years ago and are least susceptible to rank and file pressure, failed by the narrow margin of fifty-one to forty-three to condemn Morrison.

IT IS, of course, more than a question of Mosley. In the release of this Hitler agent at a time when British boys are dying in the fight against Mosley's masters, the British people sense a disposition in certain sections of the ruling class to come to terms with the fascist cabal internationally as assurance against postwar democratic developments. They contrast the treatment of Mosley with the treatment of Gandhi, whom the British government refused to free even though he was at death's door. They know that some fifty Conservative members of Parliament, led by Sir Irving James Albery, wealthy stock broker, had for the past two years been working for Mosley's release. And the fact that they got a Labor minister to do the job for them is a warning that Social Democracy has learned nothing from the past and continues the pattern of treachery and cowardice that helped bring the catastrophe of Hitlerism.

But the British people *have* learned from the past. And they stand forth now in shining courage, an inspiration to the peoples of all countries.

Nightstick and Pistol

BEDFORD - STUYVESANT is one of the melting-pot areas of the nation's greatest borough—Brooklyn. Many of its streets are newly inhabited by Negroes, and the press has been referring to it as "Little Harlem." Several weeks ago, a Grand Jury inspired by partisan politics and the greed of a group of realtors, and influenced by outright racist prejudice, drew up a presentment that could be used as a proclamation for race rioting. The area was pictured as "crime-swept"; juvenile gangs roamed the streets seeking prey; conditions had allegedly reached such a point that "many fine churches" were closing up, their members fearful of attending after nightfall.

A group of New York papers opened a campaign reminiscent of their scandalous "mugging" buildup of some months ago. There is no need here to recount the editorials of the Hearst, Scripps-Howard, Pat-



erson press, but mention must be made of the way the New York *Post* contributed to the din with unsubstantiated stories that practically all Negro children carry knives in the Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhood, terrorize white children, and in general run riot. The papers wanted the police to get tough; they called for "mussing up" tactics. They wrote little, if anything, concerning the basic social needs of the ghetto—the pistol and nightstick was their solution for the alleged "lawlessness." And Mayor La Guardia was unjustly saddled with total responsibility for everything.

Those newspapers, however, did their best to flout the survey just completed by Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine, made public by Mayor La Guardia, which shattered the allegations of the Brooklyn Grand Jury. The survey showed that the rise in juvenile delinquency in the area was considerably below the rise in Brooklyn generally for the first ten months of 1943. The investigation "failed to disclose any 'juvenile gangs' organized for the purpose of committing crime." In two years there were only sixty-eight arrests for "school crimes" in the sixty-eight schools of the area.

The spectacular "church-closing" charge was blasted with figures which showed that only five of the 181 churches have shut their doors, two of them as far back as eight and ten years ago. The report did show that white citizens in the area had 1.87 rooms per person and Negroes only .77, and herein is the nub of the issue. The Negroes here, as everywhere else in the country, must be allowed living conditions on a par with their white neighbors. Better housing, better playgrounds, better social service, and the end of Jim Crow are on the order of the day, not the nightstick and police pistol.

A particularly disgraceful facet of the entire affair was the dangerous, racist remarks made by a Catholic priest and a Jewish policeman at a public meeting engineered by the Midtown Civic League, that creature of local real-estate sharks who seek to crowd the Negroes out of the Bedford-Stuyvesant community. City Councilman Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., was absolutely right when he said the Jewish policeman did "a great disservice to the unity of the Jew and the Negro." The *Morning Freiheit* excoriated the policeman as a "Jewish quisling." The Catholic priest in question spoke along the notorious lines of the Christian Front. Rev. Powell urged the Negro people not to be swept by his remarks into a wave of anti-Catholicism.

The whole episode has done a "great disservice" to the unity of the entire community, to the country as a whole. It reeks with partisan politics, with unbridled greed for gain, and altogether has the smell of the Wilhelmstrasse about it. The people of New York must be on guard against such

incitations, they should demand the unmasking of the sinister groups behind the "investigation."

Age Thirteen



THESE is a sickening barbarity in the spectacle of a thirteen-year-old boy, indicted for the murder of a ten-year-old girl, being made the

victim of legal horsetrading and a football kicked around by the contending psychiatrists of the prosecution and the defense. Edwin Codarre, the child in the case, was the youngest defendant ever brought into a New York court on charges which might have led to his execution in the electric chair. The district attorney, sniffing newspaper headlines, proceeded on the basis that the child before him was a confirmed criminal adult. His management of the trial showed no sense that the youngster was mentally ill with little notion of the frightful act he had committed. The psychiatrists wrangled over the point whether the boy was legally sane or insane. Finally the prosecution accepted the plea of guilty in the second degree, thereby saving the boy from the chair but subjecting him to a possible sentence of twenty years to life in the state prisons.

The boy was obviously in need of medical attention. A shattered home life contributed to his delinquency. He was a problem to be handled by enlightened social workers and psychiatrists rather than by a brutalizing legal machinery. And it is symptomatic that while progress has been made in dealing with such adolescents the advances have not become an indivisible part of routine procedure. The Codarre case is an extreme example highlighting the deficiencies in preventing juvenile crime and the serious limitations of the methods of treating young offenders.

A Democratic Army

NO ONE will condone General Patton's mistreatment of a sick soldier—no one with any sense of the character of the army we have built



and the kind of army we will sustain in the future. Whatever the tensions of the moment, a general officer whose temper bursts into a brutal act cannot retain the confidence of his staff or the trust of his army. High rank is not only the reward of exceptional competence in the field; it is a recognition of leadership that can nurture the spirit and morale of men no matter the stress of circumstance. In the former category Patton's attainments seem considerable; in the latter, judging from the face

of things, he is a martinet overly zealous of pomp and ceremony. It would not surprise us at all if the general's reputation as a hard driver in battle is his means of compensating for his troops' lack of spontaneous warmth toward him. Obviously Patton is not among those commanders for whom men die because of strong bonds of affection cultivated out of mutual understanding.

It is, however, a form of shell shock, or

combat fatigue as the modern psychiatrist calls it, when newspapers such as New York's *PM* drum up a furor over this incident. The fact is that Patton has been court-martialed, so to speak, by public opinion. But to make a *cause celebre* out of the affair is to convert it into an advantage for all those who have been hunting for General Marshall's and General Eisenhower's scalps.

True, there was ineptness in not

promptly releasing the details of the story particularly when it became common knowledge in the Mediterranean theater. It is now public property, however, and it is a tribute to a democratic army that one of its lieutenant-generals is compelled to apologize openly for shocking conduct. The best advice in handling Patton came from the father of the soldier whom Patton slapped: "Drop the whole thing and get on with the war."



FRONT LINES

by COLONEL T.

THREE HAMMER BLOWS

DURING the past week three heavy hammerblows were delivered against the Berlin-Tokyo Axis. Our land sea and air forces struck at the south center of the Japanese position in the Pacific and captured the Gilbert Islands. The Allied Air Forces struck at Berlin with unprecedented fury. And the Red Army started its twentieth offensive operation in less than five months with a mighty blow at the Byelorussian front of the Germans. Admiral Nimitz, Air Marshal Harris, and Army-General Rokossovski were the main actors in this truly global drama.

In the Gilberts our Marines have written the most beautiful and bloody page of their 168-year-old history. The page is so glorious that it merits reciting, from the reports appearing in the *New York Times*. It started on a sunny morning. At the command of the loudspeakers the Marines slid down the ropes over the side of the transports into the ugly but fast Higgins boats. At the appointed time, the boats swung into formation and sped toward the coral beaches of the Tarawa atoll. While Navy dive bombers pumped their stuff into Japanese land defenses the boats roared forward. Suddenly, with a sinister crunch, they reared up, like frightened horses, and stopped: they had struck an uncharted submerged coral reef, 500 yards from shore. The Marines could not remain there under the direct and murderous fire of the Japanese from shore. They went overboard into the shoulder-deep surf and waded for the beach.

For many of them it meant wading into the jaws of death. Visibility was perfect and they were walking straight into the enemy gun sights. The Japanese had many strong pillboxes and sand barricades, and the beach was flanked by an old hulk which had been turned into a strong point. Machine-gun bullets, mortars and shells churned the waters. Some Marines were killed outright,

others, wounded, slumped into the water and drowned. *But the line advanced.* One Marine officer said: "It seemed like a million years." In fast and furious fighting the Marines established a beachhead and held it that day and night. Reinforcements came in waves and brought tanks, heavy machine guns, and mortars. From blockhouses the Japanese fought until they were blasted out by hand grenades or pried out with bayonets.

VETERANS of Guadalcanal fought here and Lieut. Col. Evans F. Carlson, leader of the famous Carlson Raiders, said of Tarawa: "Guadalcanal was something, but I never saw anything like *this*." Of the two battalions—2,000 to 3,000 men—only a few escaped death or injury in the first assault. The Marines had won, but they had paid a higher price in lives per square yard of territory than in any other battle of their 168-year history.

That is the human picture of one of the phases of the battle for the Gilberts—Tarawa, Makin, and Abemama, won last week.

Strategically speaking, the conquest of the Gilberts shortens our route from Hawaii to the Solomons and New Guinea (but *not* to Sydney). It opens the way for an attack on the Marshalls with their base on Jaluit and on the Carolines with their great naval base of Truk.

There's no use saying that this is not "island hopping," condemned by General MacArthur in one of his press conferences. But the alternative to "island hopping" would be a major land drive through Burma and China. It may come yet, but at this moment it does not appear that India—base for such a campaign—is in the proper shape for it, so it would seem that "island hopping" it will have to be for some time. Such a method might have a sudden consequence of great portent: it may force

the hiding Japanese navy to come out and fight either in defense of the twin strongholds of Rabaul and Jaluit, or, at least in defense of Truk, which is exactly what we are waiting for.

Our navy has greatly increased its power of late (especially during the last year). Its growth is truly spectacular. The Japanese navy has suffered grievous casualties. Our air power is fantastically stronger and more effective than the enemy. We have bombers poised 1,000 miles south of Truk. When we take Jaluit we will have them poised approximately the same distance east of Truk, and when MacArthur takes Wewak and Madang on New Guinea (he took Sattelberg last week) we will have bombers poised 1,000 miles to the southwest of Truk which will be encased in a quadrant of 120 degrees. Let the Japanese navy come out to fight us in either Micronesia or Melanesia—it may mean its destruction, or at least incapacitating it for defending the long lines of Japan's loot empire.

However, promising as the Central Pacific is, and glorious as its tactical episodes are, we cannot but agree with Admiral Nimitz that the final defeat of Japan will come on land, in China, where even now the under-armed and unassisted Chinese manage to hold their own in the current battle of the "rice-bowl." The Japanese glean temporary successes: they take a town, many towns, but when the campaign is over, they are no further than they were at the start. The Japanese in China are weak. They are weak on land everywhere, except on the border of Manchuria and Mongolia where the personal and vicarious memories of Hassan, Khalkin-Ghol, Moscow, Stalingrad, and Kursk haunt them more than ever.

IRRISPICIOUS of what we have always maintained—and still maintain—regarding the decision which can, or cannot, be

achieved by air power alone, it must be stated that the RAF's super-blows last week against the heart of the Axis, Berlin, must be highly telling. Their concentration is now such that quantity must be about ready to change into quality, within certain limits. Means have been devised, such as the use of new flares which illuminate and mark out the target under the canopy of clouds, with the flares shining through the clouds and permitting the big bombers to hit their targets while remaining unseen by the anti-aircraft defense. The flares are dropped in a regular operational pattern by special Pathfinder planes which fly in at high speed under the clouds, draw the precise outline of the target, and vanish, leaving the field to the big bombers. This new method, coupled with other reported (but still secret) innovations and the great number of aircraft participating in the attacks, have made an inferno out of Berlin. And Air Marshal Harris says that the RAF is "only warming up."

However, the comparative defenselessness of Berlin and other German targets is not primarily due to the clouds, but to the fact that German fighters and AA-guns have to be concentrated on the Eastern Front. Thus the stepped up air attack remains a complementary operation to the major land fighting which is still centered in its overwhelming bulk on the Soviet-German Front. There is little doubt that if fifty German key-cities could get the blasting Berlin got within the same short period

of time, the effect could be decisive. But means for such an operation are obviously not available.

THE third, and by far greatest, military development is the week-old Soviet offensive in Byelorussia where the German anchor of the Orsha-Gomel trans-Dnieper bridgehead, Gomel, has been captured by the army group of General Rokossovski. The remainder of the bridgehead—150 miles long and from thirty to forty-five miles deep a week ago—is fast becoming untenable, and its garrison, numbering probably a score of divisions, is frantically trying to escape through the Moghilev, Rogachev, and Zhlobin crossings of the Dnieper (two railroads and one major highway and the Gomel-Zhlobin railroad are both under Soviet artillery fire and the Germans have to use the countryside for their escape). Furthermore, Rokossovski, that master of outflanking maneuver, has pushed a huge salient to the northwest along the Berezina, has crossed it from west to east—as he crossed the Don at Stalingrad—and is now within some twenty miles southwest of Zhlobin, threatening the railroad from Zhlobin to Bobruisk and Minsk.

Further south, Soviet pincers are closing on the junction of Kalinkovichi which is the key to the German defense in the eastern Pripet Marshes. Here, too, the Red Army straddled the Pripet River and is pushing northwestward on both banks, nullifying the defensive value of this water barrier to

the Germans (just as they did with the Berezina). Thus the Soviet trans-Dnieper salient which was established at Kiev is now 200 miles at its base (from Pereyaslav to Rechitza) and fifty to seventy-five miles deep. This means that von Mannstein's powerful counterblow against the southwestern bulge of that salient came too late to liquidate it. It is now known that Mannstein brought eight panzer divisions from Norway, Greece, Italy, and Central Europe to spearhead his attack. At this writing (November 28) it has been going on for eleven days with a fury paralleling the early July German onslaught at Kursk. The Germans have recaptured Zhitomir and some territory along the periphery of the salient. They have announced the capture of Korosten which is on the periphery, just as Zhitomir was and as Chernyakhov and Brussilov are. No deep penetration of the salient has been made, thanks to the staunch defense by General Vatutin.

However, it must be noted that Mannstein did achieve an important success: he stopped the Vatutin salient and saved the German armies in the bend of the Dnieper from annihilation, or at least from an awkward retreat into Rumania . . . *he and the absence of a second front in Europe.* Those eight panzer divisions could not have been moved from Europe to Zhitomir and Korosten if an Allied invasion army had been on the continent. But a panzer division can go from France to Russia even if Berlin is being blasted hard.



WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

WHILE CONGRESS FIDDLES

Washington.

JUST a year ago, on the anniversary of Pearl Harbor, "a date which will live in infamy," I attempted a review of the first year of war. Reading over this review, I feel that one point made then seems to be just as true today: "No matter what impact the war has had, Congress reflected changing conditions to a smaller degree than any other important institution." It is still the same Congress in outlook and deed, even though its personnel has changed to some degree. True, the members have become a little more glib in expressing their deference to the main task of winning the war. But they go on ignoring their responsibility to the nation.

As I write this, the House has knifed food subsidies. In the long year just past, which marked the military turning point of the war, Congress has done nothing—absolutely nothing—to stabilize the economy.

It has continued to badger and frustrate the war agencies. It has attacked labor through the Smith-Connally bill. It has not passed the anti-poll tax bill. It has not put ceilings on inflated incomes, nor has it moved against war profiteering. It has refused to pass an equitable tax bill. It has allowed the narrow and selfish farm bloc to scrap the Farm Security Administration, while it has done nothing to expand agricultural production. It has let the appeasers and defeatists slander our allies and run hog wild in their attack on national morale and the leadership of President Roosevelt. It has given maximum publicity to disruptive and divisive propaganda dreamed up in Berlin and elaborated by the native fascists. It has not provided adequately for the families of draftees. It has interfered with the smooth functioning of the draft to the detriment of the war. It has not banned anti-

Negro and anti-Semitic literature from the mails. It has steadfastly ignored anti-Negro riots inspired by the fifth column. It has refused to push through social-security legislation to cope with postwar problems of demobilization and reconversion.

For the most part, then, Congress has thumbed its nose at the war for national security. This is not to underestimate the work of the Scanlon Committee for Consumer Protection (the Fighting Sixty), or the efforts of progressives like Marcantonio, Sabath and Coffee in the House, or Pepper and Murray in the Senate. But in the year gone by, Congress as a body fell short of the requirements placed upon it. Even so the same year witnessed a striking change in the attitude of the people: whereas twelve months ago, disgust with Congress was widespread, today this disgust has been transformed into a determination to do



something about Congress. It is doubly significant in the light of the approaching 1944 elections that the CIO convention stressed political action and gave its enthusiastic support to the Hillman Committee. Organized labor means business this time, and it is resolved to elect a Congress which will respond more readily to the country's needs.

The CIO Political Action Committee—which seeks collaboration with the AFL and the Railroad Brotherhoods, with farmers' and civic organizations and the common people as a whole—has indicated how seriously it intends to enter the political arena by appointing C. B. Baldwin as assistant to Sidney Hillman. No man in Washington has a more intimate knowledge of the political game as it is played on the Hill; no man under fire from congressional reaction put up a more resourceful and unyielding fight than did Baldwin as head of the Farm Security Administration when called before the Byrd Committee early this year. Baldwin is known as a skillful organizer—his success in building the FSA testifies to his ability. It was Baldwin who sanctioned FSA loans to tenants and small farmers to enable them to pay their poll taxes in the South—and won approval from the President.

COMPARABLE to the importance of military victories on all fronts, to the wresting of the initiative from the enemy, to the certainty that a year from now the Nazis will be smashed, is the enunciation of a definite foreign policy by the United States, replacing the former hand-to-mouth opportunism and adventurism. One of the most significant results of the Moscow Conference was the fact that Secretary Hull outlined the premises of American foreign policy and committed the State Department to a general course of anti-fascism. Many figures within the Department may remain unreconstructed and anti-democratic in outlook, but now they are handicapped by the Secretary's identification with the Moscow decisions. The people have been given assurances by which they can judge future State Department actions and to which they can insist that the Department conform.

There can be no argument that the end of the second war year finds the nation fully determined to get the fighting over with quickly and thoroughly. The outlook is good. The invasion of Europe is undoubtedly imminent—though admittedly the most glaring failure of the past year has been the absence of a second front and the success of reaction in restricting the President's desire for offensive warfare at an earlier date. Now it is taken for granted in Washington that final military blows are in preparation and will be delivered promptly.

The inevitability of military victory has alarmed the defeatists. A year ago their goal was to disrupt national unity in rela-

tion to the war effort. Necessity has changed their aims. They still throw sand into the war machinery whenever the opportunity occurs, but they do so more out of cussedness than in any real hope of changing the course of the war. Their present concentration is on the disruption of national unity in relation to the peace and the postwar world. They have become increasingly bold; their menace to the safety of the nation is rising rather than diminishing. Their chief of staff in Congress, Burton K. Wheeler, has managed to wangle a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee for himself, to consider an investigation of John Roy Carlson, author of *Under Cover*. This "preliminary hearing" allows Wheeler full license to subpoena and to explore—it is Wheeler's attempt to bind together all the forces which at one time or another either participated in the America First and various shirt and Bundist movements, or sympathized with their fascist, anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, anti-Catholic, anti-labor tenets. Wheeler conceives of his smear campaign as a warning to reactionary Republicans in particular; should their Party nominate Willkie instead of an old-line isolationist like Taft or Bricker, then Wheeler threatens to corral the isolationist vote of the disaffected among the Italian, Polish, and German-American groups, and among all those who still sympathize with the Klan, the Christian Front, and any other terrorist outfit.

As a parallel move, Senator Reynolds has threatened the Democrats with a third party inspired by Gerald L. K. Smith. The du Ponts, whose economic strength has been steadily on the increase in Virginia, have their hooks in Senator Byrd; the Byrd machine, encouraged by the du Pont wing of the NAM, boosts the senator as presidential timber, threatening to split the Democratic Party in the South unless the vice-presidential nomination goes to some reactionary like Byrd himself rather than to Henry Wallace.

THE defeatists have never been more determined. They allowed the oratory in praise of the Moscow Declaration to subside in Congress—and now they are flooding the *Congressional Record* with whatever scurrilous attacks on the United Nations' coalition they can dredge up. They frank this message of disunity to their constituents. The Hearst and McCormick-Patterson newspapers supply the bulk of the filth; the defeatists merely utilize their denunciations of the Moscow Declaration, their cry that the agreement was a victory for Stalin, that the Poles have been sacrificed to the Reds, that the "patriot" Mikhailovich has been dropped in favor of the Partisans—who become, in the vocabulary of the native fascists, "Red bandits."

The fifth columnists carry on their business as usual, and too many of their

spokesmen sit in Congress. When after maximum delay Attorney-General Biddle cautiously moved to prosecute seditionists, Wheeler got himself appointed to the Senate Judiciary Committee from which vantage point he intimidated Biddle. The Attorney-General, with no heart in the fight against the traitors, backed down immediately, removed William Power Maloney as special prosecutor because Wheeler objected to him, and stalled the cases for months. At last, public pressure has again forced him to present some of the facts to the Grand Jury, but this time he has nothing to say against the native fascists. He concentrates on the small fry—those who will not seriously embarrass Wheeler, Nye, Reynolds, Taft, Hoffman, Dies, and their like. But he trembles lest the congressional defeatists take offense despite his attempt to propitiate them.

Two years after Pearl Harbor the crying need is to force Biddle to use his office to safeguard the nation, not to bait progressives, unionists, "premature anti-fascists," the Negro people, and refugees from Hitlerism. Whether deliberately or not, Biddle has done far more to safeguard the enemies within the nation than he has to protect the democracy for which we fight the war. His ruling on the Smith-Connally bill, his persecution of Harry Bridges, his arrogant refusal to act against the racists, his kid-glove attitude toward Coughlin and the fifth columnists, his hostility toward people's movements have weakened the administration more than all the slanders of the Roosevelt haters. Perhaps it would be fitting on this second anniversary of Pearl Harbor to point out that in the coming crucial election year Biddle's continued presence in the President's cabinet hampers the fullest mobilization of the people behind the Roosevelt administration, since Biddle uses the prestige of his Cabinet position only to undercut the democratic labor and people's movements, only to misrepresent the true aims of the Commander-in-Chief.

One measure of how things are going with the nation and the war is to determine how things are going with the enemies of the nation. On the battlefronts, the Axis faces sure defeat. On the home front, those who play the Axis game are doing all too nicely, still able to take the initiative, still carrying on sabotage and subversion smoothly and effectively. The war abroad has not been sufficiently reflected at home. The nation cannot achieve the fruits of military victory so long as the Wheelers and Nyes, the Reynolds, Coughlins, Gerald L. K. Smiths and all the other figures of the fascist underworld in this country remain privileged untouchables. It is time to wage total war—against Hitlerism and its allies both in the field and behind the front, here in the stronghold of our own nation.

THE POLISH HEARSTS

Pro-fascist, anti-Soviet Americans of Polish descent who pretend to speak for Poland. Ed Falkowski answers their propaganda with the facts. The forces opposing them.

THE Moscow declarations were cheered to the rafters by the whole democratic world. But leave it to the fascist-inspired Polish language press in this country to heap mountains of abuse on one of the most momentous conferences in diplomatic history. For example the New York *Nowy Swiat*, the newspaper of the Polish Tories headed by Cbl. Ignacy Matuszewski—a former Polish official, now among the chief fomenters of anti-Sovietism—rallied its readers to a public meeting in protest against the Moscow Conference. And at that meeting appeared Senator Brewster of Maine and Representative Sumner of Illinois. Senator Brewster was among those five traveling members of the Upper House who returned from their global tour to attack our allies, particularly Great Britain and the USSR. Representative Sumner was described by *Nowy Swiat* as “an old friend of Poland who was first to raise the question of the mass murder in Katyn in Congress”—the mass murder committed by the Nazis for which the Polish government-in-exile chose to blame the Russians. Mayor LaGuardia also spoke at the meeting. Reporters say that the mayor was amazed at the slanders uttered there, but he has yet to explain how he happened to be a participant in an affair designed to disrupt our foreign policy, an affair which had the blessings of Hearst.

Other Polish language newspapers have added to *Nowy Swiat's* clamor. The clerical weekly, *Przewodnik Katolicki*, published in Connecticut, observed that the Moscow agreements “must arouse serious fears not only from Poles but equally of several so-called ‘small’ nations for whom it remains only to count on the miraculous aid of Providence.” The “socialist” *Rabotnik Polski* of New York concluded that “political and international legal points can be found [in the agreements] which are unclear, permitting broad interpretations and presenting doubts of a political nature.” Detroit's daily *Dziennik Polski* sees in the declarations the dismal outlines of a “victory for Stalin,” thereby following the opinion enunciated by the Nazi radio. And the Buffalo *Wiadomosci Codzienne* hints that “the history of recent years teaches us that pacts and understandings are not too lasting.”

Indeed, the assiduous reader of the Polish language press might be led to believe from all this that Americans of Polish descent are disgusted with the Moscow meeting and are interested only in promoting future discord between the Soviet Union

and the United Nations on the assumption that such discord—despite its danger to the common war effort—can benefit the cause of Poland's future. In fact, however, the wildest essays of Polish reactionaries in the United States have failed to stir American Poles to any considerable response to the policies of the Polish government-in-exile or for the cause of the Polish fascists. This attitude has been a source of unending dismay to Polish reactionaries who long to build a powerful bloc of Polish-American influence for their anti-Soviet and anti-United Nations cause.

THE fascist National Committee of Americans of Polish Descent (headed by Matuszewski, a registered foreign agent) has admitted that despite financial, literary, and vocal exertions it has failed, on the whole, to win support of major Polish-American communities for its program. This organization has, accordingly, decided to dramatize its fanatical anti-Sovietism in the English language press and among American appeasers and friends of Hitler. It has succeeded. The National Committee has also disseminated anti-Soviet literature to American Poles serving in the armed forces. It has obstreperously claimed a monopoly on Polish patriotism. Its program, unfortunately, has been echoed by the bulk of the Polish language press.

Nevertheless when Matuszewski recently appeared in Milwaukee, which has an important Polish-speaking community, to address an anti-Soviet mass meeting supported by the daily *Kuryer Polski*—the audience barely numbered fifty. Likewise the efforts of Matuszewski's notorious organization to capture important offices at the recent convention of the Polish National Alliance, whose 300,000 members constitute the largest fraternal body of Poles in this country, failed miserably.

The attitude of the average Polish-American toward these provocations has been one of passive resistance. He has refused to join the ranks of the Polish volunteer army intended to “restore order” to postwar Poland. He has, on the whole, refrained from boisterous anti-Sovietism. It is a tribute to his sense of American patriotism that he has been able to resist the combined pressures of the Polish Embassy and its consular network, many of the Polish Catholic clergy, and the programmatic hysteria of the Polish press.

The first indication that this negative attitude may soon be transformed into

something positive—into a reaffirmation of the Polish-American's faith in the future of the democratic world and the possibility of Polish-Soviet collaboration in the postwar period—was the recent formation in Detroit of a new Polish-American organization, the Kosciuszko League. The League is dedicated to the purpose of giving material and moral aid to the Polish armies fighting on the Eastern Front and to “Polish units fighting everywhere.” The head of the new organization is the Rev. Stanislaw Orlemanski, of the Polish Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Virgin, Springfield, Mass. Six months ago he had organized a movement of Polish organizations in his community known as the Friends of the Kosciuszko Division—the division now fighting alongside the Red Army. This movement had furnished inspiration for the larger, permanent organization established in Detroit and doubtless destined to a far-reaching influence upon the political thinking of American Poles.

Acting president of the new organization is Anthony Karczmarek, of the Hamtramck Board of Education, a prominent figure in the Polish National Alliance. Among those on the committee are Michigan State Senator Stanley Nowak, Vincent Klein, International Representative of the United Auto Workers, CIO, Adam Kujtkowski, Polish-American poet, John Rozycki, vice president of the important Central Citizens Committee of Detroit, and Marjan Jackowicz and Apolinary Wondolowski, Polish-American war veterans.

The Reverend Father Orlemanski, speaking at the time the League was launched, underscored the need for an organization of Polish-Americans to counteract Polish fascist propaganda and to correct the general impression that all Poles are reactionary and anti-Soviet. “I have the same right to take measures in defense of the institutions of democracy in this country as, for instance, the Rev. Coughlin has to denounce them and to work for fascism. I regret only that so few Roman Catholic priests feel ready to join in the great struggle for human freedom. I know that many share my sentiments in private. I trust they may soon discover the courage to speak out in these times of danger in defense of those things we hold near and dear in our beloved American democracy.”

Other speakers blasted the anti-Soviet policies of the Polish government-in-exile, describing them as “unrepresentative” of Polish sentiment in this country or of Poles

in Nazi-held Poland. It was shown that the Polish government-in-exile had predicated its major policies on the assumption that the Soviet Union would be bled white by the Nazi armies in the course of a long war. Recent Soviet victories have frustrated this policy and revealed the utter bankruptcy of the London Polish government.

"Far from rejoicing at the coming hour of Poland's liberation from the Nazi iron heel we behold these days the depressing spectacle of a Polish government-in-exile shuddering with uneasiness and alarm," said Father Orlemanski. "One must indeed question the policy of a government which can not express welcome of Poland's liberation from the Nazis. Nevertheless the hearts of Poles everywhere rejoice with every piece of good news from the Eastern Front. Alongside the Red Army is marching a Polish army under Col. Berling—a fact of stupendous importance to the future of Poland."

THE eminent Polish educator Prof. Oscar Lange, formerly of the University of Cracow, now of Chicago University, predicted an intensified Polish propaganda drive against the Moscow Pact. "This propaganda will seek to persuade the gullible that the United States and Britain have betrayed Poland to Stalin. As a matter of fact, the very opposite is the sense of the Moscow Pact, than which there could be no firmer guarantee of the rights of small nations in the postwar period. Those who attack the pact as inimical to Poland's interests are either morally irresponsible or insane."

Lange rebuked the claim of Polish fascists to a monopoly of Polish patriotism. "No one has the right to question the patriotism of the Polish legions formed on Soviet territory to fight the Nazis. They are bone of the bone, blood of the blood of the Polish people. No one has the right to castigate the patriotism of another merely on the grounds that he happens to dislike a certain front of military action."

He pointed out that the Polish people, according to news from underground Poland, are impatient for the hour of liberation and are hopefully praying for the coming of the Soviet and the Polish armies. "These people," said Professor Lange, "have borne the brunt of two world wars. Those irresponsible politicians who would risk a third are inviting nothing less than the physical extermination of the Polish nation. The Poles are weary of being the martyr-heroes of Europe. They feel entitled to the same promises of happiness and abundance as any other European people. They want a postwar arrangement that will obviate the dangers of another war. . . . The Polish government-in-exile foreswore the right to speak for the Polish people when it deserted Polish soil and left the people to die at the hands of the Gestapo inquisition and sought for itself safety abroad."

He described Poland's future as interwoven with that of the Soviet Union. Professor Lange also observed that only Polish landed aristocrats were more interested in their Ukrainian and White Russian estates than in the welfare of the Polish people. These landlords have been plot-

ting in Washington and London to turn those countries against the Soviets. The Polish people, on the other hand, have longed for the establishment of cordial Polish-Soviet relations. "The anti-Soviet policy pursued by the Polish government-in-exile is opposed to the best interests of the United States. As loyal American citizens, we cannot subscribe to it. . . . To pursue this policy of opposition to the best interests of the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain, regardless of all moral considerations, is sheer quixoticism."

Resolutions adopted by the League clearly indicated the sentiment of the meeting. They included a pledge of support to the government and President Roosevelt; to carry on the war to the final destruction of Nazism; to abide by the Moscow Four Power Pact; to demand full Polish cooperation with American-British-Soviet war policy; to recognize the formation of the Kosciuszko Division in the USSR as a new phase in Poland's war of liberation.

The League also proposed to take active measures to combat Polish fascist propaganda and to "erase the stain of infamy" cast upon Polish Americans in this country by the Polish anti-Soviet conspirators. It will seek to unify Polish American sentiment in support of the United Nations and for improved Polish-Soviet relations. The indignant outburst this organization has inspired in the Polish fascist press is proof that at long last the authentic pro-democratic voice of Polish Americans is about to be heard.

ED FALKOWSKI.

FREE SPEECH FOR FASCISTS?

Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn and Earl Browder continue their discussion of the questions involved in the full waging of a democratic people's war.

THE "friendly and tolerant spirit" of Mr. Browder's comment on my *NEW MASSES* argument of October 19th is very gratifying. On the other hand, I was sorely disappointed in what he said. On the question of Communist-liberal cooperation, Mr. Browder—if I read correctly the latter part of his argument—lines up with Max Lerner. He is against A. B. Magil. Communists, he says, can and do cooperate with "the mass of the people," with "the working class." But with those liberals who criticize Communist cooperation, "a tiny but vocal minority," he can do nothing. They wish, he complains, "to use the Dale Carnegie technique." He, therefore, gives them up. "We are not going," he says, "to discuss any further the souls of our critics, nor try to convince them that we will become

more perfectly genteel. These liberals," he adds, "will never be comfortable in the company of Communists. We are not going to waste time talking non-essentials any further" he continues. It seems clear that, so far as the Communists are concerned, the suggestion of cooperation with such liberals as Max Lerner might represent is withdrawn. That decision seems to me both unwise and disastrous.

Mr. Browder's statement that American Communists can and do cooperate with American workers is often made. It is also often denied. But in either case, it is irrelevant to the question we are considering. We are asking about the relations of Communists, not to "workers" but to "liberals."

My argument about this question rested on the fact that, in my own experience, I

have many times seen Communist-liberal cooperation tried but that always "those enterprises have ended in disaster." In reply, Mr. Browder very fairly calls attention to the fact that my experience has been limited. "Thousands" of "bourgeois liberals," he says, have had the opposite experience. Statements of supposed fact, like these of his and mine, are not, of course, open to argument. They must be supported or refuted by specific evidence. But I can claim, as being in some measure on my side, the editors of the *NEW MASSES*. They have found difficulty and misunderstanding in Communist-liberal cooperation. They have thought it important to clear away those difficulties and misunderstandings. In their opinion, there is an issue to be discussed. And I do not believe that "Mr.

Browder seriously challenges that opinion.

As he examines the causes of difficulty between Communists and liberals, Mr. Browder leads the discussion into the field of "freedom of speech." That field is not by any means the only one in which confusion has arisen. It is, however, so central, so significant for all other areas of American life, that we may well take it as the focus of our argument.

My discussion had contrasted the Communists, who use the tactics of war, with the democratic liberals, who use, or who think of themselves as using, the tactics of peace. Mr. Browder finds my suggestion to be half-true. He recognizes a "war-mentality in the Communist approach." And, in almost the same words that I had used, he speaks of other "persons and groups who thought only in terms of peace." But his description of "peace" as the political method of a democratic society is not, I think, accurate. He portrays peace loving liberals as believing that there should be "freedom for everyone to act and speak as he pleased." But no liberal, so far

as I know, believes that. To say that every man should be free to "act" as he pleases is not political democracy. It is political insanity. As against this, liberals, taking their stand on the Bill of Rights, believe that everyone should be free to "speak" what he thinks. The basic postulate of peaceful, political, public discussion is not "freedom of action." It is "freedom of thought" and of the "expression" of thought. And it is that postulate which Mr. Browder's "war-mentality" forbids him to accept. As I read the record of the American Communist Party it has wished to deny to those Americans whom it calls "fascists" the freedom of speech which it claims for its own members.

But, at this point again, Mr. Browder challenges my statement of fact. He will not admit that Communists demand for themselves rights which they deny to others. In this situation I can only say that I am willing to accept his own direct evidence on the point at issue. Does he, or does he not, advocate abridgement of the freedom of speech of American "fascists"? If he does

not, I withdraw my statement. But if he does, then here is a clear case in which his "war-mentality" has made him hostile to the First Amendment. It is that war-mentality which, in this way and many other ways, has in my opinion, embittered and hindered Communist participation in American political life.

I have no right to presume to offer advice to Communists. And yet, since human welfare is at stake, I must try it. Whatever may have been true in the past, I believe that the time has come when the Communist Party of the United States should, in dealing with other groups, cast aside its war-mentality. The logic of its own doctrine requires that that forward tactical step be now taken. In saying this I am not suggesting that the struggle for freedom and justice has been won. But I do mean that, under current American conditions, the methods of peace are more effective for that struggle than are those of war. Political democracy is not merely a dream for the future. It works, here and now.

ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN.

MR. BROWDER REPLIES

NO, I AM not against Magil; I only recorded the fact that his gentle arguments with anti-Communist liberals had not succeeded where the harsh facts of life had failed to convince them that their anti-Communism is objective surrender to Hitlerism. Nor did I withdraw any offer of cooperation; on the contrary, I specifically repeated the Communists' long-standing offer to cooperate with every one who struggles against fascism, and our willingness to discuss every specific proposal made to that end. I proposed that we stop discussing our souls, our manners, and the color of our hair, and talk instead about the practical tasks of life.

A large proportion of liberals are, as a matter of fact, cooperating with the Communists now. For example, in the new York Councilmanic elections, most liberals deserted their old leaders who stood pat on the anti-Communist line, and voted for those who have stood up for all-inclusive unity—going so far as to vote for Communist candidates where this would stress unity the most. The *New York Post*, *PM*, the *Nation*, and the *New Republic*, with assistance from the rest of the press, tried to hold the liberals to anti-Communism—but the only result was to isolate themselves. Some of them are beginning to join with Hearst to demand the repeal of proportional representation (*New York Post*), being willing to shut the liberals out of representation in the City Council if that is the only way they can shut out the Communists also.

No, the *NEW MASSES* editors did not

find "difficulty and misunderstanding in Communist-liberal cooperation." What they found was a section of the liberals who stubbornly refuse to cooperate. That cooperation succeeds whenever it is seriously attempted.

DR. MEIKLEJOHN, in discussing freedom of speech, overlooks the fact that American liberals who split with American Communists over the Spanish Republic, did so in order to support the *acts* of the POUM, acts of armed insurrection against the Spanish Republic during the war with Franco, while Communists were loyally supporting the Negrin government, which was overwhelmingly liberal and socialist, not Communist. It was the liberals who deserted, not the Communists. And the liberals denounced American Communists because we spoke in support of the Negrin government's suppression of the POUM, that is, they denied our right of free speech on this question.

Originally Dr. Meiklejohn accused the Communists of demanding rights for themselves which they refuse to those they ask to cooperate with them. Now he amends that charge, and makes it clear that his complaint is that we "advocate abridgement of the freedom of speech of American fascists." That is a big difference. Of course we demand the suppression of American fascists! We fight for complete, merciless, and systematic destruction of fascism in all its aspects, everywhere, including its propaganda of anti-Semitism, racism of all varieties, and its resultant pogrom-like ac-

tivities in America—the current organized wave of desecration of Jewish cemeteries throughout the nation, the anti-Negro and anti-Mexican riots, and the disgusting flood of racist literature sweeping the United States.

We are fighting a war. We cannot fight that war to victory without a war mentality. We cannot cover the vicious Hitlerite anti-Semitism being spread in America with the mantle of "free speech," tolerance, and "the methods of peace." Such things must be made crimes under the law, must be suppressed, must be rooted out, must be made an offense against public decency. Political democracy is a fighting faith, not a pacifist creed. Once its deadly enemies are clearly identified, as fascism is now, democracy must know how to make war upon them and destroy them so utterly that not a trace remains.

IT IS strange, indeed, to be forced to answer a plea that, in the midst of the most deadly war in which our country was ever engaged, we should cast aside our war mentality. We offer our collaboration to all who support the war, for the purpose of waging the war most effectively to the quickest possible victory. Those who have some other aims which they put higher will not, of course, accept our offer of cooperation. In such cases, however, the whole issue becomes one of mistaken identity. Perhaps we do not know yet who is really for and who is against the complete destruction of fascism-Nazism.

EARL BROWDER.



6/20/40



John...

TWO YEARS AFTER PEARL HARBOR

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE: 1943

An eyewitness report on a people at war, by Joseph North. Citizens of the world with a one-way ticket. . . . The first article in a series.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY, 1943: The first time I crossed the continent to attempt an estimate of our people's thinking was in 1931, a short dozen years ago. Then, too, America was in turmoil; the people combatted hunger. Then, too, the people marched, but their frontline objectives were an extra piece of bread, a crust of security. A story haunted me across the continent, then; I heard the whisper in a dozen cities that John Jones had killed the family dog for food. The American frontiers had contracted into Hooverville.

The second time I crossed America, in 1937, the crusade for industrial unionism surged through the land. For millions the Battle for Bread had magnified into the battle for job security; the CIO was born.

This time—1943—two years after Pearl Harbor—I met the same people, talked with them, ate and drank with them again. I sat at the table of an old stone-mason, near Pontiac, Mich., whose acquaintance I made during the Hunger March days in 1931. He had spoken bravely then on the street corners, had mobilized the neighbors in his little garage to march against hunger.

The dozen years had whitened his head, had seamed his face, but the sharp gray eye was untamed. Seated at the table was his next door neighbor, a man of forty; he belonged to a local CIO union since 1939; today he worked in the community defense council, bought war bonds, stumped for Roosevelt in 1940, argued for Roosevelt in 1943.

On the mantel-piece in the prim parlor, on top of the radio cabinet, stood a picture of the youngest son, in army uniform, an infantryman in Italy. They read me his V-mail: the same, brave effort at understatement you find in the letters from American boys at all the battle-fronts; the queries about the neighbors, and about the

humdrum daily details at home which mean so much to the far-off warrior. There was the pride with which the family read his mail; I noted the powerful bond between home and front the letter represented.

We talked about international collaboration, about OPA, about the Little Steel formula, about Willkie, Stassen, Roosevelt, Stalin, Churchill. We talked about production and about postwar; in brief, about the world, present and future.

(The last time I had met the stone-mason, we talked about a loaf of bread.)

Here, I thought, here at this little table, sits a great part of America's history this past dozen years. I marveled, looking about the table at the careworn, yet alert faces, at what America had seen in a brief twelve year span. The infinite resilience of our people! Truly, the glass chin is not an American characteristic.

NEIGHBORS kept dropping in; much talk of men-folk away in service. Some told of their sons or brothers in battle; others recounted letters from camps. The South Pacific, Italy, North Africa, Greenland. Some spoke of the incessant levies of the draft board—another man going, another waiting to go. The talk of global warfare in this humble little parlor.

Some stayed to chat, to swap stories with the traveler from the East. Since they were, by and large, workingmen and their wives, the talk was peppered with tales of production. Of pride in turning out tanks, airplanes, jeeps. Of annoyance and disgust with evidence of waste that some found in their shops. One man scoffed at the talk of manpower shortage: "We could turn out twenty percent more stuff in our plant if it was run right. And without putting another man on the payroll." I was to hear a great deal of this complaint among organized workingmen across the continent.

I found the general opinion that the war was on the home-stretch; that Hitler would be defeated within the coming twelve months, and that the Mikado would take a year or so afterward. There was bitter talk of Japanese atrocities, what happens to our wounded.

As I indicated in a previous article, the Red Army was much in their discussions, admiration for its valor, and a desire to work with the Russian people in the postwar world. There was agreement that peace in the postwar world could be ensured only through collaboration with Russia, with all our Allies. And they honored their President for his efforts. This, too, I found the dominant trend throughout the land. The Commander-in-Chief commanded their confidence. Roosevelt was their President. Among working men generally, I found this to be true.

I listened with them when they turned the radio on the CBS world broadcast; London, Cairo, Chungking, Washington, New York. News of the fronts; the latest diplomatic events, news from Congress. They sought out the world; evidently they had come to the realization that 1943 permitted no land to be "an island unto itself." The American, I saw, had learned that his nation is not comfortably tucked away between two oceans. To save his nation's independence, to remain an American he had had, in a large way, to become a citizen of the world. (I cannot forget the World Atlas I saw later in an Iowa farmer's home, lying next to the family Bible on the shelf.)

So the talk went on until after midnight, since it was a Saturday and tomorrow was a day of rest. When the neighbors left, the stone-mason's wife, a portly woman in her sixties, shyly brought me some trophies her son had sent home: a Nazi helmet, and a medical kit, with the German letters inscribed on the stuff. She spoke quietly of

her son, with moving pride. She showed me some of his letters; he wanted to know how the local high school, his alma mater, was making out on the gridiron this autumn. He asked about some high school companions—what news from them. His references to the people he had encountered, the natives of new lands, were respectful, thoughtful. "They are nice people, they welcome us. In — they threw flowers at us." Though the OWI could do a great deal more to bring the war's issues, its truths, home to the people, our soldiers themselves carry on a fine work of education. I wonder if national morale isn't being built considerably on letters from the fronts; V-mail is potent propaganda.

"When do you think it'll be over?" the mother asked, averting her face as she put the trophies and letters away, carefully folding them, placing them lovingly in a drawer of the bureau in the parlor.

An American home, today, 1943. Nine million soldiers. Nine million such parlors.

But was this average? I thought afterward. It was a working-class home. Was the talk here, the thinking here, typical? I would check this, I thought, with many others. The conclusions I came to, which I will recount in my final article, were based upon talks and interviews with hundreds of such Americans—many of them who stand in the midst of millions—civic leaders like Mayor Loesche of Cleveland, Attorney General Kenney of California, organizers of the CIO, AFL, and Railroad Brotherhoods, publicists like Carey McWilliams of Los Angeles, editors like Manchester Boddy of the *Los Angeles News*, newspapermen, educators, students, rank and file you meet everywhere, white, Negro, plain Americans.

AMERICA ON THE MOVE: The Twentieth Century Limited speeds across a nation of swollen metropolises; it charges through small towns shrunk smaller through migrations of its youth to the big city and to the frontline. Every bus brings newcomers, suitcase in hand, to Detroit, to Chicago, to San Francisco. There is no day, there is no night. America is on three shifts. I can't recall a deserted street in the central part of town any hour of the day in the big cities I visited across the country. The trolley-cars rattle to the factories day and night; the restaurants never close.

How great the great cities have grown! In Indianapolis I learned, standing by the impressive monument to its Civil War volunteers, that the city's populace has jumped by fifty percent. In Los Angeles I was told that over half a million people have pulled up stakes in the Southwest and migrated to California since 1940. San Diego, for example, a city of 289,000 in 1940, is a jammed city of 398,000 today, an increase of more than thirty-seven percent. Contra Costa county in the Bay area housed 100,000 in 1940; today its population is

over 178,000. Three years of war production have trebled the number of wage earners in the state's manufacturing industries. And so it goes, in varying degrees, all over the country; the people of the countryside are migrating to the industrial centers.

FURTHER, the war has invaded the home, altered the mores of our domestic life. Wherever you go you find the women working side by side with the men. The unions have taken in hundreds of thousands of women. You find them in overalls working on the railroads across the continent; helmeted women with identification tags on their jackets pour out of the shipyards at the close of each shift.

Streetcar signs in San Francisco read: "Women wanted to man this car. Crew off to war." Women *are* manning the cars; white women, Negro women. The very phrase "to man" has grown archaic.

Some statistics: in California three years ago one out of every eight wage earners in manufacturing industry was a woman; now it is more than one in every four. Paul Pinsky, research director of the California CIO, told me that in 1940 not

even one in a hundred aircraft and shipbuilding workers was a woman: now it is one in four. In aircraft alone almost half the workers are women.

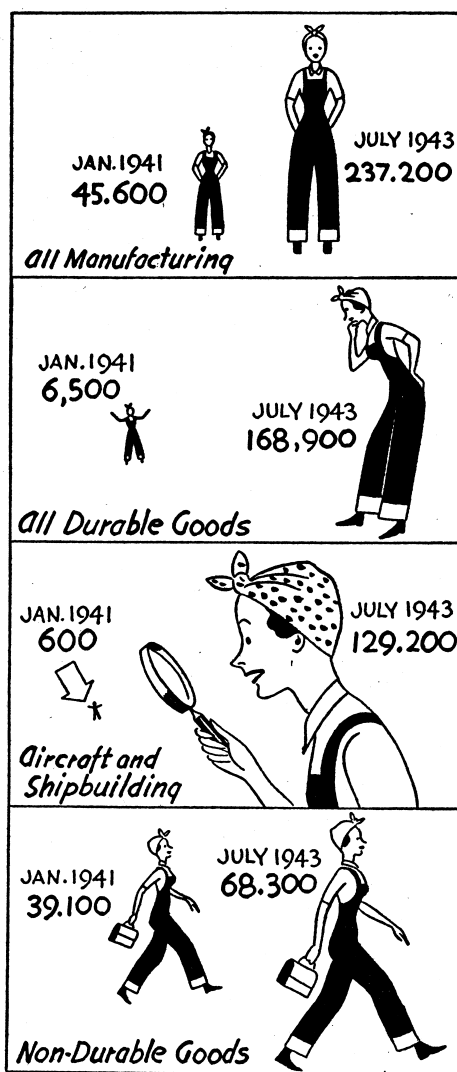
Needless to say, these factors have brought a considerable change in the daily routine of millions. The very business of eating, of sleeping, of caring for the children, has become more difficult for millions. In Los Angeles the women and the unions clamor for attention to Child Care centers. Thousands of women sought to enter industry but were barred because there was nobody to care for their children. The Army wanted two hundred thousand to go into the aircraft plants.

A Mrs. Fitzpatrick testifying before a federal investigating committee: "I see them [her children] once a week, approximately three hours on Sunday. Occasionally I have been able to have them home with me for a few days in vacations, like at Easter, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. I feel that this is breaking up the home. I'd like to have them with me, but I have not been able to have them in a nursery or get any care near the plant so I could take them back and forth to and from work." And Senator Downey's reply: "We've got Mrs. Fitzpatrick up at four-thirty in the morning and it makes me tired just to think of it. When you took care of the children yourself, what time were you through with your work at night?" Mrs. Fitzpatrick: "By the time I had prepared meals and done my housework, cleaning and taking care of the children and their clothes, I never got to bed before 11:30, twelve or one o'clock." Senator Downey: "You must have been a woman of unusual vitality to stand it." Mrs. Fitzpatrick: "When it's a case of having to, you can do anything, I guess."

While I was in Los Angeles the Army was moving into the scene, holding further hearings, and had come to the conclusion that the city fathers must act on the issue. "Or else, by God," a middle-aged colonel exploded, "the Army itself will come in and take care of the children!"







ANOTHER great war headache is housing. Much too often you run into the trailer camp near an industrial center. I saw signs in Detroit with one word: "Beds." Mere sleeping facilities for single lodgers. The living quarters of our country have become totally outdated. Federal housing has lagged tragically; I found workers forced into cheap hotels, whole families eating in the cheaper restaurants. Their children go to overcrowded schools which in turn, suffer from a drastic shortage of teachers.

More signs of the times: queues. Remember the cabled stories that used to describe the queues in Europe? Somehow that was considered characteristically European. Today the nation has "queued up." Lines stand outside restaurants; lines stand outside railroad stations. Lines stand outside the



Women in Overalls. A chart by the California CIO shows the increase in employment of women workers in the state's industries from January 1941 to July 1943 (excluding office and technical workers). And what's happening in California is happening all over America.

THE PURCHASING POWER OF YOUR 1943 DOLLAR !

	ALL FOODS 	MEATS 	DAIRY PRODUCTS 	FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES 	EGGS 	COST OF LIVING 
SAN FRANCISCO	66.9 CENTS	75.8 CENTS	68.2 CENTS	43.6 CENTS	57.2 CENTS	77.9 CENTS
LOS ANGELES	66.4 CENTS	77.8 CENTS	71.2 CENTS	49.5 CENTS	58.3 CENTS	80.4 CENTS
UNITED STATES	67.2 CENTS	73.2 CENTS	69.5 CENTS	47.9 CENTS	59.1 CENTS	79.6 CENTS

The table above from the report of the Executive Board of the California CIO to its 1943 Convention at Fresno shows what has happened to the worker's wartime dollar in two major American cities and the country as a whole. The figures, based on comparisons with the purchasing power of the dollar in 1939, are typical of the rise in the cost of living throughout the nation.

corner groceries. The queue has migrated to America.

Further: our vaunted transportation system suddenly seems to belong to the nineteenth century. The pace and traffic of today has rendered the trolley archaic. The street cars out to the war plant are jammed day and night; passengers hang on to one another on the platform, swing dangerously out on the street. The people talk about the need for subways, for more rapid buslines. But they take what they get, recognizing that battleships have priority over trolleys and subway tunnels.

YET, despite these strains and daily irritations, I found the American looking healthier, stronger, than ever. Doctors with whom I spoke across the country, felt that the nation's health was, on the whole, good. They did worry over the fact that a third of our medical profession is in uniform today—across the seas or in the army camps. But so far the people seem to be standing the strain. The drive for victory seems to have given the American a purpose, a sense of belonging, a moral power that fits him to meet the daily hardship, the harder work-day, the longer hour.

The dislocations I cite above are suffered primarily by the in-migrants who have moved from those sections of the land, that, in FDR's words, were "ill-clad, ill-housed, ill-fed." Yet, by and large, their lot has improved. And those Americans, the greater number, whose daily life was not

dogged by hunger and the extremes of insecurity, have held their own. And, until recently, have improved their circumstances. At least they have paid up back debts. And the ice-box—despite the restrictions of rationing—has been full of the necessities to maintain a hard-working body. *Has* been.

THE PAY CHECK: The prosperous lawyer in the smoker on the Union Pacific ordered another Scotch. "I don't see that the worker has any legitimate kick," he told me. "He's getting more than he ever got. He's got money to burn, and if we don't cut down his purchasing power we'll head into inflation." He paraphrased a long series of New York *Times* editorials on the subject.

I remembered him as I passed around the country. He couldn't see why the worker was kicking. Until recently, as a matter of fact, there has been a minimum of grumbling. The requirements of war, the dislocations of overnight transformation of the cities, have been taken, as the American always can take such things, in stride. But latterly, the worker has been making himself heard. In recent weeks he appears to have come to certain conclusions: he feels he has proved his willingness to take what is necessary to win the war. But his real wage has been dropping steadily. (And he knows that profits have been juicy.) The gap between the worker's greater take-home and the higher costs of living, has narrowed, and he has begun to worry. He

will take all the inconveniences, the daily irritations of poor transport, the queue, inadequate housing, as wartime necessities. But when he sees his scale of living needlessly threatened, when in many homes the food on the table has dwindled to the point where the children begin to suffer, he talks up.

The fact is that the real wages of the American worker have not jumped over the moon. From what I gathered, his *net real* income hasn't changed much since pre-war days, since 1939. In California, for instance, I learned that the average earnings of a worker in the durable goods industry in Los Angeles totaled \$29.19 a week at the close of 1939. He labored 39.7 hours per week to earn that. His average wage in July 1943 rose to \$50.33 for an average forty-five hour week. Sounds good, doesn't it? It is a 72.4 percent increase in gross weekly earnings. But deduct new income taxes, war bond payments, the rise in the cost of living, the wartime deterioration in the quality of goods bought, and you get a picture a bit less rosy. According to Mr. Pinsky, research expert of the California CIO, "The result is that this worker's net real income now amounts to only \$30.52 after a work week of forty-five hours. He works thirteen percent longer, but he really earns only seven percent more." Consider the shipyard worker. To listen to the National Association of Manufacturers, he is the real profiteer of the war, Mr. Pinsky said. "The average weekly earnings of a California shipyard worker was \$34.53 in December, 1939, and \$65.52 in June, 1943. Real weekly earnings, however, are only \$36.51, an increase of approximately eight percent for a twenty-five percent longer work week."

This characteristic expression I heard from the wife of a Kaiser shipyard worker in San Francisco: "I can't say that our standard of living has shot up since the war. We've held our own, but that's all. We've paid off our debts, we're about even now. But the way prices are going, and wages are frozen, I don't know. . . ." Her family spends most of its money "for the stomach." And today you have to buy a lot of stuff that's priced higher than the ceiling. It burns you up but you have to do it. You do it. What else can you do? She reiterated a truth that I found across America, in Pittsburgh, in Detroit, elsewhere.

I thought: how well the economic saboteurs have done their job! They refused OPA enough funds to pay for an adequate staff of investigators, or agents. The setup has no teeth and the people haven't organized their own strength sufficiently to prevent the breach of OPA rulings. So prices are high, and go higher. And the wages are frozen.

Any wonder the worker rails at the Little Steel formula? He considers it a straitjacket today. He has little faith that prices can be rolled back, not after the past year's

experience with the black market. And he believes that the formula must be revised for the benefit of his family, for his own physical welfare to meet the pace of the hard wartime work-week. The average worker knows what handsome profits are taken in by the employer, a fact that he was ready to accept until his own family's welfare was threatened. And today, the anti-subsidy bloc in Congress threatens to destroy even those faulty controls of the cost of living. So the people balk.

HOWEVER, I wish to underscore this: my observations lead me to the belief that reaction's drive has not undermined the people's regard for their Commander-in-Chief. By and large they differentiate between him and the agencies they consider at fault. The workers have not forgotten his labor record; they, as well as the overwhelming majority in the country, identify him with the great advances in international policy. Furthermore, some unions have done a fairly effective job of enlightenment; putting the finger on those to blame. The danger, however, lies among the great blocs of new workers in industry, and with strata of the middle-class and farmers

who read the Hearst-Scripps-Howard-McCormick sedition. Too many AFL unions, like the Boilermakers on the West Coast, have failed to carry on an educational job. "It is imperative that the unions achieve a working harmony for an effective 1944 political campaign," many unionists of all three major setups told me across the country. "And the work must start *now*." They feel it's going to be tough and they're not prone to underestimate the job. A vast campaign of enlightenment and political organization is on the agenda; one that will bring the truth to *all popular strata* of the country so that the great majority can be swung into effective action against the saboteurs in Congress.

Remember Walt Whitman's warning?

*Democracy, the destin'd conqueror yet
treacherous lip smiles everywhere
And death and infidelity at every step.*

"Stride on, Democracy," Whitman said; democracy will stride on, but it will have to contest every foot gained. "We are between riots," the Negro editor said to me in Detroit; I heard it among the Mexicans and Negroes in Los Angeles. Gerald L.

K. Smith has more than pin-money in his jeans; Colonel McCormick will not leap into Lake Michigan. The fifth column girds for heavy fighting. It challenges democracy, "the destin'd conqueror."

YES, everywhere, in every avenue and every roadway, I found the old vying with the new. A just, patriotic war had brought in its train a swirl of new ideas, new attitudes, new thinking. The partisans of the old would not go down without hard fighting. But, as I intend to show in my subsequent articles, the new is dominant, the majority of people accepting, welcoming, the ideas which victory requires. Keep that in mind, the majority of people are accepting the new.

As the Kentucky mountaineer told me at midnight on State Street, Chicago, "No, I ain't never going back. Why should I? Of course, this won't last forever. It won't be exactly like this after the war, but whichever way it will be, it's better than the hills back there." He told me he had bought a one-way ticket.

America, I believe, has bought a one-way ticket. It will never go back.

JOSEPH NORTH.

DEMOCRACY'S BATTLE

Robert Minor looks at "the vast changes that have taken place in the relationship of nations" since December 7, 1941. The great hope for the future.

OUR country has been at war two years. Let us, on the second Pearl Harbor anniversary, recapitulate briefly the vast changes that have taken place in the relationships of nations in these two years. Lenin, in the summer of 1905 during the first Russian Revolution, made this generalization which he applied to the Russian situation of that time: "Great questions in the life of nations are settled only by force. The reactionary classes are usually themselves the first to resort to violence, to civil war; they are the first to 'place the bayonet on the agenda' [a phrase Marx used for Germany in 1848] as the Russian autocracy has been doing systematically, consistently, everywhere, all over the country, ever since January 9."*

We have had many opportunities in the past two years, and in the past ten years since the ascendancy of Hitler and the formation of the Axis, to study this truth which, like all of its kind, is related to historic epochs and limited to concrete situations within those historic epochs. It has its reality now in application to the world situation and the relationships among states. Great questions in the life of nations have been subjected to an extreme settlement

* Lenin: *Selected Works*, Vol. III, pp. 126-7.

"only by force" on a scale never before known to man and with an abandon of violence not excelled in the Dark Ages.

FIVE years ago the Treaty of Munich was based upon a proposition of Hitler-Germany, accepted in Paris and London, that the decisive contradictions of the dangerous world situation then developing—the contradictions by which the foreign policies and alignments of nations must be governed—were necessarily those contradictions along the line of class division in each of the separate states, projected into the relations between nations as contradictions between Western capitalist states and the socialist state. The accepted conclusion was that the military power of Nazi Germany must be raised to hegemony over Europe, to be fed upon the bodies of the smaller states (e.g. Czechoslovakia and Austria) so as to become strong as a special agency of the wealthy classes of Western Europe against extreme developments of the labor movement on the Continent and particularly as an instrument of military violence against the Soviet Union.

History has since made clear on the battlefield and on the high seas, with Death as the umpire, that the decisive contradiction in the given world situation is that

which lies between the Axis of world conquest on the one side, and world democracy on the other. The hardest test of blood and fire and of armies advancing and of millions dying, has shown that the concept of democracy that corresponds to reality includes the democracy of both the capitalist countries and the socialist country.

That the contradiction expressed in the aggression of fascism against democracy would be the decisive contradiction in the next great world drama of history had already been discernible to Marxists for eight years. From 1935 it has been the clearly expressed view of Joseph Stalin that in the world war forecast by Hitler's rise to power, the Italian attack on Ethiopia and the formation of the Axis (which Stalin so brilliantly pictured at the Eighteenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in March, 1939), the decisive contradiction on the lines of which the war soon to be precipitated by Hitler would be fought would be that between the Axis states and the states which were not seeking war.

The Stalin line of policy was formed in the light of events in Germany, the assault launched by Hitler's burning of the Reichstag, the orgies of blood against the culture and democracy of Germany. Heroic

George Dimitrov's victory in the Leipzig frame-up trial and his journey to Moscow marked the full development of the Marxian analysis of the world situation, the inevitability of the Hitler plan of attack upon world civilization, and of the alignment of superior strength that must be formed among nations to prevent its culmination or to defeat it in military action.

Doggedly, persistently, for eight years, the Soviet Union held and fought for this view, even though to outer appearances the triumph of Hitler was confirmed in the desertion of Ethiopia in 1935, in the betrayal of Republican Spain in 1936, and finally in the brutal selling of Czechoslovakia in the Munich Treaty of September 1938. Further, when in August 1939 the French and British governments, manipulating a Polish Government, refused the necessary military arrangements for a Red Army advance through Polish and Lithuanian territory upon Germany, necessitating an assumption of neutrality by the Soviet Union, the socialist state utilized this enforced respite for military preparations based upon the Stalin analysis.

THE Munich orientation, the father of which is Hitler, persisted and continued to warp if not to determine policy in the western democracies even after the Anglo-French declaration of war in September 1939. It persisted also throughout the "seven months" in which no military defense of Western Europe was prosecuted or organized; it continued to warp the minds of a part of the Allied officer cadres even during the advance of the German armies into France, and found its nadir of baseness when Paris was surrendered to Hitler by an American ambassador.

The Munich strategy continued in the Hitler maneuvers seeking to assure the easy conquest of England by "friendly" notice of the impending attack on the Soviet Union. Of the Germans Stalin said in his speech on Nov. 6, 1941: "They calculated primarily on the fact that they seriously hoped to create a universal coalition against the USSR, to draw Great Britain and the United States into this coalition and, preliminary to that, to frighten the ruling circles of these countries by the specter of revolution, and in this way completely isolate our country from the other powers.

"The Germans knew that their policy of playing up the contradictions between classes in separate states and between these states and the Soviet country had already yielded results in France whose rulers, permitting themselves to be intimidated by the specter of revolution, in their fear placed their country at Hitler's feet and gave up resistance.

"The German fascist strategists thought that the same would happen in the case of Great Britain and the United States. The not-unknown Hess was actually sent to England by the German fascists to convince

the British politicians to join the universal campaign against the USSR.

"But the Germans gravely miscalculated.

"It turned out that the German policy of playing up contradictions and intimidating by the specter of revolution has exhausted itself and no longer fits in the new situation; and not only does not fit, but is moreover pregnant with great dangers for the German invader, for in the new conditions of war it leads to exactly the opposite result."

THE alliance that has come into existence now, therefore, represents a colossal and absolutely unprecedented change in the course of history. For such a change to occur great obstacles had to be removed—obstacles upon which Hitler relied.

The Moscow Agreement, by removing political obstacles, brings the coalition conceived in the Atlantic Charter into full operation. Its most immediate application is necessarily military: the application of the full united armed strength of the three Great Powers upon the central theater of war for a quick military decision.

But by removing the artificial distinction between military cooperation and the continuation of cooperation after the success of the military action, the Agreement not only helps to release the full striking power of the Allied military forces, but opens a prospect never before known to the world.

The Agreement makes possible for the first time in many centuries a prolonged period of world peace.

By extending the cooperation beyond the military aspect of the present world crisis, the Agreement makes possible the solution of problems that have been a nightmare alike to every business conference and every trade union convention: whether at the end of hostilities we must close down the enormous American industrial plant.

The promise to continue the cooperation of the Four Powers, with a change from the instruments of war to the instruments of peaceful construction and trade, makes possible a stability of credit and a world market almost without limit in its absorption capacity. The differences of social structure among the Allied countries are not a source of weakness; the Agreement bridges the widest gulfs that remain. On the Continent of Europe where for five centuries no great question has been settled without war, democratic solutions are made possible by the Agreement on Italy as a prototype.

The Japanese Prime Minister's recent statement that Japan's position is now "grave" is a recognition of a long-known certainty: that Japan's hold upon her conquests cannot long outlast Germany's.

THE second anniversary of Pearl Harbor calls attention to the vast changes that are resulting in Asia and elsewhere throughout the world.

Lenin said in March 1916 there are "three types of countries in relation to self-determination of nations." These were: "First, the advanced countries of Western Europe and the United States," where "the bourgeois, progressive, national movement came to an end long ago," every one of which "great" nations "oppresses other nations." . . . "Secondly, Eastern Europe," where "it was the twentieth century that particularly developed the bourgeois-democratic national movements and intensified the national struggle. . . . "Thirdly, the semi-colonial countries, like China, Persia, Turkey, and all colonies, which have a combined population amounting to a billion," in which "the bourgeois-democratic movements have either hardly begun, or are far from having been completed." *

Momentarily we speak of the Soviet Union as representing another "type" in its "relation to self-determination of nations" which did not exist at the time that Lenin spoke in 1916. The coming into history of the socialist country as the strongest state both in Europe and Asia, in the military sense and in its internal unity and morale, and as a great "metropolitan" country which nevertheless by its character does not exploit labor either at home or in the form of colonial possessions, is of such vast consequences as almost to be beyond full appreciation. By the "unexpected" weight of its arms in the scale of war, the whole world situation has been changed. This is the weight that has already shown itself most decisive in the victory.

Let us see what has happened in regard to the "three types" of states of which Lenin spoke—as a result of the Hitler assault upon Europe and that of Japan upon Asia.

First, all of the most advanced countries of the Continent have been transformed into subjugated nations. Here, by what Lenin spoke of as a possible "gigantic stride backward in history," represented now by the Hitler conquest, the national movements that had been completed and come to an end "long ago," are revived on a different plane in a huge and bloody life-and-death struggle for national liberation against an oppression no less brutal than that of any colonial oppression ever known—an oppression that includes the wholesale murder of hostages and the restoration of a slavery as complete as that which was destroyed by the Civil War in the United States eighty years ago.

In the "second type" of nations, in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, the national struggle is brought to the highest stage under conditions in which the decisive military forces of the world are the allies of the peoples, assuring them victory.

The peoples of the "third type," the semi-colonial, have been and are being drawn into a rapid development and com-

* Lenin: *Selected Works*, Vol. V, pp. 275-6.

pletion of their movements for national liberation, also under conditions that allow no turning of this movement aside. Those who dream that China, emerging victorious from this war, after the incredible heroism of her people in twelve years of mass slaughter and starvation, will endure European nations again in control of her Hong Kongs and Shanghais, are smoking an opium of the past, as are those who believe that India can be ruled from Europe or by any but Indians after the Japanese structure is knocked into ruins on the Asiatic continent.

Pearl Harbor, an attack by the most aggressive imperialism in the Asian world, seeking to take over the rule of a billion people—more than half the population of the earth—has irrevocably opened up all that remained closed and blinded and lifeless, of a human race in its march toward

democracy. The defeat of Japan, which is the inevitable corollary of Hitler's defeat in Europe, has made impossible any other outcome than the entry of the great Asian half of the world into the general democratic world movement and the society of free nations.

That China signed the Moscow Declaration is but a symbol of this. The reality lies in the relationship of forces which no power on earth or in heaven can now ever change.

It would be a mistake (a mistake made by Hitler) if one were so misunderstand the nature of military force as consisting of arms and the wielding of arms alone. Military force can be applied only by men, and in the last analysis the actions of men are guided by moral force. That "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just" is not an idle sentiment of Shakespeare; it is one of the hardest and most

important realities of the science of war. Therefore Stalin said in his Order of the Day, Feb. 23, 1942: "The Red Army's strength lies above all in the fact that it is not waging a predatory, imperialist war, but a patriotic war, a war of liberation, a just war. . . ."

"The German soldier lacks a lofty, noble aim in the war which could inspire him and in which he could take pride."

But when the bayonet is "on the agenda" the moral means must drive the bayonet. The enormous change in the world situation is the achievement of military force in a quantity and quality of violence never equalled in history.

"The victories of the Red Army have had results and consequences far beyond the limits of the Soviet-German front; they have changed the whole further course of the world war and acquired great international significance." (Stalin's speech, November 6, 1943.)

We must not fail to see the *irrevocable* character of military decisions when they are won by the forces that move *forward* in history. Efforts to explain the situation of oppressed peoples in this war, while ignoring the most potent of the forces determining the military outcome (as in the case of recent attempts to explain the situation of China and India), are worse than futile. The red flow of the Volga in the autumn a year ago determined not only the security of Moscow but also whether the Germans would meet the Japanese in southern Asia. Not at Singapore but at Stalingrad was it decided that the Axis armies would not occupy India. Colossal military decisions at the present time cannot have less than world significance.

Significant is the fact that it was not a commander in the European theater of war, but the Commander-in-Chief of our military and naval forces *in the Pacific area*, who said: "The world situation . . . indicates that the hopes of civilization rest on the worthy banners of the courageous Red Army."

The vast consequences of the coalition as completed in the Moscow Agreement are more than military (the assurance of early victory), and they are more than economic (the keeping of industrial and agricultural production in full operation by international arrangements regarding markets and credits). The consequences reach far into all questions of the ways of life of the peoples of the world.

Those Americans who look upon the coalition begun in the Atlantic Charter and matured in the Moscow Agreements, as an affair of mere passing importance, toward which one should take an attitude "for" or "against" each morning according to the latest press dispatches—constantly reconsidering whether it is "worth while" or should be "thrown into the waste basket"—are making an error more profound than any other that can now be



made. Excepting the four great modern revolutions, of England in 1640, of the United States in 1776, of France in 1789 and of Soviet Russia in 1917, and if also we make an exception for the moment of the enormous military victories *per se* on the Eastern Front—there is no event in the affairs of modern nations that affects the life of mankind so profoundly as it is affected by this coalition. At the moment of greatest conflict of all history the military alignment is drawn with the two great democratic states of the capitalist system together with the new great democratic state of socialism in the general democratic world movement against the revived medieval reaction that would destroy all of them alike. That the coalition includes the largest representative of the national revolution in Asia enhances the importance.

Both Premier Stalin and President Roosevelt cast a beam of light ahead when the Soviet Marshal said, "during the last year there have been changes not only in the fatherland's war but in the whole world situation," and the President spoke of a possibility of "years—and perhaps . . . centuries of peace" if the initiative is not lost by the peoples.

Those who study the various agreements will see a definite orientation in the Italian

agreement toward a continent of Europe without civil war. Those will best understand this who recall that solutions without civil and other wars were rightly considered impossible on the continent of Europe during the past hundred years. Under the present guarantee of the three great powers, solutions are to be made by popular majorities under conditions of the Four Freedoms.

This judgment is one of far-reaching consequences.

In the United States and England there exist a national unity for the winning of this war and an orientation toward the solution of problems and the achievement of the aims of the labor movement by constitutional means.

There is a prospect of prolonged peace between nations, due to the strength of the alliance. And due to the facilities offered for the keeping of industries at full production through world-wide economic measures, the prospect of orderly progress in the national lives of the people is given an unprecedented likelihood.

It is possible to have a prolonged period in our country and in others of the ascendancy of peaceful social progress by means of development and unity of the great trade unions and of parliamentary political struggle. We may speak again

the words spoken by Marx to Jules Guesde in 1881, that the right of suffrage has been "*transformé, de moyen de duperie qu'il a été jusqu'ici, en instrument d'émancipation*"—they have transformed it from a means of deception, which it was heretofore, into an instrument of emancipation.

The greatest need of the time is now to be found precisely in the full Marxian-Leninist understanding of the potency that lies in this "instrument of emancipation," and the quick and full development of it among the millions of workers and their allies who have already shown that they begin to grasp it.

The possession and defense of, and cleaning and development of these democratic means of progress constitutes the "great affair" in the life of nations which we see now in this unprecedented and incomparable war is being "settled only by force" in the world generally.

It must be used first of all in consolidating the ranks of the people in support of the war, to win the victory over the sinister forces that fight now in Congress, in the press, in the industries, for the enemy.

The war is only now being brought to its crescendo. The victory is still to be won.

ROBERT MINOR.

WARRIOR'S PORTRAIT

Bob Thompson, who won a DSC, would rather talk about his fellow soldiers' heroism. Conviction, understanding, and morale.



Bob Thompson

Workers School. He enrolled—and last year the news dispatches from the Pacific announced that the staff sergeant who had captured a Japanese machine gun almost singlehanded, young Bob Thompson, of Ohio, had been an organizer of the Young Communist League.

And that was just about the only "colorful" fact which Bob Thompson gave the reporters about himself. They had to learn from his commanding officers that he had led a patrol of fifteen men deep into the enemy's lines, captured the machine gun emplacement, and enabled his entire company to advance at a strategic point near Buna. The War Department citation for "extraordinary heroism" mentions that he

BOB THOMPSON, at the age of twenty-eight, is a hero of two wars. I suspect he will not like that description. And not only because the very title "hero" is traditionally (and understandably) embarrassing to those who wear it—even, or especially, to those very few who, like Bob, possess the highest award for heroism, the Distinguished Service Cross. His own distaste for such terms is more than a form of modesty. It is, rather, seriousness—the kind of seriousness which is skeptical of the usual "colorful" or "dramatic" word as too easy a key to men's behavior. One of the first things he emphasized to me was that it is *not* "animal courage" or "love of adventure" or "the sporting spirit"—as some writers would have it—which motivates our fighters in the Pacific and in Italy. It is understanding: they know what fascism is and what democracy is; it is as simple as that.

Well, perhaps not so simple. Take Bob Thompson's own story, for example. He has been a soldier, in civilian clothes and in uniform, since early boyhood, and that is no simple matter. It took him to Spain, where he commanded the Mac-Pap (Canadian) Battalion in the fight there against

Hitler. It took him, five years later, to the Pacific, into the leadership of exploits which won him the DSC. When I saw him, at his home in Sunnyside, Long Island, he was still ill from the lung trouble which had necessitated his honorable discharge from the Army. But he had been ill before that, in Spain—deathly ill from a wound suffered at Jarama which he would not let interfere with his duties. His life has never been easy. Just out of grammar school, he went to work in a logging camp near his native town of Grants Pass, Ore. His father was a worker too, in the shipyards, and a good union member. There were no unions in the logging camps then, but young Bob met veterans of militant labor activity and found them "a pretty good group." Later, working in the Santa Fe railroad yards in California, he met men who told stirring eyewitness stories of the desperate battle then being fought by the San Joaquin Valley strikers for the very right to live. Such stories, with his own experiences, fed a curiosity that had been more stimulated than answered by visits to the public library. One day, walking through a park in Los Angeles, he saw posters advertising a coming term at the

"swam the swollen and rapid Konombi River in broad daylight and under heavy fire. . . ." One of his officers, Capt. Mil-
lard C. Gray, told reporters that Thomp-
son was "probably more of a soldier than
myself." Bob himself will tell you nothing
of that particular piece of daring—except
to warn that the citation is "flattering."

It is easier to understand this attitude
when you know more about him. For one
thing, "extraordinary heroism" is not quite
so extraordinary to anyone who fought in
Spain, in that first valiant, lonely, savage
military resistance to fascism. And then, as
I have said, he is not interested in talking
about individual deeds. He will tell you
he is a Communist because that is impor-
tant: a man's political beliefs are important,
and never more so than in this war. On
this subject he will talk at length—about
the convictions of the men he knew in the
Army, about their morale, their under-
standing. The afternoon I saw him he
talked for an hour and a half—as long as
the doctor would permit—speaking slowly
and a little painfully, making sure he had
the right word, or phrase. Except for
his pallor, and the hint of fatigue in his
face toward the end of the interview, he
did not appear ill. In fact he has gained
just about enough weight in recuperating
to remind you of a college football player.
He looks younger than his twenty-eight
years and his earnestness may strike you as
youthful too—until you find out what's
back of it.

I have said he is serious and he is just
that—not solemn, not dull. If he frowns
occasionally in his earnestness, he smiles
just as frequently and when he does he
means it. But the interview was an im-
portant business to him because there were
things he felt should be said, and said
plainly and correctly. It was clear that
he had thought it out before I came, and
that he regarded many of my queries about
himself as not strictly relevant. After a
while I let him go on in his own way and,
as it turned out, his way was better. At
least, what he had to say was more valuable
than anything to be gained from the con-
ventional question-and-answer interview.
So from this point on I will set it down
in his own words, with as little interrup-
tion as possible from the writer:

"REMEMBERING Spain, I feel a tre-
mendous satisfaction—because we
now have the equipment, the men, the al-
lies, and most of all the conviction to finish
the fight begun there. In Spain morale
was more important than any other factor.
And the foundation of that morale was the
knowledge of what fascism meant. We
are now achieving that in America. At
the time of the Spanish war it was im-
possible to say that the understanding of
the American soldiers who fought in the
International Brigade was widespread

among the American people. But in the
four years since, we can now speak of that
understanding as being general—not so
much as we might hope for, but spreading.
Just as four years ago it was the basis of
three thousand Americans fighting in Spain,
today it is the foundation of the nine mil-
lion members of the armed forces. They
see fascism as incompatible with the things
they want. They understand the nature
of the forces opposed to it, the Soviet
Union, for example, the labor movement,
the democratic tradition. Life has forced
that understanding.

"There are people who would deny that
such understanding exists in America's
fighting forces. Right now, when the time
has come to undertake large-scale deci-
sive action, the defeatists are more and
more falling back on the claim that the
morale is low. You often see dispatches
which portray the American soldier as
someone who has learned nothing from the
experiences of this war—as a man who, at
best, fights because of a 'team spirit' or
because he has inborn traits of a gambler
—never because he understands the hard
realities of the world of 1943. This kind
of talk is either ignorant nonsense or mali-
cious slander. The simple fact is that men
do not fight as our soldiers have, in the
South Pacific and in Italy, except when
motivated by feelings that arise from un-
derstanding.

"Our soldiers do know in essential out-
line the character of this war and its stakes.
Anyone who ever participated in or lis-
tened to the bull sessions that go on where-
ever soldiers gather, as in the encamp-
ments of Australia and New Guinea, are
impressed by the very earnest discussion re-
garding the way to end the war by total
victory. In those sessions, it never happens
that they turn to any other means than
military action. Nor did they ever consider
how we might win by letting other people
fight for us. They knew it would entail
heavy fighting on our own part. And they
knew that a real invasion of Europe was
the answer. Yes, the men in the Pacific
were for that invasion; they knew it would
help them if Hitler were smashed first.

"Most of the divisions I saw in action
were drawn from the Midwest, where iso-
lationism and defeatism are supposed to be
strongest. But I found no lack of clarity,
no support for the McCormicks. There
was a fair proportion of union men in those
divisions and while John L. Lewis served
to create some confusion, in most cases the
men distinguished between his position and
that of labor as a whole. A number of
fellows from my company regularly re-
ceived labor papers and bulletins. I re-
member how proud one of the men was
when he got a big poster from his shop
quoting something from a letter he had
written his brother.

"Some of the men who had entered

the Army with unhealthy prejudices got
rid of them after they went over. They
learned better from the experience of mix-
ing with others. Boys who didn't belong
to unions, who had been taken in by the
charges that CIO men were 'radicals,'
changed their minds when they had lived
and fought with CIO members. Individ-
uals who had been infected with anti-Semi-
tism but who served under Jewish ser-
geants and fought with Jewish soldiers,
learned that there were as many fine peo-
ple among them as in any other group.
As for Communists, it was enough to come
into contact with them to find that in the
long run they were fellows you could ap-
preciate as friends and whose understand-
ing you could respect. Except for a couple
of isolated instances, there was no outright
hostility to me as a Communist. In fact,
the men showed an interest in it; they
wanted to hear about it and take my opin-
ions into account.

"PERHAPS one of the most important ef-
fects of this mingling is that men from
small towns have been impressed, despite
all attempts at Jim Crow, by the very fact
of wearing the same uniform as the Negro
soldier. Wherever the color bars are let
down, as in the overseas hospitals, there is
an unmarred record of fine mutual re-
lations between white and Negro troops.
Not only do the soldiers in hospitals live
without any segregation—the white order-
lies take care of Negro soldiers and the Ne-
gro soldiers of white orderlies.

"The closer you get to reality, to the
actual fighting, the more recognition there
is, from the top command to the rank and
file, that playing on prejudices is a harm-
ful business to the war itself. I think it
is a credit to our Army Command that
there is so little of that sort of thing in
our frontline soldiers.

"Of course the necessities of the war in
the East have forced a certain change in
outlook where old prejudices are con-
cerned. The command has learned from
the experiences of Malay, Singapore, the
East Indies—and learned in a different
way from the Philippines. They realize
now it is a military necessity to begin treat-
ing peoples in the Far Pacific on the basis
of a beginning of equality, at least. One of
the most important developments in New
Guinea was that for the first time in the
South Pacific we had the active support of
the native population. Without their help
—in transporting supplies, carrying out the
wounded, constructing roads and build-
ings, acting as guides—our success there
would have been much more difficult to
achieve, if not impossible. This fact made
a profound impression, especially on some
Australian officers who had behind them
the experience of Malaya. But the help
we got from the native population was not
obtained by chance. Here was the begin-

ning of an attempt actually to *enlist* their support. Evidence of that was shown in the care taken not to infringe on the rights and property of the natives, and to see that the native labor received what could be called a decent wage for that area and that the work was done under the immediate supervision of their own tribal leaders. In other words, an effort was made to show the natives that we were prepared to treat them as human beings. At a big ceremony after the taking of Buna Mission, an achievement to which the native tribes had contributed a good deal, many of the tribes were present and the Army leaders not only praised their efforts but awarded decorations to a number of individual members. As for the American soldiers, we did not permit anyone to speak of the natives in a derogatory fashion. We had experienced too much of their kindness and help, especially to our wounded. And we remembered such things as that when we hadn't much food they would climb up in the trees and get coconuts for us—a real job, too."

I asked him how far the men thought beyond the war, to what would happen to them after victory. "Their main idea, of course, is to see that there is a victory," he answered. "But they do talk of when-peace-comes. Many of them are worried about the question of jobs when they get back home. They see production now so many times greater than it has ever been and they wonder what will happen to employment when that production slacks off. One thing I noticed that interested me a lot—they don't seem to have any rigid adherence to the *status quo*; they don't stop short when it comes to discussing innovations in the economy."

Question: Aren't the men overseas continually talking about coming home? Doesn't this indicate a low morale?

"OF COURSE—the sooner the fellows overseas are able to come home the better they will like it. It's their favorite topic of conversation. There's no reason to conclude that this indicates a low morale, however. You see the important thing about this desire is the form in which it finds expression. Now the simple desire to get out of the army and come home, if it were strong enough and if it were unconnected with an understanding of the necessities of the war, would lead inevitably to one thing—large numbers of desertions from the army. It is a well known fact that desertion is a remarkably rare occurrence in this army of ours.

"Now I have said that the desire to get back home does not indicate bad morale. Why is that? It is because this desire is universally connected by the men with the idea of the earliest possible victory for our country. The vocal wish among the soldiers to get home to friends, family, and

jobs is the popular form of expression of their desire for a short war as opposed to a long war.

"The fact that this is so finds expression in a long article by the war correspondent John Gunther in the November 30 issue of *Look* magazine, called 'So You Want to Come Home, Soldier.' The whole of Gunther's article is a plea to the soldiers not to be too impatient about winning the war. I won't go into the article as such, which is a rehash of the defeatist delay-the-victory tripe, including a nonsensical dissertation on the different 'mentality' governing the Russian and American conduct of the war. The important thing in the article for the point we are discussing is that even Gunther takes as his starting point the indisputable fact that the American soldiers overseas connect their desire to come home with their desire for decisive actions to bring victory.

"It is not possible to call the talk about home, etc., bad morale when it is connected in this way with the issue of winning the war in the shortest possible time. On the contrary, the feeling behind such talk is evidence of a *healthy* morale. And it reveals a sounder understanding of the problems and needs of the war than is shown by people who berate our soldiers because they impatiently desire victory."

Question: You have probably run across "liberals" who express discouragement and discontent over the fact that soldiers, in their conversations, don't seem to understand and appreciate what are called "the deeper issues" of the war. Do you think these liberals are justified?

"I don't think they are justified and what is more I think such sentiments must be sharply condemned.

"What do these people mean when they speak of 'deeper issues'? In most cases they mean goals of major social transformations that actually have no place in this war—goals that run counter to the dominant character of the war. Such people haven't grasped the simple all-important truth that this war is in fact a war for survival, a war to smash fascism as a power in the world. They can't be satisfied with such 'modest goals.' They look for 'deeper issues' in this war and when they find that the average American soldier refuses to share their misconceptions they become discouraged and discontented.

"A recent dispatch by Herbert Matthews in the *New York Times* illustrates another difficulty some people have in evaluating morale among our soldiers. On one hand Matthews sees our soldiers fight bravely and well. On the other, he listens to their conversations and finds it is almost exclusively small talk about home friends and family. Result? He concludes the American soldier has no interest in the basic issues of the war!

"What do people like Matthews expect

to find among soldiers? A round-the-clock, 365-day symposium on 'War Aims'? Of course they don't find such a thing. The normal soldier talks about things that are close to him, home, jobs, family, etc. So does the average war worker or business man. No one thinks of small talk among civilians as an indication of bad war morale or lack of interest in basic war issues. The morale of soldiers finds expression in their actions, not in their daily small talk."

He ended the interview by illustrating his point about morale with a few stories of heroism—the heroism of other men. "There was the mess sergeant out on patrol, a considerable distance from our lines. The patrol ran up against a couple of Japanese machine gun emplacements and two of the men were wounded. It was difficult for the patrol to withdraw, taking the wounded with them. They had to get a runner back to the company to fetch hand grenades, and to do that he would have to cross a river. The mess sergeant, a very skinny little fellow with a wife and three kids at home, volunteered to try. He swam the river with the hand grenades and got across safely. It was a mighty fine piece of personal daring.

"Then there was the battalion doctor who insisted on being among the first to cross after we had established a bridgehead across the river. His real place was back at the battalion aid station but he felt he had to take care of the wounded on the other side, and he crossed under heavy fire to do it. . . . And the big Oklahoma rancher, who took part in all the volunteer patrols and had the best sense of direction in the company, as well as the best hand for grenade-throwing. He should have been a platoon sergeant, but refused because he might have to ask somebody to do something he wouldn't want to do himself. . . ."

ON THE long subway ride back to Manhattan I read over my notes, and tried to find a key word for the impression I had received—something more expressive and more accurate than the facts I had just learned, memorable as they were. And the word that kept occurring to me was the one Bob himself had emphasized: conviction. It is not in itself an exciting word and it has been shouted around a good deal and worried and played with until much of the first life has gone out of it. But Bob Thompson had made it seem new—and yet, in a different sense, very old, older in American life than Valley Forge. No, it is not a simple thing—to follow a conviction with a singlemindedness that takes you into the face of a machine gun. Yet it is what millions of men are doing today; doing it because, as Bob says, conviction comes from understanding and "life has forced that understanding."

BARBARA GILES.



"THE OUTER LEAF"

Ben Field's novel of Connecticut's tobacco growers. . . . "Love of the farm, not as childhood idyll but as man's living." Reviewed by Isidor Schneider.

THE OUTER LEAF, by Ben Field. Reynal & Hitchcock. \$2.50.

THE author's foreword, telling what goes into the making of a tobacco crop, is a vivid piece of writing and a remarkably clear exposition of one kind of farming. It also serves excellently its function as an introduction. It gives an immediate sense of absorption in, and intimacy with, the processes of tobacco growing which characterize the whole book; and in the cycle of planting, transplanting, weeding, cultivating, curing, and marketing that it describes it sets a sort of program for the action that follows.

The foreword projects what is probably one of the most notable distinctions of this novel, the love of the farm, not as childhood idyll but as man's living. This is something unique in our literature, which shuttles the countryside between a paradise of romanticism and several hells of naturalism and satire.

But *The Outer Leaf* has some other distinctions which esthete critics may hold to be irrelevant—if they are willing to ignore the importance of fresh material. *The Outer Leaf* has a hero new in American writing, though he has appeared in Soviet writing—the Jewish farmer. It also has a new setting, a rural melting pot, the Connecticut River valley where Yankee, Jew, Slav, Italian, and Irish farmers grow tobacco at varying economic levels—plantation owner, independent farmer, and hired hand.

THIS fresh material is handled in a notably fitting manner, a narration as driving and terse as its hero, conversation sensitively true to each character, and description marked by the flavorful metaphors with which readers of the author's short stories are already familiar and which here, in the restraint and appositeness of their use, indicate a gain in mastery.

Moe Miller, the principal character of *The Outer Leaf*, is a rough-hewn block of a man, reticent, almost inarticulate. But he knows what he wants and the way to it and is so solidly confident of his getting there that his actions have an eloquence and point which make talk almost superfluous. In comparison the glib, playboy "Genghis" Kahn, with whose mis-



Ben Field

spent and finally tragic life Moe's stands in contrast, never can say anything clever enough.

Moe puts all the passion of his deep nature, all the strength of his country-built body, all the ingenuity of his resourceful and undetourable mind into the tobacco farm that he has made his own after his scholarly father had failed on it. This gives him effectiveness and integrity though it also circumscribes him and leaves him insensitive in certain situations. The woman whom he marries becomes, through her finer awareness, an added sense to him.

TWO intertwined conflicts make up the story. One is the struggle to plant and harvest a crop in a war year, with labor shortages and material shortages to contend with, along with the customary weather hazards and insect raids. Making a crop under these handicaps calls for feats of labor and Ben Field succeeds remarkably in communicating the tension of that effort. I was reminded, in the excitement of this part of the narrative, of the tension of sea stories, of men taking a ship through a long and stormy voyage.

The other conflict is over Moe's marriage. His mother has set her heart on his marrying the soft, sentimental daughter of a rich plantation owner and president of the local synagogue. There is a tacit assumption in her family, on the theory that the rich are the choosers, that in good time she is to become his bride, and that the time is at hand; but Moe rejects the girl as unfeelingly as he might a piece of unsuitable harness.

THE bride he chooses is a girl whom he has not noticed until the labor shortage induces him, reluctantly, to try her out as a farm hand. Mary Foley, daughter of a sluttish Polish mother and an Irish father, and with a sister notorious for her lovers who have left their public mark in her illegitimate child, is certainly not a good match by conventional standards. But, as Moe comes to know her beside him on a tractor, she is strong, reliable, and capable. These qualities draw him to look closer into her as a woman, also, and to find in her realms lacking in himself. And this makes all the other considerations, the differences of nationality, religion, and status, and the unsavoriness of the Foley family reputation, unimportant to him. The capacity to brush them aside is one of the characteristics of his strength, and of the realities that are fusing the American nation.

Long before he himself is aware of the transformation in his regard for the Foley girl, Moe's mother has seen it and understood. At once she takes up arms against it. She presses her scholarly husband into the fight, but it proves to be too much for his gentle and tolerant nature; and in the end, it is Moe, he and the American realities that triumph.

There are many vivid strands in this richly woven story, and other characters—Yankees, Poles, Jews, whom it is a temptation to linger over, were there space for it—live vigorously in *The Outer Leaf* and they are drawn with love. But none is prettified. Grasping old Kahn with his "philistine" disease of hemorrhoids, the slattern Mrs. Foley, the little local Nazis are presented "as is." Moe himself, in his mulish insensitivity toward his father which Mary only with difficulty enables him to see, is never softened down. All the char-

acters are presented in their full humanity.

This is a remarkable quality and sets the book apart from the nagging and negative character of what has passed for realism

in much of our recent literature. *The Outer Leaf* is a substantial contribution to American fiction.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

NO LESSON FROM MUNICH

Lord Vansittart's half truths obscure the whole. . . . Reviewed by Morris U. Schappes.

LESSONS OF MY LIFE, by the Rt. Hon. Lord Vansittart. Knopf. \$3.

IF THE world has learned any lesson in the past decade, it is this: that aggression can be prevented only by collective security which must include the Soviet Union, and that unprevented aggression can be defeated only by a military and diplomatic policy of coalition in which the Soviet Union is the pivot. Not having learned *that* lesson, Lord Vansittart can teach us nothing of value. Indeed, the impact of this book is to make us forget that lesson, to persuade us against our better judgment almost to unlearn it. Fortunately, our lesson is already being embodied in such declarations and communiques as have recently come out of the Moscow Conference.

Vansittart would set us back. A factitious reputation is being built up for him. He is being presented as a long-range bitter-ender in his hatred of Germany and as a far-sighted statesman who in forty years of service as a diplomat tried mightily to prevent German aggression. As Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Chamberlain, and as chief of the British Secret Service, he is supposed to have been an opponent of Chamberlain's policy of appeasement. Because Chamberlain is reported to have refused to see Vansittart for eighteen months and then finally dismissed him in 1938, it is assumed that Vansittart was eager to pursue a policy that would have been the opposite of appeasement. But reading this book demonstrates that Vansittart's view was not the antithesis of appeasement but actually an aspect of it. The real antithesis of appeasement was collective security, was a policy of an Anglo-Soviet-American coalition. But Vansittart merely wanted to persuade Chamberlain to accelerate the pace of British rearmament. And when he failed in that he wondered, "How could diplomacy *manufacture time* in default of other munitions?" (My italics—M.U.S.) But that was Chamberlain's deceiving cry, that he must make time, time, time. Neither time nor armaments could save Britain. Nothing could save Britain that would not at the same time save all others confronted by Axis aggression. Only collective security could have saved Britain. The aim of

appeasement, however, was not to save Britain.

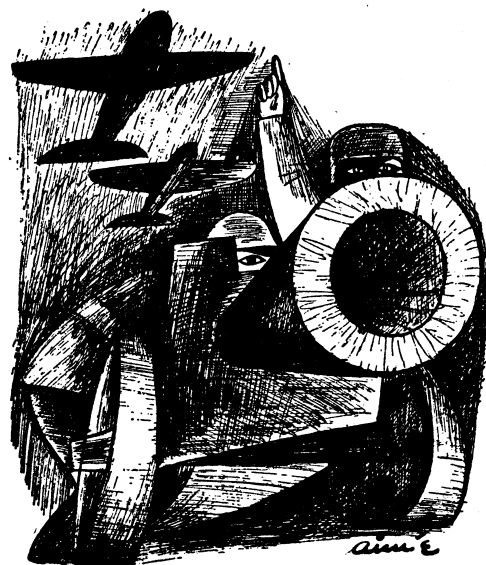
Vansittart does not know, or dares not tell, what appeasement meant. He would have us believe Munich was the product of British stupidity, or naivete, or ignorance—all of these created by German propaganda. But the essence of appeasement was its two-dimensional character: to strengthen Germany so that it could move East to destroy the Soviet Union. Of this basic anti-Soviet orientation in Munichism there is only a fleeting hint in Vansittart's statement that if German power to attack "were left alive, there might not always be a scapegoat in the East." Nowhere in the book is there even a mention of the fact that collective security could have changed the entire international situation before 1939, or that collective security is the only possible security after victory. This very idea is the ideological antithesis of Vansittartism.

VANSITTART is a demagogue. He uses half-truths to obscure the whole truth. Therefore he is effective upon some minds. The literary editor of the *New York Post* announces with a forthrightness worthy of better causes, "From now on count me a Vansittartist." Reviewers are swallowing large doses of the poisonous draught of Vansittartism and bragging of their iron constitutions. It puts hair on their intellects. It makes them feel tough. They will make Germany pay, they will. Never again will Germany attack us, not if we Vansittart the German nation. Thus does Vansittart pervert their healthy desire to destroy Germany's capacity for aggression.

Vansittart is half right in his insistence that Hitler is not a personal accident in Germany, and that Nazism has its roots deep in Germany's history of the uninterrupted rule of Prussian Junkers and militarists, joined recently by the heavy industry magnates. Marxists have for two decades been asserting that fascism is a manifestation of imperialism, and that imperialism is a stage of capitalism. But that is not what Vansittart means. Vansittart in fact exclaims—he a man in his sixties and forty years a diplomat—"I do not know what imperialism is." But he rides his half truth the whole way. He declares that there is absolutely no distinction between the German nation, the German people, and Hit-

lerism—and he quotes the claims of Goebbels and Hitler to prove his point! Literally, he swallows Nazi propaganda and passes it on to you, relabeled Vansittartism. Unless you are fascinated and confused by the new label you will taste the old poison. For, not knowing (or not admitting) what imperialism is and therefore what capitalism is, Vansittart ignores the *class* nature of fascist rule. In its declaration on Italy, the Moscow Conference proved itself infinitely wiser.

Vansittart is half correct when he shows that Nazism has the gangster support of storm-troopers and many thousands of demoralized and regimented youth, as well as the terrorized assent of large sections of the working class. But he would have us believe that the main point in his program is the necessity for the utter defeat of the German armies. Yet not once in this book (and as far as I can learn not once in his two years of Vansittartite agitation) does he propose the second front as the speediest path to the destruction of German militarism. Vansittart mouths dire threats of destruction that Goebbels can then quote in his ever more desperate attempts to bolster the cracking morale of the German people. Vansittart could not squeeze out a dram of even conventional praise of the Red Army's real, daily, large-scale annihilation of German soldiers. The military defeat of Germany, it is clear, would overthrow the terrorizing power of the Nazis and therefore release great forces among the population. Did not almost the whole world underestimate the anti-fascism deep in the hearts of the Italian people, an anti-fascism that is being released both by Anglo-American armies and by the heroic efforts of the underground coalition in Italy? Is there any reason to believe that the invasion of Germany proper would not similarly blow out the Nazi stopper and show the boiling hatred so long bottled up? The Free Germany committees are even now, together with the underground coalition that in December 1942 published the Rhineland Manifesto, arousing the German soldiers and people to action against Nazism.



Now Vansittart's aim is to persuade the Anglo-American forces (since his book will have no influence in the Soviet Union) to *suppress any* German democratic people's revolution led by a German National Front. To achieve his purpose, he works another half truth. For almost thirty years Marxists have been revealing the imperialist and later the fascist nature of German Social Democrats like Noske, Ebert, Scheideman and their successors. Vansittart repeats a pale paraphrase of this exposure in order to prove that the German "left" cannot be relied upon as an anti-imperialist, anti-aggressive force. He never mentions the German Communists. He does not mention that the revolution against the Kaiser was suppressed by an Ebert and a Noske only because their treachery was bolstered by Anglo-French reaction and Hoover's food policies. Vansittart would have us believe that the minority of the German nation which he cannot force into his pattern has always been futile and will continue to be so. But not only the minority but the majority have learned lessons from their lives, clearer lessons than Lord Vansittart's. Defeat and the measuring out of strict justice, the kind proclaimed in the Moscow Declaration on Atrocities, will advance the learning process. Healthy elements among the Germans will be able to finish it.

And as for the aggressors' disarmament and the exacting of repayment and reconstruction by German labor of devastated territories, Vansittart is exploiting another half-truth. Already the Soviet economist, Eugene Varga, has estimated that the United Nations will be entitled to more than 800,000,000,000 gold rubles in reparations, most of which of course would accrue to the Soviet Union, which has for more than two years endured the main weight of German destructiveness. In addition there will be demands upon the labor power of Germany and her satellites. Also, the Four Power Moscow Declaration already provides for the unilateral disarmament of the aggressors immediately after their defeat. In short, all that is necessary to keep the peace is in the process of being worked out, with collective security as the guiding principle. But Vansittart wants more: the de-industrialization of Germany and therefore her destruction as a nation. That does not help the United Nations and the free Germans to split the German people away from the Nazi power.

VANSITTART asserts that he wants only to reeducate Germany, for about fifty years or so. He does not tell us what the content of his reeducation would be. Dorothy Thompson has adequately answered him on this score on a Town Meeting of the Air program, Sept. 25, 1943: "The re-education of Germany consists wholly in bringing home to that nation . . . the utter

hopelessness of making war. And if they know that in the future any war they make will be against the Anglo-American world and Russia, they will not make war. . . ." There is the core of truth that Vansittart avoids. He did not believe in collective security in the past and does not even profess belief in it today. As an essay in national psychology Vansittart's book fails utterly because he never tries to find out the material bases of the German national character. Ignorant of that, he cannot think fruitfully of how to change that character into one that will take its place as a free nation among free nations, with its people free to build a new Germany.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

The "Powder Keg"

ESCAPE FROM THE BALKANS, by Michael Padev. Bobbs Merrill. \$2.75.

HERE is a book with a thriller title and with many of the characteristics of an adventure story. And yet it is a valuable, highly informative, and progressive work on that ill-famed "powder keg" of Europe, the Balkans, and the intricate Balkan problems.

Michael Padev is very well equipped to do a thorough job on Balkan matters. He is a Bulgarian, born in Sofia, educated at the American College in the Bulgarian capital, and for several years was a newspaper man in the service of the London Times and Britannova, the British press office and agency. In 1940, just as he was about to leave Bulgaria in order to go to this country for graduate work at the University of Illinois, he was arrested by the Gestapo-governed Bulgarian police. He spent some time in a Bulgarian concentration camp and after hiding under the Gestapo's nose, he managed to cross the Bulgarian-Turkish border.

In 1942 Mr. Padev went to London where he has been doing free lance newspaper work ever since. And it is easy to see that his work for official and semi-official British press agencies and for British conservative papers did not affect his ability to see and to describe Balkan affairs in an independent and democratic way. Nor does his occasional use of melodramatic and thriller methods affect his evaluations of the social and political picture of his native Bulgaria and of her neighboring countries.

The book contains a very good picture of the whole Bulgarian political, social, and cultural scene. Mr. Padev succeeds in demonstrating that the only way to a peaceful solution of the Bulgarian (and the whole Balkan) crisis is collaboration among the popular masses of Bulgaria and other Balkan countries with the closest and most friendly ties to the Soviet Union. "No Balkan problem," says Mr. Padev in an illuminating chapter on Balkan unity, "can be



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solved by pandering to the old nationalistic feuds. Any attempt to do so will fail, since, strange as it may seem, the foundations of a genuine Balkan union have been laid, during these years of Nazi tyranny, by the Balkan peoples themselves. This has been achieved by the forces of the Left or, to be more precise, by the forces which in Britain and America are wrongly labeled 'Communist'. . . ." In another reflection on Balkan politics, Mr. Padev rightly points to the fact that none of the Balkan countries has had any free elections in the last ten or fifteen years, and that the Nazi bogey of "bolshevist danger" was a current instrument of the ruling cliques of all the Balkan countries in their fight against the Balkan peoples.

With the Balkans becoming one of the most active theaters of war outside the Eastern Front, and with the Greek king and the Yugoslav government-in-exile trying frantically to prepare a return to "power after victory," it is profitable to read the story Mr. Padev tells of Yugoslav and Greek rulers and their role in introducing fascism even before the Nazis came to the Balkans.

MICHAEL VLASOV.

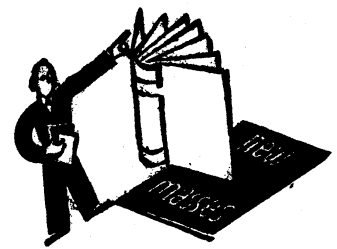
Brief Review

AFRICA, THE NEAR EAST AND THE WAR. *University of California Press.* \$1.50.

THIS book consists of a series of six lectures delivered by six professors in the spring of 1942 at the University of California. The vast unfolding of the war has outrun much of the analysis contained in it, particularly the portions dealing with the military, naval, and diplomatic struggle for control of Africa. This is in itself a striking commentary on the shifting global nature of the present conflict.

The most valuable contributions are those dealing with the problem of Arab nationalism in the Near East by Prof. James Henry Breasted, Jr., Prof. Frank J. Klingberg's study of the Negro problem in Africa, and Prof. Lester C. Uren's survey of the struggle for oil in the Near East. Professor Breasted's lecture is an informed, though at times questionable, analysis of the mainsprings of Arab nationalism and the role of Anglo-French imperialism in the Near East between world wars. The recent movement toward a Pan-Arab Federation underlines the necessity of fuller understanding by Americans of that little-known region of the earth; while Professor Klingberg's emphasis on Africa as a Negro continent now awakening to its potentialities should be of particular interest to all Americans.

In general, the lectures give undue prominence to political and diplomatic developments in Africa and the Near East without a corresponding analysis of the basic economic issues involved.



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CINEMA SOAP OPERA

The fantasts have a field day in three allegories. . . . "Guadalcanal Diary," a memorable exposition of the character of America's fighting men.

I WAS considerably aided by a slight mishap in the projection booth at the Criterion Theater. Round about the seventh reel of *Flesh and Fantasy*—when the Great Gaspar (Charles Boyer) was assuring Miss Barbara Stanwyck that he “wasn’t going to let a silly dream upset the work of years”—the carbons in the projector spluttered and the light on the screen died. The sound track, however, continued uninterruptedly for a full two minutes without benefit of imagery. Two minutes in a movie theater can be an eternity, but not a soul objected. For *Flesh and Fantasy* is really not a movie when you get down to it. I had suspected as much and the projectionist confirmed it for me.

The film’s images, at times arresting—which incidentally adds to the strangeness of their dissociation—are essentially redundant. What we have here is actually photographed radio: three soap-opera allegories with all the rhetorical platitude and esthetic baldness that seem permanent attributes of the form.

It all starts because Robert Benchley can’t decide between his dreams and a favored fortune teller’s predictions. Was ever a gentleman and a scholar in such a spot? His dreams indicate one course of action, the gypsy quite the contrary. (If this doesn’t make much sense it is because I am making an absolutely accurate report.) One of Benchley’s fellow fantasts rigs up a volume of tales whose perusal he guarantees will put the skids under Benchley’s difficulties. And that’s where the three episodes come in.

THE first allegory, featuring the efforts of Betty Field and Robert Cummings, possesses the negative virtue of throwing a scare into the cosmetic industry—its thesis being that beauty of visage is only possible as a reflection of a radiant soul. After getting off that whizbang the picture proceeds to a retelling of Oscar Wilde’s *Lord Saville’s Crime*. Wilde’s original, if you recall, is a mildly amusing jibe at the amorality of English upper-class society around the turn of the century. Lord Saville (in the film the role has been transformed to suit the special talents of Edward G. Robinson), simply *has* to commit murder. It says so in his palm and there you are. After

considerable tomfoolery Saville fulfills his implacable destiny by ridding the world of the palmist himself and then lives happily forever after. Considering the nonsensical character of Wilde’s story, you’d think the happy ending was absolutely mandatory. Perhaps it was the Hays Office demanding its pound of expiation, but in the film Robinson pays for his misdeeds and breathes his last in the arms of Lunnon’s bobbies. The result is such as to throw warm beer on the entire sequence, which to my mind is the best of the film.

For finale, Mr. Boyer woos Barbara Stanwyck, but not without mystical urgings thereto. Before beholding the lady in the flesh the subtle antennae of Boyer’s mind have recorded an exact if ectoplasmic replica of same (she’s a regenerated jewel thief—he, a tight-rope walker). Throughout this third and last sequence Boyer’s dreams anticipate all the plot turns, so you really get two plots—identical, true enough—for the price of one.

Director Julien Duvivier appears to be infatuated with his material. Composer Alexander Tansman has on this occasion mistaken the function of his calling. Called on to write music, he has instead doubled the sound-effects track.

“GUADALCANAL DIARY’S” claim to a share of your budget money is legitimate. You’ll have to endure many a mediocre entertainment, if you’re a regular movie-goer, before coming on as memorable a film unit as the first half of the picture under consideration. Noteworthy in this section is the deeply affecting exposition of the character of American fighting men, the scenes on the crowded decks of the troop transports, the men shooting the breeze or exchanging sacklebut; the skylarking and rug-cutting down below; and, above all, the masterful depiction of the first landing operations.

If the second half of the film had maintained the pace and cohesiveness of elements that marked its first half, *Guadalcanal Diary* would have emerged as one of the great films of the war. But unfortunately this is not the case. From the moment the US Marines take over the Japanese shore encampments a general fuzzi-ness and lack of polarity make themselves

evident. The hand of director Lewis Seiler, previously infallible, seems to lose grip, and stereotyped diction and characterization begin to take the place of the earlier sequences’ brilliant expédients.

It’s not easy to spot the cause of the parts’ inequality. Charles Clarke’s photography is invariably on the button, both for solidity of forms and atmospheric verity. The large, all-male cast, numbering such stalwarts as William Bendix, Anthony Quinn, Lloyd Nolan, Preston Foster, and many others, is uniformly competent. The fault probably lies with Richard Tregaskis’ best seller on which the film is based. On looking back at the Tregaskis volume which I read almost a year ago, I believe that some fault-finding is justified. The disparity between parts, evident in the film, exists in the original. Once Tregaskis gets his Marines on the island, interest falls off.

But, mind you, don’t get the impression that the comparative inferiority of the film’s last half hour or so lets you out. Your attendance is demanded and will be amply rewarded.

DANIEL PRENTISS.

Antony Tudor

An Englishman brings new vitality to the American Ballet.

BALLET is breaking new ground this season. First, Antony Tudor, the Englishman associated with the American Ballet Theater, is further proving that in him ballet has acquired a genuine successor to the great choreographic genius of the past generation, Fokine. Then, too, ballet has succeeded in bringing Broadway around. Whereas formerly only an occasional lapse into good taste on a producer’s part gave the ballet people an opportunity to enter the Broadway market, this season marks a high point in their employment (*One Touch of Venus*, *Oklahoma*, *Merry Widow*, *Rosalinda*, etc.)

And finally, the American Concert Ballet is pioneering on new if slightly less spectacular territory. For it is producing ballet simply—without benefit of one hundred-piece orchestras, the “Met” horseshoe, or Salvador Dali decor. More than

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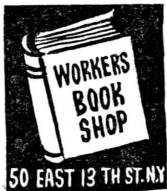
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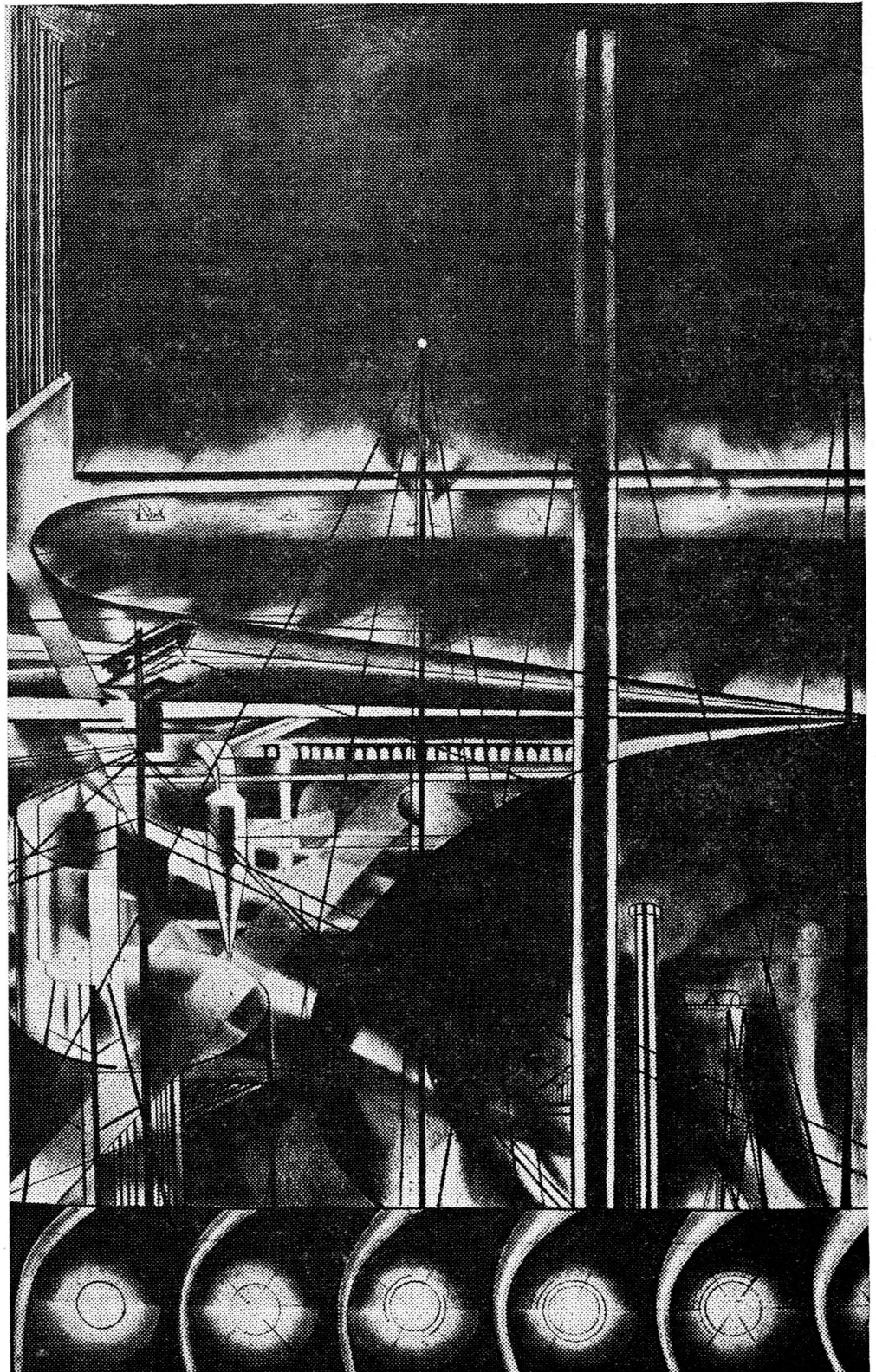
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that, the company is giving young American dancers an opportunity to choreograph and present original works (prohibitive in the established ballet companies where a production is mounted at the cost of thousands of dollars). Whether the American Concert Ballet will give out in time with a long string of new choreographers is highly conjectural, but its avowed endeavor to encourage young artists may lead to discovery of new talent all along the line.

On its recent program at the YMHA, the Ballet presented, in addition to "Con-

certo Barocco" by Balanchine and "Five Boons of Life" by William Dollar, two works by newcomers, Todd Bolender and Mary Jane Shea. While one dealt with a fairy tale within a dream, and the other with a bar for sailors on leave, both works demonstrated a commendable eagerness to make the form an expressive medium rather than an exhibition of technique. This in itself is a happy departure for the ballet.

But Antony Tudor, more than any other individual, has made the ballet of today a modern, living, expressive art. He



"The Battery," recently shown in a retrospective exhibit of Joseph Stella's work at the American Contemporary Artists Gallery.

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has ruthlessly discarded all of the clichés of style, of technique, of thinking, which have been steadily encrusting ballet's form for several decades. He had made it a living modern art because, in addition to his choreographic talents, he himself is a modern man, with a keen, perceptive eye on the movements of all contemporary culture.

He does not hesitate to take from the techniques and substance of the other arts whatever enriches his chosen field. From the cinema, he assimilates the concepts of montage—of dissolves—of flashbacks. He knows how to listen to—and use—modern music. From literature and psychology he derives fresh insight into the stream-of-consciousness technique, into the undercurrents of emotions and passions, of frustrations and desires, leading to great personal crises. And like all good theater workers, he employs a language of gesture which is true and real and sensitive, without recourse to literalness or synthetic patomime.

Is it any wonder, then, that his works have been technically, in originality and scope, so far in advance of his ballet contemporaries? That he has broken through those limitations of form and subject matter which restricted ballet librettos to nymphs, sylphides, willis, fauns, and animated toys? Tudor has liberated his art so that it speaks of people, of their emotions, of their *humanness*.

Out of this substance are wrought all of Tudor's ballets to date ("Gala Performance," a parody on ballet itself, is an exception). In "Jardin aux Lilas," a marriage of convenience tears both man and woman away from their hearts' true desire. In "Dark Elegies," the passions are abstracted and generalized, but they remain human and real. In "Romeo and Juliet," the familiar tale assumes, in its dance version, a poignance and an eloquence unique in all dancing.

"Pillar of Fire" is the acknowledged masterpiece in Tudor's repertoire. It has not only revolutionized the technique of ballet, and produced great dancers in **Norah Kaye** and **Hugh Laing**; it has pointed a new direction in the treatment of a libretto and even in the selection of the theme itself. Here there has been such a perfect integration of music with story that the music (Schoenberg's *Verklaerte Nacht*) has lost its independent existence forever. The story is one of passion, of desire, of love, and of *people*. And Tudor has imbued it with such dynamics that the audience is enthralled—not by the brilliant and superb dancing—but by the web of passion which engulfs the men and women on stage.

"Dim Lustre" is the new Tudor work this season. Slight in construction, it nevertheless reflects all of his talents. There is nothing new or spectacular about the ballet—it is, as a matter of fact, a slighter

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variation of the "Jardin aux Lilas" theme—and yet, how engrossing and sensitive!

Tudor's genius, and within the field of ballet, he bears the hallmark of genius, has been circumscribed only by his constant return to a recurrent theme of personal frustration—of lives set *against* a framework of social convention and man-made strictures. He has never touched on any of the aspects of affirmation in life—of man in *consonance* with social forces as well as constrained by them.

It is no underestimation of Tudor's talents to say, therefore, that his achievements are not yet as great as his potentialities, just as it is no empty prophecy that the course of American ballet in the future has been permanently affected by this young man.

The confirmation of Tudor's greatness; the promise of the American Concert Ballet, and bigger and better dancing on Broadway—the dance enthusiast has much to be thankful for this season.

FRANCIS STEUBEN.

Mark Twain in Swing

Rodgers and Hart write songs for Camelot.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE, a new musical adaptation of Mark Twain's novel; book by Herbert Fields, music by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Lorenz Hart, dances by William Holbrook and Al White, Jr.; directed by John C. Wilson, production by Nat Karson.

MARK TWAIN's ghost should be having a snickering good time at the Martin Beck these evenings. For Herbert Fields' new adaptation of *A Connecticut Yankee* is completely recognizable in its origin and yet as different as any gay son of a gay father could be. Today's Yankee is a naval officer about to leave for his ship. His girl is a WAC, his jilted sweetheart is a Wave. There is a lunch-time follies during which Chester Stratton as Galahad and foreman of the modern machine-shop in Camelot comes very near to seducing the microphone in the weird Sinatra manner. And finally, there is a Samba calculated to make the Knights of the Round Table hurl their helmets in the air and shatter their tin tail-pieces with shaking.

The zany operations are very tunefully presented in some of the best old and new songs the Hart-Rodgers team has written. Vivienne Segal as Queene Fay stops the show with a hilarious series of new lyrics, "To Keep My Love Alive," briefing obituaries of her many murdered spouses. She is a perfectly delightful comedienne. Julia Warren is a beautiful and appealing Sandy. Together with Dick Foran who plays Martin in a pleasantly off-hand way, she sings "Thou Swell," one of the most charming songs I can remember. Much of the gayety, however, is due to a little puck-

ish thing who calls herself Vera-Ellen. She may not have a voice, but she has a comic style that is very fetching and she can dance as if she were flying to pieces. She is what the doctor should order for every musical. The chorus is extremely easy on the eyes and Nat Karson has clothed it in colorful and amusing hybrids by Broadway out of Camelot. Altogether, adult and highly enjoyable relaxation.

HARRY TAYLOR.

PROGRESSIVE'S ALMANAC

December

2—American Contemporary Artists (ACA). Exhibition of paintings by Tschacbasov to Dec. 18, ACA Gallery. Public invited. 67 East 57th St., New York.

3—School For Democracy. Musicale. String quartet. I. Freundlich, commentator. 13 Astor Pl., New York. 8:30 P.M.

3—Baltimore Forum. William Z. Foster, National Chairman, Communist Party, "From Munich to Moscow." Ridgley Hall, Cathedral and Saratoga Sts. Negro Quarter. 8:15 P.M. Baltimore.

3—Artists League of America. Forum. "Creative Impulses of Artists." Dr. Frederick Wertham, senior psychiatrist, N. Y. Dept. of Hospitals. Ladislav Segy, chairman. Room 312, 13 Astor Pl., New York. 8:30 P.M.

4—New Masses. 32nd Annual Artists and Writers Ball. Paul Robeson, Bill Groppe, Joe North, Bill Blake, Art Young, Dick Boyer, and all the other writers and readers of the magazine get together at this social fixture of the progressive calendar. Stage show, Frankie Newton. Webster Hall, 119 E. 11th St., New York. 9 P.M.

5—92nd St. "Y". Anna Sokolow in dance recital, featuring new work, "Songs of a Semite," assisted by Aza Bard, Clara Nezin, Frances Sunstein. Kaufman Concert Hall, 92nd St. Y.M.H.A., 92nd St. and Lexington Ave., New York, 8:30 P. M.

12—Connecticut State Committee, Communist Party. Earl Browder, General Secretary, C.P.U.S.A., main speaker. Rakoczi Hall, Bridgeport, Conn, 8:15 P.M.

12—Utica Center Forum. A. B. Magill on the Moscow Conference, 289 Utica Ave., Brooklyn, 8:30 P.M.

17—School For Democracy. Showing of Soviet film "Experiments in Revival." Dr. I. M. Tarlov, speaker, 13 Astor Pl., New York, 8:30 P.M.

18—Furriers Joint Council. Third Annual Concert and Dance. Proceeds Army Welfare Fund. Webster Hall, 119 E. 11th St., New York. Cass Carr, 9 P.M.

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HOW TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS

For example, there's the man at the desk next to you. Don't give him just another tie or a tricky ash tray. Has he been wondering where you get all the information you show in talking about national and world affairs? Be generous—give him the source of your facts: *NEW MASSES* itself. Maybe he borrows your own copy every week; then be generous to yourself—give him a sub, and keep your issues for reference or to lend other friends.

Or take that professional acquaintance of yours, who complains that he just doesn't know what to believe out of all the stuff he reads or hears over the radio. You've been suggesting to him for some time that *NM* will cure that headache. Now prove it—with a subscription for Christmas that will start him reading *NM* regularly and lighten his burden for the year.

And the frequent guest at your house, who so often brings with her a little remembrance for her host and hostess. Sure, you've been intending to show your appreciation at Christmas time with "something nice." Well, what could be nicer—or more suitable—than a subscription to your own favorite magazine? It's a more lasting and thoughtful gift than candy or flowers.

And your mother-in-law: for heaven's sake don't fall back on handkerchiefs again. Show a little appreciation of her intelligence—give her a subscription to *NEW MASSES*. She doesn't agree with your political views? Then all the more reason for giving her something that will convince her and make life more amicable.

As a matter of fact, those characters above were originally supposed to illustrate four of the Six Basic Methods of getting subs to *NM* in the 5,000-new-subscribers drive. But with the Christmas season on, we saw they had more immediate and useful possibilities. And they're by no means the only people you know to whom a *NM* subscription will be the perfect Xmas gift. Just use our special Christmas card, enclosed in the issue two weeks ago, for sending your present in time for the holidays. It will save you time, make someone happy, and help your magazine no end.

