

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION



MARCH 15, 1935

TRIAL BY STOOL-PIGEON

**FIGHTING IN JACKSON
FOR RIGHT TO BREATHE**

NAZIS IN U. C. GATES

\$2 A YEAR

VOL. II NO. 11

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MARCH 15, 1935

PACIFIC WEEKLY FOR NEXT WEEK

This is what the old Town Criers would call an Announcement Extraordinary.

It is to be the rare privilege of PACIFIC WEEKLY next week to publish a set of poems by MARIE DEL. WELCH, entitled CAMP CORCORAN, written on the great cotton strike in the San Joaquin Valley in 1933, of which the Criminal Syndicalism trial in Sacramento is a sequel.

MISS WELCH has devoted all of eighteen months to the writing of these nine poems. They will add to her renown as a western poet of western viewpoint and with the vigor that characterizes the West.

It is also gratifying to announce for the next issue THE ECONOMIC DETERMINATION OF INTELLIGENCE, by ROBERT BRIFFAULT, internationally known anthropologist.

CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ISSUE

JOHN DOBBS is a young poet and playwright, at present play director of the Rutherford Little Theater (N.J.). He has contributed to *Fantasy*, *Saturday Review of Literature* and *Latin Quarterly*.

ANN HAWKINS has specialized in play direction, and studied the London, Paris and Irish Theater on a European trip last year. She has spent much time among the farmers in the San Joaquin Valley.

ELLA WINTER is a journalist and economist, and has taught in London University and for the London County Council.

JOSEPH BARA is a postgraduate student at the University of California.

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NOTES AND COMMENT

THE movement for the repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism Act is sweeping the state, according to reports from north and south. Throughout California meetings are being held to present the facts and to discuss all the angles of the law and of the trial which is at present being "waged" in Sacramento. A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in San Francisco on March 6. Professors Alexander Kidd and Haakon M. Chevalier of the University of California and Caroline Decker, one of the defendants in the trial at Sacramento were among the speakers. Again Wednesday night of this week opponents of the statute packed Dreamland Rink in San Francisco and its repeal was demanded by speaker after speaker in militant fashion.

People of all classes and all ranks are becoming aware that this law and the present trial involve fundamental principles which affect the lives of all citizens, and if one is looking for historical parallel one will recall the agitation aroused in the thirteen colonies in early revolutionary days over the Stamp Act, and such incidents as the Boston Tea Party.

IF IT is relatively simple to intimidate teachers who wish to cultivate the habit of thinking among their students, the whole blame cannot be placed on influences outside the educational system. The spinelessness and timidity of the educators themselves, in addition to apathy, is a contributing factor to the growth of such repressive measures as have recently been introduced in the State legislature. This mouse-like characteristic of some of our most capable teachers was never shown more clearly than at the recent convention of the National Educational Association at Atlantic City.

At this convention, to his credit, Stanford University's Professor Harold Hand introduced a resolution asking the Nye Senatorial committee to investigate "the propaganda in newspapers, schools, motion pictures and radio . . . to increase the fear of war and promote the sale of munitions". Professor Hand called upon this committee to look into "any relationship which may exist between the Hearst newspapers, industrial and financial interests and the spurious anti-Red campaign now current in the Hearst press, threatening to result

in strained international relations and even war".

What encouragement to this challenge to the forces threatening their very positions and their students' lives did these educators give? One-third of them did not even sign the resolution. However, we expect to see them applauding as piously as ever the statement that "civilization is a race between education and destruction". No wonder Mr. Hearst can smile complacently.

THERE'S no accounting for the lack of good, common sense in the government of this country. A brilliant man, member of a brilliant family, a family which has contributed inestimably to the deep enjoyment and the rare enlightenment of the English-reading people of the earth, comes to our country to report on what he has found in another country, not his own, and to analyze and to explain what that country is doing in its effort to find an answer to the economic and social chaos which has been settling down on the world like a blanket for the past fifty years.

What does he get?

He gets obstruction everywhere he goes in the land of the free and the home of the brave. He has the Legionnaires and Eagles and Elks and Hearst all endeavoring to prevent him from opening his mouth. And then, finally, when all this obstruction has meant only more advertising for him and larger and larger audiences where he is permitted to talk, he is arrested.

John Strachey believes that Soviet Russia has the answer and he came to America on request of intelligent, thinking Americans to talk to us about it. Whether he is right or not has nothing whatever to do with the case. After all, it is up to us to listen and decide whether or not he is right. And when Mr. Hearst rants against him and the Eagles scream and the Elks stamp and the Legionnaires mobilize, we come to the conclusion, even if we have not heard him talk, that probably he has something that menaces the state of affairs which oppresses us today.

CALIFORNIA protested Strachey and sought to stop him. But California welcomes Mr. Hitler's ship, *Karlsruhe*, and the University of California invites the cadets to the campus and invites their chaplain, Dr. Hans Schluter, to address 1,000 students at the International House in Berkeley. And Dr. Schluter, speaking on invitation, says to those students: "I want to present the truth about the spiritual regeneration of Germany and to correct the misinterpretations created almost without exception by your newspapers." Then he goes on to tell the students that God is Hitler and Hitler is God and of a right ought to be.

Despite the good doctor's little slap at the newspapers you didn't read anything in Hearst's *Examiner* protesting the visit of Dr. Schluter and his talk to the students of the University of California.

But somebody comes from a visit to Russia and, mind you, not a Russian, and says:

"I want to correct the misinterpretations created almost without exception by your newspapers in regard to Soviet

Russia," and what happens to him? He has difficulty in saying it twice, and is finally arrested.

IT IS to the credit of the radical students of the University of California that they protested this visit of the Karlsruhe cadets and the address by their chaplain who came here, without question, to spread the propaganda of Nazism.

The *Daily Californian* objected to the "insult to a friendly nation", but two weeks previous the *New York Times* answered what the *Californian* was to say. It quoted Chancellor Hitler at Munich: "I desire that my enemies should hate me. Whoever believes in us must love us. Whoever does not want us shall and must hate us."

The handbills circulated by the radical students at Berkeley were pertinent. They were a protest against war and against the forces that are making for war. They were a protest which showed concern for civil liberties and the serving of notice on the large financial and industrial interests of America that California students will not tolerate the extension of control over our government by them, which similar interests in Germany have managed to assume.

The purpose of the trip of the Karlsruhe is not concealed. It is for propaganda purposes, the very thing which the university and the newspapers cry out against.

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

BUTTING into a controversy quarrelling on another page, I would like to say that communism in Soviet Russia is not a religion. It's the opposite. It's a practise. Not a wish, not an aspiration; communism in Russia is an achievement, the very business of life.

GREECE, the ancient and wise, is having a respectable war, not a revolution, not a class war, but a struggle for straight graft and dominion which any civilized man can understand. And that's all right. And I mean right. As long as the soldiers don't fight for themselves.

THE UNIVERSITIES, and less so, the schools, are coming to life. The big business of football is not enough. Brains is looking up as bonds hang their heads. The newspapers, patriots and chambers of commerce should rejoice, not regret and deplore the new life and the healthy contempt for the old. Youth may save us, maybe that's what it's for.

IT IS not enough for the Communists (at Sacramento, for example) to say and prove under oath that they do not "believe in" force and violence. The rest of the truth which makes it whole and clear is that the Chambers of Commerce, the Fascists, do. In a phrase: the Reds are not, the Whites are, lawless. You can see that on any picket line in any strike or at any trial in any court where labor is on trial.

AN ENGLISH gentleman was in here the other day asking me to explain why, with the menace of Huey Long hanging over us, we were moving to suppress the Communist party. I offered him an answer and he shook his head, wondering.

Bye and bye he asked me how well I knew Ramsay MacDonald. "As well as I know Long," I answered.

SUSAN PORTER was telling her Irish legends and I suffered as I always do in the presence of the beautiful. She leaned back at ease, narrating in her natural deep round lovely voice the stories of that ancient race of fighting poets, and I and a boy-child "got" what the Irish are and have and give. It is beautiful, what the Irish are and have and give with their fists and their harps, and Susan Porter can pass it on with her rich contralto voice and her sense of matter-of-fact beauty. She should be sent all over the country to scatter the exquisite pain she must know that art is, and to revive the grave joy of telling; we read too much; we have forgotten how to listen.

But, above all, what about these Irish? Why do we accept their own idea of themselves? The Soviet Russians should take over a community of them and see what can be done with them without the injustice they thrive under. Anyhow, the next time I see an Irish cop at work I am going to recall Susan Porter's Irish poets of old who must be out with those night-sticks.

HEYWOOD BROWN is turning into what the Revolutionaries in this country would so like to develop: a "proletarian poet". In a recent column commenting on the betrayal of labor in the Weirton decision, he says:

Does Johnson really think that labor should be overjoyed at the trap in which it finds itself? The General asserted that the rulers of NRA had stuck by labor nine times out of ten. You could say as much as that for Judas. Sure the government stood by labor until the coming of the soldiers and the servants of the high priest. And even then it did not press down a crown of thorns. Instead, it left upon the brow of labor the kiss of death.

THERE'S ONE job I'd like to do, now, while I'm impatient. It is to describe the new ethics that is coming out of the culture that is Soviet Russia. The Russians judge a man and his acts by their effect, not as we do by the intention. No matter how well you may have meant, if you kill the man it is murder. No matter how peaceful you may be in your mind and your philosophy, if the effect of what you say and do is in the direction of war, you're a militarist. I think that this philosophy was applied in the punishment of the Kirov assassins and their friends. It is evident that the old leaders of the Bolsheviks, such as Zinoviev and Kameneff, involved in this incident, did not mean to be traitors. But the effect of their conduct was treason and an encouragement of the spirit of betrayal. Therefore they are judged to be disloyal. We can apply that here to the Trotzkyites in California and, I have no doubt, in the country at large. They cannot intend to disrupt the revolutionary movement, not all of them, but the effect of what they do is to break the united front. And another big principle that is understood in Russia, where the principle of the Revolution has triumphed, is to set up the United Front as one of the very first of the articles of their creed and program. In my state of mind I put the United Front first of all the things in which we believe. That is not correct; I can see that it is not, but it certainly helps express the necessity for union in action.

THEY HAVE taken to Terror again, the unconscious Fascists of San Fascisto, whom we know as businessmen and industrialists. In the Terror after the marine strike, when they

raided workers' halls and smashed pianos and typewriters, destroyed literature and equipment and arrested and beat up several hundred communists, they gloated: "The communists are through in San Francisco."

But alas for their boasting; the hydra was not killed. Within a few months two heads had grown for every one before. Workers' bookshops were doubled in size and sold twice as much literature; the *New Masses* and other revolutionary magazines sell now in ever-growing quantities in the bookshops and on the newsstands; meetings are held from street corners to Dreamland Rink; unions are growing more militant, strikes and demonstrations pop up everywhere. And most unnerving of all to the industrialists who boasted with William Crocker that "there would be no more trouble at all from labor for a generation, or two or three," the

United Front of defense in the Criminal Syndicalism trial, the symbol of the fascist onslaught on labor and liberty, has grown strongly. For the first time professionals in large and growing numbers, liberals and intellectuals, see themselves that Labor is fighting their fight. And increasing numbers are accepting communist leadership in this fight.

So "They" have taken to Terror again. The past two Sundays peaceful communist street meetings were broken up with police brutality. Garrison last week was yanked off a soap box, taken to jail and three ribs and two vertebrae broken; this week gentle Louis Bradley was arrested. Charges: assault, inciting to riot, vagrancy etc. etc. Nine arrested; high bail; absurd charges; beatings in jail. The same old story.

The Industrial Association will learn, like Mr. Hearst, that you can go too far. Now four heads will grow for every two.

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TRIAL BY STOOL-PIGEON 1-SACRAMENTO SHOW

BY ANN HAWKINS

THERE'S an empty seat at the C. S. trial's press table since the Associated Farmers' publicity man went away. (They aren't interested in the defense.) *Variety* ought to send a reviewer to fill that chair. The show business weekly is missing a trick; and this attraction, though it keeps the S. R. O. sign out as it is, might be helped in selling the rights by some criticism.

First item is that the show never decides whether it's comedy or tragedy. Audiences ought to know whether they're expected to laugh or cry at lines like, say, Stool-pigeon Hanks's definition of the Unemployed Council: "It teaches that them who organize for more food, mass-pressure—they believe in mass pressure—demand it—you don't have to do nothing but demand it for more food, better living conditions and going on picket lines. So far as I know."

"So far as I know!" The irresistible comedy timing had the critics clutching their ribs. But the stool-pigeon's account of workers' organizations—"so far as he knows"—was by intention well-nigh murderous, was aimed to jail people for what in prison would be the rest of their lives. Is that comedy?

Whoever rehearsed Hanks did a bad job, anyhow.

Next big weakness is that plot interest in this "longie", which has already beaten all O'Neill duration records, depends on repetition of one basic gag. The only variation from "force and violence" is the sort of thing represented by the prosecution's cross-questioning of a defense witness, a girl student: "Are you one of the girls who came up and visited the trial so they could have their pictures taken?"

The actual stage direction is smooth. Nothing gets under the belt more than the way the scene unfolds every morning. The *Variety* critic, settling down just inside the rail, would get it all: the stage setting itself with the living groups.

The bailiffs are there already, gigantic paunchy men, a trifle inclined to address women as Blue-Eyes. About 9:45 Leo Gallagher and his briefcase arrive, to be joined at the defense lawyers' table (stage Left Center) by several principal defendants. The prosecution enters at 9:50, walking close together, crossing to Right Center just below the witness box. Then—during the early acts, now no longer—those defendants still in jail, with their attendants, to spread out in a downstage row with their backs to the audience. This is the Tyrone Guthrie trick for keeping minor characters out of the way on a crowded set where attention's already divided. Other defendants, and the press, and miscellaneous witnesses with their relatives, are percolating in to fill up all the corners. At 9:55 the jury parades on, crossing from the entrance up left the entire width of the stage to the jury box, Right. Nice work: you get the idea of defense—here; prosecution—there; jury—crossing past them all, from defense side to prosecution side, and barricading itself behind a fence.

At 9:57 the critics have to turn around for a Reinhardt effect. The door at the back of the courtroom opens and the crowd which has waited an hour comes flooding. The door's narrowness and the pressure from behind shoot each man through as if he were clawing his way. Subtle point of staging here: in the first days, this audience mass was entirely made up of workers; now there's a mounting percentage of the "important-looking". When the critic turns around again he will find that the judge has come in. There you have it again: the simultaneous entry of the judge and—the judges.

The casting is good. A showman would hesitate to cast two five-foot ash-blond youngsters for defendant roles, but this has to do with the plot, it happened obviously so that Prosecutor McAllister might instruct a stool-pigeon "Now when you have to identify Caroline Decker, remember she's the girl at

the lawyers' table, not the other one." There's no privacy in a crowded court room; he was heard.

The lawyers have the big character parts. McAllister and Johnson have foolproof sides. The defense attorneys rate more characterization. The differentiation—political and personal—resolves itself overtly in court technique. Goldman is all for suavity and aiming at the jury and not antagonizing anybody. Gallagher is for getting the testimony in the record, plugging the cross-examination, and putting not your trust in the law only. Gallagher thus is Irish, indignant, thorough. Goldman is, following his policy, suave. Goldman refrains from pressing questions when they might weary the jury. (The jury has to be seen to be believed.) Goldman, in order not to antagonize anybody, once got up in court and attacked Gallagher's policy.

Hence, possibly, another incident which was not as private as it might have been. Norman Mini, Goldman's defendant, was on the stand giving a unique exposition of "Marxism". Sam Darcy, Communist Party official, waiting to testify, stifled. He leaned across to Gallagher: "Are you going to stop this?" "Can't," Gallagher said in helpless fury, "'t isn't ethical, can't kick out loud about what your co-attorney's doing." "Then—"

Goldman, at the same table, heard. He blushed, turned around to his defendant. "As a matter of fact," he put the question slowly, "this isn't what the Communist Party be-

lieves at all, is it? only your confused idea of what it believes?"

Mini looked as if Goldman had hit him. Obediently he withdrew what he had been saying.

But that was weeks ago. Goldman's gone just now; he'll be back for the finale. Darcy's been on the stand for ages: off and on. He sits in that same chair while lawyers and judges argue—sometimes for two hours—whether he shall be allowed to answer a question. During those periods he and the jurors have exactly the same facial expression, a sad, faraway boredom.

Darcy only testifies off and on. Other witnesses are sandwiched in as they arrive—husky dirt farmers and cotton pickers from the Valley. They've come by the dozen to back that terrible moment when Rancher Peterson, who once signed a C. S. charge against Pat Chambers that was never proven, who was testifying that Chambers incited the Pixley murders, drawled in cross-examination, "This is the first I ever heard I was mixed up in those shootings"; and Chambers answered, standing: "Well, I charge you with it! and later on we're going to prove it."

And they come, hard and lean—boys, men, women with babies—to testify "Strike to overthrow the government? No, sir, we struck to get our wages raised, we never heard that was a crime yet." That's the point where the Associated Farmers' man and INS reporter said to his neighbors. "This is too much for me; I'm off to get an honest job," and quit.

2-SACRAMENTO SIDESHOW

BY ELLA WINTER

NORA CONKLIN and Special Prosecutor McAllister are both Irish. Only Nora's family came to America some centuries before Mr. McAllister did. He arrived fifteen years ago, and drove a whiskey wagon before he entered politics. He was violating the constitution of the United States when he did so.

She sits behind him at the trial, and every now and again she can't stand the travesty of justice and truth it is and she bursts out and says something. Then McAllister's indignation rises and he answers back just like an Irishman in the movies.

The other day we were interrupted in our proceedings by the sudden rumbling of a Conklin-McAllister controversy. We heard McAllister shout: "Why don't you go back to Russia where you came from?" and Nora's hissing answer as her eyes blazed: "My forebears signed the Declaration of Independence when you were not even in this country, or any other country!" And they went at it until the judge had verbally to part them: "Now stop it, you two."

"Well, he said . . .," muttered Nora. "She said . . ." mumbled McAllister.

Judge Lemmon spoke more sharply: "I said to stop it, both of you . . . Mrs. Conklin . . . and you, too, Mr. McAllister."

"Well, she started it," grumbled McAllister.

* * *

One of the defendants, an elderly grizzled worker, W. H. Huffine, whom the younger defendants call "Papa Huffy", has made himself guardian of the press table. He finds you paper, takes your notes around, fetches you a cup of water,

sharpens your pencils. He did this happily for the "red" reporters. Then one day he noticed that Mr. Gilbert Parker's pencil had worn down and, sitting next to him, took it from him and sharpened it. Mr. Parker, the Associated Farmers' publicity man, blushed scarlet. Mr. Parker was preparing to help his masters send Papa Huffy to jail for a possible 42 years.

* * *

The trial has provided a forum for self-expression for workers that is seldom accorded them in our privileged class society. For eighteen months hundreds of plain workingmen and women have carried inside themselves events and drama that seldom enter the life of anyone. They saw strikes, heroism, brutality, shootings, murder—and no one ever asked them for their eye-witness story. Now on the stand the cotton pickers sit and tell the story of the Pixley murders, and you almost feel their physical relief. Mrs. Bowen, for instance, whose husband, a strike-committee member, was threatened with lynching by vigilantes and, single-handed, stopped a crowd of armed farmers from entering her ranch home and smashing her furniture as they had threatened. She tells her story simply, straightforwardly in the face of the people who condone and encourage vigilantism. Mrs. Lillian Dunn, who, with a baby in her arms, was in the strike headquarters when the farmers' bullets came whizzing, and who fled for safety into a lavatory till that also was peppered with shot; who looked for protection but found none until, ah, yes, she saw a policeman! She tells her story. She hands her suckling baby—little cotton-picker-to-be—to a giant Negro at the back of the court, and mounts the witness stand—

"You saw a policeman, Mrs. Dunn?"

"Yes."
 "Where was he?"
 "Parked in his car."
 "Where was he during the shooting?"
 "He stayed right there through it all."
 "Do you know who that officer was?"
 "I do."
 "Who was he?"
 "Raymond Cato."

The court room freezes; the judge colors. There is dead silence. Raymond Cato is the chief of the California State Highway Patrol who was sent into the cotton valley during the strike in 1933 by the late Governor Rolph to preserve order and protect life. Two workers' lives were snuffed out as, according to Mrs. Dunn, he remained parked in his car. No one was ever convicted for that shooting.

* * *

It is the day of the defense. Stool-pigeons, police, vigilantes and Red Squad men testified for the prosecution, and the prosecution read garbled passages, decapitated sentences and bits of phrases out of communist leaflets, pamphlets and strike bulletins. Sam Darcy, Communist candidate for governor and district organizer for the Communist party, is on the stand. He reads a passage the prosecution read about the Red Army and its role in the Revolution. The prosecution had read one paragraph and stopped. It was pretty bad—pretty damning stuff. Now Darcy reads the next paragraph, the one that follows what the prosecution read; and it says, in commenting on the preceding one: "But this is wrong."

* * *

When it comes to cross-examination of "Communism's Man No. 1", as the capitalist press calls him, it was a riot:

We quote from the *Sacramento Bee*:

"You say the Communist Party is a legal organization and that it has nothing to conceal, then why the necessity of keeping the names of the members secret?" McAllister demanded.

"We do that to protect our members against Fascist hoodlums, vigilantes, gangsters and thugs hired by the bosses and sometimes by the district attorney's office," Darcy replied.

"Our party is legal but thugs hired by chambers of commerce and industrial associations single out our members and beat them up. We have to protect them."

"You don't look very badly beaten up."

Darcy stated that he keeps his address a secret and as a result "they haven't been able to find me."

"You mean to tell me you were a candidate for governor of California at the last election and yet you keep your address secret?" the prosecutor asked.

The witness said that such is the case."

* * *

There is humor, grim humor, perhaps, in these instances. And you would say that no one seeing or reading of these events could believe the prisoners would be sent to San Quentin. But the prosecution relies on further distortions, and the jury is old and unmovable; and the press and its misrepresentations are helping to create a conviction atmosphere.

And meanwhile the California legislature bristles with anti-Red and anti-labor and anti-liberty bills which, if they pass, will make a fascist state of California.

There is, however, also a bill (No. 419) to abolish the Criminal Syndicalism Act. A large number of legislators are known to support it. Anyone who cares about American virtues and traditions, who believes in the constitutional right of labor to organize, strike and picket, to bargain collectively for its welfare, anyone who cares about freedom of speech, press or assembly and would like to see these 15 defendants not go to San Quentin for from three to forty-two years because they raised agricultural wages a few cents in California, should write to their assemblymen, flood the governor and the Senate with letters of support for this bill. And they should add their letter or postcard of protest to the flood that is pouring in on the prosecution of the young labor leaders.

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TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN A NEWS ROOM

BY W. K. BASSETT

CHAPTER TWO (Continued)

NOT having enough to do gleaning news for the *Modesto News*, writing editorials for it and handling the *Examiner* correspondence, I found vent for further creative enthusiasm through the medium of weekly feature stories. These were based on material gathered in Modesto and one of them, in the early part of the series, was on the public library. I believe it was officially called the Oramil McHenry Memorial Library, but was referred to as the McHenry Libra-

ry. It had been completed shortly before my arrival.

The building was the gift of Oramil McHenry, one of the wealthiest and most prominent residents of the section. His ranch, the Bald Eagle, was situated a few miles from the city and was considered a model ranch. After his death, under the management of his two sons, the place gradually sank into a state that leaves it today with little vestige of its old glory.

McHenry had died a year or two before my arrival and the McHenry library was completed just about the time I appeared on the scene. The library itself—the books, I mean—were transferred from the old Modesto Library building which

had been started and maintained by the Modesto Women's Improvement Club.

In my feature I described the new building, told how it had been acquired by the city and paid tribute to the public spirit of McHenry in presenting it to the city. Throughout the article I called the donor McHenry, without the "Mr." as I had been taught to do in writing for metropolitan newspapers, and the closing sentence read something like this:

"Who deserves the greater tribute for the magnificent library Modesto now possesses, McHenry, who gave the building, or the tireless women who gave the library itself, it is not for me to say."

The feature story was printed on a Saturday and I was probably in the very act of reading my favorite author in print when I heard the door to the outside office open and immediately a thundering voice began heaping vilification upon me. I sat dazed for a minute. I could not see the speaker, but I thought I recognized the voice. As it thundered on, condemning me as a menace to the city and a charlatan and everything else undesirable, I could hear, every now and then, Perigo's mild little oil-on-the-water words. My boss was attempting, it seemed, to find out what was the matter. I don't believe he ever found out. I don't believe that he knows today. It took me several days myself to learn. But first I had to tiptoe to the news room door and peek out to be sure that I could believe my ears.

It is necessary to go back a spell to make the foregoing perfectly clear.

A short time after I arrived in Modesto the Stanislaus County jail, a block or two away from the News office was completed. It was quite a pretentious building as jails go and from the outside it looked good. But Sheriff Dingwell, who was to occupy it, had a lot of complaints to make. He was frank in telling me that he thought the specifications had not at all been lived up to; that the Pacific Construction Company, which had the contract, had made a nice mess of the job and a nice mess of money out of it. He showed me scandalous discrepancies in material that actually showed on the surface. He showed me how anything from a file to a shotgun could be tossed into the place from the outside through faulty window construction. He showed me, in fact, that it was a damned poor job.

So I started out on my first investigation of so-called graft.

I went nosing around until I met up with County Clerk Hugh Benson. It seemed that he had a new desk. A very nice desk, a desk that wasn't at all the kind of desk you would think the county would appropriate money for. How did he get it? A present! He frankly said it was a present from the Pacific Construction Company. Hugh Benson had all the earmarks of being honest. He may have been a bit naive, but he was honest, and he honestly reported to me that the Pacific Construction Company was the lowest bidder on a good-sized amount of county clerk office equipment recently advertised for. I don't remember the details of the matter, but somehow the Pacific Construction Company turned out to have been the only bidder and the Pacific Construction Company got the order.

It all didn't look so good to me. I knew enough about crusading editors to know that they got famous, and who can quarrel with my desire to become a famous editor. But I admitted my youth and inexperience to myself, and I greatly desired counsel. I wanted to dig into this thing, but I first wanted to know how I might dig into it and how far I might dig without running up against legal barriers that would frustrate me.

A few weeks before I had been tipped off by Ernie Christ, my sports editor, and a native of Modesto, that the First National Bank was about to be sold. This was a big story in that town. Oramil McHenry had been president of that bank and on his death his widow had assumed the presidency. Then William H. Langdon, still with the glamor of the San Francisco graft trials hanging about him, and later candidate for governor of the state on Hearst's Independence League ticket, came to town and married the widow. I believe McHenry had owned the bank building which had offices on the floors above, and in that building Langdon had his office as an attorney.

I went to him about the sale of the bank. He was worried for fear that the story would be printed in such a way that it would injure the bank's standing. I assured him that I could do it properly. So, the News published the story in advance of the Herald, and Langdon and the purchasers of the bank were so pleased with it that I became quite on the up-and-up with them. Charlie Swan, one of the new directors, gave me a savings book with an initial deposit of \$20 in it, as material gratitude for the way I handled the story. As I remember it, there was nothing surprisingly brilliant about it. It just happened to have been written as I, or any newspaper man with metropolitan paper training, would have written it.

So began my friendship with William H. Langdon and so, for some short time after that, did I come to be a visitor at his home, and to hear his story, over and over again, how he was double-crossed in his candidacy for governor; how the Democrats had promised to endorse him and how, the night he learned that they had decided not to do so, he told them he would defeat their candidate even though he couldn't be elected himself. Langdon thought he was awfully smart about that. It didn't make any difference to him what kind of a governor his action gave California. It gave the state the Republican candidate who was so nothing that I can't remember who it was.

So, often, I saw Langdon and often visited his office and his home. Why not go to him with my Pacific Construction Company problem. I did. He listened attentively, but without any enthusiasm, and pressed me for all that I had in the way of facts to make a good graft story. Then he said he

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W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

LINCOLN STEFFENS DOROTHEA CASTELHUN
D. T. MACDOUGAL MARIE DELAVEAGA WELCH
WINTHROP RUTLEGE SARA BARD FIELD
HARRY CONOVER

CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE HILDEGARDE FLANNER, ETHEL TURNER,
GERTRUDE DOUGLAS, JOSEPH BARAS, ANNE NASH, ELLA WINTER,
JEAN WINTHROP, TILLIE LERNER, DOROTHY Q. BASSETT,
WILLIAM SAROYAN, HAAKON CHEVALIER, DOROTHY ERSKINE
MARION STURGES-JONES, WILLIAM JUSTEMA

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would consider it and let me know.

The next time I heard from Langdon was through that ranting voice from over the top of the partition which set the news room off from the business office. It appeared that I had insulted the memory of Oramil McHenry in my feature story about the library. The husband of McHenry's widow was overcome with a sense of my injustice to this benefactor of Modesto. I was a rake, a good-for-nothing and, which was more to the point, demand was virtually made that I be discharged from the editorship of the *News* and thrown out.

After he had gone, I went out and investigated. I called on Mrs. Langdon's sister. Had she read the McHenry Library story? She had. Was there anything wrong with it? No. She thought it rather nice. Had she heard Mrs. Langdon, the widow of McHenry, say anything about it? No, she hadn't, but she was sure that if her sister had objected to it she would have said something. I went to a superior court judge who had been McHenry's best friend in life and was administrator of his estate. The judge could find nothing wrong with my story.

I went back to Perigo and reported what I had found. We were both in a daze about it. What was the matter with the man?

Several days later I learned, purely by accident, that Mr. Langdon was at times a legal advisor to the Pacific Construction Company. I was so pathetically young in those days.

Sheriff Dingwell commiserated with me, but I was forced to walk lightly because of the sudden drop in the advertising of Schafer's store, controlled by Langdon as the husband of the woman who principally owned it. I never did get around to the graft story before the ownership of the *News* changed and my position with it.

Sheriff was later to take a prominent part in what is down in my book as one of the funniest court trials I have ever attended. Dingwell was to sit in a chair in a Modesto court room and have an attorney point finger at him and say something that first built a block of tremendous silence and then a roar of hilarious laughter—words that Sheriff Dingwell will never forget.

+

THE RIGHT TO BREATHE

BY JOSEPH BARAS

JACKSON's long, narrow main street, given character by its haphazard, winding, high curbs and crowded little shops reminds one of a European mountain village. One of the old mining camps, it seems to have acquired a quiet maturity, unusual in raw, new California. Its surrounding green hills with their occasional thickets of mountain pines heighten the atmosphere of isolation from the world.

There is a lie in this superficial calm. This is no lazy community apart from the currents of the world, but rather a miniature world embodying every element of struggle and contradiction found outside. Italy has her Fascisti, Germany her Nazis, and Jackson her Citizens' Protective League. The butcher, the grocer, the hardware dealer turns his shotgun against his neighbor, the miner. Jackson is like a laboratory in which the forces of the world-wide class struggle may be studied.

Lurid newspaper accounts of a five months' strike, fostered by "foreign red agitators" who sought to "disrupt" a prosperous community, stories of citizens rising in wrath to protect their homes, took us to Jackson to find out the truth.

The reluctance of men we met on the street to answer questions gave us a hint of the terror in Jackson. Union headquarters were in the back room of a pool hall. Seated around a large table with the president and the publicity woman assuring them that we were sympathetic students, we felt the tone of our welcome slowly change. At first the president's answers were tight-lipped; half a dozen men stood behind him, silently gauging our reactions, or now and again adding a corroborative word. The circle grew to ten, twenty; conversation became general. The matter-of-fact way the men described their daily conditions made the facts, appalling in themselves,

even grimmer. Words confirmed what was apparent from the faces. Men who work 6,000 feet underground bear marks . . . We began to understand why these men were so unified after being out on strike five months.

"Fathers tell their sons to stay out of the mines. My father warned me," said the president, "but like the rest of us, I needed work; and I never got away." There are reasons these warnings are not heeded. Conditions are so dreadful that there are always jobs in Jackson. So sons of fathers with shot lungs have gone into the mines, working eight-and-a-half hours a day, seven days a week, with Christmas the only holiday. "Even stripped to the waist, it's so damned hot down there you can't work for fifteen minutes without keeling over unless you cool yourself off with a compressed air hose." Air lines are so narrow and fans so small, that breathing becomes a serious problem. Silicate dust works into the miner's lungs. After a few years in the mines, he develops a cough. Soon he is coughing blood, and there is no escape. Miner's consumption they call it. "We won't go back until they change things. Thirteen men this year."

Silicosis, an incurable occupational disease, caused by the antique ventilation system, is almost universal in the Jackson mines. The companies refuse to take any responsibility, or to pay compensation to the families of these men. Danger could be removed by renovating the interior of the mines.

With the devaluation of the dollar, the price of gold rose 75 per cent. If the mines were paying for themselves before, profits must have tripled or quadrupled. Here was the long-sought opportunity for the miners to improve conditions. But it was not a question of dealing with local mine owners. The president of the Argonaut mine is vice-president and legal ad-

visor of General Motors, and rarely in Jackson.

In May, 1934, shortly after the formation of the union, the miners presented their grievances to Argonaut Ltd. As an answer the company fired the union vice-president, and began active discrimination against union members. A strike vote was taken, to become effective on October 4 if no favorable answer was received.

On October 1, the Argonaut foreman told the miners that there would be no work for the next day, the next week, and possibly the next month. The strike was called immediately, and became effective by six that evening. It involved 600 men, 75 per cent of the miners being union members. Federal conciliators tried to patch up an agreement, but the mine-owners refused. Appeals were wired to Secretary Perkins, who referred them to the National Labor Board. The National Labor Board disclaimed responsibility, since the gold mining industry had refused to accept a code under the N. I. R. A.

On January 2, the Eureka Mining Company, one of the smallest of the four mines, and the only one locally owned, agreed to recognize the union. Men went back to work pending agreement on the composition of an arbitration board.

Early in February there was a rumor current on the San Francisco stock exchange that Jackson mine stocks, at rock bottom on account of the strike, were due for a rise. On the night of February 12, the vigilante committee, which had been issuing threatening bulletins for several months, rushed the picketers' tent, 300 strong, heavily armed, and burned it down with all its furnishings. The next day scabs were escorted to the mines under the protection of armed vigilantes, now sworn in as deputy sheriffs, and some fifteen traffic policemen. The picketers, who had up to this time refrained from violating any of the intricate rules of an injunction issued against them, gave way in desperation to "revolutionary" violence in the form of throwing eggs at the scabs. The vengeance of the law was swift. Two men on the picket line who had rocks in their pockets were dragged off to jail on the charge of "carrying concealed weapons". A woman who shouted "scab" was thrown into jail for "inciting to riot". Two strikers were seized from a passing automobile. At midnight one of the strike leaders, asleep in his own home, was arrested without warrant on the serious charge of carrying concealed firearms; a revolver was found under his pillow. Bail has been set beyond the meagre means of the miners' union, and the men are still in jail. One of them is coughing blood from silicosis.

Every day now the scabs are taken to and from work by an escort whose fantastic armament is reminiscent of a Mexican revolutionary general's army on review. Scab miners are imported. As each shift is made, the strikers on the picket line, men, women and children, march back and forth in mute protest. Only their eyes can speak; and the scabs drive by, looking neither to right nor left.

What is it that implants in the small shop-keeper unreasonable fear and hatred for his neighbor, the miner? Why do these local business men serve so unquestioningly the interests of men they have never seen, men who have far less in common with them than the workers whose daily wages are the basis of their trade?

"Several of our merchants in Jackson and Sutter Creek will go broke if this strike in our county does not end soon. We cannot let that happen to our good citizens, so we must get together to clean the county of the radicals promptly," reads Bulletin No. 3 of the Mother Lode Vigilante Committee (generally believed to be synonymous with the Citizens' Pro-

tective League). "We are pleased to find that most of the pickets have learned that the best place to spend the night is in bed and not on the picket line *where they might endanger their health and their lives* . . . (italics ours) This local climate is none too good for the health of union officials . . . Automobile rides these cold nights are liable to give one pneumonia—IF NOTHING WORSE . . . (caps in original)

"FROM NOW ON THE VIGILANTE COMMITTEE WILL BE KNOWN BY ITS DEEDS AND NOT BY ITS WORDS," runs Bulletin No. 4 issued just before the attack on the strikers' headquarters. Bulletin 5, distributed the day of the reopening of the mines, stated, "We understand that the State Traffic Patrol is sending 15 men to this county to assure non-interference for men who desire to exercise their Constitutional Rights by going to work *under working conditions and a wage scale that they consider just and fair.*"

And so the merchants take up the slogans of the mine owners, borrow their tactics, and become their active fighting unit. The press hammers away on the employers' side. By mere suggestion, the mine owners are enabled to use the small merchants for their own advantage. When the strike was called the union agreed to leave the pump men at work to prevent seepage from damaging the mines. The companies promptly threw the pump men out and made public announcements that unless the union was broken, the mines would be permanently abandoned. The merchants were fearful their businesses would be ruined. This fear is reflected in the vigilante bulletins: " . . . What threatens us is not industrial strife but annihilation of our county and all its citizens . . . we hear a rumor to the effect that the Kennedy and Argonaut mines are rapidly filling with water and that they will never reopen if this county is not freed of radicalism . . . WE WOULD LIKE TO GET MORE COOPERATION FROM THE CITIZENS OF JACKSON because they have much at stake for if the Kennedy and Argonaut do not open this time, they will remain forever closed and Jackson will rapidly become a ghost town."

We called on Louis Spenetti, secretary of the Citizens' Protective League and owner of the leading hardware store in Jackson. The contrast between the shiny new automobile in the driveway and the tawdry little house, with its Montgomery Ward furnishings and colored photographs of the Flying Cloud, was typically middle-class American. We chatted with his wife and children while waiting for Mr. Spenetti to emerge from the bathtub. "My girl friend in Sacramento is the sister of the president of the miners' union," she said, "but she can't seem to do anything about making him forget his crazy 'union' ideas."

Louis Spenetti came striding in, with the self-importance of a little Mussolini. "I don't make no statement," he declared. "The metropolitan press has done us an injustice; they have not the interests of the little community at heart. WE ARE SETTING AN EXAMPLE FOR A NATION-WIDE PROGRAM."

Mrs. Vela, wife of another vigilante, stood at the door of their sporting goods store. In spite of its being a holiday she was keeping the store open, because of the land-office sale of fire-arms to members of the Citizens' Protective League. (Perhaps it is not an accident that the fire-arms dealers are especially active members of the League.) Mrs. Vela chatted garrulously, with a charming Italian accent. "We'll teach those foreigners a lesson. Last Sunday when we opened the mines it looked like there was going to be trouble. But we were ready for it all right—three thousand citizens with rifles

and shot guns, besides the traffic cops. One woman, a communist, I think, stuck out her chest and yelled 'scabs'. Believe me, did they fix her! A hundred guns turned her way in a jiffy and before she knew it she was in jail."

In Jackson, as in the outside world, racial differences are played upon to keep men from realizing that they are all workers with a common interest.

The Spenettis, the Velas, the Raggios, the Valvos, the Riccis, serving the interests of big business, are 100 per cent American. The Serbian and Montenegrin miners, who were American enough when they fought in the United States army during the War, are dirty foreign agitators now that they are fighting for their own right to live—and breathe. A car was driven through the streets of Jackson bearing the sign, "THIS IS AMERICA, NOT SERBIA."

Since the strike, the miners have been given an object-lesson in democracy. Last November the present sheriff ran against the incumbent as the miners' candidate. "Before the election he was a swell guy, all in sympathy with the strike," the miners told us. "We elected him. Now he goes into our homes and drags us out of bed to throw us in the can."

In spite of the campaign of lies, intimidation and distortion, however, the men have retained a phenomenal solidarity clearly manifest in the picket line one hundred to three hundred strong, that forms twice a day. That they have been able has not yet found political direction. They are learning from this experience, however, that a strike concentrating solely on economic issues is at a disadvantage immediately;—it must deal with all the forces and ruses employed by the opposition, by the employers and their tools—press misrepresentation, employers' propaganda, vigilante action and the State itself.

Once they have learned this they seek a fighting companion. They look for help to organized labor. It is then the American Federation of Labor steps in, takes the growing consciousness of militant men, devitalizes it, and hands the product back to the mine owners.

We had heard—they have even let it slip in university economics classes—that the A. F. of L. is an organization built upon a monarchic structure, that its chief function is to furnish careers for careerists, while the rank and file blindly bow to the divine right of labor fakers. Like all things we learn in school, this assumption requires explicit proof before acceptance, and in Jackson we found the proof.

By the evening of our day in the mining town we had begun to have faith in the awakening of the American laborer, and when we entered the mass meeting and saw five hundred live determined faces and heard them cheer our student speaker, we were certain these men would win. Then came A. F. of L. leaders Vandeleur, Kidwell, Casey, like three comic politicians in a musical comedy, but with an effect utterly different: the sickening sensation of seeing a child contaminated by a degenerate environment is a close parallel to our reaction. Actual quotes will convey the reason:

Vandeleur: "Be patient, men, and keep a silent, peaceful to maintain such unity is remarkable. But their resentment picket line . . . Don't listen to anyone from outside, they are communists, hired by the mine owners to lead you to violence, and make you lose this strike . . . Don't let anyone tell you we are coming here to take your money; why, we are here because our hearts are with the laboring man. We sacrifice personal comfort and the demands of our private lives to come here to give you spirit . . . Men, we are with you—you see,

we send you bread. We come down here whenever we can leave our urgent duties . . . Don't be angry with the vigilantes, be patient with them. They really mean well."

Kidwell: "Deep down in their hearts, the vigilantes side with you. They just can't stand the gaff . . . Today is a patriotic occasion, the birthday of the father of our country. I have always been a Socialist, but in the last election I changed to a Democrat. Franklin D. Roosevelt is the first president to give government mass representation. I have never for a moment regretted my choice. . . You men are fortunate. You have the protection of the laws of your country . . . If you promise to resort to no direct action, we will send you five hundred loaves of bread a day, instead of five hundred a week."

Casey: "The vigilantes are your friends, just misled . . . Brothers, we are sincere, keep on fighting for us."

Left-wing union leaders would have said: "We will keep on fighting with you."



TWO POEMS BY JOHN DOBBS

DAS KAPITAL (THE PICKET'S WIDOW)

WELL, if I can I'll get a job at night
down in the mill. What else is there to do
with three small boys to feed? It's nothing new
for me to work. Steve looked so tired and white—
lying there . . . could it have been the light?
Steve used to say that when the workers threw
this rotten system . . . ! Will it ever come true?
Steve said so—and Steve was always right.
Here are his books and papers. All the stuff
we went without meals for. I wouldn't part
with this Karl Marx set for the world. Not this.
His boys can read it when they're old enough.
And look, I even thought that they might start
where Steve left off. See? Where this book-mark is?

THE FARMERS

IN THOSE wide fields we have not sown the needs
of sustenance. We have not planted there
the magic-bearing wheat, nor delicate rare
white cotton blossom. We have planted seeds
for heavy stones, and sand, and hollow reeds,
and poison-root, and flower of despair.
And where sweet earth once turned beneath our share
grows desolation now, and mocking weeds.

This is our harvest, who have sown the grain
of apathy. But now the strong new day
is visioned in this land, and thunderous
new voices cry—"We shall not toil in vain!
Comrades! This is ours! O brothers, say
these fields are ours—this bread belongs to us!"



HEALTH INSURANCE IN SIGHT

BY R. A. KOCHER, M.D.

FOR once, California may lead in a liberal measure, and in the most conservative profession, the medical profession. A recommendation was adopted almost unanimously by the House of Delegates of the State Medical Society in Los Angeles on March 3rd recommending compulsory health insurance. California is the first state to have its medical society pass such a resolution, or to come out in any form whatsoever for this revolutionary change.

The action came as a great surprise to the rank and file of the medical profession; it represents an about-face in their previous attitude. The American Medical Association has always been strongly opposed to any change in the present system; two years ago they strenuously opposed the health insurance recommendations of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. From the floor at the Los Angeles meeting a delegate reported that Dr. Morris Fishbein, secretary of the A. M. A., upon being told that state health insurance was possible in California, remarked: "California might be expected to inaugurate some fool move." (upon which the chairman at Los Angeles commented, to the amusement of his audience; "Fishbein is the Eddie Cantor of medical economics.")

What brought about the change?

It had become increasingly evident, especially since 1929, that while the very well-to-do and the indigent have received adequate medical attention, a large percentage of people in modest circumstances have been unable to afford it. But public health is a social concern; something had to be done. So the State Medical Society appointed a committee of five doctors to gather exact information on the state of medical care in California. An extensive investigation was carried on (California Medical Economic Survey), which represented the most exhaustive survey of its kind ever conducted. It was carried out with the aid of the SERA at a total cost of \$84,000 of which the State Legislature appropriated \$75,000. The survey has brought to light astounding conditions, some of which are summarized below.

General. Marked differences exist in the extent to which different classes in the community require and receive medical and dental services; expenses incurred for these services are very unevenly distributed within each income group; a sharp decline in the professional incomes of practitioners has occurred since 1929.

The Public's Plight

Particular. The need for medical care is least adequately provided in families with incomes of \$3,000 or less. Only 58 per cent of those needing medical attention in this group are receiving treatment. Seventy-seven per cent of families in California had, in 1933, family incomes of \$2,000 a year or less. Of this group, 26 per cent had incomes from \$1,200 to \$2,000, and 51 per cent less than \$1,200. As the family income decreases, the need for medical care increases. These figures are based on a study of 60,000 persons.

The Profession's Plight

Almost one-third of the doctors earned less than \$2,000 net yearly (1933). Fifty per cent received less than \$3,000 net, 75 per cent less than \$5,000 net. California had in 1927 a higher percentage of physicians to population than any other

state, or than any nation in the world. The study shows conclusively that the economics of the present system of receiving and giving medical service is unsatisfactory both to the public and to the profession. The public is poorly protected; the profession poorly paid. In 1933, 34 per cent of the dentists earned less than \$2,000, 61 per cent less than \$3,000, 78 per cent less than \$4,000. Only 21.2 per cent of the income class under \$1,200 needing dental attention were receiving it, while 60.3 per cent of those in the \$3,000 to \$5,000 class who reported the need for dental treatment were receiving it. In face of these and many other facts, the advisory counsel and research staff unanimously recommended to the committee of five, the adoption of Compulsory Health Insurance.

Principles and Methods of Health Insurance

Pooling risks. When a large number of individuals are exposed to a common risk or injury, and the nature of the risk can be defined clearly, they will find it advantageous, under certain conditions, to contribute to a common fund which can be drawn upon in specified amounts by those who actually suffer the loss or injury. An essential condition is that all who contribute do not suffer a loss simultaneously. When only a relatively small number of the individuals in the group suffer a specified loss within a given period of time, these losses are made good out of the fund. Voluntary health plans will not work. We have at present voluntary health insurance, health policies being issued by commercial companies.

Compulsory Health Insurance

1. The public welfare should be the primary consideration. The interests of doctors, dentists and hospitals, however, should be recognized.
2. There should be free choice of physician, and maintenance of the personal relationship between physician and patient should be safeguarded.
3. Administrative machinery must secure the funds against policy manipulation and safeguard them from dishonest claims for service and for remuneration.
4. If financially practicable, the scheme should cover medical services, dentistry and hospitalization.
5. The state health insurance commission should be an impartial non-political board.
6. Close coordination should be maintained between public and private medical activities.
7. The compulsory provisions should cover only those income classes in which adequate budgeting for medical costs is either impossible or is not usually provided for in practice.
8. The plan should be open to all licensed physicians and dentists.
9. Those outside the scope of compulsory provisions may join under specified conditions as voluntary contributors.
10. Unemployed persons without means will not be included in the compulsory plan for the present. (Presumably these are already provided for by county hospitals.)
11. There will be no state contribution to the fund under present plans; it will be self-sustaining.

Provisions for the health insurance bill

Some recommendations of the California medical-economic survey:

- a. That apart from exemptions to be specified below, all

wage-earners and salaried employees 18 years of age or over, earning incomes not above \$3,000 a year be included in the compulsory scheme.

b. That persons engaged in agriculture, domestic service, casual labor, etc., be exempted from the compulsory plan, provided their income does not exceed \$3,000 a year. They may join as voluntary contributors.

Contributions

a. Three-sevenths to be paid by employer, four-sevenths by employee.

Benefits

Medical, dental and hospital; possibly drugs.

Administration

The State Health Commission shall be the administrative body. Such, in brief, are the findings and recommendations of the research staff of the California Medical-Economic Survey to the committee of five of the California Medical Association. (This committee submitted their report, with this data, to the House of Delegates in session March 2 and 3, 1935.) There was intense interest at the meeting and, at the start, considerable opposition and scepticism. To one individual, Dr. Rodney Yoell of San Francisco, goes much of the credit for the forceful presentation of the case for compulsory health insurance which resulted finally in the favorable action taken.

Many details remain to be worked out and the plan recommended by the medical association to the interim committee of the state legislature, of which Senator Tickle of Monterey is a member, will be flexible and subject to revision. After a bill passes the state legislature, it must be submitted to the voters as an initiative measure and will probably require another eighteen months before it can become law.

MUSIC

EDITED BY
SIDNEY ROBERTSON

THE New Music Society presented Arnold Schoenberg directing three of his own compositions at the Veterans' Auditorium on Thursday evening, March 7. Henry Cowell made a preliminary address, narrating a little of the history of the New Music Society and its valiant championship of the work of Schoenberg at a time when performances of his music precipitated unmentionable gestures of distaste on the part of audiences abroad.

First on the program was a Chamber Symphony more or less in E major composed in 1906, three years before Schoenberg turned toward what he calls his "new style". It is written for small orchestra and scored for single instruments in each section, so that every performer is in the role of soloist. It was easy to see why Henry Cowell had suggested a relationship between the early work of Schoenberg and Brahms in the interwoven lines of the composition; but it was somehow not conclusive enough structurally. It was repeated at the end of the program; but even after this second hearing, it was difficult to be sure whether the music was bound, beautiful as it was considered in detail.

Next Rudolphine Radil gave a thrillingly beautiful performance of the *Waldtaube* from the *Gurre-Lieder*, followed by a group of "songs" from *Pierrot Lunaire* accompanied this

time by a small orchestra. Just where the responsibility lies, it would be difficult at a single hearing to be sure; but one was inclined to be grateful that it was not necessary to listen to all 21 parts of this work because the exquisitely plaintive note which characterized the first piece, *Columbine*, was never relieved by any contrast in the succeeding pieces, and it became monotonously painful to hear.

This composition is quite different from the frankly singing style of the *Gurre-Lieder*; it is intended to be spoken. Except at a few points the part of the reader is notated, but it is not designed to be sung or delivered in a singsong form of speaking voice. The composer points out that where in song the pitch of each note is unalterably set, in speaking one pitch is sounded, but the voice immediately leaves that pitch to move up or down. The rhythm is, however, to be maintained as strictly as in song. The performers, incidentally, are requested in the score not to attempt to define the mood of each piece from the text, but rather from the music, since insofar as Schoenberg desired the music to be expressive of the text he has made it so. This composition dates from 1912; but it had its inception many years earlier. One of Schoenberg's individual characteristics as a composer is his habit of putting ten or fifteen years in on a composition before he gives it to be performed.

The temptation to compare Schoenberg with Stravinsky is, of course, irresistible. Schoenberg makes far greater demands on his listeners than does Stravinsky; his work is far more complex. As a personality one is inclined to absolve him of the charge of posing or of desiring primarily to astonish. He is a simple and kindly person, absorbed in his teaching and composing. His music has never been fashionable and he has had a far harder time in every way than Stravinsky. He denies that he has ever set out to experiment consciously and says he does nothing but "allow the music, as music, to have its own way".

THERE is at the University of California an orchestra recruited from students and townspeople and conducted by Albert Elkus, which has performed such works as the Debussy and Roussel symphonies. Now comes word from the Santa Barbara State College of an "All Southern California College Symphony Orchestra" which is directed by Henry Eichheim, the distinguished American composer who was guest conductor of the Monterey Peninsula Orchestra two years ago.

The program consisted of Brahms' Symphony No. 1 in C minor, the *Prelude* to *Lohengrin* and two short pieces, one by Bach and one by Albeniz. Ninety-two young people picked from the various colleges in the southern part of the state form a full orchestra with complete sections. They are all amateurs. This is the fifth year of the undertaking. Apparently they rehearse all day for a short period immediately preceding the concert, and the conductor spends time with each section in turn, demonstrating even such elementary principles as the difference between triplets and a group of two sixteenth notes and an eighth, a distinction the uninitiated notoriously fail to make. But after such detailed travail, this group had the thrilling experience of playing under the baton of no less a personage than Stokowski himself. Now a resident of Santa Barbara, Stokowski offered to conduct the *Lohengrin Prelude* as a courtesy to his friend Henry Eichheim. It is striking to see the interest of so exacting a musician as Stokowski in the desire of amateurs to make music for the joy of it, with the hope of eventually creating, not a great orchestra, but a really discriminating audience.

BOOKS

WAS EUROPE A SUCCESS? By Joseph Wood Krutch.
(Farrar & Rinehart) \$1.

(Reviewed by Lincoln Steffens)

MR. KRUTCH has put within the covers of one small book all the errors that bother the intellectual world. If you could destroy this book and its thinking you could save torturing and destroying of millions of people—perhaps civilization.

What are the errors Mr. Krutch so urbanely and in his lucid, civilized prose pins down for our vivisectioning eye? They are one and all the postulates that make radicals so rabid when talking to liberals, and that cause Mr. Harry Elmer Barnes to bewail the radical's loss of urbanity and sweet reasonableness. First comes the false assumption that because Mr. Krutch has liberty, the chance to develop and indulge his tastes, freedom for his personality and individuality, therefore everybody has; he omits any thought of the eight million sharecroppers evicted and left to wander and starve, in the South; the 22,000,000 Americans on relief; the workers everywhere who are beaten, arrested, jailed, shot, when they get up on their hind legs and ask—not for the luxuries, the intellectual caviar Mr. Krutch enjoys, but the right to eat, sleep or breathe.

Mr. Krutch personifies to its extreme the IF philosophy. If the government can deal with the sharecroppers, feed the hungry, abolish the unemployed, all will be well; and surely in human reason it ought to be able to, without the "catastrophe of a Revolution". Therefore it can, and the radicals are barbarous and narrow, dogmatic and intolerant for insisting on the necessity or inevitability—this fatalistic word upsets Mr. Krutch—of the Revolution.

These are others of Mr. Krutch's typical liberal assumptions: Marxism is logical, but Governments are illogical (as is human nature) and therefore communism cannot work.

The choice between orderly and catastrophic change is a choice which society has the power to make. Yes; but what is society? The workers would like it to be orderly; but the owners will see to it that there is no change from their privileges except at sword's point. Who is society here—the workers or the owners.

Mr. Krutch compares the class war to the sex war. But men and women do marry and can live in harmony, he says, so why not employers and workers? Mr. Krutch: David and Jonathan were men and friends. Why can't Stalin and Hitler, who are men, put their arms about one another and be pals? He erects lots of such straw-men analogies.

What Mr. Krutch does is really quite difficult to analyze at times. He will mix his drinks till one really hardly knows whether one started with a pernod or a beer.

And then there is the time error: here Mr. Krutch, though he is one of the editors of the *Nation*, and a supposedly learned man, bares a lamentable lack of knowledge of history, social movements and the Marxian philosophy. He admits to not knowing much of the latter, but bases his book upon what he (quite erroneously) conceives it is. Mr. Krutch assumes that all the characteristics of the present young revolutionary movement are characteristics of the final and fully developed Communist society. Because he sees few civil liberties yet he assumes there will never be any; because artists as yet tell of the new things on earth they have found, and frequently

therefore sound like propagandists, he believes all art under communism must always be propaganda. He makes the current widespread liberal error of believing that because a human child at two years old can neither talk nor think nor read and eats very sloppily, therefore the grown adult will have those traits. Why can a liberal not see that all these pains of childbirth will be over when the child is born? Assuming their intelligence keen and clear, as Mr. Krutch's is, it can only be because they do not want to see it.

Mr. Krutch's book proves that nothing but a catastrophe will save Mr. Krutch; and all through his argument runs the assumption that somebody wants to save him.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor, Pacific Weekly,
Sir:

I have read with interest your "Twenty-Eight Years in a News Room". I was a figure in much that you touch upon in Chapter One.

Permit me to make one correction in your story. The combined edition of the *Call-Chronicle-Examiner* was not issued from the plant of the *Oakland Tribune*. It was published at the office of the *Oakland Herald*, of which I was city editor at the time.

The *Tribune* was out of commission, as it had no power to operate its plant. The *Oakland Enquirer* was also out because its building was so badly shaken that its occupancy was not permitted until steel cables were stretched around it to hold it together. The *Herald* was fortunate in getting its power from the plant of the Key Route at Yerba Buena.

Your story is deeply interesting, but I thought you might like to be put right on the one point I mention.

San Francisco

R. H. Magill

Editor, Pacific Weekly,
Sir:

THREE SONGS ABOUT LENIN: a minority report on the movie:

My conservative friends don't like it, because they object to the fact that Leninism is becoming a religion. My Communist friends don't like it, because they object to admitting that Leninism is becoming a religion. I like it, because I hold that the realization that Leninism is a religion held by 200,000,000 people is a *datum* with which the whole world must reckon.

It is important that the conservatives should realize the terrific moral power of the achievements of the Soviet Union to date. It is important that the Communists, while rejoicing in that evidence of power, should recognize and prepare to meet the problems that assail any religious cause upon the deification of its founder.

"Lenin is dead"—"Lenin lives"—"Lenin gives us bread"—"Lenin gives us light"—"Lenin gives us life". Songs of the simple, the unsophisticated: but songs of the common man, of whom the world consists. You can't laugh it off, you conservatives. You can't pretend it doesn't exist, you Communists.

San Francisco

George Hedley

In the MARCH-APRIL issue of

THE MAGAZINE

a national literary journal for the socially-conscious creative writer

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS adds another chapter to his record of Norwegian immigrants: "White Mule".

PAUL COREY delineates Middle-Western character in "A Son of My Bone".

ROBERT SMITH chops down some of the proverbial fence in "The Teamster".

JEAN TEMPLE continues with Chapter 2 of her epic of the life of Pennsylvania German sons of the soil: "Tenant Farmers".

ROBERT PENN WARREN writes a short story which he calls "Testament of Flood". Also Poetry by R. P. Blackmur, Don Stanford, J. V. Cunningham, and J. E. McGinnis.

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