

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

MAY 17, 1935

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BY ELLA WINTER

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LIBRARIES**

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PACIFIC WEEKLY CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ISSUE

JAY F. OTIS is a library administrator in a large city
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His book, *Laughter Out of the Ground*, a novel
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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In our music column next week will appear a second article on Schoenberg by David Barth and reviews of the Tina Flade-Cowell and Penha-Linsley recitals.

NOTES AND COMMENT

BULLETIN on state of fascist situation in Carmel: PACIFIC WEEKLY taken off reading table in Public Library and placed in closet. Explanation of library director: "We do not accept gift subscriptions to publications." The publisher of PACIFIC WEEKLY, as a gesture of courtesy toward library in city of publication, had placed the library on the complimentary list. Publisher of Carmel Cymbal had done the same. The Cymbal has not been taken off reading table.

Newsstand report: Sale of PACIFIC WEEKLY at newsstands in Carmel for week of March 29 before agitation against it by members of the American Legion 17.

Sale of PACIFIC WEEKLY at newsstands for week of May 10 after agitation against it by members of the American Legion 33

Victories recorded—by PACIFIC WEEKLY, 16 up.
Losses suffered—by library tax-paying public of Carmel.

IN THE current issue of *The Nation*, Oswald Garrison Villard waxes humorous over the state of jitters in which he finds the Argonaut of San Francisco. He quotes that periodical as saying during the absurd heat of the gubernatorial campaign of last fall:

"The catastrophe of Sinclair's election would be drastic enough to overthrow all that is fine and good and stable in California life. In Merriam the people of California have a promise and a symbol of strength, progress, and stability of traditional growth—in Sinclair a promise and a symbol of ruin."

And he quotes it again as saying just a week or so ago:

"Would Upton Sinclair have done worse in the gubernatorial chair than the man who defeated him? It may well be doubted. He might even have done better, for he has an atom or two of genius in his composition while all one can discern in Merriam is cobwebs from an empty skull!"

All of which is quite funny to Mr. Villard and his *Nation* back there on the Atlantic Coast, but which isn't at all funny to us here in the center of these disgusting things, both sociological and political. What considerably peeves us here in California is that we have to bear the brunt of cleaning up the mess for the whole United States. We prideful Californians cannot understand why we happen to have within the boundaries of our state more damned fools to the square inch than live and breathe in any other commonwealth of this union. We have vigilantes and lynching parties and Criminal Syndicalism juries and American Legionnaires and four Hearst newspapers and more than a million citizens, actually enfranchised, who voted for this Merriam person. It may be funny to Mr. Villard on the outside looking in, but to us on the inside looking out, the situation has quite another aspect. The nation's tumor appears to be located in this domain stretching a thousand miles along the Pacific Coast. It's up to us, we suppose, to do the operating, but we want Mr. Villard to understand that it's a serious business.

AT THE State Conference for Social Welfare held in San Francisco last week there was a liberal choice of speakers. All acknowledged the problem: the lack of work and lack of security for Americans today, workers and professionals, middle class and proletariat. It was in their remedies they differed.

Herbert Hoover, who opened the proceedings, stood for rugged individualism and private charity. Dr. Irving F. Reichert, of Temple Emanuel—a million and a quarter dollar synagogue and no mortgage on it—stated that we didn't want communism or fascism, but social democratic means to solve the problem. He did not specify whether they were to be the Social Democracy that betrayed the millions of Germany into the hands of the bloodiest tyranny the world has ever known, or the Sinclair democracy that delivered the Democrats of California into the hands of the blindest business and industrial reaction in the United States. Just so long as it was a vague and woolly "middle path", even if that meant in reality nothing at all.

Paul Eliel of the Industrial Association stated that matters had come to a pass—a show-down, in fact—and were workers on strike to get relief any more or would this odious practice now cease? Because this was the last millstone round the necks of the starving, drowning industrialists, and, the implication was, if it went on they'd have to give up business. For a strike in which the workers were not starved (or beaten or terrorized) into submission might become a strike that would have to be settled on lines of justice and impartiality, and this, of course, the Industrial Association and the Associated Farmers (meaning bankers and grower-shippers) of California do not want.

Then spoke Mary Van Kleeck, research member of the Russell Sage Foundation, Chairman of the Interprofessional Association for Social Insurance, who at one time was offered a job in the NRA but refused it on the grounds that planning for restriction meant fascism and in any event was not logical in an economy of abundance. She stood for adequate unemployment and other social insurance for workers and professionals—compensation for loss of jobs and in security—the cost to be a general charge upon industry and government

without contributions by workers or farmers, directly or indirectly.

Miss Van Kleeck later held a number of organizational meetings for the Interprofessional Association for Social Insurance, both in San Francisco and Berkeley—as she has been holding them all over the country—and found the response astonishing. This organization has been in existence less than a year but has accomplished much. It sponsors the Lundeen Bill for Social Insurance (H R 2827) and is opposed to the Wagner-Lewis Bill. The latter would pass the burden of insurance back to the wage-earner in the form of lowered salaries and wages; the Lundeen bill would put the burden on those who can afford it. Available sources are taxation of incomes of corporations and the higher incomes of individuals, inheritance and gifts, or funds which would otherwise be set aside for war purposes. In short, the issue is one of fake insurance versus genuine insurance.

The hunger of the professionals in the West for some sort of security has manifested itself by crowded meetings for Miss Van Kleeck wherever she spoke.

Anyone interested in the I. P. A. can get further information from national headquarters at 130 East 22d Street, New York City.

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

MOTHER'S DAY is over.

IT RAINED in Chicago one day last week, two inches .73. A record they had to go back 62 years to match. And they were too busy telephoning the fire department for pumps to go back: besides Chicago hates to go back.

BARBARA HUTTON'S father doesn't look like much in Reno for her divorce from the Prince and her wedding to the Count, nothing like the great five-and-ten business magnate. The European Princes and Counts esteem him higher than he and his daughter seem to. I wonder who is right. No, I don't. Barbara is doing what the girls in her dad's shops would do if they could: she is going around trying out these flowers of the feudal system one by one. If there is nothing in a prince, there may be something in a Danish count and if there is nothing in him she can soon find it out. I recall how, at a time when the swell Russian ladies were curious about Rasputin the noble wife of a great Russian official turned up at a tea and said that she had just been visiting the prophet, to test him. In a scientific spirit, the tea party gathered close, to inquire: "Well, and how was he?"

"Disappointing," she sighed. "Nothing at all. He is just like all the other men."

That's probably all our poor little rich girl will learn.

PILSUDSKI, THE DICTATOR of Poland, is dead. He was once an associate and fellow worker, with Lenin, the Communist, and had a chance to do what the Russians did. He got "enough" at the point where reformers usually get enough, when the job was half-done. That's why the people should insist always on a leadership of the dispossessed, of men who know the need of everything, of labor that has "nothing to

lose but its chains" and cannot get enough till it gets all.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST is writing more and more his own editorials. He has to. None of his hired talent can speak out with his sense of great possessions and business power. He is becoming a conscious business man. Used to be something of a politician, and in those days he showed what crooks business men of the first class were. Business men were the sources of all the corruption we ever exposed; they corrupted both government and business. Of course. But now he wants to get the politicians out and the business men in. Doesn't he know that business men in power will have depressions in business more and more often till they learn how good they are for big business and plan for them, actually arrange to have them come along every so often and suck up all the wealth the people create? Like now, only knowingly, purposely.

SOME ACUTE visitors from the East have been telling me that for some reason beyond them the Labor Party is taking root out there. They found it growing all the way from New York to Pittsburg, for instance. It stopped at St. Louis and did not reappear till out here on the Pacific Coast. And yet, like all other eastern observers, they felt that this coast, especially California, was leading the country. Leading, I would say, in Fascism and also in Communism, and these are the two ways we must choose between.

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY is a sign of the time. Started by a few of us here, with no great propaganda of purpose, the response of both readers and advertisers has been, not only encouraging but startling. There has been shown a sense of liberty and the fresh expression of new and original thought. We have had articles from writers "we" don't know personally, and good ones, too. And there are others in the offing. Inquiries show that. Also advertisers tell us that an ad in this paper brings new patrons who sometimes admit that they want to boost the PACIFIC WEEKLY. One such is on our last page this week. The advertising business is pretty well stabilized; business men who are not very bright leave it to syndicates who follow rules. If I were the head of a business I would branch forth and experiment with this young and growing paper—and see. But then, I am not a cash trader, old, conservative and settled for life.

THE DUST storms that are whirling away the top soil of the Middle West are an example of the difference between our civilization and that of Russia. What has to be done is to plant parts of every farm to grass or trees to hold down the whole, but there is a cost or a loss which each farmer has to bear. That is hard on the farmer: to make a sacrifice in the common interest, and some of them won't do it. In Soviet Russia, the Government which sees the common need, can order the strips and meet the social losses or costs out of the common fund; no individual sacrifices required.

THE ONLY damaging testimony brought out in that public inquiry into the mental state of the University of Chicago, you know, the scandal started by the druggist's niece who disclosed the fact that she, a student, was learning some new ideas at college, the only confession developed was from the president himself, who admitted under pressure that Communism was not taught there. Students have to study that for themselves. The Chamber of Commerce and Legionnaires should see that Communism is taught by professors as re-

quired "work" with stiff examinations at the end of each term. I remember being introduced to a university audience once by a professor who said he used a book of mine as "required" reading. Startled, I began my lecture by asking if he couldn't make it voluntary and after my lecture I pleaded with him to forbid my book altogether.

MONTEREY, OUR metropolis, had an election on Tuesday, for Mayor and alderman. The issue was "good government", which won. Nothing new for over the hill where the government has always been as good as the people.

THE COUNTY is demanding too much of vice, asking it to be reasonable. Impossible. It's business, vice is, and big business at that. How can it exercise moderation? Look up the dictionary on vice and ask any big business man about big

business. Business has a way of growing like vice itself. Might as well ask a Gold mining company to be reasonable and the gold to be moderate.

THEY HAVE developed some gland surgery in Soviet Russia that makes dwarfs grow, says the Moscow (English) News. Always doing something new, those people.

FOR INSTANCE: their Moscow subway, without benefit of capitalism. It is built, beautiful, tiled, clean, glittering; and the fare is—one half cent. They took the money out of the Treasury, without bonds, and repayment comes in the form of fares. No bugs, no parasites, no "financing": that saves the consumer four and a half cents on every ride. It couldn't be this that Mr. Hearst hates?



THE RAPE OF AMERICAN LIBRARIES

BY JAY F. OTIS

THE United States is a country, in common with most others, in which the ruling class is rapidly jettisoning what few popular educational facilities were available to the masses in 1929.

Fifty million people—46 per cent of our population—were without any library facilities in the prosperous year of 1929. The 6524 existing public libraries left 44 per cent of the town and city population unserved, while 83 per cent of the rural people had no access to a library. In 1135 counties out of a total of 3065 (and even four cities with populations of 25,000 to 100,000) there was no library service, and thousands of small towns were in the same boat. That was in 1929; it is much worse now. Arkansas has a population of 91 per cent without library service; North Dakota and three southern states have between 70 and 80 per cent; while nine southern and six western states deprive between 60 and 70 per cent of their working people of all library service.

In rural communities usually the school has the only supply of books, and in only 16 states is this made possible on a wide scale by state financial support. Yet many of our large cities, in all parts of the country, make a very poor showing in the amount of cultural material they provide for the masses—the ratio of books to population. And everywhere library service to children receives the deepest cuts.

For our rich country as a whole there is six-tenths of one book per capita, with an average annual circulation of two books per capita—at a cost of 32 cents. That is what is spent on mass culture; while billions are being spent for "the next war", schools and libraries—the only culture the masses get—are being sabotaged as a national policy.

The depression means a double exploitation for libraries and librarians: a huge cut in salaries and other operating funds and an enormous speed-up. Four and a half million new readers have contributed to the 40 per cent speed-up unloaded on librarians since 1929. In Hammond, Indiana, the

speed-up of library workers (increase in book circulation) has exceeded 173 per cent since 1929; Dallas, Texas, and Akron, Ohio, 116 per cent, and in literally hundreds of cities it has exceeded 50 per cent.

While speed-up has been in high gear, funds for salaries and other expenditures have been tobogganing with almost equal speed. The American Library Association has conservatively set \$1 per capita as the standard library income necessary for giving adequate service. Very few have made the grade, even in good times. Dallas, Texas, has less than 20 cents; Winnipeg, Vancouver and Birmingham, less than 30 cents; Philadelphia, Atlanta, Memphis, Brooklyn and Chicago, less than 40 cents; San Francisco, Queens, Baltimore, Detroit, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, St. Louis and Louisville, under 60 cents. These, to name but a few. The median expenditure is 57 cents. A mere recital of the cuts suffered by some typical libraries is illuminating. All have made huge cuts in their book funds. Chicago hasn't bought any books since 1931, and dozens of other cities have done little better. In the wealthy city of Detroit a 77 per cent cut was made. Chicago canceled its subscriptions to all out-of-town newspapers except three. In dozens of cities the governing bodies have decided that libraries can run without buying books.

In addition to huge cuts in book funds and salaries the following are frequent methods of "economy": cutting periodical funds (more serious than cutting book funds), going without needed supplies, firing of librarians, and closing part-time. Other "economies"—"economies" that deprive thousands of workers, and only workers, of many library services—are: placing a time limit on the use of reading rooms, closing branch libraries (as New York City did last year, rather than see the bankers go unpaid), charges for the use of club rooms, "service charges" to all adults using the "free public library", charges for the use of bound newspapers, etc. These are some of the ways in which the masses have been deprived of

library service while profits have been maintained and—in the last two years—greatly increased.

Salary cuts have been one of the largest and most frequent economies. Cuts of 20 to 30 per cent have been very common. Detroit and Chicago are but two of the large cities that have made such cuts; many large cities have done more. Librarians' training requirements are as exacting as those for lawyers, engineers, teachers and dentists; yet librarians' salaries can compare with none of these. In 1929 teachers' salaries had the edge by from 25 to 75 per cent. In Chicago's public library, one-half of the staff of professional librarians get \$1200 or less. The average salaries for librarians and ordinary office and clerical workers are both about \$1200, while workers in manufacturing industries average some \$1300, and government clerks \$1800. But this \$1200 is misleading. The figure would be much lower but for the salaries of administrative officers. This is graphically shown by the following salaries of San Antonio, \$864; Memphis, \$720; Knoxville, \$600; Gary rank and file professional library workers: Birmingham, \$623; (the great steel city), \$816; Richmond, Va., \$900; Baltimore, \$900; Newark, \$1085; St. Louis, \$1026; and Denver, \$840. Clerical workers in the larger libraries get much less, usually ranging from about \$500 to \$900. In the smaller libraries all workers get proportionately less. Many of the lowest paid workers have suffered the greatest speed-up during the depression. This is especially true of the southern librarians.

In the south the presence of a large exploited race, the Negro, has helped to hold library service and library salaries down to a very low level. Both "white" libraries and "colored" libraries have suffered, but especially the colored. In California the per capita book circulation is 7.33 per year; in South Carolina it is .63. The vast majority of the Negro people have no library service.

As for other fields of work, unemployment statistics for librarians are very hazy. No adequate statistics have been kept, but official estimates in 1933 placed the number of unemployed at 15 per cent, or some 2300. For every vacant job there are more than fourteen applicants. And some 1500 graduates come from the academic mills each year.

Is there much protest against such infamous exploitation in this important profession? Very little! Librarians are a patient, longsuffering bunch, only occasionally rising out of their lethargy to show signs of class consciousness and tendencies toward revolt. Occasionally small groups of patrons protest against proposed cuts (as when Denver citizens protested against the city council's lopping \$6400 from the library budget to add to the sum for street oiling), but this is the exception to the rule. Even the small weapon of so-called "academic freedom", zealously guarded by the class-conscious elements among the teachers, is virtually unknown among librarians.

But there are a few shining exceptions such as the Associated Office and Professional Emergency Employees Association of New York City which made strong protests last year against the dismissal of some FERA library workers from the New York Public Library for the crime of organizing into a union. Occasionally a sane voice is heard in protest against the prevalent preference given to men in library work, thus unjustly keeping alive a sex issue. Once in a blue moon an article by a stray militant finds its way into some library journal, urging young librarians to be sensible, intelligent workers and not apple-polishers. Last year even the council of the American Library Association (ruled chiefly by the adminis-

trative officers in the profession) felt the rank and file pressure and discussed framing and enacting a code under the NRA, but it got no farther than talk because of a lack of further rank and file pressure.

Like the teaching profession, the library profession and its organization are largely dominated by those in executive positions whose philosophy and interests are closely allied with those of the business world. Hence, a rank and file movement has been very slow in crystalizing. During the depression no militant struggle against the jettisoning of culture came from them, and none was expected. Instead, we have the same share-the-misery scheme applied to "spreading" work and wages among librarians as is found in other lines of work. There is much talk among library executives about an "overproduction (of librarians) which in adversity would rival that of any industry", while half of the people are without library service. "Let us take our cuts with good grace," they say, in order to save the book fund (which will be cut anyway by the governing bodies). To curb the dangerous "overproduction" of librarians the A. L. A. Council declares itself "in favor of the radical reduction of the enrollment in library training agencies by placing greater emphasis upon personal qualifications and experience before admittance". The required preparation to get a \$1,000 job is now equivalent to a university master's degree—and then urge raising the standards without any comparable effort to raise salaries.

With continued speed-up during working hours and rock-bottom salaries goes the usual burden of after-hours work. One typical executive says he "sees in out-of-hours reading an obligation resting upon every member of a library staff. 'Librarians . . . often carry their work and their responsibilities home with them, and then in their few free evenings read 10 to 20 hours a week. They cannot be good librarians otherwise.' " All for \$80 or \$90 a month!

One of the country's best paid library administrators voiced a not uncommon affinity with Chamber of Commerce philosophy when he told this writer that his library deserved to be cut much more than it had been, and that it would soon get it. Suffice it to say that this administrator, in common with many others, has had his salary cut proportionately much less than the rank and file of those under him.

In two ways the typical library executive is apt to be like the proverbial ostrich with head in the sand. First, in the above named habit of aiding in the sabotage of culture through censorship. Librarians seldom admit that they practice censorship. When hard pressed, it is called "a proper choice of books with a limited book fund". Anything not in keeping with the ideas of the library board (which is usually composed of business and "professional" men and almost never includes a working man) is ruled out. John Strachey's works are usually considered dynamite, and it would probably be hard to find the works of Langston Hughes in southern libraries. As one prominent administrator said, "In this whole matter there is need for opportunism and compromise. The librarian as censor must try to represent the best and most enlightened public opinion. He should *perhaps* be a little in advance of his public . . .", but not very much—and only *perhaps*. The "best and most enlightened public opinion" which he strives to represent seldom reaches as far as the works of Marx, Lenin, Strachey and Dutt.

Robert L. Duffus has written an interesting journalistic account of depression libraries which will probably do considerable good in arousing public opinion and interest in favor of library support. But it can also do much harm: his book

is a most accurate reflection of the mind of the typical library administrator. Mr. Duffus sees the library cuts of recent years as "ironical". There "may have been a gain for librarianship in the revaluation of books and services which the emergency has made necessary". The depression was all a mistake:—"If the city fathers had read more of the library's books . . . (such as) Lincoln Steffens' 'The Shame of the Cities', they might not have found themselves in the financial chaos . . . they are now in. Duffus praises the library administrator who "took the position that the economies should be effected where they would be least felt by the public (on the staff itself). Above all no member of the staff was to complain of the situation to patrons". Of a certain place in the south we learn that "it is . . . a warm hearted city, private and personal charity is among its cherished traditions, and in its Community Chest drives it has gone over the top". (While its bookstock is about one-third of standard and its salaries 25 per cent under the standard). The only advice he can give on finance is not how to improve salaries but how to add to the growing army of the technologically unemployed: "The average librarian might learn something by studying factory methods" of standardization, possibly time and motion studies being the next means of library speed-up. Rationalization must have its way! Always Mr. Duffus praises the library chiefly as a social safety valve serving to drain off militancy and any desire to struggle collectively for better immediate

conditions and a better social order. He gives the highest praise to "a good natured acceptance of handicaps that could not be escaped . . ." His highest compliment to a library staff is to say that it is so docile as to function with "a fine war-time spirit". Like the leadership of the A. L. A., he speaks mildly in favor of government aid for libraries but ends with a pious wish.

Above all, Mr. Duffus and those whose words he echoes "would not urge librarians to rebel", that is, to organize for decent conditions, strike, or engage in picketing and demonstrations—as he untruthfully puts it, "rioting, as public school teachers have been known to do". "The librarian can in fact do very little for himself except to demonstrate to his public the value of his services" (by continuing to give double service on half pay). "One cannot urge upon librarians that they revolt (almost as repugnant a word as 'rioting'!) because they have nothing to lose but their chains and a world to gain."

Since all the material for this article has been taken from the published statements of the leading official, reputable, and conservative library "authorities", we can well say to Mr. Duffus that with declining salaries and worsening conditions, rank and file librarians may soon have nothing to lose but their brains.

We can let Mr. Duffus enjoy to the full his pun on Karl Marx; but let the librarians organize and "revolt" while there is still hope.



LIBERALS, LIMITED

BY ELLA WINTER

LIBERALS are having a bad time these days. They feel themselves shoved aside in the struggle for liberalism, real liberalism, by the radicals, who arrogate to themselves the title of the only real democrats. In their attempts to keep the "liberal attitude", which seems to them synonymous with the "open mind", any one definite belief, on whatever side or leading in whatever direction, seems to liberals too definite, decisive and certain to be compatible with "liberalism". The open mind demands that you study, learn, investigate, search into all available facts, and make no definite decision.

The Liberals of today demonstrate this attitude in every thing they write and utter. Recently there was a somewhat acrid controversy between liberals and radicals about the Kir-ov shootings; there were resignations from liberal committees, recriminations, counter-charges. At that time Oswald Garrison Villard, who might almost be called the doyen of the liberal mind, wrote an article in *The Nation* which seemed to sum up what one might term the die-hard liberal attitude. He said both communists and fascists had written him indignant letters about his attitude, and since they were indignant they must be aware they were wrong. He made a number of statements which, taken with other statements by leading liberals such as Joseph Wood Krutch, Henry Hazlitt, Harry Elmer Barnes, Horace M. Kallen, might stand for a liberal credo of

today. For convenience these dicta are listed:

1. The end never justifies the means.
2. No good social order can be established by bloodshed.
3. No government has the right to take human life . . . whether by judicial process or otherwise.
4. Either the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" means what it says or it does not.
5. Slaughter is slaughter and remains so by whomever it is done.
6. The world does not progress by murder, nor by a violation of liberty, nor by the vicarious suffering and death from persecution of multitudes.
7. Wrong never yet made right nor ever will.
8. Tyranny is tyranny.
9. One person is not likely to be all right and another all wrong.
10. Communists and fascists believe in force and violence and therefore are in the same boat in every other respect.
11. All governments that have a one-man "dictator" at the head are the same kind of government in every other respect.
12. Communists don't believe in freedom, individuality, tolerance, detachment, education for its own sake, art as art, good manners, courtesy, suavity, etc., whereas democracy

does believe in all these virtues. Therefore, democracy makes it possible for everyone to exercise them (while under communism they would be wiped out forever).

13. Force and violence are wrong and must lead to evil under whatever circumstances, anywhere, in any period of history, and a "forcibly-created" system of government and society must be bad.

14. Dictatorship is bad and cannot bring about any good eventually.

15. The truth lies in the middle.

Now these tenets can be examined from a number of different points of view. One might take the straight historical attitude: Will history bear them out? Has no "forcibly-created" system of government ever been "good"? This leads to the question: Has any system of government ever been created, in the last analysis, except by violence, bloodshed, or force? Certainly the American government was created by force, and revolutionary force at that. Of course, it needs only a moment's reflection to realize that all through history force has dominated, and set up every government or social system, good, bad, or indifferent.

Then there is the realist's argument. The liberal contention that slaughter is slaughter is a wish formula; it has nothing to do with what actually moves men. We don't like slaughter, bloodshed, violence, force: (at least most normal people don't). Therefore, they shall not exist! But we look round the world and we see that there is slaughter, bloodshed and violence. The World War took place, and the Spanish Inquisition took place, and the March on Rome, and the Russian Revolution and the American Civil War, just as strikes, vigilante action and terror take place. It doesn't seem much use building up theories on what we would like history, men and movements to do, when they don't seem to listen to our wishes very much. Which does not mean that we should not try to find out the causes of social misbehavior and try to change conditions so that those causes will be inoperative. That is a different process, however, from merely wishing, trusting, or hoping (or even feeling troubled and viewing with alarm) that these manifestations of human behavior will not take place.

The thing that seems really the matter with liberalism at this period of history is its inability to see itself objectively in time. Liberalism is actually a philosophy for a period of peace, of security, a period in which no great decisions have

to be made. When things are all right in the main, seem to be progressing normally, leaving only a few minor evils to correct, then liberalism shines: it protests the few evils, tortures left in prisons perhaps, or too long hours worked by newsboys, or discrimination against some Negroes in some places, or inequalities of opportunity among some of the underprivileged. But mainly there must be no momentous and fundamental decisions to be made, and above all none that demand action—action of whatever kind, from actual fighting to clearly-thought out speech or writing.

When in history, a position has to be taken, definitely, unequivocally, and the individual has to be either for or against some historical trend, then Liberalism as such breaks down; as a philosophy it fails; as a program it has proven itself to be empty. The open mind has remained so open that realistic appreciation has dropped out of it.

The open mind by definition is a mind that must not make a decision. Today you can think as a communist or as a fascist, we will assume. But if you are still wondering, still trying to keep undecided about these two roads the world is marching into, you are left hopelessly stranded outside the stream of history, clinging vainly to a fence that is breaking down.

But there is one thing Liberals can still do to support their philosophy, and many of them are not doing it: and that is be liberal. More and more they are coming to be intolerant Liberals—unchanging, axiomatic, harsh and immovable: the very things they accuse fascists and communists of. Many of the dicta listed above are held by liberals with an almost fanatical dogmatism. They cannot change their ideas about the fifty-fifty correctness of all phenomena: they cannot change their views in time. If an open mind is right, it is right at all times; if slaughter is wrong, it is wrong always at all times. The open mind, an innocent person might speculate, should at least be willing to consider whether the open mind might not sometimes be out of place; whether there might not come a period when the means did justify the end, because history had gotten to such a pass that that was the only way out: as ulcers taken in time might be treated with diet, but left too long, or become too acute, have to be treated by surgery. The dogmas of liberalism seem to preclude any consideration of the possibility that capitalism has gone on too long so that its abuses have become festering sores and there is left only the surgery of a Revolution to cure them. If anyone did assert this he would, according to the liberal theory, cease to be a liberal.

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TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN A NEWS ROOM

BY W. K. BASSETT

CHAPTER SIX

I FINALLY got a job, two jobs, in fact, both almost at the same time. I went to work again for the Oakland *Enquirer*, still struggling along, but on what proved later to be its last legs. At the same time Frank Mulgrew, one of the old

San Francisco pioneers in newspaper work, offered me a questionable, but a lucrative job. It was his job, but I was to do the work for him. It was a job he was doing for Herr Franz Bopp, German consul-general in San Francisco; just a little job to turn the people of the State of California pro-

German in the little conflict then going on in Europe and assuming proportions beyond the most dire nightmares of the prognosticators. Franz Bopp was working desperately on orders from Berlin to help turn America from a possible coalition with the Allies.

In picking Frank Mulgrew to do his publicity, Bopp made a good move. Slow, never a genius, but thorough and conscientious to a fault, Mulgrew did his work well. At one period, just before the break that spelled the utter collapse of Franz Bopp and his publicity-racketeering office, Mulgrew showed me a scrapbook of his achievements that bulged with clippings from nearly every daily and weekly newspaper on the Pacific Coast. He had obtained reams upon reams of publicity for the German cause, sent out under the name of a fake news bureau, organized and named for the purpose, as live news of the moment, which, according to the statement at the head of the dispatch sheets, was being received daily through an underground and underwater route from Germany.

I wrote most of this stuff from notes furnished me by Mulgrew. At first I believed that there was something in the story that it was actual news; that it was the truth. I believe that at first Mulgrew believed it was. He was furnished the material by Bopp's office and probably accepted as the source what was told him.

Of all the newspapers which were meat for this junk, the *San Francisco Chronicle* led the rest. It not only printed the regular dispatches, but it lent its magazine section on Sunday to the propaganda of the Germans. The best example of the "amiability" of the *Chronicle* in this regard was the Sunday feature I wrote entitled "The True Story of the Battle of the North Sea". That was the battle in which Admiral Jellicoe engaged a fleet which suddenly plunged out of German waters into the North Sea. There still seems to be some question in the minds of historians and naval experts as to whether Jellicoe won this battle or lost it. At the time I was given the material by Mulgrew who in turn had acquired it from Bopp's office, there was going on considerable discussion in regard to this battle, although the regular press dispatches from Europe, traveling through a British news agency, clearly gave the victory to the British admiral.

In the material from which I wrote the story there was no doubt about where the palm belonged. The Germans had encompassed one of the greatest defeats of the British fleet the King's navy had ever experienced. We had an eye-witness as authority for this. We didn't have a name for him, however. He was a German lieutenant on one of the German cruisers in the battle, but he had no name. It was up to me to provide him with that little formality. I did. I don't remember what I called him, but it had a "hausen" on the end of it, no doubt, and his parents, through me, had bestowed on him a "Fritz".

By the time I got through with my material the German lieutenant told a graphic, incontrovertible story which not only proved the superiority of the German fleet over that of the British, but indicated, proved in fact, that such an exploit could not only be repeated, but would be repeated until there wasn't any more British navy.

I turned my story over to Mulgrew the first of a week and on the Sunday following it consumed a page in the magazine section of the *San Francisco Chronicle*—and it was illustrated! Illustrated with an actual photograph of the German lieutenant for whom I had so deftly found a name.

With the entrance of the United States in the war, Mulgrew's job, of course, blew up. Mulgrew escaped the sub-

sequent fate visited on the German consul-general but he could not rid himself of the connection he had made as a pro-German publicity agent. That clung to him almost until the time of his death, and during the trying days of 1917 and 1918 he was nearly an outcast. He obtained one publicity job after another, only to be informed on by some busy patriot and summarily fired.

In the last ten years of his life Mulgrew was a pitiful character. He had been a good newspaper man in the day when newspapers published one edition and went home to bed. But he was not capable, either by mental equipment or inclination, to meet the demands of presses that started and stopped with deadlines scattered throughout the day at intervals of fifteen minutes. He could no longer fit into the scheme of things that was modern journalism. Editors could not wait for his laboriously written stories, excellent though they were when he finally laid them complete on the city desk. He was through with active newspaper work long before the rounding out of his years. He fell back on publicity work and, ironically, of a nature that later destroyed his chances even for that. His greatest boast in his later years was that it was he who tutored Katy Thompson when, on the old *San Francisco Bulletin*, that aspiring colleen essayed newspaper work, out of which the love of Charles Norris snatched her.

I made money out of the war, but not as an iron worker, a ship builder, munitions manufacturer or an agent for fire-arms. I made money out of it as a newspaper man, quite inadvertently and not at all to my personal advantage. My newspaper salary income during 1917 and 1918 was about doubled, but at the end of that time I had nothing to show for it. Where I had been drawing down an average of \$35 a week, a good salary in those days, just previous to the war, I found myself in receipt of at least three checks a week, from three different newspapers, totaling a good \$75, during the war years. That happened because in Oakland I was one of about five newspaper beat men in the whole town who did not go to war. Only one other man and myself were left on the Oakland police beat. We handled the news for the two Oakland newspapers and the five San Francisco ones. We cleaned up, without doubt, but we cleaned out, too, and for every dollar we earned we spent, as usual, a dollar and ten cents on the average. We were no hoarders—what newspaper man ever was—we were merely mediums of exchange. We took the newspaper dollars and gave them back into the marts of trade, principally those marts which do their business over shining mahogany and demanding of their patrons only cash and a bent elbow.

I was never pro-German even though I wrote the stuff, but I was precisely anti-war. I was anti-war when it was not nearly so popular to be so; in fact, when it was decidedly unpopular. This, of course, could be taken in that day as pro-German because in my abhorrence of war, I found it necessary to defend in a measure the methods the Germans employed and which were considered at the time the reason for our entrance into the holocaust. I wrote a letter which the *Chronicle* quite readily published, ridiculing the "rules of warfare" argument on which was based excoriation of Germany for the sinking of the *Lusitania*. It appeared to me then, and it so appears to me now, that a nation, like a man backed up against a wall through bombardment, deprived of every means permissible under "rules of warfare" to break that blockade, had a right to resort to any weapon it could find to hand. Especially, I contended, was Germany within her rights in sinking a vessel that was openly carrying to her enemies assistance

further to encompass her downfall. - Instead of the United States government screaming with hatred after the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the consequent murder of American citizens, she herself should have been condemned for permitting her people to sail on that ship, loaded with war materials designed to help fill the coffers of her industries which were

fattening on the results of the conflict in Europe.

As for myself I determined not to go to war no matter what the pressure. The armistice came before my number was drawn in the draft and considerable unpleasantness was saved myself and my family.

(To be continued)



ONLY MEN AND THE SORRIEST CREATURES

BY ROBIN LAMPSON

THE earth spins, and endures the seasons and the tyrannous demands of the moon;
She labors her way through the ages with impassive disregard for mankind.
When angry, she is but struggling against her outrageous gyrations and inflexible
Orbit, and her anger is never directed at man, though he suffer
The lashings of her fury and the blasts of her rage. When benign, she is basking
In the sunlight, submitting to warm caresses and hot rape from her lover the sun,
And is no more concerned with humanity than she is with a mouse or a starfish.
She is less conscious of a city than a whale is aware of a barnacle on its back.

We humans at best are but lice on the belly and flanks of the earth;
All plants and animals are; and all creatures that swim and slither
And crawl in the rivers and seas are microbes in the maternal bloodstream.
Life is a parasite pilfering the corpuscles and tissue of the planet;
But the earth's bosom is large, her breasts are many, her abundance is great.
She consciously shows no favoritism, is both blind and indifferent; she is kind,
And her kindness is unintentional; she is cruel, and her cruelty is unwitting; she is capricious,
But without malice; she is fickle in her generosity, but she bares her bosom or refuses
Her largess to all creatures alike, regardless of species. She gives health
To those children who use and consume her; and is never displeased when one genus
Preys on another and gets sustenance indirectly by consuming another.

But we humans are cannibals: we live on each other, not on the earth;
We fasten our fellowmen to machines, we harness our children, and we batten
On the blood of our brothers. Men live in mankind, having turned from the earth,

Having forgotten the mother and wet-nurse, mistress and wife of humanity.
The race has forgotten it is both son and lover to the female earth:
It is a child that has spurned its natural nurture; a lover and husbandman
Who has neglected and forgotten to plant seed and renew itself on the earth's bosom.

Only men and the sorriest lupine creatures prey on themselves,
Live on their own kind (but the wolf, I think, is less pitiful than man,
For it preys on its fellows only from need, and never for comfort or pleasure).
Men live in mankind, forgetting that only the earth and life
Are important, that life and the source of life only, the earth and the sunlight,
Have meaning; forgetting all but their now contaminate and hideous selves.
And civilization is sick with a multiplex and nefarious sickness.



THE HOWARDS ALL "DO SOMETHING"

BY RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON

CURRENTLY, at the Paul Elder Gallery, five members of one family are holding an exhibition: Charles Houghton, Robert and John Howard, three sons of that distinguished architect, the designer of the University of California in Berkeley, the late John Galen Howard, and the wives of two of the Howard brothers, Adaline Kent, the wife of Robert, and Jane Berlandina, the wife of Henry Howard, the architect. Contrary to what one might expect, it is not merely a stunt exhibition.

It is the variety of the exhibition that is at first most striking. There are the flowers of Jane Berlandina, rich in life and color; the subjective abstractions of Charles Houghton

Howard; the amusing and serene sculptures of Adaline Kent; a carved wood-and-metal fish, two oils, some water-colors by Robert Howard; three oils and two drawings by John Howard. If there is resemblance between any of the five represented, it is superficial. The individuality of each is more immediately perceived.

Charles Houghton Howard is most readily classified among the Surrealists. He is, however, less related to Miro than to Lurçat, less to Masson than to Picasso. Compared with the severity of his use of form, Masson, for one, is a barbarian; compared with the more impersonal symbols which his paintings (in the architectural sense) construct, Dali is a *sauvage*.

Certain of the components of his painting are the common property of the school to which he belongs: the suggestion of incalculable vastness, through the suggestion of a marine and static background, or of illimitable space; the employment of common forms in uncommon perspective; the use of trivial objects in the creation of monumental forms. Such devices are no longer singular to any one painter: they find individualized employment in the later (1930) abstracts of Picasso, in the paintings of Lurçat, in Dali, in Masson, even, to a certain extent, in Pierre Roy. They are used deliberately, toward the creation of a *milieu*, a region as purely of the imagination as Jules Verne's or Lewis Carroll's; as directly a *milieu* for intellectual emotion as, let us say, the painting of Forain is of human emotion.

Howard is primarily an intellectual painter. Paradoxically, the effect of his painting is one wholly of emotion—intellectualized, to be sure, but nevertheless emotion. He is as isolate from the direct and savage emotion of an Henri Rousseau, as he is from the sentiment of Fragonard.

He is among the Jeremiahs of our time. His painting is as much a criticism of our period as Forain's of his: the difference lies in this, that Forain's denunciation of his period was directed at social institutions, Howard's is directed less specifically, and at large—at that vague and terrible, specific and ghastly state of a disorganized civilization, "our times". He is, among painters, a poet, as Chirico is a poet. He is a prophet of disunion. His paintings say as patently that ours is a sick world as the day's newspapers, and as legibly.

Howard's forms are his own: those forms used for the display of women's stockings in shop windows made oppressive monuments, dismembered anatomical forms, forms of marine life, the shapes of a butcher's shop, the forms to be found in an excavation where construction has not yet begun. Out of these he creates an astonishing world, intellectual and savage. It is not a world of dream so much as of imagination. It distorts the actual world less than creates one that never existed. In this it departs, for instance, from the world of Lurçat, whose forms are the forms of a recognizable and real world seen unreal—*a walled enclosure, a raft, an impossible island.*

But perhaps one should say that Charles Howard's is less the art of creating a world as of creating monuments. His forms are monuments to the decline of the West.

The painting of Jane Berlandina is as remote from that of Charles Howard as one has a right to ask. In the exhibition at Elder's are two water-colors, one oil. The water-colors, from the collection of Courvoisier, are of flowers, the oil a still life of a compotier of fruit, a green pepper, and a pair of boudoir slippers. The water-colors have that life and vigor one expects of Berlandina's flowers. Their colors are rich, and their own. They are painted with surprising ease and freedom. Berlandina's are flowers, O'Keefe's—paintings. Berlandina

maligns nothing that grows—she praises. To my mind, no painter in America today paints flowers more acceptably.

The still life is a departure. If there were any question of Berlandina's distinction as a painter, one detail of the still life in oils would dispel it: she has managed to paint into it a pair of boudoir slippers without seeming either merely "novel" or "daring", and without seeming vulgar. The presence of the slippers in the canvas is primarily right. In a lesser talent they would be embarrassing only.

Since oil is a comparatively recent medium for Berlandina, it is of greater interest. Even in this early canvas (early in her use of oils), the oils are used with surety and an understanding of their properties. They are used with familiarity, even—but not with presumption. The colors have depth and great variety: they assert and glow, or they suggest and are secret. They are as much Berlandina's own as the colors of her water-colors.

The two sculptures Adaline Kent shows are new: one a serene seated female figure cut directly in the stone, the other an impudent terra cotta garden ornament, gay, naive, charming. The female figure has repose and character without being either very assertive of modernity or academic. If it is not the finest figure Adaline Kent has done, it is by no means the least, and it is important since it is the first she has cut directly in the stone.

There are also included some sensitive drawings and two water-colors by Adaline Kent.

To me, the chief of Robert Howard's entrants are his sculpture and a fine water-color of study tree forms. The "Fish" has been shown before, at the San Francisco painters' and sculptors' exhibition; the water-color is new. There are two oils, also: a landscape and a portrait, which is the greater in significance, since it has the greater individuality.

I am in disagreement with others over the comparative merits of the three oils of John Howard. To me, unquestionably the finest is a self-portrait, subjective and moody. The two drawings of construction work included are competent, but hardly stimulating.

* * *

At the Art Center, Victor Arnautoff is showing some portraits in oil and some water-colors. The portraits are hard and lacking in distinction, the water-colors of varied excellence. Some of the water-colors have imagination and individuality, particularly one of ferry boats. But there is nothing in the show comparable to certain oils by Arnautoff I have seen in private collections.

* * *

Courvoisier now shows a collection of drawings and sketches in water-color and inks which merits study. There is a fine Ingres, a portrait in pencil; several of Constantin Guys' incomparable records of the XIX Century, an unusually good Degas; Puvis de Chavannes, Delacroix, Forain, so on. Many are studies only. But in the character of a sketch by Degas, for instance, is the character of Degas in entirety seen through a diminishing glass.

(NOTE: A printer's error in my article of May 3 caused the loss of a line of type. I said, in effect, that two pictures by Maurice Sterne presumably earlier than his "oriental" period—"Girl Asleep" and "Giovannina"—were Sterne's painting at its best. As any visitor to the exhibition knows, Sterne showed no "Oriental Asleep", as I was made to say in an indecipherable sentence.)

JANUS AMERICANUS

Springfield, Ill., April 17 (US)—Another resounding blow against communistic and subversive activities had been struck earlier in the day when the House, by a vote of 126 to 5, approved Representative Edward P. McGrady's bill requiring public and private school teachers to swear allegiance to the State and Federal constitutions, and acknowledge their belief in the principles of the Declaration of Independence. —San Francisco Examiner.

From the patriotic region
Of the Daughters and the Legion,
Springs a child—idiatic,
Bellicose and emblematic—
Birthmarked with stars and stripes!

The brat says it is malfeasance,
If you do not pledge allegiance
And Swear the U. S. Constitution—
(Born of blood and revolution),
Is the best that any nation ever had.

Einstein, steeped in trigonometry,
Calculus, and plane geometry—
Isn't worth a continental,
Unless he cheers as monumental—
The Declaration, and the nine justices of the Supreme Court.

Charles A. Beard may know his oats,
Each election and the votes—
But if he says that in his ease,
Washington did chop cherry trees—
Beard is an undesirable alien.

And thus it goes from bad to Hearst,
A nation with jin-go-ism cursed.
It's quite all right to be a thief,
So long it is your firm belief—
That Washington is still the father of his country.

—RONALD SMITH

BOOKS

THREE ENGLISH POETS

VIENNA, by Stephen Spender. (Random House) \$1.25
POEMS, by Stephen Spender. (Random House) \$1.50
COLLECTED POEMS, by C. Day Lewis. (Random House) \$2.50
POEMS, by W. H. Auden. (Random House) \$2.50
(Reviewed by Marie de L. Welch)

THESE three young English poets and Communists are regarded in England as the leaders of a new movement in poetry. They are personal friends, and share an idea of "Ancestor worship". Gerard Manley Hopkins they acclaim as an "Ancestor", and his influence on their style of writing is very marked. T. S. Eliot is also an ancestor, though perhaps not such a close one. But ancestors are more than influencers

of poetic style. Their idea of ancestors is explained in prose by Day Lewis, and better communicated in Spender's fine lyric "I think continually of those who were truly great". The arguments, enmities and adorations which this group of poets will engender will be very much due to the fact that they are definitely committed to a certain political line. They are all Communists, intellectually. Their "Hope for Poetry" is a hope for humanity, a vision of happiness and dignity for mankind, to be achieved by the Communist revolution. They accept the Communist ideology and are attempting to convey it poetically. Day Lewis's "A Hope for Poetry", the prose article which concludes his book of poems, and which might be called the manifesto of this group, has some very good things to say on the subject of Art And/Or Propaganda. I agree with the Marxians that most poets, consciously or unconsciously, have written propaganda, have written For a Cause. I don't agree with those extremists who see in every scrap of verse a weapon on one side or the other of the class struggle. But propaganda in poetry is far more prevalent than those critics now arrayed against a particular branch of propaganda admit. What a critic means when he says "Why write for a Cause?" is usually "Why write for this cause in which I don't, and you ought not to, believe!" See George Moore's small "Anthology of Pure Poetry" for example of how little poetry is free of ideas, philosophies—Causes, in fact. The present battle about Art and Propaganda is really not concerned with Art so much as with this or that kind and color of Propaganda embodied in Art. Auden, Spender and Day Lewis are bound to add to the heat of that battle.

Whether you will like them or not, these poets are required reading for anybody interested in the present life of poetry. I find them, too often, most difficult reading. They are very self-conscious, style-conscious, theory-conscious. They seem often to be trying to feel what they think and that, I believe, is writing poetry backwards. One does not feel that they know themselves to be a part of this thing they write about, this fine and desperate humanity for which the Communists fight. There is a kind of vague, far-awayness about the world they want saved. This is particularly noticeable in Spender's "Vienna", a long poem, with some fine things in it, but on the whole an amazingly wraith-like picture of quite concretely heroic revolt. These poets are best at satire; Auden the best of the three. He is the "strongest" of the group, probably because he writes chiefly of a world he knows and hates. Spender is the weakest, and to me the most exciting. He attempts the harder job of writing about the world he loves, and almost knows. It is the beauty, the struggling living thing in the world, not the decay and ugliness, that makes the revolutionary poet.

It seems to me that all three poets have a bad hang-over from the society they despise. The techniques they use, the difficulties and obscurities, are superfluous if, as they declare in prose, they have a new Cause to fight for, a new hope, a new truth to convey. Much of the technically revolutionary writing still called "modern" was the result of a vision that couldn't go far enough. A certain kind of individualism began to wear out. To some clear-seeing artists the substance of their world began to look pretty shoddy—but what to do about it? There is nothing better. So we'll give you the old thing, poor old thing, in new and astonishing ways. That was not deliberate insincerity, I doubt if it was often even conscious. But that is what it was. A new belief, a new vision, a new confidence in the substance of life will demand, I think, a simpler, not a more complex method of expression. I do not

mean that because a poet is revolutionary he has no problem of technique. He has the most difficult of problems. But that problem is one of simplification, not of complication.

Perhaps it is the fault of my intellect, and not of their styles, which makes me find a lack of emotional force in much of the work of these poets. Perhaps the real thing, the assault on more than the rational part of the nervous system which poetry must make, is more frequent in these books than I find it to be. Anyway, I am right in saying that they are required reading, and that the real thing is more frequent in them than in many "easier" works of poetry.

NOTHING QUITE ALIVE

ELINOR WYLIE: *The Portrait of an Unknown Lady*, by Nancy Hoyt. (Bobbs Merrill) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Ella Winter)

NANCY HOYT was a younger sister, by seventeen years, of the fine poet Elinor Wylie, and she here sets down those little homely details of everyday life that everybody likes to hear about well-known characters. We hear that Elinor liked to cook, that she liked to dress well, caring more about being *soignée* and *chic* than smartly gowned: she loved the countryside, trees, brooks, snow, loneliness, autumn leaves. She also loved the gay bohemianism of Washington Square—Greenwich Village—in the palmy days of America's prosperity, or dashing for a bus to go shopping up town, talking "shop" all night with Red Lewis or Bill Benét or the Herbert Gormans. In fact, she liked most of the things other normal, healthy, alive people like.

A curious thing about this book is that although Nancy Hoyt is herself a writer, (of what is called "sophisticated" novels)—the present reviewer must confess to never having read them—she has not got the trick that Vincent Sheean, for instance, or Lincoln Steffens had in such abundance, the gift of making people come alive in a thumb-nail sketch. The well-known literary figures that Elinor Wylie knew march through the pages of this book, but at the end you know less about them than you do about the names O. O. McIntyre showers in his daily Hearst column. You don't even see her second husband, Horace Wylie—yet together they ran away from an existing husband and wife and eloped to England where they lived, under another name, for eight blissful years. At the end of which they were divorced and there's no indication why. There is nothing to be said for prying into the private lives of anyone, but if a writer, and a close relative at that, sets out to give a portrait of "an unknown lady", the reader who takes the trouble and the \$2.50 to buy the book really has a right to learn more than that Elinor liked to read from her MSS., changed houses a number of times, kept her private bathroom spotlessly tidy, and was an addition to any party. These things one knew before. Nothing is really made to come alive, neither Elinor Wylie nor her friends, her idiosyncrasies, her relatives. But the real harm done is that a slight aroma of dullness and ordinariness is made to cling to what had been a sheerly beautiful and romantic figure before.

There are a few rather pretty snapshots of the woman poet in her childhood, and a few unpublished poems are included. But the book makes one feel, as the ghost of D. H. Lawrence must be feeling: "Save us from our friends and biographers after death."

REVEALING READING

CAPITALISM AND ITS CULTURE, by Jerome Davis. (Farrar & Rinehart) \$3

(Reviewed by Harry Conover)

THIS book is the story of what happened to America in the last decade, and explains why we failed to "see" or understand. Yale's Professor Davis has burrowed in Senate committee hearings on securities, banking, holding companies, foreign investments and monopolies, and he has brought out from them and from the industrial overlords concerned much news the papers consider not "fit to print". Many may even be angered on reading this book to see how facts are suppressed. Other writers have treated before the scattered aspects of investment banker rule, from their control of the steel industry to their dictation of gas and electric rates; but the story has not been told before so comprehensively and documented. The book is the unpleasant story of the rape of industrial America by its financiers.

The most disconcerting part of Jerome Davis' book is the recital of the aid given this rape by the press, radio, school and pulpit, which are avowedly or tacitly obedient to business men, directors, regents and church board members. The chapters on these propaganda vehicles make revealing reading, probably even for those concerned in the indictment. From money paid by power companies to professors and text-book writers in colleges to the ownership of tenements and munition-company stock by the churches, the interlocking control of all our vehicles of expressions is vividly described. We pride ourselves on our "ethical freedom", while thinking capitalism, eating, sleeping, living, dying and being buried by it, and worshipping its philosophy of materialism. Yet this is the double standard of morality under capitalism:

Employers are permitted to organize as a matter of course, yet if the worker exercises the same right he is in danger of discharge. The employer can use a spy organization to watch the worker; the worker cannot retaliate by using the same weapon on the employer. It is proper and right for the employer to curtail or stop production; it is illegitimate for the worker to practice cacanny or soldiering. It is perfectly legitimate for the employer to destroy his product but sabotage on the part of the worker is unethical.

This is the sort of morality which, if criticized, makes a social outcast of the critic! Churches have more than condoned it; like the universities, they preach and practise it. Gladstone, after forty years in public life in England, declared that on every great moral issue he had found the aristocratic class, the propertied class and the educated class always wrong.

And when we are finally goaded to reform, we dissipate our energies in assailing the criminals and politicians, leaving untouched the ground—or system—which breeds them.

In our cities, due to maldistribution of income and unemployment (inescapable by-products of capitalism), we break up the home:

In one city block, twenty-eight small houses held 256 persons, including 116 children. Four rooms of one house had thirty-four occupants and in another four rooms a man, his wife, his two children, and twelve boarders. In Pittsburgh ten families were living in a house of thirteen rooms. A single cellar room was housing a family of eight. . . A study made by the Slum Clearance Committee of New York in 1933 and 1934 showed that slum

areas of the city were the home of the worst accidents, diseases, juvenile delinquency, and infant deaths.

But the capitalist community is not content with this; landlords start eviction proceedings even when they know a family is on relief.

For a recital of horror and misery of the people, Davis has beaten any anti-Soviet writer, and he has taken his information not from dubious Hearst writers, but from the capitalists themselves.

Professor Davis quotes from an investigation made by the Department of Labor showing that of 256 children between the ages of two and eleven on Kentucky farms, 26 per cent from the families with the highest income did not have an adequate diet, 70 per cent of the middle-class group had inadequate diets and 69 per cent inadequate clothing, and 88 per cent of the poor children were under-nourished while 99 per cent lacked sufficient clothing. Or take the testimony of a South Dakota farmer:

I have fed and marketed 430 head of fat cattle. The meat that I put on those cattle would amount to 135,000 pounds of beef. That is enough to last 2,076 people one year. And I haven't a bit of meat in the house, and nothing to buy any with. I have raised and marketed 1,200 head of hogs. That would make 240,000 pounds of pork. That is enough pork to last 3,000 people one year, and I am out of pork, lard and money.

In Maryland, a farmer trades a bushel of wheat to get one package of Cream of Wheat. Professor Davis makes clear why the farmer is doomed under capitalism.

The whole volume is a concise, most interesting book of reference for those who want to understand (and change) their world. It demonstrates clearly that a new social order, by changing the economic relationships of society, will in turn change people, our ideas and our ethics.

NEW KIND OF MAINE NOVEL

TIME OUT OF MIND, by Rachel Field. (Macmillan) \$2.50
(Reviewed by Sara E. Reamer)

RACHEL FIELD has given us in her novel natural humanism comparable to Dickens. The novel takes the reader through several lives—several generations and families. Set on the Maine coast, a typical small town is described with a picturesque quality that gives the reader the town itself and the kind of inhabitants it bred. And then it tells how those villagers changed their town from a simple shipping port into a summer-resort real estate clean-up.

The Fortune family were shipbuilders for generations. Miss Field has shown what intense concentration on such a business (particularly at a time when sailing vessels were being replaced by steam ships) does to an elderly man. Old Major Fortune saw his two children, Rissa and Nat, very little; he was stern and unbending toward them. Nat, the boy, was born to compose symphonic music. Major Fortune was determined that he should follow the trade of tradition but, after practically killing his son by sending him to sea, reluctantly allowed the boy his passionate desire. For his daughter, Rissa, he had social ambitions but also a tender love, hard, however, for him to express. At his death the children feel release rather than sorrow.

The theme of the novel is Kate Fernald's life, from the age of ten on, but the other characters are as essential in importance.

The end is dramatic. Nat, who has composed and played

one symphony, which he conducted in New York and which Kate attended, had married a wealthy society girl and had been unable to go on working; his wife wanted a famous composer husband, but didn't understand that for him his work was the vital thing in his life. He is unhappy and mentally and physically ruined, and returns to the old Fortune home where he realizes finally his love for Kate—who has loved him from childhood. They are alone and happy for only a short time, at the end of which Rissa comes back from Paris to take up the guidance of her brother's health and work. The love for her brother is apparent throughout but strongest at this point. The author's handling of the relationship between brother and sister is masterfully done. Nat is incurably ill and leads his last symphony: one that he has always wanted to put onto sheets, of the storm, particularly thunder. Kate gives him a stick for his black baton and he, happy and released, conducts. Lightning strikes the baton and Nat is killed. The inquest is the completion of the pattern of all their lives. The web has spun itself.

This book has no particular "social propaganda". In its class it is extremely well done. Miss Field can describe nature, moods and human emotions and satisfies those who don't mind whether or not there is significance in their emotional food.

TOO SENTIMENTAL

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS, by James Hilton. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$1.75

(Reviewed by Jim Durant)

THIS gentle and sentimental short story, praised by such gentle and sentimental critics as Alexander Woollcott and F. P. A., is a well-compressed life-history of a typical English public school master of the sort that flourishes in fiction. He is wise, humorous, tolerant (according to his lights), courageous. He goes on with his Latin lesson right through a bombardment while nine men are killed just outside the school. This is known as "playing the game" in England, and it belongs to the "play up, play up and play the game", the "playing fields of Eton" and all that sort of thing. No one ever says or does anything, or thinks any thoughts, that are not "done"; they go their gentle, sentimental, correct way about life and death (early death in the battlefields), and Mr. Chips thinks warmly and pleasantly about it all, and finally dies, having spent fifty years in Brookfield and become a legend even to the boys there.

It is all very pleasant, very gentle, tolerant and sentimental and "nice", and never scratches the surface of life—real life—at all.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

May we protest against the continual lampooning of liberals in Pacific Weekly? We wish to point out the following facts:

1. Liberals may (we hope) be assumed to possess as high an

an average of intelligence as Communists.

- a. Their reasons for staying out of the Communist Party are likely to be as sound as those of the Communists for staying in.
- b. In any case, they are not likely to be converted to Communism simply because they are called bad names.
2. Perhaps more liberals are not Communists because they disagree with certain seemingly typical Communistic assumptions, vide:
 - a. That demagoguery and lampooning are wrong for the Hearst newspapers but right for the Communists.
 - b. That all non-Communists are either Fascists, fools, or drunken sailors.
3. Perhaps more liberals would be Communists if Communists had less Grouch and more Groucho Marxism.

Sanger, Calif.

Jack and Kay Moody

Editor, Pacific Weekly,
Sir:

I certainly love your frankness and your moderation. You do not allow your eye to be blinded to the faults of our liberal movement, or to the virtues of our profit system. In other words, I like your seemingly well-balanced attitude toward opposing forces; your impartiality. I know that I, at least, have not read any other liberal periodical so apparently free from prejudice.

Sierra Madre, Calif.

Paul Fisher

Editor, Pacific Weekly,
Sir:

You guys make me sore. First you bait me with two spicy free copies, then burn me for my last two-bits, and now the worry about where to get the inevitable two dollars. Oh, well, here goes.

Stanislaus, Calif.

L. A. W.

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AND DINING ROOM

237 Powell Street
San Francisco, Calif.

May 8, 1935

*Advertising Manager,
Pacific Weekly.*

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I have been doing a considerable amount of advertising in the past few years, and I wish to inform you that according to my calculations, the results received per dollar spent in your magazine for advertising this Coffee Shop have shown that the value is at least three times as much as the ordinary newspaper mediums that I have been and am using right along.

As a matter of fact, I have been receiving more favorable comments from your ad than from any other medium regardless of cost. On personal inquiry I have discovered that many people, who have been eating in my shop lately, originally started this habit because of my ad in your magazine.

Yours truly,

(Signed) Louis Rose, Pres.

CRANE COFFEE SHOP

And what, may we ask, makes a magazine a good advertising medium?

A big circulation?

Not that alone—but circulation PLUS

READER INTEREST, READER ENTHUSIASM AND READER COOPERATION

Taking it from another angle—that is precisely why 61 persons sent in subscriptions within four days last week. It's been going on like that for two months and more.

We can make this all quite clear to you if you'll let us send PACIFIC WEEKLY to you for six months. It costs only a dollar. Box 1300, Carmel, California.