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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

SEPTEMBER 23, 1935



THE DECAY OF
"THE ARGONAUT"

SAN FRANCISCO
GETS ITS CHANCE

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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A Western Journal of Fact and Opinion

VOLUME III

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1935

NUMBER 12

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NOTES AND COMMENT

JUST WONDERING

UNITED States Senator William Gibbs McAdoo glibly declares that "71 is as good as 30". You can't very well call a United States Senator a liar; that is, not right out in type, but he can't sue us for libel for merely wondering what the new Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo who, by the way, isn't 30 either, thinks about it.

NO COMMENT NEEDED

COLONEL HORATIO B. HACKETT has just returned to Washington after a 7,000-mile tour of the U. S. A. He is aide to Secretary Ickes and is supposed to report the facts on which administration measures are taken. Said Colonel Hackett, who is also, incidentally, assistant administrator of the P. W. A.: "Throughout the West nobody complained about the depression."

That 800,000 vote for Upton Sinclair must have been dreamed.

BREAKING THE AWARDS

MUCH has been made in the capitalist papers the last weeks of the "flagrant violations" of the arbitration awards by the seamen and longshoremen. No word was said in article, interview or flaming paid advertisements of the employers' breaking of the awards.

What is happening, however, is that they are violating the awards right along. They attempt to increase loads; they have not paid overtime due the men; they are employing Chinese for five dollars a month, to work in the stewards' departments—work for which Americans get \$62.50. "Even if they hire

five Chinese to do the work of one of us," said one union official, "you see, they save money."

"And then they say in their papers we object to Chinese, Filipinos or other 'colored' labor," the official continued. "It isn't the color we object to. Our Union's policy is firm and outspoken on that issue—no discrimination on account of color. But we do resent their under-cutting."

The one day "mystery-strike" on the President Coolidge that the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* would have had its readers believe was because the crews' menus were not ritzy enough, was really because the Chief Steward had acted as a scab last year. He has been transferred half a dozen times because ships' crews refused to work with him; this time there was a show-down. The employers make a great to-do about "loyal" labor; they would not tolerate—do not tolerate for a moment—a scab in their own ranks. They might, as Goethe once suggested, search in their own hearts for a moment to see how workers feel about a scab. And perhaps jot down a note about it in the Industrial Association's confidential bulletin. It would enliven that mimeographed sheet.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPERITY

IN THE *Editor and Publisher* for August 24 John E. Pickett, editor of the *Pacific Rural Press*, writes on the great prosperity coming to California farming; the first five months of 1935 show an increase of 33.8 per cent in farm income over 1934 (U. S. Department of Agriculture figures). At this rate, Mr. Pickett calculates, the farm income for 1935 may be \$625,000,000, or \$5,000 per farm. The Bank of America quotes that leaders in retail sales are the "small cities and towns which are purely agricultural".

We wonder what this makes of the reiterated argument, when migratory pickers ask for higher pay, that "the farmers cannot pay"?

Mr. Pickett guessed we might ask this question. So he concludes his article with an appeal to vigilante violence, which he terms euphemistically "that type of Americanism which built the West", if any picker should ask for more than 25 or 30 cents an hour. The article was written before the Santa Rosa outrage. Perhaps that would have changed Mr. Pickett's mind about the economic effectiveness of such American, swift action. Santa Rosa farmers are still complaining about the amount of leaves in the hops the "green" pickers, taken off relief and from transient camps, have mixed in with the hops. The buyers won't like that. And notices still crowd the Sonoma County streets and ranches: "PICKERS WANTED".

Mr. Pickett thinks the swift action of his friends, the anti-picketing ordinances and the various actions of police and Associated "Farmers", helped keep down Moscow in California fields. He forgets to state that the 1933 strikes, led by the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, raised wages in practically every crop in which they took place; that the 1934 Santa Maria and Salinas strikes raised wages before they could get any pickers. He also forgot to mention that unceasing agitation has led to some improvement in pickers' camps. Dr. Paul S. Taylor of the University of California reported before the Commonwealth Club only last Friday that the government is erecting two experimental

camps for migrants because in the squatters' camps "no provision is made for sanitation, water supply or general cleanliness".

Here is a case where the Americanism that built the West evidently wasn't equal to its new responsibilities. Dr. Taylor called the pickers' camps a "menace to public health, to social health and to good labor relations in agriculture". All the vigilantes had to say about such conditions was tear gas, guns and murder. It isn't as simple as Mr. Pickett would like it to be.

But it is his suggestion at the end of the article that is most interesting. "The port cities," he says, "mishandling their longshoremen difficulties, are beginning to look to farm leaders of the state as counselors in strategy."

Are they? We wonder. When, last year, they let police murder two longshoremen, the answer was a funeral attended by fifty thousand and a general strike of all San Francisco labor. Maybe the "counsel" of the "farm" leaders wouldn't be quite so good as Mr. Pickett wishes.

WHAT IS FREEDOM?

EDITORIALY, Constitution Day turned out to be a somewhat humorous celebration. The newspapers of the West, and, we assume, of the entire nation, were unanimous in their editorial decision that the Constitution should be vigorously defended against its enemies. The humorous situation developed in the desperate decision as to who were its most dangerous enemies. This was not so hard for newspapers which still believe that President Roosevelt and his New Deal retain some vestige of a panacea. For such papers there was no hesitancy—the Communists, Moscow, Mr. Stalin, Soviet Russian agents who are slinking up and down the by-ways and the highways; these are the enemies of our Constitution and its only enemies. But for the San Francisco *Chronicle* and other capitalist newspapers which happen to be irretrievably pledged to the fate of the Republican Party, the decision was not so easy. It almost devolved down to a case of shaking the dice. Should it be the Communists or Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal that were to be classed as Public Enemies No. 1 of the American Constitution? In the *Chronicle* office the dice fell for Mr. Roosevelt, or against him.

Therefore, the readers of the *Chronicle* who had been schooled by it for months and months to see the Communists as the principal menaces to our Constitution, opened their paper the past Tuesday morning to discover that the President of the United States is, in fact, the man sharpening the biggest axe to hew down the staunch oak our forefathers reared from an acorn.

"Today," says the *Chronicle* in type draped around a picture of the Staunch Oak, "we face enemies of the Constitution from within and in high places." The Communists are mentioned only once, lumped quite incidentally with the Fascists and the Nazis. "In high places" we see the menace. Our Fathers "saw the danger of too centralized power," the *Chronicle* says, "They recognized that much must be left the States . . . The question of central power and States' rights was one of the chief issues confronting the founders of the republic. It is today the point of attack by those who would change the very nature and essential structure of our government."

Then in comes the Supreme Court. To the *Chronicle* the establishment of the Supreme Court by our Fathers was the neatest little trick they accomplished. " . . . the Judiciary

as the especial interpreter and guardian has a unique place in the American system" and Mr. Roosevelt is deliberately charged with a "plot to force unconstitutional measures on the Court to undermine its prestige and to bring about amendments that would upset the essential form of our government".

We are holding no brief for Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal, but just for the novelty of the thing, we'd like to try assuming that President Roosevelt is a human being deeply feeling his responsibility for the happiness and comfort of some 125 million American citizens. Let us say that Mr. Roosevelt has possibly for the nonce decided to ignore the interests and concerns of the capitalists and their system which, by the way, has burgeoned and flourished under the American Constitution, and determined to discover and put into effect measures that will relieve the present poverty and distress of almost a quarter of all his people. Of course, the first thing he would do would be to read the Constitution which he swore, when he took office, to uphold and defend. He finds nothing there that deals directly or indirectly with providing work and food for 23 million suffering people. He discovers that the Fathers who framed this great document did not have, could not have had, any conception of the abject need of 23 million human beings for the bare comforts of life. When they did their work of building the machinery of government for this Republic there were not 23 million people within its borders, much less 23 million who couldn't earn enough to eat.

Mr. Roosevelt is stumped—temporarily. He admits to himself that, of course, the framers of the Constitution could not insert therein provisions for handling an emergency the coming existence of which they could not possibly dream. So he decides that he—

But this is all nonsense. It can't be done. The *Chronicle* gets lyrical about "The Oak That Shelters Liberty" but doesn't, apparently, drop any acorns that 23 million people can eat; doesn't, that is, constitutionally, and with the sanction of the Supreme Court.

The *Chronicle* titles its Republican Party editorial rather ironically with "Preserve the American Constitution—and Live Free Men!"

And, as uninvited spokesman for the 23 million, we ask the *Chronicle*: "What's the use of being free men, if you can't live?"

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W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

LINCOLN STEFFENS DANIEL T. MACDOUGAL
DOROTHEA CASTELHUN HARRY CONOVER
WINTHROP RUTLEGE SARA E. REAMER
SARA BARD FIELD
ELLA WINTER, LITERARY EDITOR

CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE MARIE DEL. WELCH, ROBERT CANTWELL, TOM KROMER, DOROTHY ERSKINE, PETER QUINCE, TILLIE LERNER, ROBERT WHITAKER, JEAN WINTHROP, L. E. CLAYPOOL, HILDEGARDE FLANNER, JOSEPH BARAS

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THE DECAY OF "THE ARGONAUT"

ONE of the "grand old institutions" of San Francisco, *The Argonaut*, has finally reached senility. Its lips hang open and it is drooling on its vest. All over its front page in its September 13 issue it went completely maudlin as it held its withering, palsied hand out for the alms of Big Business and Big Business must have turned its head away in disgust as it tossed the pennies. Here are two paragraphs taken out of almost a full page of the veriest nonsense in *The Argonaut* under the heading: "Shall Pacific Coast Shipping Be Destroyed?"

Now the truth is that the Bolshevik Government at Moscow has declared war on the shipping interests of the Pacific Coast. It is not the labor unions that the shipping interests are fighting, but the government of Joseph Stalin. There can be no doubt that the overwhelming majority of those who belong to the seamen's union, the longshoremen's union and all the other unions that may be involved in a strike desire nothing but peace and the right to work; there can be no doubt that they wish to see the contracts which they entered into with their employers lived up to. But it is not what they wish that counts. It is what Harry Bridges and other restless leaders, backed by the government at Moscow, want, with which we must contend.

What does Harry Bridges care whether San Francisco is prosperous or the reverse? What does he care whether the seamen and the longshoremen and the other workers on the waterfronts of our cities are prosperous or not, or whether contracts made are faithfully carried out or not? In a moment of candor, Richard Croker, one time boss of Tammany Hall, confessed that he was working for his own pocket all the time; and, if Harry Bridges were equally candid, he would confess that the one thing for which he labors by day and by night, in season and out of season, is personal power. He is not working for the welfare of seamen, longshoremen and the others whom he professes to represent; he is working solely for his own interest and that of the damnable government at Moscow which stands back of him.

Read that and think back with tears of pity on the past of "California's Famous Weekly Paper—Established 1877". In the long years of its existence *The Argonaut* has soared high and sunk low. It has stood firm above greed and avarice at certain periods; it has sold itself and re-sold itself during its changing life. But no line of measurement previously used in its career can plumb the depths of its present depravity.

If *The Argonaut* didn't know any better than this, it wouldn't be quite so bad. One could but turn a pitying eye upon it and shake a saddened head. But *The Argonaut* does know better and because it does, one's reaction is utter disgust that a weekly paper, at times past a prideful thing in San Francisco, can stoop so low and so completely prostitute itself in order to gather into its columns much-needed advertising that its surprisingly small paid circulation does not otherwise warrant.

The Argonaut knows that Harry Bridges is getting no Western Union instructions from Moscow; it knows that the

Soviet government has no special portfolio devoted to the destruction of the San Francisco waterfront. It knows that Harry Bridges has every concern for the longshoremen whom he so persistently and honestly represents and that, in fact, he "labors by day and by night, in season and out of season", in their interests.

The Argonaut knows that, because it can read, and in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, abiding capitalist newspaper, it can read that the longshoremen, in a secret ballot, voted only last week, 2318 to 286, to retain Harry Bridges as the president of their union. *The Argonaut* says that the "overwhelming majority" of the longshoremen are misrepresented by Harry Bridges; that his methods and his means are against their wishes. From the vote by which they re-elected him their president, the absurdity of such a charge is apparent.

The Argonaut knows that longshoremen on the Atlantic Coast get less pay in a week than the longshoremen on the Pacific Coast get in two days; that the average pay on the Atlantic Coast is \$12 a week; that they have no sickness and death benefits such as the longshoremen here have. *The Argonaut* knows this, and it knows also that Harry Bridges is responsible for the conditions that exist here. The longshoremen, self-respecting citizens of San Francisco, by the way, know this also.

The Argonaut closes its fatuity with the following:

Are the self-respecting citizens of San Francisco willing to submit to the dominance of such a man, or to such a government as the one that encourages him to carry out his policy of wrecking the prosperity of our city? Are they going to allow themselves to become the marionettes, the puppets, of an alien from Australia when he wishes to pull the wires? It is evident that a man like Harry Bridges has no respect for a contract, and that the government at Moscow has none. What they are after is power, and to attain power they would make a thousand contracts today and break all of them tomorrow. A contract means no more to them than a marriage certificate means to a tomcat.

The citizens of San Francisco learned last year what they must submit to, if they allowed this atheistical, unethical and ungodly crew of buccaneers to have their way. They learned then that they could eat only by permission of men who do not regard the cutting of throats as a crime, nor any other damnable thing a crime if it will bring them nearer by one day to the power they seek. If the citizens of this city do not wish to be overrun by thugs, and governed by an alien band and an alien land, it will be necessary for them to exercise eternal vigilance in guarding their liberties, and to organize for the purpose of keeping the government, their welfare and their destinies in the hands of loyal men and women who seek not power, but industrial justice, peace and efficiency.

The Argonaut has gone completely ridiculous in its efforts to snuggle itself into the arms of the big financial interests of San Francisco where advertising contracts also snuggle.

Seven paragraphs of driveling idiocy disgraced the front page of *The Argonaut* last week. I quote above the four most idiotic.

—W. K. BASSETT

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

MUSTN'T JUDGE the constitution by the persons who are for it, nor by their obvious purposes. No. Nor by the way they have bored holes in it of old.

A BOY IN our neighborhood has just entered into the secret society stage of his growth. I recognize his antics. I remember when I went through that phase myself and I know lots of men, white and black, who never did get through it.

GEORGE GORDON MOORE, who is owned if not possessed by that glorious ranch on the mountains back of Carmel, has just returned from a visit of five or six months to England, Old England. He says with a smile that it is still there, England and London and all. He attended the Jubilee; he rather thought the king business was run down but he found the English for it, as strong as ever. And he chuckled. But the man always chuckles; he chuckled at the depression; he chuckles at the coming war; he chuckles at his own return home. Nothing seems to please that man.

AN EXPERIENCE this week leaves me stuttering. See if you can believe what I can only stutter: Big Business really believe the things they say. It is not merely propaganda; it is really true that Moscow is directing Labor here. Bridges is after Power and Place, really and truly. "Farmers" (read banks) cannot pay a living wage to pickers. In a word, these great business captains honestly swallow their own damn lies; they don't merely invent the stuff for us, the people; they are sincere. They are sincere! I may stutter and blush, but I heard and can write it down: they eat themselves the stuff they feed to you and me. You can see what that means to us and to history and it may be hard for the intelligent reds to accept. You may know, as I do, how Hoover is planning and laboring with misgivings to set up the Constitution as a sacred bulwark against Change, but I am told and I am telling you, that if he succeeds he and his crowd will believe it and grow black in the face with sincerity. I am not like that. As a journalist, I can report all this, and I can ask you to believe it, but I cannot do what my superiors do, I can't go it. Nope, I can't.

MEXICO IS brewing. When it foams correspondents will have to go there and see if it's a revolution or just an election.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, who has been making his living for years now, writing art for art's sake, saw those veterans caught, neglected and killed by that hurricane over the Keys of Florida. The details and the logic of the sacrifice hit him like a storm, swept him away and—Hemingway has heart; all his mature life he has been fighting "sentiment"; well, he decided to write something NOT for art's sake. He sat down to cover that hurricane disaster like a storm. So he wrote like a deadly wind. And he can write, you know; when he says "to hell with art" that man can do art like an artist.

He was down there fishing. He saw that hurricane, he saw where it passed and he saw and he smelt the bloated bodies of the veterans he had seen in the war in France. Very deliberately, carefully, with painstaking regard for the details, he

wrote what that storm did, what his government didn't do—and he did not offer the result to one of the quality magazines which pay high for his art. Ernest Hemingway sent this real thing to the red Communist organs, the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*, every editor and every reader of which would "get" every word he wrote and feel every heart throb he felt.

The Reds should note and forever remember that when Ernest Hemingway feels himself the real thing, he writes for the real people of the real publications. That's where he will go when the world goes fascist. That's where all the artists will go.

TOM MOONEY again, still trying to get justice out of the courts. Can't be done. The leading lawyers, who would like to confirm and spread the illusion it can be done, are out to demonstrate that it can't. And it can't. Mooney is caught in class conflict. There are no classes, but he and his attorneys and the judges are in the non-existent class-war like flies on fly-paper.

UPTON SINCLAIR takes exception to my comment on how he goes when he goes, how he slides when he slides. And he denies the deal with Farley. All right. We can wait. It isn't Farley; it's the Democrats I'm afraid of. It's hard enough to lead the American people, but to pick a selected, trained party of the people and expect to steer them into Democracy, I don't see how even a socialist can dare that. Lenin had a highly disciplined, well taught party, the Communists, and then had to depend upon the Bolsheviks. I think it will take Bolsheviks here, too, Bolsheviks, not merely Communists. But Sinclair will know and tell us. If he says it can be done with the Democratic Party I might try it with the Republicans. That would be wonderful for, if the Grand Old Party can be saved, everybody can be saved; even the Christians.

HITLER IS a useful man, striding ahead of us to show us in Germany what we shall be doing in these United States when we go Fascist as we tend to go. We shall be tearing down the old flag; we shall be violating the Constitution with the approval of the Constitutionals of today; we shall be undermining the government. Watch and listen to Herr Hitler as Ethiopia does to Benito Mussolini.

HARRY BRIDGES, driving at the democracizing organized Labor, watches and counts the votes; not victory, progress is his interest—for the present.



—GRETCHEN

SAN FRANCISCO GETS ITS CHANCE

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

THERE are two points of high significance about the coming San Francisco municipal election. The first is that the United Labor Party is in the field. The second is that Redfern Mason, who lent the *Examiner* his prestige as the West's outstanding music critic—until it shunted him out for activity in the Newspaper Guild—heads the United Labor Party's slate as its candidate for mayor.

The United Labor Party is something more than just another ticket in the San Francisco municipal campaign. Political observers who look upon it as such are jeopardizing their own prestige; it is scarcely to be measured by their old familiar calipers. It can't be properly gauged, in fact, without a survey of the whole American scene or without a shrewd glance or two at Germany, Italy and France. For the United Labor Party represents an attempt in America to do what is being done in France to prevent a repetition of what happened in Italy and Germany.

Italy and Germany became Fascist states because liberal, labor and radical forces had not yet learned that they must drop for the time their long-range differences and unite to meet the emergency at hand. France thus far has staved off Fascism because its liberal, labor and radical forces have learned the bitter lesson from neighbor nations and have united for the issue at hand. Americans who pooh-pooh the idea of a Fascist United States are living in a fool's paradise. The vigilantes have brought the menace to their very doors. A thing of historic significance was the *Chronicle's* recent front-page editorial on the Santa Rosa tar-and-feather episode. The *Chronicle's* liberalism on the issue was not the significant thing; the use of the word "Fascist" in the heading of the editorial was. The *Chronicle* had accepted and used to describe the vigilantes a term which heretofore had been the exclusive property of the radical and liberal press.

It was consciousness of the menace of Fascism that gave birth to the United Labor Party, and if the party can check the advance of Fascism in San Francisco it will perform a service for which nine-tenths of the population should be intensely grateful.

The party is composed of a wide and constantly widening group of labor, political, liberal, radical and other organizations, represented by delegates. Its platform is composed of specific planks, so stated that evasion is impossible and covering a host of immediate issues that are being either dodged or referred to in a most conveniently ambiguous fashion by the array of professional politicians seeking office on the other tickets.

The party comes out boldly for unionization of San Francisco, the right of employed and unemployed to strike and picket, repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism law, freedom for Tom Mooney and other labor prisoners, and representatives of unemployed organizations on all relief distributing bodies. It stands for the abolition of the R. O. T. C. and all forms of compulsory military training, freedom of expression for teachers and students, free textbooks and lunches in the schools and public ownership of all utilities including Hetch-Hetchy power. It opposes vigilante terrorism, the use of police and national guard in breaking strikes and the use of students and relief clients as strike-breakers. It attacks all

efforts to restrict the right of free speech, press and assemblage.

It has named George Anderson, attorney for the ILD, its candidate for municipal judge. For supervisors it offers Miss Tanna Alex, an able attorney and member of the Utopian Society; Henry Schmidt of the Longshoremen, Evan Wattles of the Carpenters' Union and Anita Whitney of the Communist Party. The opposition press probably will make ample use of the fact that there is a Communist on the ticket and that the Communist Party is represented in the United Labor Party councils. If so, it might be well to remind them that Anita Whitney is the lone Communist candidate on the ticket and that when she was in the courts a number of years ago, John Francis Neylan, who since has become someone they respect, thought enough of her and the merits of her case to be her defense attorney.

In reply to those timid souls who "don't want to have anything to do with the Communists", something pertinent might be pointed out, too. I believe it was Abraham Lincoln who pointed out that when you are traveling in another fellow's direction the fact that you are getting off the train at Chicago and he is going on to New York shouldn't forbid you making his acquaintance between, say, Ogden and Chicago. The fact that there is a Communist or two in the ranks of the United Labor Party seems a rather eloquent reply to those who fear that the Communists don't want peaceable change in the country but rather prefer bloody revolution. Anita Whitney is a Communist. She is seeking to become a San Francisco supervisor by the ballot, and not by the bomb. Thus it seems the Communists have clipped their whiskers and decided upon constitutional methods. Then why not encourage them? Every good American who believes in getting justice by peaceable means should support the United Labor Party if only for the purpose of convincing the Communists it can be done by the ballot. It's only setting a good example.

Mayor Rossi's ascension to the office in the city hall was quite peaceable, but scarcely as much can be said for his administration, during which his desire to please the employers and their anti-labor press resulted in "Bloody Thursday". Redfern Mason is determined that there shall be no bloody Thursdays during his tenure as mayor of San Francisco. He believes the police should protect human life first and property afterwards. Furthermore he sees no reason why police should be used to protect troublemakers imported by the waterfront employers for the purpose of manhandling citizens and workers of San Francisco who happen to belong to unions and engage in strikes in an effort to live like decent Americans.

Mason proved a fortunate choice for the party's mayoral candidate. His more than twenty years of service as music critic for the *Examiner* have shown him a man of courage, ideals and integrity. His championing of the cause of the worker against employer greed dates back to the Victorian era. He was, during his tenure on the *Examiner*, an outspoken advocate of music for the masses as well as for the "carriage trade". He fought to bring the symphony and the opera to the masses and stood shoulder to shoulder with the

musicians in many of their struggles for the right to live.

When the Newspaper Guild was founded in San Francisco Mason attended the first meetings, became a charter member and took an active and progressive role in teaching newspaper men the value of organization and their community of interest with labor. After Louis Burgess had been fired by the *Examiner* for becoming chairman of that paper's unit in the local guild, Mason was elected unit chairman. Ten days after his election he was told by the management of the *Examiner* that he would no longer be music critic. He was assigned to a column of hotel news—a job usually given to a cub reporter. He resigned from the *Examiner* and shortly thereafter was elected president of the Northern California Newspaper Guild, an organization of more than 200 newspapermen in and around the Bay region.

Born in Manchester, England, Redfern became a champion of the under-dog early in life. The cause of Irish Freedom engaged his sympathies as soon as he was old enough to know about it. At the age of 12 he read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and the American Declaration of Independence. These documents gave him a determination to visit and perhaps make his home in America. At twenty-two he investigated a shoemakers' strike as a newspaper reporter and his findings, published by the *Birmingham Gazette*, so astounded the city that the strikers won their demands.

When the British Institute of Journalists was formed he became a charter member of the Birmingham unit. He stood staunchly on the faction which fought to make the institute a trade union rather than a merely professional body. At thirty, Mason was in Rochester, New York, reporting and writing music and drama for one of that city's papers. Five years later he became a citizen of the United States. His musical articles won him such note that he was called to San

Francisco by Charles S. Stanton, then managing editor of the *Examiner*, and given the post of music critic. He insisted that he must be given a free hand to express his opinions in his columns and won that right, which he exercised until his last day on the *Examiner* twenty years later.

For those who may doubt Mason's ability to organize and get things accomplished it should be mentioned that his valiant work in behalf of the symphony played an important part more than once in preventing the demise of that cultural institution. It was at his insistence that the opera house was kept small enough so that opera could be enjoyed in it in other than the "millionaire seats". The city wanted to make it seat 5,000; Mason insisted upon 3,000 and a longer season at lower prices so that the masses could enjoy opera in comfort. The building was finally built to seat 3,800. He has consistently advocated more music for the public schools and has aided in the education of many talented young San Franciscans of poor families. He himself wrote the art commission clause into the city charter and refused to write against it when it became the policy of the *Examiner* to attack it.

He accepted the candidacy under the United Labor Party banner because of a belief in the principles and platform of the party. A believer in the spirit and letter of the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution, Mason as mayor will be found an alert and vigorous defender of these principles, even when they work against the greed of bankers and strikebreaking employers. He chose to run for the party because it is built up from the bottom and not down from the top. And if he is not elected along with his entire ticket, San Francisco will be far more the loser than will Redfern Mason. He is the lone candidate in the field qualified to restore the office to dignity and decency.



THERE IS HOPE FOR LIBRARIES

BY JAY F. OTIS

A BOMB-SHELL was tossed into a convention full of librarians—and, paradoxically enough, they came to life. Two hundred and forty-two of them—old, young and in between—met on August 29 in Portland, Oregon, for the twenty-sixth annual conference of the Pacific Northwest Library Association. And at least two hundred and forty of them were either shocked or highly pleased—or both. For the first time in the history of library work, a thorough-going attempt was made to present an adequate analysis of the library profession's greatest problem—financial support—illuminated against the kaleidoscopic background of the depression world.

The hospitality of the host (the Portland Public Library) was boundless. (So was that of the Chamber of Commerce and the bankers, but of a different sort: a representative of the first pled with those assembled to leave behind them at least a few of their hard-earned dollars in the hands of the city's deserving merchants; a proxy of the second solemnly warned

the bibliophiles that only unfettered private capital could give libraries any financial support.)

According to admissions by leaders of their own profession, librarians are largely a "submissive" and "docile" group. This was not true of Margaret Clay—the association's fiery, clear-thinking, straight-shooting president from Victoria. With Canadian directness and vigor she crystallized in her pungent presidential remarks the feelings of the vanguard:

That literature must be rescued from the position of an indiscriminate technical tool and become a guide-chart to clear thinking and acting.

That librarians must, willy nilly, rapidly become politically and economically minded and realize that they are but one of many groups of workers, with kindred interests at stake with the striking longshoremen and lumberjacks; that neutrality is impossible in a rapidly changing social order.

That professional security and freedom of speech,

thought and assemblage must be ever more zealously guarded.

A leading speaker hit the theme-song of the session's most vital discussions when she said that librarians have spent too much of their time microscopically measuring the durability of paper and the height of book-shelves. This tone was vibrated through two and one-half sessions. Resolutions were presented:

Against war and fascism;

For federal aid in support of library service;

For rank and file democratic control of library government from staff associations or unions in the individual library up through the national library association; against bureaucratic control of the professional associations by the administrators;

For the establishment of a quarterly bulletin dealing with northwest library affairs and significant news regarding cultural developments and the pro-war and pro-fascist forces that militate against such cultural advances.

Papers were read that dealt with war and fascist trends, the present deplorable state of American library support, the need for adequate federal support, and the need for replacing control. All of the resolutions were approved—after much bureaucratic rule in library government with democratic hot discussion—(either as introduced or in an altered form) except the one against war and fascism. Much discussion brought out clearly the deep-seated narrow “professional” conservatism that must be overcome before the library profession joins in the united front struggle against war and fascism. In almost all expressions of opinion at least verbal opposition to war and fascist trends was expressed; but the belief was firmly rooted that any public stand taken by the profession as such would constitute a fatal plunge into the maelstrom of “politics”, at once the dread Scylla and Charybdis that might wreck the bark of “professional” tranquility. The proponents of the resolution, staunch workers for genu-

ine rank and file democracy, maintained that the preservation of culture itself might soon hang suspended on the slender thread of a restricted definition. Conservatism won, though the vote was not disheartening for a first attempt—108 to 33.

This convention was in sharp contrast with the American Library Association meeting in Denver two months earlier. There a comfortable straw man was set up (and knocked down) by the administrators of the profession in the form of a meeting on the question: “How Shall the Library Treat So-called Radical Periodical Literature?” Several of the larger libraries admitted that—through pressure—they had the *New Masses*, but never paid for it or any other “radical” material; they had to come as gifts while many pro-fascist sheets like the *American Review* grace thousands of shelves. “Literary merit” was the magic wand and yardstick that served as the official excuse for most exclusions; but of course not a word was said of the thousands of conservative and reactionary journals that have to pass no such test. Meanwhile not a word was said about matters of such great interest to all literary workers as the Tydings-McCormack gag bill and the Kramer sedition bill. The only talks of lasting and vital significance for all library workers were two extemporaneous ones carried over administrative heads and delivered before the Junior Members’ Round Table. The subject: genuine social insurance as embodied in the Workers’ Unemployment and Social Insurance Bill. But these were not mentioned in the A. L. A. Bulletin’s account of the meetings of the Junior Members.

With these recent events fresh in mind library workers in increasing numbers are coming to the conclusion that library service (along with all other cultural services) is being severely tested in the crucible of a depression-world clash and struggle of conflicting political, economic and social forces. Class consciousness among library workers is slowly but surely on the increase; and the younger workers are steadily coming to the fore. The progressive forces within the profession are daily serving more ably as a catalytic agent in canalizing, coalescing, and directing the rising forces against war and fascism—and for the preservation of culture.

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NOW CAESAR'S IN THE CAN

BY EARL DU FREYNE FRENCH

SCARFACE CAESAR: CAPONE finally landed in the lockup, not because he did anything wrong, as men estimate these matters, but because he was born fifty years too late, therefore was too old-fashioned. He did not know it, of course, but one should never be old-fashioned. It is worse, in fact, than being impossibly ultra-modern, and you can never be forgiven for it. Scarface Caesar Capone is learning this in Alcatraz; Scarface Caesar Mussolini is learning it in Rome; and presently Scarface Caesar Hitler will discover it in Berlin. History has turned policeman, and Caesar is in the can.

Julius Benito Caesar Mussolini is presently being told that he is all wet about the marching Roman Legions. What does it matter if Japan did get away with it in Manchuria? That's

different. The Orient is ignorant, uncivilized. Besides, Japan did not disturb the gyrating balance of European Peace, which means the precarious stability of European Imperialism. Japan is not a danger, is more than offset by the U. S. S. R., which will eventually kick the Japs back to Nippon; in the meantime the Yellow Peril, like the Red Menace, will keep the mass mind off of blonds, brunettes, and revolution. But Mussolini . . .

France loves Peace, quoth Laval. He meant that France fears (1) Hitler on the east, and (2) Mussolini on the south. Caesar's ghost still walks; Napoleon has escaped Elba again, and seeks to serve as of old, not France, but Napoleon, but Caesar's ghost. Peace is not threatened in Europe, for peace

is but a word designating muted war. Rather empires are threatened, and the old game of *grab* has now become one of *hold*. It was one thing for England and France to acquire new territory by conquest; but for Italy and Germany it is forbidden, not because it is wrong, but because it is too dangerous—for France and England.

Italy can have Ethiopia—France and England have agreed. Only Italy must not take Ethiopia as Caesar took Gaul. It was well enough for Capone to have a million or many million dollars—but he should have used *modern* instead of old-fashioned methods. There is no objection to Mussolini and Hitler expanding their countries to take in "uncivilized" countries. Only they must be *legal* about it—they must employ lawyers and trickery in their stealing, and slaughter by starvation and disease, while spurning direct action and all too obvious forms of murder. But this is like telling our Scarface Caesars to return to the Nineteenth Century or get off the earth.

For you cannot build gangs upon polite political principles. Capone could have got nowhere without machine guns and Mills bombs, the drama of death and desperation. Mussolini needs the glory that was Rome's, the memory of the Roman Legions, and the past of the conquering Caesars. Without Nordic supremacy, Hitler would be a dud. The gangster, from Machine-gun Butch to the late Senator Long and Benito Mussolini, must be eternally right, must have an historic enemy. Always cops must be rats, and when history turns cop, then cops are still rats. For legality protects only the ins, and always at the expense of the outs.

And this means nothing less than the end of capitalism. It has repudiated force except as a police power. It is no longer willing to risk everything in order to expand. It is now like an old man, cautious and fearful of risks, ready to chastise youth for the crime of fearlessness.

But there is more behind it than mere fear: today direct action and obvious murder sets a precedent for revolution to which no capitalist can remain oblivious. Capone was finally locked up, ludicrously on a trumped-up charge, not because what he did was wrong according to "civilized" principles, but because he set a bad example for millions of starving adolescents. Hitler and Mussolini are being scotched, not because their ambitions are not the normal ambitions of capitalism; but because this obvious fact must be concealed. Capone was guilty of being unpolitic, hence the greatest nation conceived by mortal man threw him in the hoosegow because he failed to split his "profits". Mussolini and Hitler are being unpolitic, in that they are making it impossible to conceal the fact that profit is only a synonym for robbery and stupidity. Therefore, the smart capitalists of England, France and America are determined to exile them.

The united front of fear against Italy today epitomizes the history of the Twentieth Century. It is, in fact, our second front of fear, the first being against the Kaiser in 1914. True, world trade complicated and obscured the 1914 front. Nevertheless, if the allies were not to become colonies of Germany, the Kaiser's imperial army had to be destroyed. Hitler and Mussolini are being stopped before they can create an adequate war machine. Italy cannot, without resources, hold out against a united Europe. Neither can Germany, without colonies, hope to create such an Army as the Imperial German Army of 1914, nor hope to win if she could. Only sheer chance can save Hitler—the chance that Europe will become divided and exhausted by a major conflict, which, in view of the Italy-Ethiopia fiasco does not seem probable. The League

of Nations seems destined to become the world's internal revenue department for nailing Scarface Caesar Capone.

Nations big and little must support the League in order to survive. To give way to the Hitlers and Mussolinis means to lose everything. Fascists may arise at home, and may even try to embark upon a new career of imperial conquest, but only to their own destruction. German Nordics cannot be united with Italy's Latins, both of which claim to have a monopoly upon nobility, for the very basis of nationalism is disunion and isolation. Fascism, in every country, must conquer or fall. Mussolini must release his command as soon as he fails to lead the Roman Legions to new victories. Hitler must fall as soon as the German masses are convinced that he can do nothing to relieve their miseries. The Germans must win; the Italians must win; but not the Germans and the Italians combined.

All of this, of course, is only to say that the old ruling class is desperately tottering, therefore has retreated to the last line of defence—rule by trickery and deceit. "An average of only one per cent of the people of the community belong to the Chamber of Commerce", says a confidential bulletin of the California Association of the C. of C.—obviously too small a number to rule by force. Capitalism is no longer virile and vigorous, and capable of the strong measures of yesteryear. Today it is weak, and even its terrorism is the product of fear rather than strength. The old capitalists, whatever you might say about them, were never cowards. The present ones are rarely anything else. The strong men today are revolutionists, a fact that drives retreating capitalism to insane terrorism, which only hastens its end.

Reason has prevailed in Europe, which in a way is saddening. Only by concealing the nature of capitalism from the discontented masses can capitalism hope to survive a little longer. The activities of Mussolini and Hitler are acts of sabotage against capitalism. Now that they are being stopped, capitalists will make much of capitalism's "benevolence", which in reality is cowardice. Nevertheless, Caesarism has come to an end. The old order of psycho-sociological adaptation has given way to the new. Historic conditions have declared war upon rugged individualism. Capone is in jail, Long is dead, Mussolini must whip all of the world, and Hitler has about one chance in ten thousand of living out this decade. In the meantime the strength of the Soviets is growing, and new and more studied attacks are being made upon capitalism by the revolutionary forces throughout the world. The revolution is here, only its form is still obscured. A grand smash will presently reveal the definite lines.



MUSIC

COMING EVENTS

A STEADILY increasing interest in all forms of the dance has been developing along the Pacific Coast and among his stellar attractions for the coming season, manager Peter Conley is offering San Francisco audiences three distinct types of dance programs.

The first of these will be the intimate recital of Escudero and Carmita at the Community Playhouse, Monday evening, Sept. 30. Both Escudero and Carmita did exceptionally fine work on their last San Francisco appearances during the summer with the Opera Ballet. Their performance at the little Playhouse promises to be in every way an exciting event.

The Peter Conley Opera House series is to open January 13 with the Monte Carlo Ballet which made such a tremendous impression on San Francisco audiences last winter. Many of the ballets are to be staged by Bronislava Nijinska and "Spectre de la Rose" and "Thamar" are among the revivals that have not been seen in these parts in many years.

The second event in the series, January 31, is the much-discussed "Trudi Schoop Comic Ballet", which promises to be outstanding from the standpoints of theatre and pantomime as well as of the dance. The other three events will be Heifetz, February 20; Arthur Schnabel (considered the greatest living interpreter of Beethoven), March 20; and Nino Martini, the handsome young tenor who has been creating such a furore in New York, April 29.

Other events are the Moscow Cathedral Choir and Vienna Boys Choir.

—ALAN CAMPBELL

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HULDA

SEEING you on the Euclid car, the girls
Went into ecstasies about your hair—
"Resplendent", "simply golden", "more than fair",
And, "Gee, I wish a wave would make such curls!"
—But pitied you your features hewn of wood,
Your slumping legs and shoulders when you stood
Slowly upon the calling of your stop.

Seeing you on the Euclid car, they knew
Only about your hair and body—recked
Nothing of all the weariness bedecked
Thus with an aureole of gold: But you,
Slumping and wooden-faced, had spent your day
Working for Hillside residents, that they
Might stand erect and smiling . . . When you stop—?

—BUHL EDMOND

BOOKS

COVER A WIDE FIELD

ESSAYS IN SOCIAL ECONOMICS, in honor of Jessica Blanche Peixotto. (University of California Press) \$2

(Reviewed by Harry Conover)

FOR twenty-one years Professor Peixotto has taught Economics at the University of California. This year marks her retirement from active teaching life. In that period she has been a pioneer in more than one sense. She was one of the first women to receive a Ph. D. from the University and the first woman to be made full professor; she was instrumental in bringing problems of contemporary life within the scope of economics in university curricula; she gave evidence that the involvement of academicians in social reform increases rather than lessens their value as teachers. Yet the present status of capitalism presents a more definite challenge to the pioneering spirit of teachers and social workers than ever before. More than one of Miss Peixotto's former students or those who served with her on numerous local, state and national commissions are today hoping that her efforts, like those of John Dewey, will now be directed into larger social struggle.

This book, with a foreword by Wesley C. Mitchell and a biographical sketch by Henry R. Hatfield, is a collection of essays by eighteen of her former students, most of whom are now connected with the University. In a book of this sort, as might be expected, there is much duplication of statement which more careful editing might have avoided. The essays cover a wide field and range from the presentation of useful material of a historical nature to pedantry and academic nonsense which does honor to no one, least of all to the writers. Those interested in the economic scene in California will find something of value in Malcolm Davisson's survey of "The Growth of Care of the Indigent Sick and Aged as a Function of Government in California"; in Frances M. Welch's study of the relation of Berkeley's low infant mortality rate to the income of its population; in Sanford Mosk's "Unemployment Relief in California Under the State Emergency Relief Administration"; and in the essay by Clark Kerr and Paul S. Taylor on the history of the Self-Help Cooperatives. There is, however, a meticulous avoidance of controversial issues or the drawing of merited conclusions from overwhelming evidence.

Frederick H. Allen describes the relation of psychiatry to the social sciences in terms of using therapy on the unemployed and concludes that "at present we have a government with a real interest in providing security for more people through a more controlled economic order". Olga L. Bridgman, in dealing with "Crime as a Biological Reaction", begins by a study of amoebas, which are creatures having the capacity to get what they need. Man, on the other hand, frequently desires more than he has the ability to get and unless he realizes there are some things "which only a few can have" he may turn criminal. Some readers of this essay may see in it a recondite attack on modern advertising which creates these demands and on capitalist organization which makes their fulfillment impossible. Arthur J. Todd raises such absorbing questions as "Is the modern parent on the defensive?" and "Has democracy in the family been overdone?"—As he indi-

cates, some people think thusly and others think contrariwise but in the end he is certain that there are some limits to the "Changing Functions of the American Family". Emily Noble Plehn finds that the recreational policies of Russia, Italy and Germany are very similar since the state directs all of them and she wonders "Will a community organized by means of official leisure committees hold its social charm?"

This is a sample of the character of the book. Other contributors include Barbara N. Armstrong, Marjorie R. Clark, Webster Vannier, Sidney D. Gamble, Ewald Grether, Emily Huntington and Frederick C. Mills. There is a bibliography of Miss Peixotto's published works.

STEFFENS' NEW BOOK

BOY ON HORSEBACK, by Lincoln Steffens. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) \$2

(Reviewed by Ella Winter)

THIS is the childhood part of Lincoln Steffens' *Autobiography*, reprinted as a boy's book, reaching up to the period when he started in as a reporter in New York; a few bits have been omitted, "to make the book safe for adults", as its author puts it.

The publishers claim it will "live as a regional classic" along with Mark Twain's boys' books and *Son of the Middle Border*. It is more than this, however. While it does give a vivid and intimate portrait of Sacramento and the surrounding country in the '70s it also gives the map of any little boy's innermost life; those things that are true of any child, whether brought up in the slums of a big city, in the Sahara desert, or in America's West. There is the wistfulness and heartbreak of a child's life, its humors and delights and excitements; the personality a child gives to inanimate things; the puzzlements it finds all around, particularly in grown up orders. And the supreme unconcern with anything not directly appertaining to the boy's interests.

In Lincoln Steffens one sees the child that was father to the man also; the enquiring into things that seemed different on the surface than "really". "Really" might, in fact, have been the title of his autobiography, not with an exclamation mark but with a question mark. He was always astonished at what he found but he never accepted that it had to be so, that it couldn't be changed; he never accepted "grown-up" life as found. He sought naturally to change anything he found "wrong". And he always looked for himself and never feared anyone or anything. He doesn't today. He doesn't seem to have as a boy.

It was when Lincoln Steffens in later life had his own son that he remembered so very sharply these boyhood experiences. As he watched his baby crawling among the calla lilies on a terraced garden in Italy, daring to put a pebble in his mouth in spite of prohibitions, climbing up stairs with patient control, turning away with sorrow when misunderstood, he would recall similar experiences in his own baby and boyhood; he would understand what his mother and father must have felt; he would read into the doings of the baby those thoughts and wonderments he must have felt. His sympathy for that crawling, creeping organism that was his led him to remember the tales that have made so many laugh and cry.

It is strange that though Lennie Steffens led a happy, independent, materially well off and carefree life till he was a grown man, yet there are miseries in that boyhood that no one who has read them forgets. That Christmas, that pony,

the bicycle he might have had, the broken promise, so carelessly thrown at any child, the horse that was pulled and its broken-hearted little Negro jockey, Smoke, and later the colt sold without the boy's knowledge as punishment for a drunken spree at school—these tragedies rank with any tragedy anywhere: they are the tragedies of any child so wistful, believing and helpless—so in the hands of people it believes infallible and all-knowing.

The book is illustrated by delightful drawings by Sanford Tousey.

THE PRESS THAT IS NOT FREE

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, by George Seldes. (Bobbs-Merrill) \$2.75

(Reviewed by William Stuart)

AMERICA has long needed a book by a newspaperman telling us exactly *why* and *how* "the press of the world", as George Bernard Shaw puts it, "is busy suppressing the news". George Seldes, who is well-known for his work as a foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune* service from 1917 to 1930, is admirably fitted for the writing of such a documentary, unsensational exposé of American newspaper publishing as is his most recent book, *Freedom of the Press*.

One's general impression of this book is its comprehensiveness; the book is detailed, but not too much so. Just enough factual evidence is given to support Seldes' case, which is: "We have had a very few liberal, fearless newspapers, but we have never had a free press." The first part of the book, titled "Romance and Realities", tells how Seldes found in his first few days of newspaper work, in Pittsburgh, that honesty and independence and fearlessness played little part in the reporting of the news: Part Two, "The Corrupting Influences", shows how the press of America, with almost no exceptions, is dominated by advertising and financial capitalism. Important cases related in this section include the Teapot Dome scandal, the long fight against fraudulent advertising, the long-time subservience of the press to the public utilities, and the misreporting of the depression and chaos that has choked most of the world from 1929.

The third part of the book, "Sources and Forces", is perhaps the most important. The distortion and suppression of news sent out by the Associated Press, which so many people think is a reliable telegraphic service, is explained in detail. The close and friendly relations of the *New York Times* with Italian fascism are related. The activities of William Randolph Hearst are criticized in a hostile but not hysterical manner. The outstanding chapter in the third section, "The Poisoned Springs of World News", discusses the official perversion of most foreign news sent to America. In this respect, it must be pointed out that while Seldes has been kicked out of both Italy and Russia, he does not, like many liberals, claim that those two dictatorships are the same in character and purpose. In discussing the underhanded censorship in Italy as opposed to the open one in the Soviet Union, Seldes says: "In reactionary dictatorships there is no intention of future freedom. In radical dictatorships the opposite is true."

The concluding section of the book, "The Struggle for a Free Press", is admirable and timely in its discussion of the distortion of labor news in the capitalist press, of the hypocrisy of the publishers' latest battle for a press "free" to employ child labor and publish fake advertising, and, finally, of the

rise of the progressive force of the American Newspaper Guild.

In answering the question "Is a Free Press Possible?" Seldes feels that the often suggested small ad-less papers are rather utopian. He would like to see a strong labor press in this country, but is doubtful if it will come. Seldes concludes that the hopes for a better press in the immediate future lie in the hands of the newspaper men and women organized in the Guild. He would like to see the rank and file of newspaper workers having some say in the running of America's press. "If they (the newspaper workers) win economic freedom for themselves they will probably find that they have done little to make the press free. But they will be better able to join the other important minorities who also want not only freedom of the press but freedom for all people."

A RARE ACHIEVEMENT

ETHELBERT NEVIN, a biography by John T. Howard.
(Crowell) \$3.50

(Reviewed by Alan Campbell)

IT is a rare achievement to recognize one's limitations, either as an artist, or in the mere task of daily living. In his student days Ethelbert Nevin wrote: "While I am doing nothing great, I am doing the best I can, and I'm going to leave a stream of sunshine if it is possible." And Nevin wisely chose to be himself, both in his living and his music, and thus he left to the world a host of delicate melodies that will never be forgotten.

In writing the life of Nevin, John Tasker Howard had at his disposal hundreds of Nevin's letters, his diaries, and an immense amount of contemporary material, as at least a dozen of Nevin's close friends are alive today.

There is an intimacy and charm about the passages quoted from Nevin's letters which should make Mr. Howard's biography valuable not only to musicians, but to all who are interested in American letters. The love idyll of Ethelbert Nevin and Anne Paul is an exquisite episode from American life of the "eighties". Throughout the book one is conscious of the Madonna-like quality of Nevin's wife—the epilogue deals with Mrs. Nevin's part in securing copyright protection for American composers.

Much color is lent to the book by the description of the travels of Ethelbert and Anne Nevin—Nevin did some of his best work under the stimulus of atmospheric surroundings—particularly Tuscany and Venice. Nevin's life seems a vindication that talent flourishes best under congenial conditions. As John Howard says: "The sufferings of poverty may produce the grandeur of a Beethoven, but they do not nourish the polished elegance of a Mendelssohn."

Nevin had a tremendous capacity for enjoyment which so many people lose too early in life. This prolonged youthfulness endeared him to his friends, among whom were Charles Dana Gibson and Richard Harding Davis. This same quality pervades his music, giving it a distinctive and poetic charm. Those who know Nevin only as the man who composed *Narcissus* and *The Rosary* will be interested to read in Mr. Howard's book what prominent musicians have to say about Nevin's other music. Many of Nevin's musical compositions were dedicated to children or based upon children's poems. The most touching passage in the book describes the Christmas Eve of 1895 in Florence when Nevin, not having heard his wife slip into the room, and imagining himself to be alone,

played in the moonlight to his dream-children . . . to the little girl whose doll was broken, and the little boy who got up at night. Mrs. Nevin recollects this ghostly concert: "I, who was listening as he played to them and talked with them, was so awed I held my breath. There seemed to be a pale light round his head. His face was so spiritualized I should not have been surprised if he had vanished."

The above may well have been a beckoning from the other side, for after that night Nevin's health grew continually more uncertain and he died shortly after, before reaching the age of forty.

Nevin's may have been a minor voice, but because of his tenderness and gentle fancy, Howard has justly compared him with such poets as Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, and Robert Louis Stevenson—all three of whom had their poems set to music by Nevin.

IT NEVER ARRIVES

A PREFACE TO MATURITY, by Jule Brousseau.
(Thomas Y. Crowell) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Eleanor Evans)

WE HAVE come a long road, body—you and I." So does Theodora, heroine of this ecstatically overwritten novel, address herself at thirty after fifteen years of protracted adolescence—her preface to maturity. Now prefaces are preliminaries, interesting by virtue of that which they introduce; and adolescent emotion is a rich enough subject for a novel provided the novelist is adult. But 458 pages of introduction to a maturity which never arrives, and an adolescent point of view which belongs to the writer as much as to her heroine, doesn't make a good novel.

Mrs. Brousseau's theme is broadly that of the isolation of the individual and his seeking for identification with something larger than himself, or as she chooses to call it, "the drama of separation and union". It's a good theme—one of the best—but unfortunately it is developed almost exclusively in terms of sex, i. e. Theodora and her body.

Mrs. Brousseau is stuffed with undigested D. H. Lawrence. There is the same mistrust of will and reason and glorification of the instinctive emotional life springing from dark sources. There is the same notion that out of the incompleteness of sexual union stem most of the troubles of the world. Here, instead of the mother-son fixation, it is a father-daughter attachment. Theodora's father, never having achieved a satisfactory emotional union with her mother, binds the chains of love too closely about his daughter, so that all through her life, even after his suicide, the girl clings to the father image. Theodora's mother, embittered by her unhappy married life, goes in for a career of business success to reaffirm her own importance, and has little understanding of her daughter. Between both parents, Theodora's psyche is pretty well tied up. It takes two love affairs, neither of them very successful, and a lot of talk about mystical experiences and music and the Etruscan civilization, to untie her. It remains for a man named John, who appears briefly in the bedroom overture to the book and again in the last three pages, to bring Theodora to what we hope is maturity.

When the author is being realistic, as in the pages devoted to Mrs. Menninger's ruthless business career, or in occasional passages between Theodora and the man named Jeffrey, the

book has some solidity, but when she is being what the jacket blurb calls "lyrical", whether it's about sex, or communism, or death, or America, it dissolves into the merest vamping.

CORRESPONDENCE

A.C.L.U. AT SANTA ROSA

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

I read with some surprise both Beatrice Kinkad's article on the Santa Rosa outrage and your own editorial comment in Pacific Weekly of September 2nd. Both omit any mention of the part played by the American Civil Liberties Union. I am certain that this must have been an oversight because your paper and Lincoln Steffens have recently denounced the Epic News for failing to mention the PFU Congress in Santa Monica and the formation of the Labor Party.

Therefore, may I remind you that a few hours after news of the tar and feather party was announced I was in Santa Rosa investigating the incident for the Civil Liberties Union. We were the first organization on the scene, the first to protest to constituted authorities and to demand action, and the first to rally public support for vigilante prosecutions. Today we represent four of the victims—Green, Nitzberg, Mayer and Ford in projected civil suits.

We intend to file affidavits with the Naturalization Bureau in San Francisco opposing the granting of citizenship to Fred Caerns, Secretary of the Healdsburg Chamber of Commerce and leader of the mob, who last March applied for citizenship. We will also file affidavits with the Commissioner of Immigration alleging facts to show that Caerns has committed various felonies in the course of his vigilante activities and demanding that he be deported.

We are proud of the fight we are carrying on against vigilantism in California and we call upon you and your readers to join with us in making this fight more effective. Any financial contributions will go toward the expenses of filing the various suits that are contemplated.

Ernest Besig, Acting Director,
American Civil Liberties Union

WORK IN "THEM THAR HILLS"

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

Peter Guldbrandsen in a recent article, "Preachers Must Not Preach" deplores the action of the "Methodist hierarchy" for demoting the Rev. Mr. Gross Alexander for his activity on the Mooney case by deporting him to Pocatello, "a mountain post in the wilds of Idaho".

I am one of the few people who have ever heard of Pocatello, perhaps because I was born in the place. I can confirm Mr. Guldbrandsen's worst suspicions. "Pocatello, with Wyoming to the east and Utah to the south" is, as far as I know, entirely free of dangerous radical influences. For

that reason I cannot regret Mr. Alexander's demotion. There's work to be done in "them thar hills", and it seems to me the Methodist hierarchy has behaved with all the wisdom of a group of commissars in selecting a strong man to do that work. Mr. Alexander need not and probably will not be idle.

I inferred from Mr. Guldbrandsen's article that Rosewood Methodist Episcopal Church is rich as well as large; so is the territory to which Mr. Alexander has been deported—large in scope and rich in opportunity. And that is all the reward any of us can hope for in this changing world.

Seattle, Washington

Florence B. James

SINCLAIR, P.F.U. AND UNITY

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

The *Epic News*, as Upton Sinclair points out, is devoted to the cause of those who write for it. In San Francisco the "leadership" as endorsed by Sinclair is rabidly opposed to the rank-and-file-controlled San Francisco Council of the Democratic Party. The Council (which has just taken over the "official Sinclairites'" delinquent lease on the American Legion owned 68 Haight Street) has been denounced constantly in *Epic News* as "communistic" and "disruptive". If the San Francisco correspondent of *Epic News* had mentioned the Labor Ticket which had not at that time decided on a candidate for mayor, he might have had to mention the Democratic Council. Besides the EPIC reporter in San Francisco seems to be playing around with one of the other candidates.

Sinclair is right about his fighting for his life's cause and we all agree with him on that cause as he states it. We only disagree on two points and I note a concession on his point in that "we will get production-for-use through the Democratic Party, or in some other way". The building up of labor tickets in local elections where the Democratic Party is not a factor does not violate any EPIC principles and I do not believe Sinclair would object if he were not supplied with misinformation by his local misleaders.

With regard to the P. F. U. conference, there were good reasons why he should have doubts. It seems that when Sinclair has doubts about a thing he tends to boycott it, rather than attempt to capture it. And the inevitable result is less, rather than more unity.

When I first read the report on the P. F. U. congress I wondered about the method of calling for volunteers for the caucuses. Was it possible that those who selected this method expected their own cohorts to be the most agile and self-assertive? J. Stitt Wilson's reaction to the presence of still more agile left-wingers seems to indicate they did.

Another thing about this "conference, miscalled convention". If, as Stitt Wilson claims, it was an effort to hold a unity conference of all P. F. U. Democrats, I would consider it really a convention and the exclusion of even the P. W. U. L. only proper. If, however, the impression of the prospectus was intended to be the real purpose; if it was a unity conference of all P. F. U. forces, then by all means the Socialists and Communists should have been there.

And if those Democrats wouldn't have come had they known left-wingers would be present, how come Ben Legere, who represented more Democrats than anyone else, was referred to as a leader of the left-wingers?

These Reds are clever people. They are, as everyone else

who amounts to anything will tell you, disruptionists. They always split and destroy every attempt at unity. Especially if they are not there. For instance, Al Sessions refers to the "program of the Comintern, the intoxication of their phraseology; the United Front—which unites by destruction, and affronts by back-door sabotage".

Sessions and Sinclair cannot be accused of back-door sabotage. They do it in the open. And as I have mentioned before, Mr. Sessions was a Communist when the back-door sabotage was done by the U. S. government. But the most perfect example of "unity by destruction" was Sinclair's recent advice to the Communists that the best way to achieve unity and P. F. U. was to disband their communistic organizations and to come into the Democratic Party under the banner of Upton Sinclair. Well, I have great hopes in the EPIC movement still, but the last hopes I had in Sinclair vanished when I read the editorial in which that appeared. Berkeley, California. Clifton Amsbury

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PACIFIC WEEKLY CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ISSUE

JAY F. OTIS is a library administrator in a large city of the northwest. He has written articles for *Monthly Review*, *Student Review*, etc.

ELLA WINTER, lecturer and journalist, is the author of *Red Virtue: Human Relations in the New Russia*. She is the wife of Lincoln Steffens.

WINTHROP RUTLEGE is a journalist, playwright and dramatic critic of San Francisco.

ELEANOR EVANS was formerly literary editor of *The Argonaut*. She has acted in stock with the Lawrence Langner Company and was in *After Dark*, Christopher Morley's Hoboken drama.

HARRY CONOVER is working on an historical study of violence in California to be published early in the spring.

EARL DU FREYNE FRENCH is a resident of San Diego and a student of political economy.

ALAN CAMPBELL is a music and literary critic, conducting a bookshop in Carmel.

BUHL EDMOND is an international wanderer who occasionally records his impressions in verse.

WILLIAM STUART is an undergraduate at Stanford University and a student of political economy.



AN OLD CHINESE PROVERB

says, in effect: "*A man is as strong as his enemies are numerous.*"

PACIFIC WEEKLY

has a large number of enemies—enemies in high places and of sterling financial character. Even the Industrial Association and the Waterfront Employers of San Francisco are none too friendly, and William Randolph Hearst could scarcely be called a pal of ours.

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