

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

OCTOBER 28, 1935



HEARST'S VICTORIAN SPOOK

BY EMERSON EVANS

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF TOM MOONEY

A SHORT STORY BY LANGSTON HUGHES

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NOTES AND COMMENT

GET OUT YOUR GUNS AGAIN, MR. ROSSI

LONGSHOREMEN have walked away from an Italian freighter in the harbor of San Francisco because they suspect, and probably with good reason, that copra they were asked to load onto the vessel, is designed for war materials for Italy. And Harry Bridges backs up his men.

Good for the longshoremen, and good for Harry Bridges!

That is the sort of stuff that will stop this civilized barbarism! That sort of action, unequivocal, in violation of every conceivable agreement with shipowners and waterfront employers, in defiance of the President of the United States, if need be, the United States Supreme Court, if it comes to that, and in repudiation of every international agreement with a "friendly" nation—that sort of action, dogged, determined, consistent and unalterable, will some day save the world for sanity and decency and an ultimate realization of a universal brotherhood of man.

There is manhood there in that longshoremen's union of San Francisco, a rare nobility that stands forth in sharp contrast to the constant howl of the Industrial Association, of the Chambers of Commerce, infantile and senile, against any action that will halt the flow of dollars into the coffers of Big Business. Those longshoremen will deliberately block the flow into their own homes of dollars for food and rent and the comforts of life, in order to do their share toward turning back the wave of world travail which rides on the high tide of Capitalism.

Not until they are convinced that no pound of that freight shall aid in Italy's war will they walk back to that Italian freighter. Let Mayor Rossi turn his guns on them for that.

GOOD-BYE, MR. HEARST

PAINFULLY, tearfully, William Randolph Hearst threatens California good-bye because of high taxes (Merriam's, not Sinclair's, remember!). Mr. Hearst also suggests patriotically to movie studios and actors and actresses that they leave California for states with less taxes. Our people are even going to Britain and other foreign countries. (Mr. Hearst may not know, but British taxes are the highest in the world.) This vaunted patriotism of Hearst's! It stops dead at the pocket book.

We must say we can hardly wait the time Mr. Hearst closes up his fantastic San Simeon Empire. We should like, however, reluctantly to suggest that if he would unpack that castle he still has in a crate, and maybe liquidate a dromedary or two from his zoo and sell them, maybe he could meet those sad, sad taxes. It seems the more patriotic move to us.

Surely the rank and file Californian will welcome the termination of Mr. Hearst's citizenship in California. This state has much to bear; Mr. Hearst's departure would considerably lighten the load. Is it too much to hope that he might take his disgraceful, fascist-propaganda newspapers with him? Surely that would be a break for California.

MOSTLY THREATS

EUROPE is behaving very much like the San Francisco employers. It threatens sanctions if Italy goes to war; Italy goes to war and a lot of harmless Italians and Ethiopians are killed, mutilated, tortured. A World War threatens; Europe threatens sanctions and arranges to meet a week hence to consider imposing them. Meanwhile Italy evidently hopes to have the war all over and won and her winnings securely annexed before the League acts against her (in any event the neutral countries will not employ sanctions). When Italy has her puppet state set up in Ethiopia, she can sit back and laugh. Possession is no longer nine points of the law; it is, these days, all the law.

THE A. F. OF L. STEAM ROLLER

The national A. F. of L. convention has ended with the matters at issue where they were before; the machine steam-rolled calmly along—even the San Francisco *Examiner* admitted its well-oiled political wheels—and officials prevented discussion of the burning issues. But this did not prevent the deep schism between corrupt officialdom and the progressive insurgent rank and filers who want labor to be represented by their unions and not the employers, from becoming very apparent. John Lewis took a strong stand against the steam-roller tactics; we don't know yet what he is after. Matthew Woll was made to resign from the infamous National Civic Federation, headed by Ralph Easley which is anti-Semitic, anti-labor and anti-union. That, at least, was

a victory against officialdom. As in San Diego, the officials were scared and to anyone who has learned to read between the lines of capitalist newspapers (the only place in those newspapers to get the truth or the news) plainly showed it.

A BUDDY SPEAKS UP

ALLEN GRIFFIN, editor of the Monterey Peninsula Herald, has returned from a summer motoring in nine European countries. He reports Europe is an armed camp, everywhere soldiers marching, parades, demonstrations, arms, soldiers. Germany, he says, has successfully hidden her proletariat and her undernourished war generation; the people on the streets appear healthy and strong. Not so in Middle European countries. In Italy he saw children marching, drilling, with air rifles—children of eight and ten. He was shocked by that.

At a meeting in sylvan Carmel there was a noticeable scepticism at his lecture; many questions were asked doubting the wisdom of fascism or any of its supposed benefits. In Carmel! Even a legionnaire, a leader in last year's vigilante movement, wanted to know why the middle class in Germany tolerated the persecution of the Jews. Truly someone must be boring from within the minds of the Legion.

WHO OPPOSES DEMOCRACY IN CALIFORNIA?

JUST how democratic is the State Legislature? Who makes most of its decisions? At least one lobby group feels it knows the answers to these questions.

The Agricultural Council of California, whose executive secretary is the notorious red-baiter, R. H. Taylor, recently issued its final report on the legislative session from Sacramento. Exclusive of tax bills, the Council's news service bulletin records, there were presented a total of 86 "good" bills this past session. Of these, "the Council's legislative efforts" resulted in the passage of 82. What is meant by a "good" bill can be seen from the descriptions of them made by Mr. Taylor:

Assembly Bill 106 (introduced by Lyon) "prohibits use of school buildings for activities of a seditious nature".

A. B. 753 (Lore and Phillips) "exempts agricultural buildings from earthquake construction requirements".

A. B. 1614 (McBride) "broadens powers of highway patrol and gives protection to officers with enlarged duties if violence threatens".

In the eyes of the Council, there were 136 "bad" bills introduced in the same session. Of these, "due to its efforts", only four passed. The Council killed 110 and made 22 "good or harmless". How dangerous these bills were can likewise be seen by sample descriptions which Mr. Taylor makes of them:

Senate Bill 127 (Garrison) "would prohibit any company of any kind spending money on campaigns for persons or propositions on the ballot".

S. B. 166 (Olson) would bring a 6 hour day, a 5 day week.

S. B. 353 (Metzger) "would require all members of

State Board of Agriculture to be 'dirt farmers'".

A. B. 67 (Geyer) "would require labeling of all cold storage and shell-treated eggs".

A. B. 535 (Donihue) "would require labeling of all packages, showing quality of contents".

A. B. 792 (Pelletier) "would prohibit any work by children under 16".

A. B. 2099 (O'Donnell) "to permit chlorine sterilization of dairy utensils to meet legal requirements".

Among the "bad bills made good or harmless", we find:

A. B. 1267 (Lyon) "would have permitted State Board of Health to require all foods to be sold in sealed containers and prohibited re-use unless sterilized".

But the most dangerous of the proposed bills which were defeated were:

A. B. 1104 (Richie) "makes personal rights equal to property rights in injunction proceedings".

A. B. 832 (Richie) "to open school-houses to communistic meetings".

A. B. 1104 (Richie) "prohibits all officers from discriminating against the 'Reds'".

A. B. 2026 (Pelletier and Hunt) "to require teaching of tolerance in schools".

A. C. A. 51 (Richie) under which "only an overt act can make a 'red' speech punishable".

This is the proud record of the Agricultural Council, which is identified with the Farm Bureau, a group dominated by the wealthy farmers of Southern California.

In the interests of the consumers of this state, of labor and of the small independent farmers, such a lobby which has been instrumental in defeating all legislation for the mass of the population demands a thorough investigation!

Boastfully and without subtlety, the rich agricultural interests describe their success in interfering with civil rights and academic freedom. Just who is it that opposes democracy in California?

—HARRY CONOVER

EDUCATIONAL FIL-UMS

FREQUENTERS of the movies now and then undergo the ordeal of an Educational Film sandwiched between the quaint gayety of Mickey Mouse and the things seen by the "Eyes of the World".

When a picture or anything else is paraded as educational it is not unreasonable to assume that the theme is presented in perspective of accepted present day knowledge and the facts with fair accuracy. I have exposed myself to many of these presentations and have yet to see one which complied with these requirements.

On viewing the record of the extraordinary action of the "Sundew", a carnivorous plant which entraps and digests flies, and about which Charles Darwin wrote a book, I was constrained to explain to my young companion that the sensitive leaves did not show the extreme power of discrimination by its movable leaves ascribed to it by the man at the microphone. The leaves do react differently to cheese and chalk, but they have not the sensitiveness of a wine-taster's tongue, as the lecturer would have had us believe. Still it made a good story and the listener could repeat again: "Ain't nature wonderful!"

Last week I saw "Flight over Everest", a daring bit of

exploration from the air of the pinnacles of the Himalayas, the greatest mountain mass we know. Observers in balloons have ascended to greater heights, but not until some daring spirit mounts a rocket to ride to the moon will a greater adventure be initiated. This one was successful and the results of splendid flying and skillful camera work are thrilling to behold. But one was brought down to earth every minute or two by the crudities of the ballyhoo. Facts and correctness of pronunciation meant but little to the man at the microphone. The sea-port at the mouth of the Indus (Karachi) was given as "Ca-ratchi" instead of "Cur-a-kee". One heard the "Himalayas" wrongly pronounced fifty times. These mountains were characterized as extending up "into the stratosphere" with their summit at 30,000 feet.

The stratosphere is about as definite as tides and its lower-most limit is generally about 11 kilometers or about 6.5 miles above sea level, but probably higher over mountain masses. Now the height of the tallest pinnacle is not 34,000 and the stratospheric ceiling is high above its summit. Even the imperturbable British flyer who did not remove his monocle for the flight would have writhed had he been compelled to listen to such mendacity.

The newspapers have long since learned that the romantic content of any scientific news rests with its accuracy, but the craftsmen of the movies learn but slowly, and it has not begun to dawn upon them that educational values do not march far with emotional tension, and that in any case an actuality presented with good literary form may rouse a greater interest than the puny inventions of ignorant spieles at the microphone.

—D. T. MACDOUGAL

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

ITALY IS offering peace in Ethiopia—to Great Britain.

THE EMPEROR has half a mind to hand his umbrella to a favorite and go in himself—on some other front. His umbrella protects one from sun and rain, but it attracts bullets.

ANYWAY YOU take it, the war and peace in Africa is an exhibition of civilized culture in the world of today which no child and no scientist should miss. I would like to give a course in it for very young kids, very little ones, preferably those who are neglected by their parents. Rather do that than put roofs on the missions. But this is not a free country and I would not be allowed to; the children would be apt to laugh so loud the vigilantes would "get" me.

AT THE MOVIE the other evening the news-reel showed Mussolini making a speech and I noticed that the young people laughed where I wanted to: when the dictator grimaced consciously like an actor. It was very funny, and I realized that vanity and mass approval had got Mussolini down. I remember seeing him when he first stepped into his vacant throne and his expressive face was a really threatening spectre. Long admiration and probably open flattery have made his face an affectation. Not so good any more.

YOUNG REFORMING newspapermen and citizens often

say or ask things that indicate some blame of me for the fresh scandals in police and other grafts and for the complete recovery of public utilities from the drastic exposure I had a hand in—in the past. As if I were guilty of some neglect. As if I could have killed the grafters when we had the graft exposed and on its knees. Why didn't we put the crooks in jail? In the first place, the crooks had pulls, pulls as big as they were; in the second place, public opinion of the mass of stock holders and of business men saved their officers, et al. In the third place, our civilization requires dishonesty and graft, and I and my fellow muck-rakers were well taught not to go too far. So the businesses that produce grafts, the ancient and honorable grafts and grafters, their descendants and successors remain. And the scandals, the muck and the muck-raker are the patriots of to-day; I recognize them all. I plead guilty of superficial work and have only lately learned to go or to look deeper.

I am heart and mind with the United Labor Ticket in San Francisco, which has our old job on its hands and red eyes that can see what has to be done. When they get into power they can fight each opposition to reform till the nice people lead them right down to the cause of our troubles; which is nobody at all. Prison will not cure anybody. They will have to take away the Things that corrupt our good business men and turn time again against society and—and Labor.

One of the sure signs of my, of our old failure is that Business and Businessmen show their faces in public.

ONE GOOD thing: the Italians are buying up and freeing as they march along the slaves of Ethiopia. Mussolini knows you don't have to own men to use them freely. Look at the Italians themselves, look at us Americans.

TOURISTS AND the fog are gone. The sun is out in Carmel and it isn't hot; just sunny. Cool and clear and good to be alive.

A BOOK that has absorbed and inspired me lately, is entitled *Men and Mountains*, by M. Ilin, the famous writer of children's books in Soviet Russia. It is well, and I mean very well, translated by a California woman, Beatrice Kinhead. It is written with the same kiddish elation and simplicity that Ilin used toward children; and Mrs. Kinhead has preserved that crucial advantage perfectly. It is a peon of youthful joy in the

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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, CAREY MCWILLIAMS, TOM KROMER, DOROTHY ERSKINE, PETER QUINCE, TILLIE LERNER, ROBERT WHITAKER, JEAN WINTHROP, L. E. CLAYPOOL, HILDEGARDE FLANNER, HARRY C. STEINMETZ, JOSEPH BARAS

Ten cents a copy. Two dollars a year. One dollar for six months. Twenty-five cents for one month's trial. Canadian: Two dollars and twenty-five cents a year. Foreign: Two dollars and fifty cents.

Soviet Russian sense that all Russia and the surrounding fifth of the earth's surface belongs literally and really to the young Russians, to the Soviet people. Ilin feels and shows that they can turn rivers, level the mountains, move and cure deserts, make the earth and all mankind over. He admires the United States and American invention, science and potentialities; I never read such an appreciation of our knowledge and power. But he sees that they have the men and the beginnings of the future in Soviet Russia and he sees and sows happily, as I said above, that he and his fellow-citizens in Soviet Russia, can and surely will create on the continent of Asia a physical heaven on earth that will by its example spread all around the world. You never saw such sound optimism. The Garden of Eden has started on its second trip around the earth and wants everybody to take a ticket, for the big idea is that now we have enough knowledge and the power and the liberty to make a planet for men. He tells the children that and he does not say, he knows too well, that there will soon be no privileged people to stop it with their property rights and their sacred persons. Everybody should read and enjoy this perfectly practicable vision which might well have been translated into a poem, if Mrs. Kinkead had not so faithfully followed Ilin's prose. All I say is: read it and quit your depression.



"I AM NO POLITICIAN"

SAN FRANCISCO teachers read with cynical amusement the almost hysterical denial of Superintendent Edwin A. Lee, as recorded in the *San Francisco News*, that political influence played any part in the appointments to the faculty of the new Junior College.

"The Board of Education accepted my recommendations in hiring the Junior College faculty," Dr. Lee is quoted as admitting. "It goes without saying that I would not have recommended members of the faculty if I were not satisfied they had the proper educational background. There is no basis for the charge that the appointments were dictated by political rather than professional fitness. I am no politician."

Dr. Lee goes on to intimate that the charges emanated from disgruntled high school teachers. He explains the fact that only fifteen per cent of the Junior College faculty is made up of teachers promoted from the San Francisco school system by saying that he had to bear in mind "the higher educational requirements of a Junior College instructor as compared to the requirements for teaching high school."

But the teachers are unconvinced. They cite the case of Miss Helen Reveal, whose name in the Junior College catalogue is conspicuous for the lack of any record of university training. Since joining the school system a few years ago, Miss Reveal has exhibited a singular aptitude for landing in soft and lucrative positions, and teachers would like to know just what "proper educational background" and "professional fitness" she possesses which dictated her appointment as typing instructor in preference to teachers who have university degrees as well as business school training.

The case, however, which has caused the most comment is that of Miss Claire Cuneo. Miss Cuneo graduated from the

University of California where, it is alleged by those who were on the campus at the same time, she took six years to complete the four year course and was twice on probation. Indeed some are so cynical as to see a connection between her attainment of a degree and a large gift by her uncle, Mr. A. P. Giannini, to the university.

After graduation Miss Cuneo taught in the elementary schools of San Francisco and was teaching an ungraded class in the Garfield School at a salary of fourteen hundred a year when promoted to teach domestic science in the Junior College at a salary of twenty-five hundred. Miss Cuneo has not taught domestic science a single day. It is alleged that Miss Cuneo admits knowing of her appointment months before the public announcements and that she was advised to "bone up" at summer school in her subject.

There are teachers in the San Francisco high schools who have taken graduate work in domestic science schools in the leading universities of the country and who have records of years of successful teaching of the subject, yet they see promotion go to a young woman with no experience and an inferior educational record. Can it be that the "higher educational requirements for a Junior College instructor" to which Dr. Lee refers consist in being the niece of one of San Francisco's leading bankers? Hundreds of teachers would like Dr. Lee to answer this question.

There is no doubt that the Junior College appointments have, more than anything else he has done, destroyed the confidence of the teachers in Dr. Lee and disheartened those who hoped that under his regime the schools would be, as he promised, free from City Hall and Chamber of Commerce domination.

—MARION RAY

CALIFORNIANS, INC.

BECAUSE their speech was not the proper speech,
Because they did not reason as they ought,
The valiant townsmen set themselves to teach
These heretics the proper ways of thought.

And what more righteous method could they choose
Than that old tried and tested one whereby
The Christians rid their country of the Jews
And proved that Galileo told a lie!

And they, too, proved the beauty of their cause
With tar and feathers and a flag to kiss,
The flag, of course, to symbolize those laws
By which our country progressed up to this.

They marched them, horns-a-honking, up the street,
Thus serving notice on all humble men
What comes to him who does not think it sweet
To suffer till his betters tell him when.

And you who dream of peace, be still, be still.
Remember this, the watchword of the strong:
That men may starve and shiver as they will,
But never must they say the world is wrong.

—GEORGE HANLIN

WILLIE'S VICTORIAN SPOOK

BY EMERSON EVANS

BOOTH TARKINGTON, Esquire, who delighted many a bourgeois moron with his plushy novels, has just recently been pressed into gold-baiting Willie's red-baiting corps. In the San Francisco *Examiner* lately the great American writer was quoted thusly:

"Youth is always dreaming of impossible perfection."

Perhaps not one of the famous author's devotees will doubt for an instant that his hero understands *all* about Youth. I read two of his novels when I was seventeen, under pressure. Rather, I should say that I tried to read them, for his characterization bitterly humiliated me; it was utterly vapid, and insulting to any youth of any time. I remember well how it chilled my marrow.

It was not enough that I struggled through the books, for I cringed under spasms of cackling and tittering of my parents as they devoured *Seventeen* of a quiet evening under the reading lamps. Frequently they prodded my equilibrium with excerpts from the ghastly script. I can never forget it!

Mr. Tarkington had attained the age of forty-five when *Penrod* went to the printer. Forty-seven years of his span had elapsed before *Seventeen* was delivered to his eager admirers. Mr. Tarkington knew all about Youth, even though no person under twenty-five could stomach his drivel.

His work appealed to those elderly members of the semi-squalid aristocracy whose memories were long-since inhumed by the capitalistic fierceness of the struggle to obtain food, shelter, clothing and croquet sets. Unfortunately, many of these precious folk are still animate, and wield some power over their tender grandchildren. It is these people who probably will digest Booth's frowsy quips. Then they will dash out to prevent their Youth from worrying greatest-living Willie and the forty patriots—if they can.

Mr. Tarkington, with convivial calmness befitting his venerable sixty-six years, addresses his fiction fodder, by proxy, in his usual light airy manner. The social-mindedness of our more-intelligent Youth is described as "... that subconscious [*hear, hear!*] urge in youth to get itself talked about".

Occasionally a person who is denouncing things is expected to produce some evidence to show that he knows what he is talking about. It has been shown that Mr. Tarkington is an authority on Youth, now he proceeds to exhibit his thorough understanding of Communism, in the following globule of wisdom:

"Communism or Socialism can never become actual without dictatorship. And I cannot believe that America will ever be under a dictator."

Just in case all doubt as to the great author's competency to expound has not been dispelled, that he is not thoroughly acquainted with the laws of social progress, please consider this weighty passage:

"... it (Communism) is impractical and impossible".

It is remotely probable that a man of Mr. Tarkington's position in the realm of letters does not know what is going on in the world. It is within the bounds of possibility that such an influential literary person would not know about the tremendous Soviet energy. Since the above statement contradicts the facts, it would seem that the writer either does not know what he is saying or he is lying. Since prevarication is beneath

the dignity of such a man, we must wonder how he can be so presumptuous as to make such pragmatic assertions for the consumption of his mouldy devotees.

The renowned portrayer of Youth has advanced to such a degree that he also includes professors in his category of specimens which he displays for the edification of his worshipers in the following abstruse manner:

"However much he (the professor) may resent the absent-minded professor joke, it is nevertheless true that professors are impractical."

Mr. Tarkington simply cannot believe that knowledge has seeped through to the faculties of even our greatest universities. True, every precaution has been taken against such a calamity, but to-day Youth itself has demanded and obtained a certain standard of intelligence in the "education" which they pay hard cash for. They absolutely insist upon hearing some truth—or at least some common sense—issue from the mouths of their instructors. Perhaps, though, the champion of Youth would not know about that either.

"The Communist believes that you should exterminate the vermin capitalist, no matter how you poison him," the mighty writer says. Like Mark Twain's mother, who warmed the water in which to drown kittens, Mr. Tarkington is a charitable soul, even though he has never been known to complain in the factory slave's behalf.

Just when he has almost convinced his readers that he understands his subject, he ruins his effect by questioning them. "But what then?" he asks at the end of the poisoning paragraph. Because the novelist admits that he is stuck, he assumes that his prodigal Youth will fling up its hands in dismay. It is barely possible that the writer knows that it is precisely that situation that pot-bellied Willie and his hysterical gang are trying to circumvent. Whether or not he knows what he is doing, Mr. Tarkington throws a scare or two into his doddering public which imagines that it has absolute control over the Youth—and social processes.

Mr. Hearst, who almost never throws two stones at two birds, also extracts a political statement from the great American novelist. Here it is:

"It was unfortunate that we should have had an experimenting President at this time, when what we needed most was a cool, far-visioned business head."

Even Mr. Tarkington's Clarence, if he were alive, would be fully conscious of the fact that we have just recently discarded our super-pilot, hard-headed Herbert. He would also know that we had cool-Calvin on the bridge for a spell. Perhaps what we really needed was a fusion of both those noble souls in one body. If that is as deeply as Booth can go into "political science", there is no doubt that he should be in Congress to-day.

Since it is orthodox to work up to a climax, the mighty author—Hearstian apotheosis of a success boy—does so in a most lucid way. He waggishly admits that as a youth he was "radical", and illustrates his subjective emotions by quoting from a poem (!) written by a fellow littérateur, Under-Secretary of Agriculture, Rexford Tugwell. According to Willie's red-baiting department, the lines go:

"I am young. I am lean, I am strong. I will make America over."

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF TOM MOONEY

BLACK, beetle-browed, an ominous man," San Francisco papers wrote of Tom Mooney in 1916, 1917 and 1918; and not for a good many years did the description cease to be prevalent. The facts that Mooney was an Irish worker who talked with a hearty Irish accent and whose character, even when most grossly shaken from its ballast, never fitted into that phrase, counted practically nothing.

The nearest that Mooney came to being "ominous" was by his inheritance of social and personal deprivation, awaiting him first of all in the slums of Chicago, where he was born to Mary and to John Mooney, a coal miner.

John Mooney, Sr. was one of the throngs of Irish peasantry brought over to the United States to help develop its industry by furnishing its common labor; and, consequently, Tom was born to oppression that derived its sociological aspects from the fact that people of his class secured their food from garbage cans, had negligible opportunity for education (*Life of Pope Pius XIII* was the only book Tom ever saw in the house his father lived in); whose family life consisted in going from railway camp to railway camp and from mine to mine, or—at last wearied of company abuse and company thugs during miners' strikes—cityward and to worse conditions; and, finally, whose children, in order that they might be put to work as early as possible, were forced, before reaching their teens, to leave the paternal home. It was no more than the general order of things, then, that Tom's first job—that of sorting rags in a paper mill—began before he was ten. The Mooney family by this time had emigrated from Chicago and lived near a Baltimore and Ohio Railway camp in Idaho in a miner's hut.

In one of the great coal strikes of 1875, John Mooney was hunted out of job and home for taking a shot at a strike-breaker. Tom's role as a wage-earner became more important with this event. He had to supplement the earnings of his mother and sister who did washing, and his mother hired him out as an apprentice in an iron foundry. At that time common solace of laborers was religion or alcohol; but it happened that Tom, though he might have acquired his father's taste for both, found neither one nor the other agreeable. This dislike, in a sense, might have been one of the things the San Francisco papers truthfully could have described as "ominous", indicating, as it did, that not the desire for escape from poverty, but active opposition to it, was the thing Tom Mooney wanted.

He stood head and shoulders above his companions in moral uprightness, differing from them not only in not having any of their petty vices, but, partly because he believed himself to be sexually subnormal, remaining exceptionally virtuous as a young man. He served out his apprenticeship, and it was hereafter his bitter experiences as an American worker started. He worked his way on a boat half-way around the world with another young fellow. When he came back he was a militant trade unionist. Now he commenced that period of his life which consisted in a series of scraps with foremen over wages in foundries and factories; getting the leadership of strikers' committees and then fired and in arguing ceaselessly about the need of militancy. In the year 1907 to 1908, when he was wandering southward and eastward, he was hopeful of hardly more than keeping just a skip ahead of the wolf that was

wandering over the country. It was Rena Herman, his future wife, who was his Plymouth Rock to Western labor organization and agitation.

Tom was introduced to her, a class-conscious music teacher, while on his way by horse and buggy through the Sacramento Valley for the purpose of selling pamphlets to aid Eugene Debs in his campaign for President as a candidate of the Socialist Party. One of the first things the couple did was enter a contest conducted by a Socialist magazine which offered as a prize a trip to the Socialist International at Copenhagen. Rena managed to bring in the last few subscriptions needed. He got second prize, the trip. Somewhat wistfully he mentions it to-day—and that some of the greatest Socialists in the world were there. But the prize hadn't provided him with spending money, and he continually had to write to Rena for small sums, thus marring his Utopia a bit.

When he got back to California, two things had happened that had an important effect upon all that he was to do later: (1) he had been the most successful of any in selling Socialist literature for the Debs campaign, and Gene Debs had put a hand on his arm, praising and encouraging him; (2) he had traveled with the Red Special during Debs' presidential tour, back to Indiana. Now, coming back from Europe, he stayed from 1909 to 1910 in New York and Chicago, listening to exponents of the Socialist movement. He was ambitious to improve himself—this also might have been considered ominous—and he crammed ten hours a day in the library at Marshall Fields until, at last, the effort to learn in a short time everything he saw he should know fagged and discouraged him in so great an endeavor. He visited his mother and sister in Chicago and made arrangements to bring them to California.

In 1911, back in San Francisco and married to Rena Herman, Tom started the labor agitation which for five years confined itself to northern California and which became a world-wide cause the day in August, 1916, when he and Rena Mooney were brought back to San Francisco from their vacation at Guerneville and were jailed on the charge of participation in the Preparedness Day bombing. Thus ended the young manhood and freedom of that "ominous" ironmolder, Tom Mooney, whose imprisonment remains the sign most truly ominous of our courts' perversion of justice.

I once asked Tom Mooney what was his most vivid impression of his childhood, and very quickly came his answer: "Looking through garbage pails for food, that's my memory of childhood."

—BRENA MORRIS



COMMUNISM AND RELIGIOPHOBIA

BY ROBERT WHITAKER

ONE of my dearest friends of a quarter of a century ago, Dr. W. H. Robinson of Alameda, California, a pioneer Socialist, and an agnostic in religion, had a remark which has often recurred to me in my wide contact with radicals of all schools during these past twenty-five years and more. I recall the deep seriousness with which he addressed it to me as he said:

"Whitaker; there is nothing that will make a greater fool of a man than religion, unless it is irreligion."

The article which I have just read in *PACIFIC WEEKLY* of this date, Oct. 14, "The Essential Lie of Christianity", by Robert Briffault, has brought back to my mind with painful sharpness this discerning observation of one who was great in his intellectual independence, and in the fine spirit of self-abnegation in the social interest. I am pained, not on behalf of Christianity, for I could say, in circles of understanding, what Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick said quite publicly not so long ago, when he remarked that he was no believer in "Christianity", though a devout believer in Jesus Christ. I presume I have written and spoken in criticism of historic and institutional Christianity as sharply as any of your readers and, indeed, I have just mailed to what is the foremost Protestant periodical in America to-day an article entitled "The Challenge", which is no mild setting forth of the failure of the Christian Church and its founder, to readjust the economic order of the world, and save us from the insane social mess in which we are.

I am not concerned here with Briffault's treatment of either the Greek or the Christian tradition, though I think either of them superficial and untenable in high degree. His monumental work, *The Mothers*, gave me reason to expect much more of him than the reading of his later work has justified. *The Breakdown* I read on the enthusiastic recommendation of a Communist friend who seemed to think it the last word in economic wisdom, only to discover to my disappointment that, however devastating his indictment of the world disorder in which capitalism has involved us, his own attitudes indicated no understanding of that fundamental material emphasis which is at the heart of the Communist analysis of history. He is an intellectualist still, fundamentally as subservient to the Greek myth, wherein our modern intellectualism roots, and emotionally as cheaply sold on the rationalist interpretation of the early Greek philosophers as any dogmatist of the rationalist school. As to the Christian tradition, while the historical validity of it has long been beyond any necessity of mine as to my own religious attitudes, Briffault's captious criticism has for me about as much of historical weight on the one side as has the pronouncement of Amy Semple McPherson on the other. The thing is a bit of infantile leftism in the area of religiophobia too trivial for either my time or your space.

Two things only concern me here. First of all I am wondering just what is the utility of such a publication at this time, even if the incidentals of Briffault's essay did not altogether discredit the major conclusions for which he argues with such show of historical ignorance and antipathetic theological emotionalism. Whether there are more than "ten and a half Communists, near Communists, pseudo-Communists, or semi-Communists in Carmel", or only a fraction of five and a

quarter, say, of such specimens of homo sapiens, in the event that the particular brand of Fascism which is reaching out avidly for the Hitlerizing of these United States of America is not stopped in its course by the united front of all to whom freedom of thought and human progress are a real concern, Carmel will no more escape San Quentin and Tehachapi, or let us say, Eureka and Santa Rosa, than will the Communist headquarters in San Francisco and Los Angeles. If there is any one thing which ought to concern every sane liberal in our day, to say nothing of any radical with an ounce of practical revolutionary sense, as against the mere indulgence of the odium theologicum, it would seem to be the building of the closest fellowship possible between and among all of us who are for a new world order on the economic field, whether by peaceful or militant means. Just why so able and ordinarily sensible an organ of the desired and desirable social change as is *PACIFIC WEEKLY* should contribute to the re-lighting of sectarian fires, and theological disputations, I am at a loss to understand.

My second point concerns the actual reactions of the churches and the ministry, concerning which I think I may claim to know more over night than Robert Briffault has ever learned. Whether Jesus lived or did not live, the story of his alleged life and sayings is with us. That story, in the four brief biographies in which it is set forth, is not individualistic; is, in fact, much less so than Briffault's own writings, when critically viewed by one who is less enamored of intellectualism than is he. Jesus' emphasis, to take the story on its face, is continually that of a social ideal, which he called "The Kingdom of God", or "The Kingdom of Heaven", wherein God is the common Father of us all, and "all ye are brethren", to quote words from his own lips, as per the report. This, mind you, in the very passage in which he repudiates all hero worship, whether it is phrased by calling men by this or that title, "Father", "Rabbi", "Master", or whatever you will. Nowhere is there in the "Gospels" any indication that Jesus called men to save themselves, but rather did he demand that men forsake "houses and lands", "father and mother, brother and sister", "yea, and his own life also", for the social ideal of a revolution on the way. If he thought of that revolution as coming by way of miraculous interposition from the heavens, as possibly the words reported here and there would indicate, none the less he expected enough of human instrumentality in bringing the thing to pass to make it worth while for men to abandon all human comforts and prosperities in its behalf.

But I shall not stay to argue even this much by way of correcting the utterly biased and ignorant insistence of Briffault on "individualism" on the part of the biographers of Jesus, or the traditional Jesus himself, lest my argument give occasion for continuing theological dispute. What is of more factual consequence is that which I am ready enough to prove by present day exhibits, in an area vastly more important for us all than argument about Greek thought or Christian tradition two thousand years ago and more.

I speak out of long and wide experience in contact with ministers and churches, and particularly at the point of what is known as "evangelical" belief, a life time, in fact, and an acquaintance throughout the whole English speaking world. And I will lay down this challenge; that dilatory as the

churches may be; ignorant and prejudiced in the economic field as great numbers of ministers are, there is more of social interest, social study of the most comprehensive character even to the tolerant reading of such diatribes as this particular essay I am discussing here, and social self-sacrifice, in the Christian ministry to-day than there is to be found in the ranks of any other profession, including law, medicine, pedagogy, the press, or what have you in the field of the intelligentsia. I know individual ministers whose years of self-abnegating service for the radical cause, and whose cost in

position, reputation and monetary losses, I will put against any equal exhibit which can be made for the whole body of organized rationalism in the United States. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The fruit of social devotion, intelligent and self-denying at once, is all too sparse everywhere, but the most insulting letter I ever had from an editor, the only one in fact, was from the editor of the foremost rationalistic paper in America when I urged upon him and his readers participation in social revolutionary activity.



THE PROTECTOR

BY MARCELO SALINAS

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY LANGSTON HUGHES

THE MAN, bending over the long rows, worked rapidly as though in a great hurry to finish. His little boy, scarcely ten years old, went behind him picking up the sweet potatoes and putting them in piles. The Cuban earth was hard and very dry. In spite of the fact that the night was cool, the man was sweating.

"Enough yet?"

The child measured with a glance the little piles and answered, "Bout half a sack."

"Let's fill up then and get goin'. The moon'll be coming out."

While the boy held the sack open, the man threw in the sweet potatoes. From time to time, fearful of being taken by surprise, he looked around on both sides, across the big field, and down toward the road some two hundred meters away.

The sack was well over half full. Then the man tied its mouth with a bit of palm fiber, put his knife in his belt, tightened his waist, and started to raise the bag to his shoulders.

The little boy, frantic with hunger, gnawed on a root he had picked up.

"Throw that away. When we get to the village, we'll have bread."

The boy obeyed, sure that the promise would be kept. They would sell the sweet potatoes at Justo's store and then they would not only have bread but a piece of candy as well. That's what happened three days ago when they went to steal bananas. That's what had been happening ever since his father had been out of work, almost a month now. The rural guards hadn't caught them yet. And even if they should catch them he would not be afraid of anything beside his father, not even of the darkness which was the only thing that really frightened him now.

The man, having dragged his sack to a stone wall, put it up, turned and bent his back beneath the load. When he stood up, tall with his burden, the heart of the child swelled with pride and admiration. How strong his father was! And how brave!

They took a short cut that the cattle followed and came out

through a hole in the wall into the road which ran between two steep slopes like a dry river. They walked very fast, the father panting beneath his load, the little boy beside him jumping over the bumps in the road.

A rooster crowed, then another, and several more answered them. Soon the whole countryside vibrated with their sharp awareness.

"Two o'clock! Soon the moon will be out," thought the thief. And he made up his mind not to rest until he was near the village. There he felt that he would be out of danger.

"Hurry up," he advised the child.

They came to a place where, in a violent curve, the road seemed to end. Above, like a mile-stone near the wall, a big tree spread its shadow.

Suddenly, a man jumped out and planted himself directly in front of them.

"Halt!" he said sternly.

The father and the son stopped. The man with the sack recognized him at once as a private watchman belonging to the plantation he had just robbed.

He stood there with his gun raised. "Ah, you robber! Now I've got you!"

The prisoner threw his load down as if to run, but the guard said, "Don't move or I'll kill you!" And he cocked his gun.

They stood a moment in silence, face to face, the threatening watchman and the unhappy prisoner overcome by the shame of having been caught. The child clung to the legs of his father, but he was more filled with curiosity than with fear. He did not even suspect that they had been getting their bread and candy in the wrong way.

"You dirty thief! I've been on your trail a long time!"

From these harsh insults the unfortunate creole felt a wave of blood sting his face. Half-blind, he began to look for the knife at his belt.

"Keep still! . . . Raise your hands!"

The fear of danger overcame him, and giving way to discretion, he raised his arms. The guard approached and, as he took the knife away from him, he ordered, "Get ahead,

and take care not to try to run away."

Filled with sorrow and despair, the hopeless man began to walk slowly, with the now frightened child beside him. Behind them, with military stride, they could hear the big boots of the guard on the road.

For seven or eight minutes they walked in horrible silence. In the distance the little yellow lights of the village could be seen.

The prisoner stopped suddenly, as if rooted to the earth. "Watchman," he said, without turning his head, "I will not go into that village as a prisoner. If you want to, you can kill me, but I will not go in like this."

The guard had stopped, too, very near the prisoner. For a moment he was troubled by the latter's attitude. Then, thinking it was a trick to mislead him, he reasserted himself. "What do you mean, you won't go in? I bet you will!"

"No, I won't."

There was a terrific pause. One of those fleeting moments that concentrate a whole tragedy. The prisoner turned around and stood looking resolutely at his captor. The little boy, with his eyes very wide open, did not fully understand what was happening.

The guard cursed and raised his gun, but he dropped it without firing. "Get away! Get away quick!" he yelled. "I don't want to commit murder!"

And as if he himself was escaping from the danger of his own wrath, the watchman gave a half turn and started off, almost running, in the direction from which they had come. Soon the sound of his footsteps was lost in the night.

Then the unfortunate stealer of sweet potatoes sighed deeply, and hid his face in his hands. Close beside him, seeking cover from the dampness of the night, the child snuggled.

They remained like that a long time: the man very still with his hands to his temples as if he were afraid they were going to burst, the child close to him seeking protection from the cold.

"Papa, let's go."

The man seemed to awaken.

"Yes, let's go."

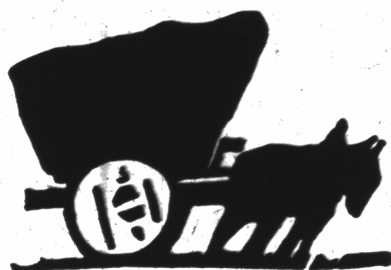
But he made no move to get up, so the child took his chin gently in his hands.

"Papa!"

As the father turned his head, a ray of moonlight through the branches of the trees lit up his face, and you saw that his eyes were bathed in tears.

"Little boy! My little boy!" He embraced him tenderly, with all his soul, and a deep sob trembled in his throat.

The child threw his arms around the man's neck. He put his soft little cheek against the rough cheek of his father and quietly, very gently, he whispered in his ear, "Don't cry, papa! When I get big, I'll protect you. You'll see how nobody'll bother you then."



BOOKS

ABOUT PEOPLE WHO AREN'T GAY

BY JOHN WOODBURN

IT is too bad about this book*, as it is too bad about others of its genre. Here is a good book, a very good book, in fact, written out of honesty and anger and truth; written and set up and electrotyped for the very people who won't read it. The dowagers won't read it, the dear, plush-bottomed dowagers won't, because when they go into the little lending-library just off Park Avenue, or Pacific (uptown), and pick it up, that nice girl who works there, the one who always knows what they like, will say quickly: "I don't think you'd care for that, I really don't. It's all about people who sweat. Have you seen 'King Lehr and the Gilded Age'?" And so the dear, p.-b. d. will go out complacently with a book that is far more subversive than this one in its social implications. And she'll read it, and she won't mind at all, because whatever odor of perspiration there is about it will be as faint and far as Arcturian light, owing to the fact that the sweat all emanated from the tired bodies of a large, anonymous mass of people who worked very much for very little in order that Newport might sip its champagne in serenity.

The smart young society matrons, the ones who work for the cigarette companies, and the ones who are being currently exploited by the manufacturers of beauty preparations, they won't read about the Green Corn Rebellion either. They might pick it up between sieges of testimonial-writers' cramp, but they won't read very much of it. It's too depressing. One of these smart y. s. m.'s recently began a testimonial with: "Everyone is very gay now and almost everyone is smoking Camels." It's only fair to let her know that Mr. Cunningham's book is about people who aren't gay and who roll their own.

And the gentlemen who sit and stare, like moody Narcissi, at their reflections in glass-topped desks; they won't get around to reading this book. They're much too busy making money and secretaries, and, besides they read for relaxation. And the men who make munitions, the bullet-barons and the impresarios of war, they'll give this book the go-by, which is an especial pity, because it is so neatly up their alley. And as for the men in Washington, D. C., the ones who deal in wheat and farmers, why should they read it, they know all about farmers already. I could go on naming non-Green-Corn-Rebellion-readers, but this was intended to be a book review, not a book, and I think you have grasped the idea.

The *Green Corn Rebellion* is based upon an historical incident. In the late summer of 1917, in the state of Oklahoma, a group of disillusioned dirt-farmers united in an abortive, tragic revolution against a government which wanted them to dig trenches instead of furrows. A bunch of barnyard Don Quixotes tilting at a windmill that is to-day, in 1935, still immaculate. A bunch of dusty rubes armed with Montgomery, Ward squirrel rifles and *The Appeal to Reason*, sitting in a meadow under the stars, waiting for the word to march on Washington, waiting for the word to turn the country upside down, to see if the bottom wouldn't be just as good as the top, after all. Just a gang of corn-fed, twentieth century

*THE GREEN CORN REBELLION, by William Cunningham. (Vanguard Press) \$2

Christs who cared about people and could spout Tom Paine, but were so dumb that they didn't know that if you wanted solidarity in a hurry the dictionary was the place to look for it. And then the sheriff and the deputies and the hot-air-conditioned patriots came and some of the farmers and Negroes and Indians went home and some of them stopped bullets and the rest went proudly to the Federal penitentiary.

William Cunningham's Jim Tetley was one of these. Jim was a Socialist, in a place and at a time when a Socialist had the prestige of a Negro stevedore at a St. Cecilia cotillion. Jim wanted to be a good farmer, but the banks didn't help much; he wanted to be a good husband, but every time his sister-in-law brushed past him laughing, he felt so alive he wanted to die. Jim wanted to be a good rebel, but the rest of the United States left Oklahoma sitting in the meadow under the moon. So when life ganged up on him he let it press him down into an external pattern. That's all there is to the book, as far as the fibre is concerned. But it's enough, and plenty, when Mr. Cunningham is talking. It's enough, anyway, to give you the pattern of pathos and frustration, the score of the pastorate in descending discords which is *The Green Corn Rebellion*.

Josephine Johnson used a motif like this, last year, and got the Pulitzer prize for it. *Agricolae in extremis*. Caldwell has the same discerning ear for peasant patois. He knows his dung-heaps and dungarees, too, as well as anybody. As well as Cunningham. But Caldwell is an earthy tale told around the cracker barrel in the general store. And Josephine Johnson made muted, chamber music out of her prairie passion. This book, this *Green Corn Rebellion*, if you're not afraid to listen, is a bugle, a brass-throated bugle, blown right up next to your ear.

NEWS FROM ITALY--BY AN EXILE

MR. ARISTOTLE, by Ignazio Silone. Translated by Samuel Putnam. With an essay by Nellie Sutro. (Robert M. McBride) \$2

(Reviewed by David Cartwright)

JOHN STRACHEY tells of a friend who went to Italy to study Italian literature. She found nothing of moment that was not translated. Unpolitical though she was she had to admit that culture had died in Italy. If one doubts, he need only glance at the roster of litterateurs who bow to fascism, contained in Miss Sutro's essay.

As Strachey put it, if it was murdered in Germany, it died a slow death in the land of the black shirts. But that death was not lacking in violence as those who remember the village of Fontamara can testify. And now again in these stories Ignazio Silone, in telling of his peasants of Marsica, indirectly confirms the brutality of life under fascism and the destruction of all but revolutionary art.

Two of the five stories may be said to deal with the peasants far removed from the arena of contemporary bloodshed and despair. But for two times that Silone can speak of such provincial themes as the unhappy letter writer who laments the low state of his craft and of joy, the professional mourner, who can weep with happiness only when there is a death to be celebrated, three times he must turn to the fate of the beleaguered cafoni, who because of the heavy fascist hand, must fight to sustain themselves in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles to human happiness. It may be that Silone is a bard of his people, but the lore of the Italian peasant tends to become more and more the desolate song of the unemployed and the battle hymn of the anti-fascist.

Intertwined with the legends of the Italians are the hero myths of the banditti. To the exploited masses the bandit has

always been a symbol of christian generosity, he has been the friend who stole from the rich to aid the poor. "Simplicio", a gentle cabinet-maker, who believes in the eternal goodness of men and hopes for a socialistic world, has been involved from time remote with the fascist police because of his opinions and is a recurrent resident of the local bastille in times of crisis. But when the town hall burns, Simplicio knows that he will be charged with the crime, so he takes to the hills where he dies. During his absence from the village the peasants, pressed hard by the lowered wages for harvest work, build him into a hero personality. He becomes a sort of little Lenin from whom all good must come. To him is attributed every act of fortune, each break in the Fascist front marks the semi-divine interference of Simplicio. Though he bears the vestigial stamp of the bandit legend he is of the stuff of which proletarian leaders are made. Simplicios may die, but their courage hews the way for others who will take up the deathless anti-fascist weapons.

"The Trap" is a well-executed allegory which proves that the fascist spy amidst the village peasants must be caught just as certainly as the fox who invades the chicken yards. In his belated fury when he finds the fox in the trap, Daniel exemplifies the accelerated hatred of those who have chosen to disregard the class struggle, only to find that they have been the unwitting victims of ruling class treachery. Another peasant endures a barbaric, nightmare journey ("A Trip to Paris", first printed in *Story* magazine) in a packing-box on a Rome-to Paris baggage car just so that he may escape the eternal diet of polenta. If his en route dreams are phantasmagorical and Hans-Ewersish (Ewers is the official Nazi epitaph manufacturer for the pimp, Horst Wessel), they may be traced to the fascist hound at his heels, a hound that never lets up and whose only appetite is blood.

All of the stories testify to the suggestion frequently made that Italy's only writer of stature is a refugee who must continue to live in Switzerland, because only there he is safe from the torture cells. Though Miss Sutro claims for him a unique place in the field of letters Silone is definitely an anti-fascist writer. In this period of harsh voices when chaotic cross-currents of misinformation provide fortuitous propaganda waves on which madmen and demagogues rise to power Silone is one of that growing band of artists and writers who attain to articulation and meaning because they are sensitive to the changing relations of economic society and face the conclusiveness of the class struggle. All the rest are barren and are the recipients of Nobel prizes.

A SERIOUS CRISIS

THE PATIENT'S DILEMMA—A Public Trial of the Medical Profession, by S. A. Tannenbaum, M. D. and Paul Maerker Branden. (Coward-McCann) \$2.50

(Reviewed by R. A. Kocher, M. D.)

THE American public is becoming increasingly aware that the mounting costs of medical services, beyond the means of a large percentage of the population, has reached a serious crisis. This has been especially true since 1929 and the appearance of the report of the Wilbur Committee on *The Cost of Medical Care*. Hence such treatises as the one under review. It offers a criticism of the existing order and a remedy. *The Patient's Dilemma* could have been more accurately entitled *The Medical Racket*. As a matter of fact, the term "medical racket", or "racketeering", occurs repeatedly in the text.

This is an unfortunate book. The authors had a good thesis but its effectiveness has been nullified by exaggeration, misstatement and rancor. Nine chapters of the ten are devoted to

a vilification of the medical profession and a categorical recital of the alleged tricks, incompetence and downright dishonest practice, constituting what they assert is the prevailing standard of medical practice in the United States.

For example: "Nowadays, no physician will assume the responsibility of definitely diagnosing a heart condition—real or imaginary—without sending the patient to a heart specialist for an expensive electrocardiogram and an X-ray picture."

Again: "Most doctors give their patients the impression that there is nothing about the human body and its workings that is unknown to them." I should say that any doctor who took this attitude is a dunce and would soon be recognized as such.

Again: "The canny physician always is ready to recommend a consultation because of the pleasing prospect of sharing a fat fee with the 'big man' ". Wrong again. Fee splitting, repeatedly condemned as unethical by the medical profession, has practically died out, though there may be isolated cases, just as there are isolated quacks.

The concluding chapter opens with a summary of the findings of the Wilbur Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. This should have been given as an introductory chapter for it is sound and based on an actual statistical study. The present authors have added nothing.

The Wilbur report is followed by a discussion of two remedies. (1) Voluntary and compulsory health insurance, and (2) Socialized or state medicine. Health insurance is subjected to a rigorous criticism and dismissed as unworkable. Socialized medicine is held up as the ideal remedy which will provide adequate medical service for all who need it, adequate compensation for physicians, and elimination of all forms of medical racketeering. The authors designate their plan a *Public Health System*.

Because of the severe indictment of time-honored medical service, especially on its ethical side, this book should bring rejoicing in the camp of Christian Scientists, chiropractors and other cultists, as well as those who already hold a brief against medicine. It will not be read through by reputable medical men because of its unfairness and its untrustworthy statements of existing practices.

ALWAYS TRIUMPHANT

LAND UNDER ENGLAND, by Joseph O'Brien. (Simon & Schuster) \$2

(Reviewed by Cleve Cartmill)

STRONG individuality will always rise triumphant over mental and physical domination by the Fascist State—this is the argument advanced by Joseph O'Brien in *Land Under England*, a satire on fascism. The setting is worthy of a Jules Verne, the satire reminiscent of Anatole France's *Penguin Island*. O'Brien's writing is immature, but promising.

Under that section of England cleft by the Roman Wall lies a land inhabited by remnants of ancient Roman civilization. These beings have monstrous eyes designed for the perpetual gloom of the lower regions. Their government is pure fascism, with a small but highly intelligent Knowability, and a large docile Workability. The Upper Circle has mastered the art of thought transmission. There is no sound of laughter or speech; they communicate by mental radio.

It was tradition on the surface of that section of England that when a Julian received the Call, a Julian must go. When Julian's Pond dried up for the first time in a century, the elder Julian disappeared—into the nether regions. The younger Julian went in search of him, although God knows why—the old man was as lovable as a wax dummy.

The father allowed himself to become "absorbed", losing all mental faculties save those needed in his work for the State.

Mental fingers of the Upper Circle probed his mind and extracted all knowledge except that needed for the performance of his simple duties. He became a member of the great working class, which had also been robbed of mental awareness of every thing except its simple little jobs, such as loading boats or firing furnaces. The story is of the younger Julian's refusal to become so "absorbed", his banishment into darkness along the Central Sea, and his eventual return to the surface of Earth. He finds the man who had been his father, and their final parting is a bitter climax.

Those of us who do not insist on a love story will offer up a silent prayer of thanks as we read this book. There are no little automatons crying to each other in the darkness. It is doubtful if even the fascists will ever mechanize love.

TO CERTAIN PITFALLS

THE COMMUNIST CAMPANILE. (University of California Young Communist League, Sept. 1935, Vol. I No. 1., 121 Haight St., San Francisco) 10¢

(Reviewed by Charles Haydn)

IN HIS annual "Welcome Freshmen" speech in the Hearst Greek Theatre in Berkeley, Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul, U. C. president, introduced the class of 1935 to certain pitfalls which lie in their path. The first third of his speech confined itself to the usual pleasant hospitalities. The rest sounded the keynote of his campaign to make 1935-36 a hard one for campus radicals and non-conformists, culminating in a tirade against the "egocentric psychopaths" who with leaflet and oration make night and day horrible in the vicinity of Sather Gate.

Dr. Sproul has been answered by the extreme left wing of the student body in the first number of *The Communist Campanile*. With careful marshaling of fact these student communists expose in their mimeographed periodical the tie-up between Dr. Sproul and his board of regents who include Messrs. Fleishhacker, Crocker, Neylan and other dignitaries of the business and banking worlds.

The magazine presents to California students some aspects of modern society they are not likely to glean from reading the daily papers only. Vital topics—the Labor Party, the waterfront situation, the Ethiopian crisis and the basic causes of modern imperialist war are discussed with knowledge and dispassionate approach.

MOTHERS ARE RESPONSIBLE

DWELL IN THE WILDERNESS, by Alvah C. Bessie. (Covici, Friede) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Dorothea Castelhun)

BIOGRAPHY is to many people the most fascinating form of literature. And what is the story of a family but a group of biographies? *Dwell in the Wilderness* is the history of the Morris family—Eben and Amelia, and their four children. It covers a period of years stretching from 1876 to 1925, much of it told in great detail and in a leisurely and wordy fashion.

The story begins just before the marriage of Eben and Amelia. As the book goes on you get the impression that it began there mainly for the purpose of showing that the blame for Amelia's warped character, which caused her to become the disintegrating factor instead of the binding tie holding her children in a normal family group, lay in the morbid, hysterical horror of man's "bestiality" instilled in her by her own

mother when she was just a young girl.

Mr. Bessie gives you the impression that he is not being quite fair and impartial in his presentation of his various characters. Obviously, he is more interested in the feminine sex. More than half the book is devoted to the story of the daughter, Martha, through her rather drab girlhood, through an unsuccessful marriage, a disillusioning love for her cousin, leaving her finally crushed and spiritless in a dreary basement in Greenwich Village. Just how her mother, Amelia, is responsible for Martha's failure in life is not entirely clear, yet everything—from Eben's gradual downward path as he goes from one sordid job to another, always hopeful, gentle but weak, to Roger's drinking and the youngest son's homosexuality—in some mysterious fashion, all owe their origin to Amelia's wrong start in life.

There seems no doubt in the author's mind that the mother of a family is responsible to an appalling degree for the moral and spiritual success of her children. Not only Amelia, but her cousin Marion Fisher, is shown in this light. When her son, Warren Fisher, tells Martha the story of his life and confesses his unnatural love for her brother, one of his remarks might well be taken as the text for this book: "It's largely my mother's fault, I suppose . . ."

CORRESPONDENCE

ROWELL "GRIPES" HIM

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Sir:

Many things in our "existing order" combine to push my disposition out of plumb every A. M. before breakfast, but the most consistent of all is the editorials of Chester Rowell in the "liberal" S. F. Chronicle. He gripes me!

With that aggravating style that strains so hard to simulate deep sincerity and fairness he continually rings in sly words to the effect that in "Germany and Russia and to a lesser extent in Italy, the education of the young consists merely of what the rulers of the country wish to be taught." He doesn't enlarge, qualify or explain the statement. No differentiation is made between the objective ends of such education as in Russia tends toward Socialism; in Germany towards Paganism and starvation; and in Italy towards plain starvation.

Couldn't you point out the fact that in the land of milk and honey—the land of the free, the brave and the dumb—we have identical conditions? Does not our educational system glorify the economic system of Capitalism? Does any school, college, or university teach Socialism in America? Isn't that the system decreed as "safe" for our consumption? Isn't there a yellow journalist that is screaming to high heaven about the teaching—or indoctrination—of Socialism in American schools?

But why go on? You understand how I feel about it.

Here's a few hot ones that you might use also:

"THREE CHEERS FOR CAPITALISM" declares Relief Head Hopkins; "Our only hope for security is espousal of the Capitalistic System. Americans have reached the point where they believe everyone in the U. S. shall have a minimum standard of living."

I don't know how the average American feels but we're all certain that Harry Hopkins wants to foist that minimum standard of living upon the whole nation.

"SOUNDER FARMING INDUSTRY" says the S. F. Chronicle.

"California agriculture has written off capital losses to the tune of a billion dollars since 1929."

And that's the system beloved by the bankers, the Chamber of Commerce and the "better-minds" in general—but why the crowing about the losses taken by the poor farmer, the small depositor and

the farm laborer? And then again; why the farmer aligns himself with the common enemy is one for the book!

The Palace Hotel, San Francisco, has engaged an efficiency engineer to survey the joint with an eye to cutting the staff by 50 per cent. Besides there has been a general wage cut there. And yet, naive political economists prattle plaintively with a total lack of understanding as to what makes the relief rolls grow bigger in the face of a speculative rising price level! Wonder if they are members of the Fair Play League?

Burlingame, California

R. H. Jamieson

MORE ON CR STRIKE

Editor, Pacific Weekly,

Dear Sir:

Those of your readers and staff who are subscribers to Consumers' Research have received from the corporation a long statement explaining the strike at Washington, N. J., as a vicious plot of thieves, thugs, Communists and big business men, all working together to destroy Consumers' Research. Among the other false statements in this bulletin is the assertion that the strikers refuse to arbitrate. The truth is that the union has agreed to arbitrate but the president, Mr. Schlink, has evidently made a statement to a Herald Tribune reporter, to the effect that it is too late to arbitrate. Mr. Schlink has not granted the courtesy of a reply to a letter sent to him over the signatures of eight prominent persons, offering arbitration.

The group which made this offer over a week ago includes Dorothy Kenyon, attorney; Professor Colston Warne of Amherst College; Mr. Paul Blanshard, Commissioner of Accounts of the City of New York; Rev. Herman Reissig, pastor of the Kings Highway Congregational Church.

Mr. Schlink has said that subscribers shall be the final judges in the case. He has presented the Board's side of the story to them, as outlined in the first paragraph of this letter. The Union has not been able to give its side—which differs considerably—because the Union has no means of communicating directly with the 55,000 subscribers. It is earnestly requested that subscribers send a post card to the New York Strike Aid Committee, 41 East 20th Street, New York City, and ask for a statement of the Union's case.

Two other helpful things can be done. Letters of protest against the union-smashing tactics used by this presumably liberal organization should be directed to Frederick J. Schlink, president of Consumers' Research, at Washington, N. J.; also monetary contributions in support of the Strike Fund, may be sent to the Strike Aid Committee, 41 East 20th Street, New York. The strikers' low wage scale made it impossible for the Union to accumulate any surplus to take care of a strike. At present, the strikers are being fed, and even clothed, by residents of Washington, N. J., and neighboring counties. Money is needed urgently and all contributions, however small, will be put to good use.

Very truly yours,

Arthur Kallet

Sept. 29.

Strike Aid Committee of Consumers' Research

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

LANGSTON HUGHES. See "They Tell Me—" Page III

JOHN WOODBURN. See "They Tell Me—" Page III

EMERSON EVANS writes: "One of my ancestors, William Whipple, affixed his signature to the first American Declaration of Independence: it would be a rare honor to sign the next one." Mr. Evans has had articles and drawings in *The New Talent*, *New Masses*, and others.

MARION RAY is the pen name, used for obvious reasons, of a San Francisco school teacher.

ROBERT WHITAKER is the pastor of a church in Los Gatos, California.

GEORGE HANLIN is a free lance newspaper writer.

BRENA MORRIS was formerly research secretary at the New School of Social Research, N. Y. C.

"THEY TELL ME---"

LANGSTON HUGHES, poet, playwright, novelist and short story writer who lived in Carmel last year, is clicking in a big way in the East. His play, "Mulatto", opened on Broadway at the Vanderbilt Theater on October 21. If successful, a company will take it to England. Rose McClendon, Negro actress, is starring in it. Hughes won a Guggenheim Fellowship this year; has been lecturing to audiences of 4,000 in Minneapolis and St. Paul, broadcasting, and writing articles and short stories for "Esquire", "Partisan Review", "New Theater", "New Masses", "Scribner's" and PACIFIC WEEKLY. His Mexican and Cuban translations of revolutionary short stories are much sought after.

This year on his return from six months in Mexico, Hughes wrote a children's book in collaboration with Arna Bontemps (with whom he also wrote "Popo and Fifina") and a play in collaboration with Ella Winter.

JOHN WOODBURN, recently of the "New Yorker's" Talk of the Town Department, is contemplating shipping out again. He seeks a star to steer his ship by. He worked in an Australian galley for 51 days and returned to San Francisco to look for work but couldn't find any. He is, however, covering his "Open Assignments", doing book reviews for PACIFIC WEEKLY, and occasionally writing an article like "Elsie and the Hops" which elicited a great deal of comment. He attends the writing classes conducted by Clarkson Crane in San Francisco which are becoming the rage. Many otherwise inarticulate people, workers, artisans, clerks, housekeepers, bring their writings and read them. People are beginning to discover their latent abilities.

Clarkson Crane wrote "The Western Shore", published by Harcourt Brace in 1924, a novel considered by many eminent critics the best yet to come out of the West. Crane has completed several other novels since but has not yet published them.

PUBLISHERS FROM the East are dropping in on the West at a complimentary rate; they seem to believe there is Someone Who Can Write out here. Anyway they are going to miss no chances. Hollywood has offered them less than they expected. San Francisco, more. Bennett Cerf of Random House came last week a-visiting, on leave from his honeymoon with Sylvia Sidney, charming screen actress.

She is making "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" in Southern California, the first outdoor picture in color. Cerf visited Tillie Lerner in Venice who is doing her first novel for him; Robinson Jeffers in Carmel, whose new book of poems "Solstice", has just appeared; and William Saroyan in San Francisco. Saroyan recently returned from a trip to Russia. The ms of his second book, a long novel, reached Cerf as he was leaving New York; it contained a characteristic accompanying letter: "Tell the Book-of-the-Month Club they needn't worry about their February choice; this is it."

CHESTER A. ARTHUR III, grandson of President Arthur, came through Carmel with his new mate, former wife of John Strachey, English communist writer. Arthur, formerly editor of "Dune Forum", who went East with the Utopian Society, has severed his connection with that organization as has also Dunham Thorp, his associate editor on "Dune Forum".

Mrs. Arthur is a brilliant woman who holds any party breathless and spellbound as witticisms—with real insight and political acumen—pour from her lips. "Mr. Roosevelt?" she says, "Mr. Roosevelt sometimes confuses the Pulse of the Nation with the throb of Vincent Astor's yacht . . ." "John Strachey?" she says, "A brilliant mind, and knows how to use it." Strachey's conservative mother, wife of the editor of the blue-blood, conservative, English "Spectator", cabled when John was to be deported, "Are you arriving home ahead of your original date?" This was her only concession to the doings of Mr. William Randolph Hearst and the American Legion.

MYRON BRINIG has returned to San Francisco from Santa Fé where he spent some time on a ranch this summer. His new book, "The Sun Sets in the West", is just out. Brinig says he can write better in a big city than in a village like Taos or Carmel, where the very colorful people occupy too much of one's time and attention and dramatic appreciation. In Taos there is always some new story from the Big House (Mabel Luhan's) to talk over at the tea-tables; in Carmel there are cocktail parties and the surf and the sun and the Big Sur. Brinig is a very industrious writer: his other novels include "Singermann", "This Man is My Brother", "Out of Life" and "The Flutter of an Eyelid".

—ELLA WINTER

Mabel Dodge Luhan

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