

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION



NOVEMBER 18, 1935

THE DOLLAR BOYS AT SEA

HOW THE GOVERNMENT KEEPS
THE SHIPOWNERS FROM STARVING

BY HARRY CONOVER

SHORT STORY BY ELSA GIDLOW

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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A Western Journal of Fact and Opinion

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CONTENTS

Notes and Comment	229
Lincoln Steffens' Column	231
An American Institution, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood	232
The Dollar Boys at Sea, by Harry Conover	233
The Rich Suffer More, by Elsa Gidlow	235
Political Prisoners, by Beatrice Kinhead	237
The Theater	
Those Antic Muscovites, by Winthrop Rutlege	237
Hope Chest, verse by Janice Brooke	238
To the Liberals—An Explanation, by Michael Quin	238
Books	
A Poet on a Man of Action, by Lincoln Steffens	239
Reviews by Leslie T. White, Dorothea Castelhun,	
Cleve Cartmill and Alan Campbell	239
"They Tell Me—" by Ella Winter	III
Our Contributors	III

NOTES AND COMMENT

A PROPHECY?

LAST week Louise Todd was given 1 to 14 years in Tehachapi and denied probation although she is very ill with heart trouble. Her "crime" was allegedly stating she had, when she had not, witnessed every signature to the petitions to put the Communist Party on the ballot. Anita Whitney comes up for trial on the same charge later this month.

The San Francisco *Call-Bulletin* headlined this conviction: **GIRL RED GETS 14 YEARS.** Has the *Call-Bulletin* usurped the functions of the Prison Board?

A BIT OFF-SIDE

THE current controversy between waterfront employers and marine workers (in Hearst language "focal point of coast waterfront strife") hinges around the employers' desire to blacklist individual longshoremen who won't work hot cargo in spite of Judge Sloss's ruling that they can't do it. In looking about for legal ways and means to avoid carrying out the ruling they hit on the idea that they would get the Labor Relations to determine penalties for longshoremen. A member of the I. L. A. writes us:

The following is a quotation from the arbitration Award under which we are operating: The duties of the Labor Relations Committee shall be Sec 10 (c) "To investigate and adjudicate all grievances and disputes relating to working conditions".

The Labor Relations Committee consists of three Longshoremen and three representatives from the employers.

The employers are determined to break the present independent spirit of the men on the waterfront and insist that the Joint Committee do something about the whole matter. In connection with this they have submitted a list of penalties to be invoked on the men who "kick over the traces", such as telling the boss to go to hell etc. In other words the employers insist that Long-

shoremen who, according to the employers' point of view, violate the Award, must be punished, and the Joint Labor Relations Committee is to be the "Supreme Court".

They are particularly anxious to have these penalties established and enforced so that men who refuse to handle Hot Cargo can be barred from the waterfront entirely. Of course, the union has not agreed, but has informed the employers that the union itself will take care of any of its members who do not perform their work properly, are drunk on the job or smoke on the docks or in the ship's hold. The employers will submit their proposals regarding penalties to Judge Sloss this week; he is to decide whether or not the Labor Relations Committee has the power or right to judge the men and penalize them. The union, however, has informed the employers that they will not arbitrate this matter, but the shippers are going ahead nevertheless.

As we go to press 80 delegates, representing more than 35,000 longshoremen and marine workers are convening in San Francisco. Results of the convention will be reported next week.

A GOOD SUMMARY

MEANWHILE progress of labor organization of the waterfront was nicely summed up by Mr. Gregory Harrison, counsel for the Waterfront Employers' Union at a meeting of the Pacific Traffic Association at the Palace Hotel. We quote his speech:

"Once having established control, the radical leadership (of the waterfront unions) instituted its interminable series of 'quickie' strikes to enforce demands.

"Companies are always attacked singly. This is a form of guerrilla warfare difficult to resist. Whenever such a situation has become so acute that there is danger of the conditions becoming general, the dominating group has found means to discontinue their struggle temporarily.

"Tactics of the longshoremen have been followed religiously by the maritime unions. The seamen, in particular, have followed their lead in employing the quickie strike or job action in an attempt to enforce their demands.

"In an attempt to consolidate all the maritime and longshore crafts, the radical leaders formed the Maritime Federation of the Pacific. Since May, the Federation has been the principal agency and weapon of the dominating radical group.

"The progress of this new radical force in labor circles on the Pacific coast during the past two years is amazing. The threat it entails to all industries of the Pacific coast needs no description."

TOO GOOD A WRITER

JOE NORTH rode on down to Georgia with Angelo Herndon and they set up talking all the way. (Negroes can't get a berth after the Mason-Dixon line.) North wrote about

the ride in last week's *New Masses* and it's almost too bad North can write. His simple record of the trip, without synthetic color, makes a reader mad; mad at injustice and mad as hell that Angelo Herndon is being buried in the Georgia chain gang. Such accounts inspire a reader at least to write letters of protest. North is becoming a pest. Now he writes an interview with Governor Eugene Talmadge in the *Daily Worker*. This means more people will be incensed about Herndon and the chain gangs, and the governor in the South, who thinks Hitler is fine and who still believes in putting prisoners in stocks "until their contrariness is over" and who thinks wife-beating as a crime depends on how hard you hit her. Of course, North writes in the "red" press, but maybe they'd better not print any more of his stuff because liberals, famous ones even, occasionally see these publications and get all sore and riled and write letters to the other press and—why, a whole lot of people might get good and mad about Herndon—this Negro who, like Abraham Lincoln, wanted to free the slaves—and get him off the Georgia chain gang.

CARRIES THE POINT

HERE'S part of a special dispatch to the *New York Times* which the *Times* prints in its November 7 issue:

READING, Pa., Nov. 6.—Polling nearly 21,000 votes, almost exactly as many as his older parties' rival candidates combined, J. Henry Stump, Socialist former Mayor, was declared elected Mayor today for a four-year term. With him will go into office Socialists named to every important City Hall and School Board seat on the November ballot, Republicans and Democrats failing to capture a single seat.

Public debt issues, "Americanism", public schools, industrial troubles and alleged Communist ties failed to defeat Mr. Stump, who has been a Socialist leader here for thirty years.

We re-print only a third of the entire story as it appeared in the *Times*. It is enough to carry its point—a good and satisfying point in these times.

MR. BARRETT WILL HELP

POSTAL MEN HIT AT REDS

New York, Nov. 10—(US)—If the Federal Government wants to rid the postal service of the activity of Communists, it will have the fullest co-operation of the Postal Workers of America, according to Samuel J. Erlichman, national president of that organization.

AND that's all. Wondering what that's all about we glanced through the *Daily Worker* and found out. It appears that post office workers are learning the value of organization, of unions, of militant leaders. That's what Mr. Erlichman is so burned up about. Seems that the United National Association of Post Office Clerks got tired of the reactionary policies of the leadership and its consistent refusal to develop militant struggles around the grievances of the workers. The mass of workers not only got tired of it but they started to do something about it: they started a campaign against these conditions.

Immediately, having nothing else to say, John J. Barrett,

national president of the U. N. A. P. O. C. (he's backed by the Hearst press), raises the "red" cry and begs the unions to beware of "red-eyed demons", and be stool-pigeons. Barrett is following up the red scare deliberately raised by the Post Office Department but is finding himself confronted with a mass of men who persistently demand organized, militant unity. The U. N. A. P. O. C. is an independent union of postal clerks with a president who indulges in vicious attacks on the A. F. of L. The National Federation of Post Office Clerks (A. F. of L.) is one of the largest unions in the Postal service, with a membership of 45,000 and wields most influence because of its strength.

The same old red herring has been dragged out along with the reign of terror instituted by the Department because the Postal workers have begun to fight collectively against unbearable sweatshop conditions. With the flimsiest of excuses, frame-ups and intimidations have been unleashed in the New York Post Office. The reactionary leadership of the Postal Unions, such as Mr. Barrett, instead of combating this anti-labor activity of the Department and the Government, are assisting the Department's Red Scare Drive. The membership's answer to this is to turn a deaf ear to the Red Scare and to organize more strongly and to fight harder for the immediate improvement of their working conditions.

You and Johnny Barrett, Mr. Hearst, are finding your jobs tougher and tougher, aren't you?

SOME ACTUALITIES

IF THERE is anything more absurd than a little of Hearst it is a lot of him. Somebody, lacking entirely a sense of humor, has caused to be published in pamphlet form a number of Mr. Hearst's editorials on "Communism and Fascism, Government and Business and Excessive Taxation". The thing bears no identification mark as to its publication source, but we have been told that it is being circulated in California by the Juvenile Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco. It is easy to believe this, but that phase of the matter is unimportant.

We note in one of the re-printed editorials of Mr. Hearst, this statement:

What young people and old people, too, ought to know today is the actualities of Communism—the practical, or rather the impractical, operation of it; the hideous failure of it—the fact that it has been tried a thousand times in the history of the human race and has always been a failure.

These actualities of Communism the Hearst papers are presenting continually to their readers.

These actualities are damning, and by them Communism is doomed.

Communism is only adaptable to a primitive and impoverished community, and it can be counted upon to keep the community primitive and impoverished.

Now, we don't know at first hand the actualities of Communism as shown, for instance, in the recent history of Soviet Russia, an admitted and authoritative testing ground of Communism. But we are willing to accept with considerably more credence the statements of Mr. Walter Duranty, for fourteen years a foreign correspondent in Soviet Russia, as against the vacuous mouthings of Hearst. Last Monday morning the Associated Press, which Hearst doesn't own and

has as yet been unable to control, carried the following dispatch out of New York:

New York, Nov. 3 (AP)—Walter Duranty, for 14 years a foreign correspondent in Russia, predicts the Soviet republic is "just beginning to exercise its tremendous potentialities", in his new book, "I Write as I Please", to be published tomorrow.

"According to Soviet law a man 'comes of age' at 18, and this is the eighteenth year of new Russia's existence," he writes.

"The 14 years which I have seen have been a time of growth and construction, a sort of larval period from which the adult creature is only just emerging.

"The U. S. S. R. is now economically and financially independent; it has vast territory and resources, which it is learning to develop and use.

"In short, the U. S. S. R. has recovered the position, lost by the Tsarist empire in 1917 of one of the great world powers. This progress . . . has been paralleled by a remarkable advance of the Soviet leaders in knowledge and wisdom."

And even a Legionnaire will concede, if he drives himself to think, that Mr. Duranty forgets more every night about what is actually going on in the world than William Randolph Hearst will ever know.

A HEARST IDEA

THE Hearst campaign to put professional women now registered on SERA into domestic service has caught the ear of Uncle Sam. The two journalistic sibyls, Annie Laurie of the Great and Tender Heart and Elsie "I Wanted Out" Robinson, have won their crusade to make unemployed teachers, chemists, biologists and writers self-respecting with \$3 a month and "a good home".

Every woman on SERA, be she 16 or 60, must now fill out a questionnaire detailing her "attitude toward domestic service".

This document is built on the assumption that any woman of 30 or 35 who is professionally trained, and therefore has spent most of her time since 16 either in school or working at her job, can also serve satisfactorily as a housekeeper.

"Oh, any woman can do that job," said the Social Worker glibly as she set out to sell the idea. "Anyway housewives won't mind training a college woman. She would learn quickly and the advantage of having such a person for her companionship and her refined influence on the children would be such an asset. A maid with an education might also act as a tutor."

About the domestic workers registered on SERA and the women already engaged in that work, the S. W. was frank. "Well, employers would simply prefer the higher type and educated women would be much easier to place in these times."

With one crusade in the interest of the morale of the nation so successfully behind them, we may expect Elsie and Annie of the Great Heart to go on to another. Why not open the Red Light district of the old days so that there will be cribs to put the domestic workers in. Clear the relief rolls; let the nation return to normalcy. Very soon Mr. Hearst, free of the harassments of heavy tax, should be able to carry on again at San Simeon in full sybaritic splendor.

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

ELECTION NEWS is good; shows the Grand Old Republicans to be on the way back. Revolutionists should suppress their joy.

THE JAPANESE have taken another step toward domination in China. We hardly notice it, because the main war is in Africa.

WALTER DURANTY, that triumphant alien, the Englishman who reported Soviet Russia for the American New York Times and made that Tory organ and its readers like it—the Times readers, the Communists and the Soviet Russians—he has got out another book, entitled *I Write As I Please*, which every reporter and every editor and publisher should read and ponder. It tells how he did the impossible; how he told the capitalist world what cannot be published. Not here. He did it, in brief, by first getting onto himself. Suspecting that he had preconceptions that blocked his comprehension of the communist state and culture he dug up and cast out those obstacles and he found that he could see it. He didn't have to accept; he only had to understand and so report it all. But he did that. He sat around with journalists who couldn't do it. I, too, have sat around in Moscow and heard these great correspondents fail to "get" it and I can tell you why they failed; and why the others fail: they did not, they do not try. And their papers do not want them to try. Duranty put it over on the New York Times, and on himself, that there is something new under the sun in Asia, and he got it. He says, writing as he pleases:

"The U. S. S. R. has recovered the position lost by the Tsarist Empire in 1917 as one of the great world powers. This progress has been paralleled by a remarkable advance of the Soviet leaders in knowledge and wisdom: Am I wrong in believing that Stalin is the greatest living statesman and that Litvinov is the ablest foreign minister?"

That's doing it; that's doing or saying the impossible; and in the New York Times. And I am reporting that American

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readers, and editors, and publishers, and the schools of journalism, can find in this book how it can be done, to the everlasting good of history and the news. Not only in Russia. There is something new under the sun on the waterfront of San Francisco and the papers and the readers of the papers are missing it—unnecessarily. As this brilliant alien British reporter is a-telling us. Ask Harry Bridges to read Walter Duranty and explain.

AN ASTRONOMICAL REPORTER says that the moon will be flying to pieces some of these days and furnishing us perpetual moonlight. Not right away. The man is speaking astronomically, not commercially. There's more time ahead than behind us and there's millions of years behind us. We keep forgetting that.

THE HOLDING COMPANY act with which the Roosevelt government proposed to reorganize the utility business is ruled invalid "in its entirety" by a federal court. These utility businesses were at the bottom of all the grafts, corruption and misgovernment I ever muckraked and my conclusion was and is that we shall not achieve good government till the utilities are dealt with. They lie at the foundation of our civilization. I think nothing less than a revolution will dislodge them. Most men, I find, are sure it can be done gradually, within the law and the constitution, and the President is one of this majority. He has been balked before. Now comes this sensational decision to tell him again that he is wrong; that nothing but a revolution will serve his just end, and ours. Reform, even changes of the constitution, won't do it, and these great Privileges will not let the constitution be altered; that's where the termites, like John W. Davis, get in and bore, and bore, and bore.

The news to watch for is in the answer to the question: what will he do, this unrevolutionary President whom the dumb voters are beginning to go back on with the public utilities bugs leading. Why not run John W. Davis again for President? He's a Democrat, though he looks and thinks like a Republican, and both are better than either.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS, a quiet, modest writer on the New York Times, wrote a review of Harold Nicholson's life of Dwight Morrow. Thomas W. Lamont, in a letter, reviewed that review, objecting to Mr. Duffus' objection to Mr. Nicholson's portrayal of the House of Morgan as a highly benevolent institution actuated by love of humanity and rendering inestimable services to the allies—and therefore, incidentally, to the United States in the great world war. Mr. Duffus had written of "the manner in which our financiers actually made us an ally of the Allies while we were still officially neutral". I am quoting from a quiet, modest article in *The Nation* by Oswald Garrison Villard answering his friend Lamont and backing up Robert L. Duffus to the hilt and beyond. And he draws a moral for bankers' neutrality in the next war. Better drop all that to writers one can call "red"; these controversialists are all well out of the red, but gifted with power and facts.

THE CALIFORNIA Board of Regents is straining to a split over a proposition of Neylan to set up a chair of "Americanism". I wish they'd hang together and let me give the course. Or don't I know enough about America? Or know it right? I certainly have studied it hard and wide and deep, and done a thesis that some students say is instructive.

AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION

I AM a contributor to the Civil Liberties Union. I am even now answering an appeal for further support, and I shall give it, because I think the Civil Liberties Union is the most loyal, patriotic and American institution we have to-day.

I believe the people who assail this Civil Liberties Union are as honest in their convictions as I am in mine, but I believe they are misled. I think the schools and colleges of the country did not deal fairly with them when they were growing up, and it has become the general rule that our people are utterly ignorant of the fundamental principles on which and in which this republic was founded. For example, if they know George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and all those others who founded this country were rebels against the existing, organized, lawful government, they only know that as empty words, and they never bring those conditions down to the present day. If they know all the founders of this republic were traitors against the duly organized government and were advocating its change by force, if necessary, and they would have been hung or shot if captured, they never have been taught to think why these men took their lives in their hands—why they would have been shot—why the British government would have been justified in hanging the fathers of this country.

Any teacher or editor competent to teach the history of this republic and free to do so, would show his or her pupils that the contest between the "Mother" country and the colonies was a contest between a duly organized and established government, and a group of rebels advocating freedom and evolutionary growth toward freedom and equality, and this contest became a bloody revolution because the organized forces of government denied free speech—free press—free assemblage—made unjust arrests with trials before judges who were the creatures of the government, and shot down the rebels. Out of these denials and repressions this republic was born. The first pronouncement of the agitators, radicals and rebels was the Declaration of Independence, and in full justification of their rebellion these outlaws wrote that when a government did not suit the people and promote their happiness they had the right "to alter or abolish it". Now, they did not mean by the people any upper class which had grown into an aristocracy and is always satisfied—they meant the whole people.

There are only two ways to alter or abolish an existing system of government—by discussion—the fullest and freest of free speech—free press—free assemblage—or by force. The suppression by force of free opinion, free discussion and assembly, inevitably leads to answering force and bloody revolution: And thus the United States was born.

Thomas Jefferson who wrote the Declaration—over and over again—emphasized that free speech, free press, free assemblage, were the gateways for peaceable evolution and the safety valves for blowing off steam; and he said that speech by permission or on any condition whatever was not free speech—so said every president from Washington to Lincoln. Washington said government, like fire, was a useful servant, but a fearful master, and must be controlled.

Do we have these free rights to-day? We do not. The Constitution is as dead as the men who made it. No speech can be made except by permission of the police and the governing class which controls the police. No assemblage can

be had except by permission and at any moment the police can turn a peaceable assemblage into a "riot" and call in guns and bombs. In California the Criminal Syndicalism Law makes even an *opinion* criminal and punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary. Peaceable evolution is impossible—we are treading the same path that led Charles I and Louis XVI to the scaffold. It is always a comfortable ruling class, jealous of their powers and privileges, that brings on a bloody revolution—never the common people, though kings and oligarchies have always had their supporters among the comfortable middle class and the comfortably subsidized clergy.

The men who wrote the Constitution were graduates from the college of Civil War—for freedom. They never expected it to become a sacred mummy—but wanted it to be elastic and changeable, to meet changed conditions. Above all, they expected free speech to be really free—free press to be really free—free assemblage to be really free—so long as peaceable and confined to expressions of opinion. In the spirit of the Constitution a man has as much right to speak or write on Communism as on Republicanism—as much right to discuss strikes as to discuss slavery—as much right to assemble peaceably to discuss grievances as to go to church—and all without censorship—control—or punishment. Jefferson said words were air and were to be as uncontrolled as air; it is acts

and facts that are punishable according to the damage they do.

It would be well for the present day upstart "defenders" of the Constitution if they learned something about the Constitution and remembered the words of Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court that the constitutional protection to freedom was not only for the opinions we approved but for the opinions we loathed.

The Civil Liberties Union is an institution after the heart of Jefferson, Washington, Lincoln and all the "patriots". It tries to support the Constitution and to protect the victims of tyranny. For example: the Angelo Herndon case. Herndon is a Negro who was tried under an old before-the-civil-war statute of Georgia intended to punish those who taught slaves to read or write, or who incited the slaves to insurrection. His offense was that he tried to organize a Labor Union among Negroes in Georgia. His sentence is twenty-one years at hard labor in the chain-gang. Now, I want those who believe this is the Republic of Freedom, Justice and Civilization, to say whether the Civil Liberties Union is right or wrong in seeking to give aid to Herndon? I shall contribute to this defence. And I want the people bitter about the Civil Liberties Union to say what they know about it anyhow. I think they take their views from the crack of the modern slave-driver's whip.

—CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD



THE DOLLAR BOYS AT SEA

BY HARRY CONOVER

ONE of the most damning indictments of finance capital in this country as it has operated in the shipping industry has just been issued by the Federal Government. It is the report of the Senate Committee Investigation of Air Mail and Ocean Mail Contracts which was authorized to inquire into the results of marine subsidization from 1920 to the present.

It will be recalled that shortly after the World War a tremendous campaign was waged by the press to put our Merchant fleet into private hands so that with private initiative we might restore our primacy on the seas. To aid the struggling shipping companies, the Federal Government paid out-right subsidies under the terms of the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 the sum total of \$5,188,012.66. How much more has been given to the private companies under the continuing Act of 1928 is difficult to estimate, due to the absence of truly competitive bidding which the Act had called for. But, the Senate Committee records, by the classification of vessels on the basis of speed without regard to tonnage, the Government, prior to January 1, 1935, has made unjustified appropriations not less than \$15,429,658.50 and if the present contracts are continued and the minimum number of contract voyages made it will cost the Government

in the future an additional sum of not less than \$28,926,277.50.

What were the purposes of these appropriations and subsidies? The Act of 1920 declared them to be: 1, to ensure regular and speedy transportation of American goods at reasonable costs; 2, to make available an efficient and sufficient fleet of potential naval auxiliaries, manned by American citizens; and 3, to give steady employment to American workmen. How successful in obtaining these aims have the Government subsidies been? At the present time, after fifteen years of subsidy, our Merchant Fleet is for the most part composed of 10-knot ships, which are thoroughly deficient if considered as potential naval auxiliaries. Although the United States ranks third in tonnage engaged in the international carrying trade, it ranks fourth as to speed, and last among the principal maritime countries in regard to the age of its ships. Great Britain's combination passenger and cargo tonnage in vessels of 2,000 tons and over, under 10 years of age, approximately trebles the like tonnage of this country. Within the past ten years we have built fewer modern cargo vessels of 2,000 tons and over than any other country with pretensions to maritime standing—Spain alone excepted. Great Britain has 735 such modern cargo vessels, Japan has

74, and little Norway, within the last ten years, has built 130, while the United States has built only nine such ships.

Have the subsidies improved the conditions of the seamen? The Committee replies that in many instances the proper wage scale has been cut and the money which was transmitted to mail contractors in trust for American seamen has been diverted by the contractors to their own private profits in the form of exorbitant salaries and unearned bonuses. "The rate of pay of American seamen is generally higher than that paid by foreign nations, but in view of the many benefits provided for foreign seamen, which are not received by American seamen, it is doubtful if the actual compensation received by the American seaman is greater than that received abroad."

Where then has the money from the Government gone? To answer this question we must first make clear the conditions under which our merchant fleet is operated. In the first place, it cannot be fairly described as "privately owned." When all mail contractors are considered it is found that the Government has "invested" by loans and ship-sale mortgages on contractors' vessels 1.39 times the stockholders' interest in their companies. This investment by the Government excludes more than \$120,000,000 so-called "mail-pay" and a similar expenditure under the Managing Operator Agreements, which Government money is responsible for the major portion of the operators' present capital. Not only that, but Government liens on certain vessels amount to 60 per cent of the fair value of the whole fleet. This estimate of the Government's investment excludes \$451,201,354.48 excess war-time construction cost over book value and it also excludes \$23,561,229.90 which represents the difference between the unrestricted value of the ships and their value in the restricted trades for which they were sold.

At the close of the War the United States had a fleet, afloat and under construction, of more than 2,000 sea-going vessels, acquired at an approximate cost of \$3,000,000,000. Most of these ships have now been disposed of. Two hundred and twenty of them are used in mail-contract service. These 220 ships originally cost the United States \$516,174,249.48. They were sold for \$41,411,665.10. A few of these sales were cash transactions and the remainder were sold on terms of 25 per cent down and the balance payable over a long period of years. The purchase price of these vessels was \$23,561,229.90 less than their book value when sold. This book value was the value of the ships as appraised in 1923, less normal depreciation to the dates of the sales.

Pending disposition of the Government-owned fleet, there came into being the Managing Operator Agreements. Under this plan the Government paid all voyage expenses and also paid to the managing operator a fixed percentage of the gross voyage revenue. Since cost was no item to the managing operator, it became the custom for him to handle cargo regardless of the voyage expense and simply to take a cut out of the revenue thus obtained. Under these conditions the Government incurred heavy losses, but the policy was not changed before the patriotic Dollar interests, who employ more than 50 per cent non-American seamen, had gotten into the racket.

The operation of the Admiral Oriental Line by the Dollars is illustrative. The United States Shipping Board in 1921 constructed and paid for new ships to provide mail service to the Orient. A year later, on November 2, 1922, the privately owned Admiral Oriental Line began operating these ships under a managing-operator agreement with the Government. This Admiral Line was organized by the Dollar interests with

a cash capital on October 2, 1922, of \$500 and with notes given for capital stock in the amount of \$499,500. In three years and five months the company realized in net profits from its operation of Government-owned vessels on this route the sum of \$533,713.96 and also earned profits in the amount of \$463,682.01 from operations largely made possible by the existence of its managing-operator agreement. In the same period, the notes given for capital stock were wholly retired by dividends from earnings. Subsequently, without investing a dollar in addition to the original \$500, this company bought the line and certain ships from the Government and has earned net profits of \$4,106,590.46. In addition, profits of \$2,127,653.30 have been made from sources related to the operations of the vessels. On an original investment of \$500 cash, the Admiral Oriental Line has managed in the period 1922-1934 to make net profits of \$6,767,957.72!

The extent of the income which individuals in control of the Dollar Lines receive is not entirely told by the amount of profits made by the company directly. Through the media of subsidiaries and affiliates, the proceeds of postal contracts are "piped out" to the individuals dominating the operating companies. Consider the Pacific Lighterage Corporation. This is a stevedoring company which derives the major portion of its revenues from stevedoring for the subsidized Dollar Steamship Lines and the American Mail Line. The American Mail Line is 100% owned by the Admiral Oriental Line, which is controlled by the Dollars and their associates. As of December 31, 1932, the physical assets of the Pacific Lighterage Corporation were carried on the books at \$9,916.80, and its capital stock consisted of 50,000 shares. Of these 50,000 shares, R. Stanley Dollar and J. Harold Dollar jointly owned 13,000 shares; J. Harold Dollar singly owned 5,000 shares; A. F. Haines, vice president of the Admiral Oriental Line and vice president of the American Mail Line, 9,990; and Estand, Inc., which is 100 per cent owned by Esther J. Dollar, wife of Stanley Dollar, 20,000 shares.

From 1929 to 1933 inclusive, this \$10,000 lighterage company, after paying relatively large salaries to its officers, who are also officers of the mail contracting shipping companies, realized profits in the amount of \$1,175,182.69. These profits were "hidden profits" to the individuals deriving the benefits of the postal-contract subsidy and were not apparent upon inspection of the shipping companies' books. The shipping companies have continually plead poverty in asking for Federal subsidies, but when these mail contractors were called upon by the Senate Committee to furnish, among other things, a statement of the profits of all affiliates and subsidiaries, no information as to these profits was furnished. "This," says the Committee, "is a customary method by which the corporate fiction has been availed of by mail contractors to show an apparent, but not actual, need for subsidy."

From January 1, 1929 to June 30, 1934, the Dollar-Lorber-Fleishhacker group withdrew \$2,762,257.46 through this deceptive means of subsidiaries, associates and affiliates. R. Stanley Dollar alone received from his Dollar Steamship Line and the Admiral Oriental Line \$698,750 as commissions incident to the purchase of ships from the United States Government at low prices. At the same time, Mr. Dollar was drawing a \$15,000 a year salary from the Admiral Oriental Line, \$15,000 a year salary from the Dollar Line, and \$6,000 a year salary from the Pacific Lighterage Corporation. The evidence shows that at a time when the Government was aiding the Dollar interests in establishing a practical monopoly of American flag ships from the west coast to the Orient by

selling ships at below cost to them, R. Stanley Dollar, J. H. Dollar, H. M. Lorber and Herbert Fleishhacker withdrew in cash in the year 1925 a total of \$162,000. Had this rate of withdrawal continued during the first five and a half years of ocean-mail contract operations, their withdrawals would have totaled \$891,000. Actually, as indicated, the total cash withdrawals amounted to \$1,871,257.46 more. This is an amount closely approximating the delinquencies of the Dollar Lines' obligations to the Government at the present time.

To secure a favorable public for such raids on the Federal Treasury, the ship owners have used money and pressure on the newspapers. In 1932, the American Steamship Owners' Association created a Committee on Shipping Information with a six-month budget of \$48,300 to be financed by an assessment on mail contractors at the rate of one-fifth of 1 per cent of the mail pay they managed to get from the Post Office Department during the fiscal year of 1932. The following testimony was elicited in regard to the shippers' propaganda.

"The Chairman: You further say that your office has been in touch with Mr. William Randolph Hearst, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, and Mr. Brand with respect to special articles?

"Mr. Baker (secretary-treasurer of the American Steam-

ship Owners' Association): Yes, sir.

"The Chairman: And the members have been advised as to the courtesy extended by the Hearst organization in the way of editorial support?

"Mr. Baker: The Chairman of the committee was."

The evidence shows that the Admiral Oriental Line of the Dollar interests has invested \$20,000 in first-mortgage collateral trusts of Hearst Publications, Inc. Truly a small item of cost when one considers that the Hearst papers were instrumental in creating public support for the Merchant Marine Act of 1920, under which the Dollar Steamship Line received \$948,000!

Although facts such as these were presented at the hearings after the General Strike last year, the employers denied their relevance and claimed that the question of the companies' ability to pay higher wages was not the issue. Yet the San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce is at the present time inserting paid advertisements in the newspapers claiming that the I. L. A., because of its insistence on adequate rates of pay, is ruining West Coast commerce and that the I. L. A. leaders are radical racketeers. Have the Dollar boys become jealous?



THE RICH SUFFER MORE

BY ELSA GIDLOW

TOO BAD to make you move your knapsack from the seat. The car is kind of crowded."

The large woman dressed in black satin with a silver point fox fur about her shoulders and many rings on her hands, settled with a sigh into the place beside the young woman in breeches, sweater and beret.

"I never been used to walking. My husband says to me, 'Honey, it's too bad you got to take street cars now, it isn't right. If there are any more cuts we won't have nothing left. With your fallen arches, Honey,' he says, 'and your corns, it just isn't right you should take street cars.' Is that knapsack heavy? Too bad to make you hold it on your lap."

"That's quite all right. It isn't heavy. I'm sorry I did not notice sooner you were standing. I was looking out of the window. The sky is so blue behind those eucalyptus trees."

"Are you a hiker? Looks like you were hiking."

"I am going for a walk."

"Hitch-hiking?"

"No, just going for a hike up the beach towards San Mateo County."

"You're not on the road?"

"Oh, no. I live here in San Francisco. It is such a glorious day, I thought I would take a walk."

"Just walking? You're not going any place?"

"Only there and back. Maybe I'll take a sun bath in the dunes."

"It's terrible, the young people you see on the road these days. I used to meet them all the time when I went out into

the country. My husband and I, we each had our cars then. I used to drive out into the country, but I met so many, I couldn't stand it. Not bums, mind; real nice young people, out of high school and college, some of them."

"Young boys?"

"Boys, yes, and girls, too. The sweetest, prettiest girls, American girls younger than you are, out on the road like bums. I got so I couldn't stand it. 'What can we do? We got to eat,' they said. 'The folks can't feed us, they got nothing themselves and there ain't no jobs. This way, we eat once in a while.' That's what they said. I said to my husband, 'I can't stand seeing those girls on the road like bums. So he says: 'We're pretty bad off here, but not like the rest of the country and that's why all the hitch-hikers come to California.'"

"Yes, I've heard about the young people on the road. It is a dreadful thing to think of."

"Wild boys and girls of the road, the movies call them. Well, just like I told you, I couldn't stand it. Seeing you dressed like a hitch-hiker, I thought maybe you had been on the highway and I was going to ask you, did you see many of those wild girls of the road? I didn't take you for one of them, mind, but I thought maybe you'd met some. The prettiest girls you'd hope to see."

"These are trying times for all of us. You can't help wondering where we will end."

"Isn't that the truth? Take people that bought railroad stocks. We thought we were sitting on top of the world, now

didn't we? But look where we are: not getting a cent. Let me tell you about some friends of mine. They had a whole floor in the Mark Hopkins Hotel and they thought that wasn't grand enough, so they were planning on having a penthouse built. Well, the depression came and they thought maybe they'd better wait awhile and not spend any money, but things got worse and worse and now they've moved into a five-room apartment on Powell Street. They let their maids go, and their chauffeur, and now they only got one car for the three of them. If you stop to think, it's the rich suffer most when conditions are like they are."

"There is dreadful suffering these days wherever you look."

"Isn't there just. Take me. I never did my own marketing. I said to my husband, honest, I never knew what a market looked like. Then there's a girl I could show you, she used to live in the Francesca, right near where I live now. She had butlers and chauffeurs, everything done for her, and such luxury, the best money could buy. That girl never even drew her own bath or made herself a cup of tea. I'm telling you, that's a fact. She never let the hot water into her own bath. And now she's got to start out and make her living. Like I just told you, the rich suffer more."

"I guess some of them have learned what reality looks like."

"I've got lots of sympathy for the poor. I was always sorry for the help—you know, labor—though they don't need to worry so much, they get looked after. They can go on relief. But we are the ones that foot the bill, have you thought of that? Then you hear some of these smart politicians say, put more taxes on the people with over fifty thousand a year. That's a terrible thing to say when we don't know which way to turn . . . Excuse me, did I drop a little parcel down there near your bag? My lord, where can it be? I'll bet I left it in the market . . . no . . . here it is. I remember now, I had the chicken and the sausages wrapped up together . . . Honest, my head gets in such a whirl, thinking about conditions and the way things are, sometimes I don't know what I'm doing. What upset me this morning, I got a letter from the railway saying they wouldn't pay dividends this quarter. What I didn't have in railroads I had in building and loan and that quit paying a couple of years ago. Now, you talk like you thought about things, didn't we think a few years ago there wasn't anything better to invest in than railroads and construction?"

"I'm afraid I don't know much about stocks. I never owned any."

"Well, you're lucky. What with this one going down and that one failing, cuts here and cuts there, like my husband says, some mornings he gets up feeling it just isn't worth while going to the office. It's pretty hard on him, a man used to making real money. He is good-hearted, too, and he hates to cut people. You know, a few years ago you paid a stenographer a hundred and fifty a month and that wasn't too much. But look in the Classified now, you'll see hundreds of girls advertising, experienced stenographers willing to work for sixty a month. Of course, my husband says, you got to remember, some are married and lots are living at home. He's a good-hearted man, he takes things like that into consideration if he has to cut anyone. It sure makes you think when conditions get the way they are."

"If it makes us think, it will have done some good, won't it?"

"Well, you know, maybe that's right. In some ways it has done good. Only last week my husband said: 'Honey, you've

learned a lot since the depression, now isn't that the truth? And you've been a pretty good sport about it.' He's sort of right, I have been a pretty good sport. I didn't do much crying when we had to cut down the way we did. It's the truth, I learned a lot. People like you and me, we never ate carrots. You know that. We bought the expensive vegetables. But let me tell you, I can cook carrots now so they taste like something on a French menu . . . Do you keep house? No? Well, if you do some time, you might like to try this: You read how the Government bought up a lot of cattle this summer when the drought was on, and they sold them to some firm that made them into soup. Meat soup, they made, and meat and vegetable and it is only five cents a can. That's a good buy. My man at the store told me about it, he says, Mrs. Thornton, it's a good buy. I don't have to be so economical yet, but like my husband says, you should look ahead, you can't tell what is going to happen. Well, I take a can of each and mix them together and I'm telling you it's the grandest soup. You couldn't get anything better at the Palace Hotel. That gives me enough soup for two days, now isn't that wonderful? Honest, I think I'm wonderful. Like you said, in some ways, the depression has been a good lesson for us, only I hope it don't last too long, it gets nauseous—nauseating going down and never coming up. But it's done lots of good in some ways. I used to pay fifty cents for a glass jar of French vegetables from France, but I found out now I can put seasoning in vegetables just as good as the French and you only pay five cents or maybe ten cents for them here. Right here in California we have the best vegetables in the world."

"Yes, we are fortunate here. A friend of mine writes from the East that food is getting so expensive, she doesn't know how she is going to be able to feed the children milk and green vegetables through the winter."

"I heard things are pretty good in the East. My husband says prices are going up and it looks like the depression was over back there."

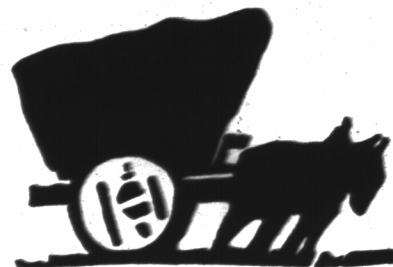
"Well, maybe that's right. But there are still an awful lot of people out of work. It is a terrible thing not to be able to get a job. Something has to be done about that . . . Excuse me."

"You getting off? Let me ask you, what more can we do? They are on relief, aren't they? We are pretty near bankrupt now, feeding all these people. Did you read how many millions we pay out for them? All that comes from taxes, and the more you've got, the more taxes you pay. It's the rich that suffer with conditions the way they are, I'm telling you."

"Here's where you get off? The ocean looks wonderful. You got a grand day for a hike. I hope you have a grand time. I enjoyed talking to you."

"I enjoyed it, too. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. You're sure lucky to be hiking on a day like this."



POLITICAL PRISONERS

WHEN you go to San Quentin to see a "political" there is a special routine, not observed in the case of ordinary prisoners. You are sent to the warden's office for special permission before being given the slip admitting you to the waiting room where visitors wait their summons to the prisoners' reception room. A week ago the warden kept us waiting for an hour before he appeared. At last he came into the outer office and stood in front of us, looking reproachfully, accusingly, disturbedly at one after another of us as we sat in a row against the wall. When he finally spoke he was a bit querulous and after some questioning as to who we were, what we represented and why in the world we kept coming, everybody kept coming all the time, to see these special prisoners who, in his eyes, so he said, were "just like the other prisoners", announced that "well, they had had too many visitors and you can't see them".

Miss Whitney was persistent, Tanna Alex eloquent and convincing, the other two joined in the universal protest against this new discrimination and your correspondent reminded him that such discriminations would only rouse new sympathy and add new numbers to visitors and protestants. Tanna Alex said: "You know, Warden, you have distinguished guests here. Under rather unfortunate circumstances for them, to be sure. But nevertheless, distinguished guests and you must expect that they will receive a good deal of notice from their hosts of friends and admirers." It was Miss Alex's eloquence, apparently, that won the day. That and the fact that she handed him her candidate's card and modestly reminded him that she would probably receive a good many thousands of votes in the coming municipal elections where she is running for supervisor on the United Labor Ticket. Reluctantly, but not discourteously, he finally gave us the desired permission to see Pat Chambers, John Corneilson, Jack Crane and Al Hogarty. (This was written previous to the San Francisco elections.—Ed.)

Just before our arrival Senator Pelletier had spent half an hour persuading the warden to allow him to interview James McNamara who has recently been being denied all visits. Here, too, the warden at first flatly refused but was open to persuasion and finally allowed Mr. Pelletier to have an hour's visit with McNamara.

Without exception all the prisoners sent out the same message to their friends on the outside: "Keep up the fight. Don't worry too much about us." We answered that they were part of the struggle and must submit to being worried about.

Chambers is in good spirits. His eyes twinkle, though there is a touch of prison pallor in his skin. Jack Crane's health is worse. He is still not allowed to have the fresh milk and fresh vegetables his condition (stomach ulcers) demands. Again the Committee for Defense of Political Prisoners, Northern California Branch, urges that letters be sent to Dr. Stanley and Warden Holohan urging that Crane be allowed this fresh milk for which the I. L. D. is supplying the money. Recently the doctor informed Crane that he was suffering from mental derangement—the proof of it being that he is a communist. Be that as it may, he needs the fresh milk, and needs it badly and at once.

Letters to the warden should be couched in different terms from those addressed to Dr. Stanley. Warden Holohan is not a bad man. He is frankly puzzled and troubled and does not understand the present situation of society nor why people

like our political prisoners are imprisoned—or at least he gives that impression. Appeals should be made to his reason, common sense and humanitarian feelings. He is not truculent in his attitude, and should be reasoned with. Dr. Stanley is, we all feel from our contacts with him, more of the type who enjoy functioning under such a regime as that of Hitler. Letters to him should be sharper, sterner. He will probably not be moved by appeals to either reason or humanity. Only fear of consequences would have weight with him. At least that is our impression.

McNamara does not complain of the discriminations which have of late been practised on him. His sturdy revolutionary spirit has nothing of the personal left. He thinks only of the future and of the welfare of the other prisoners about him. Nevertheless, constant pressure should be kept up to cause these unfair and unreasonable discriminations to be stopped. McNamara should be allowed his library, which has been taken from him, and should be allowed the comfort of the many visits which would be made to him if his friends were allowed to see him.

It cannot be too strongly stressed that letters and requests coming from solid citizens of the state have an enormous weight with the authorities. The National Committee for Defense of Political Prisoners urges all who sympathize with these victims of an effort to improve the conditions under which we live to redouble their efforts. Write, wire, visit the authorities in charge of San Quentin and urge upon them the importance of taking good care of the political prisoners entrusted to their care for the time being.

—BEATRICE KINKEAD

THE THEATER

THOSE ANTIC MUSCOVITES

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

THE answer to those who like to picture the Muscovite as a solemn fanatic, totally barren of humor, is to be found on the screen of the Clay International Theater, where the latest Amkino film, *Moscow Laughs*, is now on display.

Moscow Laughs is a compendium, or an epitome, perhaps, of all the best of the humor patterns which properly belong to the cinema, not forgetting the animated cartoon. And certainly not forgetting the Mack Sennett-Keystone theme. Still it has about it a spontaneity and a freshness which, if I had the time to succumb to it, would lure me back to the Clay International to laugh again with Moscow.

The none-too-friendly analyst may say that it is easy for Moscow to make the comedy film fresh and spontaneous, since humor is virtually a virgin field for the film makers who have been so busy glorifying electrical construction, collective farming and arctic rescues. "Wait," he may carp, "until the Russians have cut the first lush crop of humor. Wait until the soil is exhausted by 5-funny-films-a-year schedules such as Hollywood has. Wait until the gag men get gagged out and the tricks of the trained clowns become old stuff. A new broom gathers no whiskers."

All this may be true. But I'm not going to wait. I'm going

to see *Moscow Laughs* again if I have time, and I'm going to be on the watch for soviet comedies and be sure not to miss them. And whether or not the soviets produce no more comedy films or ten thousand of them, *Moscow Laughs* is still splendid fun.

Some people tell me that in this film the Russians have dropped propaganda and turned to sheer entertainment. Others say *Moscow Laughs* is full of propaganda of the subtle, insidious kind. A shock brigade slogan, they allege, lurks behind every chuckle.

Well, maybe. I don't know. And I'm afraid I don't care much. The important thing to me was the discovery that the Muscovites can laugh and that they can make American audiences laugh with them.

The film follows the American pattern of the backstage musical comedy to a certain extent. That is to say it begins on a collective farm and ends in a theater. And in the early scenes I found, instead of propaganda, some good-natured satire. The herdsman who later becomes a chef d'orchestre quite by accident, calls the roll on the collective farm and the livestock obediently lines up and answers with bawls, moos and baa's, each as its name is read off. Then there is the scene wherein the orchestra of "creative workers" holds a rehearsal which results in a handsomer brawl than Prof. Sennett ever conceived, even with the price of custard pies at a record low.

They say the Russians will never master the machine because their souls aren't attuned to the rhythms of the machine-made western world. The same people say jazz is an integral part of that same machine culture, and there I've got 'em. For in *Moscow Laughs* the Stalin boys reveal an uncanny mastery of the hey-nunny-nunny and hi-de-ho business. In this film you'll hear some of the most ingratiating jazz lilt that ever challenged you to torture your chilblains.

The most amusing scene is that in which the herdsman through a series of mistakes is projected into the orchestra pit at a symphony concert, just in time to conduct—by an unwitting series of gestures—a performance of the second *Hungarian Rhapsody*.

The famed Russian camera technique gives freshness to comedy situations which in themselves are not new, and the soviet film makers are discovering a wealth of things to do with sound effects outside the human voice. There is fine singing in this film and—prepare yourself for a shock—pulchritude.



HOPE CHEST

SHE sat among her linens and her lace,
All golden fragile eagerness; her face
A rapier of light, so young, so glad, in love
With life, that soon would yield a man, a house
For ordered joy and careful grief. We loved
Her beauty and her love. She held above
Her each embroidered woven thing in pride—
We looked at only her. Until she waved
A tiny web, more finely wrought—she'd "saved
It as the prize—and made in China—all
Handwork—for fifty cents—imagine—here!"
—One pair of hands or eyes, or twenty lives,
To grace her "living" room for atmosphere.

—JANICE BROOKE

TO THE LIBERALS--AN EXPLANATION

THINK the eccentricities

And reservations of the liberals
Are due to an odd conceit.

They think they have a deeper feeling for
And a truer understanding of
Life.

They value poetry, music, nature;
Other subtleties, and

They imagine these values are totally unappreciated by
Overalls.

I say to these cultured gentlemen,

We appreciate the fine flavor of rare brandies,
And the emotional depth of Beethoven's Fifth,
And a capon stuffed with chestnuts is more delicious
Than a corpulent missionary to a cannibal.
The poetry of Shelley is the quintessence of
Leftism—

Even if the garbage man never heard of it—

And the laughter of a little child

In a narrow city alley

Is more beautiful

Than Benvenuti Cellini's most intricate chalice.

Nevertheless, gentlemen,

We have leaflets to distribute;

And the meat of Leninism

Goes beyond "to appreciate fully",

And imposes upon us

That most difficult of all human undertakings,

"To explain patiently".

And sometimes we must be tarred and feathered,

And sometimes there are long hours,

Months, years,

In jail.

And sometimes men are shot down in cold blood

In the city streets.

And we owe more to Sperry and Coundeorakis

Than to our own sense of aestheticism.

And when we have paid that debt, gentlemen,

Perhaps we will join you in a brandy.

For with all this,

We are no enemies of brandy

And great admirers of Shelley.

—MICHAEL QUIN



BOOKS

A POET ON A MAN OF ACTION

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

HENRI BARBUSSE wrote Stalin*, and died, satisfied. That is a literary event. A poet, a novelist, Barbusse was a highly sensitive intelligence, went through the Great War after seeing and feeling and getting all concerned and puzzled about life. He wrote *Le Feu* (Under Fire), for instance, out of the emotion of the experiences at the front; a confused, dramatic, tragic burst of terrible eloquence. He did not understand; like our American and English novelists (and poets); this great French writer did not understand what all the terrible suffering and heroism was about. Typically, he had no key to the civilized life we all are being led by; he had no philosophy—yet.

French and intelligent and curious, the war made him think and study. French and intelligent and logical, he came to Socialism which is philosophy that fits our social dilemma like an old hat. It was made by Marx out of life-long search for a cause and cure for our growing troubles. The German's diagnosis and plan satisfied the Frenchman's aching mind and cleared it. Barbusse became a Marxist. He found then that his poet eyes could see, and that he was not alone. There was a small party in the world of men who could see, and he joined them, first in Paris, France, then in Soviet Russia, where a continent of men in desperate trouble had gone beyond him and his kind in Socialism: they had acted, they had done it.

He saw what struck me the first time I went to New Russia. He saw that Socialism worked. . . And saw that it was good; it made men work and it made them happy. He was profoundly interested in how the Socialists of Russia, etc. had done what the socialists of France, etc. could not do. He met Stalin and back of Stalin he saw Karl Marx and Lenin; they were all one thing to Barbusse—apparently; they were the personification of the policy, of the Line, that was the road of a continent's Action. And this poet wanted and worshipped Action. The line of it passed right through Lenin-Stalin; it was a straight line, that worked. That would have been rare in thought; here was a thought that worked. It cut through war and peace and graft and diplomacy and religion. There were, there had been deviations, but Barbusse was fascinated, well-nigh hypnotized by that line, and he took the deviators in his stride like villains in a play. "Out!" he treated them as his heroes Lenin and Stalin did: "Out." Let history attend to them. He had no time for crimes and errors now. As he says in the second line in his title he was seeing "the new world through the eyes of one man". He wasn't trying to be just or fair. The Old World we knew so hideously had been knocked out; the new world was here and all he wanted to know was how all this impossible had been done. He neglects even Stalin to tell how it had been and how it was being done; the critics all miss the many anecdotes he might have got as to what manner of man it was holding the line as if it were a bar of Stalin, of steel. All the virtues, all the faults of this book come from this mixture of the rise of the

*STALIN: A NEW WORLD SEEN THROUGH ONE MAN. By Henri Barbusse. Translated by Vyvyan Holland. (Macmillan) \$3.00.

new civilization with the leaders of it. As it stands it is an ardent, graphic, poetical history well-fitted to end the brilliant history of a beautiful man.

DEFT CHARACTERIZATION

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW, by Marguerite Harrison. (Farrar & Rinehart) \$3.50

(Reviewed by Leslie T. White)

THIS is the second review I've written about this book; the first, which I wrote at the conclusion of my reading, was so enthusiastic as to be incoherent. It is unethical for a reviewer to jump up and down, so I'm re-writing this critique in a manner that, I trust, will maintain the dignity of my contemporaries.

There's Always Tomorrow is the story of Mrs. Harrison's life and experiences. Born with a whole mouthful of silver spoons, she reached maturity in an atmosphere of Victorian culture and staid respectability. Her craftsmanship is evident in the masterly manner in which she handles the details of this period of her existence. What sounds duller than the life of a girl of that era, yet Mrs. Harrison draws her characters so deftly that when she told about entering the drawing room of her religious old grandfather, my hand unconsciously groped around for a prayer book. The tempo changes with the changes of history. She becomes, through circumstances, a newspaperwoman . . . then a spy . . . Germany during the revolution! Bullets fly (my neck is sore from ducking 'em as I read!) and bayonets flash! Oh, heck! We're back in America again! We settle down.

But don't stop reading! Europe again . . . Poland and war . . . we slip into Russia while the terror is on. A hand is on my shoulder . . . Mrs. Harrison and I are under arrest by the dread Cheka. Why, the thing was so real, that when I ended the chapter on the great Moscow prison, I sat up half the night searching for cooties in my pajamas.

You understand the problem before the Bolsheviks, what they had to contend with, what they did about it, and why this action was necessary. Mrs. Harrison refused to become hysterical about her predicament; she is always the analyst, presenting "both sides" in an unusually impartial manner.

She takes you through several years in prison and you know the women cell-mates, the gruff understanding guards, the cunning yet likable agents of the Cheka. Then you travel with Mrs. Harrison to Japan, to Asia, Russia . . . and . . . we're back in prison again!

However, they can't keep us down, and soon we're traveling the lands of the Persians, the Arabs. There's never a dull page and it is a long book.

Now, I am supposed to say something critical? Well, perhaps I can. After you grow up with Mrs. Harrison, know her friends and family, travel all over the world with her, you begin to realize that here is a rare, rare creature. I know towards the last of the book, I began combing my hair every couple of hours, then, confound it, she falls in love with another guy . . . and marries him.

Marries him, after I had traveled all over the world with her for several wonderful evenings. Am I jealous!

FROM DREAM TO REALITY

THE LAND OF SCHVAMBRANIA, by Leo Kassil. (Viking Press) \$2

(Reviewed by Dorothea Castelhun)

Two little boys, sons of a doctor living in the Russian village of Pokrovsk, suddenly, while being punished for some childish fault, realize "the injustice of things. The

world was vast, geography was taught, but there was no room for children in it. The grown-ups owned all five continents. They ran history . . . And put children in the corner." So they escaped to a land of their own making—Schvambrania.

The thoroughness with which they invented this mythical country, drawing elaborate maps (based on the outline of a great tooth with three roots!) and including every possible parallel with real life, was most ingenious and is told in a delightfully original style. They provided Schwambrania with history, geography, government, wars, exploring expeditions—and happy endings to all stories! One of the most amusing features was the "Hero Reservation" where such famous characters as Sherlock Holmes, Don Quixote and Tom Sawyer mingled with their own unpronounceable (to us!) Russian heroes. Even Robinson Crusoe was there, wearing a costume which consisted of a calendar leaf with the word "Friday" written on it!

Parallel with the growing elaborateness of Schwambrania, as the boys gradually added more and more details, goes the story of their actual life in Pokrovsk, both in school and at home. It is a remarkably vivid picture of a bourgeois Russian household in the bewildering days leading up to and following the Revolution, told in a mixture of delicious humor and grim realism.

It seemed impossible for any one to understand how order could ever come out of the appalling chaos. Yet before the book ends, the boys have abandoned their ideal land of Schwambrania because life itself became so much more thrilling. They found that they were needed in the exciting adventure of helping establish an actual Schwambrania. In the epilogue the author shows how much of this had been accomplished by the time he and his brother were grown men. The pride they feel at the improvements in Pokrovsk, the true understanding of what everyone in the country is working for, the unmistakable glow of happiness that pervades these people—all this is somehow very moving. You simply can't doubt the genuineness and truth of it! The new Schwambrania has begun to function and beyond the shadow of a doubt the reality promises to be infinitely better than any imaginary land.

This book is not written specifically for children, and, of course, much of it is beyond their understanding, but it is the sort of story young people would find fascinating. To my mind it is an excellent book for the purpose of conveying, in terms that most people can understand, the essential meaning of what happened in Russia. If my son reads *Schwambrania* as often as he does all his other books, by the time he is old enough to take up the study of history, he will know a lot more about the Russian Revolution than most adults to-day!

LOVE AND DEATH IN OREGON

HONEY IN THE HORN, by H. L. Davis. (Harper & Co.) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Cleve Cartmill)

BEFORE the railroad came tooting between the hills and across the plains of Oregon, life was a matter of flight from grasshopper, wheat rust and caterpillar plagues, and onslaughts from real estate promoters and blizzards.

A few, like Uncle Preston Shively, rooted themselves in the soil. Not that he had any affection for the terrain; he had a book to write. Uncle Preston was a famous old sour-puss who wrote unpublished literature, while his sons helled around, and his adopted children ran the sheep ranch and toll bridge.

Honey in the Horn is the story of Clay, adopted son of Uncle Preston, and Luce, daughter of a horse trader. Around the lives of these two—Luce who has run wild because she wanted to and Clay because he had to—H. L. Davis has

painted an unforgettable picture of early Oregon in the first part of the twentieth century.

Clay and Luce lived together in a haphazard manner, never with the mental intimacy of man and wife. They migrate with the settlers, they separate, they are reunited. They observe the casual loves and deaths of the settlers.

The book has a casual plot, but so vivid is the description, so powerful the narrative, so sharp the characterizations, that the reader brushes the thread away like an annoying mosquito.

At the end, when it is disclosed that Wade Shively has been hanged for two murders he did not commit, the disclosure is trifling compared to the monumental struggle for existence of the pioneers.

Mr. Davis' style has hair on its chest, but not in an offensive manner. His story is rollicking, bawdy, serious, casual, and lovely by turns.

A COWELL SYMPOSIUM

AMERICAN COMPOSERS ON AMERICAN MUSIC. A Symposium Edited by Henry Cowell. (Stanford University Press) \$3

(Reviewed by Alan Campbell)

HENRY COWELL's symposium is divided into two parts: "Composers in Review of Other Composers" and "Composers in Discussion of General Tendencies". Of particular interest in the first part is Howard Hanson's "The Rochester Group of American Composers"—at the Eastman School of Music at Rochester four concerts devoted to American chamber, choral, symphonic and stage music are given annually during the spring. Mr. Hanson is founder and conductor of these American Composers' Concerts.

In his chapter on Charles Ives, Henry Cowell has some very interesting things to say about the "characteristics" which distinguish the American folk-music from that of the Europeans—in another chapter Nicolas Slonimsky describes Cowell's new musical wonder, provisionally christened "rhythmicon".

What we may expect in the future of original, essentially American, American music is very neatly stated by Roy Harris in his chapter, "Problems of American Composers" which opens up the second part of the book.

"The American sense of rhythm is less symmetrical than the European . . . European musicians are trained to think of rhythm in its largest common denominator, while we are born with a feeling for its smallest units . . . the American composer's problem is not one of inherent talent and authentic musical ideas; it is rather the problem of being assured adequate performances . . ." Mr. Harris goes on to deplore this country's system of showmanship and "personality hokum" and preference for imported musicians—also, the often repeated tragedy of "scratch" performances of American works by conductors or interpreters who have not mastered the technical difficulties of our characteristic American music.

SHORTER NOTICES

THE TALE OF GENJI, by Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) \$5

TEN centuries ago there lived in Japan a lady who, because of her aloofness and literary pursuits, was known as "the violet lady". Lady Murasaki dwelt in an idealized, romantic world of her own and spent her hours of leisure writing a novel which must rank as one of the greatest works of fiction ever written.

Love is the main pursuit of Prince Genji and we follow him

through a myriad of amorous episodes which are so deftly and fastidiously told that they never become monotonous. Each woman who comes into Genji's life is a distinct character, thus each love experience is a fresh venture for the reader. There is an indescribable melancholy pervading the entire work—whatever Genji holds most precious is inevitably snatched from his hands and the death of his beloved Murasaki at the close of the fourth volume is profoundly moving. One should read this work in a leisurely manner—Arthur Waley's translation is a work of genius. The background of the book is constantly changing—from the Emperor's court to the village of falling flowers or the palace in the tangled woods. Lady Murasaki had a knack for evoking atmosphere with a mere line or two—she is the most sensitive and exquisite of imaginative writers.

—A. C.

CHLOE DUSTS HER MANTEL, by Frances Gill. (The Press of the Pioneers, New York) \$1.50

SUBTITLED "A Pioneer Woman's Idyll" this slender volume is the story of a young girl, Chloe Aurelia Clarke, who in 1839 set out from Connecticut with a small band of Methodist missionaries to bring the word of God to the Indians in the northwest.

At the end of her eventful life Chloe, cautioned by the doctor not to overtax her heart, is dusting her mantel. Chief among the treasures on it is a framed photograph of the original document whereby the Government granted her the land in Oregon on which she and her husband had lived and helped found the settlement later to become Salem. As she dusts she reviews her life: the long stormy voyage around the Horn; her failure to change in the slightest the little Indians she taught in the wilderness; her gradual abandonment of the missionary role to become instead the beloved wife and devoted mother for which she was better fitted . . . The book has a simple, genuine charm of style and is attractively bound.

—E. B.

CALL IT SLEEP, by Henry Roth. (Vanguard Press) \$2.50

NO USE, I'd like to do this review, but I'd probably be a flop—can't manage to make it. Anyhow, you know what I feel about Roth's book—the writing may be swell and the

psychology of the child hero, but the picture of working class children is slander. The old stuff—the one tender lily flowering out of the dung heap—the old biologic sport, sensitive, intelligent, imaginative, not like the vulgar, nasty, stupid, other little boys and girls. The bourgeois world will love this book—it comes up to their ideas of what workers' kids are like. Maybe New York kids are different, but the ones I know possessed imagination and originality and courage and "honor". Henry Roth doesn't give you any idea these other kids had potentialities. I think the conversation at the end overheard in the streets is bad, too.

—T. L.



CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

ELSA GIDLOW was born in Yorkshire, England, has done editorial work in New York and now lives in San Francisco, doing free lance trade journalism. She has published poetry and short stories in both English and American magazines.

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CLEVE CARTMILL, until recently associate editor of *United Progressive News*, has contributed columns and literary and dramatic criticism to various publications. He was on the staff of *Epic News* during the Sinclair campaign.

E. C. stands for Elinor Barry; A. C. for Alan Campbell; and T. L. for Tillie Lerner.

"THEY TELL ME—"

SOME TIME ago Louis Adamic had an article in the "Saturday Review of Literature" on "What Workers Read"—and decided that they don't. Robert Cantwell answered in "The New Republic" with an analysis of library books used by workers and smaller professionals and discovered that millions of copies of the classics are read every year by these classes.

Interested in the sale of cheaper books we asked the Modern Library for figures on their sales. Their books sell for 95¢, "giants" for \$1.00. Bennett Cerf sent back so interesting a report that we print it in full:

"You ask for figures on Modern Library books. We rarely sell these books in sets although we do get possibly forty or fifty orders for complete sets from private sources every year. The total sale of Modern Library books in 1934 just topped the one million mark. Of this total, the Giants accounted for about 150,000 copies. The

Giant series is leaping ahead very quickly. For the time being, it is gaining very much more rapidly than the regular series. This is due to the fact, I believe, that the public is in a tremendous bargain-hunting mood at this time and wants big books for its money. The small series has great advantages, too, and I think before long balance will be restored between the two series. Strachey's "Coming Struggle for Power" promises to be one of the best selling books in the Giant series. It was published on September 25th and sold just under 10,000 copies by November 1st. This is the second biggest seller in the Giant series. The biggest single month's sale we had for a Giant was 16,000 copies of Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel" a month after "Of Time and the River" appeared. Other fine sellers in the Giants are the "Complete Novels of Jane Austen", the "Complete Poems of Keats and Shelley" and "Bulfinch's Mythology". The worst selling Giant (three novels of Sir Walter Scott) sold 6,000 copies last year.

"In the regular Modern Library series, the

most popular titles are "Of Human Bondage", "The Magic Mountain", "Brothers Karamazov", "Sons and Lovers", and "Death Comes For the Archbishop". An important moving picture production like "David Copperfield" sends the corresponding title, if we have it in the Modern Library, way up for several months. Also, a new best seller by any author results in a quick uprush in the sale of some of his older books in the Modern Library series. Proust has been most successful in the Modern Library. In seven years, we have sold over 45,000 copies of "Swann's Way". "Within a Budding Grove" and "Guermantes Way" do not sell nearly so fast, but are both good for over 3000 copies a year. Next year we will probably add the fourth Proust volume to the series."

It is rumored that Horace Liveright sold the Modern Library to Bennett Cerf for \$150,000 and afterwards said that of all the foolish moves in his life that had been the most foolish.

—ELLA WINTER

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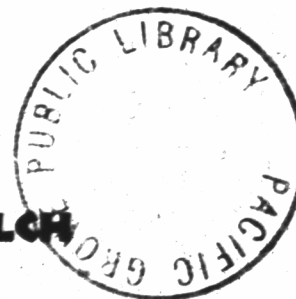
DECEMBER 2

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Ella Winter • Prof. James R. Caldwell
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TWO POEMS

BY MARIE DE L. WELCH



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