

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

NOVEMBER 30, 1936

WRITERS' CONGRESS
REPORT

THE PEOPLE OF
SPAIN

Robert Cameron

PROGRESSIVES WIN
IN WASHINGTON

Cole Stevens

WE'RE IN BUSINESS
TO MAKE MONEY

Short Story by Elsa Gidlow



\$3 A YEAR

VOL. V NO. 21

10 CENTS A COPY

PACIFIC WEEKLY

VOLUME V

NUMBER 21

CONTENTS

NOTES AND COMMENT	338
HOW NAZIS TREAT WRITERS, Alexander Kaun	339
SEARCHLIGHT OF THE SOVIETS, Paul Birns	340
THE PEOPLE OF SPAIN, Robert Cameron	341
PROGRESSIVES WIN IN WASHINGTON, Cole Stevens	342
NEAT AND COMPLETE, John Chester	343
WESTERN WRITERS' CONGRESS, Ella Winter	345
THEATRE	
"MULATTO," Lawrence Bernard	346
WE'RE IN BUSINESS TO MAKE MONEY, Elsa Gidlow	347
BOOKS	
MR. PRIESTLEY MOURNS, Chandler Bragdon	350
EARLY PROPAGANDIST, George Van de Wetering	350
SCOTLAND YARD, Leslie T. White	350
THE NEW LIFE, Witter Bynner	350
CORRESPONDENCE	351
GROUPS IN ACTION	352
THEY TELL ME, Ella Winter	352

Made up by Union Labor

NOTES AND COMMENT

NEW OF THE WEEK: Foreign affairs continue to hold the front page (excepting for the King and Mrs. Simpson and the Big Game). Even the national marine strike is dwarfed by unmistakable trends toward outbreak of European war. Germany now admits that her treaty with Japan is against Russia, and that the two countries have agreed on an anti-Bolshevist campaign, as the Soviet Union has been contending since the news of the military agreement became known: but, says Germany, with the new "open" diplomacy that is open only because of its violations of all treaties, pacts and canons of international law: "There is no written agreement and therefore a pact in the diplomatic sense of the word does not exist." Never mind, the Soviet Union has made it clear what is actually going on, and so Great Britain, for the first time in many months, has taken firm steps. She has refused to recognize the status of the belligerents in Spain, because General Franco did not answer her representations to him; she has declared unequivocally that British ships must not be touched outside the three-mile belligerent zone, and any attack on a British ship outside that zone will be considered piracy. She has begged Hitler to stop his extremists who are clamoring for a break with Russia (as Hearst clamored for a break before the late lamented election). And British friendship is still a very powerful factor in world politics which neither Italy—with her Mediterranean interests—nor Hitler is willing to forego lightly.

LAST WEEK *Pacific Weekly* became, in the best Irish sense, a fortnightly. Plans are afoot for the creation of supporting committees in the Pacific North-West, in Southern California, San Francisco and other regions of the West; first private meetings of supporters, then mass meetings will be called in these regions and it is hoped that funds will be collected, new contributors developed, and that regular reporters will emerge who will all make the appearance of a *Western* magazine an assured phenomenon. The Western Writers' Congress brought out clearly the need and desire for a *Western* magazine, both to print Western writers and Western news and to keep the rest of the country informed of what is really going on this side of the Rockies. Until then we appeal to our readers to send funds to keep *Pacific Weekly* going.

THE Salinas strike, as was predicted by some, while a seeming complete victory for the growers, has nevertheless left aftermaths. Five union workers have sued the Grower Shippers Association which refused to take them back after the strike, charging that the association was violating anti-trust laws by blacklisting 400 workers active during the strike.

"Employers are compelled," they said in their complaint, "and forced to discharge (blacklisted) employees under threat of immediate withdrawal of bank and commercial credit, stoppages of all supplies necessary to their business, prevention of sale and shipment by said employers of fruits and vegetables packed, and intimidation of said employers by threats of illegal force and violence against the person and property of each."

AFFAIRS on the waterfront have changed little this week. Edward F. McGrady, who rated a full write-up and front page picture in *Time* last week, is still trying to "bring both sides together," and newspaper editors are still worrying about the public suffering through no fault of its own, when neither side will give in . . . "Who is wrong?" is the burden of their cry; they are getting impatient at the stalemate, and want to blame someone; but even for them the facts are too obvious. They can no longer blame the unions, "reds," "uncompromising communists out to destroy all shipping," as they have done, so blithely disregarding of facts, in the past. A full-page advertisement in the *San Francisco News* from the middlemen merchant shippers hinted fairly clearly that the shipping die-hards—Matson, Dollar and American-Hawaiian—were holding up the industry, the welfare and even livelihood of hundreds of thousands of Americans, by their insistence on breaking the hiring hall award won in the costly 1934 strike. Public opinion is "on" to the shipowners, who are becoming increasingly unpopular with the people at large, while the unions are rapidly gaining in prestige for their frank and open desire to maintain conditions for 37,000 seafaring workers and longshoremen. Facts are stubborn things and the increasing sympathy walk-outs on all coasts are doing much to impress the general public. The Chambers of Commerce, Industrial Associations, and other employing and owning groups are coming to be isolated much as were the Landonites in the election—and they are beginning to know it.

ANOTHER aftermath of the strike is the strange history of Carl Maslund, who led a fleet of strike breaking trucks through picket lines. That apparently is Mr. Maslund's business. But, like so many other American businessmen, Mr. Maslund can hardly tell the difference between a business and a racket. Arriving in Imperial County with bullet holes in his truck, Mr. Maslund charged that "radical union men" had tried to assassinate him on the highway for revenge. Soon the astonishing news came out that Mr. Maslund had confessed to Sheriff Robert Ware that he had shot the bullet holes himself "to advertise his trade." He was convicted of firing a pistol on the open highway and is now serving a six-month sentence in a road camp near Banning, and the Grower Shipper Associations of California will have to employ another pretty example of Americanism to do their dirty work.

The effect on the liberal editor of the *Monterey Peninsula Herald* was to make him wonder, apparently for the first time, whether the dynamite blasts that came so conveniently soon after Colonel Sanborn had looked for Reds under everyone's bed were not also plants. Liberals should really learn a little quicker.

THERE is grave danger that funds, small as they are, for the LaFollette subcommittee on strike breaking and spying in American industry will be stopped next session. It is reported that employers are investing millions in a lobby to stop this investigation, so damaging to their prestige. There is a sense of decency left in America and Americans do not like to see the employment of thugs, ex-convicts and riff-raff generally to discredit honest union men on strike. Employers must cover their traces better if they want to win public opinion. (and they do.) One employer recently personally stole down to the furnace in the basement of his factory and himself burned the records turned in by one of his spies.

The LaFollette subcommittee has already done much for fair play and the cause of civil liberties in America, and everyone should make it his business to write to his congressman and senator asking that the proper appropriations be granted. Americans should not let themselves be mulcted of justice, even for workingmen.

THAT public opinion does count, and count quickly and effectively, is demonstrated by the effectiveness of the attack on San Francisco's anti-picketing ordinance last week. Union men, and particularly maritime union representatives, appeared before the supervisors in a body asking for the repeal of the twenty-year-old out-dated ordinance (passed right after the Preparedness Day bombing when mass hysteria defeated sane action). One lone petitioner, a representative of the Chamber of Commerce, opposed repeal of this unfair and discriminatory piece of legislation. If the supervisors shirk their duty now, it will be pretty evident who really runs them. And San Francisco labor and the San Francisco public is aroused. Businessmen no longer find all their paths greased with crawling assent.

HOW NAZIS TREAT WRITERS

YOU may be interested in sharing with your readers some excerpts from a letter by Ivan Bunin to the Paris daily, *Posledniya Novosti*, concerning his treatment by Nazi officials at Lindau, on the Swiss frontier. Bunin has been travelling in Europe, lecturing and negotiating with publishers. After stopping at Munich and Nueremberg, he came to Lindau, intending to take the noon steamer to Switzerland. At 11 A. M. he presented to the custom officials his passport, money, and all required documents, and half an hour later he was given the order:

"Follow this gentleman!"

The 'gentleman' was a youngish person of the criminal type in shabby civilian clothes. He grabbed me by the arm and pulled me along the stone barn of the custom house. Through the open doors blew the icy wind of a rainy day. He brought me into some sort of a stony cell, and silently began to tear off my overcoat, jacket, vest.

From the shocking amazement—what did it mean? For what? Why? from the sense of being insulted as I have never been in my life, from indignation and anger, I was on the point of not only fainting (as the European press has reported. —A. K.), but of heart-failure. Not knowing German, I protested only by means of interrogative exclamations—"What does this mean?" "For what reason?", while the 'gentleman' continued to remove my clothes and boots, and search me all over silently, with malice and extreme rudeness. I stood before him naked—he tore off even my socks—, shivering, my teeth chattering from the cold draught, while he proceeded to thrust his fingers beneath the lining of my hat (tearing it in places), and even to tear the soles of my boots. . . . Fifteen minutes later, finding of course nothing incriminating on me, he took me back. The steamer was just leaving, but I was told mockingly: "Never mind, there is an evening boat!" They sent me under guard, my baggage carted along by a customs employee, to some sort of an enormous building, probably a detention house, since in its corridors I noticed many doors with numbers on them.

How can I report what took place after that? I felt as though I was in a madhouse, that I was living through a nightmare. They had led me a long time, through the whole town, under pouring rain. After they had brought me, they examined for three full hours every bit of my belongings in my suitcases and portfolio, with such eagerness as though I was a murderer. All the time they shouted questions at me, although I had told them a hundred times that I do not speak and hardly understand German. Each handkerchief of mine, each sock was examined thoroughly and against the light: every slip of paper, every letter, every calling card, every page of my manuscripts and books in the brief case, everything provoked shouts: "What's this? What's written here? By whom? And who's the man who wrote it? A Bolsheyik? A Bolshevik?"

BOARD OF EDITORS

Marie de L. Welch
Sara Bard Field
Ella Winter
Ernest Albee

Winthrop Rutlege
Harry Conover
Carey McWilliams
Redfern Mason

Business Manager: G. Schoeninger

Published every Monday by Pacific Associates, Box 1350
Carmel, California

PACIFIC WEEKLY subscription rates: \$3.00 a year, \$1.75 for six months in the United States, its territories and possessions, and Mexico; \$3.50 a year, \$2.10 for six months in Canada and foreign countries. Single copies ten cents. Rates for advertising, display and classified, will be furnished upon request.

PACIFIC WEEKLY is not at present able to pay for contributions, but welcomes fact and opinion reporting, particularly in the Pacific region. No responsibility can be taken for any Manuscripts, and only Manuscripts accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes can be returned.

Entered as second-class matter October 25, 1934 at the Post Office at Carmel, California, under the act of March 3, 1879

The irony of suspecting Bunin of Bolshevik affiliations! Bunin goes on describing their examination of his papers, their exclamations over Czech newspapers (with reports on Bunin's lectures). He is preparing a book on Tolstoy, and when they found in the brief case some books with Tolstoy's portrait, they "began to spit and stamp with their feet: 'Ah, Tolstoy! Tolstoy!'"

"About four P. M. a rather good looking lady with limpid, piercing eyes appeared on the stage. She explained that as she spoke French she was invited 'by chance' to help the Germans in examining me. She quickly demanded that I write down at once, without a second's thought, the titles of my works, to prove that I was really an author. Then she declared that someone had been advised of the fact that I had spent the night with a certain woman in Lindau, and that I must name that woman. After two or three other insolent questions, after my indignant exclamation, she suddenly informed me that I was free."

Shocked and feverish, Bunin was forced to discontinue his planned trip, and from Geneva he returned to Paris, to recuperate from his edifying experience. He concludes his letter with a naive query:

"In some measure I can understand why the Lindau officials paid no heed either to my age, or to my profession, to my rank of Honored Member of the Academy (the Imperial Academy, from which Gorky was ousted at the request of Nicholas II, as a result of which Korolenko and Chekhov resigned. —A. K.), or to my being a recipient of the Nobel prize: they are not obliged to consider any of these things, once they caught a criminal. But what basis, however slight, did they possess for suspecting in me a criminal, and for maltreating me almost a whole day so cruelly, rudely and senselessly?"

Incidentally, a considerable number of Russian emigres in Germany are devout Nazis, who pray for the deliverance of Russia through the united effort of Germany and Japan. It would be too much to expect that the Lindau incident might have a sobering effect on the incurable *ci-devants*.

ALEXANDER KAUN

SEARCHLIGHT ON THE SOVIETS

ONCE a year our hunger for first-hand information about the Soviet Union is appeased by the American Russian Institute's commemorative dinner program. On these occasions several hundred San Franciscans are enabled to enjoy accurate information from men and women who are authorities in their fields.

After John D. Barry announced the first speaker at the American Russian Institute dinner on November 6th, honoring the nineteenth anniversary of Soviet power, it was to be almost midnight before a weary but still fact-hungry audience was to leave.

Dr. Michael Shapovalov, Senior Plant Pathologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, summarized the findings of all the speakers when he closed his brilliant short address on Soviet achievements in agriculture with the statement: "The long-cherished hopes are being realized. Life is better now; life is happier."

This development of culture and security was reflected in the talks on Health Progress, by Dr. Ralph A. Reynolds, the American Russian Institute's President; "Education in the U. S. S. R.," by John E. Ross, of the department of economics, San Francisco Junior College; and "Cultural Minorities in Soviet Russia," by Dr. Jacob J. Weinstein, director of the School for Jewish Studies.

Dr. Reynolds emphasized the enormous decrease in the Soviet mortality rate since the revolution, brought about by socialized medicine, expanded hospital and medical training

services, and the high character of work and experimental innovations arising from the security and free opportunity of the surgeon, student and scientist.

John R. Ross emphasized the vitality of Soviet education. Every worker is enrolled in some sort of school for furthering his work or preparing for some profession. "In the Soviet Union," said Mr. Ross, "School is not something separate from life: education is life itself."

The Soviet policy of not crushing, but encouraging the highest development of minority cultures, was illuminated by Dr. Weinstein, who pointed out that as early as 1918 Stalin, as head of the Council of Nationalities, issued the now famous decree guaranteeing cultural autonomy to all the hundreds of Czarist-oppressed national groups in the vast Soviet land. Closely followed by the intensive development of local self-government within the basic economic framework of the country, this civilized policy has become the light-house for the world's prisoners of imperialism. Dr. Weinstein pointed to Biro-Didan, the Jewish Soviet autonomous republic, as a magnificent achievement of Soviet national policy. He expressed his disagreement, however, with the Soviet attitude toward Palestine as an imperialist pawn of Britain, and also stated as his opinion that eventually the Soviets would recognize ancient Hebrew as a cultural medium for large groups of Soviet Jews.

Mr. Aliavdin, Acting Consul of the U. S. S. R., reviewed the Soviet government's persistent efforts to make practical gains toward world peace, beginning with the renunciation of all Czarist imperialist schemes, withdrawal from the World War, and Litvinoff's 1927 disarmament proposal up to the present period of definition of aggressors, non-aggression treaties, and support of the League of Nations. Mr. Aliavdin referred to the mutual defense treaty between his country and France as the first military alliance between two nations "not directed against a third country but expressing the desire for peace with all countries."

The Soviet Draft Constitution, discussed by Holland D. Roberts, of the Education Department at Stanford University, brought forth the comment quoted from John L. Lewis, militant industrial trade unionist: "It is one of the most striking documents that has ever been written. It reflects the people's living thought and action." Quoting from the Webbs and Harold Laski, Mr. Roberts declared: "No constitution of the world has ever contained these provisions included in the new Soviet Constitution: the right to work, the right to leisure, the right to education, and full equality for women."

Professor Fisher, speaking on the U. S. S. R. and the Popular Front movement in many countries, described this political policy as the outgrowth of the Soviet effort to establish socialism firmly in one country, and the direct reflection of the lessons learned from Nazi and Fascist successes in many nations. The Soviet militant peace policy was characterized by Professor Fisher as arising out of the same historical situation. Fisher drew the conclusion that in all countries the United Front movement strengthens the fight against Fascism, tends to postpone a war, and "strengthens those forces most valuable in the world and most important to preserve."

Dr. Alexander Kaun of the University of California, speaking last on "Soviet Youth," drew together the strong threads of meaning from the evening's talks, and sent home an audience moved by a great social image and stimulated to an increased curiosity and desire to understand.

PAUL BIRNS

THE PEOPLE OF SPAIN

ROBERT CAMERON

ON SUNDAY, November 15, in San Francisco and Oakland, two vast outpourings of people greeted the delegation of the Spanish republic to America. Here were internationally distinguished guests, come on a mission unparalleled in its dramatic challenge. The response was tremendously stirring. It filled the big Dreamland auditorium in San Francisco and the Oakland civic auditorium, flooded the platforms with thousands of dollars of spontaneous contributions to the cause of Spanish democracy. It was a mass demonstration of deep significance, unusual, unprecedented. It was news.

Little was carried in the San Francisco and particularly the Bay area press on the meeting. Why?

It might easily have been disturbing to newspaper owners. There was Isabel de Palencia, Spain's woman leader and representative in the League of Nations; a slim courageous woman, known throughout Europe as a linguist and art critic, infinitely appealing in the intensity of her patriotic devotion to the cause of democracy in Spain and the world.

She has faced the bombs dropped on Madrid by the fascist and Nazi invaders. She has sent her son and daughter to the front to fight. She knows the truth about Spain.

"It is not a civil war in Spain, as your papers tell you," she says. "It is invasion . . . the invasion of a peaceful land struggling to establish democratic liberty and education . . . an invasion of barbarous Moors from Africa and of the mercenary fascist enemies of democracy, led by the traitor generals who betrayed their nation and their oath of loyalty to the republic . . . It is a slaughter of unarmed people who wanted only to progress from feudalism . . . of a people awakened almost too late to the infamy of the grandees, the bishops and the degenerate generals who are the enemies of progress . . . But the people of Spain are awake now; their heroism is splendid and unexampled . . . I will never forget those first days in Madrid, when the fascist-led army revolted against the republic, and the cry of the unarmed, untrained people in the streets: 'Arms! Arms! Give us arms, and we will take the barracks and put down our enemies!' . . . And there were no arms, only a few hundred old rifles and shotguns, and the people took these and fought against modern machine guns, and won the first battle of Madrid . . . I will never cease to remember one young man I saw going into that fight with no weapon at all, only his naked hands, and I protested that he was throwing his life away . . . 'No,' he said. 'I will die, but my body will be a shield to protect those behind me, and use it when I fall as another step over the barricades of the enemy.'"

There was the frail Spanish priest, Father Luis Sarasola, maligned by the friends of fascism in this and other countries as an apostate. He is one of the most distinguished Catholic scholars of Europe, a world authority on the life of St. Francis, and in his face there is something of the same gentle illumination you see in the figures sculptured by Bufano of the saint of Assisi.

"They tell you the forces of France are fighting in Spain to re-establish the freedom of the church, to end the persecution of the church," he says. "It is not true; the church in Spain was free in the conduct of all spiritual affairs. Only the people of Spain wanted to end their affairs, that became in some instances obsessed by the urge for temporal power. Insofar as it did that, the church forgot its true spiritual mission. But there was never wanton persecution of the church in a nation intrinsically Catholic. The people of Spain only wanted that separation of church and state already gained by most modern nations. Was that a crime? Did that justify bringing in the pagan Moors from Africa to slaughter helpless Christians? Can that be done under the pretense of defending the true Christian faith?"

And there was Marcelino Domingo, leader of the Spanish republican party, the minister of education, a political leader about as communistic as the late Calvin Coolidge.

"The most monstrous crime in history is being perpetrated against the Spanish people," he said. "Their heroic fight is not only a fight for democracy in Spain . . . it is a fight for democracy in the world

. . . We only tried to do what you are trying to do here . . . to give people a little better life, freedom from oppression, opportunity to learn . . . Our five year plan for education called for the building of 28,000 new schools . . . we had completed 7,000 of them under the republic when we were attacked . . . Franco and his Spanish backers, the powerful men who had so long exploited the Spanish people, said we were communists . . . But there was not one communist in the cabinet of republican Spain . . . there was not one Socialist . . . It was only the old trick used by Fascists until it is threadbare . . . the calling of everything they do not like, everything that aspires nobly toward a better life for the masses, everything that threatens ancient privilege—the calling of these things 'communistic,' and using that as a cloak for their bestial and bloody assault on human rights . . . I am not a communist, but the communists of Spain have responded with the most magnificent courage to the fascist assault . . . they are fighting in the vanguard now for democracy, and for the rest of my life I will be proud to shake the hand of a communist!"

The great audiences were stirred profoundly. There followed an amazing demonstration of the sympathy of average American men and women for the struggling people of Spain, of their sense of solidarity in the face of a common foe. Then the outpouring of money began—money to buy desperately needed supplies for the people's front in Spain—hundreds of dollars in a twinkling, in contributions of as much as \$100 each—and that mounted quickly into thousands of dollars.

Offers and announcements of gifts reverberated through the huge, packed auditoriums: "Here's \$50 from an American friend of the Spanish people!" . . . "Twenty-five dollars from a man who doesn't like Hitler!" (Tremendous cheers) . . . "Another 25 bucks from an American school teacher!" . . . "Ten dollars from a man that doesn't like the Hearst papers!" (A deep approving roar that would have been a credit to Niagara) . . . "One dollar from a housewife!" . . . "Five dollars from a striking longshoreman!" And so on, and on, for more than an hour, while Palencia, Domingo and Sarasola, visibly moved, thanked the crowds, and wished the people in far off Spain could see this demonstration of friendship from the people of the sister republic in America.



PROGRESSIVES WIN IN WASHINGTON

COLE STEVENS

IF THERE has been any doubt about the strength and maturity of the Washington Commonwealth Federation, that doubt was dispelled on November 3. Every W. C. F. candidate except one minor judicial aspirant came through with flying colors. Four of the state's six congressmen are now W. C. F. men, two of them new elects—Warren G. Magnuson of Seattle and John M. Coffee of Tacoma, from both of whom much can be expected at Washington D. C.

For Lieutenant-Governor, Victor A. Meyers broke all records with his vote in the primaries and finals. Stanley F. Atwood, a rank-and-file history teacher and member of American Federation of Teachers' local 200, defeated the Republican incumbent, the reactionary Noah Showalter. Elected in spite of terrific attacks by Showalter, with a majority of 30,000 in Western Washington alone, Atwood and his slogan "Democracy in Education and Education for Democracy" hold high hopes for liberalism and unionism in the schools. The important county commissioner's post in King County was won with a landslide by Tom Smith, who was honored with the presidency of the W. C. F. less than two weeks later. Add to these some 26 W. C. F. State Representatives newly elected, and two new Senators, and you have the promise of control on the lower house with the help of other liberal Democrats, and a powerful bloc in the Senate.

The Republicans were defeated all down the line. Roland Hartley, lumber operator and ex-governor who ran on a campaign of opposition to academic freedom and the shooting open of all strike-bound plants went under by the same 2-to-1 majority as did Landon in Washington. And in the process, Democratic Governor Martin became considerably more friendly with labor and the W. C. F. The reactionaries got so jittery in the last days of the campaign that they tried all the most vicious red-baiting tricks—with even less success than on the national scene. The defunct *Post-Intelligencer* management hired busses for a caravan of society women who made a junket to Olympia, demanding of Governor Martin that he stop "Labor racketeering" and force open the strike-bound P.I. But on the same day, W. C. F. Senator Mary Farquharson led a counter-demonstration, which was welcomed by Martin with obvious relief. Then the socialites organized the "Women of Washington," with the wife of labor-hating editor Edwin Selvin of the reactionary *Business Chronicle* at the head. They held a mass meeting of 5000 women at the city auditorium, but a large bloc of hecklers got them clapping at the wrong times. The liberal women then organized the Women's League for Labor, which is still functioning and growing although the Selvin outfit blossomed and died with the sunflowers.

One Republican congressional candidate, Wettrick, attended meetings all over Seattle with an ex-Communist for a stooge, asking him leading questions about communism nature of the W. C. F. which was supporting his opponent; later, he put his stooge, William Murray, on the air for a fifteen minute talk in which he spoke as a Communist supporting the Democrats, bringing a flood of headlines in the papers—until the Reds forced them to retract on an inside page. New organizations like the anonymous "Jeffersonian Democrats" appeared to issue mud-slinging leaflets. The climax came on

the night before election, when the Republicans advertised excerpts from a reactionary article in *The Nation*, of all places, saying that there were "forty-seven states and the Soviet of Washington." Lincoln or Lenin, Washington D. C. or Moscow—vote against the W. C. F., they headlined. But the tocsin had been sounded too often, and the next day the slogan was forty-six states and Maine and Vermont instead.

The progressive initiatives were all defeated overwhelmingly, however. The vote against them was about equal to the vote for the Republican candidates; apparently the conservatives were so thoroughly scared that they went straight down the line against all measures except the 40-mill limit initiative, which benefits large property-owners chiefly and makes the sales tax necessary. The income tax and state power distribution amendments, and initiatives for civil service, more generous old-age pensions, and the W. C. F. Production-for-Use plan were all defeated by a vote of more than 2 to 1, although the P. F. U. initiative received nearly 100,000 votes. These results show the need for organization and education in the outlying parts of the state—especially in Eastern Washington, where two counties actually went Republican.

On the labor front, the public has been equally progressive. The maritime strike is solid. Labor has a voice in the *Guild Daily*, with 25,000 morning circulation, which may be permanently subsidized by labor if Hearst does not give in. Public opinion is more solidly behind the Guild than ever since the Hearst officials repudiated an agreement approved by their own representative on November 11. Labor is also organizing to back the People's Radio Guild in putting on a bi-weekly radio broadcast and in building up a fund for a labor-owned radio station.

The W. C. F. took all these facts into consideration at their third semi-annual convention November 14 and 15, and proceeded to thoroughly overhaul the whole federation machinery. This convention was the turning point in the federation's history. It simplified the complex organization and turned out a platform that eliminated such phrases as Production-for-Use, working out instead a clear and concise platform embodying all the changes that could be hoped for at this stage of development. It is a platform which will sell itself to farmers and progressives.

The convention was opened by Seattle's labor Mayor John F. Dore, who has borne up well under the constant attacks of the reactionaries. "Forget all this Communist scare . . . Real Americanism is the fat pay envelope, and the American way of living is high wages for workers . . . The Democratic Party has today become a party of labor and liberals, but its program must go farther. For instance, industry must be made to pay all the taxes for social security . . . Insecurity is the chief cause of crime and disease, and we must look to the W. C. F. and the workers and farmers who have confidence in it to hold the gains we have made toward security." The ovation which followed these remarks showed Dore that his position as "mayor of all the people" was appreciated.

There were 460 delegates at the convention, none of them from paper groups this time. Organized labor led the field with a delegation of 181. Harmony prevailed throughout, the only sharp debate being on eliminating the Production-for-

Use phrase, but only a small minority finally voted against striking it out. Among the resolutions passed were one supporting the democratic government of Spain, one demanding that the President withhold subsidies from the shipowners until they complete negotiations with the unions, one demanding that Governor Martin fire state police head Cole for the brutal activities in attempting to break a lumber strike at McCleary, one demanding the investigation of the armed camps of the Silver Shirts by local police, and one supporting the Workers' Alliance sitdown strike in Seattle for subsistence relief rather than work camps for single men.

These resolutions show the militant temper of the meeting, and yet the platform is so drawn as to appeal to every progressive in the state. The preamble sets the tone:

"It is evident that our natural resources and highly developed productive power make abundance possible and poverty no longer necessary. Yet organized special privilege threatens to destroy democratic institutions, abrogate civil liberties, keep the common people in permanent poverty, and incite wars for profit—unless all progressives organize to defend their democratic institutions, protect their civil liberties, advance the common security, and defeat the plans of the war-makers. For this prime purpose we ask all workers, farmers and progressives to unite on the following minimum program:"

Outstanding among the planks adopted were those calling for specific measures to obtain public ownership of natural resources, utilities, banks and monopolies; protection of civil liberties; laws to protect unions from police, court, armed guard and company union interference; minimum wage and maximum hour laws; stopping of farm mortgage foreclosures and subsidies for co-operative warehousing and farming enterprises; exemption of small homes from taxation; a state consumers' bureau to test all goods and publish the results; immediate and unqualified old age pensions; public works and unemployment insurance at union or prevailing wages; extension of public health services to include all school children

and families with incomes under \$1500 yearly; peace by nationalizing war industries and an embargo on war or raw materials to fascist or aggressor nations; complete academic freedom, high salaries and retirement provisions for all teachers, with labor and other groups to be represented on the boards of control, and free tuition, textbooks and help to needy students; taxation by ability to pay instead of the sales tax; a unicameral legislature; and abolition of the usurped powers of the supreme courts.

The new constitution provides for more local autonomy and more democratic representation for groups in all parts of the state. County commissioner-elect Tom Smith was the unanimous choice for president of the federation, and the following are vice-presidents; Captain John Fox of the Masters', Mates' and Pilots' union, Professor Richard G. Tyler of the University of Washington engineering department and of the Technocrats, and Earl Gunther, popular labor leader and former vice-president of the Central Labor Council. Smith may resign in favor of Fox when he takes his County office January 1. Howard G. Costigan was of course again the unanimous choice for executive secretary, which office carries the chief financial and organizational duties. The federation with this program and leadership can at last be said to have come to maturity, and the next six months should see at least a doubling in its membership and the passage of much of its legislative program in the first weeks of 1937.

The W. C. F. may well turn out to be a model for other Western states. This month an Oregon Commonwealth Federation was formed, and delegates to the W. C. F. convention from Oregon spoke of the inspiration and knowledge they had obtained. One of the last to be passed by the convention authorized its officers to take the lead in organizing a Western States Commonwealth Federation and in co-operating with the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party, the Wisconsin Progressives, Labor's Non-partisan League and similar organizations to obtain united action on a national scale. With this act the last barrier to political effectiveness in the state and nation was removed.

NEAT AND COMPLETE

JOHN CHESTER

YOU who have read of the "ship murder" frameup District Attorney Earl Warren of Alameda county has brewed may imagine it will come out okay because of the tremendous protest made so far by Pacific Coast labor.

You may as well rid yourself of that notion. Warren and his friends, the shipowners, contemptuous alike of the real facts in the case and the anger of labor, have in no wise relented. There is every prospect that Earl King, head of the Pacific Coast Marine Firemen's Union, Ernest G. Ramsay, Frank J. Conner and George Wallace, members of the union, will be convicted of a crime of which they are innocent.

The trial started November 13. Selection of a jury is under way. Presentation of the "evidence" will start soon, perhaps next week. Let's contemplate that trial and the efficient frameup machine Warren has built.

Presiding is Superior Judge Frank M. Ogden, former deputy district attorney under Earl Warren, who was appointed to the bench on Warren's recommendation. He

admitted coolly on the witness stand that he is a close friend of Warren. The defense tried to have him disqualified for bias and prejudice, but failed. Deputy District Attorneys Ralph Hoyt and Charles D. Wehr, piloting the frameup machine for Warren, fought to keep him in the case. So neatly had things been arranged to keep him that Hoyt and Wehr did not even try to disprove his bias and prejudice. They simply went through the legal formality of denying his bias and prejudice, and the motion to disqualify was not allowed. The defense offered to stipulate that any Alameda county judge might sit at the trial who is NOT a graduate of Warren's office. The offer was refused promptly. It happened that Judge Ogden is the only former deputy district attorney on the Alameda county bench, so Warren has admitted tacitly that he wants this one judge, this personal friend of his, to take the trial. After the motion to disqualify was denied, Judge Ogden offered to get out if any other judge would agree to take the case. But Warren's political power is respected. No other judge offered his services.

It was Judge Ogden who refused to give Herbert Resner, Conner's new attorney, time to prepare for trial. Resner became Conner's attorney only two days before the trial was scheduled to begin on October 26. Judge Ogden was very polite when he refused to give Resner more time.

It was Judge Ogden who refused to allow a continuance of the trial so that defense witnesses scattered all over the world could be brought to Oakland. Looking at this haste, one can justifiably reason that Warren is not anxious to match his "evidence" against the testimony of men who were on the steamship Point Lobos when Chief Engineer George W. Alberts was stabbed to death in his cabin last March 22.

There are two other reasons for this haste:

One is that D. A. Earl Warren wants the men tried during the maritime strike. He wants to aid the shipowners in their union-busting program by loud exclamations about "communists" and "reds" who "rule the maritime unions with violence and murder." If he can convict Earl King and the others of the murder, he will have by implication convicted other union leaders of using violence in the fight for decent wages and working conditions. That Warren has intended to indict union labor in this trial was demonstrated in his pronouncements at the time of the arrests.

But the immediate reason for Warren's rush is this: The present jury panel was formed early in July, when the frameup was beginning to mature, and Warren selected the members of the panel with the frameup trial in mind. After the panel was formerly constituted August 17, Warren spent the next two months weeding out every prospective juror who he thought would have the slightest sympathy for labor, or who had ever heard of a labor frameup. When the date originally set for trial rolled around, Warren had some 64 prospective jurors who were handpicked and entirely satisfactory for his purposes.

But on October 26 the defense filed its motion to disqualify Judge Ogden, and automatically got a continuance. And this threw Warren's carefully timed plan out of kilter. Because he had to save the remaining 64 prospective jurors for the trial, he had to postpone nearly all other cases set to be tried by jury. As the days passed, only non-jury cases went to trial in Alameda county. Other cases began to pile up. By November 13, the ship murder trial had to begin or Warren would be compelled to discharge the panel and call another one.

So, on November 13 the trial began. The defense immediately filed a motion for a separate trial for Wallace. In such cases, it is customary to argue and decide the motion before trial, but Judge Ogden decided that trial and argument were to proceed simultaneously—trial in the morning and argument in the afternoon.

The defense also filed a motion to throw out the jury panel, but this was denied in short order. It would never do to try this case before an honestly selected jury.

Incidentally, the argument on the motion to throw out the jury panel was conducted with all members of the panel present. That happens to be illegal, but Warren wanted these prospective jurors to hear the defense attack them.

It was here that the defense learned the appalling thoroughness with which the district attorney has planned this new Tom Mooney case. Warren, state Republican chairman, knows how to achieve his ends.

The jury commissioner of Alameda county went on the witness stand and testified that the present jury panel was

chosen by the Bank of America, the American Trust Company, the Central National Bank, the First Presbyterian Church, the Knights of Columbus, the Elks, "specific business houses" whose names he could not recall, and "various industrial plants." The Knights of Pythias and the Odd Fellows may also have participated, he said.

Remember that this panel was chosen early in July as an integral part of this frameup. The exact procedure was this: The jury commissioner asked each of these organizations to serve as jurors. The names were furnished, and Warren had the people from whom the frameup jury was to be selected.

But even this choice collection contributed by reactionary and fascist organizations and "various industrial plants" was subjected to a weeding process. The jury commissioner picked the 420 he thought would make the best jurors. And from the 420 all but the 64 mentioned above were eliminated. This beats the system by means of which the Mooney jury was chosen, when the court clerk had rubber bands about the slips of paper on which were the names of "good" jurors. There's no such crudity in Alameda county. Warren has a panel 75 per cent of whose members are Republicans—in a county which has three Democrats to every two Republicans.

It was this panel that the defense sought to have thrown out on the ground that it excluded persons from labor organizations and therefore could not provide a jury of the defendants' peers. But, said Judge Ogden, jurors were solicited from organizations composed of laboring men; so everything is hunky-dory.

As this is written, argument has not been concluded on the motion to get a separate trial for Wallace. It is doubtful that the motion will be granted.

Wallace is the one witness whose testimony is material, even though he is a defendant. He was bamboozled into taking Public Defender Willard Shea as his attorney, although his union offered to give him any attorney he wanted. Shea, like Judge Ogden and the jury panel, is part of the frameup machine; his job depends on Warren (who is unchallenged boss of all Alameda county.)

Shea admitted to George Andersen, chief counsel for King, Ramsay and Conner, that he has made no investigation of the case, swallowing whole the story Wallace told before the grand jury August 13 under the skillful guidance of Deputy District Attorney Hoyt. Shea admitted on the stand that he had asked Warren's permission to allow two members of the Firemen to see Wallace. Shea admitted on the stand that he, as a defense attorney, would not necessarily join with other defense attorneys in making joint peremptory challenges of prospective jurors; this could nullify the effectiveness of every one of these particular challenges. Here we see the reasons why King, Ramsay and Conner should have a separate trial, and the reasons why that separate trial will probably be denied.

On that day of November 13, the defense made one other move to curb the frameup machine. The California District Court of Appeals was asked for a writ of prohibition to stop the trial and review the decision that left Judge Ogden in the case. The law provides for automatic issuance of such a writ. But it was not granted.

So we see the picture of judge, jury, one of the defendants and his attorney as cogs in the frameup machine. Not one of the defendants will get a fair trial, least of all George Wallace, who is part of the machine. Labor is angry at this injustice. But Warren has seen in that anger no more than another reason to make the machine more efficient.

WESTERN WRITERS' CONGRESS

ELLA WINTER

THE WRITERS' CONGRESS of the West was one of the really exciting happenings in the cultural life of this Coast in recent years. In the words of a bookseller "It was magnificent," and it certainly surprised its organizers no less than the audience and the members. Apparently it is true, as a well-known political observer said some two years ago in California: "Liberals want to go somewhere and are only waiting for someone to tell them where."

In the first place some two hundred and fifty writers came to the Congress—from all over the region West of the Rockies—Denver and New Mexico, Seattle and San Diego, Los Angeles, Los Gatos, Palo Alto, Portland, San Francisco. Columnists and novelists, poets and playwrights, movie writers and humorists, professors and newspapermen—all flocked to hear and be heard on the vital problems that were affecting them all, and more than that, that they were realizing affected them all. A surprising unity and comradeship was apparent, and friendliness, rather than the egoism, vanity or jealousy one hears so much about among writers. One felt a strong sense in the lectures and papers and round table discussions that writers were aware at last that their own creative lives as writers, their ease and functioning as members of society were threatened, if they let the trends toward suppression and brutality which have made such inroads, particularly in the West, get much further.

The congress was marked by thoughtful, interesting, alive discussion, and, as in any political convention, you saw as many groups consulting outside the hall, in the lobbies and clubrooms as in the conference hall itself. Writers were exchanging their experiences on the labor and strike front, in jail and courtroom and at council meetings where anti-picketing ordinances were passed and hotly disputed, on campus and at vigilante gatherings, at great protest demonstrations, on docks and in field and orchard.

Some knew personally the Western labor leaders, Harry Bridges, Caroline Decker, Pat Chambers, John Shoemaker, had seen them in action in strikes, at meetings, in courtrooms—had visited them in jail. Delegations of writers, including Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell, Humphrey Cobb and Donald Ogden Stewart, went down to visit Tom Mooney in the county jail (and didn't mind being photographed with him, which means something in these days of intimidation and threats of job loss). But there were many writers at this congress who had not yet met the active labor movement and they heard something about it now, and saw its importance for writers, with surprise and interest.

Upton Sinclair spoke before a crowded audience of twelve hundred at Scottish Rite Auditorium, remembering for us four great California writers who were his friends—George Sterling, Jack London, Fremont Older, Lincoln Steffens; "and these cities, crowded as they are, seem lonely to me, because some people are gone from them who can never be replaced." . . . But Sinclair told young writers not to forget how they got their livings, to look at our possible future history, in Italy, Germany, Spain, and to fight against reaction with their might and their pens.

Charles Erskine Scott Wood, stood, white haired and noble, before that audience and "stole the show"; all his life he has fought for the freedom he cares so passionately about, has

helped young writers, poets, artists, to fight the obstacles the young face everywhere: with humor but keen analysis he warned writers "who are like hens: they like to sit and set and brood before they hatch; but even a hen will fly when it sees a rattlesnake." He warned them against the rattlesnake of the yellow press . . . Sara Field talked of the necessity of artists to unite against the fascist threat to their creative life; Prof. Haakon Chevalier, translator of Malraux and Louis Aragon, read greetings from other writers' congresses, from liberals the world over: Thomas Mann, André Malraux, John Strachey, John Steinbeck, who was ill and could not come in person. Albert Rhys Williams, Charmion London, Mrs. Julian Hawthorne, Humphrey Cobb, Loren Miller, Elsa Gidlow, Carey McWilliams, Miriam Allen deFord, Ella Winter, Professors Alexander Kaun, Harold Chapman Brown and others greeted the congress and told of their hostility to reactionary trends in press, radio, movies, pulps, and other propaganda agencies, and in public life generally; of their determination to fight anti-labor action and to serve the public more clearly than before in the fight to preserve and extend the democratic rights that alone could give the creative writer freedom and the individual a good life.

Gay and amiable and highly efficient chairman throughout the Congress was John D. Barry, long one of San Francisco's popular columnists, whose activities are closely inter-woven with Western life, as liberal, writer, speaker and more latterly as active official and champion of such organizations as the Inter-professional Association; he kept discussion in order—and it was sometimes threatened with getting out of hand, so excited did the audiences become—; he read a paper on simplicity in writing, which he advocated and which received support from other writers who felt that even such words as fascism still need clarifying and concretizing for many readers. Loren Miller made a telling point in the need for white writers to insist on the true facts of American life being presented, particularly in the treatment accorded Negroes, so that Negro writers could be better heard and believed. Dr. Holland Roberts of the Education Department at Stanford told of the actual inroads of fascism in text books used today in California schools; Edward Robbin told of his experience in the little Hitler town of Salinas in the recent lettuce strike; Robin Kinkead, who was for several years assistant to Walter Duranty in Russia, discussed the problems of writers on WPA, on which he is an administrative assistant; Viola Brothers Shore, successful Hollywood scenarist, left the congress in stitches with her masterful expose of Hollywood censorship. The congress was electrified by a vital and well-presented paper by Margaret Shedd on Sentimentality in Writing, delighted with George Shaftel's sad story of the adventures of a pulp writer, and on tiptoes with attention while Donald Ogden Stewart and Dorothy Parker, who have been active in anti-Nazi circles in Hollywood, told how much worse Hollywood movies might be if they and others with convictions similar to theirs were not there to exercise some influence.

The space is too short to particularise, for almost all the papers were vivid, concrete, arresting presentations of craft problems and social problems, many were shot through with humor, keen insight and shrewd analysis, and the chief regret

was that each discussion or seminar had been too short. This first congress did its work well and many more may be expected to follow.

The concrete results can be summed up in an excerpt from a radio speech by Harry Carlisle: "The Western Writers Congress is to be organized in permanent form to develop unity among writers and a realization of their relationship and obligations to all people . . . to join with other art and professional groups and trade unions for purposes on which all can agree, and to conduct such activities as lectures, the publication of a magazine in the western area, etc."

Prior to the adjournment of the congress some hundred sponsors were declared to be a council, to elect officers and an Executive Committee to organize the Congress permanently throughout the entire Western area with officers in all important cities. Officers are: President, Charles Erskine Scott Wood; Vice-Presidents, John D. Barry, Donald Ogden Stewart, Professor Harold Eby of Washington University; Council Secretary, Haakon M. Chevalier; Executive Secretary, Harry Carlisle; Council, all original sponsors, including John Steinbeck, Paul C. Smith, Executive Editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, H. L. Davis, Pulitzer Prize winner for his book "Honey in the Horn," Kenneth Rexroth, critic and WPA writer, Miriam Allen deFord, short story writer and Federated Press correspondent, John Woodburn, humorist and member of the Marine Cooks and Stewards Union, Leslie T. White, ex-detective and author of "Me, Detective," Clara Weatherwax, author of the prize-winning "Marching, Marching," George P. West, associate editor of the San Francisco News and California correspondent for the New York Times, Myron Brinig, Martin Flavin, Michael Gold, Redfern Mason, Tess Slesinger, John Bright and Robert Tasker of Hollywood, Louis Adamic, Leon Dorais, Carey McWilliams, Giuseppe Facci, editor of a San Francisco anti-fascist paper, Clarkson Crane, author of "The Western Shore," poets including Helen Hoyt, Hildegard Flanner, Robin Lampson, Marie de L. Welch, Ethel Turner, Sara Bard Field, Elsa Gidlow, James R. Caldwell . . . professors, scenarists, radio writers, dramatists, novelists, newspapermen, short story writers, critics.

From these members also lecturers will be drawn who will tour western cities in a series on "New Ideas in American Life" soon to be announced. And from them members will be drawn to form Writers Bureaux that will aid all manner of cultural groups, trade unions and civic bodies with research and reports.

Papers read before the Congress together with discussion and full report of proceedings, will be published and will soon be available to the public.

The Western Writers Congress has come to stay.

THE BLACK NETWORK

A concrete project that emerged from the Writers' Congress is that of The Black Network. It was suggested from the floor in Saturday's discussion by Oliver Carlson, author of "Hearst, Lord of San Simeon." Mr. Carlson said that since the fascist forces have their red network we ought to have a black network which should list the personalities, backgrounds, organizations and inter-relationships of fascist forces in the West. The journalists' panel took up this suggestion and organized the project which was presented to the Congress and approved just before adjournment. Anyone who can gather information is requested to send it, carefully checked, to the Secretary, Western Writers' Congress, Room 214, 604 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

THEATRE: "MULATTO"

LAWRENCE BERNARD

LANGSTON HUGHES' and Martin Jones' Broadway hit "Mulatto," opened at the Biltmore this week. The play is a powerful indictment of man's inhumanity to man. Langston Hughes has raised the dignity of the black man to the higher levels of American folk literature.

For this reason it is unfortunate that the play does not express his powers. The hokum of successful melodrama had to be added to his play, and it kept the drama down.

But the first night audience in Los Angeles liked it. They liked the "goddams" which peppered "Mulatto." It reminded them of Caldwell's Jasper Deeter—with his "by-god-N'-byjeezes!" and helped them to forget the social implications!

Mulatto opens in a Georgia plantation owner's home. The first act reveals butler and maid discussing the troubles of Colonel Thomas Norwood. Norwood is living with his Negro maid, Cora. His wife is dead. Norwood is father to four illegitimate mulattos; Cora is their mother. The impression given is that all whites in Georgia resemble Colonel Norwood.

Here the play could have been broadened. As tragic as the Negro's life is in the South—more tragic is the mulatto's lot. He is betrayed by poor white trash and rich white trash. He is condemned by the blacks—because he sometimes passes as white. Between two such hells he becomes a lonely figure.

The Greek stature could have made "Mulatto" a great play. But the hokum is too much—rape, a near lynching, murder, son killing father, son killing self, mother insane.

The mother is the only real character in the play. Her lines are rich in poetry, grief, and great mirth. If Hughes can create so strongly in this single character, he must know that his other characters are stock figures in a stock play. If he can write such lines as the following in the play:

*My old man's a white old man
And my old mother's black
If I ever cursed my white old man
I take my curses back.*

*If ever I cursed my black old mother
And wished she were in hell,
I'm sorry for that evil wish
And now I wish her well.*

*My old man died in a fine big house
My ma died in a shack,
I wonder where I'm gonna die,
Being neither white nor black.*

he is in the position of writing honest drama.

The truly representative play of the black man in America has not yet been written. Langston Hughes could do it.

James Kirkwood as Colonel Norwood gave a well-polished interpretation of the plantation owner. Sally, his illegitimate daughter, was played by Evelyn Streich with restraint and intensity. The mother, Cora, played by Mercedes Gilbert, was rich in characterization. She has the depth and naturalness of a fine actress.

"Mulatto" will appear in San Francisco after its run in the South.

(In fairness to author Langston Hughes we must state that his original play, based on the short story in "The Ways of White Folks" was altered by producer and co-author to fit their conception of Broadway's desires. Hughes had nothing to do with putting in the hokum. —EDS.)

WE'RE IN BUSINESS TO MAKE MONEY

ELSA GIDLOW

WALTER MILLER came out of the house with a clouded look on his face and closed the door, glancing anxiously towards the corner where the California Street cable car was bobbing into sight, just near enough for him to catch it if he sprinted as usual. His polished brown brogues pushed heavily against the asphalt. Why run? He would be at the office soon enough. It was a soft grey morning with a smell of the docks in the fog, turning to rain, that was drifting in from the Bay. Some of his trouble lifted and the mild breeze blew it away as he faced downtown. Everybody had troubles. Probably three quarters of the men and women on the cable car sliding down the hill had something real to worry about. If it wasn't business, it was someone sick at home, maybe someone dying . . . No, no. A panic thought. "Mamma won't die." Just the same, he wished he didn't have to wait all day for the doctor's verdict. Should he go back and tell Dot to be sure and telephone him the minute the doctor told her? He half turned, saw two of the children's faces at an upper window, waved, and continued on his way. Dot would phone, she knew how he felt. Thinking of his wife he felt reassured: Dot was capable, and so fond of his mother. "She looks after Mamma like she was her own daughter, and she isn't any too strong herself." Walt Miller made a mental promise: "If the business ever gets going again the way it ought, I'll hire someone to help her." Everybody had something to worry about, but it seemed like they had more than their share: Dot being sick so long, then losing the house, then Wallie breaking his arm, and now Mamma. But Mamma would be all right, it wasn't going to be anything serious. As though from out of the fog that blew moistly against his face, a phrase came to mind, and the image of a motto on a wall of long ago, behind a rocking chair where his mother always sat: "Man is born to sorrow—" and something about sparks flying upward. "I don't see why it's got to be that way." He was now among the tall downtown buildings whose tops were like ghost-castles in the fog. "I don't see why business has to be so gosh-darned rotten either. Seems like there isn't anything you can do any more to hold your own except cut somebody else's throat."

Home sorrow receded and office trouble loomed as he stepped under the sign, *Miller and Lampson—Canners and Packers*, and in the outer office removed his raincoat, shiny with moisture. As he walked along the corridor to his own office, a door opened, a head shot out, and his partner said, "Morning Walt. Whatye think? The Morrow deal went through."

"Great!" said Miller, cheering up, "that's first rate. I'm sure glad to hear that, Eddie, I sure am glad."

"We've got to make them a price," Lampson said, his small blue eyes sliding under puffy lids with an oiled movement as he observed his partner surreptitiously, "the deal won't go through unless we play ball with them."

"We've always played ball with them," said Miller, "is Joe looking for more concessions?"

"Do we want their business, or don't we? that's what Joe Morrow says. If we want their business, we've got to listen to their proposition. They can't pay our prices, Joe says."

"Did you tell him all our costs are higher under the NRA?"

"Sure, he knows that. That's for you to figure out, he says to me. He gets better propositions from everyone else than he gets from us, he says."

"If that's true, then there's funny business somewhere," Miller said, moving towards the door of his office. "Joe Morrow is always propositioning. We ought to make a stand against him this time."

"And lose the deal," said Lampson. "Everyone makes concessions to Morrow and the other chain buyers, you know that, Walt."

"Well, I don't know how they do it. We can't operate at a loss, and they can't either, even if they are big guys and we're little guys. I don't see how they can sell cheaper than we do."

"They keep down their overhead," said Lampson, his eyes sliding again. "Listen, Walt, you going to be busy after lunch, around two? I'd like to talk something over with you."

"Sure, Ed, I'll get everything out of the way by two," said Miller.

He felt uneasy as he stepped inside his office, guessing what Lampson wanted to talk about. "Ed's going to ride me again to put in those machines and reduce the payroll so we can meet competition. "Competition! Some of those guys don't want competition: they want a walkaway for themselves and knockouts for everyone else."

Opening the door of the closet where the wash basin and mirror were, to put his rubbers inside, he caught sight of his reflected face and disliked its anxious look, tried to grin at himself, smoothed his thinning hair with one hand while he straightened his tie with the other, and decided not to change into his old office coat.

There was a lot of work on the desk. He started to examine it, after a glance at a silver-framed photograph of a family



group: an old lady with stern mouth and humourous eyes, a younger man and woman, a tall boy holding a puppy, and two little girls. The old lady's eyes seemed to meet his with their look of courage and humour. A flash of panic shot through him again. "Mamma!" he whispered. But why should she die? She was hardly sixty-five.

Every time the telephone rang, his scalp prickled, though he knew Dot would be unlikely to call till later in the day. The doctor might not get there till noon or after. After studying the papers, he pressed a buzzer and dictated nervously and quickly to the girl who entered, a pretty henna-haired girl in a bright green dress that moulded hips and breasts. As she was leaving, Lampson came in and tossed some correspondence on the desk.

"The Morrow data," he said, "want to look it over and give it your o.k.?"

Miller scanned the papers quickly, tapping the glass-topped desk with his pencil, beginning to frown.

"Listen, Eddie," he said; but Lampson had gone. He took down the telephone receiver: "Connect me with Eddie. Say, listen Eddie, we can't let that Morrow deal go through the way they want it. They're crazy. Twenty per cent off . . . Sure . . . sure . . . but, Ed, what about Slausson's? They've been our customer for close on twelve years, they're paying our prices. And Browns-Jenkin, they've stood by us through thick and thin more than seven years and they're not asking any concessions. Suppose they heard about our giving Morrow a discount like that? You know what happened when L. A. Retailers Inc. heard about our giving that special discount to Brandenburger . . . Yes, I know, Ed, but twenty per cent . . . That brings it pretty close to cost. Well, you think it over . . . Sure, we need the business, but Ed, that's a pretty raw proposition. With a discount like that, Morrow can do some dirty work to people like Slausson. And if Morrow can get someone to cut down to thirty per cent, or forty, do you think he will stick by us the way Slausson has, and some of those others? . . . Sure. Think it over, Ed."

As he put up the receiver his glance rested on the stern mouth of the old lady in the photograph. It was pretty hard, it was getting harder and harder, to keep within hailing distance of the principles on which you had been taught society was founded. Eddie never seemed to feel that way. "What are we in business for?" was always his clinching question. There was only one answer when you put it that way. And yet—Miller took off his glasses and pressed a hand over his eyes. If it was only a question of Miller and Lampson pulling a dirty deal—but he had a feeling he could not quite analyse that it did not stop there, that roots and tentacles of the deal crept out in all directions, insidiously, relentlessly breaking up the rock on which society rested. Suppose everyone looked at things the way Eddie did: the grocer he bought provisions from, the tailor who made his suit, the lawyer who advised Miller and Lampson, people who ran hospitals, men in government office, the President—suppose the President of the country looked at things that way? Or the doctor who was taking care of Mamma? These thoughts were intolerable, bewildering, turning the ground under his feet to a soggy quicksand. There was one answer he should make to Eddie, to Joe Morrow: It isn't right. It was the answer that was never made. To Eddie he must say: We can't afford to give Joe any more concessions; and to Joe: It's too close to cost, Joe; you are cutting right into our profits. We can't operate on that basis. Well, that was right

too. Why should they sell to Joe Morrow at cost just because he was a big guy who had the buying power, and make their profit on the little fellows like Slausson and Browns-Jenkin and some others who had been steady customers ever since they started in business?

"We have to make a stand against people like Morrow," he said, as much to the photograph as to himself. Although he could not argue on that basis, the conviction of the rightness of his attitude was reassuringly solid ground. When Lampson, with several folders under his arm and a half smoked cigar between his lips, entered his office at a quarter past two, Miller felt resolution stiffen his backbone. He declined a cigar and accepted a cigarette as Lampson settled into the armchair beside his desk, leaned back and crossed one brown-clad knee over the other.

"That's the darn-cutest picture, Walt," Lampson said, glancing at the family group, sentiment creeping into his eyes and folding the flesh of his pale face into a soft smile. "Has the kid still got that pup?"

"Yes. It's a pretty big mutt now. Little Walt sure thinks the world of that dog."

"There's nothing like raising kids with a dog," said Lampson. Miller knew why his voice sounded the way it did: the Lampsons had lost their only child several years ago of meningitis. Then Eve Lampson divorced Eddie. Now he was married to a flossie sort of girl who had nothing on her mind but clothes and bridge and gin dances; but Eddie thought she was grand. She wasn't a patch on Eve.

"Well, let's get down to business," said Lampson. "We're close to the end of our fiscal year, I guess you've been thinking about that too, and I don't like the way things are stacking up. If we don't do something pretty soon to get out of the hole, we'll be in so deep we won't need to do nothing but wait for them to shovel the earth in over us. That's the way it looks to me."

"Gosh, Eddie, it isn't as bad as that."

"It's pretty near as bad as that. Joe Morrow's order will help, but the way it looks to me, Walt, we got to do some thinking if we're going to keep the factory open full time. We have to reorganize some, and modernize."

"What do you mean, Ed?"

"What I told you a while back. We're paying about forty salaries we wouldn't need to pay if we'd put in that new equipment. We'd get quicker production too and a big production increase for the same costs. We've got to do it, Walt."

"Let out all those people . . ."

"We've got to. Our production costs are running too high. We can't meet prices. The old equipment is worn out. You wouldn't want to replace it with obsolete machines. We have to keep up with the times. We haven't been going forward fast enough, so we're slipping back. You only have to compare our sales curve with the general sales curves to see that."

Miller stared at the graphs and charts Lampson produced from the folders, but he knew only too well the story they told. Miller and Lampson were slipping behind; and once you started to slip . . . "Cut costs so we can meet prices," was Ed's solution. Cutting costs meant installing the new machinery Miller had put off deciding on for more than a year, meant speeding up, meant laying off anywhere up to forty men and women, some of whom had been with them for ten and fifteen years. "Meeting prices" did not mean lowering their quoted prices, but being in a position to give "discounts" to firms like Joe Morrow's.

"Darned if I know what we ought to do," said Miller.

"We've been playing tag with these issues long enough, Walt; you know the only way we can meet Morrow's proposition is to cut our overhead."

"I don't like the Morrow deal, Ed. It's giving them an unfair advantage. We'll be helping them put our own customers out of business if we give them the concessions they keep demanding. We've got to make a stand against that sort of thing."

"We can't afford to. We need Morrow's business. This is the first real order he's given us, pretty near said right out there'll be more like it if we play ball with him. I'll bet you a twenty-five cent cigar, Walt, that inside of six months Joe will be buying more from us in one week than Slausson, Browns-Jenkin and all those guys put together can use in a year."

"What good will that do us if our profits are cut to the bone?"

"We have to pare down our costs, like everyone else is doing. All our competitors are ahead of us there, that's why we're losing ground."

"Suppose—" began Miller, moving the photo to one side and the telephone to the other, leaving a clear space on the desk at which he stared with puckered brow, "Suppose we figured out some way of cutting down production costs and then lowered all our prices, to everybody, not only to Morrow?"

"That wouldn't do us any good," said Lampson with conviction. "Joe wouldn't come in on that. He doesn't want prices lowered."

"You mean, he only wants discounts for his gang so that he has an advantage in the field."

"That's right."

Miller pushed back his swivel chair, got to his feet and paced up and down. "I won't do it, Ed. Joe Morrow is hardly any better than a gangster. I'm telling you. It's a racket."

"It's business, Walt. Joe's in business to make money, just like we are. He's got the buying power and he'd be a damn fool not to use it. I'd do the same thing in his place. If we won't play ball with him, he'll go to one of our competitors who will. The way we're fixed Walt, we can't afford to pass up Joe's proposition."

Miller sat down again, wearily; moved the photograph back within range of his eyes. "A couple of weeks ago," he said slowly, "when I got home, little Walt wasn't at the dinner table, and his grandma and his ma looked kind of funny. 'Where's Wallie?' I said, and they said he was in his room. His grandma had caught him cheating at some game and he wasn't going to have any dinner. Well, I got the whole story, and I went in and spanked the kid. I spanked him good and hard."

Miller paused. Lampson knocked the ash from his cigar and looked at the burning end.

"Eddie," Miller continued, "I always planned Wallie would come into the business when he grows up."

"Sure," said Lampson, uncrossing his legs, sitting up, and breaking through his momentary embarrassment with sudden bluster, "that's fine, Walt, a dandy idea. That's just what I'd be planning if I was in your place. But let's get back to where we was. I told Joe I'd phone him before five. Now, this is the way things stand: every year for three years our sales curve has been getting lower in comparison with the general curve. Every year we've been drawing less out of the business. This year is going to be lower than last if we don't do something pretty quick to start us on the upgrade

again. You've been following these figures all year just like I have, you know I'm saying what's so, Walt."

"Sure, Ed, it's the truth, I know how far we're in the red."

"Well, we should start tightening up right away, get in that new equipment, adjust our employment figures, lower wages five per cent. You know, Walt, (as the latter started to protest) we never cut down to the minimum and lower the way lots of others did."

"Living's going up," said Miller.

"We didn't send it up, did we? Now, I figure we can save on our payroll alone more than enough in one year to pay for the new machines—"

"Ed!" Miller burst out, "I feel like I want to go buy a piece of land somewhere and plant carrots."

"That would be pretty nice, Walt, but where would it get you?"

"Where is this getting us?"

"It's getting us out three square a day and a roof that don't leak. If we have a toothache, we can pay the dentist, and if we get an appendix we don't have to let it burst, the way our grandfathers did, I guess . . . Well, after we get our plant modernized and our production costs adjusted, then we should go after Morrow hot and heavy to give us all his business. If we make it worth his while—"

"Ed, letting all those workers go sticks in my neck."

"Jesus, I don't enjoy letting them out any more than you do, but it's them or all of us, that's the way we have to look at it. It isn't how many we're firing, but how many we're going to be able to keep working this way."

"There ought to be some other way out, Ed—"

The telephone rang. Miller jumped nervously, reached for it; his lips turned blue. "Yes, Dot, yes . . . The doctor says . . . Sure, tell me, I can stand it now better than waiting . . . He says . . . cancer . . . She's got a cancer . . . operation . . . yes But will she . . . ? He doesn't know . . . Right away . . . sure . . . You're not telling her? . . . Dot, there's a chance? He thinks there's a chance? . . . Yes, I'll leave now, I'll be right home . . ." For several minutes after the receiver was hung up he kept his grip on the telephone.

"Bad news?" asked Lampson tentatively, sympathetically.

"Yes. My mother. The doctor says it's cancer. She has to have an operation. We're lucky to have caught it now, he says. She has a chance. But they have to get at it right away."

"That's a tough break, Walt."

"Seems like it's just one thing on top of another."

"It will cost you a lot of money, too."

"Yes. Just when we're up against it. I have to start right home, Ed. Listen, let's think over what we were talking about this afternoon."

"I have to call Joe Morrow and give him our answer this afternoon. He won't wait any longer. We'll lose the business if we hold off. It won't do any good thinking it over, we're right up against it. Listen, Walt, you got plenty to think about, you leave this to me . . ."

"Ed, I don't know what to say."

Feeling the rock on which he had built splitting in all directions, the ground oozing under his feet and a sick sensation in his stomach as of all secure things crumbling, Miller took his hat from the rack and pulled it over his eyes. "We've got to keep going," he said slowly, "there's no two ways about that. I guess you'd better fix things up the way you think best, Ed."

"That's fine. We've got to do like everyone else does. Walt, we're in business to make money. I sure hope every-

thing comes out all right for your ma."

"Thank you, Ed, I hope so."

"Don't worry about anything, we'll pull out of the hole."

"I guess so, Eddie. Like you said, we'll be keeping all those others working. Maybe we ought to look at it that way."

MR. PRIESTLEY MOURNS

CHANDLER BRAGDON

● BOOKS

ENGLISH JOURNEY made it clear that Mr. Priestley was familiar with more than one section or one class of his country; more than that, it showed that Mr. Priestley, in contrast to several of the present-day English authors, can regard his England with a certain objectivity. "They Walk in the City"* is an "English Journey" in fictional form; but it is the journey of a pasteboard hero and heroine in a haze of the type of sentiment that Mr. Priestley had, we hoped, left behind.

The tale is simple enough: in a Yorkshire factory town a young man and a young woman meet once, fall into a chasm of love; there is a rendezvous that goes haywire; Rose leaves for London to seek new fortune—Edward follows. Edward searches for Rose in the maze of the metropolis, through fog and gas-light, weird changes of occupation and domicile. The reader, close on the heels of Edward, must wade through pages of Priestleyan description of the terrible and beautiful city, liberal Priestleyan comments on the effect of the Jazz Age and the passing of "the old days." While Edward is rewarded by an almost-tarnished Rose, the reader must content himself with the small host of odd but vivid characters that turn up in every tale by this author—characters that make one wish Edward would cease persevering and linger by the wayside.

It is a lack of backbone, of dramatic movement, that hampers "They Walk in the City" as a novel. The predicaments of Rose and Edward are often close to absurd; a mysterious hand of fate shunts them about in a jerky manner; they appear, disappear, hope, despair—but "carry on." In the last fifty pages they are whirled through an eerie Haroun al Raschid atmosphere with such vigor that one closes the book vaguely wondering if all this might not be the desultory beginning to a mystery-detective yarn.

But the main lack is that of a sustaining emotion: Mr. Priestley is angry, but he is not angry enough. His eyes are open to the gaunt terror in the streets, to the dirty business behind the folded doors of Whitehall and the City; but at the critical moment he turns aside into the nearest pub—a pint of bitters and small talk renew his faith in a patria that may be muddled but is muddled sublimely.

EARLY PROPAGANDIST

SAM ADAMS, PIONEER-IN PROPAGANDA, by John C. Miller (Little, Brown & Co.) 437 pages, \$4.00

I'll admit that at first I found some difficulty in becoming interested in Samuel Adams. This is, I believe, the fault of history textbooks which neglect to make Sam Adams a real character, and the Revolutionary Period a vital struggle engaged in by human beings instead of "stuffed shirts." It is deplorable that in many of our schools these rebels of yester-

*THEY WALK IN THE CITY, by J. B. Priestly (Harper's) \$2.50

day are not compared with the rebels of today. A clearer understanding of both past and present might be the result if such were the case.

It is interesting to know that Adams, while at Harvard, debated the question "Whether it be lawful to resist the Supreme Magistrate if the Commonwealth cannot be otherwise preserved." Such questions it seems were quite common at Harvard in the eighteenth century, perhaps more so than in the twentieth. A mixture of emotionalism and puritanism, Sam Adams knew well when to appeal to popular prejudice. His Sons of Liberty, his activities against the Stamp Act, his playing of the Boston Massacre, and his forcing of the Boston Tea Party show how he made the most of his political opportunities.

Although Sam Adams unlike John Adams did not believe that the work of the Revolution would be undone if the common people were given the right to vote, he did nothing about giving the franchise to the masses. He was, as the author states "willing to accept the people as they existed in 1776. He feared tyranny in rulers more than the disenfranchised masses." In his system of taxation for the support of the Congregational church in Massachusetts, Adams was definitely reactionary. He had no understanding of economic conditions. "When rural Massachusetts under Daniel Shays rebelled, Adams denounced the Shaysites just as Luther hurled anathemas against the peasants during the Peasants' Revolt." His concern with Boston immorality may seem strange to those who do not fully understand the influence of the puritan tradition in America. Until his death, Adams was consistently anti-Federalist.

The author, John C. Miller, is a Junior Fellow of Harvard College. This is his first book. Although the reader will find an occasional stilted pedagogical expression, the book is well written.

GEORGE VAN DE WETERING

SCOTLAND YARD

THE STORY OF SCOTLAND YARD, by Sir Basil Thompson (Doubleday Doran) \$3.00

AS THE name implies, this book is a history of the Metropolitan Police of London, tracing the "Yard" from its inception to the present time. The author was formerly head of the administrative branch of Scotland Yard, the Criminal Investigation Department, or what we in this country would call the "dicks" bureau. It is a careful study, and while admittedly written from the perspective of a police officer, nevertheless is fair and impartial.

THE NEW LIFE

Perhaps they laughed at Dante in his youth,
Told him that truth
Had unappealably been said
In the great masterpieces of the dead:—
Perhaps he listened and but bowed his head
In acquiescent honour, while his heart
Held natal tidings,—that a new life is the part
Of every man that's born,
A new life never lived before,
And a new expectant art;
It is the variations of the morn
That are for ever, more and more,
The single dawning of the single truth.
So answers Dante to the heart of youth.

WITTER BYNNER

It is of interest at this particular time to learn that the famed Metropolitan Police were not primarily formed to suppress ordinary crime, but to put down riots. The formation of the "Yard" met with strenuous resistance on the part of "liberty-loving" Englishmen; Sir Basil describes it thus:

"It was a year of riot and unrest. King George IV had died on June 26. A General Election was pending; the Reform Bill was shortly to be introduced; the 'National Political Union,' a new body, was busy fomenting all over the country; there were riots everywhere on one excuse or another, not because of the general trade depression so much as from the kind of sympathetic unrest which was affecting all countries in 1830."

It wouldn't take much imagination to substitute the date "1936" and a few minor name-changes to bring that description up-to-date. Too, it is interesting to note that coincidental with the publishing of this book, the Yard is still having trouble with riots and a "kind of sympathetic unrest."

Possibly there are some sociological flaws. For instance in Chapter XXV, "The Raid on the Premises of the Russian Trading Delegation," Sir Basil states; "It was certain that one or two unions affiliated with the Trade Union Congress were receiving the greater part of their funds through Arcos (the Russian Trading Delegation in London)." I am told by a former member of one of those two unions, that while the Russian trade unions raised a half million dollars to aid the striking British unions, these funds were refused. This reviewer feels that is no reflection on the authenticity of this very fine history.

Readers who like their fare factual will enjoy the case histories included. The more observant will come to realize the different problem that faces the English investigator as compared to our own detectives. In England the problem is to catch the criminal; the "proud and sombre procession of English justice" will take care of the rest; in our country the toughest part of the officer's work comes *after* the culprit has been arrested, when the honest copper has to buck the chiseling shyster, the "prominent businessman" and vacillating politician, if he is sincere enough to fight for a conviction.

The early police were viewed, and rightly enough, with suspicion; they were cheap informers, poorly paid and allowed to "collect" from the criminal element. Scotland Yard has changed all that in London; there the police are respected, and though they are still under-paid, there is no "collecting." In most of our American cities we have a similar condition to that faced by the Yard in its early days; we find the police viewed with suspicion, and God knows with justification in many instances, and we still find them "collecting" from the so-called criminal element.

With this history of Scotland Yard before me, I cannot help but wonder if in another hundred years, some man will write a like history of our Federal Bureau of Investigation. Will he be able to point to a wide confidence on the part of the citizens, confidence and pride, and will he write of the graft and corruption of the 1930s? Or will some outsider write a history a hundred years from now and point to the F. B. I. as an organization that, starting out for good, became a great political secret police that left a trail of terror like so many continental organizations? It will be fascinating to watch which way the reed bends.

LESLIE T. WHITE

CORRESPONDENCE

AMERICAN LEGION IN CHARACTER

An Open Letter to Sheriff Carl Rayburn,
American Legion Officials
Riverside Press

We offer the following as proof of violation of fundamental democratic Rights.

On September 29th, our group met in Moose Hall, Riverside. On entering the building we passed through a group of men wearing American Legion caps, who crowded about the entrance. Later, they asked permission to attend our meeting. R. J. Asbury, spokesman for the Legion visitors told our assembly in a friendly manner that he enjoyed the proceedings. However, a different report, entire-

ly false, was circulated, which it is alleged emanated from both the Sheriff's Office and influential American Legionnaires.

Reports that a disorderly radical meeting had to be broken up by the American Legion a little later influenced the Moose Lodge, and the use of their hall was thereafter refused us. Sheriff Carl Rayburn admitted having "talked" to the manager of the Moose Hall and stating that "dangerous characters" belonged to our organization. Pressure, also attributed to Mr. Rayburn, prevented us from getting another hall for our scheduled October 30th meeting.

We protest this action since it is not the business of Sheriff Carl Rayburn or American Legion officials to dictate the political thinking of Riverside citizens or to interfere in any manner with orderly meetings in the interest of social progress.

United Council for Political Action
Riverside Branch, Publicity Committee
Mrs. Chas. Berkowitz, Secretary

November 10, 1936

PAGING MR. CAULFIELD

To the Editor of "The Pacific Weekly":

I should appreciate it very much if any of your readers in the San Francisco region could give us any information regarding the whereabouts of Mr. C. Harold Caulfield, who as recently as April 30, 1936, was president of the San Francisco Board of Education.

On that date Mr. Caulfield made a speech in San Francisco in which he referred in a seriously unfair and inaccurate way to "The New Republic". The editors of this paper at once wrote to Mr. Caulfield protesting his statement, but have had no reply either to this or to several subsequent letters.

We take it for granted that failure on the part of an important public official to answer these communications on a matter of this degree of importance could only be explained as arising from long-continued absence from the city or serious illness. Can anyone tell us what ever became of Mr. Caulfield? Address The New Republic, 40 East Forty-ninth Street, New York City.

Faithfully,

November 18, 1936

Bruce Bliven
Editor, The New Republic

UNION RECREATION CENTER

"Pacific Weekly"

Dear Sirs:

Ready in the emergency, the "Union Recreation Center" of the Marine Unions, 32 Clay Street, San Francisco, has thrown open all doors to strikers and members of the Maritime Federation. Doing its bit by issuing complimentary membership cards, giving strikers full access to all its facilities for the duration of the strike and by establishing relief headquarters and a first aid station in the building. Also for the duration of the strike the doors are kept open twenty four hours providing the strikers with a means for recreation and a place to relax during picketing interludes.

The "Union Recreation Center" has much to offer for the morale of the strikers, its library with its wide choice of books, the spacious gym, volley ball and badminton nets ready to be set up at request; if any member likes to box or fool around punching bags and gloves the Center is just the place; wrestling enthusiasts will find a haven on the big regulation mats. The hot and cold showers and the steam room will be a welcome relief from meetings; "heads" and from the strenuous hours on picket duty. Besides all these diversions there are the writing desks, card tables, games such as chess, checkers, dominoes and cards, ping pong tables plus one snooker and five pool tables for the rest and relaxation of thousands of men off the ships and on the docks who are doing their utmost to bring about decent hours and working conditions.

Because the burden of the Center's operations have been greatly increased, all who possibly can are urged to join at once; dues are: \$1.00 for a month; \$5.50 for six months and \$10.00 for a year, payable in advance. All members of the Maritime Federation who cannot possibly bounce now, come up to the Center and receive your complimentary card now, good for the duration of the strike.

Entertainment for the striking men is underway. The first event in the form of a smoker took place last week with strikers admitted free, others four bits. Further entertainment is scheduled.

Union Recreation Center
San Francisco

TO PREVENT SCABBING

The Joint Marine Strike Committee representing the Maritime Unions issues a call to all organized labor to help prevent strike-breaking and scabbing on the waterfront. All unions can assist in this mutually necessary drive, according to the Committee, by doing the following:

1. Have your Central Labor Body arrange a special open meeting at which a representative of the Joint Strike Committee can report.
2. Have your Central Labor Body or bureau appoint an Investigation Committee to survey your area in order to discover whether any scab recruiting agencies are operating.
3. Report all attempts to recruit scabs to the Joint Strike Committee and have such agencies picketed under the direction of your Central Labor Body.

GROUPS IN ACTION

LEO GALLAGHER

Disbarment proceedings have been instituted against Leo Gallagher, famous attorney friend of labor. The basis of attack against him is found in letters which he wrote to the legal profession in Los Angeles County and printed in one campaign folder while running for the office of Superior Court Justice this last election. His opponent for the office was Judge Arthur Crum, well known labor-hater and red-baiter, and Mr. Gallagher's letters to and concerning Judge Crum were simply challenges to a debate concerning the latter's record in office. Judge Crum, according to his campaign ballyhoo, was "Humane and Just." Attorney Gallagher dared him to support that ballyhoo characterization in public debate—and the challenge was never accepted. Now that the election is over, Judge Crum and his backers feel that there is no more danger in coming out into the open, and so they are attempting to "punish" Attorney Gallagher by ridiculously charging him with misconduct. Evidence of the care with which a frameup has been arranged appears in the fact that Gallagher has been unable to find out who lodged the complaint against him, or who will hear his case, and in the fact also that his hearing will be held in secret, not publicly. Protests must be made, by telephone and in writing, to the office of the State Bar in Mills Tower, San Francisco, or to the Los Angeles office at 440 Rowan Building.

ANTI NAZI PROTEST

In New York, five hundred German-Americans attended an entertainment held for the benefit of Alfred Miller, anti-Nazi refugee faced with deportation to Germany, and protested such violation of the right to asylum. At the same time a resolution was adopted condemning the brutal murder of Edgar Andre, German trade-unionist, after a fake trial by the Nazis. This resolution climaxed in a stirring pledge, "to carry on the cause for which Edgar Andre was murdered until Nazism is wiped off the face of the earth."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

ALEXANDER KAUN, professor of Slavic languages at the University of California, is at present working on a book on Soviet humor.

PAUL BIRNS is a San Francisco advertising man.

ROBERT CAMERON is an Eastbay newspaper man.

COLE STEVENS is a student of politics in Washington.

JOHN CHESTER is a San Francisco newspaper and publicity man, who has made a special study of Earl Warren's "murder" case.

ELLA WINTER, author of "Red Virtue" is now doing work on national and West coast magazines.

WITTER BYNNER is a well known poet, author of many books, living in Santa Fe.

ELSA GIDLOW has published short stories and verse in national magazines and is author of a volume of verse "On A Grey Thread."

CHANDLER BRAGDON studied history in Cambridge and Oxford Universities in England, and in Princeton, taught in various schools and is now extension lecturer in Berkeley.

LAWRENCE BERNARD is a poet, playwright and critic working on WPA in Los Angeles.

GEORGE VAN DE WETERING teaches English and journalism in Santa Cruz.

LESLIE T. WHITE is a national pulp-magazine writer and author of "Me, Detective."

Make checks or money orders payable to:

BOX 1350 PACIFIC ASSOCIATES CARMEL, CALIF.

[] Enter my subscription for 1 year, for \$3; Canada and foreign \$3.50

[] Enter my subscription for 6 months, for \$1.75; Canada and foreign \$2.10

Name.....

Address.....

THEY TELL ME . . .

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY: A Marxian Quarterly announces that in view of the number of contributions received for the second issue, which is now being prepared for the press, the size of the magazine will be increased from 128 to 144 pages. The first printing of the Fall issue was exhausted immediately after publication, and the third large printing is now being distributed. Maurice Dobb, lecturer in economics at Cambridge University, has become one of the Foreign Editors.

THE DECEMBER "Champion of Youth" will feature articles on the current situation in Spain. Joseph Cadden, who traveled through Spain with a youth delegation writes a first hand account of the role of the young people. Robert Morss Lovett writes on the war menace and suggests measures necessary for the struggle for peace. There are three short stories, including one by George Ruteford, formerly in a CCC camp, on the conditions in the camps.

A NEW BOOK about the theater is Constantin Stanislavski's "An Actor Prepares," issued by Theater Arts, Inc. This is his first book since "My Life in Art." It was translated by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood (Mrs. Norman Hapgood), who has also written the introduction. The book takes the form of a student's diary of rehearsals, in which the author himself plays the role of director. The author, incidentally, is now 75 years old and still an active figure in the Soviet theater.

PRINTS BY on hundred of the leading print makers of the United States have been selected from almost five hundred entries and will be published December 10 in a book called "America Today," by the Equinox Co-operative Press.

The collection was assembled by the American Artists' Congress and will be exhibited in thirty American cities during December.

Among the artists represented are George Biddle, Arnold Blanch, Howard Cook, Miguel Covarrubias, Ernest Fiene, Wanda Gag, Hugo Gellert, William Gropper, John Groth, Rockwell Kent, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Louis Lozowick, George Picken, Raphael Soyer, Harry Sternberg, Lynd Ward, Max Weber, and eighty-three others.

THE FIRST BOOK to appear under the joint imprint of Harper's and the Story Press will be Ignazio Silone's new novel, "Bread and Wine." Silone is a man in his middle thirties. His anti-Fascist beliefs and activities forced him to flee from Italy to Switzerland, where he has now lived for several years, editing a workers' newspaper. His first novel, "Fontamara," was put on the blacklist in Italy, but it has been translated into twenty languages. It was made into a play, produced here by the Theater Union under the title "Bitter Stream." "Bread and Wine," the new novel, deals with the same general scene as "Fontamara," but covers the period of the Abyssinian War.

THE LEAGUE of American Writers opened their 1936 "Mind of America" lecture series with a special program in honor of Spanish writers, some of whom, like the poet Garcia Lorca were reported to have fallen in the fight. Sherwood Anderson was chairman; Professor Julian Moreno Lacalle gave the historical background of the present struggle; Muriel Rukeyser, the poet, author of "Theory of Flight"; Angna Enters, the famous dancer, Eugene Schachner, the correspondent, gave eyewitness accounts; Malcolm Cowley, "New Republic" editor, described the part played by such famous French writers as André Malraux and Jean Richard Bloch, and English writers like Ralph Bates and Ralph Fox.

WHAT-NOTS: Max Lerner, editor of "The Nation," will write an introduction for the new Modern Library edition of Adam Smith's "The Wealth of Nations," which is promised for Spring, complete and unabridged in a single Modern Library "Giant" volume. . . . Beginning with its December issue, "Judge" will include three former "Life" critics, George Jean Nathan, Kyle Crichton and Don Herold. . . . Archibald MacLeish has been appointed special lecturer in literature at Princeton University. . . . The advance sale for John Strachey's new book, "The Theory and Practice of Socialism," was over 10,000 copies. The book is the November choice of the Left Book Club in England. "My book is really about Socialism, and not Capitalism," Mr. Strachey declared last week in an interview with the "London Times." "Instead of criticizing Capitalism, it tells you what I think there is to put in its place." . . . Robert Briffault's new book "Reasons for Anger" owes its title to Harold Nicolson, who, in reviewing one of Briffault's earlier books, complained "There is no reason why Mr. Briffault should get so angry." The essay in the book called (by us) "Why They Are So Dumb" appeared first in "Pacific Weekly."

ELLA WINTER