

# STUDENT REVIEW

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SUMMER, 1934

TEN CENTS

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## Students Strike Against War

*Special short articles, letters, and communications from the first authentic account of the one hour National Student Strike Against War, April 13.*

## The "Princetonian" Goes to Bat

*The Editor of the "Daily Princetonian" substantially agrees with charges levelled against Princeton ideals and traditions in the April "Student Review"*

## May Day in Michigan

By HILDA D. LAINE

## Building a New Theatre

By PAUL PETERS



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## Comment

OVER three thousand students marched into Union Square on May 1st under the huge blue banner of the National Student League. There were delegations from every sizeable New York college. Brooklyn College alone had over 400 students marching, most of them participating for the first time. The high school students distinguished themselves particularly. Over a thousand of them braved expulsion and disciplinary action and cut their full day of school. All in all, three thousand students marched under our banner in New York. Elsewhere we print a report of what May Day meant to thirty-eight students in the University of Michigan. At Yale, only a handful marched but the Boston papers saw enough of them to see red again. Few or many, May Day this year found the N.S.L. leading more students in support of the working class than ever before.

When we marched into the Square in New York jamming into the narrow wedge between the speakers stand and the teeming thousands of militant workers, there was loud cheering and tumultuous applause. Hearts were stirred with the high hopes of our future, when Carl Brodsky shouted into the microphone: "Long live the revolutionary student movement!"

On May 1st, the members and sympathizers of the National Student League made their most significant demonstration of solidarity with the working class. On May 30, the youth of the nation will demonstrate against war and fascism. National Youth Day has become the traditional day of protest for young workers, protest against unemployment, hunger, war. More than ever before, this year's National Youth Day must be for the students a day of solidarity with the young workers in shop and mill and factory. Not only in New York but throughout the country there must be thousands and thousands of us demonstrating on May 30.

THERE is news from Princeton that will make you rub your eyes, blink a little astonished, and it is vastly encouraging, too. In our last issue, we published an article, "Tiger! Tiger!" which expressed a rather uncomplicated opinion of Princeton. In another place in this issue, we reprint an editorial in the *Princetonian* which replied to our article. Not only that, but the *Princetonian* reprinted the whole of "Tiger! Tiger!" Since then that paper has echoed the voice of a new life in Princeton. Most interesting of developments in our direction is the Anti-War Society.

The *Princetonian* reported on May 2nd, "An anti-war society, as a direct answer to Arthur French's criticism in the April issue of the *Student Review* . . . will be officially organized at a meeting tonight." In a very sympathetic editorial, it stated "Such a move deserves the support of every undergraduate who wants to wage a fight on the forces which, unless checked and checked soon, are bound to result in the downfall of that perhaps pitiful object we term 'modern civilization.'" Next day, it reported a successful meeting supported by both Faculty and students. There is already an enrolled membership of sixty. The Society is to publish a bulletin, and has sent delegates to a conference held at Newark on May 6.

So much for clear and obvious organization. There is also emerging a broader social awareness, at present fumbling and hesitant, yet unmistakable. A recent "Prince" editorial has delivered a (rather concealed) attack on the N.R.A., a number of articles on war and the munition makers have been reprinted, and more ambitious plans are in the making.

May Princeton awake be as alert as Princeton asleep was indifferent!

A BLARE of jingo jazz mingled with sloppy sentiment was raised like a smoke screen in 1917 to cover the grim reality of what women were being called upon to do and sacrifice during the world war. But there were not any mushy songs about how it felt when your son or your husband or your brother came back, blind or crippled, and didn't find a job. There were only Gold Stars for the dead and misery and unemployment for the living. Millions of women all over the world are thinking back to 1914 and asking the why and the wherefore.

The World Committee Against War and Fascism has taken the initiative in organizing this feeling and this resistance. They secured the endorsement and support of such outstanding women as Mme. Sun Yat Sen, Ellen Wilkinson, Mme Rolland, Countess Karolyi, Charlotte Despard and others. A call was addressed to the women of the world for an International Women's Congress to be held in Paris, July 28, 29 and 30, 1934, on the eve of the twentieth anniversary of the World War.

The call was received by the American League Against War and Fascism which immediately mobilized a wide representative group of American women, from the shops,



trade unions, schools and peace societies. Conferences are already under way in the chief industrial centers of the country. Other conferences will be held in the Mid-Western farm areas. These conferences will elect the American delegates to the World Congress. The perspective is to elect at least one munitions worker, textile worker, farm woman, agricultural worker, miner's wife.

## Meaning of April 13

**B**EFORE the one hour strike on April 13 we did not know our own strength. We never suspected our numbers. Now we know. No matter how incomplete the reports or how conservative the estimate, there were some 25,000 students out on strike from 11 to 12. And this will be remembered even in those colleges where the events of the day seemed to leave but the slightest ripple.

We know that in many colleges there was nothing; perhaps only a tiny news note on the first page of the campus newspaper and a dignified editorial inside—about activities elsewhere. We know, for example, that there was no strike at the University of Oklahoma. There are no chapters there of the N.S.L. or of the S.L.I.D. There is one student who writes that he is a member of both organizations. There are a few others who may be vaguely called "sympathizers." This handful of brave souls actually called a strike. They put out a beautiful leaflet with the word strike covering three-quarters of the page in the most tremendous type. They also plastered the school with signs. But of course there was no strike. The president called the boys together and he told them that the strike would have to be called off. And it was called off. But these pioneers at Oklahoma U. will remember.

What college radical has not been told by his president about the futility of rash action in a world where there are so few who agree with him. How many times the college presidents and the deans and the presidents of student councils have mocked the anti-war movement by pointing out the insignificance of its numbers. Those days are gone forever. The anti-war movement is numerically the largest as well as the most significant movement on the American campus.

**O**F course it is not enough to say that we are building an anti-war movement. We have to know what kind of movement, its perspective and direction. We know that these are no longer academic problems.

The *New York Times* has ideas on the subject. In a leading editorial is stated that "The impulse and emotion displayed are in large part praiseworthy, but are they not misdirected? It is not sufficient to cry out against war. We must give thought and effort to the causes of war, so as to discover if they are not removable. What

The rest of the delegation will represent the widest sections of American women.

Why not a delegation of women students? The National Student League will further testify to its support of the American League by giving the International Women's Congress the widest publicity and by seeing that student delegation through to Paris.

these young men ought to do is to pass on from their detestation of war to hearty support of every international agency designed to prevent it. Much more effective than their protest that we will not fight personally would be a demand that this country make assurance of peace doubly sure by, for example, joining the League of Nations and adhering to the World Court."

First the *Times* makes us into pacifists and then attacks pacifism. The Oxford Pledge says that we will not support the U. S. government in any war it may conduct. *It does not say that we will not bear arms in any war.* The pledge is meant to bind together in opposition to war various student elements. It is a united front pledge. It is one of the slogans, perhaps the most succinct expression, of the student anti-war movement. Its real meaning depends on the actions that enforce it.

Our action in time of war will depend at least in large part on the perspective we develop now. The trend of the anti-war movement is away from pacifism, away from the ineffectual heroism of individual action. The things we stand for may be discovered in the resolutions passed by innumerable anti-war conferences, resolutions which have a striking resemblance to the N.S.L. program.

Practically all of the anti-war conferences have had this much in common: We stand opposed to the economic system which breeds war. We ally ourselves with the working class which alone is capable of preventing war, and of removing its causes. We enforce this stand with militant and aggressive action.

To twist the words non-support in the Oxford pledge to the words non-participation is actually to change the direction of our whole movement. Surely our present stand has implications for the day when war breaks out. We stand for strikes of the workers both in the manufacture and the shipment of munitions. We stand for mass action to warn the war-makers. Surely on the day that war breaks out we will not turn right about face and decide that the brief heroism of the few will triumph over the forces of organized capitalism.

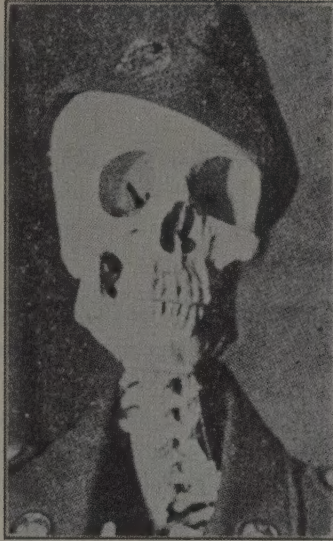
The mass action of an organized working class can be doubly effective in time of war providing it does not lose sight of fundamentals. It will have to keep in mind that its primary objective is the abolition of capitalism, so



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*In preparation for an anti-war conference at M.I.T., students clothed a skeleton in an R.O.T.C. uniform and hung it up in the main hall. On the insistence of the R.O.T.C. department they took off the uniform and left the skeleton in B.V.D.'s.*

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that no great mass action such as a general strike stop short on the way to achievement. Nor will success be possible if the anti-war movement is isolated from the workers in uniform—from the armed forces. The fight against war will have to be waged on two fronts—in the factories and on the battle fields. Surely the support of such a policy is dictated by the very actions we are taking now.

We will not be able to say on the basis of everything we have been doing—to hell with your war. We will have nothing to do with it. We will have to say: We will fight against your war and the system that produced it.

**W**E must also know what our immediate steps will be, what we will do tomorrow.

We have made our first spectacular show of strength. What was a one hour demonstration will have to be consolidated into the routine of organization and of daily activity. The local anti-war congress has proven to be the most effective means of organizing the individual campus, of securing the widest interest and the broadest representation. By all means, let there be an anti-war conference in every college in the country. But let us not forget that these conferences are but agencies to involve students in the struggle against war and war preparations on the campus. If they do not lead to specific activity they defeat their own purpose.

Even the one hour strike may be criticized on this score. It was too general in scope. It neglected the enemy closest home. We attacked the R.O.T.C. as a national institution, not enough on each particular campus. The R.O.T.C. can be abolished as the collegiate branch of the War Department if we try hard enough, if we try hard enough on every individual campus. The R.O.T.C. cannot be abolished all at once. Every local victory weakens the institution as a whole. To abolish it will not mean that we have abolished war. It will mean that we have won in our first test of strength with the war department.

At the beginning of next semester we will have to strike a concerted and powerful blow against R.O.T.C.

in a dozen colleges where it seems safely entrenched.

The N.S.L. program states "We demand transference of state and government appropriations from funds for military into funds to be used for needy students and for educational purposes." On each campus it would be well to point out precisely what could be done with the salaries of the army instructors, with the money for uniforms and ponies. Nothing would be more effective than a thousand such local demands culminating in a nationwide petition and a march on Washington.

The American League Against War and Fascism is calling the second U. S. Congress Against War in September. The students will have to be there and bring with them the solidarity of daily action against war by students and workers.

Our perspective is clear. We will have to get down to the brass tacks of organizing and consolidating and directing the enormous anti-war sentiment that already exists.

**A**ND doing this also means organizing the N.S.L. The N.S.L. is the guarantee of daily activity, is the pledge that anti-war congresses do not languish away from sheer inertia. N.S.L. members are the devoted people who know what is to be done next and do it. The existence of an N.S.L. chapter is the promise that anti-war resolutions will be carried out.

Organizing the N.S.L. can not be thought of as something apart from our daily anti-war activity. The N.S.L. is the cohesive force that binds together various student groups in the struggle against war because it is able to provide the programmatic basis for united action, because it provides perspective and direction and offers daily work and activity.

When we say organize the N.S.L., we mean organize chapters that really function, that pay dues, that hold regular meetings, that are a real force on the campus, that are not isolated from campus life and politics. The old excuses no longer hold. You cannot say that the students on your campus are backward and indifferent. If we cannot build a powerful organization now it is we who will be backward and indifferent.

More clearly than ever before we can see the need for one organization that will knit together the thousands of students who are willing to fight against war, who are willing to march in our demonstration and hold high the banners of militant student struggle in alliance with the workers.

The N.S.L. has repeatedly appealed to the L.I.D. to unite with it in order to build one powerful student organization. The N.S.L. and the L.I.D. have successfully worked together and together executed the most significant student demonstration ever held in the United States. Surely it is apparent by now that such a united student organization is possible.

The N.S.L. is convinced that its program provides the basis for such an organization. The N.S.L. will continue to stand for student unity against War and Fascism. We believe that with or without the aid of the S.L.I.D. we can build out of the one hour strike a student organization that will be a permanent guarantee of aggressive and determined action against Imperialist War.



# Striking Against Imper-

WE present here brief accounts from the various colleges of the nation-wide Strike Against War on April 13th. Many strikes have been omitted. We hope to convey the swing and the scope of the strike rather than a detailed and consecutive narrative. All the information here is first-hand from letters, campus publications and special short articles for *Student Review*.

\* \* \* \*

HENRY FLEISCHER, from Amherst, writes on the morning following the Student Anti-War Strike, "Dear Joe Cohen, congratulations, old boy, on the way things went throughout the country. The Roosevelt ear to the ground must have heard plenty."

Amherst had a strike in which about 175 students out of a total school population of 700 struck between eleven and twelve. The mass meeting marched toward the Massachusetts State College campus—flanked by the Horse Troops of the State College.

"No trouble," continues Fleisher. "The speeches were O.K. and got their point across. A bunch of R.O.T.C. boys heckled a little, at the State College, and threw an occasional fire-cracker. Outside of that there was no disturbance."

He concludes with two interesting sidelights. "The figure of one of the military officers of the State Faculty very gallantly thumbing his nose at us as we yelled 'Down with R.O.T.C.' and 'Unite Against War'"—also—"our pal Freddie Barghorn of the Student League for Industrial Democracy, leading the parade, carrying a National Student League placard!"

The *Springfield Union* of Springfield, Massachusetts, put the matter of the military and policy intimidation of the Amherst Smith parade very succinctly—and very coyly: "A strong, not of opposition (*sic*) at Amherst when Col. Charles A. Romeyn, commandant of the unit of military instruction at State College, marched his cavalry troop right into the center of the town and circled the ancient common,

while members of the American Legion post of the town cruised about in automobiles during the morning."

\* \* \* \*

FROM DeWitt Clinton High School, New York, one of the largest secondary schools in the world, we get an interesting strike story.

Here the N.S.L. carried on the action alone, because the L.I.D. which has legal status in the school thought it better not to endanger its charter.

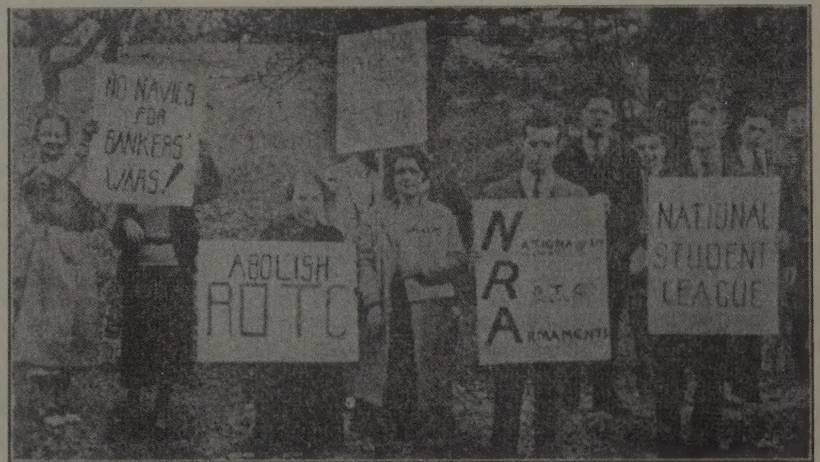
After refusing the students permission to gather on the vacant grounds near the school buildings, the principal personally directed the R.O.T.C. corps, the Service Squad and the football team to the outdoor strike meeting, with no other intention but to disrupt it. Then, in order to insure peace, he telephoned for six radio cars to patrol the neighborhood.

An attempt to get the Arista, the honor society, to discredit the strike failed because the leader of the group refused to abide by the Administration suggestion.

A special assembly of upper classmen was called an hour before 11 a. m.

When a student arose to challenge the Principal, he was forcibly ejected—and as the two thousand assembled students protested, the assembly was dismissed.

As the zero hour approached, groups assembled in corridors and class-rooms. Unable to leave the school build-



Smith and Amherst students, after the Amhersts marched to Smith.



# ialist War

ing because of police patrol, they marched through the halls, shouting and cheering.

The lunchroom, where two thousand students assembled, was locked from the outside. The strike hour was spent in speech-making from the dining tables, in cheers and cries of indignation and anger.

The story is told that one of the leading student anti-militarists was forcibly escorted to a room in a faraway corner of the school and kept there for the 11-12 o'clock hour by several football players.

Seven students were subsequently suspended in this high-school, and reinstated only after several large outdoor protest meetings and a spirited barrage of letters of protest from mothers and fathers in the neighborhood.

**J**OHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY in Baltimore had one of the best strikes in the nation.

All week long the boards were posted with leaflets and placards, and everyone was talking about it. Never before had any action of the N.S.L. attracted such wide influence and excellent response. The Liberal Club (L.I.D.) and the Enlisted Supporter Club of the American League joined in the preparations.

On Friday morning, the *Hopkins News Letter* was issued three hours earlier with a big headline announcing the strike.

Classes begin on the half hour at Hopkins. At eleven o'clock however, the entire sophomore history class rose and left the building. Augmented by other students, the meeting in front of Levering Hall continued until a number of R.O.T.C. boys began a barrage of eggs, overripe tomatoes, and fish heads.

As Dr. Frederick Lane, associate professor of History rose to speak, a Khaki-clad student set a fire hose upon him from a side window. The meeting, almost turning into a riot—was closed in short order.

All of Johns Hopkins was thoroughly aroused at the strike-breakers and hooligans. It was one of those incidents that thoroughly discredits the upholders of law and order.

The *News Letter*, April 17, publishes a front page editorial entitled "Hopkins' Gentlemen—Phooey." "In a certain sense, we are glad that the meeting assumed the form that it did—we are glad because it offers convincing, indeed irrefutable evidence to the Administration that it has unconsciously catered to a group of vandalistic imbeciles whose lack of knowledge is only surpassed by their disrespect for the rights of others."



Harvard fascists stage a dress rehearsal. Note the Hitler salute.

The editorial continues for several thousand words, scathingly denouncing every force that obstructed the anti-war meeting.

In relation to the investigation of the conduct of the R.O.T.C. and the athletes, the *News Letter* says that "they (the hooligans) are only too well known, and that as a result punishment will not be meted out to them, is a matter in which we intend to interest ourselves actively." (Italics in original.)

\* \* \* \*

**W**HILE the anti-war strikes were going on in so many of the major universities, the Associated Press reports that "advocates of military training, having fully noted the campus strike-against-war movement, met in Washington for the first R.O.T.C. conference. Walter S. Steele, general chairman of the Conference, predicted that as a result of the meeting, a constructive program would be formulated to meet, right on the campuses, particularly of *R.O.T.C. Colleges* the propaganda of the Socialist and Communist youth groups." (Our italics.)

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**F**ROM the Far West, Oregon and Washington, come two stories of the April 6 anti-war action, that recall the militant struggle of students and workers in 1919 and exemplify the militant tradition of the West Coast.

(Continued on page 12)



# A Note on Our Tradition

OUR student struggles boast an old, precious tradition. In the France of the Second Empire, the man who roused students to organization and action was Louis August Blanqui, a most heroic and ambiguous figure. The fiftieth anniversary of his death passed three years ago virtually unnoticed. Today, Blanqui is chiefly remembered for his theory that a small and resolute minority can shock the masses into motion and victory by a sudden opportune stroke. In his own times, that doctrine moved men to action, and high in the Blanqui faith was a remarkable group which received its initial revolutionary baptism as students in the Université de France. Two of Marx's sons-in-law, Paul Lafargue and Charles Longuet, began as members of this Blanquist group. What these students were like can best be indicated by retelling the story of what was perhaps the first international student congress on record.

We hear of them first when in May, 1865, some of them undertook a journal dedicated to "the criticism of religion, science and philosophy." Tongue in cheek, they named it *le Candide*. Blanqui himself frequently contributed under the signature *Suzamel*, a telescoped form of his wife's two Christian names, Suzanne-Amelie. Gustave Tridon, the most famous of the young editors, was destined to write a famous work on the Hebertists.

*Candide* did not last long. They threw caution to the winds too soon. Too pugnacious treatment of burning social questions earned its suppression after the eighth number. Appearing twice a week, it had lasted just a month. To the Blanquists, however, such suppressions were as inevitable as birthdays. For example, Longuet began publishing a paper called *Les Ecoles de France*, suffered suppression, was jailed, fled to Brussels, changed the paper's name to *Le Rive Gauche* and continued publication in Belgium.

*Candide* was not so fortunate. Vaissier, the managing editor, Turpin, the printer, Ponnat and Tridon, the editors-in-chief, were sentenced from one to six months in jail, with a stiff fine besides. But the paper had served them well. It helped to clarify their ideas, it gave them courage and the precedent of proclaiming their ideas beyond the limits of garret and cafe; it gained recruits to the cause. Above all, it was this last, the silent organizer in the university. A relatively small but remarkably cohesive group sprang up from nowhere. Blanqui's call to arms: *Atheism! Communism! Revolution!* was enough for them.

Soon they were to show their mettle.

In October, 1865, an International Student Congress was called at Liege, Belgium, under eminently respectable auspices. The organizing committee invited the big-wigs of the various French parties, Duruy, Guisot, Thiers, Hugo, Litre and others. None of them came, however, and the congress was composed only of students.

The historian of this episode, Charles De Costa, was himself a participant. What he chooses to relate in his

*Les Blanquistes*, is unfortunately mere outline. The rest must be surmised.

The congress opens with a parade in which the students march behind their national colors. The ceremony is solemn and impressive—except for a detail. All eyes turn on the French delegation. *Their* national colors are barely peeping out behind the drab black crepe. To all appearances the French delegation is marching behind a flag of mourning.

At the speeches presenting the flags and delegation, Aristide Rey, a medical student, gravely presents the crepe to the assembly, saying, "Coming from our country, France, where freedom is dead, we cannot bring the tricolor into Belgium." Another student, Albert Regnard, rises to add that the French students felicitate the Belgians on their liberty. He deplores its absence in France where Napoleon III has strangled every semblance of freedom.

At the sessions proper, the congress is converted into a forum. Jaclard acts a biting, cynical piece against God and His deputies, the "black army," the priests. Germaine Casse repeats as much of Blanqui on materialism as comes to mind at the moment. Lafargue, also a Blanquist at the time, delivers himself of a weighty attack against the money-bags, the usurers, the powers behind the throne.

Naturally, the Belgian press was scandalized. They made much of the flag episode and more of the speeches. Fundamental institutions were threatened, no less.

Under pressure from the Clerical wing of the Chamber of Deputies, the governing board of the Université de France was hastily called together and the temporary suspension of the Blanquist leaders was voted.

The decision raised hell. The historian of the episode writes at this point not without restraint: "Such a decision naturally provoked the deepest emotions in the scholastic world and for several weeks the whole Latin Quarter seethed with excitement."

Morning and evening, in campus, lecture room and cafe, meetings were held. Petitions of protest circulated without end. Finally, the word spread: *Strike!* No student must attend classes until the measures taken against their comrades are withdrawn.

Their strike technique was refreshing. In every class, both in the Law School and in the School of Medicine, as soon as the professor moved to begin work, they greeted him with rowdy applause, shrieks, stamping, whistling, general frenzy. Then a student rose and declared that the demonstration was not directed at the professor but at the Academic Council. The students were determined not to permit any classes until their comrades were reinstated. Familiar words!

The agitation continued for some time. What came of it? Our historian concludes mournfully:

"... it ended by dying out like all the demonstrations of the Latin Quarter. But not without results, principally from the young students just admitted from the Lycee, for by putting the atheistic and revolutionary doc-



trines of the Congress of Liege on the order of the day, the Congress continued in fact for a long time in the cafes at night."

It will be seen that the affair was not without effect. It is hard to say why it was not entirely successful from the little we are told. We may surmise that it was at least partially due to the fact that the Blanquists did not undertake the slow, painful work of preparing the ground-

swell of student activity and organization. A few brilliant adventures by a few brilliant generals—without armies—will never do.

The flame they handed down still burns. Clarity and program they lacked, but in spirit these Blanquists are surely comrades in arms separated from us only by the years.

RAOUL MARIN.

## Expulsions - English Style

THE *Student Vanguard*—a left-wing student magazine not connected with the London School of Economics—published in its February issues an objectionable paragraph reflecting on a member of the staff at the school. The Director immediately banned the sale of the magazine in the school.

At the same time he imposed a general censorship on the sale or distribution of all literature. It was customary for the Director to consult with the representatives of the Students' Union before enforcing any new regulations that vitally affected the students. In this instance he broke with tradition in completely ignoring the Students' Union, despite the fact that negotiations were still proceeding regarding the relations between the Director and the Union. There had been considerable differences of opinion between the Director and the students as to the form these relationships should take.

Six students—including the President of the Union, two members of the Union Executive, the editors of the school magazine, and the editor of the University of London Union Magazine—decided to organize a sale of the prohibited magazine as a protest against what they considered to be a violation of the rights of the Union. They were immediately excluded from the school pending a meeting of the Emergency Committee of the Governors.

All six students, however, on maturer consideration, tendered a full apology to the Director. They made it entirely clear that the sale of the magazine had in no way been made with the object of giving further publicity to the offending paragraph, for which they were not in the first place responsible, and which they agreed was entirely unjustifiable. They explained that it had been intended as a protest against the censorship on the sale of all literature, and against the manner of its imposition. A full apology was also sent to the member of the staff concerned, and was accepted.

Four of the students were reinstated, but two, including the President, were expelled. The Emergency Committee of the Court of Governors received appeals for reinstatement, from a deputation representing the unanimous opinion of the Students' Union, in resolutions from all over the country, and in a letter signed by the Dean of Canterbury, Bertrand Russell, Rev. A. D. Belden, and Prof. J. B. S. Haldane. But the Committee reaffirmed

the decision in the case of Frank Meyer, the President of the Union, and the Director was given power to reconsider the case of Jack Simons, the expelled member of the Executive, after the interval of a term, on condition that he sever all connections with the students at the school during the interval.

The position of the two expelled students is very serious. The decision to expel Frank Meyer—an American subject, and a Research Assistant in Anthropology at the school—was taken in the face of the knowledge that his expulsion and the abrupt termination of his appointment, might result in his being required to leave the country, in which he has resided for nearly six years. It will be extremely difficult for him, if he is not reinstated, to obtain another post either in this country or in America, despite his qualifications. The other student—a South African—is also faced with the possibility of losing his scholarship.

Meyer was known as the President who most actively upheld the point of view of the students in their negotiations with the Director. In disobeying the Director's orders he acted in what he wrongly believed to be the interests of the Students' Union which he represented. Moreover, Meyer and Simons were known to be the two most active and respected Marxists in the school, and the latter was chairman of the Marxist Society.

If these facts were not taken into consideration by the Emergency Committee of the Governors—which included Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, Sir Josiah Stamp and Mr. Frank Pick—then it is difficult to explain on what grounds the discrimination was made; for in each case the offense and apology were identical; it is also difficult to explain the ground for the conditions put upon Jack Simons. But if these facts were taken into consideration, then clearly the expulsions raise serious questions as to the liberty of students throughout the country.

In either case the students should be immediately reinstated and the representations should be made from all possible quarters in order to obtain a reversal of the sentences.

It is with the object of co-ordinating these representations that a Provisional Reinstatement Committee has been set up with the temporary address of 7, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.I.



# Student Action Speaks

## Student Workers in Texas

**E**VENTS at the University of Texas during the past semester prove once again that you cannot exorcise, and you cannot expel, a militant student movement out of existence. Two years ago, a group of students began the publication of an "underground" paper, *Sparks*, "underground" because it was published and sold without permission from the Regents of the University. The subsequent inquisition was like a red raid. The N.S.L. was barred from the campus forever. The students were expelled.

The seeds of dissent are budding again. Two very significant movements have appeared on the campus since September. Both are flourishing, both have concrete achievements to boast. Northern students may find it difficult to understand that out here, in Texas, a student movement is almost like a labor union.

At the beginning of the year, a discussion group burdened with the excessively cryptic name "Cosmorama" was formed. Originally, it was limited to students with distinct radical tendencies for the purpose of discussing topics of social significance. To its credit, Cosmorama has succeeded in bringing C.W.A. relief to needy students at the University.

The question of needy students introduces us to the second, and perhaps more important, development—the Working Students Association. The conditions which made the association necessary will astonish people unacquainted with the social background of southern students. Cases were brought to our attention where students worked eight hours for two meals. In one sandwich shop on the campus, student workers were receiving one meal for four or five hours work daily. As a result of intensive agitation by the association, student workers now get one dollar's worth of food—three good meals—for four hours of work. That is not much—but it is only a beginning.

We have also launched a survey into living conditions on the campus. We have found some terrible examples. The administration has not been sleeping. It has begun a survey of its own. They were careful to advertise the fact in the *Daily Texan* that: "This is in no way connected with the unofficial survey conducted by the Working Students Association, a new organization, on the campus.

This is the official survey of the University Employment Agency." The latter had never been heard of before in such a case. When a committee of the association went down to the agency to offer their aid, it was not at all eagerly accepted. If needed, they would be called.

These movements will go on. It will gather momentum, and perhaps there is another *Sparks* episode in the making. These policies have hardly pleased the administration and we have many a scrap to our credit already. So far we have extricated ourselves from such difficulties without great difficulty but there is no denying the fact that there is a distinct effort being made to either discredit us or disown us. We are not afraid, we will be stopped by neither.

RUBIN R. DOHNS

## Liberalism in Oberlin

**I**N December last year Oberlin College completed 100 years of liberal tradition. There is perhaps no other college in the country with a name more renowned for its liberalism, for its guarantee of the right of free expression, for its tolerance, and for its cosmopolitanism than Oberlin. It was the first college to open its doors to women and to Negroes; in the famous Wellington rescue some of its students defied the law to seize a fugitive slave from the hands of a sheriff. Even today its internationalism is exemplified by the presence of a Peace Society and a Cosmopolitan Club.

In spite of this liberal background, the forces of reaction and conservatism, which are making rapid headway in every institution of the capitalist social order, are not absent from Oberlin. A college which is supported by wealthy alumni, and whose endowment is wrapped up in the Aluminum Company of America, must be careful that it does not let its "liberalism" go too far.

At the beginning of this school year a Liberal Club existed on the campus. This was a rather inactive discussion group which was not particularly interested in the immediate problems of the students but discussed the more remote issues of the social order. The Administration was quite sympathetic and friendly to this organization; why should they fear it? In the second meeting of the Liberal Club it was decided to change the whole policy of the organization and change the name to Radical Club. Henceforth local student problems were to be



discussed and linked up with the social struggle in the world outside; the Oberlin student body must be awakened to the part they were playing in the social and economic set-up.

The first action that the Radical Club undertook was to carry on a campaign to abolish compulsory attendance at religious chapel. Handbills were circulated stating its position. The President objected strongly to such overt tactics and denounced the activity in a statement to the College newspaper. In the next issue of the paper the Radical Club had a reply to the President, but considerable feeling against "those agitators" and "grippers" was aroused. The result of the matter was a questionnaire distributed to the students, faculty and recent alumni, dealing with the whole problem of religious life in Oberlin. In this questionnaire the freshmen were overwhelmingly in favor of compulsory chapel, the sophomores slightly unfavorable, the majority of the juniors more unfavorable, and the seniors overwhelmingly unfavorable. Of the students as a whole a slight majority was unfavorable to compulsory chapel. The new regulation on the matter states that attendance is still required but not absolutely compulsory. Whoever is brave enough to confess to his or her respective dean that the chapel service is not conducive to religious worship, or that he or she does not believe in religion as is, may be excused.

Soon after the chapel episode began, the Club decided to issue a publication of its own, called "Progress." Its editorial policy was critical of the administration and of the "status quo" in general. Although most of its articles presented the "other side" of the story, conservative opinion was invited and published. Its subscription list was over 300. Of course the Administration was sitting on pins and needles by this time, and more than once suppression was considered by the Committee on Student Publications.

Soon after the opening of the second semester a request was made for permission to continue publication of the paper. After several weeks of delay a meeting of the General Faculty was finally called on Tuesday, March 6, in which by a vote of 38 to 25 the paper was suppressed. The local Oberlin chapter of the National Student League, which has just been formed, is taking up the issue and is circulating a petition protesting the action of the faculty. Telegrams from the National Office and other local chapters to President Ernest H. Wilkins, Oberlin College, will undoubtedly help the case.

CHARLES OLDS

## S. O. S. in Detroit

ONE of the major problems in Detroit Northern High School this term was to keep the school open until the end of May. We were prepared to take action as soon as the school administration had decided definitely on the length of the school year.

When it became obvious that the authorities were determined to postpone their decision, we decided to do the deciding for them.

We called an S.O.S. meetings—Save-Our-Schools—to take action against the threatened short semester.

The several speakers included a Reverend, a Representative from a Parents Organization, a school teacher, a judge, a labor lawyer, Maurice Sugar, and an N.S.L. member from Detroit City College (now Wayne University).

One of the actions undertaken by this meeting, the pasting of small Red and White stickers over the school, was very effective. The whole problem was brought square before the entire Student body; the school janitors worked far into the night reluctantly removing the stickers with hot water, and the school authorities decided to maintain sessions until the first of June.

OUR next action centered around the question of relief for needy students. The N.S.L. circulated a petition requesting: (1) Free lunches for needy students. (2) Special 10 cent lunches for all others. (3) Lower lunchroom prices.

On the Monday following the appearance of Ralph Easley's attack on the National Student League in the Hearst papers, Mr. Tanis, our principal, contributed a signed article to the local Hearst paper on radicalism in the Northern High.

Mr. Tanis bitterly attacked our demands for free lunches, and, attempting to discredit us, exaggerated our program—by claiming that we demanded a "salary of \$15 for every Northern High School student."

We immediately wrote letters to the *News-Times* and *Free Press* as well as to Mr. Tanis himself, repudiating his expose. We took the opportunity of showing that Mr. Tanis admits no visitors without permits, and that permits to see him and place our demands personally before him had been denied us.

Mr. Tanis lost no time in calling the students who signed their names to the letters to his office.

Sensing some sort of victimization, we called a mass meeting in front of the Public Library, distributed leaflets in the lockers, pointed out that Tanis was falling in line with Easley's attacks upon us.

Our mass meeting elected a delegation to see the principal. He had written in the *Times* that we were only a handful, not more than a dozen, and here we were, filing in to his office, one, two, three—five, seven and eight. Eight! and only a committee!

In a prolonged discussion Mr. Tanis admitted that his article in the *Times* was a big mistake. He declared that all needy students, not already on the city welfare lists, would receive free lunches. He denied that the lunchroom was operating at a profit—and showed us numerous books and accounts to prove his point.

He was civil, somewhat apologetic, and withal, attempted to be liberal. In conclusion, however, he refused to let us have Reverend Bothens speak at the school against war and fascism.

We have great tasks ahead of us. We have to win over several faculty members to aid us. (Many of them are annoyed because the Principal keeps calling us out of their classes at all hours). We are taking stock of our progress in organizational strength and prestige—we will build a strong High School section of the N.S.L. before the year is out.

ISIDORE KALISH



# THE AMERICAN CAMPUS

*(Continued from page 7)*

**T**HE first comes from the University of Oregon Radical Club.

On the eve of April 6th, the club collected old war relics, uniforms, and military bric-a-brac and painted a number of plain and fancy anti-war banners.

To quote: "At their prominently situated 'Headquarters', devised out of a large green curtain thrown over four folding chairs, the demonstrators, assembled shortly before 9 o'clock classes were dismissed, the morning of April 6th. As the 9:50 bell rang for the passing of classes, the campus resounded with the winding of a Texas steel-horn trumpet. The 'Captain,' wearing a Knight Templars ceremonial sword, and an old German spiked helmet led his 'cannon-fodder' about 30 strong, all men, up and down Thirteenth Street which bisects the University Campus. Many hundreds of students, pouring out of their classes craned their necks at the spectacle with astonishment; student news-agents scampered for cameras; the steer-

horn trumpet blared deafeningly, a tin-bread can and a toy drum supplied the raucous rhythm, the marching students chanted 'Onward Christian Soldiers.'

"A second and third muster in this mock Army Day parade gathered at 11 and 12 o'clock. Finally, the student parade, swelled in numbers, marched through the University town to the sympathetic applause and mock patriotic fervor of the townspeople. Several of the slogans read as follows: 'A Profiteer Is Not Without Honour In His Own Country'; 'We Saved Democracy for Schwab and Du Pont—ONCE'; 'All War Funds to Education.'; 'General Die in Bed or Run for Governor.'"

This last slogan, our correspondent writes is of particular significance, for two army generals are each opposing each other in the coming campaign for governor of Oregon!



*The reactionaries at Johns Hopkins turn the hose on one of the speakers, Dr. Lane, Associate Professor of History.*



# AGAINST IMPERIALIST WAR

**T**HE second story comes from Seattle, Washington. It smacks of the old I.W.W. for its ingenuity, and of the modern young Communists in Hitler's Germany for its daring and courage.

In the American Legion Army Day Parade, a group of young workers and students from the University of Washington secured permission to ride a truck in the procession. The truck decked out with patriotic slogans, such as "Remember the Boys of '17"; "Prepare for War." Half way down the parade, the banners and posters were torn off revealing others beneath them which read, "Down with Imperialist War"; "120 Million for Armaments, \$1.20 for Relief!" The truck continued the entire length of the parade, past the reviewing stand and was not halted until the Legionnaires pushed guns into the sides of the driver. The students and workers were clubbed and jailed. We do not know of the disposition of their cases.

\* \* \* \*

**N**EW YORK saw about 15,000 students out on the streets. On the eve of the 13th, there was a violent clash with the police at one of the largest high schools in Brooklyn, New Lots Evening High School. Two thousand paraded. Several were arrested.

The Strike Day proper saw great police preparations at all secondary schools. Police patrolled all exits and entrances. Deans made frantic attempts to maintain nonchalance. Football teams and service squads were mobilized to break strikes.

All of the major colleges had large strikes, which, though not majorities of the student body, succeeded in disrupting the routine procedure of classes for several hours.

The notable exception was Brooklyn College, where literally 85 per cent of the student body marched through the congested area of Brooklyn's business center, thoroughly disorganizing traffic and effectively demonstrating their anti-war sentiment to an astounded populace. It was in Brooklyn, too, that the Association of Instructors and Tutors voted support of the strike by a vote of 33 to 9.

Columbia and New York University had mass meetings of close to two thousand students on their respective campuses.

At City College, students met on the campus, despite official ban, and held an effective and militant mass meeting. President Robinson called the police (so they asserted against his denials), but the police were ousted by the pressure of the infuriated students. When the Dean, a liberal of some standing, personally attempted to tear down anti-war posters, he was almost manhandled. Dean

*Two of the New York demonstrations. Above, a scene from the strike on the steps of the Columbia University library. Below, the C. C. N. Y. Administration does it best to make trouble as students hold their ground.*



Gottschall, recently nicknamed the "Dollfuss of St. Nicholas Terrace," subsequently admitted having caused the disorder.

At Hunter, President Colligan, otherwise known as the Tammany Totem-Pole, threatened to withhold his signature from the diplomas of all girls graduating this semester for participating in the strike. When three hundred defied his pronunciamiento, he withdrew the bluff.

The United Front was strictly maintained in most places. Three autos, carrying N.S.L. and L.I.D. speakers toured all strike meetings in New York bringing greetings of solidarity and anti-war messages from campus to campus. Headquarters were maintained in the offices of the Columbia *Spectator*, which supported the strike wholeheartedly.

\* \* \* \*

**R**OLAND BURDICK, a member of the S.L.I.D., writes us from Syracuse, N. Y.:

"When several hundred students, as a local newspaper remarked, can be called out to strike-against-war at Syracuse University the achievement is a signal one.

(Continued on page 17)



# Portrait of A Woman's College

They will be mothers of the fair haired race—  
 They will fill with dignity the chosen place  
 Their grandmothers, mothers, great-aunts' nieces  
 Have filled before them with an equal grace.  
 These tall blonde maidens, strong and fair,  
 Have tested their muscles, on a handle-bar;  
 They have tested their brains on *The New York Times*,  
 They have tested their souls on Swinburne's rhymes.  
 (Their professors will pass them with B's).  
 And the air that they breathe is free from dust—  
 The dust of a bituminous sky;  
 Their filet mignon is the muted crust  
 Of the lie of pie by and by.  
 What they drink is the water of watered stocks;  
 Their clothes have been sewn with sweat,  
 Forced out drop by drop by the bosses' clocks—  
 Hail, Young America! well met!

(Why not? For they will marry the boss some day,  
 In the twentieth century, in the U. S. A.)

Blue and white and gold and pink and brown,  
 They make a pretty pattern on the mustard wall.  
 I have seen the hardness in their settled stare.  
 I have watched the corpses, beyond the yellow hair,  
 They have veiled themselves against the world's muck—  
 They will lead the world, they say,  
 In the twentieth century, in the U. S. A.

Ah, how sure they are that they hold man's god  
 Securely captive in their suede-gloved hands!  
 They have made him a couch on a Persian rug,  
 They have given him drink from a silver jug,  
 They have turned him fat, and quite as smug  
 As they—and he will bless their sons some day  
 In the twentieth century, in the U. S. A.

But you! Hold up your hands to them—wretched with  
 Nails broken and black—frozen—clotted with blood—<sup>mud—</sup>  
 You're not a pretty picture—you really don't exist—  
 You're a phantom in the mind of a Communist.  
 You're a menacing shadow around the corner  
 Spoiling the plums of little Jack Horner.

And sometimes you come out at night and slink—  
 And sometimes you mutter, sometimes you shout—

*Sanctus sanctus sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth*

Is that what you cry as you stand at the church  
 In the bright noon air on their wedding day,  
 In the twentieth century, in the U. S. A.?

You're a dirty Red, you're a filthy lout—

You're dan-ger-ous!

Get out! Get out!

You'll go to hell, says the god, as he drinks his wine—  
 Don't you know that what's mine is mine?  
 Don't you know better than to poke your nose,  
 Your dirty offensive proletarian nose,  
 Your exceedingly unpleasant proletarian face,  
 Into the midst of this fair-haired grace?  
 Can't you sense the impropriety  
 Of such behavior at an afternoon tea?  
 Don't you know that you don't belong?  
 Go back where you came from, you Bolshevik!

These are my children, they feed me well,  
 They rescued me from my anchorite's cell,  
 They give me cookies, they give me sweets—

*(We're now preparing the funeral meats  
 For the day, for the day, for the day, hurray!  
 Of the twentieth century, in the U. S. A.!)*

They give me crumpets, they give me fruit,  
 They give me pears flavored with arrow-root,  
 They give me cookies, they give me sweets—

*(We're now preparing the funeral meats  
 For the day, for the day, for the day, hurray!  
 Of the twentieth century, in the U. S. A.!)*

— GERTRUDE EPSTEIN



# May Day In Michigan

THE campus clock struck two-thirty just as the Presbyterian Church truck, driven by the student pastor, came up State Street.

"Here's the truck now." Izzy nudged Lauri. "I wish we'd start right away." She glanced up at the windows of the Union where numerous students had gathered to watch the departure of those who were to take part in the Detroit May Day in spite of the police ban on the demonstration. "It looks like most of us are here now. . . But who are the two girls in blue?" She nodded toward two coeds who were busily talking with an ex-*Michigan Daily* reporter.

"Sociology students I guess." Lauri pulled her tam down further over her forehead. "There's Orr, the economics instructor . . . and Ken Wood. By the way, that sign on the truck isn't bad . . . 'U. of M. Students Show Solidarity with Workers'. I wonder what the other banner says."

"U. of M. Students Graduate into Unemployment." Ingo joined the girls. "Three D.K.Es, one of them the son of a radio manufacturer, and seven Kappa Nus are going into Detroit with us. We have about twenty N.S.L.'ers and Communists in the crowd. The Vanguard Club is well represented and even some Socialists have joined the united front." Ingo thrust his hands into his pockets. "Looks like we're leaving."

"All aboard!" Dick was helping students into the truck. "We're off!"

The warm May wind rushed over the faces of the students. Up above the sky was exceptionally blue in spite of the fact that the *Daily* had predicted showers. The sociology students had taken off their broad brimmed hats and were becoming acquainted with the Dekes. Several N.S.L.'ers leaned over the back of the truck while a Vanguard Club member bummed cigarettes from a Socialist.

"Stay by me, won't you." Izzy turned to Lauri. "Don't forget. If anything happens in Detroit don't desert me."

Eddie Cheyfitz, the president of the National Student League and one of the leaders of the May Day trip, who sat in front of the truck was talking Communism to the Dekes and sociologists. "But, in our existing society, private property is already done away with for nine-tenths of the population . . ."

Karl was at it again.

"The boss cannot see where we get our might  
For what we are singing is real class fight . . ."

Then, "Here we are at Dearborn, Ford's penitentiary!" Smoke stacks of the auto plants sent black soot up into the clear sky. "Some day every factory will be closed on May First!" A street car filled with workers and house wives clanged past. Men were coming out of the factories. A few turned to read the signs on the truck. "U. of M. Students Show Solidarity with Workers." "U. of M. Students Graduate into Unemployment!"

Eddie gave the signal. "Grand Circus Park! We'll see you at Grand Circus Park!" Even a few Kappa Nus joined in the chorus.

"Grand Circus Park!" A worker shouted back. "We'll see you at Grand Circus Park!" By this time everyone in the truck was standing up.

Then the pastor who was driving the Presbyterian Church truck turned off the main street toward Clark Park.

"There's a car following us!" Lauri peered over the side. "Looks like a yellow cab."

"Yellow is right! That's a police car!"

Wood, the president of the Vanguard Club and the economics instructor spoke together quietly. "In just a minute we'll be in Clark Park from which place one section of the parade will start. Then we'll go on to Grand Circus Park."

The students were growing excited.

"Let's have order here!" Eddie climbed on to the railing of the truck and watched as the police car followed at a discreet distance. "Get this straight and don't forget it. No one talks to the police, or, for that matter, to anybody outside our own crowd. And that means no wisecracks! All meetings have been banned in Detroit today. The police are looking for a chance to smash us and they'll be only too glad to beat us up at the first opportunity. Is that clear? From now on you follow instructions from the committee which consists of Wood and myself. Are there any questions?"

The students spoke in lowered voices. Many of them watched the police car nervously.

"My God . . ." Jo's dark eyes gleamed and he pointed toward Clark Park. "Look at those cops!" Seated around park tables were policemen playing cards and smoking cigarettes. Hundreds more stood about twirling night sticks.

"Look!" Izzy's voice sounded faint. "They've got guns too. I didn't know there were so many policemen in the world!"

The liberals and Communists talked among themselves. "Now what do you think about changing the social order by peaceful means?" . . . "So this is a free country!"

Eddie and Wood conversed together at the front of the truck. Lauri noticed a few children and a handful of men in workers' clothes among the police. The fraternity boys and the sociology students looked on in astonishment. Then the truck slowed down and Eddie turned to the students.

"Form yourselves into groups of six and choose a leader. Everyone in the group is responsible for everyone else in the group." The truck continued to circle the park. Two police cars followed faithfully.

"Ok. We're going into Clark Park. We're parking our

(Continued on page 21)



# City College Reprimands

**I**F you were in New York last week, maybe you saw the small squib which appeared in most of the papers. Ten Reprimanded At City College, ran the headline. Ten students, members of the Joint Strike Committee, had been *reprimanded* for leading a united front strike against war on April 13.

I do not know if you recognize the implications of that word, *reprimanded*. Not having attended the College of the City of New York you will find it a little hard to understand that the "sentence" of a public reprimand which the Student-Faculty Disciplinary Committee handed down last week was the opening wedge of a growing victory for the anti-war movement at City College. A reprimand? Shades of the Twenty-One Expelled Students! There was laughter and the sense of confident power on St. Nicholas Terrace when the news came out of the Dean's office. Despite the fact that one of the strike leaders, Edward Kuntz, Jr., had received a week's suspension as a "fourth offender," the Committee (of which Dean Gottschall was chairman), had made a further decision: it decided to "condemn the person or persons" who were responsible for calling the police! This, on the testimony of the sergeant in charge, meant President Frederick B. Robinson. The condemnation was not concurred in by the faculty members of the Disciplinary Committee, nor was it reported in the metropolitan press—but there it stands. Moreover, this should be noted carefully: the Strike Committee had presented three demands and their submission to an "investigation" was contingent upon these demands. They demanded representation by counsel; questioning *as a committee*, not as individuals; and an open hearing. Grudgingly, one by one, each of these three was conceded.

What does all this mean? That the administration has experienced a mellow change of heart; that in this, the fifth year of the crisis, they are turning a kindly eye on the student anti-war movement? Hardly. The efforts of President Robinson and Dean Gottschall to stem the student tide against war have not decreased. They have, if anything, reached new heights of organization in their desire to achieve an airtight campus. That the administration has answered with what seems to be a capitulation on the heels of the largest single demonstration in recent years can mean only one thing: the City College fight against war is truly becoming a *mass* movement which can no longer be forced into submission through academic terrorism.

Anti-war conferences were held on campuses throughout the country this semester. You probably attended one yourself. How did the administration at your school take to the idea? Did they support it? Did they stand

by and say nothing? Or did they take every active precaution to discredit the anti-war conference?

To the shame of the administration of City College (together with that of its sister school, Hunter), they took the last course. No bulletin was permitted issuing a call to the conference; classroom discussion was refused; election of delegates was not permitted; a schoolwide referendum on the resolutions passed was prohibited. At the conference itself bands of R.O.T.C. officers drifted from seminar to seminar in an attempt to disrupt proceedings. In the Labor and War seminar (the concentration center of the Boy Scout Storm Troopers), a resolution to *support the United States Government in any war it may conduct* failed by only a few votes. The administration even stooped to circulating a rumor that it would tolerate a second conference in the immediate future, for which delegates might be elected, on the condition that the Oxford Pledge was not passed. Had we accepted this opportunist bait we should still be twiddling our thumbs, waiting.

The conference left a bad taste in everybody's mouth. But the administration had made their mistake in believing that as a result of it the City College movement against war would lapse into which they are pleased to call "student apathy." The opposite happened. City College came out of the conference with a new recognition of the administration's role as willing instruments of the capitalist war-makers. It was this mass clarification, together with the united front leadership of the National Student League and the Student League for Industrial Democracy, that led to the success of student anti-war week and the strike on April 13.

The administration tried hard to make the strike fail. "All right-minded persons are united in their opposition to war," the Dean stated; why then work about it? He was willing to grant the use of a lecture-room (seating capacity 100) for an anti-war meeting which might be attended by "those students without class obligations." But a strike was inadvisable; moreover, he would see to it that it didn't come off. Strike posters were prohibited; suspensions was threatened; instructors were ordered to present a special list of absentees from 11 o'clock classes on Friday. Would the police be called? They might, answered the Dean, although no such action had yet been taken. (This at 10:30 Friday morning, with a sergeant and two patrolmen waiting in the outer office.) Did the Dean recall that when the police were called in a year ago a serious riot ensued? He did. But "I would as soon see a riot on the campus as a disobedient meeting," the Dean replied. "One means physical injury, the other moral injury. Both are equally reprehensible."

Maybe it was to maintain his consistency that Dean Gottschall appeared on the campus an hour later accompanied by Professor Woll of the Hygiene Department,



and attempted personally to start a riot by assaulting an invited speaker, Norman Tallentire of the American League. Dean Gottschall later admitted at the investigation, "I fully recognize that any disorder that was occasioned—and there wasn't so much—was occasioned largely by my efforts to see that the rules of the college were not broken." At about the same time, Sergeant Bucarelli was pushing students from their stand around the flagpole. Despite these attacks, and despite the police provocation, there was no riot. I have never seen better organization at a student demonstration. The cops came out twenty strong, each with a blackjack in his hand. About a hundred students linked arms and formed a ring around them. They broke through once, but as they did another ring formed. At no time were they permitted to move outside a fifteen-yard radius. And the chief provocateur, the Dean, was escorted out. The newspapers reported that the Dean was "rescued by the football squad." Bless you, no! Two members of the Strike Committee simply took his arm and led him from the scene of his ignominy.

The "investigation," then, was a foregone conclusion. Not ten students but 1,500 were being tried; and the issue was no longer one of an "unauthorized meeting." Fifteen hundred students were on trial for backing a growing movement against war; and the administration could not risk setting its face against it. Represented by Edward Kuntz of the International Labor Defense, Alfred Wirin of the American Civil Liberties Union, and Kenneth Meiklejohn for the Socialist Lawyers Association, the Strike Committee pointed out through its spokesman, Charles Goodwin, that if the students of City College had acted "illegally," the responsibility could rest only with the administration which had forced them into "illegality." The students are willing to abide by the rules of the college, but they demand that they be fairly enforced and that those rules which govern student extra curricular affairs be submitted to the student body for a referendum. They demand further that any disciplinary action to be taken in the future shall be decided not by the dean, nor by the president, nor by the bankers' Board of Higher Education, but by a student faculty Committee on Disciplinary Action.

It would be dangerous to assume anything like a permanent victory. Edward Alexander, one of the strike leaders, has been suspended for "poor academic standing." Another student was dropped from a Physics course for "overcutting"—although the dean has told him that he would be reinstated if he apologized for participating in the strike. The administration is overlooking no loopholes in its fight against the student anti-war movement.

But what is clear is that the student movement has grown—is growing to the point where administration repression will no longer be possible. We are united now on an issue which is vital to every one of us. The perspective at City College is pointed towards abolition of the R.O.T.C. and, ultimately, towards the day when President Robinson's umbrella will no longer appear on the campus. Nor President Robinson.

NORMAN RAFSKY.

(Continued from page 13)

One week in advance, on the eve of Army Day, the Student L.I.D. and members of the Social Problems Club, posted copies of the N.S.L.-S.L.I.D. call for a strike against war on April 13. The campus was startled. Caught unawares, administrative officials told the press that "it would be interesting to see how the students responded to such a call."

"Between two and three hundred of Syracuse's undergraduates came out, despite the fact that the *Daily Orange*, student paper, was not allowed to give an inch of news space to the strike. Variety of speeches greeted those who listened—all opposed imperialist war, a few opposed all wars, all opposed militarization of the youth, all demanded a diversion of war funds into educational channels.

"For the most part, campus 'liberals' and 'campus pacifists' sneered at the strike before it occurred and half-heartedly admitted its success afterwards. The local N. S. L. chapter, in formation, was asked to participate, and Rose Rosenthal spoke in its behalf. Others were S.L.I.D. and unaffiliated students, two from high schools.

"Here students learned the fundamental lesson that authority must be defied in time of war; here they received their first real test of their ability to defy those who live by defending the status quo."

**A**T Harvard, the school functions were disrupted for the day. A fairly successful strike brought 1500 students into the Yard as the Michael Mullins Marching Chowder Club invaded the mass meeting, tooting boy scout bugles, carrying posters calling for the suppression of the N.S.L., and singing that most intellectual of anthems . . .

March with Michael Mullins

To the tune of Soup and Spoon,

Sing the savage tale of war

With the wildest runic rune.

\* \* \* \*

**A**LL the reports we have received are enthusiastic and exciting. Everywhere N.S.L. groups are built and strengthened. Nowhere was the strike a fizzle. In each case the strike exceeded any previous effort. Tessim Zorach writes from Johns Hopkins "The strike has aroused the Hopkins students for the first time to the importance of the struggle against war, and there is every indication that the united front efforts which made the strike such a success will be carried on much more successfully in the future."



# The "Princetonian" Goes to Bat

The following is the editorial comment of the *Daily Princetonian* on Mr. French's article "Tiger, Tiger" in the April STUDENT REVIEW.

ARTHUR French is a prosaic name, and we do not know whose pseudonym it is. But Mr. French has written, in an article appearing in the current issue of the *Student Review* and entitled "Tiger! Tiger!", which we are printing in today's news column, one of the most sweeping and vitriolic attacks upon Princeton and *status quo* at Princeton that has ever come to our attention. Our first desire after reading the article was to leap to the defense of our Alma Mater, and to administer to this impudent Communist a well-deserved pen-lashing. But the harder we fumed and the longer we muttered, the more we became convinced of the fact that, despite a few factual errors and considerable exaggeration, the main points in "Mr. French's" diatribe were tragically and undeniably true.

It is regrettable that the admirable substance of the article was marred by such misstatements as—speaking of the undergraduates—"Most of them, perhaps 95 per cent, come from really wealthy families and have led an exceptionally protected life from the day they were born." And, whatever may be the faults of the poor abused Halls, Whig and Clio, Ruby Bates, their next guest speaker, could hardly be called, even by a Communist, one "whose opinions were so irreproachable that they could not elsewhere obtain an audience." Neither is it true, in our opinion that "there is a tendency for departments to be in charge of people who had a bright idea in 1880 and have not yet gotten over the shock." We are not even sure that "everyone loves the Triangle Club."

But, if the article is purged of such minor factual errors as those mentioned above, there remains an impressive residuum of truth which cannot fail to make heavy the heart of anyone who dares to hope for Princeton's growth and usefulness in the future.

The author's accusations as to the superficial brand of culture that most graduates carry away from Princeton are all too devastating. The ludicrous spectacle presented, as well as the general lack of interest which things really cultural command either among graduates or undergraduates, attest the veracity of Mr. French's statement. The sadistic joy with which certain undergraduates greeted the abolition of the compulsory thesis in the History Department, and the idiotic manner in which so many alumni and students have, under the guise of attempting to keep Princeton a "college," opposed any attempt to heighten her educational and intellectual standards, are all evidences of the strong Philistine spirit which remains to be overcome here.

But we are not quite so dialectical in our pessimism as is the author of the article. There are definite landmarks by which we are enabled to hope that Princeton—educationally, at least—has embarked upon the course which leads away from superficial and half-baked "liberal" culture. The adoption of the four-course plan, with comprehensive examinations, the general acceptance of the Senior thesis, the astounding intellectual growth of the Graduate College and the location here of the Institute for Advanced Study, all bear witness to the fact that Princeton is, to some extent at least, in advance of most of her contemporaries in her pedagogical standards.

But many of these high standards which we have mentioned above are undoubtedly only theoretical, and their full achievement awaits the existence on the part of the Faculty, supported by the Trustees, of an iron will and determination to make them realities. But we have a new Administration to which we, for the present, leave the burden of managing Princeton's academic life.

And we proceed to what is—in our minds—the most damning attack of all: the total lack of comprehension by any considerable group of men here of the social realities of the time. The continuance of the R.O.T.C. and the apparent absence of any organized opposition to militarism on this campus, show that there is nowhere in Princeton a strong sentiment against the greatest of our modern vestiges of savagery. The International Relations Club, to which the author sneeringly refers, has done little worthy of mention along these lines, either toward fighting war or attacking its fundamental economic causes.

And as for resentment against the horrendous nature of the present economic system, there is only the feeblest kind at Princeton. The New Deal and Communism are but vaguely differentiated in the minds of several undergraduates, and there is a burst of applause whenever Herbert Hoover is shown in the newsreels. The latter gentleman carried this campus overwhelmingly in the straw vote taken in 1932, and Norman Thomas is tolerated chiefly because he happens to be an alumnus of the place.

Worse than the spirit of conservatism in Princeton, however, is the smug intolerance, which laughs off any attempt to fight economic maladjustments and social evils. This is well demonstrated by the terroristic tactics used by students, "townies," and Borough officials in attempts to break up Communist meetings in Princeton. All in all there can be little doubt that the "sympathies of the people here are case-hardened capitalist" and that "Fascism will find a readier home in Princeton than in any other University in the East."



# Building A New Theatre

WHEN I came to New York in 1926 two things happened to me simultaneously. I began doing dramatic reviews, and for the first time was able to study the American theatre at close range. During the days, as a reporter, I covered the big textile strike in Passaic, New Jersey.

I had never seen a strike before and it made a profound impression on me. I was moved by the heroism of unarmed workers in the face of mounted gunmen, machine guns, police clubs, and legal murder; and I was stirred by the vitality and strength that arose from these thousands of downtrodden people once they were organized and disciplined in common struggle.

It was hard to reconcile this world with the world I saw each night in the Broadway theatre. Here were, night after night, the same complacent audiences, tittering over the same trivial love dalliances, the same sentimental melodramas, the same shallow wisecracks. I was struck by the emptiness of Broadway. Night after night I went away hungry from it. I wanted to be engrossed by the theatre. I wanted it to sweep me off my feet and touch my emotions to the quick. It never did.

Perhaps it was this contrast between Passaic, New Jersey and Broadway, New York, that set me to studying something about economics, about social systems, labor, production, and profit. I learned that what was happening in Passaic was only one chapter in a long unwritten history. This history is the story of how one stratum of society deposes another whose usefulness has been outlived. I learned that once the merchant class had risen up and brushed aside outmoded priests and lords. Now I saw a new force breaking through the crust. I saw the producers, the toilers who create the goods of the world, preparing slowly but surely to shake off the promoters, the speculators, the manipulators of cash and credit, whose usefulness, in an age of collective production, has been outlived these many years.

Stirred by this most dramatic and epic of all conflicts, I went home and wrote a play about Passaic. It was a bad play. All the producers told me it was a bad play. But they added: "Lay off this stuff. The public won't come to see it. The public wants to be amused. There's no money in that kind of play."

It took me a number of years more to learn that the theatre in America, like every other commodity, is not run for the use of the mass of society. It is run for profits. Plays are not produced to enrich the lives of the great bulk of people. They are produced to pay dividends on real estate. The same little monied circle which controls the knitting mills in Passaic, also controls the theatre on Broadway. It stands guard just as zealously over both.

In Passaic it uses machine guns and mounted police. On Broadway it uses a subtler weapon: censorship by selection of plays. Plays dealing with the push from below to create a new society, to give the mass of producers the benefit of what their toil creates—such plays are taboo. And since that push, that theme, is the one great conflict theme of this age, the one great dramatic motif of our time, with a single stroke the heart and head have been cut from the American drama. Everything else, no matter how finely wrought, is bound to be minor nerve and muscle drama.

Not long after the Passaic strike a new producing group called the New Playwrights Theatre was formed in New York. The New Playwrights failed. Their plays were inept. They set out to establish a workers theatre, but they were too contaminated with the Broadway virus and too confused in their aims. But despite all this, I want to say here that to many young writers like myself the New Playwrights were a great stimulus. Their subject matter, in plays like "the Belt" and "Airways, Inc." was new and exciting. Their technique was different. They had courage. They dared to tackle the tabooed themes. It made young writers like myself envision a new kind of theatre in America; a theatre that would be, as all great theatres in history had been, a school for the masses, a social weapon, an instrument of enlightenment and a goad to action.

My conviction that such a theatre must soon emerge in America led me, for the following five years, into a varied life. I knocked about the country a good deal, travelling the roads, getting jobs in a southern cotton mill, on a wharf with Negro stevedores, in a construction camp, in a steel mill, on a farm. I saw in these places the most vigorous, racy, dynamic life in the nation. Every corner of it was packed with drama and excitement, with courage and struggle, and with a richness of character such as the American stage has rarely seen. Here was material that cried out for dramatization; and yet this material had scarcely ever been scratched.

During this time I was only one of a great horde of people talking and dreaming of a workers theatre where such material could be presented. We dreamed of a theatre where characters like these could be shown, not like freak animals on exhibition in a zoo, but as characters seen from within and justified to themselves, characters so depicted as to reveal the essential significance of their role in the social structure. This, we agreed, Broadway with its taboos, would never permit. Such material, such significance could only shown in a theatre supported by workers, and run, from top to bottom, by the workers' point of view.



This idea was scoffed at by many professional theatrical people. "Such a theatre could not exist," they said. "The papers will pan you." "The overhead will crush you." "Workers won't support you. They couldn't, even if they would."

But now I want to tell you that such a theatre actually exists in New York today. It is called the Theatre Union and is housed in the old Civic Repertory Playhouse on 14th Street. It opened last fall with its first show, a powerful anti-war drama called "Peace on Earth," written by George Sklar and Albert Maltz, authors of "Merry-Go-Round." To the consternation of the scoffers, "Peace On Earth," ran for 18 weeks and was seen by 125,000 people. "Stevedore," the Theatre Union's second production, dealing with the struggle of militant Negro dock workers in New Orleans, is now playing to crowded audiences every night. Next year the Theatre Union expects to present, at movie prices, more plays like "Peace On Earth" and "Stevedore," plays which have the courage to say some of the hard and blunt things that need to be said about the society we live in.

I believe the opening of the Theatre Union is an historic event in the history of the American drama. I say this not because the Theatre Union has as yet produced any world-shattering literature, but because I believe that only from this kind of a theatre; a workers' theatre, with a definite social viewpoint—can great drama arise. In the Theatre Union I see potentially the development of such a theatre as the "Freie Theater" of Germany, the Piscator Theatre of Berlin, the Meierhold Theatre of Moscow, and the enormously vital theatre throughout the Soviet Union. If the Theatre Union continues to exist, it will inevitably provide the proper soil and nurture for great drama to grow in.

PAUL PETERS

## Moscow Dean

**I**N the Moscow Institute of Chemical Machine Construction, the Dean of the Faculty of Mechanics and lecturer in theoretical mechanics is Victor Ivanovich Vashentsev.

It is not easy to get a chat with Victor Ivanovich. His desk is constantly besieged by both students and teachers seeking his advice on various points. Calmly, without haste, Vashentsev answers all inquiries.

Just ask Victor Ivanovich about his student days, about how he has become the professor of the most difficult line of study and the head of the most responsible faculty, and he will calmly reply:

"There is really nothing to tell. Just an everyday story."

Vashentsev is still a young man. He was born in 1900. His grandfather and his father were locksmiths. His father worked for 24 years in the Morozov mill near Bogorodsk in the province of Moscow, and his mother worked 37 years in the same mill as a weaver.

The family was large, and it was a hard struggle to make ends meet. The father—a skilled worker—earned only 1 ruble 25 kopeks per day. So young Vashentsev after finishing the village school and spending two years

at the factory school had to follow in the path trodden by his father and grandfather. At 13 he was apprenticed into the locksmith shop, starting at the wage of 20 kopeks per day. For this munificent remuneration he had to work from 6 A.M. till 6 P.M. with a dinner interval of two hours. The village where the Vashentsevs lived was 4 kilometers distant from the mill. There was not enough time to run home for dinner, and he fed mainly on potatoes cooked on the hearth in the locksmith shop.

He went through the usual routine of apprenticeship, being kicked by foremen and sent on errands to buy "vodka" for them, before he eventually qualified as locksmith and toolmaker. Not satisfied with his achievement, young Vashentsev was ambitious to learn more about mechanics. He recollected his father, who once said to him:

"If I understood designing, what a craftsman I should be!"

Young Vashentsev realized for himself the importance of study when he first attempted, albeit successfully, the assembling of electrical ovens in the "Electrostat" Works.

Meanwhile, young Vashentsev was called into the Red Army. He served on the Southeastern front from 1920 till 1923. On being demobilized in Moscow he got a scholarship for the preparatory department of the Electro-technical Institute.

Vashentsev possessed only the desire to learn; he knew neither the metric system, nor algebra, nor geometry. There are no appliances whereby the whole burden of book study may be gauged. How often did he feel desponded and discouraged in his efforts to master the rudiments of theoretical knowledge, especially when workmates from the village, coming on visits to Moscow, would jeer at him:

"Locksmiths have a good living now. Wages—sixty rubles a month, and extra-earning as much as you like. And Vitka has taken into his head to become a mechanic. . . . He ought to know that our mechanic, Alexander Alexandrovich Shorin, is alive and kicking and is not going to give up his job for a long time yet."

Worst of all he felt when, already a junior student of the Mechanical Faculty of the Mendeleyev Institute, he was advised by the teachers to go back to the mill. Those damned blueprints again. . . .

All of this was surmounted and overcome by dint of hard, persistent toil. Vashentsev submitted his thesis and was recommended by the State Board of Examiners as a candidate for scientific research work. After one year of research work in the field of chemical machine construction, Vashentsev took up practical work. In 1931 he took charge of the Faculty of Theoretical Mechanics in the Institute of Silicates, serving concurrently as lecturer in the Mendeleyev Institute. In 1932 Vashentsev was appointed Dean of the Mechanical Faculty of the Institute of Chemical Machine Construction and Chief of the academic department. Vashentsev has twice been awarded prizes for pedagogical work. At the present time he is engaged in scientific research in the theory of gravitation.

Such is the whole story, the really very simple story, of how the locksmith Vashentsev has grown into a lecturer in theoretical mechanics.

From V.O.K.S.

P. LYSSIAKOV



# May Day In Michigan

(Continued from page 15)

truck a few blocks away from the park. Get your groups together and see that you stick together." The truck stopped at a street corner. The police cars waited one block away. "We're marching over to the park in groups. See that you stay together!" Eddie gave the order for the students to begin moving.

"We'll bring the Constitution when we come  
We'll bring the Constitution when we come  
We'll bring the Constitution  
Now is that a Revolution?  
We'll bring the Constitution when we come."

Working class women came out on their porches as the students passed. Many cheered. Children looked on with wide-eyed interest and a curly-headed three-year old, frightened by the scream of a police siren, burst into tears.

"You'd think we were in Germany instead of the U. S. A. This part of town sure is surrounded by cops!"

"We'll bring the Constitution when we come . . ."

"Christ! Look at that!" Lambert whistled softly.  
"What do you think they'll do?" Izzy shivered.

A welcoming committee of hundreds of police was lined up at the park entrance. "Just a bunch of cream-puffs!" The armed police guffawed as the students marched into the park. Several cops twirled their black jacks about skillfully. "A handful of cream-puffs!"

Eddie called the students to order. "Draw up benches and sit down . . . and stay in your groups!"

"Hey! Look!" A Socialist's eyes were directed toward the outskirts of the park. "Another car load of cops just drove in! They must be afraid of us!"

"What in the world are those police saying to Eddie." Lauri rose nervously from her bench. "He's showing them his University registration card." She hurried into the group which surrounded Cheyfitz.

"Where's your excuse from school!" One of the police scowled fiercely. "I went to the University once myself and we had to have excuses in order to leave town. Where's yours?" He looked at the identification card. "So, you're from Toledo? You're no University student . . . you're just a Red from Ohio!"

"Alright there!" The Chief of Police pushed his way up to Eddie. "Take your gang and get the hell out of here—and quickly—and don't come back! If we see you here again it'll be just too bad!"

"We have the right to assemble in this park!"  
"My ancestors fought in the American Revolution!"  
At the truck the students reorganized their forces.  
"Are we down-hearted?"  
"NO!"  
"Will we march in spite of the police?"  
"YES!"

"On to Grand Circus Park! On to the park the workers build! The park that belongs to the workers!"

Oh, the world by right belongs to toilers

And not to spoilers  
of liberty!"

In a few minutes the Presbyterian Church truck was in the center of the business section of Detroit. Lining the sidewalks were thousands of workers. Police kept the crowd moving.

"Where in the world did all these people come from?" Izzy asked Ingo. "All Detroit seems to be here!"

"Arise ye prisoners of starvation  
Arise ye wretched of the earth! . . ."

A cheer arose from the people on the sidewalks. The truck continued on its way around the streets surrounding Grand Circus Park.

"We'll bring the Constitution when we come . . ."

"Did you see that cop slug that guy for cheering us?" a Vanguard Club member asked his neighbor.

"The earth shall rise on new foundations  
We have been taught we shall be all."

An old man by the parking lot put his fist up in the Soviet salute. Two girls crossed the street singing the International whole-heartedly in unison with the students.

The students eyes were glowing. "Yea workers! Yea workers! Yea workers! Fight! Fight! Fight!"

Eddie at the head of the truck raised his hand. A thrill ran up and down Laurie's back. Even the Socialists were singing:

"The international Soviet  
Shall be the human race."

Wild applause came up from the streets. Beauty parlor operators and males clerks cheered from windows. The son of the radio manufacturer joined in the singing of the International in true Communist style and raised a clenched fist high in the air.

"All together again! Yea workers!"

The police looked baffled. The workers in the streets were shouting slogans in unison with the students in the truck. A street car passed and the conductor grinned sympathetically.

"For justice thunders condemnation  
A better world's in birth!

No more tradition's chains shall bind us  
Arise ye slaves no more in thrall . . ."

Again the workers responded enthusiastically. "U. of M. Students Show Solidarity with Workers" was no longer a slogan but a fact.

Then the traffic swerved to the side in order to make way for motorcycles. In a moment the truck was surrounded by heavy booted, swearing police who made vicious grabs at the banners on the sides of the car. An automobile in back drove over the torn "U. of M. Students Graduate into Unemployment!" sign.

"You're following us right out of town! You goddam trouble makers—and you're not coming back!" The motorcycles kept close to the truck.

"I wonder where they're taking us!" The gray waters of the Detroit River showed from between buildings and a boat whistle groaned mournfully. "Into a blind alley!" The students looked anxious.

"Get the hell out and line up against the wall." Five police sprang into the truck. "And make it snappy!" Several students pulled at the gate in the back.



"The gate's stuck . . ." A few students jumped over the sides.

"Get going there you—" The police began to throw people forcibly.

"But the gate's closed!" One of the girls clung to the side. A cop pushed against her roughly. "You got in, now get out!"

"Say! Didn't I tell you to get out before?"

"For Christ's sake! Throw the dirty dog out!" A black jack came down on the head of the economics instructor who fell forward and landed on the sidewalk, bringing down with him one of the sociologists who was just leaving the truck. With a sound of ripping clothes, she fell over the gate and was caught by one of the students.

"She's hurt her foot," Izzy whispered to Lauri as the sociologist limped to her place against the wall.

Up in the truck a policeman showered blows over Wood's shoulders and head.

"They can't do this to us," one of the Dekes turned to Eddie.

"Get this." The burliest of the cops thrust his jaw forward and regarded the students with cold eyes. "Next time we're troubled with you, we're going to beat you up good. And that goes for you, too." He pointed at the girls. "And as for you . . .", he turned to Dick who muttered under his breath and clenched his fists, "I've got a good mind to wrap this club around your neck . . . Now start walking and don't come back. And don't wait for the truck!"

The motorcycles roared out of the blind alley and the truck followed. The Dekes and the two sociologists disappeared up the street. Elliot of the *Michigan Daily* who had been on the truck and who had been told to 'get the dope on the May Day and make it as dirty as possible even hurried away at his first opportunity. The economics instructor who had been a Socialist held on to his aching head. Eddie spoke to the group rapidly.

That night thousands of workers applauded at the Arena Gardens in Detroit.

"We students learned more about political science today than we could learn in four years at the University. We learned that the road of the American student *must* be that of the Russian student—the road toward a workers' and farmers' government!" Eddie raised his fist and the Arena shook with the cheers of the workers. "We can choose but one road—the road toward a workers' and farmers' government!"

The next day a howl was raised on the campus. The administration threatened to expel the thirty-eight students. The Detroit papers played up the affair to the hilt. They ran streamers across the first page. Photographs of participating co-eds were spread over several columns. The *Michigan Daily* chided the police because "Certainly the students could have been expelled from the city in a gentler fashion," and at the same time it favored the expulsion of Cheyfitz so that "he would find it impossible ever again to lead others into making unfortunate mistakes."

The students stood pat. The N.S.L. organized campus protests. And no one was expelled. In 1933, the University of Michigan contributed 15 students to Detroit's

working class May Day demonstration. In 1934, there were three times that number. Next year there will be many more.

HILDA D. LAINE

## Schools and the Crisis

*School and the Crisis* by Rex David. Teachers Research Council, 80 East 11th Street, New York City. International Pamphlets No. 39. Price 10 cents.

AT least 45 per cent of all young people of high school age, the great majority of them the children of workers, are not attending high school. Only one-fourth of the boys and girls in the country between the ages of 15 and 18 go to high school. Less than ten per cent of the youth of college age were in college in 1930—this in America where educators and civic promoters have boasted of our fine system of public schools, free for the masses from kindergarten through the university. College budgets for 1933-34 have been cut from 20 per cent to more than 50 per cent under 1931-32.

While the business of wrecking our schools increases, the Soviet Union is setting aside in April, 1934, some 750,000,000 rubles for worker-students' scholarships, and in *Stalin Reports on the Work of the Central Committee* to the Seventeenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, we read that there is "An increase in the number of higher educational establishments, general and special, from 91 units in 1914 to 600 units in 1933. An increase in the number of scientific research institutes from 400 units in 1929 to 840 units in 1933."

*Schools and the Crisis*, the new pamphlet by Rex David, prepared under the direction of the Labor Research Association, is an effective weapon to use in fighting for the "equality of educational opportunity" about which there have been so many fine speeches. The pamphlet is solid with information and statistics from all parts of the United States, assembled for a fighting organization. It contains a program of action. It is a real manual for fighters.

The enemies of the schools must be exposed. David does this and gives the proof. "The destruction of our educational system is being planned, organized and carried out by the very men into whose hands the advancement of education was entrusted." The Chamber of Commerce of the United States is striking at every public school and at every working class child from the kindergarten to the university. Local business bodies are making the same attack. The abolition of free public high schools and colleges was recommended to the New York Board of Estimate by the Flatbush Chamber of Commerce as part of its drive. (New York *World-Telegram*, January 27, 1934.)

Student fighters are needed against the wreckers and misleaders of the schools. *Schools and the Crisis* is the pamphlet to use in this fight. It should be distributed widely among students.

ROBERT W. DUNN.