

# *The* Champion

DECEMBER

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Michael J. Quill

Tom Dean

Rockwell Kent

Aida Paderefsky

Edward Strong

Stanley Wong

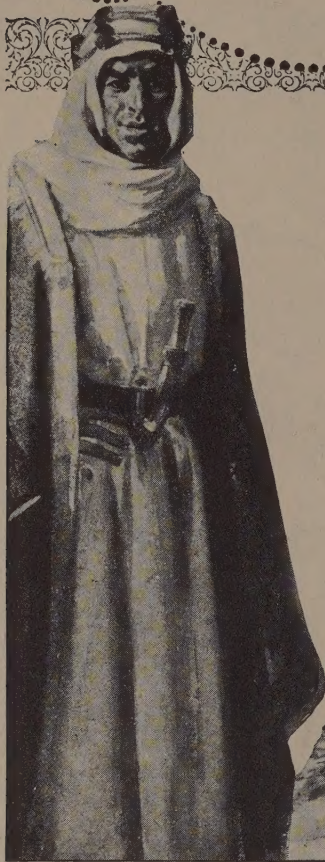


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# SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM

By T. E. LAWRENCE



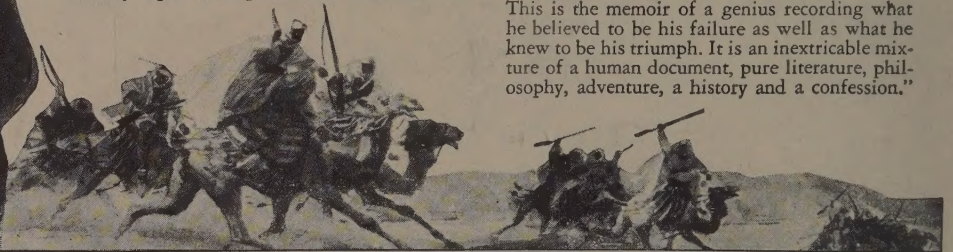
**T**HE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM will be, as it was meant to be, Lawrence's monument to posterity. It has an exciting story of its own, and for years has partaken of the sensational and legendary which surrounded everything that Lawrence did. Lawrence finished it during six months of writing at the Peace Conference in Paris. Close to 250,000 words had been written. Then one day while he was changing trains at Reading Station near London, he left this manuscript unguarded and it disappeared. It has never been recovered.

Within a few months he rewrote a second draft in 400,000 words; but his style was careless and hurried, and realizing he would never be satisfied with it, a year later characteristically he burned the entire manuscript. The third text was begun at once and was composed with great care. It is the present one. It was privately printed in London and fabulous sums were said to have been paid for the few copies sold in England. Twenty copies were printed for America, to re-

tain copyright here, and the price of these was set at \$20,000 apiece. Upon his death, last year, the unexpurgated text was given to the world.

"Lawrence was not writing a history in this book. . . . The stream of explanation and narrative is made up of many elements. There are studies of Arab history and Arab character, the latter brilliant in the extreme, and pen portraits of Arabs, Turks, French and British leaders of extraordinary wit, shrewdness and power, and these and much else are floated on a narrative of adventures that are terrible, humorous, exciting to a degree unequalled in our time, enriched by descriptions of the desert, of Arab life, of the backgrounds of critical action, many of which are beautiful in a high degree, real masterpieces of English prose. . . .

"But this is only one strand of this great book. . . . The other is philosophical, but in no abstract sense. It is the meditation, often agonized, sometimes profound and occasionally petulant and despairing, of a leader torn between duty to his conscience and duty to his cause, of a Hamlet uncertain of the worth of his every action. . . . This is the memoir of a genius recording what he believed to be his failure as well as what he knew to be his triumph. It is an inextricable mixture of a human document, pure literature, philosophy, adventure, a history and a confession."



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# The Champion

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The Champion, published monthly by Champion Publishers, 799 Broadway, New York City. Subscription, one year, \$1; single copies, 10 cents. Entered (or reentered) as second class matter, October 23, 1937, at Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879 Vol. III, No. 2.

## In This Corner

EDWARD STRONG is a graduate of Howard University and comes from Richmond, Virginia. About twenty-four years old, he is Chairman of the Youth section of the National Negro Congress.

STANLEY WONG should know about China. He was active in the 1922 Student movement there. A graduate of the Chinese University, lecturer and journalist, Mr. Wong, who is about 27, is co-author of *First Conqueror China* to be published soon.

JO PAGE is a young artist who comes from Boston where she studied art. About twenty years old, she has contributed to a number of magazines including the *New Masses* and *Fight*.

CLYDE JOHNSON went South as an organizer of the National Student League but the farmer in him couldn't resist switching to the Sharecroppers Union. Clyde is now devoting his time to organizational work in the very important field of merging the Sharecroppers and Farmers Union.

ABBOTT SIMON is the legislative representative of the American Youth Congress. He was a delegate from the A.Y.C. to the Cuban Youth Congress, and has the answers to youth problems at his finger tips.

EDWARD SMOLACK is a young man who has something on the ball. He has just entered his twenties, and shows promise of developing into a writer who has something important to say and knows how to say it. His short stories have also appeared in the *Sunday Worker*.

HARLAN CRIPPEN has written for this magazine before. Only twenty-two, he has been editor of the *South Dakota News* and a member of the Farmer-Labor Party State Executive Committee.

LOU SPINDELL ought to know basketball because he's played it. Captain of the City College Basketball team, he later toured the country with the original Celtics. He was also captain of the Whirlwinds, and is rated tops in his field.

RICHARD PACK, a senior at New York University, is a member of Sigma, honorary scholarship society at the Washington Square College. An active member of the A.S.U., Pack has written articles for *New Theatre* and is now doing publicity work for Garrison Films.

BETH MCHENRY, who hails from California, has written a lot of short stories, some of which have appeared in the *New Masses* and *Sunday Worker*.



# LABOR IS DYNAMITE!

**I**F we were to listen to our publishing friends, *Current History Magazine* would carefully sidestep all articles pertaining to labor. The labor situation, we were warned, is full of dynamite; anything we published would be certain to offend one side or the other. Better avoid the issue and please everybody.

But *Current History* is a magazine of history-in-the-making—not an etiquette journal. Its policy has always been to publish the truth—pleasant or unpleasant—and let the facts fall where they may. And so *Current History* is not “sidestepping” the labor issue, but is devoting *more* space to the coverage of important labor developments than to any other single American phase of history-in-the-making.

Those interested in labor, and particularly those belonging to labor unions, will read with interest the series of articles now appearing in *Current History* on “Labor in America,” by Herbert Harris. When completed, the series will appear in book form and will be published by the Yale University Press. “Labor in America” gives you the complete, authentic story of the union movement in America, from earliest colonial days up to the present.

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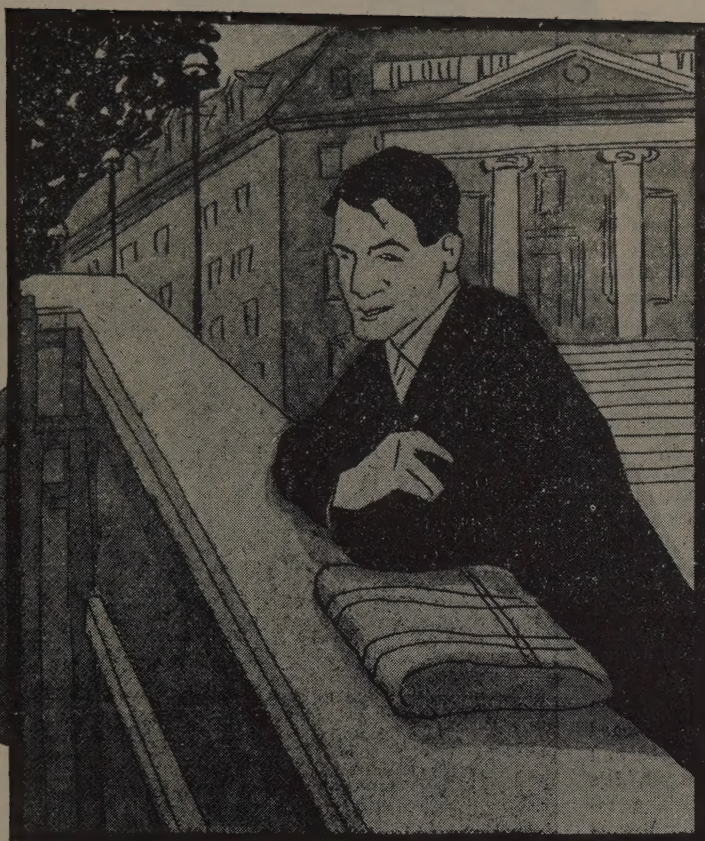
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# BIG BOY

**I**'M SITTING on a table and looking at myself in a cracked mirror. My nose is still bleeding, and I look very big. It's good being big. I first began to be big when I was in high school. From a fat awkward kid, I suddenly shot up into a 175 pound six footer, and when I graduated, I was 198 pounds of muscle. It's important, these weights, because I don't know what would happen to me if I was a small guy. I've always been big and always been in shape. Haven't got a pot belly yet. It makes you feel fine to be in shape; your whole body is alive and capable, and you feel proud as hell.

Any guy who weighs over a 160 turns out for football, and I made the team as

guard, and I had a swell time. A football man is a big shot and doesn't have to worry too much about classes, and the girls are dizzy about you. And when I got an athletic scholarship to one of the big universities, I was hot stuff. Even the teachers were patting me on the back. It seems funny now when I look back on it. I must have been a dumb kid even if I was a happy one.

I hit college the picture of confidence. The summer before, I had worked as an ice man because Red Grange had done that, and everybody in town thought it was just dandy that I should do it too. It was easy work and good for the ice business because I was something of a drawing card. Women would buy ice

just so their kids could see me and they could say: "See Johnny, if you eat your cereal every day, you'll grow up to be a big, strong football player, too. You'll be as famous a football player as George, here. Won't he, George?" I would say that the kid sure would make a fine football man, and while I knew this was all the old oil, still it made you feel good and like a hot shot.

In college, they took me down a peg, not much, but down enough to knock some sense into my dome. Right away, I saw that there was a hell of a lot of difference between being the star guard on a jerk-water high school team and a first rate college outfit. Why, every other guy on the team had been a captain or an

## He Thought He Could Buck the World for a Touchdown

## By Tom Dean

The Champion



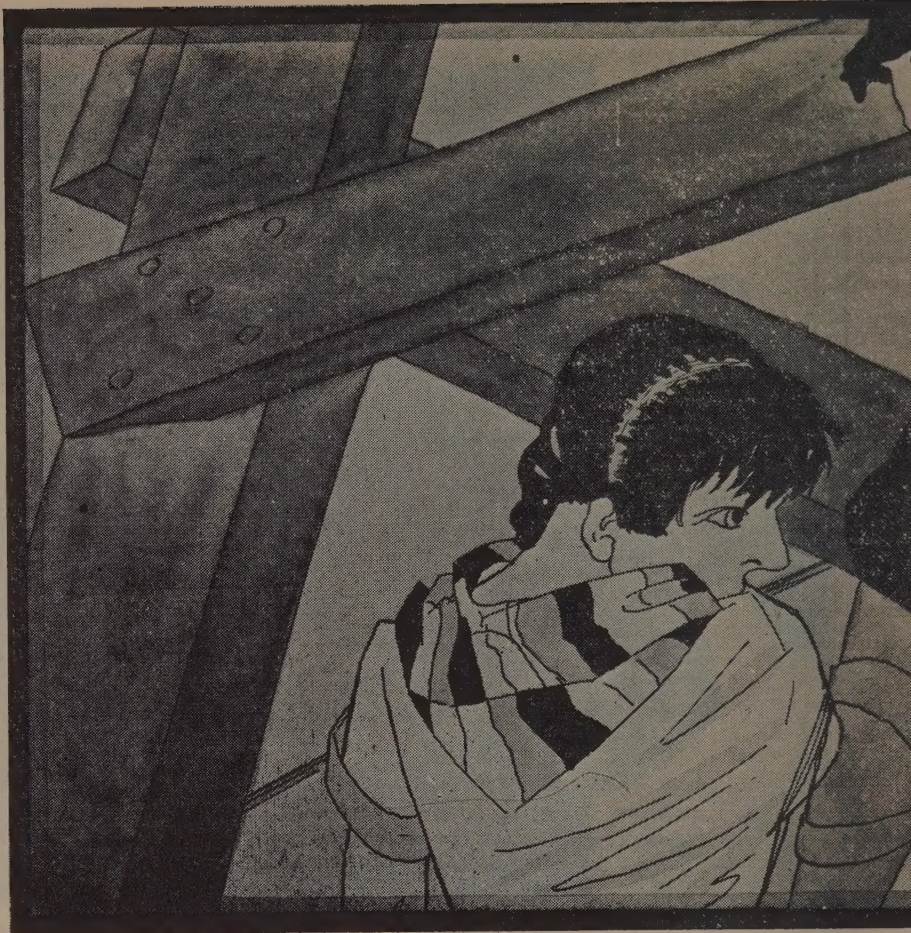
All-State man. You see in high school, at least in my school, a guard just has to act like a stone wall on the line—just sit there like a tub. But in college football, you got to know how to use your hands and your head. And in pro football—but I'll come to that later.

I never made more than the second team in college. I played in a couple of games, and they kept me there for four years as a sort of tackling dummy and a big mug who could be used in easy games to give the regulars a rest. I knew it and I didn't mind. I was still one of the football boys who didn't have to study too hard and who could get into any dance. I had a soft job of locking up the gym which kept me in pocket money, and sometimes, I traveled with the team, and it was pretty nice. All in all, I had a hell of a swell time in college. Yet all the time, I knew I was only a second rater, and I didn't mind it. You don't mind anything when you're in college. You kind of build a stone wall or an ivory tower around the school, and you think that nothing outside can touch you.

Things had just popped loose in the market when I entered, and we heard stories about guys not finding jobs and all the rest, and we laughed it off. It's like this, in school you're working towards something, an engineering degree or just a B.S., but you're *doing* something. You feel so smug behind the fact that you're working towards a goal, that you never stop to see if there *is* a goal. You study engineering, and you shut your eyes to the fact that engineers are out of work. It's always—wait till I get out there. *I'll* be different. You never ask yourself why you should be different, you just assume that you are. Just like that.

I took an ordinary B.S. degree. A job never worried me. In the locker room, it was always: "What the hell, we can sell bonds for one of the old grads if worse comes to worse. Don't the old guys fall all over us?" Or: "There's a million and one things a football player can do. Sell sporting goods. Insurance is another racket. Coach a prep school. Play pro ball. Always a job for a football man." I can't understand it now, but we really believed that song and dance. Never doubted it.

I wonder if Barney, the Negro back on the team, thinks about that as he works as a dock wallop. Or if the Swede, who is getting his guts crushed as a wrestler, ever remembers it. If the left end, Andrews thinks about it as he drives a truck. I remember it. I'm sitting here waiting for my nose to stop bleeding, so I can take my shower, and I remember it so damn well that I almost feel like smacking somebody.



When I got out of school, I rolled up my sleeves and got ready to hit the old world for a living. That's when I started getting the works. I found out that nobody gave a good damn if you were the star guard or the star water-boy. The old grads couldn't do a thing. Either they were down on their luck themselves, or it was: "You wait. Something will come up and I'll send for you. Never let a letter man down."

And I waited, and nothing ever came up. When your suit begins to shine like a looking glass, and you can feel the pavements through your shoes, you start to wonder what the hell this is all about. Of course, some of the boys got jobs; they had luck and pull. They rode the top of the wave for awhile, just like they had talked about in college. Maybe the ride lasted a year or two, and then suddenly, the wave collapsed, and they found themselves floundering like the rest of us.

I couldn't stay at home. My old man couldn't afford to keep me there and anyway, I just couldn't hang around. I always had an idea that I had a bit of the old personality kid in me, and I tried selling. Everybody tries selling. A boss will let you sell—on commission. If you

sell anything he's glad to give you your ten percent, and if you don't—that's your funeral. I sold vacuum cleaners, brushes, books, athletic goods, but no go. I worked hard at it, but you can't sell people that have no money to buy with. I quit. It does something to you to have doors slammed in your face. The first few days you don't mind it, but when it keeps up for weeks, well, it's pretty bad.

Coaching was out, there were, it seemed, thousands of first string guards roaming around. The same with pro football. Everything seemed to be out. Then one day, I ran into Barney who was a damn fine football player and a damn fine fellow. I'm not trained for anything, but Barney is a chemical engineer, the real McCoy. And here he was walking the streets in overalls and a cap. He had his sweater on inside out, so that his letter was hidden. After we shook hands, I said: "Why the get-up?"

"It's what the well dressed man is wearing this year, if he works on the docks. When and if he can get work."

"The docks? Why that . . ."

"I know," he cut in, "that's no work for a college man. But you have to eat,



even if you did go to college. And having a lot of letters and medals around doesn't fill your stomach, either."

"But Barney, you're a chemical engineer? Why we used to rag you for being the studious member of the team."

"Sure," he said and his voice was so bitter that I felt uneasy. "Sure, and maybe I was kidding myself. They don't want white chemists, they say they don't need them. And they especially don't want Negro chemists, they don't say it, but they hint that they never needed them. Since I left college I'm learning things; my education is just beginning. I'm taking my Master's in another school—the old University of Hard Knocks that we used to joke about. It's a pretty tough school. If you flunk, they don't give you any re-exams."

He was right, I've been taking post-graduate work in that school for a long time now. I'm two hundreds pounds of muscle and they can use that. I don't know what the skinny boys are doing, because brawn and not brains is what they want. I worked the docks on and off for a while. Then I thumbed my way to the Coast and worked as a fruit-picker. I've been picked up as a vag and sent to jail a couple of times. I've worked in lumber camps, I've washed cars, I've been a pick and shovel man . . . I'm a big boy and they can use some one who can work like a horse.

I even fell in love. This isn't a love story, but she belongs in it, although I want her so damn much that sometimes I think she makes things harder. Although maybe now . . . I've got my fingers crossed, tight.

I worked in the oil fields for a time, and I met her there. Her old man ran a one-arm beanery and she helped behind the counter and at the cash box. Her name is Judy, but I'll call her "the Cop," because her hair is the softest copper colored hair in the world. This may be a laugh to you, but I knew that I loved her the second time I saw her. I knew it was the real thing. I can't tell you in words just how I knew it, but I did. When I was working, or washing, or walking, or dreaming, I would see her large eyes, her swell hair, her full red mouth, her little turned up nose. She was always in my mind, and when I thought about her, I felt warm inside—even felt something of the old I-can-lick-the-world-spirit. And now that I'm away from her, I get sick just wanting her and thinking about how wonderful she is. All right, laugh, I never thought it would be that way either, but some day, if you hit the real thing, you'll know. When I finally had to leave town to get work elsewhere—a couple of wells shut down—I said to her: "You know that I'll come back."

"Yes, I know." Her voice was soft and had an exciting deepness about it that



made me think I was crazy to leave her. I had wild ideas about marrying her, there and then. Two can live cheaper than one stuff and all that. But I don't kid myself any more and I know that two can't live on nothing. Sounds like I should have always known that, but I didn't believe it when I was a rah-rah boy in school.

"Listen, Cop, no matter what happens, I'll come back for you. I'll make some money and come back. It won't be long. I promise that. I couldn't stand being away from you very long."

"Not too long, George. Please, don't make it too long. And don't kiss me now because I'll cry if you do, and you wouldn't like that—parting with tears."

"I like anything and everything you do," I told her and kissed her, and she did cry, and I damn near started bawling myself.

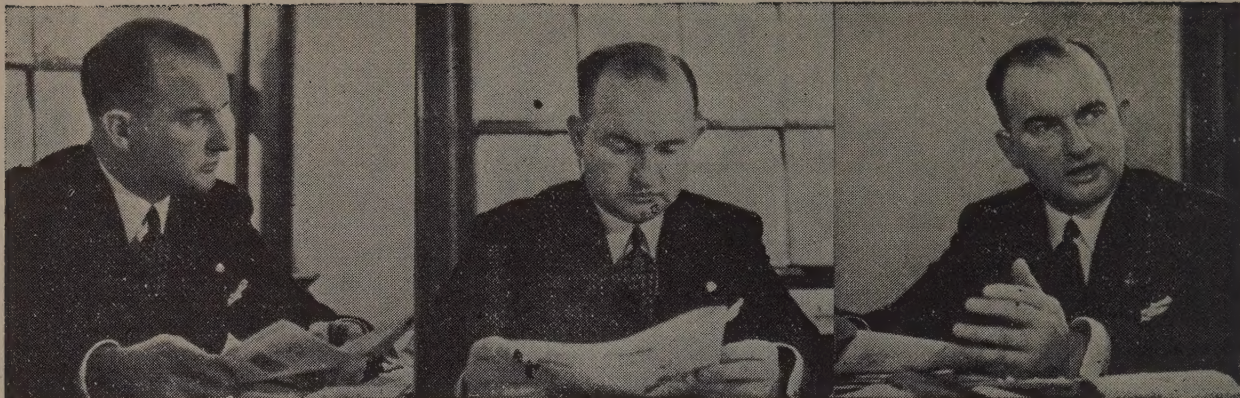
But I'm coming back to her. Maybe within a year. You see I'm sitting on a rubbing table, and my nose is still bleeding, and one of my eyes is shut tight. My nose is going to bleed many times more, and my face will be sort of messed up, and my eyes will be puffed and blue about twenty times more. I'm a big boy and people like to see big boys hit each other. I'm in the ring now. I've fought three times, and I've been

beaten once. I'm a third rater, a tackling dummy like I was in college, only now I'm a punching bag.

I can take it, and I have a fair wallop. Win or lose, the customers will pay me a hundred bucks or over to see my 200 pounds in action. I'm holding on to every cent. Twenty fights and I'll have two thousand in the bank. She won't mind my face being cut up; she won't like it, but it won't make any difference. I'll see to it that I don't become punch happy . . . you learn how to fake a knockout, and the customer doesn't care as long as a big boy hits the canvas.

I've thought it all out; when I get that two thousand, we'll open a country store some place. That's the best thing. A store with a little farming on the side. You work hard, but you always eat. I don't know if we'll make a success of it. I hope so but I do know that it will take us a few years to go under, if we do go down. And those few years of happiness are worth everything. I'm not looking beyond those two or three years. All I think of is those years I'll have with her. My old eco prof would say that I lack ambition. I'm sure he would say just that. But he's full of old economic ideas that don't work. I think I'm damn ambitious to expect even a few years of happiness!





# C. I. O.

## A Stream-Lined Transport Workers Union

### By Michael

Introduction by  
LOUIS GORDON

UNTIL SOMEONE invents a way to record accents in a man's writing as well as in his speech, you will never appreciate simply from his written story the full flavor of Michael J. Quill. The rolling Irish brogue is as much a part of this broad-shouldered man as the bright blue eyes, the ruddy good-humored countenance, or for that matter, the twisted briar cane and the tie pin made of a shamrock set over a horseshoe. For this son of a County Kerry farmer was born right into the midst of the struggle for freedom in the mountains of Southern Ireland, and still limps from a bullet wound in his hip, suffered while fighting the Black and Tans. And waiting for him in Ireland is a blue-eyed colleen whom he still expects to marry.

But in the beehive at 153 West 64th Street, New York, national headquarters of the Transport Workers Union, there is no sign that Quill will be able to take time off for that trip to Ireland. The men who operate "everything on wheels" in New York are busy on all three floors of the building which the union took over a few months ago and which is still being remodeled to include a restaurant and handball courts as well as the administrative offices. In his small third-floor office, the walls of which hold but a single picture of John L. Lewis and a map of New York's transportation system, you will find Quill working at a desk full of papers and reports.

The man who wore badge No. 3855 when he was handing out nickels to subway passengers greeted me cordially when he heard I was from THE CHAMPION, and showed me copies of "Youngville, U.S.A." and of the Youth Congress

Proceedings, which he had been reading. Little more than a youth himself, this colorful 32-year old leader of labor is intensely interested in America's youth movement. He was the principal speaker at New York's United Youth Day Festival last Spring, and not only endorsed the Model Youth Congress at Milwaukee July 4, but also urged other trade unions to send representatives. He feels America's trade unions must take a greater part in helping the young people, recognizing the importance of working with and educating the new forces in America's rapidly growing labor and progressive movements.

When not in his office or at union meetings, Mike Quill spends his time these days campaigning on behalf of the American Labor Party. "Quill for Councilman" clubs are a familiar sight in the Borough of the Bronx where he won the labor party nomination, and a committee of one thousand transport

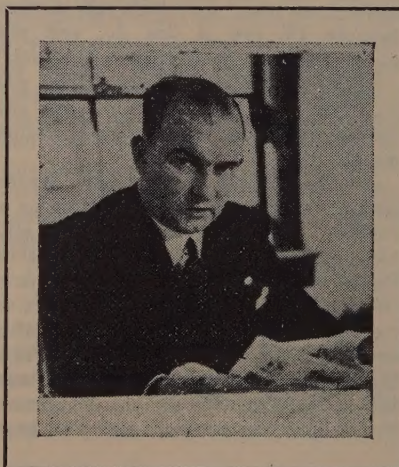
workers was formed to help his campaign. But he was hesitant about giving his personal story, emphasizing it was no individual campaign. "Every talk, every speech that I make will advocate the election of all Labor Party candidates. I am not asking the people to support Michael Quill. It is to their interest to vote the whole Labor Party ticket. This isn't my story; it's the story of the transport workers and the people who are getting ready to vote labor."

\* \* \* \* \*

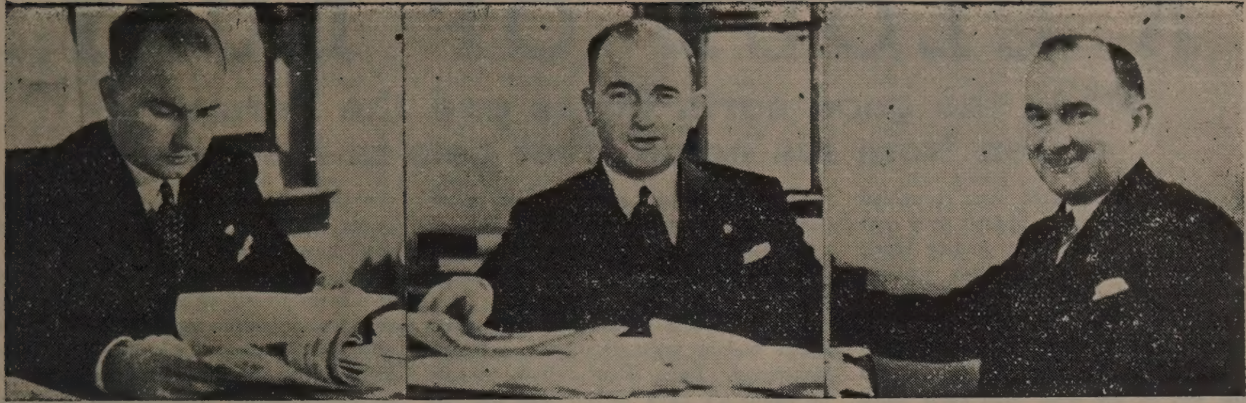
By Michael J. Quill

Leave it to the Traction Kings of Wall Street to give plenty of work to the stool pigeons and the lead-pipe brigade when it comes to stealing the wages of honest American workers. And they were all on the job in April, 1934. So the seven of us who decided to lay the basis for the Transport Workers Union had to meet in secret. Our first meeting was held in a West-side coffee pot. After that we got less swanky. We met in hallways and saloons...and dark alleys. One fine morning nine of us met under a bridge in Central Park. It didn't take long for a policeman to come along with his "C'mon you bums, break it up!" And nearly break us up he did. It took three weeks before we could get the nine guys together again. But we didn't go to the park. We discussed organization on rooftops, and even funeral parlors. And furnished rooms. When we hired our first hall for \$25.00 we had a greater thrill and a greater feeling of victory than when we hired Madison Square Garden for the opening of our first national convention. And you know what a victory that was.

But we had something to fight for.







# EXPRESS

is Moving "Everything on Wheels"

J. Quill

A few years ago I had the misfortune to work, along with thousands of others, for a traction company in New York City for 33 cents an hour, 12 hours a day, 84 hours a week, 365 days a year under the most vicious type of company union. The only concession we ever got from the company union, and that they couldn't help, was that every four years in the leap year, there are 366 days, and we got that day off!

Twelve hours every day, in the subway change booth, pushing out nickels. It was a hell of a place to put a farmer's son—behind the bars of a cage. After a year or so, I left and went out to Pennsylvania to sell religious pictures to the steel workers and coal diggers around Pittsburgh. The miserable conditions there were the worst I have ever seen, and it was there, I learned about unions.

Back in New York, working for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, we decided to do something about it. We knew from the start that the proper line was to build an industrial union. We preached that if fellows were good enough to sweat together, they were good enough to organize together. The company encouraged no end of hostility amongst departments, and at one time, men who worked on the elevated wouldn't speak to subway men. We had to show that the 1916 strike was broken because only the shops were organized, that the 1926 strike was broken because only motormen were organized. In the Transport Workers Union, we united all workers irrespective of their color, race, religion, nationality or political belief. It was that weapon, the weapon of unity that cannot be overthrown by the bosses, that won for us.

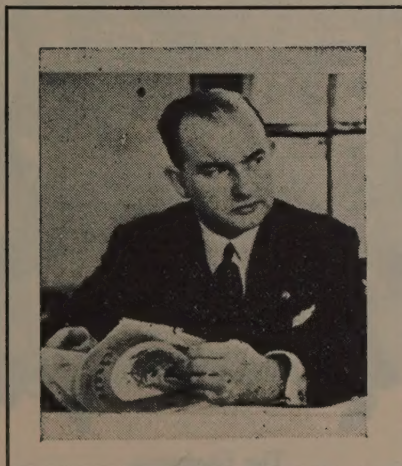
Three weeks after we started, our seven had expanded to 45. Each of these 45 set about building up new secret groups, and by the end of 1934 we had 560 members. We talked a blue streak, you can believe me. We soap-boxed at the shop gates, each time getting across to more people the thing we had to tell. The men who came in stuck with us, and we grew pretty steady and fast. The next year we numbered 3,200 and by the end of 1936, this had grown to 8,000.

In May, 1937, we stood at 14,000 and because we could not abide the path into which the A. F. of L. had drifted, and because our sympathies were with industrial unionism, we affiliated with the C. I. O. The C. I. O. charter was a magic wand that worked miracles. In six months, since our affiliation, we have reached 50,000 in New York and 80,000 nationally, and have built a sound and stable organization.

The man who was getting 33 cents an hour for 84 hours a week when I worked with the company is, as a result of our C.I.O. affiliation and of our industrial set-up, today getting 81 cents an hour and is working only 52 hours a week. Thousands of men in the subway, elevated, bus, street car and taxi systems who were working 65, 70, and 72 hours a week are today working 40, 44 and 48 hours a week. We have won increases in wages, with paid vacations for the first time in history, abolition of the stool pigeon system, burial of the company union, sound pension plans, and even provisions in our taxi contracts to prevent the transportation of scabs in any strike.

But our job is not yet done. We know that while the union has won a good deal for us it cannot by itself eliminate those conditions which exist for one-third of our population whom President Roosevelt has described as "ill-fed, ill-housed and ill-clothed". If we want to win security and a better life, we must use both our hands on the political field as we have in our union.

The one is the open, outstretched hand of friendship and cooperation with those who are ready to meet us in a peaceful and American way. The other hand, and a mighty powerful one, is the clenched fist of organized labor. It can teach the forces of reaction and fascism that we are a united body, that they had better not tax our patience or organized labor will take a swing at them, and when we are finished there will be no Tom Girdlers, but the American people will leave the slums, they will leave the firetraps, they will leave the sweatshops, and live free and happy, as American workers should.



The Champion



# A CLOUD OF DUST

When the good earth burns and the Farmer is driven from his home, dust gets in his eyes.

THE road quivers and trembles in the white heat. It isn't even cool in the speeding car. A beer truck passes on the curve, its tires sucking and whining on the oil top highway. Carson curses softly and tosses his half-smoked cigarette out the window. His clothes are sticky all over his plump body, wet on the seat. And sixty more miles to Milford! Why did he have to get stuck out in this godforsaken prairie. If it keeps on burning like this—just try and sell 'em something.

He presses his foot viciously on the gas. A farm passes swiftly. The windows are like poked out eyes. Two dead, silvery trunked cottonwoods jab into the dusty, blue-brown sky. Too many like that. People leaving. Country going to the dogs. Wonder what it's like to live like those farmers have. Poor devils. Nothing like this back home in Wisconsin, stayed green there anyhow. Gosh, to see trees green and hear the rain drizzling off the roof.

A cloud of dust raising from the pitted fields interrupts his thoughts.

He slows up for the Stratford crossroad. A man is standing by the edge of the black top, a little bundle beside him in the brown roadside grass. He jerks his arms toward the east. A strained smile flickers across his red, sun-burned face as he sees the car. He seems unutterably alone standing there.

Carson hesitates and then slams his foot on the brake. The car pulls to a stop quite a bit beyond the man. He picks up the bundle and walks toward it slowly. Maybe the heat's got him. Most of them run for the chance of a ride. He pulls the car door open and sits down beside Carson, his bundle in his lap.

"Might's well put your package in the back seat. Be more comfortable."

"Yeah," the man answers, his cracked lips hardly moving. He tosses it back of him.

Carson starts the car. It gathers speed, and he waits for the man to say something. Darn silent fellow. Maybe he shouldn't have picked him up. He eyes the rider curiously. Blue overalls and workshirt, stained with sweat, both faded and neatly patched in several places. Arms bare and thin but evidence of wiry strength under the tanned skin. His pale blue eyes have a weird, burnt-out look in his dark face. He just stares at the black road.

"Plenty hot, isn't it? How far are you going?"

The man starts and turns his head toward Carson. "Don't know where I'm goin' . . . yet. Any place outa here I guess."

"Live around here somewheres?"

"Used to." His tongue licks across his lips. "I'm just leaving it. For good probably . . ." His hand fumbles at something in his pocket. He keeps his eyes on the road.

"You been working on a farm?"

An odd half-smile is on the lips until they curl as if with a bitter taste. "I been working on a farm since I can remember. I am a farmer or was. The folks homesteaded the place. I'm all there is left of the family. Won't be any of us pretty soon."

"What do you mean?"

There is a note of half-anger in the voice. "Do you ever look around mister? Do you ever stop to think what all this means?" He waves his arm in a vague gesture across the prairie and the hot

sky. "Empty farms . . . everything. I guess maybe nobody ever does. They don't have to take it."

"Must be pretty tough. I used to live on a farm myself when I was a kid. Only that was in better country. They should give this country back to the Indians anyhow, but they'd probably be too smart to take it back." Carson laughs at his own joke. He stops when he notices the young fellow doesn't even crack a smile. They ride in silence for a few minutes.

"It isn't only the country. I could've made it through all right, but they get you anyhow. Even when there's a crop, you don't get anything for it." He seems to be explaining it to himself. "Last year we had a little crop, and they came out to the rigs to collect for what we owed, then we had to borrow some more to put seed in. Grasshoppers ate it up, and it didn't rain. Owe everybody. Now I don't know where I'm going. No place to go. There's trouble in the cities, too. There isn't any place to go, is there?" His voice rises, and then cuts off almost in a sob.

Carson doesn't know what to say. He feels like a darn fool for joking about it all. He pulls the car to a stop in Briscoe. "Like a beer?"

"No . . . thanks."

Most of the buildings in the parched little street are boarded up. Around the pool hall and the general store, a few shabby men sit in the scant shade of the buildings. In the pool hall window, a pretty girl smiles through the fly-specks above the slogan "If It's SCHULTES Beer, It's the Best in Town."

The man turns nervously when Carson gets back in the car. Carson smiles,





# by Harlan Crippen

"You should've washed the dust out of your throat, you'd feel a little better."

"It'd take more than that."

"I suppose it would."

Suddenly, the man turns facing Carson. He clips his words. "How long will it be before we get to Milford?"

"Won't be long now, only twenty miles to go." The wristwatch says twenty after three. "Make it in about twenty minutes the way I drive."

There is an almost frightened look in the blue-dead eyes. "Pretty quick, ain't it?" He seems to be trembling. The muscles of the brown arm in the pocket move as the hand tenses over something.

"What's the matter. Heat getting you? You should've cooled off back there."

"I don't feel so good. Not knowin' where I'm going. Afraid . . . of a lot of things. You don't know what that feeling's like, do you?"

"No. Maybe I don't." Poor guy. What the hell, it must be tough. I wouldn't feel so good if I was in his shoes.

They pass a weatherbeaten sign without saying anything. **ONLY TEN MILES TO MILFORD'S BIG STORE. SHOP and SAVE AT HANSEN BROTHERS.** The man sits up straight and stares at Carson. He moves his lips as if to say something but there isn't any sound.

"Like a cigarette?" Carson extends a silver case.

"Yeah. I guess I would." The brown hand trembles holding the match. He puffs excitedly, and the silence spreads over the car with only the click of the wheels and the purr of the motor breaking through it.

Over the horizon, rises the cool silver bubble of the new water tower with the black word **MILFORD** barely visible on the gleaming surface. The man sees it, takes a final puff from the cigarette, and flicks it to the passing road. His hand reaches in his pocket. "You'd better . . .", his voice is hard, then cracks indecisively.

Carson hasn't been paying any attention. He jerks. "What?"

"Nothing. I got sort of excited . . . I'll go crazy or something." Carson glances at him a little frightened. The car slows down, stops.

The man's hand reaches in his pocket. "You take it." He puts something shining and hard in Carson's hand. Carson stares at the thing as if a snake had suddenly appeared. The revolver gleams in the light.

"You have to keep it. I don't want the feel of it anymore. I couldn't do it. I couldn't do it, I tell you. Kept trying to get up enough courage. I was afraid you'd get to Milford before I could. I kept figurin' how a guy went about it and thinking about sticking the gun in your ribs with no one on the road, and how if you fought back, I'd shut my eyes

and pull the trigger like I do with a horse when it breaks its leg in a gopher hole. Then I'd go through your pockets and take the gold wristwatch and the car. I didn't care if I might be caught. I was afraid but not of that. I was afraid of not having nothing, being nothing. Don't know why I'm telling you this. You wouldn't care."

Carson keeps staring at the gun. His throat is dry and a chill like a wet finger plays over his spine.

"You gotta keep the gun! Take it away from me, I can't bear to see it anymore," in a voice low and trembling. "I thought maybe you'd see how it all was. A guy goes kinda crazy when everything's knocked out from under."

"Maybe I can," Carson speaks quietly. Handling the gun carefully, he puts it in his lap. It feels heavy against his thigh. He looks into the man's frightened face.

"Maybe I better be goin'", says the man. He starts to clamber out. Carson stops him.

"You don't have to. I ain't afraid. We'll get a bite in Milford."

The man leans back, closes his eyes.

Carson picks up the gun and holds it for a minute below the level of the window, then he pushes it into the little compartment in the dash board and starts the car. Something to think about. So that's what those empty farms mean. God!





# SWASTIKAS ON PARADE

Two dollars and fifty cents gets you  
a shirt, a heil, and a stiff right arm.

By Dick Kalm

**I** DECIDED, one day, to become a member of the Nazi Youth organization. After all, that was one way to find out what it was all about.

Up at 178 East 85th Street, New York City, I was directed to Fritz Kuhn, the Fuehrer of the German American Bund. After several minutes spent in trying to impress me with his importance, he finally informed me that the matter was not within his jurisdiction since he had no direct connection with the Youth movement. Instead, he referred me to Theodore Dinkelacker, the Youth Leader of the National Youth Movement. But lest I should misconstrue the distribution of authority in the Bund, he gave me to understand that Dinkelacker was a subordinate. "For after all," he announced in thick German accent, "Dinkelacker does what I tell him to." "Fuehrer" Fritz can be reached at the above address; the telephone number is Butterfield 8-8797.

I found Theodore Dinkelacker, Jugendschaft "Fuehrer," who does what Fritz tells him to at home, 92-36 Lamont Ave., Elmhurst, L. I. (Havenmeyer 6-4146). I was ushered into an improvised office that once served as a parlor. Papers, books, circulars, banners, knapsacks, and canteens were strewn over the entire room. But resting straight and conspicuously on the table, was the picture of Fritz Kuhn, he who tells Theodore what to do. Whereas my imagined picture of Fritz Kuhn had been confirmed upon meeting him, the same was not true for Theodore Dinkelacker. As I spoke with him, I became thoroughly convinced that he believed fanatically in the program and policies of the organization. He was almost rabid in his unswerving hate for everything that stands for progress.

The impression Fritz Kuhn left with me, however, was that he was smiling at the whole setup. His bearing and general appearance suggested contentment and smugness. The well proportioned belly that preceded his entrance into the room, the sleekness of his face, his more than mild satisfaction with himself, his obvious hypocrisy indicated that Fritz knows a racket when he sees one. I think that Mr. Fritz is taking his fellow Germans for an extended buggy ride. Of course, there are reasons for his assuming the leadership of the Bund. Besides the "glory," there are concrete rewards. It is common knowledge that our friend Fritz has the run of the Ford factory out at Illinois. Henry Ford's notorious anti-Semitic and anti-labor history makes it pertinent to conjecture what interest he may have in Fritz Kuhn. A lot of good middle class and

working class German Americans are being deluded by the doctrines of an organization that has no one else's interest at heart except certain powerful backers who conveniently remain in the background.

Three years ago, when the anti-Nazi boycott was instituted, instructions came to America from Germany, and the German American Bund was actually started. Before this, there had existed, scattered throughout the nation, organizations whose only purpose was to keep alive, here in this country, the idea of the Fatherland. But after the boycott, a serious effort was made to unite all these various organizations into one powerful unit to spread the gospel of The New Germany. Consequently, The Friends of New Germany was formed to which Germans of all ages flocked in great numbers. The unwieldy nature of such a

large and heterogeneous group became evident, and so was born the Jugendschaft. The name of the parent movement, The Friends of New Germany, was changed, in 1936, to the present one, The German American Volksbund.

From Germany, came a number of young Germans who had experience in the organization of youth groups. Perhaps the most popular of these was Hugo Hans who has since returned to his native land. Today, Kilian Schneider is at Cornell Agricultural School, Franz Nikolai, the Brooklyn, New York leader, has returned to his mother and sister in Germany, while his father "Papa" Carl Nikolai carries on in the Bund. Still others have gone their various ways. Today, the names of such boys and girls as Hugo Schrick, Rudolf Funk, Rudi Hackenberg, Arnulf Fleischer, P. M. Ochojski,



(Continued on page 25)



ILLUSTRATION  
by  
WM SANDERSON



# CHRISTMAS FOR TONY

by Edward Smolack

**T**ONY? Well, Tony ain't around anymore— Maybe you heard about him? He's been shot— Hey! Take it easy! . . . Sure, I'll tell you about it, only I don't like to be rushed. Besides, it all happened quite awhile ago . . . last Christmas.

You been away for a long time, ain't cha? On a ship, huh? Jeez, when I heard about you being on a ship I was sure surprised because I never heard you let on you were crazy about being a sailor-boy. You always wanted to be a dress designer—or was it a dress

salesman? Something about dresses, anyway, I remember, and—

What's that? It don't make no difference what you wanted to be? Well, that's so, I guess. None of us around here seem to be able to be what we want. Instead, we gotta do things we don't like to do—Like poor Tony. . . That's how he got shot. And Jeez, when I think of him—a guy who was always laughing and always seeing the best in everything, it gives me the creeps to think he's been shot dead— And what for? What did Tony want outa life? Hell!

Practically nothing. . . Only Josie, and then later, there was the kid. It gives me the creeps, honest.

—O.K.! O.K.! You don't have to throw a fit. Just relax. What's your hurry, anyway? Gotta catch your boat? Listen— If I go up to you and show you a little two-by-nothing back-sheet item in the newspaper which says that so-and-such was shot by some cops for resisting arrest when caught trying to rob a store—well, what do you think about? Nothing much, huh? It leaves you cold! It seems plain to understand because you



only got two things: First, that the guy was a crook; and second, that the cops only done their duty in protecting society. But Christ! When I tell you that the guy was Tony—Tony Simmons, a guy you used to know so well—and you know just what kind of a fellow he was, honest and all that—then you don't understand! You say to yourself: "What the hell! What's this guy trying to tell me?" You wonder what ever made Tony do such a thing. Even if he did—even if he did try to rob a store, there must have been something more to it. It wasn't his fault, and how come those flatfoots shot him?

Y'see, Louie, when you read those things they seem plain, like I already told you. The guy's a crook and the others are cops. He done something wrong, and they stopped him. Everything is the way it oughta be, huh? But when the guy is Tony, you wonder—*what made him do it?* And then you get very surprised at yourself because all of a sudden you can think of plenty reasons which would make him, and lots of other swell, decent guys do something as bad as that, if not worse.

You wonder: "Jeez, what've I been using for brains all my life? I ain't even snapped out of my kiddy days when I used to play cops and robbers." Y'see, Louie, because now you gotta bring in another thing besides the "bad guys" and the "good guys." You find out that there's something else to blame. Tony ain't a "bad guy" at all, see? He's just the same Tony as when you knew him before. How come all of a sudden he's a crook and he's shot by the cops?

Well, *nuts!* Maybe I sound like I got no feelings, but it's our own fault. We only start thinking things out when the Tony is a guy we know. The trouble with us is that we don't feel connected—maybe there's a better word—but anyway, we don't feel connected to guys just the same as us who live—say, way up in the Bronx instead of here in Brooklyn. It's a wonder we don't get wise to things. There's a lot of Tonys hangin' around, is what I think . . . And now, Louie, if you ain't been bored, I'll tell you all about it.

When Tony finally married Josie—you know, that pretty black-eyed Italian kid he used to go around with—he was one happy guy. And when Tony was happy—boy! how he showed it. You know how he was that way. He didn't have his regular job when he got married; he'd been laid off some time back. Maybe you remember—he used to be assistant manager in some all-night garage. Well, he expected to be called back any day. Meanwhile, he wielded a pick and shovel down at the W.P.A. project around Prospect Park.

"What've I got to worry about?" he said. "I quit the W.P.A. soon and I go

back to my regular job."

That's what Tony said all right, only things worked out different—yeah, just like they always do.

I could tell you about all the fun we had at his wedding, like when the boys got hold of some shovels and made a military arch for him and Josie to pass under. But Tony, he didn't get sore—not him. In fact, he was proud as anything.

"Hard work don't hurt anybody," he said. "It gives you strong muscles." And he swelled up his chest and walked right under, Josie at his side.

I could tell you how, sometime later, we kidded the pants off him when he told us, handing out cigars, that he was going to be a father soon. . . He was sure it would be a boy.

"Wow! You hot-blooded so-and-so," we said.

And he said: "What do you mean? All kinds of people, they all like kids. You're all jealous, I think . . . Soon I quit the W.P.A. and I get my regular job back so the kid can have everything he's gonna need."

Only after the kid was born—and it was a boy, too—Tony didn't quit the W.P.A. Tony was dropped, instead. Why? I dunno. Maybe they didn't like his name . . . Maybe some guy sitting on a swivel chair started to play God: "This guy don't need relief, and neither does this one. . . Gee, I wonder what's good in the fourth at Pimlico?" . . .

Well, it was pretty bad. Tony didn't get his regular job back either. The kid kept needing more stuff. And you know how proud Tony was, don't you?

Well, it was around Christmas he got shot trying to rob a store. Maybe it was seein' guys that were well heeled buyin' stuff for their kids made him go nuts. He didn't have a dime to his name and the kid was sick. And do you know whose store it was? Old man Hoffman's dry-goods joint down at the corner. There was plenty excitement that mornin'. Old man Hoffman went around cry-

ing, twisting his hands, and what-not. You know how he stutters when he gets upset—

"Wh-wh-who t-told them to shoot him?" he says. "Wh-whose store is it anyway?"

Josie and Tony's mother were up at the hospital. I'd gone up with them. . . Someone had to . . . Well, Tony, he never came out of it—and he died late that night.

Early the next morning, I drop into Hoffman's. I had to go down the city to look for work, and I needed a pair of socks like nobody's business. I figured I could put them on the bill, and I thought also I may as well give Hoffman the bad news about Tony.

"B-b-bummers!" he says. "Thieves! Murderers!"

"Who do you mean, Hoffman?" I ask. "Tony? The cops? I don't get you."

"Well, I'll never forget the way old man Hoffman looked when I ask him that dumb question—I shoulda known better. His old veins started to swell up in his face and his hands began to shake like he had fever. First, he puts back the socks he has out on the counter for me, and then he slowly turns and faces me.

"Get out of this store!" he says, and he ain't stuttering when he says that, either. "Get out!—I won't sell you anything!"

But when I start apologizing, Hoffman breaks down, and he sighs as if he's tired of everything.

"All right, son," he says and he pats me on the back with his shaky, skinny old hand. "I can understand . . . It looks like everybody is against you young fellows—I know how you feel. But you should know in all these years how I also feel. . . Here! Take these socks—green, for luck—so you'll be able to get a job and pay me back."

And when I walk out, I hear old man Hoffman say:

"But who's going to pay for Tony?" And this time I don't get him wrong.



The Champion



# THE LITTLE EAGLE

He was only ten but he knew a scab when he saw one

By Beth McHenry

**T**HE LITTLE EAGLE sat whit-tling his heart away, combing a stick down skinny with a knife, gulping his problem in big painful lumps that burned his throat.

The little Eagle was over ten and under eleven, a skinny brat with saucer-eyes and teeth still too big for his mouth. His nearly red hair was streaked with sun shadows and uncombed and dirty as well.

The little Eagle was a thinker and a fighter, not a dude.

In a town the size of Sawtelle, with its one main street and its two hospitals and its old mission with the crumbling walls and clang-a-lang bells, you get labeled too soon and not always right. A guy has to be careful not to look like a sissy. In a bigger town, they might not notice.

The bells were ringing while the little Eagle whittled.

One step of the back porch was broken off. The Eagle pulled his foot higher to catch his heel on the step above.

The postman's kid leaned over the fence from next door. The postman's kid looked like his old man. You could just see him twenty years on, walking the blocks with his sack of mail hanging a little bit sideways over his bent forward shoulders.

The postman's kid said to the Eagle, my dad said he brought your mother another letter.

The Eagle squinted his eyes to the sun, twisting his mouth left toward his ear. He frowned at the postman's kid, said nothing, and spat.

From inside the Eagle's house a voice called "Phillip, Phillip."

The Eagle sighed, put up his knife and threw aside the skeleton stick.

"Your mother wants you, Phillip," the postman's kid said.

The Eagle turned to the postman's kid again, said nothing, and spat.

The Eagle's mother had supper on the table. Milk from the postman's cow, six cents a quart. Stewed prunes from a box of dried ones Uncle George mailed down

from the valley. An avocado old lady Edwards sent over. The tree, she had said, was hanging heavy this year.

Eat, Phillip, his mother said.

The Eagle pushed a spoonful of prunes toward his mouth, then put it down. He shoved his chair back and got up out of it.

I ain't hungry, he said, and slammed the screen-door going out.

Up the street the Eagle stopped to talk to the puppies that played inside the Thompsons' yard. The puppies were less by one than the day before.

Johnny Thompson ambled out to talk to the Eagle. He rubbed his leaking nose on his sleeve.

"I give one to Butch Peters," he said, nodding toward the pups. "He give me a carved Indian stick." He looked at the Eagle. "I got another to give away," he said. "What you got to give."

The Eagle shoved his hands deep into

his corduroy pockets. He squinted, twisting his mouth.

"What do you say," Johnny asked the Eagle.

The Eagle spat on the Thompsons' lawn.

"Nothing to give," he said.

Farther up the street he bumped into the postman. The Eagle went by in a hurry. The postman put out a long hand and drew the kid back.

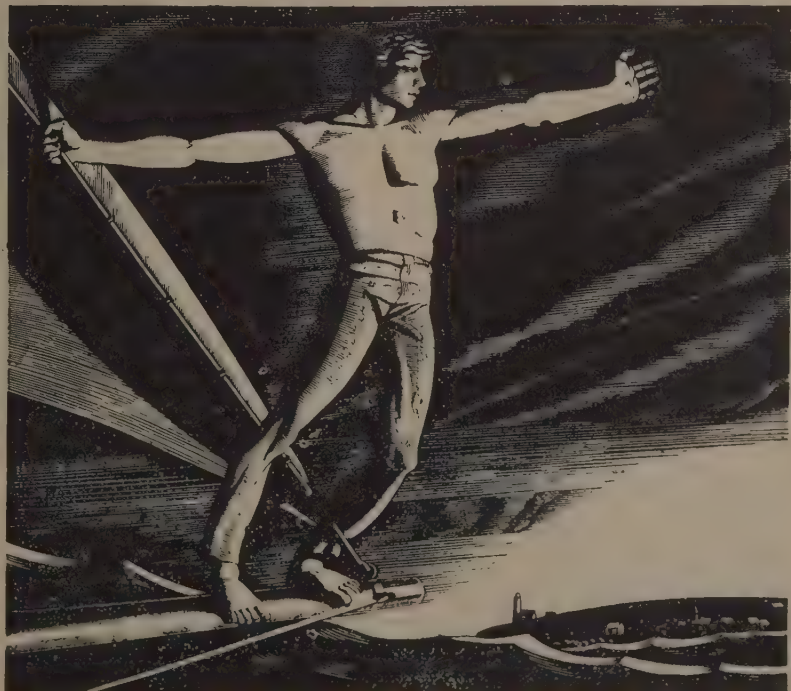
"When will your father be home," the postman asked.

The Eagle shook himself free.

"Don't know," he said, "maybe soon."

At the bridge at the foot of Palm Street the Eagle dropped his feet over the edge and sat looking down into the slow moving water of the small river. He pulled a few pebbles from his pocket and tossed them down, watching the circles of water take form and widen.

(Continued on page 35)







# POPEYE THE UNION MAN

by P. Temple

**A**LTHOUGH Seegar, creator of Popeye, has slandered his brain-child in this respect, the battling sailor is unalterably opposed to "dictators."

Putting this opposition into practice, Popeye struck a blow at the dictatorship of Max Fleischer, in whose studios Popeye comes to celluloid life, by walking out on "der Fleischer" on May 7 after fifteen artists had been fired for Union activity.

Popeye, in the person of seventy-five artists, inhaled their strength-giving spinach, which at that time they could still afford, rose in their collective wrath and told Fleischer to come across—or else. Popeye demanded no more than he, and all other workers for that matter, rightfully deserve. He asked for a living wage, Union recognition and a closed shop, overtime, vacations, sick leave and dismissals with pay.

Meeting with a blunt denial of all these demands, Popeye proceeded during the ensuing six months to carry on the most colorful strike that New York has ever seen. One that can also take its place among the most militant the city has ever seen.

Although Popeye is tough, Mr. Fleischer was apparently not impressed by his own picturization of the indomitable spirit of the sailor. Today, however, he knows the stuff whereof his reputation is made. Of the seventy-five who walked out, seventy remained to carry on the fight in the face of all the low, vicious, brutal, strike-breaking tactics, employers

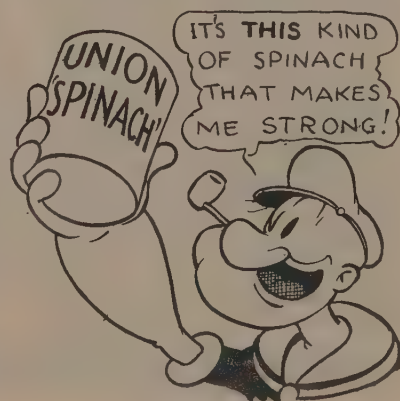
of the Fleischer stamp know so well how to use. Even police clubs, courtrooms and jails failed to break that spirit or even put a dent in the whimsical sense of humor that sustained the strikers through these months of bitter battle. When the pickets parading before the Fleischer studios or one of the theatres showing its scab products burst into song with "I'll fight to the finish, 'cause I wants my spinach," one must realize even through the smiles it provokes, that here is the sort of working-class determination that even the most powerful boss-opposition cannot cope with.

These strikers were, for the most part, youngsters, even as you and I, the great majority of them being in their early twenties. It was only a few short months before that most of them looked upon unions as something peculiar to the needle trades and would have told you

with perfect equanimity that pickets were part of a fence. But they lived much and learned a lot in these six months. Today, they all agree that one of the most important things they have learned is the value of organization.

Unity was pretty much of a keynote throughout the strike. Unity within the ranks of the strikers themselves and unity with all other workers' organizations, whether A. F. of L., as is the Commercial Artists' and Designers' Union, or with C. I. O. affiliates. One of the most outstanding examples of this repudiation of the splitting tactics of A. F. of L. top leadership was the mutual help carried on between Popeye and his seagoing mates of the National Maritime Union. These battling seamen of the C. I. O. rushed enthusiastically to the aid of their embattled shipmate when the call for help went out and practically booed, hissed and hooted the scab picture off the screen at the New York Paramount. Popeye, on the other hand, turned up at the waterfront innumerable times to lend a hand to the seamen.

And has Popeye gotten any other support? People stayed away in droves from the theatres where Fleischer pictures were shown. Five hundred theatres in New York City alone found it expedient to remove these pictures from their screens until the strike was settled. The sailorman's appeal for a boycott met with a similar response in Chicago, New-ark, Cleveland, Philadelphia and Boston.



(Continued on page 31)



TWO OUT OF FIVE YOUTHS ON RELIEF  
LIVE IN RURAL AREAS



EACH FIGURE REPRESENTS 600,000 YOUTHS  
\*16-24 YEARS OF AGE  
GENERAL RELIEF PROGRAM MAY 1935 ESTIMATE

# PRIZE PUMPKINS

by  
Clyde Johnson

**G**ORDON MARTIN is a real person. He lives in Winston County, Alabama. He is 20 years old and the third son of a sharecropper. Every farmer in the county that hires help, would like to hire him because he has a reputation for hard work and ability to grow good crops of corn and cotton.

Gordon is just about through high school. He studied hard by lamp light and almost ruined his eyes. I know he would like to marry and settle down on a farm of his own. He loves the open life of the country.

But Gordon is nobody's fool. At wages of 50c to \$1 a day, he knows he can't save enough for a down payment on a farm. He doesn't want to sharecrop like his father because sharecroppers never get ahead. Once they're stuck in the rut, the system keeps them there.

Gordon Martin is representative of those farm youth who want to be farmers but who don't have even a fighting chance.

That is why many farm youth believe the stories about high wages and good living in the cities and leave home to try to become big executives. For years, the industrialists have favored farm youth with jobs because they were green, non-union and willing to work long hours for low wages. In the last 25 years, the farm population has decreased one percent while the population of the country as a whole increased 40 percent, and young farmers, no doubt, are the major factor in this trend.

Gordon Martin once hoboed to the West Coast with another boy in search of the land of plenty. Disappointed, he

returned home. Railroad dicks had offered him a job scabbing, but he was a union man and refused that.

The 1930 Census showed only 394,000 farm operators (owners and tenants) between the ages of 18 and 24, a surprisingly small number if you consider that there are almost seven million farmers in the country. Fellows like Gordon Martin know that 42 percent of farms are tenant-operated and that an average of 40,000 farms have their mortgages foreclosed each year. That's why he is a good member of the Alabama Farmers' Union. He won't give up the idea that things can't be changed, and he means to help make the change so that farmers can own and live on the land.

It might be safe to bet that most of the 869,000 youths between the ages of 18 and 24 working for wages on farms in 1930 had visions of land ownership. Many of these young people are now doing heroic work in the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing and Allied Workers Union (CIO) in order that they may have decent wages and working conditions. The prosperity of the nation will be increased a good deal when the farm laborers receive decent wages and are able to consume the so-called "surpluses" the corporations complain about.

Gordon Martin's younger brother and sister work in the fields, just like anyone else. In the South, school starts after the cotton is picked and closes before the spring plowing. You get a better idea of the child bondage that exists when you know that in 1930, there were 225,250 paid and 750,320 unpaid

farm laborers between the ages of 10 and 17.

Small farmers are forced to use their children in the fields to make enough to keep the family in existence. The plantation owners and corporation farms are responsible for most of the child labor. They use their political power to block even the mildest child labor legislation. The 23,000 big farmers care nothing about stunting growth, ruining health, and denying education for young America. Ratification of the Child Labor Amendment should be uppermost in the minds of those who would help win opportunity for rural youth.

Maybe you have seen the gay side of farm life at the county fair. Perchance you have seen the prize pumpkins and many other farm products, as well as prize bulls, heifers, and hogs, where young future farmers demonstrate their ability to keep Uncle Sam's breadbasket full of nature's bounties.

The largest organization of farm youth conducting these social and educational activities are the government-sponsored Four-H Clubs with 1,100,000 members. Gordon Martin has been a member and won prizes. It is a paradox that the government teaches young farm people how to grow more and better crops and then restricts crop production by law and allows banks and corporations to monopolize the land and farm markets.

Just because the Four-H Clubs are the biggest organization of farm youth, Judas Iscariot is there to do his work. The National Committee On Boys' And

(Continued on page 30)



# IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD

**W**HAT well known movie star snubbed what w. k. Fascist? Why did same Fascist beat hasty retreat from Hollywood?

The fan mags won't tell you. The columnists would rather chatter about Tyrone Power's latest heart attraction. The newspapers soft pedaled the story.

But you can't hush-up news like this.

It all began when Vittorio Mussolini, acting under orders from Poppa, decided to pay a visit to the United States to learn all about movie making. Fascist pictures didn't even rate a one-star review, and Il Duce and Son wanted to find out how Hollywood did things.

Hal Roach, who produces Laurel and Hardy and Our Gang comedies, saw a chance for some easy dough. A plan was drawn up. He and Vittorio were going into business together. A new motion picture production outfit for Italy—R-A-M, Roach and Mussolini . . . Present . . . The set-up looked good.

Roach planned to sponsor Junior's debut in Hollywood. He would take him around to all the studios, throw parties for him, introduce him to all the stars. He might even get him Garbo's autograph. Hollywood, in turn, was to have the honor of meeting this distinguished young man.

Sonny boy arrived in the United States on one of the old man's boats. The report that Miss Liberty thumbed her nose at him as he passed Bedloe's Island, is not true. Just malicious propaganda. Of course, there was an anti-Fascist demonstration or two when Vittorio landed, but what do you expect from New York? So far so good. Dodge the demonstrators. Hop a plane. California, here I come!

Fame is a wonderful thing. They had heard a lot about Poppa in Hollywood. And they had also heard some interesting things about Junior.

An accomplished young man, this Vit-

torio. He makes movies. He flies airplanes in Ethopia. He writes a book. Some one sent a copy of the book to Los Angeles. It was, unfortunately, carefully read.

It dealt with Vittorio's experiences flying a bombing plane for the old man in Ethopia. Such fun. In Italy, he had never seen a fire. Now, he could drop a bomb, watch it spiral down, and then glow in the beautiful blaze of a burning village.

"War for us," wrote Vittorio Mussolini, "has been a sport, the most beautiful and complete of all sports."

A publicity build-up accompanied Vittorio's arrival in the movie city. The gentlemen of the press release tried to put across the idea that Hollywood was giving the Fascist fireman an enthusiastic and friendly reception.

But the Motion Picture Arts Committee, made up of some of filmland's leading actors, writers, directors, technicians, was busy. They took a full page ad in "Variety" and the "Hollywood Reporter," trade papers, and that was the beginning of the end for Junior Mussolini.

On top of the ad was a picture of a bombed Spanish child; beneath was a quote from Vittorio's book . . . the lines about war being a beautiful sport.

These words followed:

"Hollywood is on record throughout the country as having welcomed Signor Mussolini with open arms. We feel that Hollywood does not deserve this reputation. We can best show the world what Hollywood really feels about Vittorio by helping to bind the wounds of innocent victims of Signor Mussolini's favorite sport.

"The Motion Picture Artists Committee calls upon the decent people of Hollywood who emphatically dissent from the welcome accorded Signor Mussolini to redeem the name of our community by sending a carload of medical supplies to Spain."

That was the first sock at Junior. Then Hal Roach gave a big reception for his new partner. It was a very successful party. Few parties have had such a distinguished list of Hollywood great





# By Richard Pack

who stayed away. Among those who stayed away were George Jessel, Norma Talmadge, Al Jolson, Frederic March, Ruby Keeler, Joan Crawford, Loretta Young, Robert Montgomery, Charles Boyer, Lewis Milestone, Donald Ogden Stewart, Pat Patterson.

Still, Junior couldn't imagine what was wrong. Even his best friends wouldn't tell him.

Roach's next mistake was taking Vittorio on a tour of the movie studios. They went to the Warner lot. What is that quaint noise we hear, Signor Roach? . . . Ah, Signor Mussolini, it is a quaint old American custom—the razzberry.

It came from the rafters overhead where the electricians were perched, it wafted from behind props, it echoed all over the set—the Bronx cheer, juicy, rich and anti-Fascist.

And there were rude voices which yelled: "Down with the Fascist!"

As Vittorio passed by, a group of writers formed a hasty picket line. Again that quaint American sound. Again the cry "Down with the Fascist."

The news was brought into the Warner studio cafeteria that Vittorio was on the way. Actors, directors, writers, carpenters, electricians sent back word that they wouldn't eat in the same room with the guy. Vittorio went somewhere else for lunch that day.

After Warner, came the MGM lot. Signor Mussolini would like very much to visit the set where Miss Joan Crawford is working; he is a great admirer of Miss Crawford.

Joan had snubbed Junior by staying away from the party. Maybe he couldn't take a hint. This time, she made it plain even for a Fascist. She told the studio bigshots that if Mussolini came on the lot, she would walk off. Mussolini stayed away.

By this time, Vittorio was beginning to think that Hollywood didn't like him. In fact, he was pretty sure they didn't. The town was too hot for him. Hal Roach was also getting wise. It wasn't such a bright stunt to get mixed up with such an unpopular lad. The people who make movies and those who see them, don't like Fascism. They might start

(Continued on page 38)





# Chumps of the Month



**WESTBROOK PEGLER—Sour Puss**

Pegler's ravings translated: "Fascism is bad because the dictator takes money from business men. Communism is Fascism plus free-love. The President is both a Communist and a Fascist and I am the world's greatest writer. The C.I.O. is bad, too—all rabble." Thumbs down on Pegler the Peg-head.



**JOHN P. FREY—Nazi**

John P. Frey of the Metal Workers, trying to smash the N.L.R.B., shot off his yap in Denver that he'd prefer Hitler in Sec. of Labor Perkin's shoes. We'd prefer Sec. Perkins shoes on John P. Frey—and he knows where.



**GEN. HUGH S. JOHNSON—Mess Boy**

Once behind the President, the good general now charges Roosevelt with stuffing the Supreme Court by appointing "Ku Klux woolhats" of his own choosing. It's easy for the soldier-boy to take orders, and the Army of Reaction has a good mess kitchen.

**WILLIAM GREEN—Girdler's Pal**

This great "labor leader" now condones the vile murderer of ten steel strikers—Tom Girdler—by placing the blame on the "evil influence" of the C.I.O.! When the A.F.L. finally throws you out, William, Pinkerton can use you.



**VITTORIO MUSSOLINI—Spanked**

The son of the Doochay doesn't pipe so high in the States. In Hollywood, shunned, in New York, razzed, in this country, he's despised, and so's his old man, Benito the Bandit—except by Hal Roach and a few other choice brands of lice.



Captions by  
J. Murphy

—::—

Drawings by  
Jo. Page



# HOLD-UP IN WASHINGTON

The political highway robbers are at it again

by Abbott Simon

**T**HIS is not a mystery story, properly speaking. But it has the elements. You know the set-up. Not a sign of the assailant. Then suddenly a stab in the back and \$40,000,000 missing. But it really happened. It happened in Washington, a sudden, mysterious slash in the NYA budget, done so quietly and quickly that hardly anyone in Washington, outside of the immediate government officials concerned was aware of what had happened.

It happened during the end of the last session when attention in Congress was completely focused on the last few days of work, before everyone left the Capital. It was done with the expert technique of the professional budget slasher.

But the clues are all there, and they point to direct pressure on the Administration from influences thinking only in terms of economy. The result is a cut in the NYA budget from \$75,000,000 to \$40,000,000, a reduction of almost 50 percent.

Perhaps the history of this "mysterious" budget slash deserves some examination. Last spring, an economy-minded Congress was considering the federal relief program and the allotment of funds necessary to keep it going. Despite the opposition of reactionary, disgruntled Democrats banded together with old guard Republican stalwarts to cripple unemployment relief, they wrote into the relief bill the sum of \$75,000,000 as a maximum for NYA which meant an actual increase of \$7,000,000 over the previous allowance of \$68,000,000. This was accomplished because even conservative politicians knew how popular the NYA program was with their constituents and what it meant to local communities. In addition, they were feeling the effects of the campaign being waged at that time by the American Youth Congress and affiliated organizations to prevent any cuts in federal youth aid.

When the hearings of the Senate subcommittee on the relief bill were going on, a representative of the American Youth Congress pointed out that the wording of the bill simply set \$75,000,000 as the maximum amount to be given by NYA, but he was assured that that was only a matter of phrasing, and that the intent of the bill was clearly to grant the entire amount to NYA.

When the bill finally passed, with this previously described appropriation for NYA, the National Council of the American Youth Congress was still uncertain as to whether NYA was sure to receive the \$75,000,000, but in conversation in Washington with many of the Senators and Congressmen, as well as newspaper correspondents and people close to the pulse of affairs in the Capital, they were constantly given the same information they had received at the subcommittee.

It was with all this in mind that William Hinckley, chairman of the National Council of the American Youth Congress, announced at the opening session of the Model Congress of Youth in Milwaukee on July 2 that NYA was to be expanded in response to the pressure and demands of the young people themselves. Any doubts still in existence were

dispelled when a press release from the office of the WPA in Washington in listing the sums allotted to the various agencies under WPA for the coming year under the provisions of the \$1,500,000,000 budget, listed the amount of \$75,000,000 for NYA.

Suddenly, a few weeks later, the National Office of the American Youth Congress received a letter from a person active in youth congress work in the Middle West, who reported that wholesale reductions were being made in NYA in that part of the country. Administrative costs were being slashed, projects abandoned, schools were being told that their quotas were to be sharply cut. In conversation with local and state NYA administrators, it was learned that orders had come from Washington to put these cuts into effect because the NYA budget had been reduced to \$40,000,000.

That's the story of the hold-up in Washington. The James Boys couldn't have done a better job of it, except that they might have done it a little more openly. There's only one way of fighting these political high-jackers and that's by organization and mass pressure. When the grants to the adult students in WPA classes were wiped out in New York City last September, they put up a good fight with the aid of the American Youth Congress, the result of which was a restoration of \$2,000 in grants.

When WPA was organized into the Workers Alliance, slashes were reduced to a minimum. Where the Workers Alliance is strongest, there has been less firing. NYA must organize into the Workers Alliance, and show these budget slashers that the youth of America have no intention of allowing themselves to be robbed of their heritage, the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."





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BY  
STANLEY WONG

ONCE MORE the holiday season draws near. Once more, choirs sing anthems of peace and goodwill. *Good-will*, with the nations of Europe snarling and bickering while Spain bleeds; *peace*, with Japanese bombers raining death day and night upon the defenseless.

In the face of all her barbarism and aggression, Japan declares that she has sent her armies into China to "seek peace." To seek peace, she has slaughtered more than 100,000 men, women, and children. To seek peace, she has singled out the oldest and most important universities in China as targets for her air raids and burned them to ashes. This is the form of peace generally in vogue among fascist-militarists.

It is China with her back to the wall,

fighting valiantly to check this barbarous invasion, who is the real advocate of peace. Patient and peace-loving by nature and tradition, she has waited and suffered for six long years since the Manchurian invasion of September, 1931, hoping to find some other way out. Inexorably, Japan has increased her aggression until the only alternatives left were war or complete subjugation.

Outstanding among the many brave young men and women who have given their last drop of blood in China's defense, stands Feng Hung-kuo, son of "Christian General" Feng Yu-hsiang, member of the Chinese Young Communist League and organizer of the Student Volunteer Troops, 1,000 strong, who fell fighting side by side with the Chinese soldiers in defense of Peiping. No



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DRAWINGS  
BY  
AIDA PADEREFSKY

sooner had fighting begun than Feng Hung-kuo mobilized his followers, as propagandists, as organizers of the people for guerilla warfare, and as soldiers. In dying, they sold their lives dearly, causing heavy losses among the Japanese. Though Feng Hung-kuo lost his life, the youth of China, to quote an old Chinese proverb, still "follow his bloodstream."

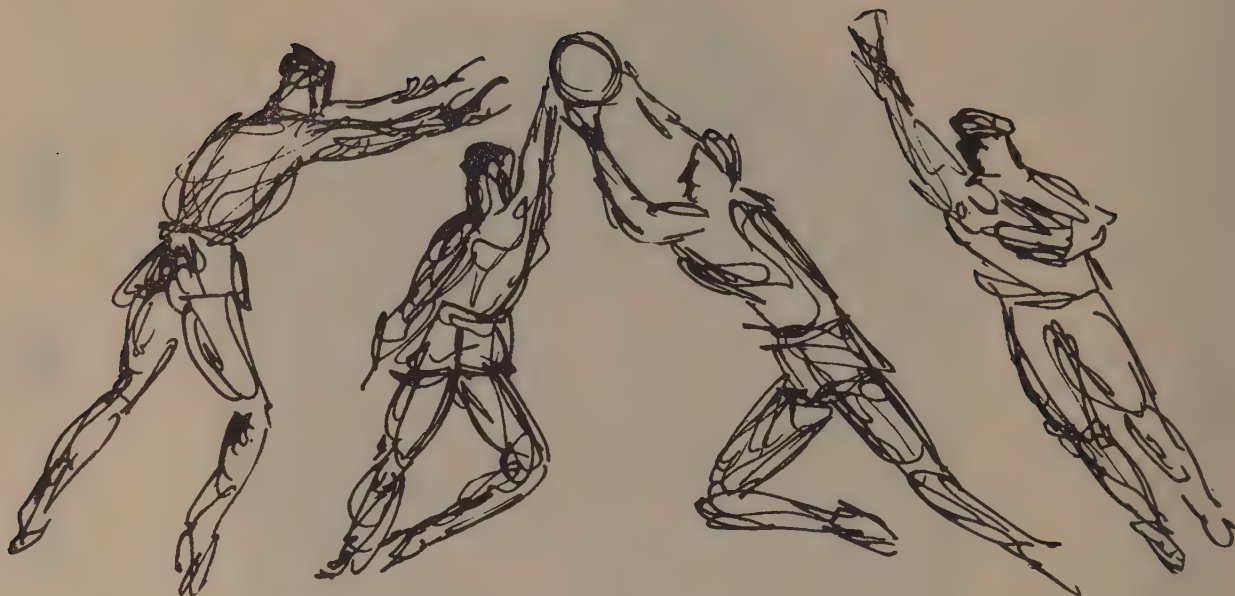
What part are the youth of America playing in this world-shaking struggle? Is it enough merely to watch and admire these patriots who give their all in the battle against fascist imperialism?

We can hardly organize volunteer troops as did Feng Hung-kuo, but we can strike a blow at the Japanese militarists by helping to cut off the revenues which maintain their unholy war. We can boycott Japanese goods, individually and

collectively. The boycott is a peaceful and legitimate weapon within the reach of all. Remember that every time you purchase a garment or a trinket made in Japan, you are paying for a bullet to pierce the body of a Chinese man, woman, or little child.

Nor is it altruism alone which directs us to support China in the present crisis. Japan's dream of world conquest is well known. Should the tremendous manpower and vast natural resources of China once come under her control, that dream might well bid fair to become a reality. Certainly, there would be further war. And the United States, Japan's chief rival in the Pacific, could not possibly escape being drawn into the maelstrom. By a boycott today, America may save bloodshed tomorrow.





# ALL BALLED UP

A little dribbling on the subject of rules

By Lou Spindell

**W**ELL, BOYS, I think they've finally done for us this time. When I say "they," I refer to the Rules Committee for the season 1937-38. But you can't really blame them. The trouble starts when you have an organization of rule makers and rule breakers which I suppose pays rent somewhere and has to show some action or else will receive only a slim handout.

Set up originally with plans to clarify rules, they have developed into an up-to-date destruction and construction society. The smash-up and new engineering job which they've done on the game of basketball this year is so terrific, I'll have to break the news to you gently.

Although there are twenty odd changes in the rules for this year, there are only about a half dozen which concern us. The others are legislation which will eventually favor one sports equipment plant over another. There are provisions for a new type of laceless ball, for a lighting system on the basket when a goal is made, for new fashions and number regulations on uniforms, etc.

One of the changes which affects us (created in 1936 and brought up to date this year) is dedicated to solving the jig-

saw puzzle of basketball, the pivot play. They tried year after year to get some "sweetness and light" on this subject, but no go. However, I think they've succeeded this year. Their new rule is a definite advance. The old "No Man's Land" rule of previous seasons discouraged power plays in the all-important sector of the hoop. It rules, you remember, that all offensive players, with or without the ball, were limited to 3 seconds when inside the fall-throw lane (which includes the arc of six-feet radius). A player who overtaxed his visit, committed a "violation" and the opponent team got the ball out-of-bounds. This worked out rather disastrously. Officials having whistles to play with and anxious to prove they were alert to the latest wrinkle in the game, used to just sit in ambush waiting for some unfortunate player to adventure into "No Man's Land." Then they would explode all over him with their shrill blasts. Often, a player had not been in the poison-area long enough to draw a breath. Joking aside, it might have been two other guys moving across the free-throw lane. By way of explanation for this lapse on the part of an official, it must be said a man

has only two eyes in his head and that there are all of ten mad athletes to spy on who may be spread over the entire field of play, committing mayhems on one another.

Then, of course, players miscued on the rule. A boy with bad training in coming late to appointments with his girl friend, would repeatedly fail to sense when his three seconds parole was up and time and again, would be caught red-handed by the whistle. Well, of course, he soon decided to stay far away from the referee's wrath.

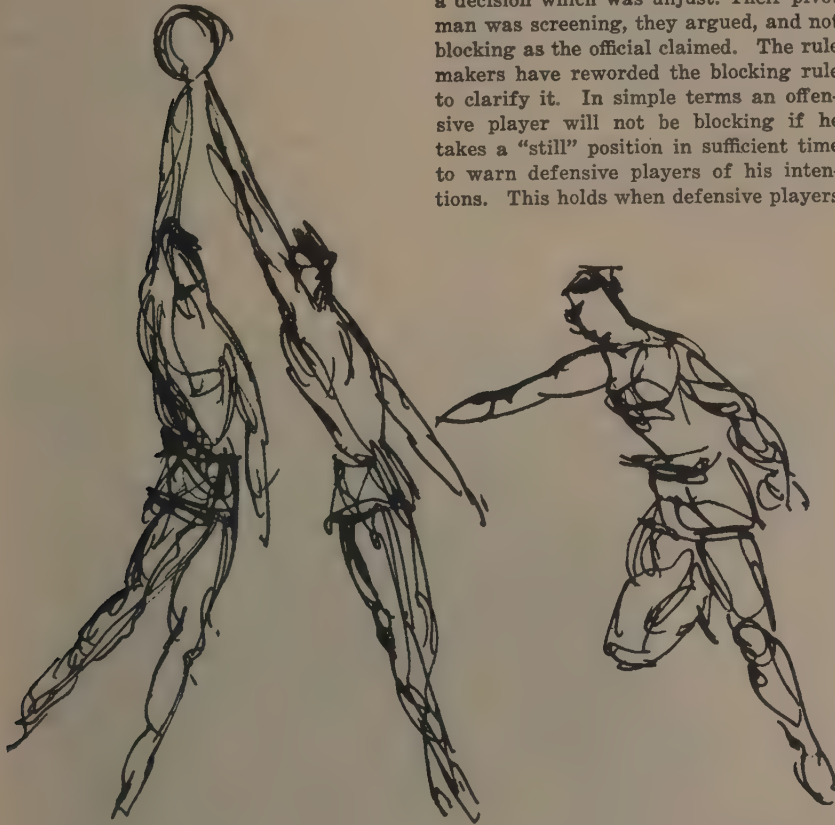
These acts undid the Rules Committee's plans. The free-throw lane had become a real "No Man's Land" and nobody would venture into it. The intricate and brilliant, short, slip-passing and clever running game which was inspired by the pivot play was gone. Something had to be done to bring it back.

What they have done is to compromise. (That is,—for the high school player. The colleges have not accepted the new ruling.) You can have your cake and eat it; if you'll first break it in two, and enjoy it in two different places. The three seconds limitation still holds for the free-throw lane in front of the foul



line. But the arc in back is free, open space. Therefore, we may expect to see teams losing the pivot-play with all its dash and strategy from beyond the foul line this coming season. The rule is good because it makes almost impossible the solo act of the pivot-player turning to shoot a one-handed heave for the goal since he is too far away and goes a long way to encourage team-play from the pivot position.

Other changes in the rules not so vital include the section which aims to dis-



courage the unusually tall player from attempting to hook the ball away from the basket when it is about in. Batting the ball away from the basket is O.K. provided there is no touching of the basket, net, or backboard. Players should be so coached.

Another rule is answer to a question which has been troubling basketballers for some time. It is now a technical foul for a player to be off the court if there is any possibility of his position having been taken "in order to gain an advantage." Hiding off the court on a sleeper play, running beyond the line to get a defensive played to face-guard, staying off the court to prepare the pivot-play and get around the three second provision—all are now liable to penalty of a technical foul.

## Action Sketches By Raymond Brossard

Now we come to the rule which has been confusing player and official. This is the bugaboo of "blocking" vs. screening. That has caused many squabbles in intersectional games for national ratings. Remember Kentucky-N. Y. U. several years ago when N. Y. U. won on a successful conversion foul in the fading seconds of the game. Kentucky was sore and perplexed at what they claimed was a decision which was unjust. Their pivot man was screening, they argued, and not blocking as the official claimed. The rule makers have reworded the blocking rule to clarify it. In simple terms an offensive player will not be blocking if he takes a "still" position in sufficient time to warn defensive players of his intentions. This holds when defensive players

slow trudge back to the center after a score (the ball must be put into play within 5 seconds). The referee does not handle the ball. Moreover that ball must be carried over the mid-count in 10 seconds.

There is definite fear that players may be overtaxed physically by this "speed-up" (similar to the conveyor or belt-line in automobile shops). A new rule is in the book to give to high-school players an extra time-out, making it 5 in a game. Here's hoping they have sense to use it.

But what about those college teams whose players have that do-or-die spirit! No extra time out for them. If I know these college boys, after a score, most teams will try to rush the ball into play and up the field. The game, rubber-band style enough now, will develop into an even more springy, up and back proposition. Spectators will get dizzy following the play. What will happen if a smart as well as strong team decides to crowd on defense after they score to prevent their opponents from carrying the ball over mid-court in ten seconds, we are afraid to imagine. The pace will be imply terrific. There will be great physical toll on the players.

When Nat Holman first proposed such a change, he did not know that his plans might turn out to be a boomerang. He decided the center-tap favored the big man too much. The team with one or two "freaks" on it had a sizable advantage in getting possession of the ball. Nat wanted to be fair to the type of ball-player he coached at City College, not tall but clever. But the new rule may hurt his chances more than the old one did. For now the advantage lies with the power house type of ball player, the big strong hard-running, not-to-be stopped second-winded type of player. Nat's boys (as well as those from other N. Y. schools) will find themselves gasping and weak alongside their taller and stronger opponents from out West and down South.

One sad thought hits me as I take leave of this important rule. A player, having scored on a brilliant play, in which he has fainted, driven through and made a great twisting shot, cannot this season regain his balance and prance back to center position at forward or guard while he tastes of the applause from the fans. Gone with the new rule is the proper tribute to great plays. He'll have to pull himself together as best he can and scramble up the field on defense—no longer a guard or forward, as the crowd leans further forward to watch the passwork travel up the other way.

can observe the movements of the offense. When the interference with free guarding takes place behind their backs, it must be unintentional as well as "still." Or, at least seem to be unintentional. So we can see there is the old rub; the hornet's nest has still not been burned out. A good actor can still go a long way in basketball.

All other rules discussed till now are only "small fry" compared to the enormous change in the game that is promised as a result of the revolutionary provision for discarding the center-tap after field-goals. It should be noted that the ball is tossed in the center circle only at the beginning of each half and extra period or after double and technical fouls. It is easy to see how this will "speed up" the game by eliminating the



## SHORT JABS

Fritz and his friend Heinrich, a jobless worker, were walking along the docks of Kiel. Fritz, a Nazi enthusiast, waved his hand at the harbor and said: "Isn't it wonderful what our Leader has brought about in such a short time, Heinrich? A few months ago, shipping was at a standstill. All the sailors and dock workers were jobless. Today they are happily at work, filled with the spirit of New Germany. They sing the Horst Wessel song as they go about loading and unloading. I tell you it's wonderful."

Heinrich looked around and saw only the deserted harbor, emptier than ever. A few ragged sailors and stevedores were cowering in corners to dodge the chill winds. Nobody was singing, and the boats in the harbor were unused and rusting.

He turned to Fritz. "Man, are you crazy . . .?"

Fritz became very indignant. "Oh

well," he said, "can I help it if you don't read the newspapers?"

Today the population of Fascist countries consists of two groups: one marches in time—the other does time.

Fifty thousand men were lined up outside one of the new factories opened under Mussolini—to make armaments. All were turned away, except a few stalwart blackshirts. These were sent to the medical examiner. The doctor, who admitted two applicants at a time to his office, rejected nearly everyone. Finally the last two blackshirts were admitted.

"Your parents?" the doctor barked at the first applicant.

"Both dead. Father died at 48 years of age from pneumonia; mother at 58 from k'dney trouble."

"Absolutely unsatisfactory! Case rejected!" shouted the doctor. "Next applicant."

This one looked at the doctor and said, "Both my parents are dead, too."

My father fell out of a bombing plane at the age of 92; and my mother died at 101 in childbirth."

He got the job.

A ragged unemployed worker was being shadowed through the streets of Berlin by a secret police spy. The worker felt his trousers slipping. He stopped in the doorway of a house long enough to draw his belt a few notches tighter over his empty stomach.

Suddenly, the spy slipped up behind him and snarled: "What are you doing there?"

The worker, without turning around to look at his accuser, answered quietly: "I was just having breakfast, Herr State Secret Policeman."

Customer: "One tall beer and a Hitler herring."

Waiter: "What's a 'Hitler hering?'"

Customer: "Just take a dried-up salt herring, remove the brains, take out the heart, and prop the mouth wide open."



" . . . and the little bee flits from flower to flower."



## Swastikas on Parade

(Continued from page 12)

Erika Hagebush, Herbert Mai are to be found constantly in the pages of the youth organ, *The Junges Volk*.

The original founders and organizers of the youth movement came from such organizations in Germany as The Pathfinders, The Jungstruehrm, The Wandering Birds. Today, the size of the organization is an unknown quantity. Even our man-in-the-know, Mr. Dinkelacker, can only say "it's pretty big." Mr. Kuhn ventures an impressive guess of eighty-four units throughout the country. But as usual, your guess is as good as his. Theodore very frankly admits that he is ignorant as to who are the leaders of these various units scattered across the country. He "supposes" that the boys are "good boys" who have been chosen by their mates as unit "fuehrers". As to the location of these units, Mr. Dinkelacker impatiently names the leading cities of the country and lets it go at that. The utter lack of centralization of authority and responsibility was brought home very forcibly to my mind. No one, not even the youth leader himself, seems to know the extent and location of most of the organization.

The program is the only definite aspect of the entire movement. And that is definite to the point of fanaticism. The program is to defeat the rising surge of progressive labor, foster anti-Semitism, and keep the German American nationality free from any strains that might go counter to its "aryanism." There is actually very little difference between what is going on in Germany and what is being attempted through the Bund and the Youth movement. As a matter of fact, the declaration of similar intention can be found not only in Fritz Kuhn's appeal of April 17, 1936 to all German Americans but also in the telegram of sympathy that was sent to Hitler from German Day, October 3, 1937, from Madison Square Garden, New York.

The Jungenschaft, the "Youth movement", is itself divided into two large divisions, one for girls and the other for boys, Maedschenschaft and Jungenschaft, respectively. These two large divisions are, in turn, divided into several age categories: Jungenschafts comprising Jungvolk 10-14 years, Jungschaft 14-18 years, and Jungmannschaft over 18 years; Maedschenschaft comprising Jungmaedel 10-12 years, Maedschenschaft 12-18 years, Abteilung over 18 years.

At Dinkelacker's I had the pleasure of meeting one of the section leaders, the leader of the Brooklyn section of the

Jungenschaft. As I walked into the "office" I noticed an ape-like youth of about sixteen or seventeen shuffling around the room adding generally to the disorder that already pervaded the entire "headquarters". Dinkelacker introduced me to Walter, the Youth leader, who proceeded to "heil" me in proper greeting. I "heiled" him back in true Nazi fashion. This representative youth of the movement to whom was entrusted the leadership of several hundred boys, impressed me as being truly representative of such a movement.

His eyes peered out at me from squints in his face, and not once did he look straight at me when he spoke. I felt a cold chill each time I caught his eye. A sneakier looking boy I have never encountered in any youth group. And he at the head of many hundred boys! I spoke with Walter for several minutes while Dinkelacker vainly tried to clear the mess on his desk, and the only thing that Walter could talk interestingly about for any length of time was "camp" and hikes. The "camp" is the place that those members of the youth movement who can afford between seven and fourteen dollars a week go to during the summer months. Here again was a source of income for which no faithful Bund member would ever demand an accounting. Complete faith is also practiced in the matter of uniforms. The official uniform, if you intend to join the Jungenschaft, will set you back \$2.50 for the shirt and \$3.00 for the breeches. Hose costs \$1.50, a knife \$1.80, and a canteen \$1.20. These costumes, worn with a long colored tie, price 15c, are donned for all the camp activities and events in the cities. The events in the cities are mainly concerned with aimless marching to the pounding of drums and blare of trumpets. From what friend Walter told me, I gathered that the development of a martial spirit in the boys is of prime importance. Preparation for a social life and how to better it are not even touched upon.

From a short story in the *Junges Volk* called "The Rebirth of Fred," we can gather what the whole thing is about. Freddie was a boy who smoked, was a hanger-on at pool rooms and was generally a wastrel. All this until one day, he happened to see a group of young boys, dressed in colored uniforms, marching down the avenue. It was the knapsacks and drums that caught his eye. His friend Kurt assured Fred that he too could be such a marcher, for "he was of German descent, wasn't he?" The rebirth occurs, presto, as soon as he joins the Jungenschaft. Now that he was dressed in the uniform . . . and carried a knapsack on his back . . . What a change had come over him! His pool room friends were almost forgotten, and new and better friends had taken their place. In-

stead of movies, hikes were his favorite pastime now . . . and he might even become a member of the fife and drum corps! Of such stuff is the youth movement. March and regenerate yourself! The most popular of these youth camps are Camp Nordland in New Jersey, the camp at Yaphank, Long Island, and Camp Siegfried in Brooklyn. Besides these, there are temporary camps set up on large camping grounds wherever available. All these activities incur separate expenses over and above the regular membership dues in the organization itself. A membership booklet is handed out to each member for which he must pay 20¢ flagrantly out of proportion with the actual cost of printing. Each month, the dues are 20c for which nothing, to my knowledge, is given in return. No accounting is ever given of these funds, either.

All in all, the setup is perfect for the wrong kind of thing. There is not a shadow of a doubt what the real purpose behind the organization is. Fritz Kuhn has come out too often to inveigh against the Jew and the Communist. In the class, Communist, he includes all progressive elements who fight for the cause of the working man. As he himself, has told me: "Yes, you can join the organization providing that you are not 'a Jew or a nigger.'"

Its overemphasized militaristic spirit, its narrow and intense nationalism are eloquent commentaries on the genuinely Fascist nature of the Jungenschaft. It is a deplorable fact that so many potential democrats as these boys and girls are, are actually being perverted into Fascists. While it is true that today, as far as I know, the movement is ill-directed, and scattered, no one can afford to minimize to what lengths our incipient Fascists in America will go to make this organization a definite threat to our democracy. The boys and girls are being fed the pet hates and prejudices that are part and parcel of barbaric Fascism which has turned the clock back in Germany and Italy.

Theodore Dinkelacker bade me good night at his door. He sent me away with a few parting words on the joys that were going to await me when I joined. As I left, I heard him fumbling with the three locks on his door that secure his house from the outside world.



# LABOR MARCHES ON

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is primarily in the right hand, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words underlined for emphasis. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'rit' (ritardando) and 'a tempo'. The lyrics are as follows:

We stood our ground at Bunker Hill we always have and we always will, our  
 Forefathers fought in the backwoods pine and we'll take our stand on the picket line, We had to  
 sit down to stand up for our rights, We've got to stand up as long as labor fights  
 This be our boast north and south coast to coast, labor marches on. you ought to  
 join us to make the Union strong, you ought to join us for that's where you belong



WORDS AND MUSIC  
BY  
LEWIS ALLAN

Hold hand in hand, picket right 'cross the land, Labor Marches on OH

say can you C I O marching on we go, watch the unions grow,

we'll fight their fascist tricks with the spirit of Seventy Six, We had to

sit down to stand up for our rights, we've got to stand up as long as labor fights, while

Old Glory waves we refuse to be slaves Labor Marches On,



# A Ringside Seat

THE CHAMPION remembers how the Big Boys of Wall Street threw us into the last World War. We were suckers for their propaganda, pushovers for the "Save the World for Democracy" baloney. That's why we're more than a little skeptical when the same Big Boys, the Wall Street racketeers, the Liberty Leaguers, attack President Roosevelt's peace program. And when we find Weasel Willie Hearst part of the anvil chorus, then there's no doubt that they don't like the President's program for collective action in defense of world peace because it really is a practical plan for curbing the mad fascist dictators.

And these hypocrites who played the Pied Piper in sending thousands of America's youth to their death in 1917 in order to protect their own financial interests, are now trying to fool another generation of America's youth into believing that *they*, the war mongers, are the annointed guardians of peace. They go into isolationist convulsions at the mere thought of this country's active participation in collective action for world peace with France, England, the Soviet Union and other peaceful, democratic nations. They want to fool us into staying on the side-lines and letting the fascist governments plunge us into another world war. Because they *want* a world war.

And if that world war comes, they'll be rattling the sabre, pounding the drum, and howling for their share of the spoils. They'll be sending thousands of our youth once more to their deaths in order to extend their already swollen profits. They have no more interest in peace than a hungry wolf in the peaceful intentions of a lamb.

Had the democratic nations of the world called the bluff of Germany, Italy, and Japan, a long time ago through collective action for peace, the sad lessons of Ethionia, Spain, and China would have been avoided. There is still time to prevent our being drawn into another world war, by supporting President Roosevelt's peace policy in the direction of collective action against the fascist aggressors. Fascist dictatorships thrive on bluff and bull. If the world is on the horns of a dilemma, it is about time to take the horns by the bull.

## The Silk Worm Turns

Almost 100% of the silk used in the United States comes from Japan, and it is not labeled "Made in Japan." The greater part of it is used in the manufacture of ladies' silk stockings. Since Japan's export of silk to the United States constitutes her main source of

income, a boycott of silk would help to strike back at the Japanese militarists who have invaded China. THE CHAMPION appeals to his thousands of girl friends. Stop buying real silk in any form. THE CHAMPION will love you so much more in rayon, lisle, or cotton.

Refuse other goods if labeled "Made in Japan," such as chinaware, tea, toys, electric light bulbs, table cloths, Christmas tree ornaments, canned tuna and crab meat. Tell your dealer, you do not buy Japanese goods. Follow President Roosevelt's call for a "quarantine" of the fascist invaders. Get your trade union, club, religious group, and other organizations to join the world wide boycott of the Imperial Japanese murderers.

## Cobwebs in Congress

The special session of Congress convened by President Roosevelt would do well to dust off the political cobwebs and sharpen their responsibility towards the youth of America. THE CHAMPION and millions of youth demand that the Congress of the United States turn platitudes into political action by means of legislation which carries out the resolutions adopted by the American Youth Congress in Milwaukee last summer.

"This is no time for complacency or indifference," said President Roosevelt in his message of greeting to the Model Congress of Youth at that time. President Roosevelt is correct. That is no time for the complacency or indifference to the problems of youth. That is why THE CHAMPION and millions of America's young people call upon the President and the forty four congressmen and senators who endorsed Youth's Model Congress to do more than endorse its resolutions. They must pass legislation for youth in the fields of health, social hygiene, recreation, juvenile delinquency and vocational training as recommended by the Model Congress of Youth.

## The Farmer Holds the Bag

When THE CHAMPION was knee high to a grasshopper, he used to play a game called "The Farmer in the Dell" which began by the farmer's taking the wife and ending up with the rat's taking the cheese. But the poor farmer today can't even take a wife and as for cheese, the Big Cheese plantation owners and corporations see to it that the cupboard is bare. The plight of farm youth is one of the most urgent which the special session of Congress must face and solve.

Congress must enact the Boileau Farmers' Security Bill and carry out the recommendations of the Model Youth Congress so that the Farmer in the Dell

can take the wife, the wife can take the child, and the whole family can take a decent share of that "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" which our Wall Street Wolves are always boasting about.

## Army Fingerprints

The recent announcement that every person in the CCC from Director Fechner down to the newest "rookie" is to have his fingerprints made some time during the month is an indication of the regimentation imposed by tin hat tyranny.

"It is being done," we learn from an authoritative source, "as it was during the World War, for protection of men in the corps, in event there is any dispute in the future as to the identity of those men who are serving in the CCC."

That's what THE CHAMPION is afraid of. It is being done "as it was during the World War." We are quite sure that an ordinary card index system would serve the purpose of identification admirably. Fingerprinting of civilians smacks too much of methods used in certain fascist countries.

THE CHAMPION also learns that "fingerprinting will be done in each camp with equipment already available or which will be made available, by the Army or its own personnel and the enrolled personnel, and by the technical service of their personnel." In other words, "you're in the Army now." As long as the CCC remains in the grip of the Army, such violations of the civilian character of the CCC and the purpose for which it was established will continue to occur.

According to the recent act of Congress extending the CCC three more years, one of the purposes of the Corps is to afford "vocational training for youthful citizens of the United States who are unemployed and in need of employment." Fingerprinting the boys may offer employment to the Army officials, but it is out of keeping with the purposes for which the CCC was established. More than that, it is a direct threat against the democratic rights of our youthful citizens.

The act of Congress further provides: "That at least ten hours each week may be devoted to general educational or vocational training." Being subjected to fingerprinting is educational only to the extent that it brings home forcibly to us the urgent necessity of divorcing the CCC from Army control. Fingerprinting puts the finger on the Army. Maybe Hitler or Mussolini go in for that sort of thing, but here in America, we don't do it.



# Forward Negro America

By Edward Strong

"IN THIS hour of crisis in the nation, in the whole wide world, in government, in industry, in trade union movements, and among oppressed minorities everywhere, the Second National Negro Congress, representing hundreds of thousands of Negroes in America, hails the Constitution on its 150th birthday. We hail it as a Magna Charta of human rights. The Negro people, oppressed and persecuted, especially, look to the Constitution as an impregnable citadel of their liberties." With these words President A. Philip Randolph opened the Second National Negro Congress.

Over a thousand delegates, Negro and white, had assembled in Philadelphia, October 15, 16, 17, to participate in the Second National Negro Congress. From throughout the United States, a representative group of American citizens had come together to bring unity amongst the Negro people and the friends of the Negro people; to win for them the right to jobs at decent living wages, relief and security, federal anti-lynching legislation, freedom of the five Scottsboro boys, adequate housing, equal educational opportunities, and the right to share in the democracy of the nation. The Congress met to "demand the recognition of, and respect for, the legal, cultural, and historical personality of the Negro people!"

The Congress setting was historical. It met during the celebration of the 150th Anniversary of the Constitution—when all America was being reminded of the guarantees of the rights of citizenship under the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments. Seventy-nine years had passed since John Brown struck his blow against slavery at Harper's Ferry. And it was in Philadelphia that Richard Allen, in 1836, called the first National Negro Congress to mobilize the Negro people in the Abolitionist movement. In full awareness of the historical setting and of the deep implication that the outcome of the Congress held for black America, the Congress, with seriousness and directness, attacked the basic problems confronting the American Negro and the nation as a whole.

During the Congress, in the deliberations of the round tables, the addresses at the mass meetings, the conversation of delegates in the halls, the dominant theme was the position of the Negro in the present labor drive and the threat of war and fascism. Nearly four hundred delegates attended the Congress from the various trade unions of the country, from the

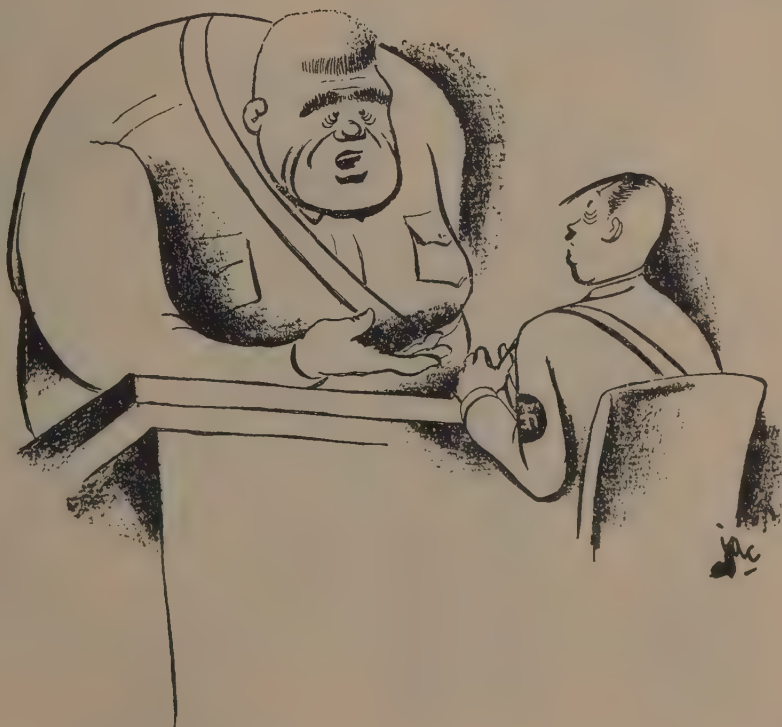
Committee for Industrial Organization, the American Federation of Labor, and independent unions. The leadership of the A. F. of L. was thoroughly condemned for its policy of splitting the labor movement and for its attitude of indifference toward the organization of Negro workers. The delegates called for unity of the labor movement, for the organization of all Negro workers, particularly in the basic industries, the sharecroppers and tenant farmers, Negro domestics, laundry workers, along with their fellow white workers, without discrimination.

The Railroad Brotherhoods, for their indefensible policy of preventing Negroes from joining the unions, were also condemned. However, the railroad companies, for their preventing 150,000 Negro railroad workers from rising above menial jobs, received the brunt of the attack. Careful plans to organize a national campaign against the practice of the railroad brotherhoods and the railroad companies were made. The struggle to break down jim-crow barriers in the railroad industry was one of the major questions before the National Negro Congress, and it was constantly pointed out at the labor sessions.

Unity within the ranks of organized labor was the cry of all labor delegates. The proposal of the C. I. O. to appoint one hundred delegates from both the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. to participate in a unity Congress was adopted. Among the leaders at the labor session demanding unity were Henry Johnson, Columbus C. Alston, Frank Crosswaith, Maude White. Lieutenant-Governor Thomas Kennedy of Pennsylvania stressed the importance of unity between Negro and whites if labor were to achieve justice for itself.

The symposium on War and Fascism was a Congress highlight. Participating were Harry Haywood, Harry F. Ward, Clarence Hathaway, Norman Thomas, William Lloyd Imes, Kurt Rosenfield and Louise Thompson. Here the Congress expressed, in unmistakable terms, the urgent desire of the Negro people for peace and their opposition to the ruthless invasion of Spain and China by the Fascist interests. The myth that Japan will become the savior of the darker races was destroyed, as was also the belief that the United States may remain uninvolved in another World War.

Up from the South came Charlotte Hawkins Brown. She spoke for the ex-





## PRIZE PUMPKINS

(Continued from page 15)

Girls' Club Work has a Board of Directors of nine and a membership of twenty nationally prominent persons. Included in these "members" are Mrs. Charles R. Walgreen, David Sarnoff, Frank O. Lowden, Sen. Arthur Capper, which gives an inkling of the Committee's purpose. Most of its funds come from "railroad companies, packing firms, large manufacturers of goods for the rural market, and mail-order houses."

The National Committee sponsors educational and social activities in the Four-H Clubs, and its *National Four-H Club News*, with a circulation of 75,000, is distributed free. Each year, it conducts a National Four-H Club Congress which is attended by about 1,400 delegates from 44 states. And each year at County Fairs and other places, they distribute about \$200,000 in prizes to Four-H Club members.

This clever Wall Street propaganda agency uses a *government-sponsored* organization for its anti-labor and reactionary political propaganda. It attempts on a mass scale to instill false economic theories and a defense of enormous corporation profits among

farm youth.

Gordon Martin and others like him have listened to their fathers and grandfathers tell exciting stories of the farmers fight against unreasonable railroad rates, profiteering of commission merchants and corporations, and the grafting policies of banks and insurance companies. Will farm youth be lulled to sleep by the Judas Iscariots and their bribes? The American Youth Congress gave a partial answer to this when leaders of farm youth organizations met in Milwaukee to work out the farm youth program for the Congress.

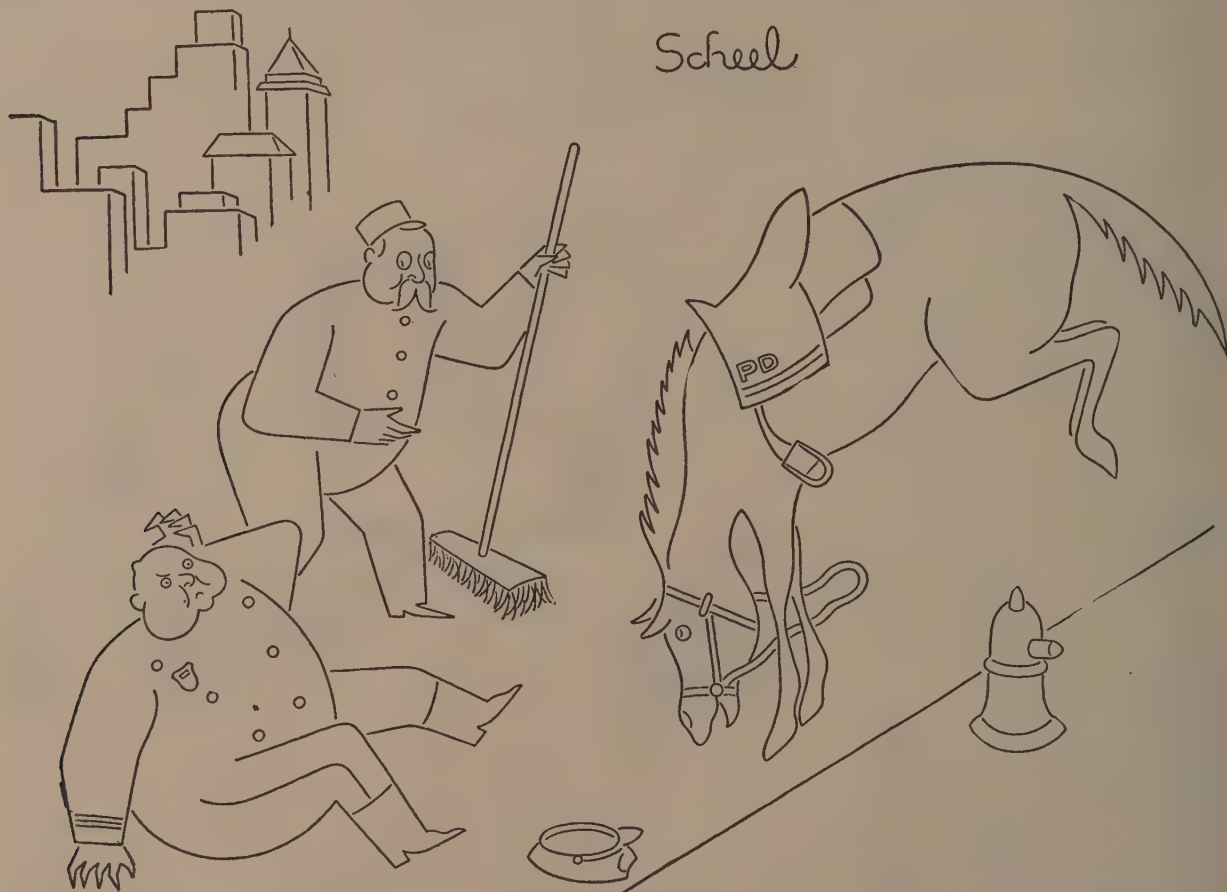
Dr. Stiebeling of the Department of Agricultural Economics has said that for every American to have a minimum health diet, we would have to harvest one additional acre for every five harvested now and that to export farm products, we would have to further increase the harvested acreage. What better proof can there be that consuming power of the people and farm production should be increased?

The Gordon Martins want to do this. Why can't they? Banks and corporations own most of the land. Banks and corporations control farm markets and prices and reap enormous profits. Banks control farm credit. Gordon will tell you certain things have to be done, and he agrees with the American Youth Con-

gress that Young America must be united to get results.

The Boileau Farmers' Security Bill should be enacted by Congress to provide a reasonable way of securing land. Legislation based on investigations of the profiteering of banks and corporations should be passed to curb the ruthless exploitation of the farmer. Cost of production prices for farm products should be established so that the farmer can fulfill his marriage vow to love, cherish and *support* his family. Education should be extended and courses in co-operatives, peace, and so forth should be available to students. Minimum wages for farm labor should be established by law and child labor abolished. Laws enabling the farmers and their organizations to bargain collectively with their creditors should be passed.

At the time George Washington chopped down the cherry tree, nine out of ten people lived on the farm. This is not true anymore. Farm youth have the choice of lining up with labor or Wall Street in their effort to make America a "land of plenty." It is safe to say they will not knowingly line up with Wall Street. As the rising sun brings life and warmth to the countryside, so the American Youth Congress can unite farm and city youth to win happiness and purpose for America's future farmers.





## Popeye the Union Man

(Continued from page 14)

James Hulley, president of the Commercial Artists' and Designers' Union, tells the story of support of theater managers and audiences. A flying squadron put in its appearance at the Teatro Hispano to enforce the boycott. As the spokesman attempted with much difficulty to explain the situation to the manager, an excitable Latin, the Popeye short came on. When the spokesman had finished, the manager appeared to be uncertain as to just what was expected of him. Amid the laughter of the audience provoked by Popeye's antics, he asked, "What do you want me to do?" The cause seemed lost and another picket line imminent, but the spokesman carried on. "We want you to take Popeye off the screen," he said. The manager's expressive face brightened suddenly. He turned and dashed down the aisle up onto the stage where he waved his arms frantically at the operator. Popeye disappeared from the screen, the house lights went up, and the manager, speaking in Spanish, told the audience of the strike and of his decision not to show Fleischer pictures until it was terminated. The response of cheering and whistling from the audience was deafening.

Incidents of this sort were numerous. There was the instance of one manager, who, having been informed by another of the same circuit whose theater had just been picketed, that a line was about to honor his house, met the pickets outside, informed them that Popeye had been removed, and that in his opinion, and

to use his own words, "Fleischer was a skunk for holding out."

On June 16-17 the NLRB stepped into the picture at the request of the Union and held a hearing out of which came an election on August 16. Fleischer, being a respectable, law-abiding citizen of the United States, refused to recognize the ruling of the NLRB and prohibited participation in the election by non-striking employees. Four of them defied this decree with the result that out of one hundred and twenty-eight eligible, seventy-four voted, and the Union scored a decisive victory.

Fleischer now proceeded to usurp the usurped powers of the Supreme Court and declared the NLRB ruling invalid in order to justify his continued refusal to recognize the Union.

Although he had tried desperately to break the morale of the strikers, even going so far as to enlist the aid of the Johnstown Citizens' Committee in August, Fleischer weakened by the middle of September to the extent of entering into negotiations with the Union. It was here, across the conference table, that the strikers, many of whom were novices, learned what low, nauseating tactics employers can be capable of. Fleischer, aided by his cohorts Louis Nizer, his attorney and Executive Secretary for the Film Board of Trade, and Louis Diamond, short subjects chief for Paramount and Fleischer's mediator in negotiations, attempted to bicker and quibble, to harass the strikers, to confuse the issues, to hold out offers with strings tied to them, and tried to jockey the Union into accepting an agreement that fairly shrieked yellow dog.

Dealing the final blow to decency in collective bargaining, Fleischer concluded a verbal agreement with the strikers on October 1 only to walk out on it after publishing statements in the papers to the effect that the strike had been settled.

But despite a long record of double-dealing and brutality which includes over seventy-five arrests, Popeye "fought to a finish because he wanted his spinach" and succeeded in accomplishing his objective which was to "lay Fleischer among the swea' peas" in time to serve him up for Thanksgiving dinner with all the trimmings.

On Tuesday night, October 12, Fleischer, the Ferocious, went down for the count before the collective muscles of Popeye, the Union Man, and signed an agreement with the following terms: an average pay rise of from five to six dollars per week per person, a five day forty hour week, vacations with pay, one week's dismissal bonus, time and a half overtime, and six days sick leave with pay. The contract also guarantees no discrimination and the reinstatement of all strikers. The CADU is recognized as the collective bargaining agency for the entire shop with the exception of some non-union men in the animators department. The settlement of all disputes arising during the term of the contract is to be negotiated by an arbitrator to be selected by Thomas E. Dewey. Out of a total of 30 scabs, only 13 are being retained.

Artists have helped to animate Popeye the Sailor. Popeye the Union Man has helped to animate artists. And it took more than spinach.





# SHORT JABS

*The New York Times* carried a caption for an article not long ago reading: Mussolini Wants Peace Of World. Whoever wrote it should be awarded the Pulitzer Prize for captivating captions. *The New York Times* hit the nail on the head: Mussolini Wants Piece Of World. Hitler Wants Piece Of World. Japanese War Lords Want Piece Of World.

There's your Christmas sermon.

\* \* \*

Latest reports have it that when Benito the Chin visited Adolph, the Mustache, he proposed to Der Fuehrer and that soon, Adolph, the Mustache will return the visit to give Il Duce his answer. Oh, these facist romances!

\* \* \*

George M. Cohan refused to sing a lyric in a song by Rodgers and Hart because it belittled Al Smith. If the boys let us have it, we'll not only sing it, but we'll print it and draw diagrams.

\* \* \*

In an official Nazi prospectus called "The Four Year Plan", the author of an article explaining the world aims of Nazi Germany states that at present "every third German lives abroad."

The other two are probably in concentration camps.

The same author, Richard Csaki, who is probably a little wacky, also makes the following brilliant statement: "National Socialism radiates a magnetic fluid to the world."

An ordinary skunk does the same thing and doesn't talk about it.

When Vittorio, Il Duce's little Dope, was interviewed before suddenly sailing home to Poppa, he seemed rather proud that he could say "Scram" in English. He should know.

\* \* \*

A psychology professor in the University of New Mexico claims that a "fairly bright" ape could give some humans a half-length handicap and still beat them to the tape in an intelligence Derby. Several of the brighter lads at the Bronx Zoo are clamoring for a chance at the title with Adolphe the Mustache.

\* \* \*

A War "Brain Trust" consisting of ten "eminent men" has been named in Japan. Total capacity, one peanut.

\* \* \*

Anthony Eden, spick and span,  
Miss Britannia's leading man,  
Won't do anything that isn't quite sporting and cricket,  
(Except to take out his diplomatic dagger and stick it.)

\* \* \*

Father Cogloose, too long on the air, has finally been given the air. We can hear the kilocycles ec-statically applauding.

\* \* \*

Henry Ford,  
Beloved of the Lord,  
Came to Heaven's gate.  
"You'll have to wait,"  
Said Saint Peter,  
"Why?" snarled Henry.  
Saint Peter winked,  
"Why, don't you know?"  
The angels are going C.I.O."

# MOVIE BRIEFS

**ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN**—Eddie Cantor is back again and goes to town in a big way. As the prime minister to the Sultan of a depression bitten Bagdad, Cantor shows up with the New Deal, sounding at times more bad gag than Bagdad. But Cantor is Cantor and with Gypsy Rose Lee (Louise Hovick to the highbrow), a bevy of beautiful dames, Gordon and Revel tunes, it's a fantastic extravaganza worth peeping at on a rainy afternoon.

**A BRIDE WORE RED**—The Greeks had a word for it, *lousy*; and the Romans a gesture, *thumbs down*.

**A HUNDRED MEN AND A GIRL**—We didn't like Maestro Stokowski's finger waving in *The Big Broadcast*. And kid emoters are our pet peeve. But Deanna Durbin and Mr. Stokowski harmonize in this pleasing to-do about unemployed musicians who finally get a break. Entertaining film fare.

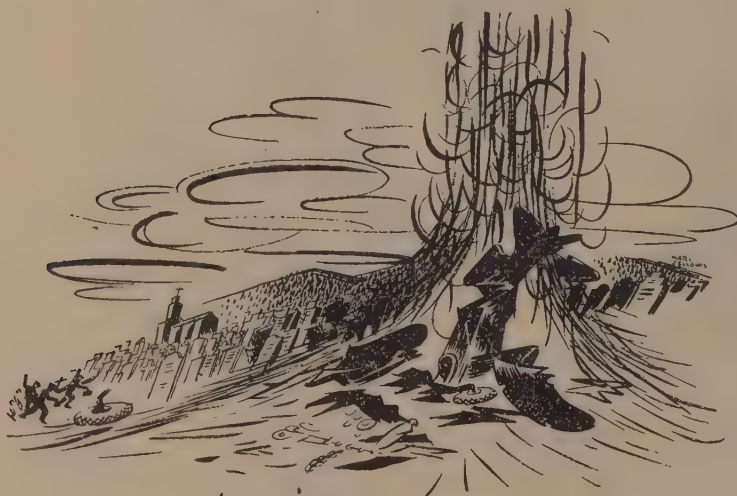
**IN THE FAR EAST**—Another timely film from Mosfilm that rings the bell. Exciting thriller of Soviet construction in the Far East despite spying and counter-revolution. Not quite up to usual Soviet film standards but full of zip and meaning.

**ALCATRAZ ISLAND**—They tossed everything but Al Capone into this drammer, but it doesn't help. There's underworld and murder and kidnapping and all the trimmin's. But it all adds up to minus zero. Just an island brain-storm.

**LIFE BEGINS AT COLLEGE**—College was never like this, but with the Ritz Brothers as the star pupils, who are we to split academic hairs? Gloria Stuart and Joan Marsh emote, Tony Martin vocalizes, and Nat Pendelton and a football game for dear Old Squeedunk are added for good measure. Yet the film is all mad-cappery a la Ritz. If you like belly laughs, here's something for your torso.

**CHINA FIGHTS BACK**—Chalk up another sockeroo from Frontier Films. Excellent document of behind the lines with the Chinese Eighth Route Army (formerly the Red Army). Brilliantly conceived, executed with umph and as stirring as a Chinese victory. Put it on your *must* list.

ELI JAFFE





(Continued from page 13)

Once in awhile, a car rumbled across the bridge. The sun was near to reaching the western rim of the sky. The Eagle measured the shadow of a post with his eye. He rose and stood leaning against the railing.

Two cars passed, then a third drew into view. The third one, a shiny Dodge and new, stopped for the Eagle. The kid got in.

The man at the wheel smiled at the boy.

"Were you fishing?" he wanted to know.

The Eagle rolled the window down on his side of the car, leaned from it, and spat.

"No," he said finally.

The man's head was large on his shoulders. A wide face, he had, with shallow eyes and a scar on his forehead.

The Eagle dug his fingers deep into the skin of his legs, cutting through the lining of his pockets. That scar always got him. He had an ugly wish to tear it open and see this guy bleed.

The Eagle gulped and started in.

"I wish you'd lay off my house," he told Shallow Eyes. "You come around too much. My old man wouldn't like you."

The fellow at the wheel sneered.

"Your old man," he reminded the Eagle, "is in jail. Your mother don't mind."

The kid put his upper teeth hard against his lower ones.

"I mind," he said, "you get the hell away from my house. My dad's coming home one of these days."

The brakes squeaked as the car stopped. The Big Fellow leaned across the kid and opened the door.

"You brat," he said, "get out."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Eagle's mother walked from the house to the gate, looking up the street and down. Her feet crunched the gravel and the harsh sound of it made her feel easier. Something real to smother the fear that had gripped her heart and her stomach.

The lights in the postman's house were on, and she knew they were watching.

The man with the scar was gone only a few minutes and he'd left with loud words and a roar of the motor. She brushed her hand before her as if to wipe any trace of him out of the yard.

She knew what the postman and his family were saying. She knew the postman himself would be taking up for Jim, in the prison. The postman believed in unions himself and he and Jim had had many a talk of wages and hours and closed shop.

The postman's wife didn't handle letters from all over the world, and it wasn't much she knew of people and

their characters really. To her there were respectable people, and the ones that got in jail—and Jim had got into jail.

Phillip's mother could hear the conversation the old lady would be getting off about now. She would say, look at the poor thing out there, pacing up and down in the yard, with never a peaceful moment to her since that man got himself into trouble.

And the postman himself, saying, "but it isn't bad trouble he's into at all, poor Jim. He was after more for the others and himself, and they hooked him, that's all."

"That's all," from the old lady. "That's all, that's enough, look at the poor thing out there, walking up and down in the yard. It wouldn't be wrong to my thinking if she'd take up with the other one, the one with the car."

The one with the car! The Eagle's mother felt the blood rush full to her face. The one with the car who had driven away Phillip—

The gravel crunched and a stick broke and a voice rang out in the night.

"Hey, mom, hey mom—I got someone here for you to meet."

Then the Eagle there before her, no cleaner for certain, but standing full to his height and showing his teeth that

were too big for his mouth. He pulled his friend forward and said, "Mom, here's Eddy, he knew that punk when he scabbed at the cement plant."

The Eagle's mother looked puzzled.

"Who scabbed, son," she asked, then added, "you mean HIM!"

The Eagle was near to the door with his hand on the knob when he turned from it.

"Go ahead in, Phillip," his mother urged.

But the Eagle, said, "no, you've got to promise . . ." He caught his breath and turned to Eddy, who stood back, as if afraid. "I went down there Mom and found out for myself. That guy ain't no good. I knew it and Eddy, he knew him when he was walking into the plant every day while the others were out . . ."

The Eagle's mother put her arm across his shoulders and her hand across his mouth.

"Hush, baby," she said, "the man's gone and he won't be back." She shoved him ahead of her into the house and pointed to the table where a letter rested. "From your father," she told him, "he'll be home very soon."

The Eagle sank into a chair and rested his dusty feet under him.

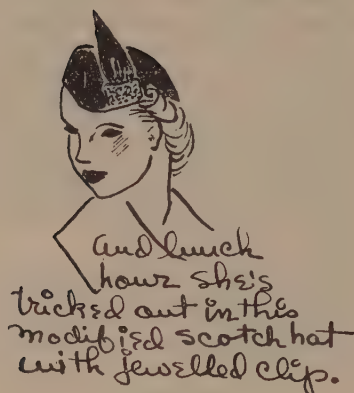
"Oh gee, mom, I'm glad he'll be back," he said, "you're an awful responsibility."



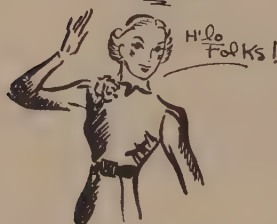
"No, Mr. Pinkerton—this time we're calling in Mr. Mathew Wohl."



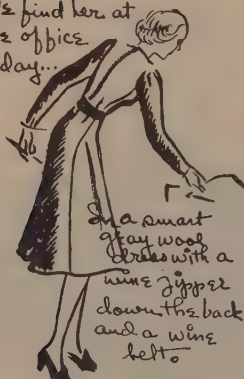
# MISS America



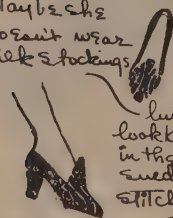
FOLKS - MEET Miss America!



We find her at the office today...



Maybe she doesn't wear silk stockings



D. SHORAN

AMERICAN public opinion is up in arms against the cruel, senseless bombing and machine-gunning of the helpless Chinese civilian population by the Japanese, self appointed saviors of the Chinese nation. An economic boycott of Japanese goods is the most effective means of demonstrating that Americans will not tolerate Japanese aggression in China.

Ninety seven percent of the raw silk that American manufacturers use in producing silk products for consumption is imported from Japan. These products are mainly used by women. We all depend on Japan for our silk dresses, stockings and under-garments. To make the boycott effective against Japan, women must stop buying silk products.

We feel that the boycott will not seriously inconvenience any of us. The little inconvenience that we may undergo, we can mark up to sacrifice for a good cause. It is better to wear a rayon stocking which may not sheath our limbs (shades of advertising copy!) as attractively as silk, than to give comfort to the Japanese war-makers.

We needn't bring up the question of dresses. There are already so many synthetic materials on the market in the latest fashions that you won't miss a silk dress. You've already been wearing these artificial silks even if you didn't know it. Besides, a girl can buff the winter winds better with a wool or velveteen dress.

Rayon underwear has long been popular with girls. It's time to make more use of it. Taffeta slips rustle deliciously under a dress. We were surprised to find that they can be bought very reasonably.

Stockings, however, will be our chief worry. Although no substitute has yet been produced which looks as well on the legs as silk, sheer lisle hose and full-fashioned rayon hose compare very favorably. However, they aren't being produced in sufficient quantities to supply the demands of a nation of women. Since there are many organizations that are asking American manufacturers to produce these articles, it would be well to let your department or retail store know that you want this type of stocking. After all, American manufacturers can't afford to deny 40 million women

such a "small" request.

We've spoken to numerous young men about their opinions of girls using make-up. Their opinions varied, but they all agreed that if a girl used the make-up expertly to enhance her appearance, they were all for it. What young men most object to is the indiscriminate use of rouge, mascara and lip rouge.

You really can't blame the boys for sometimes taking an extreme attitude against make-up. There are two sure ways of curing them. Either wear no make-up at all (the reaction to this will be "You look sick today") or apply make-up artistically and sparingly.

We're all for mascara, and I don't care if some people object to it. It's all well and good to say that a girl's eyes should be bright naturally, but working in a factory or keeping books, or studying in school doesn't help the eyes much. Darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows does improve their looks so why not use mascara? Mascara is only finely divided carbon in a fatty or waxy base which is relatively safe, and if you remove it before going to bed, there are no harmful results. It's best, though, not to use any eyelash or eyebrow preparations which contain dye. There have been cases of loss of sight and even death from such liquid eye preparations. They contain an aniline dye similar to Paraphenylenediamine (it just isn't good for the eyes).

In applying mascara, darken just the tips. Then it has no chance to irritate your eyes. The best results, for beauty and naturalness, is to darken only the upper eyelashes. If you darken the lower lid, it will tend to give boundaries to your eyes which will make them appear smaller. A bit of ordinary vaseline brushed onto the eyelashes and eyebrows after the mascara is dry will give them a soft and shiny appearance. I might say that it is best to apply mascara sparingly to the eyebrows. An eyebrow pencil should be used only to lengthen the brows.

If you have any make-up or clothes hints that you've developed yourself, Miss America, we'd like to hear about them. There's nothing like girls getting together to find ways and means of improving their looks.

SOPHIE JURIED



# Forward Negro America

(Continued from page 18)

exploited people of Southern rural life. She declared that the interests of the North and South were identical, that the basic problems of the intellectuals and the workers were as one. As the president and founder of the Palmer Memorial Institute at Sedalia, North Carolina, she insisted that Negro young people must utilize their education for the advancement of the masses. Charlotte Hawkins Brown spoke at the National Negro Congress, revealing within her soul the spirit of Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman and Phyllis Wheatley. She indicated the role that Negro women are playing and will continue to play in the struggle for the freedom of the Negro people.

At the Second National Negro Congress youth had its day. Two hundred young people under twenty-five years of age participated in the deliberations of the Congress. Young white people from Swarthmore and Temple University spoke in the interest of unity between Negro and white. From the American Student Union and the American Youth Congress messages came pronouncing the need for an all-inclusive American Youth Movement. From Berkeley, California to New Orleans, Louisiana young people came to declare themselves ready to continue the struggle for freedom, equality and opportunity for Negro youth.

In addition to holding special youth sessions the young people came forward to play a major part in shaping the future of the entire Congress movement. A youth symposium was held before the Congress as a whole on "Youth and the Fight for Negro Freedom." The basic approach in the symposium was that youth has come of age; that young people are making contributions to the Negro people, especially in the capacity of leaders. Growing out of the youth sessions a national youth committee was elected to carry forward the organization of Negro youth through the establishment of federations of youth on a state and city basis.

The Second National Negro Congress demonstrated that the Negro people in the United States are in the process of carrying forward militantly a courageous struggle for their emancipation of the Negro people. The Congress today speaks for the masses of Negro people who refuse to accept economic slavery. The Congress is an expression of struggle; it is an expression of the unity being achieved in the trade union movement between Negro and white Americans. The National Negro Congress has met. The National Negro Congress has made history. "We shall march on till victory is won."

# Dots and Dashes

THIS year is a banner one for the radio listener . . . The new sets feature the following for his comfort: 1. An inclined panel so that he doesn't have to stoop, squat or squint when tuning. 2. Automatic tuning . . . Push a button and presto . . . there's your station. 3. Automatic frequency control. If you tune off the stations a trifle, the set corrects the error electrically. And now, the only thing lacking is a switch to cut off your neighbors' sets at midnight when all save those people want to sleep.

Well, the cold weather's here and you DX fans will find it's skip distance season again. The season when DX reception is best and static is least. The reason is interesting. The theory, simply phrased, that accounts for better reception of stations during the winter months is this. Above the surface of the earth is an ionized layer called the Heavyside Kennelly layer. The station sending out a radio signal generates two types of waves—a sky wave and a ground wave. The ground wave travels on the surface of the earth and makes for good reception, barring interference, of course, for a radius of approximately 25 miles. The sky wave, however, leaves the antenna of the broadcasting station and travels up from the surface of the earth. It hits the ionized layer and is reflected back at an angle. The layer, however, shifts with respect to the earth at short intervals and the angle of reflection changes, hence concentrating the beam of energy at a slightly different point. This explains the phenomena of distant stations fading, i.e., growing softer and louder in your radio set.

Static is decreased in the winter months because there are fewer dust particles in the air, which in the hot months become electrically charged and generate so-called static when they discharge the energy they have accumulated.

THE CHAMPION is interested in knowing what its readers want in their radio column. Is it news of the trade, technical information, classes in fundamental theory, short wave data, or just chatter on a combination of these? Please drop us a card and express whatever ideas you may have on the subject.

—SKY RIDER.



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**A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE**  
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55 West 42nd Street

Profit-sharing arrangements for organizations. Write for details.

**Be sure to  
READ  
the CHAMPION  
EVERY MONTH**



## IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD ..

(Continued from page 17)

boycotting his pictures. It all added up to a financial headache for Mr. Roach.

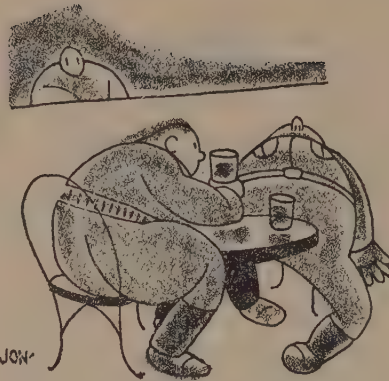
The loud thud was Mr. Roach dropping his Fascist partner. The deal was off. And Vittorio ran home to Poppa. That nasty Hollywood! . . .

From the story of Vittorio in Movie-land, we can see that Hollywood is not all its cracked up to be.

Hollywood is more than a gaudy town of yes men, swimming pools, patios, ritzy fast-living actors. Hollywood has its share of reactionaries, its prima donnas. But the great majority of picture folk, whether stars, directors, extras, or studio workers, are hard working men and women who work in an industry that may be glamorous, but otherwise is just like any other dollar-and-cents business. Wage Cuts. Unionization. Strikes . . . And company unions.

The Mussolini incident is just one example of the swell anti-fascist work that's being carried on in Hollywood. This same Motion Picture Artists Committee which started the Mussolini protest has raised thousands of dollars for medical aid for the Spanish people. Two ambulances in Spain today have painted across their sides the names of members and friends of the Committee who donated them. Names like these: Franchot Tone, Paul Muni, Sylvia Sidney, Donald Ogden Stewart, Lionel Stander, Nancy Carroll, Gale Sondergaard, and Ernest Hemingway.

An ally of the Motion Picture Artists



Committee is the Anti-Nazi League of Hollywood. They put on a weekly anti-fascist radio program that has attracted a lot of attention on the Coast. Donald Ogden Stewart, ace screen writer and humorist, and President of the League of American Writers, is one of the leaders of this Anti-Nazi outfit.

And did you hear about the most expensive movie show in the world—for the benefit of the Spanish people? Frederic March, and his wife, Florence Eldridge, two of the most active Hollywood progressives, had a special showing in their home of the Ernest Hemingway—Joris Ivens film "Spanish Earth." Fourteen Hollywood stars paid one thousand dollars each to attend this screening! The money went to the Medical Bureau for Spain.

Hollywood is not behind in unionization either. There have been several setbacks in reorganization of studio work-

ers. But effective organization of these workers is now progressing rapidly. The actors, of course, are organized in the Screen Actors' Guild.

Unfortunately, the Guild is not all it might be. Maybe its leaders aren't yet experienced enough in labor organization. Anyway, last Spring Guild leaders let themselves be duped into signing a ten year no-strike agreement with the producers.

Then, too, the Guild is not entirely democratic. Bit players and extras, who constitute the majority of the Guild have no vote. However, many stars—Lionel Stander, for instance—are fighting for real democracy in the organization.

The men who write your favorite movies are also unionized. Several years ago, they organized the Screen Writers Guild. The producers conjured up a company union, called the Screen Playrights, and busted up the Guild.

Came the Wagner Labor Act, and the Screen Writers Guild was reborn. Today, this organization, which includes almost every screen writer, is fighting the company union and demanding recognition as the official labor representative of the writers . . .

These are important days in Hollywood. And maybe even the fan mag writers will have to change their line.

—Miss Delovely, what are your hobbies?

—Fighting Fascism and reaction, in any form!

—Tell us about your love life.

—I love democracy and progress . . .

—Fadeout!





# KICKING AT THE KICK-OFF

by Al. Levitt

FOOTBALL is thought to be a great sport for those who "can take it", and a man who gives his all on the gridiron is considered a hero because of the physical hardships he endures for dear old Alma Mater. This, of course, is sheer propaganda, intended to make the spectator feel that he isn't so bad off after all—why look at the boys committing mayhem down there on the field! And if you can see the field from where you're sitting, you're supposed to become serenely happy that you are a safe distance from the battle scene.

Comes the day of the big game and Joe College has a sneaking suspicion, the combined product of wishful thinking and the law of averages, that his school will somehow accomplish the impossible and score a victory over its traditional rival. So he decides that it would be nice to have Betty Coed with him in what he's sure will be his hour of triumph. After using all his pull with the assistant manager of the team, or with the fellow who beats hell out of the drum for the band, he finally gets hold of a pair of tickets which entitle him to seats either in the grandstand behind a post, if it's that kind of a stadium, or some place from where he can see no part of the scoreboard and a little of the field if the guy in front of him would sit down, or at least remove that tremendous fur coat.

But the guy won't sit down, and he's a lot too big for Joe to do anything about it. And Joe knows darn well that he won't take his coat off, and he can't blame him much either. Because the temperature has sunk to Antarctic depths, and a sixty mile gale is gradually taking the stadium apart, splinter by splinter. But it isn't always very cold at important football games. Sometimes it just rains, and eventually you become accustomed to the squish as you sit down after each play.

Of course neither Joe College nor Betty Coed expected rain, and so in order to protect her furs, Joe very gallantly throws his overcoat over her shoulders—and thinks unprintable thoughts. He has already forgotten his earlier humili-

ation when, while climbing to their seats with his charming consort, she tripped and tumbled half-way down the stadium in a veddy, veddy unsophisticated manner. Of course, all his "inside dope" turns out wrong, and Joe's team is bound to lose. During the course of the contest, he has either had to explain everything to his very interested, but exceedingly uninformed companion, or else has been embarrassed to find out that she knows a good deal more about the game than he does.

All in all, it's generally a pretty harrowing experience, yet a crowd of 70,000 is not unusual at such a game. During the course of the 1936 season, 16,000,000 people rah-rahed for college football—which testifies to the lure of the grid game. There are many more millions who bite their fingernails listening to radio descriptions of these contests in the warmth and comfort of their homes.

Between the halves, even Joe College cannot help but let his eyes wander about the crowd and try to resolve the throng into dollars and cents. Some enthusiasts pay more than a hundred U. S. greenbacks for a pair of tickets. Joe can recognize many such people there at the big games. He thinks of the salaries paid to the athletic association staff and coaches and compares them with his approximations of his instructors' monthly stipends.

Just how big it is he has no idea. It doesn't occur to him that an annual revenue of \$300,000 is not too unusual for a school in the gridiron business, and is approximately that taken in by Princeton University, one of the more aristocratic and ivy-clad of educational institutes. Out of a squad of 63 pigskin gladiators representing Old Nassau, twenty-three do not have sufficient funds to see them through without augmenting their resources in some way. In schools which have less wealthy student bodies, the average is much higher.

It is Princeton's proud boast that athletic subsidies and scholarships are forbidden, and that rumors which even hint of such taint are thoroughly investigated. If a needy Tiger athlete is lucky,

he may get a job "waiting on tables in the University Dining Halls, taking newspaper and magazine subscriptions and selling every conceivable thing from shoe-strings to Christmas cards". Of course, finding time for such employment, as well as for his studies and for the football which the students and alumni of Princeton like so well, is the athlete's private concern. As long as the athletic association has no use for red ink, and keeps the University name untarnished, the administration is quite satisfied.

But Joe is only vaguely conscious of all this. He's observant and not completely unintelligent, so he knows that those who get the profits are not the ones responsible for them. But, he figures, maybe that's as it should be. After all, collegiate athletics must be kept pure and undefiled. Yes, Joe notices things, but amateurism is an ideal—like rugged individualism, or something.

He watches the band perform and notes the expensive uniforms. He thinks a little about the cost of the instruments, and about Bill Burp, the triple-threat artist who keeps the home team in the ball game—how much does he get? Football is really big industry, Joe realizes.

Joe doesn't notice, however, that one of the tackles is missing from his customary seat on the bench. Nor does anyone else notice. As a matter of fact, very few would recognize his name. Just one of the scrubs who does his work in the week-day practise sessions, and whose share of the football proceeds is a pair of complimentary tickets. The poor guy needed money badly and tried to sell his "comps" to a stranger outside the stadium. Bingo! In two minutes, he was picked up by a vigilant cop "crusading" against speculators.

Well, the other scrubs are pretty hard up for necessary cash, too. But they wouldn't do anything like that—no sir! Every once in a while, a rat-faced man with a perpetually scared look gives them a chance to capitalize on their brawn as strike-breakers. There's more money in it, and it's more fun than selling tickets—besides the police don't bother you so much.



# America's Youth in the C.C.C. Camps

**A**CCORDING to the recent act of Congress extending the CCC three more years, one of the purposes of the Corps is to afford "vocational training for youthful citizens of the United States who are unemployed and in need of employment." The act further provides: "That at least ten hours each week may be devoted to general educational or vocational training." It grants the Director of CCC the authority to permit enrollees to break their term of enrollment to attend an educational institution and return to camp at the conclusion of the school term.

These provisions greatly strengthen the position of educational activities in the camps. They indicate a desire on the part of Congress for a broadened program of education in the camps, and it is the intention of CCC officials to carry out the wish of Congress.

Since 1933, educational activities throughout the Corps have been developing steadily. At the present time, young men entering the Corps find many opportunities to improve their general education and to develop their skills. The camp program offers academic instruction on all levels, vocational instruction including training on the job and in related subjects, avocational and leisure-time activities, character and citizenship development.

The camps themselves are educational by nature. The camp routine, the emphasis placed upon cleanliness, regular habits, self-discipline, as well as the work program, all contribute to the improvement and employability of enrollees. The work program, supplemented by organized vocational instruction, affords young men an unusual opportunity to learn by doing and develop skills.

The past year in the camps has witnessed the extension of the educational program to include almost 90 percent of the enrollees. But much more than that, there was an improvement in the educational activities and the content of the instruction offered. Over 1,100 companies have constructed school buildings and shops, using their own funds. Camp libraries now total over 1,500,000 books, and 70 percent of the camps have a separate room for the library.

Since 1933, the educational program of the Corps has trained 50,000 illiterates to read and write, taught 500,000 enrollees elementary school subjects, trained 200,000 in high school subjects and 40,000 in college courses. Almost a million enrollees have received systematic job training and related vocational instruction.

That CCC education is achieving worthwhile results is apparent to any student of the Civilian Conservation Corps. The majority of the men who come into the

## FOR A BETTER CCC

This page, sponsored by the YOUTH PROTECTIVE COMMITTEE, will appear regularly each month. We stand for:

1. Take the camps out of army officers' control. No military training, drill or formations of any kind.

2. Increased food allotment and improved quality of meals.

3. Increase in base pay to \$45 a month. Trade union wages for all skilled men (chauffeurs, clerks, plumbers, electricians, etc.)

4. Right to organize. Recognition of all committees and organizations of men in all grievances.

5. No discrimination against Negroes.

6. Protection against accidents. Adequate compensation for injuries and disease. Life pensions to families in case of death.

7. No dismissals because of C.C.C. curtailment without providing jobs or relief.

C.C.C. boys in or outside of the camps, write to the Editor of AMERICA'S YOUTH, 80 Fifth Avenue, Room 1401, N. Y. C. Send stories, letters, experience accounts, photos, anything about the life in camp.

camps are inexperienced, untrained in any line of work and many, through long idleness, have become listless and have lost their ambition to better themselves. The fact that so many of them have been able to get jobs in private employment after a few months in the Corps, and that employers who have hired enrollees speak so highly of them, demonstrates that worthwhile results are being accomplished. Our records show that during the last four years approximately 400,000 enrollees left the camps to accept employment.

During the school year now opening in the camps, funds will be made available to construct a school building and shop in each company and to purchase additional educational supplies and equipment. The ten hours of education each week will be offered the men on week-day nights after the supper period and on Saturday mornings. Ambitious enrollees wishing additional hours of instruction will be offered further opportunities. The program of instruction will continue to pursue its major objectives, namely to make each enrollee more employable and a better citizen.

CCC education enters upon a new school year with a firmer footing in every company. To help thousands of young men find themselves, prepare for life and locate employment is a task of first rank importance. Every available part of the CCC organization and machinery shall be utilized to that end.

Mr. Oxley's article will be answered in the January issue of THE CHAMPION. The editors believe, with all progressive-minded people, that so long as the CCC remains hampered by army control, it is a definite threat to its civilian status and the purposes for which it was established.

We have received the following letter from one of the boys at Camp 2199, Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts:

I think that the tone of the CCC page in THE CHAMPION is much too hifalutin. From my experiences in the CCC I think that the average enrollee would not be interested in the page as it is.

I would suggest first, much more simple language; secondly, more attention to immediate demands; thirdly, more letters, and possibly, if advisable, a correspondents' column where boys of one camp could get in touch with other fellows.

As it is, the CCC paper carefully sees to it that one camp is kept more or less ignorant of what really happens in another camp. Please bear in mind that these boys, on the whole, are very underdeveloped unpolitically and to some extent socially.

Perhaps THE CHAMPION could also get in touch with local youth groups and bring together wherever possible youth of one section with the CCC boys. This would help tremendously. All sorts of affairs, dances, games could be worked out. One of the basic things that the CCC boys lack is wholesome constructive social contacts. Lack of it helps in demoralizing them.

Also possible some form of contest or competition could be arranged which would interest the fellows. Perhaps, THE CHAMPION could issue a questionnaire about what the boys themselves would like best and find most interesting.



## FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF

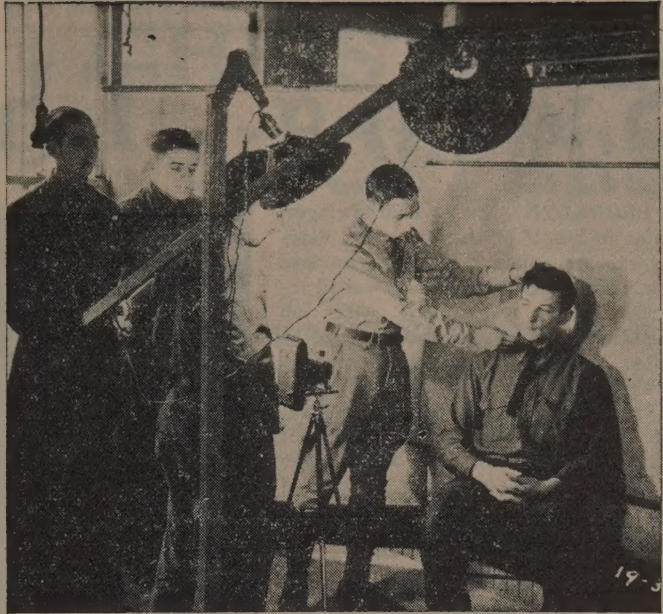
Are you getting as good pay as men doing the same kind of work outside the CCC? How does it compare with Union wages, A.F.L. and C.I.O.?

\$5 will be paid for the best letter telling what you found out on this question, and what you think about it.



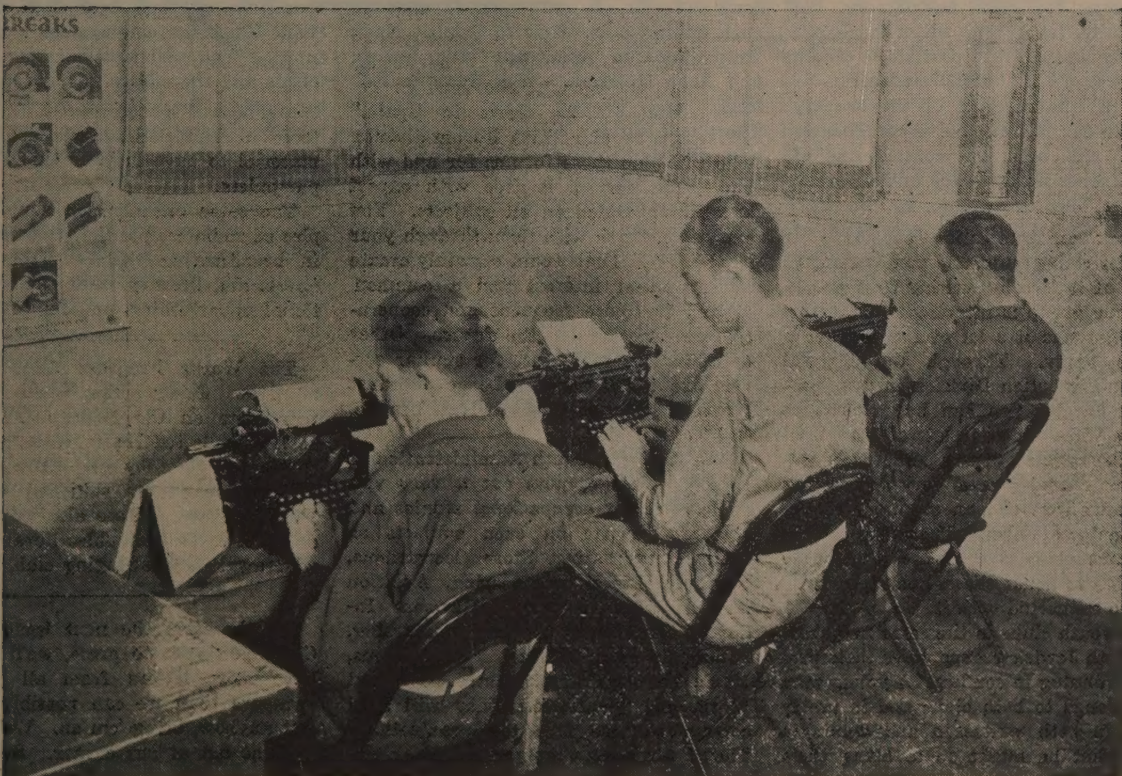


**HOWARD W. OXLEY**  
**Director CCC Camp Education**



(Above)  
**Learning Photography in the CCC Camps**

(Below) Stenography and Typewriting Class in the CCC Camp.





# Swing That Club

A BROOKLYN, N. Y. club swinger, writes in behalf of the Vanguard Players who are amateur thespians anxious to stimulate and develop their varied interests. There are, already, some club members with considerable talent, he writes, but there are many others who desire to learn the elementary principles of directing, acting, make-up, and staging. That is quite a large order, but with a large meeting place and a stage at their disposal, it would be too bad for the community not to receive the benefits of performances by the Vanguard Players and also too bad for the Vanguard Players not to receive the benefit of some expert guidance and advice.

If they will get in touch with the "New Theater League," 117 West 46th St., Manhattan, the Vanguard Players ought to be able to swing right along and soon be doing their stuff over the footlights. The organization mentioned above is particularly interested in young amateur groups and will send trained coaches and speakers who know all phases of theater technique thoroughly, into clubs that want to swing the drama. The person to contact there is either Mr. Irwin or Mr. Fuller. There are small nominal charges per evening for these instructions, but occasionally, for groups whose funds are extremely limited, it is possible to obtain the services of one of their volunteers. No matter in what section of the country your club carries on, the "New Theater League" will help you contact one of their branches in your neck of the woods. The New Theater League, by the way, puts out an interesting catalogue of plays for club groups and you can secure a copy of it free by writing to them.

If your group is interested in theater, you might find it a lot of fun to have a theater party. Through the Federal Theater Promotion Division in your particular locality you can buy tickets to current WPA shows in lots of 25 at one-third the regular prices. The same address will send you a very interesting marionette show for an evening's educational entertainment. There are certain conditions which you must meet and they will tell you about those, but there is no expense connected with it.

Two youth clubs in the same neighborhood, both Jewish groups, have their programs running in conflict. A young man who belongs to both clubs and is pretty active in both writes in and wants to know what he might do to bring them closer together.



One idea that might help would be for one group to approach the other on running a series of joint open forums on such questions as "How to Combat Nazi Propaganda in America," "The Jewish and Arab Question," "The Jews in Poland," and "Young Jews in Spain." There is a regular WPA Forum division who will plan these forums for and with you. The service is free with expert speakers provided on all subjects. You can get in touch with them through your local WPA. That would certainly create much mutual interest and a common ground for more frequent and cooperative get-togethers in the future. Other organizations to contact for similar service are the American League against War and Fascism, the Anti-Nazi League, and the I. L. D.

The National Youth Administration of Illinois, Chicago, puts out a very valuable series of occupational studies and research reports on such subjects as Radio Broadcasting, Store Occupations, Farming, Diesel Engineering, Aviation and Air Transportation, Garment Industry, Automobile Industry, Nursing, Air-conditioning, Hotel Occupations, Music Trades, Dairy Industry, Electrical Work, and Insurance. They will send copies of these free to organizations. They are written simply and in clear, understandable phraseology with many

graphs. When you have finished one of them, you have a pretty clear idea of the conditions in that field and what the chances are for employment and opportunity. You will also be aware of the trends and the effects of current change throughout these fields of work. The tables and statistics alone are valuable material to have in your club library of pamphlets.

The same organization supplies samples of radio scripts that they have used in broadcasting sketches from famous novels and literary works and on vocational opportunities and improvement.

The Works Progress Administration of New Jersey has some excellent pamphlets on the Negro. There is a book of collected Negro verse, a bibliography of books by and about Negroes and various other subjects related to Negro culture. These also would be an addition to the pamphlet library of any wide awake and swinging club.

By the time the next issue of THE CHAMPION goes to press, we'll probably have more letters from all you club swingers than we can possibly answer. But anyhow, bring 'em on. We're ready to come out of our corner. Swing that club!

RONALD HALLETT



# GALA— —NIGHT

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This beautiful colored  
map 18" x 24" is indis-  
pensable to understand  
where events are happen-  
ing.

### KEY NEWS

1. U. S.: Vigilante groups "defend labor."
2. Spain: Mussolini "rebels" in Spain.
3. Palestine: Britain "protects" the Jews and Arabs.
4. China: Japan invades China for friendship's sake.

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### LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Beginning with the first issue in December the New Masses will publish a monthly supplement, edited by Michael Gold, Horace Gregory, Granville Hicks, and Joshua Kunitz. It will contain original creative work in prose, poetry, short stories, critical essays, literary letters from abroad, studies of literary personalities and discussions of questions important to the development of Marxist culture. Actually two maga- zines for the price of one.

### Frequent Contributors

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Earl Browder	Vincent Sheean



# CHAMPION PRIZE CONTEST

## AWARDS

### 3 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Club Pennant (9 x 24), Two Colors  
Flashlight  
Irish Standard Handball  
Leather Handball Gloves  
Sateen Boxing Trunks, Elastic Top  
Air Pump, (basketball and football)  
Scrap Book  
Leather Book Cover  
Powder Compact  
Cigarette Case and Lighter  
Handy Tool Kit  
Fountain Pen and Pencil  
Sweatshirt  
Oxford Sneakers (men and women)  
Indoor Baseball  
Indoor Baseball Bat  
Pencil Sharpener, (desk type)  
Leather Wallet

### 5 SUBSCRIPTIONS

All Wool Sweater, Crew or V Neck  
Rollfast Roller Skates  
Girl's Gym Suit  
Book Ends  
Sweat Coat, Fleece Line  
Zipper Sweat Shirt  
Agfa Ansco Box Camera  
Carry-All Bag  
Basketball Sneakers  
Monogrammed Playing Cards  
Tank Suits (men and women)  
Bingo Set, 8 Players  
Football Jersey  
Chess Set  
Handball and Gloves

### 10 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Table Tennis Set (4 Players, Net, etc.)  
Fine Wool Sweater  
Football Shoulder Pads  
Volley Ball  
Football  
Satin Basketball Trunks and Shirt  
Brief Case  
Basketball Shoes  
Melton All Wool Windbreaker  
Dart Board Game, complete  
Elk Gym Shoes  
Official Boxing Trunks

### 15 SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Corduroy Slacks  
Football Pants  
Riding Breeches  
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Football Helmet  
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Game Timer's Watch  
Football Shoes  
Shuffle Board, Discs and Pushers  
Medicine Ball  
Punching Bag  
Basketball Goals  
1 Complete Basketball Outfit  
Official Scholastic Basketball  
Ladies Riding Boots  
Soccer Ball  
Bat Tennis Set, including net  
Boxing Gloves  
Punching Bag Platform

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Carbon Microphone (table stand 5 subs)  
Official Collegiate Basketball  
Men's Riding Boots

### 30 SUBSCRIPTIONS

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Kodak Camera  
Suede Windbreaker  
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### 40 SUBSCRIPTIONS

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3. The decision of the judges in this contest to be final.

4. The Grand Prize will be awarded to the contestant securing the greatest number of subscriptions during the contest.

5. A contestant is eligible for the Grand Prize regardless of the number of prizes he has selected.

6. In case of a tie—duplicate Grand Prizes will be awarded.

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