

In the World of Labor

By Paul G. Stevens

Around the War Preparations: A Curious Spectacle of High Jinks

Popular unrest over the war preparations has become particularly marked in the British and French empires. Concrete indications of it have been cited in this column and elsewhere in the *Appeal* in recent issues. In Great Britain, the trades unions have had to come out officially against conscription, a London conference reaffirming this position only last Friday. In the French empire, the victory of Ta-thu-Thau in the Saigon elections and of the Algerian People's Party in the Algiers elections—both reported in the last issue of the *Appeal*—show that, despite the tremendous social-patriotic pressure, the masses are far from being in tow.

The disparity between the mood of the masses and the needs of the ruling class—which is still groping for the final war line-up and therefore cannot yet afford to show its stark totalitarian face—leaves the reformists in a most uncomfortable spot. They want with all their souls to support the war-mongering foreign policy of their respective bourgeoisies, but they can't support specific internal measures that such a policy requires because their rank and file won't let them.

Under the slogan of "Collective Security" the Labourites have been able to put over the government's A.R.P. (Air Raid Preparation program) and even the so-called National Register, although with some difficulty. But conscription is too much for their following to swallow—especially since they still have fresh in their memories the manner in which Daladier used the conscript army against the French general strike last November. Hence, the Labour Party makes a peculiar spectacle of itself in parliament.

Chamberlain Quotes Leon Blum Against the Labour Party

In the House of Commons, Chamberlain makes his just complaint against his Labour opponents. You urged me to give up "appeasement" for your policy of "collective security," he says—well, I did. "Collective Security," our French partners tell us, he continues, requires that Britain raise a conscript army. Why, all French politicians—including Leon Blum's socialists and even the Communists—demand British conscription. Where is your socialist consistency?

The Labour benches remain quietly embarrassed. At party meetings, a Scotch labor paper informs us, "organizers, watching the perplexed faces of the audience that used to be told: Workers of the World, Unite, tell the speaker at the conclusion of his oration: 'For God's sake don't deal any more with foreign affairs, stick to Old Age Pensions!'"

"Internationalism" in Action: Reformist and Stalinist Variety

It is interesting to note the difference in the reactions of the reformists and the Stalinists when Chamberlain challenged them to inter-

national solidarity, so to speak with their French counter-parts.

Old and experienced, the reformists are used to the type of internationalism in which the labor bureaucracy plays its role according to national needs. When Chamberlain quotes Blum against them, they may be embarrassed but they merely shrug their shoulders, calm and well-behaved.

Not so the Stalinists. For instance, when Chamberlain cites the French *L'Humanite* (central organ of the C.P.F.) as approving conscription, William Gallacher, M.P., jumps up excitedly and shouts: "I repudiate that completely." Gallacher is the only C.P. representative in parliament. As a new-blown opportunist, he naturally lacks the good manners of his reformist fellow-opportunists. He has to show demonstratively that his "internationalism" doesn't mean a thing.

No Gratitude for Blum From the French Bosses

One would think that Leon Blum would at least get some recognition from his ruling class for his attempt to get the British Labourites behind conscription. But there is no gratitude in politics. *Le Temps*, the semi-official French government paper addresses itself to the former People's Front premier about as follows:

You say that (British) conscription is one of the capital acts upon which the peace of the world hangs. True. You point out the "inexplicable contradiction" between Labour's policy of firmness against the "aggressors" and its present attitude. Quite correct. But isn't there an "inexplicable contradiction" between the foreign policy which your party advocates and its opposition to Daladier's decrees-laws? Aren't they too "capital acts" upon which the struggle against the dictators depends? Don't you suffer from the same contradiction as the Labourites?

And Blum finds it very difficult to answer these embarrassing questions. The trouble is that like the British fakery, he would gladly go the whole hog and probably will, at the critical moment; only there are the working class followers to reckon with—they are not ready for everything as yet. What he and his like can't understand is why the bosses embarrass them so, why they don't sympathize with them in their plight—why they are so ungrateful. That is because reformists and labor opportunists never learn from history. They don't want to realize that the bosses act like class-conscious bourgeois rulers and never—no matter what the "national danger"—forget to pursue their fight against the working class; never miss an opportunity to split its ranks and to demoralize it.

Yet, hope for the future of humanity depends upon just this realization and upon the logical conclusions drawn from it. Before the British and French workers can really plunge into the final struggle against the bosses and their wars, they will have to cast aside their reformist and Stalinist leaderships. Such leaderships only lead . . . to fascism. Victory depends upon a consistent class struggle policy, a policy which is today upheld only by the Fourth International.

Appeal Salesmen Challenge Coughlin

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they liked. Police were assigned to "protect" the fascist salesmen, while an additional squad of thugs stood by, ready to attack anyone who "annoyed" their sellers.

Attract Crowds
Appeal salesmen attracted huge crowds as they sold the paper shouting "Coughlin's fascist aims exposed," "Coughlin wants to be the American Hitler," and "Read the truth about the Jew-baiting, labor-baiting fascist—Father Coughlin."

Threatened with beatings at the hands of the fascist hoodlums, the Appeal salesmen were protected by squads of Anti-Fascist Labor Guard members who patrolled the Times Square area. With the Guard present, the fascists did not dare attack.

The Socialist Workers Party is going to continue its campaign to drive the fascists out of New York. Further articles exposing Coughlin will continue to appear in the *Socialist Appeal* and the S.W.P. comrades will be back on Times Square to sell them.

The Socialist Workers Party is sending a protest to Mayor LaGuardia condemning the actions of the police and demanding an answer from him on whether or not he is going to tolerate suppression of the *Appeal* while the fascists are afforded every protection by the police.

Newark SWP, YPSL Defy Coughlinites At "Four Corners"

(Special to the Socialist Appeal)
NEWARK, N. J., May 20.—Leading the protest of Newark labor to the provocation of followers of Father Coughlin who were shouting Jew-baiting, union-smashing, and Negro-hating slogans in the heart of this city, members of the Young People's Socialist League (4th International) and the Socialist Workers Party defended themselves successfully from attempts by the dupes of the Detroit fascist leader to drive them from Newark's "Four Corners."

Determined to arouse the workers of the city against the growing insolence and provocations of the Coughlinites, the Socialist Workers Party and the Young People's Socialist League issued a leaflet calling attention to the menace represented by the Coughlin fascists and calling for the organization of Workers Defense Guards.

Party and youth members appeared at Four Corners where the Coughlinites were engaged in their activities, and began the distribution of the leaflet and of the *Socialist Appeal* and *Challenge of Youth*. Eighty-five copies of the *Appeal* and 100 copies of the *Challenge* were sold to workers gathering around, and over 2,500 leaflets were handed out. More papers would have been sold had there been a larger supply on hand.

Police intervention and Coughlinite provocations failed to break the solidarity of the S.W.P. and Y.P.S.L. comrades, who had the sympathy of hundreds of workers attracted to the scene. One spontaneously made a contribution on the spot to the youth comrades in support of their paper, the *Challenge*.

Father Coughlin Is A Vicious Anti-Semite

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balking at being branded as disseminators of race hatred. This is a healthy sign. Catholic workers know from their own first-hand experience that they have no quarrel with their Jewish fellow-workers.

Catholics likewise know what has happened to their co-religionists in Hitler's Germany. They know that Catholics are being deprived of their rights.

Jew-Baiting Is a Fascist Sign

The overwhelming majority of American workers are anti-fascist to the bone. Jew-baiting is one of the fascist weapons by means of which the Hitlerites and the Coughlins seek to divide the working class and thus prevent the united front of all workers, all unemployed, all youth, against their common enemy, fascism. The growth of Jew-baiting is the surest sign of the growth of the fascist movement. Fascism means the straitjacketing of the labor movement, concentration camps, and slavery.

As the opening gun in the campaign against fascism, race-hatred and anti-Semitism must be fought wherever they raise their head. The Socialist Workers Party calls upon every anti-fascist—Catholic, Jew, Protestant or atheist—to join hands against the Jew-baiting provocations of the fascists and their mouthpiece, the Detroit spellbinder, Father Charles E. Coughlin.

Dewey 'Cracks Down' on Fritz Kuhn---For Failing to Pay Taxes

The "democracy" specialists of the New York City administration have finally decided to crack down upon fascism, if the jubilant cries of the liberal and Stalinist friends of Mayor LaGuardia and District Attorney Dewey are to be believed.

The "cracking down" took the form of a subpoena served last week on Fritz Kuhn, Fuehrer of the German-American Bund, the organization of the Nazi scum in the United States. The paper, issued by Dewey in consultation with LaGuardia, orders Kuhn to appear before the New York County grand jury to answer charges arising out of an investigation of the Bund and its affiliates in connection with alleged shortages in their funds and failure to pay their city tax liabilities and penalties.

The Bund, three of its related corporations, and eight of its individual figures, are involved in a report and affidavits submitted by Commissioner of Investigation William B. Herlands. One of the individuals, a Fritz Schweiering, is said to have skipped to Germany without a passport; others, including the malodorous Kuhn, were prevented from making a similar trip by LaGuardia's appeal

to Secretary of State Cordell Hull against releasing passports to them.

Farceful Investigation
How farceful the investigation of the Bund is from the standpoint of a blow at fascism in this country, which the Daily Worker and various muddle-heads pretend to see in the Dewey subpoena, may be judged from the following considerations:

1. Even formally, Dewey and LaGuardia are "cracking down" on the Bund not because it is a fascist organization, but because it is alleged not to have given the city the legal rake-off due it from Bund's racket. In other words, the fascist "business" is all right, so long as it is run in accordance with the financial set-up of the government.

The action—if it may be called that—now being taken against the Bund leaders is on all fours with the heroic measures finally taken by the Federal Government against Al Capone. The gang leader went unscathed for years during which he murdered and pillaged without let or hindrance, and amassed a huge fortune from the bootlegging and associated rackets. The "G-men" finally got him for fail-

ing . . . to pay his income tax!

2. The campaign against the Bundists is not based on the fact that they are fascists, or even dangerous fascists. The truth of the matter is that as a fascist organization, the Bund plays a far less important role than such outfits as the Coughlinites or the Silver Shirts, (that is, the "native" fascists).

LaGuardia does not lift a finger against the Coughlinites, for fear of losing a few votes. For the same reason, all his condemnations of fascism have been directed specifically and exclusively against German fascism and have been significantly silent about the Mussolini variety. On the contrary, for the sake of some good Italian votes in the city, LaGuardia has even appeared at outspokenly fascist celebrations, such as the one organized by the Blackshirts at Columbus Circle a couple of years ago.

The Bund is the target of clever demagogues like Dewey and LaGuardia because it is a German outfit. And it suits the chauvinistic, war-mongering aims of such people as LaGuardia to take a fall out of anything or anybody connected with Germany, especially when such action is facilitated by the almost universal disrepute in which the slimy Bund is held. In other words, fascism is not so bad in the eyes of the "democratic" American authorities provided it is "native" and, above all, patriotic.

Why Deceptive
3. The "action" against the Bund—which is no action at all, in reality—is deceptive from another and perhaps the most important aspect. LaGuardia and Co. realize, especially after the famous counter-demonstration of the workers at the Nazi Garden rally, that the masses feel an increasing restlessness at the growth of the fascist movement in this country. They fear that these masses, learning from the mistakes of their brothers in Italy, Germany and Austria, will not wait forever, allowing the fascists to gather momentum, on the one hand, and the phoney "democrats" to talk about "anti-fascism," on the other.

Growing numbers are realizing that the only way to crush fascism is to organize and consolidate the fighting solidarity of the workers, to give the fascists a dose that they will not quickly forget. The "democrats" fear the organized militancy and class independence of the workers a thousand times more than they fear fascism.

It is for the purpose of preventing this militancy from materializing that our "democrats" make their futile legal gestures "against fascism."

If labor waits for the professional democrats to save it from fascism, it is doomed as surely as were the German and Italian workers. Labor has no "saviors" outside its own ranks. It is from these ranks that it must organize, immediately, a mighty Workers Defense Guard—labor's shield against the fascist barbarians.

HOLLYWOOD MERRY-GO-ROUND

We've always had our own idea about the English private school system. The Chamberlains, the cynical Churchills, the fastidious Edens are, of course, its products. From the time each young upper crust snob enters the private school until he leaves, ready to take the lumps for King and Empire, he is drilled in the manners and habits of his parasitic forebears. Attired in his straw hat, his starched collar and his white gloves, the young English snob is about as fine an example of the well-dressed coodle as one can find in the animal kingdom. His name, hyphenated to stretch beyond the horizon, is more often than not appended with that last, endearing index to pedigree—Junior. In other words, the sum never sets upon a shaven British chin.

As if all this were not enough to make one scorn the playing fields of Eton, there is still the matter of the schoolmaster to reckon with. And for that final reckoning, we are indebted to Mr. James Hilton and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for their "Goodbye Mr. Chips."

English Pattern

Mr. Chips is less an individual than a type. Stolid, deadpanned, he is as institutional as the British tweed. He is, indeed, the stodgy essence determining the ducal pattern of Cliveden sets, fox hunts and imperial polo. In the larger matter of Empire defense, the schoolmaster is the gear in the wheel. He stands ready. He raises his voice an octave higher for God, King and Country. With a last, full measure of his devotion, he pushes, nay urges, his exquisite brood into the fray. Ah, England, that England, that land, that realm, that spot of earth, that other Eden, that jewel set in the silver sea.

"Goodbye Mr. Chips" attempts to humanize the impersonal, fatuous, English pedagogues. The film winds a whimsical way from diapers to dotage, ending with a moist cheek and a blurred eye for dear old, wise old, moldy Mr. Chips passing westward. Robert Donat, as Mr. Chips, makes the versatile change from bib to whiskers with all the proficiency of a Paul Muni in one of his life cycle performances. On the whole, it's fair to muddling rugby.

NAT LEVINE

Statement of S.W.P. Rochester Branch

The Rochester Branch of the Socialist Workers Party publicly declares that since April 1, the date of his resignation, Richard Posner has not been connected with the Socialist Workers Party and any political actions of his since that date have been on his own responsibility.

Join the Socialist Workers Party

SOCIETY NOTES

Millionaire Heiress Finds Publicity A Bitter Boomerang

All over the country people are wondering if Brenda Frazier has a press agent—if she's spent thousands of dollars to secure the national publicity that has transformed her into the nation's No. 1 "Glamor Girl."

Brenda has no press agent—and it hasn't cost her a single penny to secure the newspaper and magazine "build-up" that has been the envy of many movie stars who do have press agents.

Brenda is easy on the eyes—what they call "photogenic," and don't overlook the fact she's heiress to four or five million dollars.

But other debutantes resent Brenda Frazier's publicity. The jealous ones have "ganged-up" to keep Brenda from being invited to parties.

First evidence of this campaign was when she failed to get a "bid" from the Junior Assemblies—goal of all Grade A New York debutantes.

That was only the beginning. Poor Brenda can't understand why other girls of her own age—some of them richer—should be jealous of her. Brenda Frazier is discovering that publicity can be a bitter boomerang!

If You Wait 10 Years Charity Will Provide A Cemetery Lot

Ten years ago a textile mill mechanic from Ohio brought his young bride, Geraldine, to Augusta, Georgia, where he had located a job. The nostalgic girl sickened not long afterward and died.

His wages too low to pay funeral expenses, the young husband left her body at a mortuary and returned to his home with hope he would soon earn enough to provide burial. Came the Fall of 1929. Jobs grew scarce. The young mechanic wrote he must delay.

During the depression other notes pleaded for added time. The undertaker waited grimly. Then another note—the mechanic had broken his leg, had no job. He failed to answer further letters from the undertaker.

Recently when Mortician John Curtis had concluded arrangements for a pauper burial, Judge Henry C. Hammond heard the story of Geraldine and her ten year wait for a grave. His Southern hospitality aroused, he promptly offered a cemetery lot. Other Augustians gave money for the novel burial. Geraldine was then interred with Episcopal rites and a small group who never saw her alive mourned.

Kuhn Addressing His Fellow "Bundits"



Anti-Fascist Labor Guard Defends S.W.P. Meeting

(By Staff Writer)
NEW YORK—Threatened by fascist hooligans with beatings if they attempted to hold a street corner meeting on the corner of 46th Street and 13th Avenue, Brooklyn, the Boro Park branch of the Socialist Workers Party last Friday night held one of the largest street meetings ever held in the neighborhood as they were protected by two squads of the Anti-Fascist Labor Guard.

Two weeks ago, a street corner meeting held by the S.W.P. at the same corner was broken up by the fascist scum, who kept shouting "Kill the Jews and Build a Christian world." Threats were made at that time by the fascists that they would beat up any S.W.P. member who tried to speak again.

Hooligans Silent
On Friday night, as the S.W.P. street corner meeting opened, Anti-Fascist Labor Guards stationed themselves around the platform. Scores of

fascist hooligans who had made threats to stop the meeting were noticed in the crowd, but when they saw the Guard ready to protect the meeting, they remained quiet.

One fascist in the crowd threatened to "wash the speaker's mouth with soap and give him a dose of castor oil right here and now if he mentions Father Coughlin's name again." The speaker kept on exposing Coughlin's anti-Semitic campaign. The fascist saw the Anti-Fascist Labor Guard present and he slunk out of the crowd like a rat.

Several young anti-fascists who witnessed the splendid way that the street corner meeting was protected from the hooligans, expressed their desire to join the Anti-Fascist Labor Guard.

Quit S.P.; Join 4th International

NEW YORK—Since the statement issued two weeks ago by fourteen members of the Socialist Party and its youth organization resigning from those groups and joining the Socialist Workers Party, Mitchell Raffier and Ernestine Simons, two additional members have left the S.P. youth organization and joined with the Fourth Internationalists.

The effect which these resignations is having within the ranks of the S.P. and its youth can be seen from the fact that the leadership of that organization found it necessary to take the unprecedented step of publishing what they call the "political biographies" of the resignees, in which they attempt to show that the fourteen comrades were, at heart, always Trotskyists.

At Your Service THE APPEAL POSTER SHOP

On the Line . . . with Bill Morgan

Once upon a time there was a great prophet who wore a long beard. This prophet was known the world over for his wisdom and ability to teach great lessons. And although he died many hundreds of years ago his fame has never dimmed because of one particular lesson taught to a herd of wild animals.

It seems the prophet came across this gathering of beasts on the edge of a wide desert. Asked the prophet, "What would an animal require for a three day journey across the desert?"

"Six bundles of hay and three bags of water," they replied.

"That is indeed a fair price," said the prophet, "but I have work for only one beast and I will not pay six bundles of hay and three bags of water. Who will go for less?"

Why Donkeys Are Asses

The animals then withdrew to a distance and held a meeting. After considerable discussion and heated debate they elected a spokesman—a fox—who then announced to the prophet that the price of a three day journey across the desert was still six bundles of hay and three bags of water.

However there were some animals who had not taken part in the conference of the animals. These were the donkeys. They decided to act as free individuals. They approached the prophet and each offered to undertake the journey for less than the others.

One donkey offered to go for six bundles of hay and only two bags of water. Another asked only six bundles of hay and one bag of water. One especially long-eared donkey stepped out and under-cut all the other donkeys by agreeing to make the trip for but one bundle of hay.

Said the prophet, "Thou art a disgrace to the animal kingdom. No beast could possibly make such a dangerous journey on only one bundle of hay and no water. Thou art an ass."

"True," said the donkey, "but I only wanted to get the job."

And from that day to this donkeys have been known as asses.

And from that day to this there have been many human beings who have also been known as asses because they "merely wanted to get the job."

These "donkeys" have never really stopped to think about what can happen to a man who is not paid enough to live decently. All they are worried about is the job. The pay and the conditions—these are secondary matters. And when a man falls ill on the job or the kid's cough develops into TB these donkeys figure it is the hand of fate or the will of the Almighty or something equally remote.

And when their fellow workers on the job organize to get better pay and conditions the donkeys get scared to all hell. Right away