new frontier

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New Frontier

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THE BUSINESS MEN MEET

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, held in Quebec early in June, was responsible for at least two weighty pronouncements on economic questions which are worth recording here. They prove to our labour leaders and radicals that the business men of Canada are also analyzing the forces behind the present crisis, and that the great minds of the business world are profoundly critical of proposed remedies which are not based on the most scientific investigation into the economic structure of society. The first, proffered by Mr. W. T. Yendall, of London, Ontario, was a sweeping refutation of socialist dogma. After making the complaint that there is a lot of social legislation passed with the idea of "soaking the rich" and spreading the money out among the poor, (we must admit that this was news to us), Mr. Yendall went on to show with the aid of statistics that if the socialists had their way, and the incomes of the wealthy were to be distributed to the whole population, each Canadian would receive, instead of the thousands presumably anticipated, approximately $5.00 a year. "That is all you can get out of distributing the riches of Canada", he concluded with evident satisfaction, unable to resist the temptation to rub it in a little. This will come as a blow to the theoreticians of the C.C.F. and the Communist Party, who had probably never thought of it that way, and we pass it on for their consideration. The second contribution to economic thought was made by W. S. Morden, K.C., retiring president, and was even more searching and irrefutable than that of Mr. Yendall. "It may be objected," he demurred, "that our industrial system does not prevent unemployment. In reply, it may be asked, what proportions would unemployment have reached in the absence of factories?"

A WORLD CONGRESS FOR PEACE

CANADA HAD a distinguished visitor last month in General Georges Pouderoux. General Pouderoux, who is a prominent member of the French League for the Rights of Man, an integral part of the Front Populaire, spoke to large and enthusiastic audiences in Toronto and Montreal, and addressed the delegates to the Canadian Youth Congress in Ottawa. His American visit is part of the organization of a world-wide Peace Congress to be held in Geneva early in September of this year. The aim of the Congress, as set forth by Viscount Cecil, chairman of the organizing committee, is to co-ordinate the activities of existing organizations which are opposed to war into a gigantic international movement. It hopes to mobilize general opinion in all countries behind a single demand for peace, disarmament, and international justice through a strong League of Nations. The World Peace Congress has been endorsed by Senator Nye, Sir Herbert Samuel, Harry Emerson Fosdick, the Presidents of Spain and Czechoslovakia, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Major Clement Atlee, John Masefield and other notables. Canadian endorsers are Bishop John Farthing and Major General Gibson of Montreal, and the League of Nations Society.

WHICH WAY FOR THE C.C.F.

AS THE DATE set for the National Convention of the C.C.F. approaches, friends of that organization and of the Canadian labour movement cannot help but view the prospect with some degree of apprehension. Certainly there has been no time since the Regina convention when the historic importance of the direction to be taken has emerged more clearly. That this is no empty warning can be seen by the most superficial observer of the forces at work in the world today: the drive toward war and fascist dictatorship on the one hand, and the gradual unification of progressive forces on the other. These columns will never tire of repeating what is actually a platitude—that Canada is no exception to this general condition. Yet there are leaders of the C.C.F. who deny these facts, and who talk of "special conditions" and "unique Canadian problems" as a sort of escape mechanism from the hard and perhaps frightening facts of the situation. This anti-unity group, rather than exerting every effort to maintain unity in the ranks of the C.C.F. and broaden it to include every section of the progressive movement, is actually disrupting the organization by expulsions. The recent expulsions carried through by the Provincial Councils in Ontario and Quebec and the splitting tactics of the right-wing leadership in British Columbia can only be regarded as suicidal for a socialist movement. A similar policy has brought the British Labour Party to the sorry condition of political bankruptcy in which it

finds itself today. Yet there is even less excuse for the right-wing C.C.F. leaders in 1936, with the experience of the Social-Democracy in Germany and Austria to learn from; further the time is one in which labour groups in all countries are tending more and more definitely toward united front methods. It is to be hoped that at the convention sanity will be restored, and a more reasonable counsel prevail. To accomplish this change of policy, to save the C.C.F. from disaster, there is need for an unequivocal expression from the rank and file. The membership of the C.C.F. can and should convince those of the anti-unity groups that unity is essential to the well-being and the future of the Canadian people.

ON THE EASTERN FRONT

THE CRITICAL EVENTS of the last month have left Chiang-Kai-Shek, long an agent of Japan in the absorption of North China, caught between the fire of his too arrogant masters, the Japanese militarists, and the indignant Chinese nationalists (students in the north and the Cantonese army in the south). Important figures both in the Nanking Government and the South (Canton) Kuomingtang have expressed grave concern over the continued Japanese penetration of the north—a concern which in some cases has resulted in action. Fen-Yu-Hsiang, vice-president of the military commission of the Nanking government, recommends an agreement between Britain, the United States and the U.S.S.R., to check Japanese expansion in China. In an interview with the foreign press he stated that the Chinese people should offer armed resistance to Japan. Further, Nanking must give up its capitulatory policy, make a truce with the Communists, and unite with the Chinese Red Army to resist Japanese invasion. The Red Army in Shansi has already made an anti-Japanese alliance with the local Nanking forces. But by far the most sensational news of the past few weeks has been the rapid mobilization of the Cantonese forces against Japan. Significant of the trend in the Canton Kuomingtang, which since 1931 has been decidedly cool to the Nanking government, was one of the last public statements of its leader, Hu-Han Min: "If it proves to be necessary to change the Chinese flag, I'd rather have the Red Flag than the Japanese flag." Like the equally significant statement of Fen-Yu-Hsiang, it gives an indication of how deeply the Communist campaign for a united front against Japan has penetrated. The rumours given so much publicity in the Canadian press, suggesting that the Cantonese forces have been corrupted by Japanese money to fight against Chiang-Kai-Shek, show every sign of having been concocted by Chiang himself, who rivals his Japanese masters in the art of duplicity. The anti-Japanese forces may well benefit also from the alarm aroused in the hearts of British and American politicians by the extensive smuggling organized by Japan in north China. At one blow the tactic of smuggling undermines the last claim of the Kuomingtang government to independence and beats down foreign commercial rivals. By cheating the Chinese customs of some £120,000 revenue per month, this contraband traffic causes considerable damage to British capital investments in China, which draw their interest on loans from this chief of China's revenue sources. With Japan striking at the very heart of British influence in Fu-Kien in the south, and with the irritation of the persistent smuggling, it is probable that the attempts to put a halt to Japanese penetration will be viewed with benevolent neutrality by British and American imperialism. But with or without such foreign support, unreliable to the extreme, it is evident that the long-awaited struggle for Chinese freedom against Japanese aggression is rapidly being organized and extended.

TO OUR READERS

DUE TO THE FACT that four out of five editors and the more active of the associates of *New Frontier* are now in or on their way to France, Spain, the U.S.S.R., New York, Vancouver and the northern wilds; due to the fact that very few people want to purchase and read a serious magazine in the summer, even if they are in a place where it is available; due to the fact that the committee is desirous of building up a reserve of literary and critical material so as to be able to put out a better balanced and more widely interesting magazine: there will be no August issue of *New Frontier*. The September issue will appear on August 15th. Subscribers will, of course, receive the number of issues subscribed for. Work is already being done on several series of articles to appear in autumn issues, and the committee has every confidence that this decision will result in a stronger, healthier and more valuable magazine.

CAPITAL RULES THE AIR WAVES

THE REPORT of the Special Radio Commission, tabled in the House of Commons last month, recommends the "temporary abandonment of the principle of radio nationalization" and the institution of a board of governors to control the character of both political and advertising programs. Although the probability is that there will be more stringent supervision, it remains to be seen whether the new board will be more reactionary than the present Radio Commission, which has gone a long way in censoring and even banning broadcasts. An example of the way in which labour broadcasts are kept off the air was given on May 21 last, when the management of station CKCL, Toronto, from which station the *Daily Clarion* sponsors a weekly news broadcast, refused to allow the *Clarion* commentator to interview strikers from the New Method Laundry over the air. This ban was upheld in a letter received by the *Clarion* from Mr. Charlesworth, head of the Commission. Politely evading the issues involved, he stated that the interviews were not news but editorial opinion, and as the company had not had occasion to state its case over the air (this in the face of a news boycott instituted by the Toronto press against the strikers), the station was quite justified in its action. We might expect something of this sort from Mr. Charlesworth, whose spurious "liberalism" has long worn thin. It is to be regretted however, that J. S. Woodsworth, to whom the *Clarion* wired in order to enlist his support, should

reply in a similar vein, repeating Mr. Charlesworth's arguments almost word for word. "Your suggested broadcast could hardly be regarded as news," his letter reads. We respectfully ask the C.C.F. leader: If an interview with a striking worker is not "news" in the eyes of a Socialist member of parliament, what does constitute news? Or perhaps the question should be addressed to the editors of the *New Commonwealth*, official organ of the Ontario C.C.F., which quietly ignored the whole affair.

Ottawa Notes

LAST month the Liberal government's budget solved the depression problems of the bondholders and the vested interests. This month a National Employment Commission has been set up as a seemingly benevolent gesture to help the unemployed; in reality it is a spectacular front behind which big business will retain its increasing rate of profit by ensnaring the workers in a mesh of legislation which will put them to work on the farms and in the factories at low rates of wages. The personnel of the Commission is ominous. Arthur B. Purvis of Montreal, president of Canadian Industries Limited, connected with the American firm of DuPont, the Imperial Chemical Industries of Great Britain and numerous other large corporations, is the chairman. Labour's representative will be Tom Moore, formerly president of the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada, who added nothing to his prestige last year by accepting a post of commissioner on Bennett's Employment and Social Insurance Commission.

The Employment Commission is now valiantly gathering together statistics from the Department of Labour with the intent of explaining why employment is lagging behind expanding activity in trade and industry. Intentions are at present to put the single unemployed on the farms this summer at a probable rate of fifteen dollars per month, of which the government will pay ten and the farmer five. Should the men prefer relief to this manner of earning an "honest living," the state's obligation to them is ended, was the opinion of Premier King when he spoke on the Commission and its functions last April 2. The inference is plain. But not content with forcing city unemployed onto the farms this summer, the Commission will also study a series of Land Settlement schemes to be put into operation in the future. Land Settlement is only a sweet sounding alias for the familiar "back to the land" scheme.

Another pitfall for the unwary lies in the Commission's plan to institute a system of apprenticeship by which young men will be placed in factories while learning a trade, those industries accepting such labour to pay wages from government subsidies. This will supply a huge market of cheap labour for business by forcing youths to accept work at low rates of pay, and will undoubtedly displace many qualified workers who refuse to work at these low standards.

The Employment Commission will also investigate the relief system throughout Canada, which means that we may all be ready for another campaign to cut the "chisellers" off the rolls.

* * * * *

The Liberals have now very nicely reneged on their election pledge to make the Bank of Canada a publicly owned institution. Finance Minister Dunning's new bill will create $5,100,000 worth of new stock which the government will buy for itself, thus securing almost fifty-one per cent control over the $5,000,000 of stock now in private hands, and giving it a ten to seven representation on the bank's directorate, this to be gradually increased to ten to four by 1940. The government's bill found no support among the other parties. C.C.F. and Social Credit members demanded that the government take over completely all privately held stock and run the Bank on a public ownership basis. The second night of debate saw Vancouver's Gerry Grattan McGeer bolt from the Liberal ranks to run wild in a battering attack on the administration for their betrayal of public confidence. Eyes flashing, arms flailing and loudly applauded by the three opposition parties he demanded " . . . control of public currency in terms of public need, not private gain." The climax came when he joined H. H. Stevens to move an amendment which would put the bank bill in the hands of a special committee of seven members and six senators who would investigate the field of currency, credit, banking, finance and commerce, after which they would draft a bill for a publicly-owned central bank. This was ruled out of order because the courtesy of giving notice was not observed.

While few thinking people assume that public ownership of the Bank of Canada would solve all our problems, the government's bill is still definitely unsatisfactory. If the personnel of the government's representatives on the board of directors is not of a higher standard than, say, that of the National Employment Commission, there will be little or no guarantee that the Bank of Canada will not be still in the hands of private interests, and we shall be no better off than before.

* * * * *

By a vote of twenty to six the Senate banking and commerce committee rejected the proposed amendment to the British North America Act which would have conferred powers of indirect taxation upon the provinces. The amendment was another attempt to shift the growing burden of relief and interest payment on the bonded debt from the shoulders of the rich to the masses of the people through a provincial sales tax, which would have been pyramided on top of the towering Dominion sales tax. In part the attempt failed. It is rather a sad joke, though, when we realize that the provinces are at present imposing indirect taxation, such as in taxes on amusements and gasoline. Alberta and New Brunswick have specified sales taxes and have as yet to encounter any difficulty, legal or otherwise, in applying them.

* * * * *

The House saved Canadian youth from the insidious and effete doctrine of pacifism when they defeated a C.C.F. resolution to abolish cadet training in the schools and universities, and to curtail the grants for the militia.

Despite the persistent and clever arguments of the seven socialist M.P.s, the members patriotically refused even to consider the matter, and downed the resolution by a vote of 108 to seven. Rule Britannia!

DILLON O'LEARY.

Case Supervisor

DOROTHY LIVESAY

LAST night she had escaped to a movie. But it was no escape. The news reels flashed by as if unrolling from her own mind: war, breadlines, crisis, drought—and yet gain those letters in thundering black type—CRISIS.

After that she laughed hysterically at Popeye. And the comedy, which should have lifted her into ease, into deep-sofaed and luxuriant rooms, remote as an aquairium—the comedy began where she had left off. A girl was climbing Mrs. Rooney's rickety stairs, turning a door-handle slowly, afraid to protrude herself into the threadbare room. A girl was hot and angry after standing all day long behind a counter. This was to be department store love, just above the landlord's dispossess, just above the breadline . . .

As quivering scenes melted and were speeded up, held still and shot across the eyes, she found herself tensely clutching the chair seat. It could not end the same way—it must not. With Mrs. Rooney fighting her daughter for the rent. And "I'm going to have fun when I'm young—see? I'm going to live in spite of the landlord!"

No! It couldn't be like that. Love on the screen was different, it spread a film across the truth. Thank God, love was happy there, balancing itself above the dole. . . .

She went into the chill, wet air with face prickly and dry, her head aching. Thoughts must be pushed aside, and a furrow driven straight home to bed. There would be a long enough fight for sleep.

Now it was morning. She was sitting at her desk, absently opening mail, heedless of the telephone which went on and on like the ringing in her head.

"Oh, Miss Chilton?" A round curly head was in the doorway. "May I see you before I go out?"

"But we have a conference at two o'clock."

"I know. It's terribly important, Miss Chilton."

"One moment then. Sit down while I answer this." Then crisp and cool came her business voice: "Miss Chilton speaking." In a moment a pucker gathered above the clear eyes. "Oh yes. Yes Mr. Jones . . . No, I really can't do anything further about it, Mr. Jones. What we said yesterday closed the matter as far as I am concerned . . . Well, Mr. Jones, I gave you one hour and a half of my time, if you don't think that fair. I have to think of other people too. . . No, I am busy with conferences all day. I wouldn't be able to see you. . . . If your wife feels so badly about it why didn't she say something? I understood that she was perfectly satisfied. . . . Well, we won't discuss that over the telephone. I would rather see your wife alone. Yes. Yes. I will call on her tomorrow afternoon. . . . No. . . . Goodbye."

Cowardice, she was thinking. Pure cowardice to say I'd go in there again.

The girl was squirming in her seat, pretending not to listen. She probably thought things boded ill for her case. But she gathered her courage in her hands, her cheeks flushing, her candid brown eyes staring out under the shock of hair.

"Miss Chilton. It's about the Caporetti's again." She was apologetic at first, as if their misfortunes were her own fault. But as she went on she seemed to become unselfconscious, as if she was Mrs. Caporetti herself talking, stout and solid and determined, but perilously near the dangerline of lost control. When the worker had called yesterday Mrs. Caporetti had been like that, for the baby was sick again, Dr. Hart refused to come because he hadn't been paid for the last three times; Mr. Caporetti was off work again on account of his neuritis. He had had to keep the stove low to make the fuel last, but anyway his bedroom was simply freezing (I was in it Miss Chilton, and I know: what can you expect when the bedroom is so far from the kitchen ,and no stove in the hall?) And now there were entirely out of fuel (I went out to the back porch and there was only a shovelful. It would not last the night). Here it was morning, and all Mr. Caporetti's available cash had to go for food and milk (That's if we budget it like you said, Miss Chilton). So the girls wanted fuel ordered, and a doctor sent in from the Welfare Dispensary (because it's not a city case and we can't send a relief doctor).

Miss Chilton was fumbling with the leaves of a calendar on her desk. "But Miss Cherry. I see that coal was sent to the Caporetti's only two weeks ago. It is supposed to last a month."

"I know. But it never does. Not anywhere. Three weeks at the most. And the Caporetti's use their stove for cooking and everything. They have to keep it going all night so it won't be too cold in the morning for Mr. Caporetti's leg. Anyway, they have no matches in the house, Miss Chilton. They can't afford to buy matches."

"Did you put them in the budget?"

"Oh yes. But now the budget is all thrown out of kilter, with the baby sick and Mr. Caporetti not working."

"Tell me, Miss Cherry. Hove you ever really investigated whether the relatives could not help in this case? I mean her relatives? I know his are on relief."

The girl flushed a little, biting her lip. "But Mrs. Caporetti doesn't want me to see her relatives. She hasn't had anything to do with them since she married an Italian. They were so mean about it before."

"I realize that. But now that times are so hard all around, do you really think they would blame her, if they were approached the right way? Don't you think they might be willing to help a little, in times of stress, like this one?"

The girl would not answer her, but sat silently looking at her lap. For all the world like Mrs. Caporetti herself. Really, Miss Cherry was too emotional. She was undoubtedly letting her clients become too dependent on her. All Mrs. Caporetti had to do was tell a hard luck story and Miss Cherry flashed back to the office like a telephone message. She had no sense of proportion. She wasn't letting her clients develop any self-reliance. It would do no harm to pull her up sharp, right now.

"Isn't it just possible, Miss Cherry, that Mrs. Caporetti has been in touch with her people all along? I mean" (as the girl shook her head stubbornly) "that if she were left to her own devices now she might

quite naturally turn to her mother? I am sure they would help her out with a little fuel; or certainly they would send their family doctor. After all, if you were to tell them that their grandchild was ill, can you believe that they would be hard-hearted?"

"There are plenty of hard-hearted people in the world," the girl said.

"Well, Miss Cherry, I am not insisting that you see the relatives right now, in this emergency. But I would feel, would you not, that it might be well to carry on with the case with that step in mind?"

"Oh yes."

"Well then. Visit the family, and if the child is not better, send a doctor from the centre. But I certainly do not believe we can afford to send in fuel again. We've done it too often every two weeks. We have to think of other families."

"Yes Miss Chilton."

"Ask them what sources they have. Find out if they couldn't borrow from neighbors until next week. Or perhaps the store would give a little charcoal on credit."

"All right, Miss Chilton. Thank you." In a whisk, the girl was gone.

Miss Chilton opened the window wider, then plunged into her mail.

Automatically she slipped the letters into files, or made notes on little cards. She would have to telephone the city relief and report that new family, before Miss McQueen called her in for conference. Ten o'clock that was to be. But Miss McQueen had an erratic sense of time. It happened that she was just in the middle of her report when a secretary came to the door and told her: "Miss McQueen is waiting."

So be it. She arose, gathering pencil and paper and two files, and walked through the noisy stenographer's office down the hall to the big end room. "Come in." Miss McQueen, heavy and imposing, with white hair plastered neatly over one side of her forehead, was talking to Miss Dogherty, the other case supervisor. She was a big-boned woman, with a dour face and sallow complexion, her straight black hair as usual falling down over her eyes. Sometimes Dogherty seemed to be aware that she was a failure; at other times she was indifferent to that and to everything. Trouble just slid away from her as she stalked through the office with her mind somewhere far off.

Today Chilton could see she was flustered. And when Kay Dogherty was flustered the whole office could be counted on to get into a panic—especially her particular flock of workers and students.

Miss McQueen was speaking in her heavy, emphatic way. "We had a Board meeting last night, as I expect you know. I had to report that the budget in this district had exceeded the quota by almost one-third. One third. And we haven't reached Christmas yet or the first of the year. Fortunately the other districts were almost as bad. But not quite. Still, those business men were quite stunned. Mr. Farrow said that if he ran his business that way, he would have been bankrupt years ago. Mr. Tuthill mentioned that in his opinion the only solution was to put a business man in as head of each office. You know what that would mean: the end of our case work approach, our professional standards. . . . Just imagine, for instance, Mr. Tuthill or Mr. Augustus Brown sitting here in my place! Just how far would you get? No my friends, we have to maintain our standards, even at the expense of being more severe in our distributions. Every source of saving must be checked up once again, in particular I think the emergency fund must be watched carefully; and wherever a client can be turned over to a religious organization or an institution, it should be done. We have to catch up on that budget."

"But we are not a business organization." Dogerty was speaking as if she had only heard Miss McQueen's first sentence.

"We would be nowhere without the help of business, Miss Dogherty. Please remember that. You owe your position to it. I am not concerned here with what we are, but with what we can do. We have a vital function to perform and it must be performed with the least possible sacrifice—on al lsides. . . . Miss Chilton, have you any suggestions?"

She remembered Miss Cherry's silence. "Now that winter is here, Miss McQueen, I was thinking we would need *more* money for fuel and medicine—not less."

"Well, we can't have it. And you must convince your workers of that. These young ones must be pulled up sharply. It is they who are putting in a little extra, here and there—perhaps without your noticing it, Miss Dogherty. I think we will have to call a staff meeting on the subject. Now concretely, let us come to the point, where can we cut down? On service or relief?"

Service is relief, Chilton was thinking, nearly all the time. But she must not say that. Neither of them were expected to say anything. As long as they listened meekly to Miss McQueen, carried out her suggestions, they were safe. So she went on talking, planning, for upwards of an hour. Dogherty was getting restless, she probably had an appointment. Dear knows what she might not say. . . .

Finally it was over. Dogherty pounded her way out. At the door Chilton was recalled. "One moment." The small glassy blue eyes were inscrutable. "I noticed that your expenditures were lower than Miss Dogherty's, Miss Chilton. I am glad to observe that you are aware of your responsibilities."

She smiled in a faded way, and hurried out. Damn! So they were being compared like two mice. And good old Dogherty was in danger again, Dogherty whose heart was like a sieve, anyone could flow through it, even though she hadn't had any scientific training. . . . She would have to get together with Dogherty,—they could sign each other's slips, if necessary. She would do anything for Dogherty . . . but not for Mrs. Caporetti? Dogherty herself would only be interested in Mrs. Caporetti. She wouldn't care about her job.

Damn. She must stop thiking. Her mind was getting fuzzy again. Crisis. Crisis. Hang onto yourself, old girl. Watch out. Now. At your desk. Turn around. Smile. Goodmorning Miss Svenson. Yes, I can see you now. (Even though she lies to me and swears she isn't pregnant, I can still smile.)

At noon she came down late for lunch. Miss McQueen must have gone out for lunch, if the sound of laughter and the sense of relaxation had any meaning. But when Chilton entered the girls stiffened up perceptibly: and this, although Dogherty was present. It

was like a school room, this restraint which Miss McQueen had so carefully built up between supervisors and juniors. Only Dogherty ignored it.

Food was passed politely, coffee gulped in a hurry. An hour and fifteen minutes was their right, according to regulations; but Chilton couldn't remember when they had more than three-quarters of an hour. Today she wanted to sit and sit, to gossip with Black and Dogherty. Young Cherry, as they called her, had not come in. So she felt relaxed, puffing at a cigarette. Then there came an urgent telephone call, and it was all over.

Conferences. Two full hours of conference with different workers. She wouldn't be able to make a single call that day. And Mrs. Harris had to have. . . Stop getting like this, she told herself. Mrs. Harris can wait. Everybody can wait. Everything can be done tomorrow. Nobody can starve in a day. "It takes weeks to starve," Black had said, or was it Dogherty? "But one night can cause pneumonia."

She felt the workers lined up outside her door, as at a lavatory. "I've got to get in there first" someone was saying in a fierce whisper. "I'm taking the trolley out to Greenfields, and you know it takes all day." "But I have an appointment downtown at 2,30 and it's nearly that now. I'm first on the list, you know it Dolly."

Supposing she called it off, let them scatter? But no, they had things to ask her, they might make mistakes. She opened the door, looked surprised to see them there in the hall, and asked them all in together. "Unless there is something specially important, we will just discuss finances", she explained.

It had seemed easier to cope with them all at once. Now, with four pair of eyes staring at hers, it was more difficult to sound convincing. "You must cut your budgets, cut your extras, cut your coal orders." They couldn't accept it.

"But Miss Chilton——"

"What about Dora O'Brien's arch support?"

"And the Brown baby?"

"And Mrs. Saunder's convalescent care?"

"Miss Dogherty said——"

She pounced on that one. "What did Miss Dogherty say?"

"I don't remember."

"I do. She said we couldn't really make any big changes in our plans or it wouldn't be social work we were doing, but police work."

Chilton flushed. Dogherty had reached them first, Dogherty has sowed rebellion. She was right, oh yes, but this wasn't a question of right and wrong. This was a practical question, a "business proposition." She would have to make them see it that way. She began talking, coldly and sensibly.

She could feel their chill growing, their distrust. Fortunately Miss Cherry wasn't there (where could she be?). But there was someone to take her place: Jean Vronsky.

"That is quite understandable, Miss Chilton. But what we would like to know is this: who are *you* for? For the people we are trying to help, or for the Board?" There was a gasp and a silence after it had been said.

Chilton was angry this time. "There is no question where my sympathy lies," she said. "As a social worker of some years' standing I do not have to explain myself to you."

There! She had done it. Lost her temper—and isolated them from her, forever. She watched them filing out miserably, her face set. A fine social worker who could not stand criticism. . . . A fine example.

She called a stenographer and began to dictate, so fast that the girl protested. "Sorry. Just mention it and I'll slow up. Where was I?—'Mrs. Jones then said that Mr. Jones'. Yes. Paragraph."

When the afternoon was finally over, when the new case had been attended to, when Mrs. O'Hara had been given sewing materials and Miss Mickle had received her food order in advance—when everyone was getting ready for five o'clock with a sudden quickening of tempo—then she knew that she couldn't go home to the apartment for a long, long time. She would just sit here after it was quiet and smoke cigarette after cigarette. For a second now she folded her arms on the table and laid her head down.

She scarcely heard the timid knock on the door, and only raised her eyes in time to see Miss Cherry slip through the door and close it.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Miss Chilton."

"It's what I'm here for. I just happen to forget it sometimes, that's all."

Cherry should have been warned by the ironic tone. She was too full of her story to notice.

"I could only get there this afternoon . . ."

"There?"

"The Caporetti's, you know."

"Oh yes. There are so many Caporetti's."

"Well, these ones especially. The baby was awful sick. But luckily I was able to phone next door and got him to come right away—the Welfare doctor. The baby has pneumonia, Miss Chilton. . . . And all they had been burning in the stove since last night was wooden boxes. There were no more left when I got there. . . . I just couldn't ask Mrs. Caporetti any questions, Miss Chilton. . . ."

"So you telephoned the coal company?"

"Yes. But it's all right, Miss Chilton. It's all right. I paid for it out of my own money. Luckily I had just had my cheque cashed."

"You paid for it . . .!" Chilton set back in her chair. "But you have to live too, child."

"I can live. I can easily live. It's they who can't live."

Then Chilton's head turned away, her elbows fell upon the desk. "Go away. Go away child. . . Leave me, I say!"

A Jazz Age Clerk

JAMES T. FARRELL

JACK STRATTON answered telephone calls all day in the Wagon Department of the Continental Express Company. His hours were from ten to eight, and the best feature of his job was the time he was free for lunch, from one to two. Ordinarily, clerks went to lunch at noon, and sometimes he felt that people seeing him out for his lunch period from one to two might figure he was a lad with a pretty good job, because one o'clock was the time that many business men took for their lunch hour, avoiding the twelve o'clock crowding in the Loop.

Jack went out to lunch on a sunny day of early spring, feeling good. And he would have felt even better if only his faded powder blue suit were not so old, and if only it were already the next pay day, because then he hoped to be able to make a down payment and get a new suit on an installment plan of buying. When he had gotten this powder blue suit, he had thought that it was the nuts. All the cakes were wearing powder blue suits. But his was cheap, and it had faded quickly. And his brown hat too, fixed square shape the way they were being worn, it was old, and greasy from so much stacomb that he had smeared on his hair. Yes, he would have felt even much better if he was dogged out in new clothes. Well, he would someday, he decided, and he walked along toward a restaurant on Van Buren street, singing:

The stars shine above you,
Yet linger a while:
They whisper I love you,
So linger a while.
And when you have gone away
Each hour will seem a day.

He spotted a girl who was so hot that she could have started another Chicago fire all by herself. He snapped his fingers and looked at her as she passed on the opposite side of the street. And what legs too! Daddy! He burst into song.

Teasing eyes, teasing eyes,
You're the little girl that sets my heart afire . . .

Teasing! He whistled low, expressing his feelings. He thought to himself; Oh sister, ain't that hot! He reflected that working in the Loop certainly had its advantages. Plenty of broads to see, at least.

He altered his gait into a hopping two step. But quickly, it made him self-conscious. He might be seen dancing, and some strangers would laugh at him for it, the way some of the fellows and Heinie Mueller and Gas House McGinty laughed at him in the office, and called him Jennie. Someday he would like to show them, and punch a few of the wise aleck clerks in the mouth. And he would too. They were just dumb, that was all, and they didn't know what was going on in the world. They didn't have enough sense to be cake eaters. And nicknaming him . . . Jenny. He would Jenny them someday. He shifted his gait into a kind of walking dance step, his body almost quivering with each step. Another song burst into his thoughts, *Tiger Rose.*

Sadness drove the half sung chorus out of his mind. He wanted girls, a girl, and he wanted money to spend on clothes that would impress the broads, and for dances, dates, going places. But he was only making eighty-five a month. That was more than he had expected to make when he went out for a job, and he couldn't kick, because he knew guys who only made their fifteen a week. But it wasn't any too much money. And since his old man was out of work, most of this jack had to go to his mother towards keeping up the home. Gee, he wished that the old man would find another job, and then he could have a little more money to spend.

He saw an athletically built blonde, and she was just bow wows, the kind to look at and weep. He jerked his shoulders to the jazz rhythm of another song:

I'm running wild, I'm runnin' wild
I lost control . . .

Now, if there would only be some mama like that in the restaurant, and if he could only get next to her.

He came to his restaurant, a tile-floored joint with an imitation marble counter, owned by a Greek. He took a counter seat up front, several stools away from the nearest customer. Kitty, the slatternly peroxide-blonde waitress came towards him, greeted him with a yellow-tooth yawn, a fat hand suddenly across the low forehead of a face that was crusted with powder.

"Hello Kiddo, my wonderful, wonderful one! How're the dogs today? Sore from high stepping last night?" he asked with a rising animation.

"Hello! What'll you have?" she answered without enthusiasm.

A customer arose, and moved toward the cash register and cigar case a few feet to the right of Jack. Kitty collected the money and the check, rung it up, returned to stand in front of Stratton with a thick and bored expression on her face. He snapped his fingers, rolled his eyes, sang.

"Come on, never mind singing that Dapper Dan song. Tell me, Dapper Dan, what do yuh want?"

"Ham and coffee."

She swung her head sidewise, and belched the order to the chef. Other customers arose, and she collected from them. He was alone in the restaurant with her. And suddenly, he was conscious of his shabbiness. He reached down to feel his frayed right trouser cuff, he touched the thinness at the right elbow of his coat. He tried to visualize himself togged out in a fifty dollar suit. She shoved a ham sandwich at him, and then slopped a cup of coffee across the counter.

"I'm stepping high tonight. Big times!" he said, applying mustard to his sandwich.

"Huh?" she mumbled lifelessly.

"Dance tonight at the South Hall out in Englewood where I live," he said, biting into his sandwich.

"Takin' yours along?" she asked lackadaisically.

"Not on your drum. I told my sheba that she could keep the home fires burning tonight. I'm float-

ing up to that hop, a lone stag, and I'm taking my pickings. Variety and change, sister. And my feet are just hot for that band to start playing."

His shoulders quivered to the muttering of a few lines from *The Darktown Strutters Ball.*

"Say, cancha sing a song that's new?" Kitty said, petulance in her voice.

"Sure, sister," he said, raising his hands, palms outward, in a gesture of confidence, "I just learned this one this week at the Song Shop on Monroe street. Listen!"

No, No, Nora, nobody but you dear,
You know Nora, yours truly is true dear . . .

"Aha!" He broke in with a leer.

And when you accuse me of flirting . . .

"Like that baby?" he interpolated with a lascivious wink.

I wouldn't, I couldn't, I love you so,
I've had chances, too many to mention . . .

"Always get chances," he interposed.

Never give them a bit of attention.
No, No, Nora, No! No!

"Like that?"

"It's got a nice tune," she said half-dopily, as he coughed, and drank some coffee.

"Swell rhythm! Fast! And tonight when Wild and Wooly Willie Williams and his Jazzy Jazzers break into that tune, I'm grabbing myself a keen number, and going around that slippery dance floor like greased lightning. Know what greased lightning is? . . . It's me on a dance floor with a sheba, stepping myself right up over those blue clouds into heaven."

"You're egotistical," she said.

He finished his sandwich. His coffee cup was half-filled. He looked at the pie in the dessert case before him. He dug his hand into his right trouser pocket. He swallowed his coffee in one gulp, slid off the counter. He laid fifteen cents on the cigar case, and Kitty rang it up.

"Toodle-oo!"

"So long Sheik," she said patronizingly.

He stood on the sidewalk, hands stuck in trouser pockets, watching the crowd flow by, and overhead the elevated trains thundered, drowning out the racket of street traffic. He had an inspiration. He'd go and sit in the lobby of a good hotel, instead of going to the Song Shop to listen, with other cakes, while the new songs were sung. It would be restful.

If he only had on decent clothes, he could sit and seem like a young fellow with a rich gaffer, or a good job with a high salary. A fellow, hastening along, bumped into him, and snottily suggested that he quit taking up the entire sidewalk. Jack looked after him, shrugged his shoulders, laughed. He started walking, his eyes bent on the moving legs of a girl in front of him.

Another inspiration. If he got his shoes shined, his appearance would be improved. He hated to spend the dime though, because when he got home tonight, he could shine his own shoes. But his appearance would be improved, and then when he went into the lobby of a good hotel, it wouldn't be quite so bad. That would all be in accordance with his principle of clever dressing. Always have on something new, or outstanding, or shiny, a loud tie, a clean shirt, a new hat, shined shoes, and then, something else you were wearing that was shabby wouldn't be so noticed. He dropped into a shoe shine parlor to apply his principle.

While a young Negro pretentiously shined his shoes, he daydreamed about how he would nonchalantly stroll into the lobby of the Potter Hotel, and find himself a chair that he could slump into, just as natural. He could spread out his legs so that the first thing anybody noticed about him would he his shined shoes. His thoughts leaped. Wouldn't it be luck if a ritzy queen fell for him. It would be . . . just delirious. Daddy! His mood lightened, his spirits were absorbed in gaiety, and he sang to himself.

Toot Toot Tootsie, goo' bye!
Toot Toot Tootsie, don't cry!
The choo-choo train dadadadadadada . . .

Adventure bound, with a keen feeling of expectancy, he walked toward the new Potter Hotel. His courage deserted him as he passed the ornamentally dressed door man whose face seemed set and frowning, and seemed to tell him that he was entering a place where he wasn't wanted. He stood at the entrance to the enormous and gilded lobby, with its gold decorations, its hanging diamond-like chandeliers, its lavishness of comfortable furniture. He breathed in awe. Like a palace. Like a scene in a movie where they all had the bucks. He saw people, men and women, moving, standing, sitting, reading, talking, all in a kind of confusion. For a moment he felt as if he were in a moving picture world, the hero in a picture walking into this hotel lobby like a palace fit for the greatest and richest of kings. He skirted several bell boys and sat in a corner, but it was not obscure, because there was a passageway all around the lobby, and many people walked by him as he sat. The feeling of hush, as if he were in a church where no talking was permitted, persisted within him. He sat, wishing he had not come here where he did not belong, glad he had come, hoping, wishing that someday, someday. Now if this was like a picture, and he was the hero.

Across from him, several yards away, he spotted a gray haired man in a gray suit, whose pleasantly wrinkled face seemed to shed calm and happiness. He tried to make himself seem as calm as that man. For want of something to do he ran the palm of his hand through his meticulously combed hair, and then, he sedulously drew out a dirty handkerchief to wipe the vaseline off his hand. On his right, he hard a well dressed young fellow whose face was Jewish, discussing the stock market with a friend. A bell boy wended in and among the seated people, intoning.

"CALL FOR MR. WAGNER . . . CALL FOR MR. WAGNER . . . CALL FOR MR. WAGNER . . . MR. WAGNER . . ."

He sat, unable to eliminate the confusion of feelings he was feeling in this foreign atmosphere of the well-dressed, the well-fed, the successful, wishing that he could live a life that had as much glitter as the lives of these people around him must have. He thought of how someday he wanted to be able to sit in a swanky hotel lobby like this one, well dressed, and have a bell boy pass along calling for him. He tried to see him-

self, a little older, a successful rich business man in this lobby. The bell boy droning for him.

CALL FOR MR. STRATTON . . . CALL FOR MR. STRATTON . . . CALL FOR MR. JOHN STRATTON . . .

And it would be some millionaire on the wire waiting to close an important deal with him, netting him a handsome profit. And he would close the deal. And he would come back, waiting for a mama, maybe a hot movie actress who would be the sweetheart of the nation, waiting for her to meet him. And he would think waiting for this beautiful queen of how when he had been nothing but a punk clerk in the Wagon Call Department of the Continental Express Company, he had come to sit in this same lobby, with frayed pants cuffs, and a thin elbow on his coat, and he had dreamed of the day when such things would happen to him.

He saw a tall and handsome young fellow pass, must be collegiate, must have had his gray suit made to order, and paid fifty, seventy-five bucks for it, maybe even more. It broke the thread of his day-dream, and all the confidence went out of him, so that inside, he was shaking. He wished, again, that he hadn't come in here where he didn't belong. He felt as if every one in the lobby were looking at him, knowing he didn't belong here, resenting him, wanting him tossed out on his can. He looked unobtrusively at two snappily dressed young fellows on his left. They were out of earshot. He wondered what they were saying. They must have dough. They probably had everything that they wanted, did anything they cared to do, had automobiles and money to date up queens. One of them, a fellow in a Scotch tweed suit, drew out a fat cigar, removed the band, smelled the cigar, bit off the end, lit it like a movie hero in a picture. Ah, if this was a movie with him the hero. If his life was like that of a hero in a movie. And he was starting out along a road to riches and a queen right now. Ah! That was class too, the way that fellow in the tweed had pulled out and lit his cigar. When his ship came in, and he could smoke two bit cigars, he would have to remember to light them with the same class.

"CALL FOR MR. O'FLAHERTY . . . CALL FOR MR. AL. O'FLAHERTY . . . CALL FOR MR. O'FLAHERTY . . ."

Wouldn't it be the dogs to be paged like that for important business calls. But he had no right even to think of such things. It wouldn't ever be for him. His lot in life deepened his misery. He hadn't had anything to start on. Poor parents. One year in high school, and then, with no clothes, no athletic ability, no money, nothing that would make the girls go for him. But gee, in high school, there had been all kinds of hot and classy girls. Only why should they have looked at an unimportant freshman like himself? And anyway that was all over. Now, he was working at a job with no future. Maybe he ought to be glad for what he had, and that he was making as much as he did. But gee, he couldn't help feeling that some guys got all the breaks, and he got none. All these people, they belonged to a world he would never get into.

A bell boy coming towards him. Gee! He was stricken with fright. He touched the thinness of his right sleeve. He pushed back the dirty cuffs of his shirt so that they were invisible. He tried to think up a reason he could give for being here when the bell boy came to him. He'd say he was waiting for somebody who was staying in the hotel. But they could check up on the name. He'd say he was waiting for a friend coming in from New York who was going to stay here. The bell boy coming. He wanted to get up and leave. He had no will. No fear sweating inside of him, breaking out in his arm pits, on his forehead. Coming!

The bell boy passed by his chair, as if no one were seated in it, bent over to speak with the gray haired man whose face seemed so calm. The man arose, followed the bell boy across the lobby. He again pulled out his soiled handkerchief, crushed it into a ball so it couldn't be noticed, wiped his forehead.

He watched a tall blonde young woman move voluptuously across the lobby. She was the dogs, the cat's meow, and the stars all rolled into one. Those lips of hers. She had lip-appeal sister, lip-appeal, sex-appeal, and she had it, and she was like a shower of stars. Oh, sister, ain't she hot! Looked like Mrs. Ten Million Bucks. He followed her each sensuous, tantalizing movement with thirsting eyes. She was a trifle taller than he, he guessed . . . but . . Hot . . . She sat down beside a middle aged man in a conservative blue suit, crossed her legs . . . Legs too, they were! Wouldn't he like to run his hands up those legs! Wouldn't he like to be rich enough to buy the most expensive stockings money could buy, and to put them on those legs himself, with his own little hands! Oh sister! She lit a cigarette, and he bet himself that it was an expensive Turkish cigarette.

Tantalizing! he told himself, not removing his eyes from her crossed slender legs.

Yes, all he wanted in life was a mama like that, and the money to keep her decked out in clothes, and to take her to high class places. There wasn't a movie queen in Hollywood that had a nickel on her.

Daddy! he reflected to himself, wistfully.

With an effort of nerve, he imagined that she was his woman, sitting beside him, talking to him, saying that she would rather not have lunch at the College Inn today. She was saying he wanted nothing but him, and that she wanted right away, and then, he could see them getting up, going upstairs to his suite of rooms and . . .

"CALL FOR MR. JONES . . . CALL FOR MR. JOHN A. JONES . . . MR. JOHN A. JONES . . ."

The voice of the bell boy was like a jolt, awakening him. He looked at his dollar watch. Two minutes to two. He'd be late, and Collins, his boss, might bawl the hell out of him, and then they would all razz him and call him Jenny, the drug-store cowboy. He placed his hat on carefully, got up, moved swiftly out of the hotel.

He hurried back to work, falling into an occasional dance step. He broke into a run, and then, pulled up winded. Four minutes after two. What excuse could he give Collins? He looked at a girl in pink. Nice. He unwittingly broke into a song.

I'm Al-a-ba-ma bound . . .

He thought of his worries, and the things he wanted and couldn't have. He again broke into a run, hoping that he wouldn't be bawled out by Collins. . . . Two-seven.

Signposts to Peace

K. N. CAMERON

WAR is on its way. Slowly, quietly, but with terrifying efficiency the vast war machine of nations is being overhauled, made ready for action. Read the newspaper headlines — BRITAIN TO STRENGTHEN AIR FORCES; POPE REJOICES OVER ITALIAN VICTORY; MUSSOLINI TO MOBILIZE A MILLION MORE MEN; POLITICIAN CALLS FOR NATIONAL DEFENCE; HITLER MARCHES INTO RHINELAND; SCHOLAR RIDICULES PACIFISTS; BISHOP BLESSES BATTLESHIP. Watch the newsreels and the rotogravure sections—while technical progress in industry has come to a virtual halt and labour-saving inventions are bought up to be suppressed, new and deadlier tanks, airplanes, poison gas, submarines, machine guns are being produced daily.

And on the other side of the picture, the peoples of the world are becoming conscious of the danger, and thinking in terms of organization to maintain world peace. The Popular Front governments of France and Spain join with the U.S.S.R. in an unequivocal policy of collective security. Men like the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Premier of Czechoslovakia join with generals, writers, scientists and labour leaders in appeals for an international peace movement. Today, as in 1914, the dominant factor in the world situation is the drive to war, and the struggle against it.

But today the situation is much more complicated than then. In the pre-1914 days the antagonisms were relatively easy to understand: Britain, France and Russia were jointly menaced by the expanding industrialism of Germany, while the rivalries between these powers themselves were not great enough to prevent their combining against the common enemy. And the background to this conflict was that of a flourishing economic order and a political and social stability that had reigned unchallenged for more than a century.

Today the drive to war is taking place against a background of general crisis and economic depression (known in the press as "recovery") that have combined to put an end to whatever measure of political or social stability had been achieved after the "unrest" of the immediate post-war years. The number of imperialist rivalries is legion. The struggle for markets has become so intense that the formation of alliances between the great powers is as difficult as it is precarious. A further complication is presented by the U.S.S.R., a socialist society with its population of 180,000,000 people outside of the sphere of capitalist economy. Then there is the obvious distaste for war among the peoples of the world; millions of them organizing in every land in a distressingly efficient manner for an un-patriotic, un-Christian, struggle against mass slaughter. The possibility that the outbreak of another war might lead to the permanent removal of the war-makers of several countries has given these gentlemen food for thought.

And there is still another factor which was not present in 1914. This is the existence of two fascist nations, Germany and Italy, and one semi-fascist, militarist nation, Japan, all driving toward war with a frenzied determination which their fatter brethren find extremely disturbing. These latter countries, Britain, France, the U.S.A., are at present more disposed to hang on to the evils (and the booty) that they have than to flee to others that they know not of. But the fascist countries, the "have nots", are so pressed by economic contraction and social discontent that they are ready to stake everything upon the mad gamble of war, in the hope that they may be more fortunate in the general bloody scramble than they were the last time.

Britain on the Tight-Rope

Of the whole complex scene one of the most interesting (and for us in Canada one of the most important) spectacles is that endless tight-rope act known as British Foreign Policy. The wide-spread theory, recently repeated by Mr. Halton in the *Toronto Star*, that Britain has no foreign policy at all, is a profound mistake. The British imperialists know their business perfectly, and the numerous offers by well-meaning individuals to form a correct foreign policy for them must cause a good many guffaws among the boys at Whitehall.

Yes, Britain has a foreign policy, and a very definite one. It is based on three great principles: (a) The wide-spread British Empire is tempting booty to the lean calves of the imperialist hierarchy. (b) France must not be allowed to secure the whip-hand on the continent. (c) It would be nice if Soviet Russia could be disposed of. Starting from the first principle we see that it is imperative that Britain secure at least one important ally in the job of holding the Keep Off the Grass sign over the slave preserves on which the sun never sets. As to the second, it has been a leading principle of British foreign policy since the Middle Ages that no one power shall be allowed to establish hegemony in Europe, to the end that England may hold the balance of power and juggle with them all. Today this necessitates a strengthening of Germany to use as a balance against France. When we combine the three principles we see why the obliterating projects of Herr Hitler should be encouraged by every Englishman who is an imperialist and a gentleman.

The dominant line, therefore, of British foreign policy *at present* is to weld an allegiance of Britain, France and Germany for keeping peace in Western Europe and smashing the U.S.S.R., and for protecting the British Empire from such unruly aggressors as the Italians. But this dominant line is meeting with considerable opposition. Opposition comes from that section of British capitalism which wants peace at almost any price because it realizes the tremendous losses which might result from another war. Opposi-

tion comes from the British people, so well doped with anti-Germany (corpse factory, crucifixion of nurses) propaganda that they are still strongly anti-German, while the process of re-conditioning would be long and difficult. The strongest opposition comes from the British workers and trade unionists, who have twice prevented attempts of British imperialism to smash the U.S.S.R., and are bitterly hostile to the Nazi regime. For all these reasons there is a move in British political circles for shunning Hitler and joining the Franco-Soviet peace pact. This is still far from becoming the line of British foreign policy, but it may become so in the future if sufficient pressure can be brought to bear against the government.

Followed by Canada

The foreign policy of Canada is essentially modelled upon that of Britain, though with this further complication: it must not run contrary to the interests of American imperialism. So Canadian politicians have the unhappy task of performing a balancing act between the interests of two powerful and rival nations, and at the same time furthering their own interests. At present they are extremely dexterous in doing nothing to offend either Downing Street or the White House, while they keep on tap a certain minimum of armed forces. As Mr. Grote Sterling obligingly informed the Canadian electorate during his term as Minister of Defense, the necessary machine is ready to herd them off to slaughter, but they must not be so unreasonable as to ask questions about it.* And we can be reasonably certain that this machine is linked up with that nobler instrument, the British Empire Death Machine, rapturously envisaged by Sir Maurice Hankey.

Canadian foreign policy has always followed that of Great Britain, and today the line of support for the Nazis is given at least tacit support by the Canadian government, while, as Mr. Bennett and Mr. King told us a few weeks ago, the present British hostility to the League of Nations is also to be aped on Parliament Hill. But the second current, that favouring friendship with France and the Soviet Union is also present, and is reflected for instance in the anti-Nazi line of the *Toronto Star* and other liberal papers.

An effective policy for a mass peace movement in Canada must base itself on these facts. We must remember that world economy is so integrated that a war breaking out anywhere tends to spread into world war; and that the three above-mentioned fascist powers are ready and eager to help it spread. We must have a clear conception of the main objectives of British foreign policy, and of Canada's part in that policy. And we must carefully evaluate the respective ever-changing strength of the peace forces and the forces making for war.

We have already named the main strength of the forces making for war—the might of imperialism with its armed forces and its tremendous propaganda machine. The main bulwark of the peace forces are the working people of every country. To them temporary although powerful assistance is sometimes given by

*"There are the necessary plans under which the forces would be called upon to operate in the event of trouble breaking out. Those plans, of course, cannot be described in public. They exist; they are relied upon, and they are modified as events take place."—Grote Sterling in the House on March 19, 1935.

General Pouderoux—H. Mayerovitch

the ruling classes of those imperialist countries which are not prepared for war. But in the last analysis the only force capable of matching and defeating the might of predatory imperialism is that of the organized masses. And it is upon this basic fact that any realistic peace movement must be founded.

Added to the international peace movement is the U.S.S.R., the strongest single force for world peace. As a socialist country without imperialist designs it can have no other than a defensive interest in war. By adroit statesmanship its government has succeeded again and again in blocking the path to war, while the powerful Red Army has held even the most ardent imperialists in thoughtful check.

The Disposition of Forces

As pointed out before, the integration of world economy makes the localization of war almost impossible. The possible outbreak of war in any section of the globe is not the exclusive concern of the inhabitants of that region, but of all the people of the earth. From this arises the most important tactic of the struggle for peace—the peace forces must be manoeuvred and focused as much as possible as a solid entity, not split into as many fronts as there are countries. It must be concentrated on international action, not national action. This basic strategy adds a hundredfold to the power of the peace forces, which taken separately might be defeated by their respective imperialisms, but taken as a unit are incomparably more powerful.

This international action is of two kinds, direct and indirect. Direct action, through the international working-class movement, the trade unions, the Second and Third Internationals, takes the form of general strikes, strikes in the transport and munition industries, and so on. Indirect action takes the form of the organized mass movement in every country attempting to force each government to play a part in the fight for peace in the international arena, through the League of Nations, through the enforcement of peace pacts, and through its foreign policy in general.

The view that the League of Nations is merely a "capitalist tool" is out of date at a time of great ac-

tivity such as the present, as the example of France, where foreign policy is actually being dictated by the people, shows. At present a struggle is being waged between the masses and the imperialists for control of the League, and certain far-sighted politicians, particularly in Britain, realize the danger to their interests and are concocting schemes for "altering the League" (refashioning it as a tool of British imperialism). Today the principle of collective security stands against the policy of lone wolf prowling. The line of demarcation has become so clear that it is growing imperative for everyone to choose between them.

In Canada our line of action is clear. We must build a mass movement which can force our government to renounce the pro-Nazi line of the dominant circles of British imperialism, and to support the principle of collective security, at the same time of course, working for direct working class action against war.

King, Bennett and others, in accordance with the do-nothing offend-nobody policy of Canadian capitalism, are trying to persuade the Canadian people that the role they can play in international affairs is insignificant. On the contrary it is a very important one. If Canada refused to follow its lead the hand of British imperialism would be tremendously weakened, the myth of the "United Empire" exploded, and a powerful check given to the pro-Nazi line and an impetus towards the Franco-Soviet peace pact and collective security. The people of Canada hold a trump card, and it is because they realize this that the politicians are attempting to persuade them of their impotence. A strong lead from the Canadian people would help to force the British government and the Dominions into the camp of the peace forces, along with the governments of France, Spain and Czechoslovakia.

Son - and - Heir

The nine-months-long-awaited heir is born,
And the parents are pretty proud of the thing.
Instinct censors any real, as too forlorn,
Preview of coming attractions. Angels sing

Like press agents the praises of their lamb
In minds as polite as a mezzanine floor.
They do concoct a brave, politic sham
To ravel the plot, feature the smirking star.

They see him innocency's Jaeger pelt
Hide in the wolf's coat of angry youth,
Striding over the very veldtlike veldt
In a bandolier of Kodak films.

They make him up in the attractive role
Of a he-god in the next episode,
Bringing his woman dividends to roll
A cigarette with, giving his old dad

Market tips, and cigars on Father's Day,
And his mother telegrams and roses,
Walking in rightwiseness, always *au fait*,
Always sure of the thing he supposes.

Who will turn the lights up on this show?
You will find something has gone wrong
with the switch,
Or their eyes, used to horse opera, cannot grow
Used to an ordinary son-of-a-bitch

Like you or me for a son, or the doom
We discern—the empty years, the hand to mouth,
The moving cog, the unattended loom,
The breastless street, the lolling summer's drouth,

Or zero's shears at paper window pane,
AND SO FORTH AND SO FORTH
AND SO FORTH . . .
Let us keep melodrama out of this scene,
Eye open to daylight, foot on the firm earth.

A. J. M. Smith.

Doom Elegy

On a night like this, the Ides of March perhaps,
Spring will arrest your muscles and a raid
Of hands will light on you, to cry out: "Choose" - - -
Incisive fingers forced on shoulder-blade,
Open sockets for stampeding news.

"Listen child." And you know the message held.
You face the pitiless eyes and open wide
Your own, like shock resisters; as they say
The words no trembling flag of fear could hide:
"The operation failed. He died today."

And if the words should differ: "WAR'S
DECLARED",
They make no difference, the thought is one:
This the expected shock, the Judas-kiss
A flower-cup uncurling into sun
And childhood's leaves warned by the dark of this.

We grew, and munitions matched us, laboratories
Weighed the ingredients: magnifying glass
Revealed death's desert in a finger-nail
Of dust. Whatever door we sought to pass
Was marked with chalk: all sesames would fail.

This is no news, but a resolution passed
After hard labour, bitterness of sides:
Tenseness relaxed, you knew it all your days:
There would be one man missing, one who hides
His absent hand from thunder with the "Nays."

Impartially the chairman-undertaker
Smiling casts his vote, announces death,
Speculates on population where
Our wombs are lacerated, lovers' breath
Is torn asunder in the cool March air.

We are the children long prepared for dust
Ready in bone, the wrist a pulsing pain:
On a precarious railway-tie we lie
Our limbs long ready for the armored train—
Ears to the ground and bare eyes to the sky.

Dorothy Livesay.

An Open Letter to Paul de Kruif

Edmonton, Alberta, June, 1936.

My Dear Paul:

FOR the last couple of days I have been having a perfectly swell time reading your latest book.* So I hope you won't mind being *tutoyer*'ed. After all, when you write a book that takes a fellow into your confidence as completely as this one does, you can't get away from a sort of a feeling of intimacy. The psychologists tell us that intimacy derives from a close sharing of experiences between people, and I felt all through your book that I was sharing with you all the things that you saw; the things that made you glad made me glad, like when somebody showed us how to cure consumption; the things that made you sad made me sad, when we walked through the slums and saw kids dying slowly (or quickly) all around us; and when we realized the horribly stupid waste, the needlessness of the suffering and misery and death, and the fact that but for remedial circumstances over which men *do* have control, all of it could be done away with, I got just as angry as you did, and at the same time. And finally when you took a deep resolve to get out among people and write and talk—you might say "agitate"—and convey some of that fine indignation of yours to them and keep at it until they really did something, then Paul, you were sharing an experience with me that has occupied me for quite some time now. So that all in all, I don't see how you can object to my calling you Paul in this familiar, experience-sharing way. And then, too, I hope you won't mind if I try to tell *you* a thing or two about some haywire-ish notions you seem to have acquired.

Because you've come over to our side of the fence now, the side marked "LIFE", instead of just sitting on the fence and telling swell stories about life. And you say you're still a bit new in these surroundings and maybe haven't quite got your bearings yet. So I intend here and now to point out some of the sights, and if you like we'll do a little surveying along the fence and find out just where the forces of Life end and the powers of Death begin, because I have a feeling that you aren't as clear as you might be about the exact location of that boundary.

You see—it's all a matter of economics, which you say you don't know anything about. You call it "the Alice-in-Wonderland science". Well, to a certain extent you're quite right—a good deal of what's written as economics is just an upside-down, cockeyed fairy-tale. But not all of it, Paul, not all of it! When people write books on how and why the world should be made safe for profits, the results always look cockeyed to a guy that's interested in keeping kids alive. But then there are economists who write books on how and why the world should be made safe for kids and their parents, and one of them wrote some books showing how it could be done. His name was Karl Marx—you remember,—you mentioned him in your book once. But there is another chap you mention, name of Douglas, and it looks like he has shown how things can be fixed so that profits and kids can get along all right together in this world at the same time. And that seems to have got you or something, because you keep harping on the "control of credit" and "buying power" and all the rest of the Major's special little bag of tricks. And that, Paul, is what makes me mad.

I guess you'd be mad too if the same thing happened to you. Suppose I were one of the chief economists of either of our fair lands. And suppose I and my gang of brain-trusters had started things off so that we had the right kind of economics for keeping kids alive, and all we needed was to get the right kind of doctors to supply the dope. So instead of looking up Pasteur and Gray's Anatomy, we got all heated up about Mary Baker Eddy and made *Science and Health —With a Key to the Scriptures* required reading in the labs. Would you or wouldn't you blow a fuse? You would! Well that's why I'm sore when a clever chap like you falls for a Paracelsus prescription like "basic dividends" (what are they Paul?) and ignores the bird that made the first scientific dissection of the anatomy of society, and isolated the bug that is making it sick.

There's been quite a bit of excitement here at home about Social Credit. We even went and elected a Social Credit government with a Social Credit Premier all complete. I don't know whether the news has come through to you at *Wake Robin* yet, but so far we don't seem to be saving any more kids or having any less poverty in Alberta than we did before. On the contrary! You see, this business of Social Credit is pretty complicated as I shall soon show you. To date a fair part of the income of the Province has gone to paying for the game our Mr. Aberhart has been playing with Major Douglas. The game is known as "Tossing the Bag", and so far, since it was Mr. Aberhart and not the Major who was made "the first Social Credit Premier in history," the former is left holding it,—which means that he loses the game. It was played by means of cables in which Mr. Aberhart blamed Major Douglas for Social Credit and invited him to come over and do it in Alberta: but the canny Major stood pat (collect)—all of which ran up some interesting bills for cablegrams but produced no basic dividends.

Now Paul, you may be quite right about doubting whether the Communists have the answer. But there is one thing you can't doubt: they *did* something about it. Right or not, they seemed to have some notion of what they wanted. And it just happens that at the time of writing, the U.S.S.R. is the one place in the world where the lid is off and the sky is the limit when it comes to saving kids. The hiss of the Bunsen burner is heard in the land and the white-coated boys in the laboratories are very busy brewing an interesting variety of soups. I remember way back in 1920. There was a fellow by the name of Reed—a Harvard man of all things. He was quoting the No. 1 Bolshevik, Lenin, in an article in a radical sheet called *The Revolutionary Age,* now long defunct. This is what Lenin said: "This is a lost generation. We have no hope of making a better world with such material.

**Why Keep Them Alive?* By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50.

But that is all the more reason for our sacrificing ourselves, laying down our energies and our lives too if need be, for the generations to come. These children that you see, although they are starving now because of the blockade of your and other capitalist governments, yes, even they will know a better world than any we have dreamed of." I'm quoting from memory Paul, but I remember that article awfully well. I wasn't much more than a kid myself then, and it made me cry. Well, Lenin *did* lay his life down—but the kids he spoke about are just coming into their rich heritage.

But this really is just by the way. What I started out to say is that Lenin and his followers didn't pass the buck — telegraphically or otherwise. They took hold and tried to do just what your rich ex-friend said couldn't be done—everything; that is, for the children —for life. They are trying to answer the question of your book. Ask any Bolshevik "Why Keep Them Alive?" He will be sure to answer: "So that they can live in a better world."

Well, what about our Social Credit-ers? They dodge the responsibility because they aren't really on the side of Life, but of Death; they are on the side of profits, not children. This is where the boundary lies, Paul! Just look at it! There are Major Douglas and our Mr. Aberhart; they are leaning backward over the fence shaking their fists (along with Papa Coughlin) at the banks, the owners of credit. Unless you know just where the fence is, they look as if they are on our side—but their feet, Paul, do you see?—their feet are planted firmly on the territory of Death,—on the side of the private ownership of the means of production,—on the side of profits.

All right,—let's not get excited. Let's be scientific and empirical and objective and calm. Let's examine the proposals of these people to see what they actually do propose, what they actually do. Remember, they are committed to Life by their own promises, to plenty and sufficiency for all the kids and all their parents. Well, Mr. Aberhart hires a St. James Street expert "to put the Province's financial house in order." (Pardon me, Paul, I keep forgetting you're a foreigner. St. James Street is in Montreal; it means what Wall Street means to an American). Alberta has to be put "on a sound financial basis" before Social Credit can be introduced. And you know enough economics to recognize the significance of "a sound financial basis" in terms of children's lives. . . Then, when the expert gets through, we have the Aberhart program. Is anything done about the Trades and Industries Act which subsidizes industry at the expense of the consumers and workers? By no means! Did you say that this sounds something like the sort of legislation the Nazis favour? Quite right! But here is the crowning glory—the final superlative logic of Social Credit: the enormous Sales Tax. On everything a mother buys for her kids she pays a tax. Figure this one out: in order to increase "purchasing power", we must have a "sound financial basis"; and we get that by *decreasing* "purchasing power". Even Major Douglas is aghast at such heterodoxy. That's no way to introduce Social Credit, says he, you're only selling out to the banks. No. indeed; the way to do it to *reduce wages* and prohibit strikes! And the reduction he suggests (in his Scottish plan) is *no less than* 25%! Talk about Alice-in-Wonderland: here is more fantastic comedy than anything Lewis Carroll could ever have imagined.

And there we are Paul. This gentry talks "purchasing power" and keeps the world safe for profits. Do you see whether they are on our side of the fence now? And there are even more serious implications. Latterly, Paul, I seem to have gone through a sort of conditioning process. Every time I hear someone say "Down with the Jews" my ears flap back until I hear "and down with the Trades Unions". This also works *vice versa*. After that I get visual and auditory hallucinations—it seems to me that I see the shadow of the *Haakenkreuz* and hear the tramp of the *Schutzstaffel*. These, Paul, are the legions of Death. The reductions in social services in Germany in the past three years—old age pensions, health insurance, unemployment insurance, relief,—amount to *milliards*, not millions Paul, but milliards of marks annually. This money is needed to create the instruments of Death—so to hell with the kids and their parents — *Kraft durch* profits. Profits and Death!

Well now, who holds to the slogans "Down with the Jews" and "Down with the Trades Unions"? Hitler, of course, spiritual father of the rest of them: Oswald Mosley who asserts the bastard relationship openly: and finally Major C. H. Douglas, founder of Social Credit, who attributes the financial system to no less a person than Moses, and feels that strikes are bad things that shouldn't be allowed to take place. The expert, the engineer Douglas, is less crude than his brothers-in-arms, but the family resemblance is unmistakeable. They belong on the opposite side of the fence from us Paul. Let us, once and for all, realize it.

Well, that's about all for the present. The missus sends her love, although she was just a trifle annoyed at some of the things in your book. You see, she's a professional do-gooder and doesn't think you ought to slap down *all* the do-gooders. And she hasn't been feeling so well for the last few days anyway. Several weeks ago she thought that one of the kids she professionally takes care of, was a bit seedy-looking. She asked the chairman of her finance committee to vote some money to get little Pete out into the country. Now this particular chairman thinks her outfit shouldn't spend money unnecessarily: he feels in fact, that "we" should all tighten up our belts and, if possible, show a surplus (read "profit") on the budget. He thinks a Social Agency ought to be run on business lines, like he runs his big department store. He says: "How long would I exist in business if I spent money like you professional social workers do?" And that Paul, is a question that has no answer. Well, anyway, last week Pete came down with *"polio"*—(that's what doctors call infantile paralysis, isn't it?) and now he's pretty sick. Well, the wife feels that if she could have got him out to the country, maybe he wouldn't have got it and been crippled for the rest of his life. So she was feeling pretty tight about the mouth, and you can understand that when, on top of this, her own friends get sarcastic about professional do-gooders, she may begin to feel that it's maybe too much. You see, the do-gooders are wage slaves like most of the rest of us, and they have to take their orders from the boss who holds the purse-strings. But she sends her love to you and Rhea just the same, because you said

so many other things that she has wanted to have said for years.

I hope you will pardon the length of this letter Paul, but I had to get it off my chest. Wishing you luck in your new adventure in living, I am,

Your friend,

EUGENE BRINSLEY.

P.S.—We are telling all our friends to read *Why Keep Them Alive?*

The Patriotic Geese

AS a forceful illustration of the intense and undying patriotism with which all Canada is imbued at this particular time, when the component parts of the British Empire may, any day now, be called upon to uphold the honour of the British race and the dignity of Sir Montague Norman, by allowing the minions of Signor Mussolini or Herr Hitler to slaughter the flower of British manhood sometime in the near future, we happened to stumble across the following item in an Eastern Canadian newspaper a few days ago:—

JACK MINER ENTERTAINS HON. ALASTAIR BUCHAN

KINGSVILLE, Ont. — Hon. Alastair Buchan, youngest son of Canada's Governor General, is enjoying a two-day stay at the home of Jack Miner, Canadian naturalist here.

A flock of geese set up a great honking as the guest arrived at the Essex county bird haven.

"One of the most remarkable things I have ever heard," was the guest's comment.

Mr. John Miner has, no doubt, done some extraordinary work among geese in the past, but we have always (up to now) been led to believe that the development of patriotism in geese was the sole prerogative, and within the personal domain, of the politician. Particularly at election and war time. True, the geese in which the politician is interested are not of the same species as those with which Jack Miner is concerned, but this gentleman seems to have stolen a march on the Canadian politician and has shown how patriotism can even be grafted onto the animal kingdom for the furtherance of the glorification of the British Empire, in which the sun never sets and wages never rise.

Science can really do unheard of things in these days, and before very long we may expect to see some Canadian Luther Burbank extending his knowledge of arboriculture to the development of the Canadian Maple Tree to the stage where, instead of sprouting the traditional Maple Leaf ("our emblem dear"), it will be enabled to adorn itself with a luxuriant foliage of Union Jacks whenever the great of the country may be expected to pass nearby.

Then again, something should be done about making the Canadian Beaver loyalty conscious. Canadian patriotism has done so much for the Beaver. How about the Beaver doing something for patriotism? This intelligent little animal might be taught to spring to attention, slap its broad tail smartly in the mud and salute upon the approach of Canadian dignitaries. Here's a job our old friend Grey Owl might turn his attention to. Or why not train that sturdy and reliable mainstay of many a Canadian fortune, the good old Canadian Hog, to grunt twenty-one times (or whatever number of grunts the prominence of the distinguished visitor entitles him to) while being poked in the midriff by the walking stick in the hands of some celebrity visiting the pig pen. Sir Joseph Flavelle might be induced to set aside an endowment for the purpose of carrying out this laudable cause. Really, when one stops to consider, there is no end to the possibilities of the line of action opened up by Mr. Miner's geese.

Far be it from us to suggest that the above newspaper item is merely patriotic propaganda. Any such suggestion should immediately be condemned as the next thing to high treason and subject to all the dire penalties prescribed under Section 98. Surely if geese know enough to avoid the cold of the Canadian winter by going South to a warmer clime, they could be expected to have intelligence enough to honk when they are honoured by the presence of anyone from Rideau Hall.

It may be, of course, that the geese were merely taken aback by the Hon. Alastair's peculiar taste in plus-fours, but we are willing to be charitable and allow that it was patriotism which prompted the enthusiasm on the part of the Miner geese as so subtly suggested by the ultra-loyal Canadian Press.

But after all, we are a little disappointed, for had these geese been real, one-hundred percent, Canadian patriots they would, at least, have honked a few bars of "God Save The King", even if they did not know the words, thus more closely following the example set by their human prototype whenever royalty, or near royalty, put in an appearance. But still it must be admitted that Mr. Miner has worked wonders with these birds who, probably, a short time ago could scarcely tell an Honourable from a hobo, particularly as so much of their time is spent each year in such close contact with foreign contamination to the South of us in an atmosphere charged with antagonism to British tradition. However, we must not expect too much at once from the animal world in the way of newly acquired patriotism. Soon these creatures will be taking full part in patriotic ceremonies, not even knowing, or reasoning, what it is all about, even as many of us.

Someone should call Mr. Miner's attention to the fact that we have the Canadian White Goose and the Blue Goose. It only remains for him now to develop a Red Goose and he will then be able to outline the Union Jack in natural goose colours when honoured by the presence of the great and near great at Kingsville. But perhaps the development of Red Geese would be considered unpatriotic by him, or perhaps they would no longer be geese if they were developed along Red lines. After all it might perhaps be better to leave the Red development to other agencies, who would, no doubt, enter into the work in a much more wholehearted manner than Mr. Miner.

A. T. MCFARLANE.

Women: Bound or Free

MARGARET GOULD

THE placid acceptance of a "woman problem" should be spiritedly resented by those it is supposed to concern. In a civilized society there is no longer any excuse for such a habit of thought. There should be, of course, provision for protecting the child-bearing function; but when this is rightly regarded as a function rather than a personal disability, it is a problem not of woman but of all society.

But, undoubtedly, under conditions similar to our own in Canada, there is much to worry about in this direction. "Women are inhibited," said Dr. Karen Horney, psycho-analyst, addressing a convention of women's clubs in Seattle, "inhibited by their feeling of insecurity, dependence on men, and their over-emphasis on emotional values. A woman is inclined to place love on a pedestal as the only real value in life. She limits her interest to husband, home and children. She would rather endure things as they are than fight to change them.

"But these inhibitions are not innate in woman's nature. They have been developed through social influences . . ." This indicates the real root of the matter. Women are held back by various social and economic considerations from doing what they might do and becoming what they might become. We have, in effect, by exaggerating the disabilities imposed by child-bearing and its allied functions, bred an inferior sex. Inferior to what? Inferior, in the case of each individual, to what she might be: that is the point to be remembered.

Fortunately, it is not true that all women "rather endure things as they are than fight to change them", for they have fought to secure something they used to call "the emancipation of women". Their efforts have often been misdirected, often silly to the point of ludicrousness, but on the whole heroic. And the defeats and victories of that battle up to the present have helped to define the aims and tactics which must be used in the future.

Optimistic and successful women believed during some ten to twenty years immediately preceding the depression that they were indeed "emancipated". They could earn good livings for themselves; they could marry or not as they pleased, and whom they pleased; they could do work they cared for and experience the joy of doing it well. What they quite overlooked was the fact that their experience could not possibly be applied generally, and that their own happy lot could not survive the period of comparative stability and prosperity.

It makes the "woman question" clearer when we examine the questions about women which have become more and more pointed of late, in view of the position of women in Germany and Italy. In *Women in the Civilized State,* John Presland, an Englishwoman writing under a pseudonym, plunges in to dispose of several of these questions.

First, do not women take men's jobs, and might not unemployment disappear if women were removed from the labour market? This author says no. Women have been expelled from gainful employment in Germany, but this has not begun to solve the unemployment problem. Although there are more women than men in England, the proportion of men entering industry in the past few decades has been larger. The majority of women are still in traditional women's occupations; except in a few instances which publicity has magnified, they have scarcely entered the fields considered men's, such as engineering, transport, mining or even agriculture. The chief resentment has been against the middle class women who have swarmed into professional, commercial and clerical occupations. But what good would it do men or the state to oust these several million workers? They must be nourished, sheltered and clothed, either by the men to whom they are attached or by the state. And there is no likelihood that men's wages will be increased to take care of this added responsibility.

A second argument is that women do not regard their jobs as a life-work; they scrape along on fairly little until they marry, and so they keep wages down. But there are many, the author produces facts to show, who do not marry, who centre their lives on their jobs, and who have to support dependents. In the British Civil Service, for instance, 60% of the single women support dependents, and 14% of the women workers are married, some supplementing their husbands' earnings and some completely supporting their families. Actually women's wages are low for the same reasons that men's wages are low. But it is true that women's wages in particular have been beaten down and kept down because women have been slow to protest and to organize, and because men in the trade unions have not helped women to win higher rates.

Third, it is charged that the employment of women has been injurious to the marriage rate, to society and to women themselves, that it has made child-bearing more dangerous and the infant death-rate higher. This is simply placing effect before cause. Other factors are a thousand times more potent a danger. The public policy of cutting women off the payroll when they marry, particularly in the teaching profession and the Civil Service, postpones marriage, reduces the number of marriages and induces extra-marital relations. Low earnings among men, particularly in white-collar jobs, have the same effect. Maternal and infant morality and morbidity are caused chiefly by bad housing, malnutrition, ignorance and poverty. It is the attitude to pregnancy and childbirth among women in industry that is at fault, not the fact. Child bearing is regarded not as a socially useful function, and as such worthy of protection, but as a personal illness and accident, and indeed receives even less consideration. Concern-

Comrades. *Y. Kaplansky*

ing the charge that society as a whole suffers, 'John Presland' believes that society gains more than it loses by women's economic independence. Marriage becomes less of a meal-ticket affair and there is more comradeship and more honesty between men and women. Women themselves gain in the enrichment of their personalities, for they experience a sense of worth and achievement.

'John Presland' maintains that the factors which militate against society are the inequalities of pay and opportunities for women in the working world, and the kind of education they are given. Particularly does she lament the peculiar ignorance and uselessness of the middle class married woman who stays at home. She has much time on her hands, but has been given almost no training in how to use it constructively. Her amusements are puerile. She is vitiated by idleness and aimlessness as the poor woman is vitiated by overwork and ill health. Those who complain that women in industry have struck a blow at the home and the family confess the weakness of their position in their almost complete indifference to the education and welfare of the home-staying women of every class. On the one hand they condone the idle, aimless life of the leisured woman, and on the other they shut their eyes to the drudgery and ill health of the working class woman.

Now we face an aparent contradiction. 'John Presland' maintains that *on the whole* the employment of women has been a good thing for them and for society. Mrs. Kirkwood, the Toronto writer of a lucid little pamphlet called *Women and the Machine Age,* puts down to the age's credit certain definite gains. Earning their own living, she says, has freed women from economic dependence on men; economic independence has brought personal freedom; gainful work gives women a more meaningful life; work gives a sense of achievement; it has made women more complete personalities and responsible 'social units'; women are therefore bringing a new social morality. Because of all this, says Mrs. Kirkwood, it would be unsound to ask women to return to conditions of dependency.

But in *Women Who Work* by Grace Hutchins, and *Women Workers Through the Depression* by Lorine Pruette, we find facts and figures which seem to give the lie to much of this. They describe the condition of working class and professional women in the United States, but the general import of the description fits women in Canada, England and the western European countries very well. The first book is a social interpretation of the 1930 census of women's occupations. The other shows what the depression has done to professional women.

There are eleven million women gainfully employed in the United States. Almost five million, or 46 per cent, are married or have been married. Three million of them are still married and work to support families. In the years since Queen Victoria and 'respectability' passed away, the number of women in industry has multiplied six times. Of the single women, more than half support dependents. Women in industry generally work long hours, under varyingly hard conditions, for low pay. A very small proportion of women workers receive pay high enough to permit a 'cultural' standard of living.

The situation of the married woman in industry under present conditions is a menace to the welfare of her children. Usually she leaves them at home with some one in the same building or on the street to 'look in on them' during the day. Relatively very few of these children can be looked after in such creches or other institutions as now exist. As a result of this neglect (as well as of other factors) there is much sickness among them and their schooling suffers from absences. In a Philadelphia study of working women's families, 41 per cent of the children were found to be retarded in their school work.

What of the women themselves? They are frequently seriously ill and generally in poor health. A study of Toronto day nursery cases has shown similar conditions. In the Philadelphia study, 40 per cent of the women interviewed were in poor health but remained at work. Miss Hutchins points out that although women in the United States have the franchise and minimum wage legislation, the plight of the wage-earning woman is pitiful.

Nor is the situation of the professional woman altogether palmy. Lorine Pruette's study of the 1,350 members of the American Woman's Association suggests that even she is not secure. Members of this organization are women in the forties, unmarried, with superior education and training, who had worked from five to thirty-five years at executive and specialized jobs, earning on the average $2,428 a year. Among them were some who had been paid from $7,000 to $12,000 a year. And yet the depression caught them, trapped them, dismayed them. Jobs on which their lives centred vanished; 30 per cent of the women studied faced absolute insecurity, and through it humiliation, loss of courage and initiative, loss of self-confidence and personal balance. Some descended from the ranks of the unemployed to those of the unemployable. Those who remained in their jobs experienced cut wages, increased work loads, demotions. Fear haunted them. The older women feared the younger. Women in business for themselves, as well as clerical workers, suffered heavy financial losses. The N.R.A. brought further disillusionment; in 464 codes the minimum wage rate for women was from 14 to 30 per cent lower than the minimum for men.

The contradiction between the argument and the facts is obvious: on one hand, the contention that women and society have been the better for women's economic independence, on the other, the tragic conditions which exist for them in employment outside the home. The thing boils down to this, that although many women have benefited by the opportunity to earn their livings, even in most favorable circumstances, our society is designed not to encourage their advance, but at best only to tolerate it. Any gains made by a society must be measured by their strength to withstand a critical situation and by the possibility of applying them to the great mass of people concerned. It is true that we have accepted grudgingly enough the theoretical right of women to do work that they like and are fitted for. But we have not by any means made it a general principle, nor have we made provision for proper conditions of work. Instead we tolerate a condition of affairs in which women are driven by actual want and starvation into ill-paid, slavish work. And when once in, they find the dice loaded against them.

But this is not only a woman's problem. Men also suffer from low wages, from the inadequacies of the educational system, from a burdened, limited life and outlook. We are aware that if employers are blocked in their exploitation of women, they turn and exploit the men workers in the same degree. The evasion of our minimum wage laws for women has only proved this. The problem of freedom and security for women is part and parcel of the problem of freedom and security for the whole of society.

What must be done about it? There is a legion of answers to the question, most of them useless because they are based on a limited knowledge of the situation. The general, but comprehensive, suggestions made by Mrs. Kirkwood should provide a good measuring rod for any proposed solutions. We need, she says, a system of economic security, a new morality for marriage, education against idleness, a social conscience, and the elevation of the standards of human character.

It will profit us to consider at this point a society where these five requirements are regarded as of extreme importance. We shall get a glimpse of what has actually been done for women in a country where the "woman problem" is fast disappearing. Two books have appeared within the past year which deal with the condition of women in Soviet Russia: *Factory, Family and Woman in the Soviet Union* by Susan M. Kingsbury and Mildred Fairchild; and *Women in Soviet Russia* by Fanina W. Halle. The former is the work of two professors of Social Studies at Bryn Mawr College; the latter was written by an Austrian sociologist.

Both books show how simple and logical is the Soviet approach to the woman question. The reasoning may be summed up as follows: Economic freedom is the basis for all freedom and progress. For women it means the development of personality and usefulness as productive citizens. Lack of economic security makes above all a poor type of mother. If she is an inadequate mother, the children and family suffer. Ultimately society is the loser. The Soviet system therefore holds that the mother in the home is not different in her value as a worker from the woman in the factory, office or clinic. They are all valuable workers and are entitled to all the benefits and protection that workers need.

In the Soviet Union all women may work outside the home, and most of them do. They may enter any kind of occupation and their wage scales are the same as men's. The only kinds of work they are not permitted to do are the jobs which have been proven to be a special danger to women's health.

Because of this attitude towards women, some of the most important social services in the Soviet Union are planned around the needs of women and children. It is maintained that this is producing a new woman in Russia and that she is fast changing the character of the home and the family. Equality of rights and above all of responsibilities between the sexes is having an excellent effect on the growing generation. The status of women in Russia is perfectly clear. That is one reason why things which have seemed impossible dreams to social workers in other countries have become realities in Russia.

Child-bearing is being made safe, not for mothers who can afford to pay themselves for the safeguards which modern science has provided, but for all mothers. The Institute for the Protection of Mothers and Children carries on intensive health supervision and education. All mothers receive maternity benefits and those in industry get time off from work, with full pay, for two months before and two months after the birth of a child, and in addition are given rest periods and time for nursing the child during the working day. The infant death rate is being tackled by a network of baby clinics and sanatoria, and parents are being educated in child rearing by direct instruction at the creches (of which there are over 9000 at present), and through clubs, posters, the radio, the cinema and lectures.

While every effort is being made to raise the standard of marital relations, no man or woman is forced to endure an unsuitable marriage, but if a divorce is obtained both parents are responsible for the maintenance of the children, who usually remain with the mother. A woman deserted by her husband is not stranded: she continues to earn her living and to take part in social and political life, and her children are still assured of education and health protection. There need be no unwanted children, for birth control information and apparatus are part of the public health service, and there is widespread education to teach the safest known contraceptive methods.

In all, the Russian woman appears to have freed herself from many of the inhibitions which warp the personalities of women in most countries. They do not let emotional factors control every action and volition, they are not dependent upon men, they stand on their own feet and fight with their comrades for the welfare of all. Consequently Russia has discarded that false chivalry which calls womanhood and motherhood sacred but blindly allows both to be exploited.

A deep disappointment to Miss Pruette in her investigations of the American middle class woman was the scant interest that these women showed in the social and political causes of their plight. They gave time to personal interests and diversion but not to a study of their condition. And yet these are the very women who should be active politically and socially, because they are educated, capable and courageous. Professional women, she maintains, have a moral responsibility as citizens to help achieve social security and to "protect the gains of women, to protect the right of women to work, and to struggle against fascistic attempts to drive women out of industry and the professions." She encourages these women to engage in such 'social' work; not, she warns, "in a narrow feministic style, but as part of the wider struggle to assure dignity and responsibility to all capable human beings."

According to Mme. Halle, this is what the Russian woman has done. Years before the feminist movement arose in Europe, Russian women organized together with men for social action. They did not fight for women only: they fought for the downtrodden people of Russia. It is more interesting still to note that the social action circles were full of educated middle and upper class women. This is the very group whose American equivalent Miss Pruette chides for their lack of social interest and activity. Russian men, for their part, helped the women in their struggles against the special repressions imposed on them by the Tsarist regime. There is therefore in Russia a tradition of

comradeship, of sharing dangerous tasks, hard work, study and achievement, between men and women. This background makes more easily understandable their almost miraculous gains; and it helps us to realize what is lacking in our own struggles.

It is sufficiently clear that what is needed here and now is no narrow sectarian struggle for special legislation and education merely to ameliorate women's lot. We need, rather, an understanding of the social and economic conditions which have produced the so-called woman problem. We have the incentive, we need now the will and courage to action.

Moose River Madness

JOHN C. MORTIMER

URGED on by scare headlines and play-by-play broadcasts, the Canadian public writhed in ecstasy over the epic of Moose River. All those who took part in the rescue became heroes. The word 'draegerman' took a place in the vocabulary of romance along with 'sheik' and 'G-man'. In this instance as well, the public conception of the meaning of the word was vague and remote from reality.

In the belief that a certain section of this public still retained sufficient sanity to be interested in the reality, I talked with a group of Cape Breton miners who are familiar with conditions such as prevail in the now famous gold mine.

"Heroism?" they said. "That's just hokum—unless you admit that every hardrock miner is a hero. Sure they took risks; but they were not any greater than the risks run by lots of miners every time they go down the mines."

"How about the way the rescue work was directed?"

"That's the worst part of the whole business. The miners who started the rescue job were taken away from the spot where they began, made to work at another spot for sixty odd hours, and then brought back to the original place. Robertson and Scadding were down just that much longer.

"Another thing the papers made so much of was that one man worked for seventy-two hours at a stretch. What sense was there in that? Every miner in Nova Scotia was ready to do his bit, and there were plenty right here who could have done the job. If they'd had more of them working for two or three hours at a time, they'd have got through much faster. Why wasn't the whole matter of saving those below left in the hands of practical mining men?"

That question isn't easier to answer than to explain why people acted as they did over the whole incident. In Canada there are some ten million people, all of whom above the age of twenty have read or heard of mining disasters costing the lives of scores and hundreds of men. Hitherto such news has always been received normally: that is, with something close to indifference (except, of course, in the case of those who knew and loved the men killed). But now there suddenly comes word of an accident in which only three lives are affected, and at once all Canada goes into hysterics.

Nor is it confined to Canada alone. The hysteria spills over the border and even makes its way across the sea. Newspapers are crammed with it, although it is a time of almost unique importance in world affairs. The radio keeps harping on it every few minutes, day and night. Millions never leave the loudspeaker, even go to bed. Cabinet ministers are as eager as cash-girls to hear the latest lie (for by that ugly word must many of the press and radio messages be described). Even the king keeps the cable busy with inquiries, condolences, congratulations.

Not only do the papers give pages of news about the accident, but they are filled with heroics which have no relation to the truth, with sermons whose rhetoric has no basis in fact, with 'poems' which have literally no rhyme or reason. Not merely the mine itself but everyone and everything connected with it became idealized. The honest miners who do the rescue work are pictured as "saints, apostles, martyrs, angels"; and when the job is done some of them are taken to Toronto and Boston and there, to their bewilderment, placed on exhibition while thousands cheer. (Notice, incidentally, it was the Stellarton *coal* miners who got the publicity, and thus tended to put orders for coal into the owners' pockets; while the gold miners were kept in the background). A sum of around $80,000 is subscribed for all who took any part, however insignificant, in the "Epic of Moose River"; and since most of these people are very hard up, they have naturally no objection to taking the money.

The whole Moose River region becomes holy ground, and people are proud to claim the remotest connection with it. For example, four weeks after the accident a clergyman proudly boasts that he was the first to "carry the Gospel" to Moose River more than forty years ago. The next day another clergyman comes forward with the claim that he preached at the sacred spot more than fifty years ago. The third day a third clergyman makes the solemn declaration that he held service there sixty years ago.

The newspapers who report such absurdities will not allow them to be laughed at. When the accident is a month old, a leading preacher in Halifax dares to say that it is a mad world which goes frantic over three men caught in a mine but pays no heed to the thousands of men, women and children sacrificed every day to the god of greed. One of the Halifax papers reports this utterance, another cuts it out of the sermon. To the former I send a letter congratulating the preacher on his commonsense. Only a censored version is printed.

It is unnecessary further to labour the point that all this presents a first-class problem in mass psychology. The hysteria of wartime is greater in volume and longevity, but it is much more easily explained. The causes of the Moose River madness do not lie on the surface.

The thing which first caught the public imagination is probably the uniqueness of the news value. Here for once is the man-bites-a-dog situation of the city editor's dream. When a miner gets imprisoned in a mine, that's merely a dog's bite; but when a mine-owner is entombed, that's news. Tangled up with this

"STRIKE" (water-colour)

Santos Zingale

Painted by a young Milwaukee artist as a W.P.A. project, it depicts the anti-Hearst strike of Newspaper Guild members of the Wisconsin NEWS.

is the fact that something very unusual happened to men who, because of their position in the capitalist class, loom important in the eyes of the capitalist-press-reading public. It's as if Mr. Ford got lead poisoning, or Mr. Hepburn's children developed rickets from a shortage of milk. Events which are commonplaces, tragic as they are, in the workers' life, become world-wide news when they intrude in the lives of wealth-owners. Moreover, two of the men were not simply mine owners but professional men from Toronto, which heightens the incongruity. "It made the children laugh and play to see a lamb in school."

These circumstances, I suggest, are what caught the popular imagination. The element of suspense held it. A dramatist could not have done as well as did the concatenation of events. But even the emotion sustained by the suspense would have stayed within normal bounds had not the whole affair been such an unbelievable sunday school treat for circulation managers. Naturally the public mind was kept hot with every detail that could be scraped up and manufactured for as long after the actual rescue as it would stand. Then the whole subject went cold.

Just a month afterward, one of the famous Draegermen was instantly killed in a mine at Stellarton. Did you newspaper readers in Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, Boston or Los Angeles see any headlines about that? Not one man in a thousand ever thought of asking whether his life might have been saved.

The cave-in cost the Nova Scotia government thirty thousand dollars. But some of the miners' wages have not yet been paid.

In Nova Scotia a miner is the only man whose violent death is not investigated by a jury of his peers. Each fatal mining accident is investigated only by a local lawyer appointed by the provincial government; and in most cases the local lawyer is, directly or indirectly, under the economic domination of the men who own the local mines. This is only one of the many scandals which surround the hard, heroic life of the miner.

Recently it has been announced, in spite of the confounding proof that it is unsafe, that the Moose River mine is to be opened and worked again. Did you hear any talk of that on the streetcars and in the general stores?

A more outstanding example would be far to seek of two sore spots in the democratic system under which we live: first, the power of the press and radio to foster and continue a mass hysteria for the benefit of anyone who pays them, i.e. in a war situation, the capitalist government which desires the war; and second, the overpowering indifference to conditions of the workers' lives.

Father Coughlin

WILLIAM LAWSON

> The Catholic Church stands four-square behind the capitalist, although it dares to condemn the abuses which have grown around him. When his voice is silent and weak, and his hands unclean, we will confront the communist and socialist in his defence—and, if necessary, die in defending the constitution under which he gained his wealth. (*Father Coughlin's Radio Sermons,* Page 86.)

FATHER CHARLES E. COUGHLIN is essentially a product of the depression. He achieved international prominence in 1929, the first year of the economic crisis. The stock market crash and the ensuing financial panic had struck blind, unreasoning fear into the hearts of the rulers of America, who, in spite of their vaunted shrewdness, had been living in a fools' paradise of rising prices and expanding production. In reviewing the public utterances of respected bankers and business leaders just before the crash one finds the same note of inane confidence which characterized the declarations of the politicians; America had solved the contradictions of capitalism, we were on the threshold of a new and greater era of world prosperity. The crash caught them unawares, half-uttered platitudes frozen on their lips, unable to comprehend the appalling significance of the financial debacle, unable to re-assure a subdued and frightened public.

The middle class, betrayed by its rulers, lost more than millions of dollars in savings and investments, it lost once and for all its sense of security. The smug bourgeois world which it inhabited had fallen to pieces. Its preachers, publicists and politicians were unable to restore its confidence. Even the ablest of them were floundering between frantic assurances that the crisis was only a temporary set-back, and moments of black despair. Hysteria was in the air; a famous New York clergyman told his fashionable congregation that the crash had been engineered by Moscow agents, basing the charge on the proceedings of the Sixth Congress of the Communist International, which had predicted the world crisis of capitalism.

The time was ripe for the emergence of a new prophet. Coughlin was quick to see his opportunity and to take advantage of it. Since 1926 he had been broadcasting a weekly sermon through station WJR in Detroit; he immediately purchased a hook-up with two other stations and began a series of sermons entitled "Christ and the Red Fog", bitter attacks on Communism and the Soviet Union. These sermons were not any too popular, and after hundreds of letters of protest had come in he changed his tactic, and began to play with radical phrases, talking about a "living wage" for workers, and "protection" for the rapidly growing army of the unemployed. But it was not until he launched into his weekly denunciations of the bankers of Wall Street, that he really caught the ear of the public. From that time on his radio chain has been expanding rapidly, and with it his mass popularity.

For it is a mistake to suppose that Coughlin has won his monster audience simply by playing on the religious beliefs and the reactionary prejudices of the American (and Canadian) middle class. Actually the opposite is true—his appeal has been to their dissatisfaction with the present order of things, to their very real *radicalism.* Like all fascist demagogues, and I use the word fascist advisedly, Coughlin is a past master of the art of expressing the miseries rankling in the hearts of the common people in language which they can understand, and of offering easy and plausible solutions to these miseries. Essentially it was his pretended *opposition to monopoly* which won him his mass following. His reiterated attacks on the "octupus of Wall Street", made with vigor and apparent sincerity, struck a responsive chord in the hearts of millions of American unemployed, farmers, store-keepers, overworked and underpaid clerks and professional workers.

But what the radio listener did not and could not know is that the very same bankers and industrialists whom Coughlin attacks with so much eloquence every Sunday are his closest friends and confidential advisers during the rest of the week! The group which is closest to Coughlin, one might say the group which controls him, is the Committee for the Nation, a rival organization to the infamous Liberty League, but one which has many things in common with its opponent. Its members include James H. Rand, Jr., of the Rockefeller-Morgan-Hearst corporation Remington-Rand; Vincent Bendix, head of the Bendix airplane factories; Frank Vanderlip, former president of the National City Bank; and James Cromwell, who is married to the world's richest girl, Doris Duke. The Secretary of the Committee is Dr. Edward Rumely, a former secret service agent of Germany who now maintains contacts in the highest Nazi circles!

There is every reason to believe that these men finance Coughlin's activities. His yearly expenditure for broadcasting, distribution of free books and pamphlets, and organizational activity cannot be much less than three million dollars, and his repeated explanations that all these things are paid for by "good will offerings" are, to say the least, inconclusive.

Besides this little group of kindred spirits, Coughlin maintains close contact with the Rockerfeller interests through his hero, Winthrop Aldrich, who is Rockefeller's brother-in-law. He holds frequent conferences with Henry Ford, another of his heroes, and never misses an opportunity to praise Ford to his radio audience. Most sinister of all is his intimacy with William Randolph Hearst, multi-millionaire proprietor of the Hearst press. On a recent visit to California Coughlin was a guest at Hearst's ranch, and although they have slight differences of opinion, the Hearst press is always lined up in support of Coughlin's program. The Detroit *Times,* a Hearst paper, is often referred to as Coughlin's personal organ.

It was on the advice of these elements that Coughlin launched his National Union for Social Justice, on Nov. 11, 1934. This organization, which is directly controlled by Coughlin himself, claims to have a membership of ten millions. It operates an office in Washington with two paid lobbyists, and publishes a sixteen-page weekly newspaper called *Social Justice*. At present the membership is a paper one, although there are signs that Coughlin is trying to consolidate its influence. Its program contains sixteen points, which can be listed under three headings: statements of belief in the present economic and social system; vague proposals for social reforms, such as the meaningless slogan "a living wage"; and proposals for economic reforms, of which the most important are the nationalization of natural (not industrial) resources, and controlled inflation. The ambiguity of the language used throughout and the irrelevance of many of the sixteen points remind one strongly of the program of the German National Socialist Party before 1932.

It would be a waste of time to make a detailed analysis of this program, because there is no way of predicting from day to day just what interpretation will be placed upon it by its author. For Coughlin has far surpassed his rivals in the old-line political parties in mastery of the art of self-contradiction, of saying one thing when he means another. He has been known to contradict himself with the utmost composure as many as three times in the course of a single broadcast, and his feat of changing from praise to denunciation of Roosevelt and the New Deal and back again six times in the course of nine consecutive sermons is still unequalled on this side of the Atlantic.

But if you examine these seeming contradictions closely you will find that there is method in his madness. For example, he is in favour of feeding the poor, but opposed to unemployment insurance. He is for trade unions, but opposed to strikes. He is for a "living wage" but he thinks that the C.C.C. Camps, which pay $1.00 a day, are a model relief program. He believes in free speech, but he gave his blessing to a ban imposed on open-air meetings in Detroit. And as we go on to summarize briefly the most important aspects of his social philosophy, we will find that through the seeming welter of confusion and contradiction there runs a cunning consistency of purpose. Let us examine Coughlin's record in relation to some of his proposed social reforms, and to the most important questions of the day.

Inflation. During 1933 Coughlin was carrying on a frenzied campaign for the remonetization of silver, to raise its price to at least 75c an ounce. In some unexplained way this move was to bring back prosperity, and in his sermons he denounced with pious zeal the "gold masters" of Wall Street who were interfering in the carrying out of this purely Christian measure. In November 1933, he called out:

> Forward to Christ, all ye people! March! March today! God wills it—this religious crusade against the pagan god of gold! (*The New Deal*, page 83).

But in April, 1934, the agents of Satan won a partial victory. The Treasury Department revealed that the largest holder of silver futures in the state of Michigan was one Amy Collins, *secretary to Father Coughlin*. She held a total of 500,000 ounces, bought at

10% margin. Every time that silver went up one cent it meant $5,000 profit to the holder of 500,000 ounces. Led and encouraged by the godless Detroit *Free Press*, popular ribaldry forced Coughlin to sell his holdings with a profit of only $120,000, or a mere 500% on his original investment of $20,000. It is some consolation to know that the Committee for the Nation, which was also keenly interested in silver futures, must have cleaned up many times more.

Labour. Coughlin has not been very clever in his approach to the labour movement. He has been denounced again and again by the A. F. of L. and other working class organizations as an enemy of organized labour. His million dollar Shrine of the Little Flower was built by unorganized workers who were paid from 25 to 40% below trade union rates, and until recently he had his printing done in non-union shops. (So many protests came in about this that he was forced to change). On the other hand, he has definite ideas about trade unions, strikes, and other matters pertaining to the day-to-day life of the working class. He believes in the right of workers to organize into trade unions of their own choice, so long as they choose government-inspired "vertical unions" which forbid the right to strike (which Coughlin abhors as being highly immoral) and which insist on compulsory arbitration in all labour disputes. He has made spasmodic, but fortunately unsuccessful, attempts to organize such unions among the automobile workers of Detroit.

Although only a year ago Coughlin felt he was safe in praising the leader of the Socialist Party, Norman Thomas (what does he think of Thomas now?) he has never had anything but the most bitter hatred for Communism and communists. His attitude on this question is perhaps best expressed by this quotation

from one of his Sunday evening sermons, which are not broadcast, entitled "Socialism and Communism":

> The Communists want to start war, they want bloodshed, they love it when there is a depression on. They want to shoot us down, but by God, I'll shoot them first. We can't be pussyfooters, the reason I say I'll fight them with bullets, if necessary, is that they want to take my God away from me, my soul from me, my country from me.

Needless to say, Coughlin is an avowed enemy of the Soviet Union. As he has never visited the country, he bases his attacks on its economy upon his scholarly researches in to such periodicals as the *New York American* and the *Catholic Messenger*.

War and Peace. Like Hitler, Coughlin is opposed to war, and believes that the best way to maintain peace is to prepare for war as quickly as possible. On this question he speaks with characteristic clarity and reserve; when asked at a press conference if he was opposed to big war appropriations, he replied:

> Absolutely—Russia's got it over us like a tent. They're not spending any money for a navy, they're building an air fleet. That's what I'm in favour of. Ample defense is what we need. I think we should have a plane for every mile of coastline.

Later he more than doubled this figure, calling upon the government to build 10,000 fighting planes. To understand the peculiarly Christian aspect of this demand, we must recall that the budget of the U. S. War Department had only dared to ask for 2,320 planes.

Coughlin has called upon the government of the United States to enter into war with two friendly powers, the Soviet Union and Mexico.

> The only way the Christians in Mexico can get their prayers across is at the point of a gun. And that's what they're going to do. There'll be some fat, greasy scalps hanging on the wall. And that's what we may have to do in this country.

His Christmas Day sermon on Mexico, in which he charged that school-children are taught the art of copulation in the school-rooms, is almost as notorious as it is obscene.

As a final touch, The Radio Priest heartily approves of the army-controlled Civilian Concentration Camps, about which Assistant Secretary of War Woodring stated: "The mobilization of 200,000 young men in these camps is the first real test of the army's plans for war mobilization."

Coughlin and the Jews. Coughlin's anti-Semitism started in a subtle way, with attacks on Jewish bankers, mimicry of Jewish accents and (during the campaign to raise the price of silver) references to "gentile silver" as opposed to "oriental gold". It has now reached a much higher stage, featured by appeals to the Jews not to forget that the United States is a Christian country, and that Coughlin and his fellow patriots "aren't going to be so damn liberal as to compromise on Christianity". Among Coughlin's closest associates are Congressman Louis McFadden and Harry A. Jung, both of whom are engaged in the organization of fascist movements and in spreading anti-Semitic literature, some of it smuggled in from Germany. One might say that Coughlin's anti-Semitic utterances are still in an experimental stage, and it is significant that they are all tried out on small church audiences before they are broadcast.

Coughlin's future. A few months ago it seemed quite possible that Coughlin would develop into a strong contender for the position of the American *Fuehrer*. The sudden removal of Huey Long from the political scene had left him in the decisive position of being the only fascist demagogue in America with a mass following. His radio audience, which has been estimated at more than ten millions every Sunday, is his greatest asset, and taken with his gifts as an orator and his close connections with Wall Street, makes him a force to be reckoned with in American politics.

But political currents change quickly, and relationships in a nascent fascist movement are notoriously unstable. Recently Coughlin has met with a number of serious reverses. His quarrel with Al Smith and other influential Catholics who support the Liberty League, the energetic campaign carried on against him by anti-fascist forces, and his failure to take a positive stand on the question of the formation of a new anti-capitalist third party, have considerably impaired his prestige, both with the masses of people and with his financial backers. Most important of all is the fact that he is a Catholic and therefore unacceptable to the bigoted Protestants of the southern states. The likelihood is that if Coughlin plays any role in the birth of an American fascist movement it will be the role assigned to Bishop Prang in *It Can't Happen Here,* that of a sort of John the Baptist to the Leader.

Meanwhile he is doing more than his share in implanting a fascist ideology in the minds of the American middle class.

Home, Sweet Home. *Eric Aldwinkle*

Canadian Youth Finds Its Voice

LOUIS EPSTEIN

THE special train for Toronto which pulled out of Ottawa at 11 o'clock on the night of Monday, May 25, sounded a good deal like a midnight special returning from the season's final rugby game with the victorious team and its rooters on board. There was a lot of noise; a lot of jubilant hooting and singing. At first glance you would be interested in knowing what college these kids were from, and what important game was played at this time of year. But if you looked a little closer you would have seen things that seemed just a trifle out of the conventional picture. You would have noticed, for instance, that some of the kids were heavy-handed, dressed in their not-so-good best, obviously young fellows who knew the meaning of hard work and not much pay, not looking at all like college boys.

There were other differences between these young people, but one thing they all had in common—they were *tired,* every last one of them, so tired that they couldn't get unwound and go to sleep. So that while they were unquestionably happy, while they were crowing with a victory that meant a good deal to them, it was obvious that they hadn't had a nice easy time on stadium bleachers winning that victory.

The red-rimmed eyes, drawn, pale faces, the very hysteria of their jubilance, showed you that they had worked with their heads and their hearts and their last bodily energies to win whatever they had won, and that their singing was the vibration of nerves drawn taut to an exhausting tension, nerves that soon would have to yield to the demands of their overstrained bodies. This was no all-night party; pretty soon the voices began to give out, and one by one they dropped into seats and forgot to be happy because they were so tired. Gradually they relaxed, and then sprawled, and finally slept.

For most of these young men and women, that sleep snatched fitfully and uncomfortably in the day coach marked a period of almost two years' unremitting effort in spreading the gospel of unity across the Dominion of Canada. It is just possible too that it marked the beginning of a new period in the history of Canada's people. Out of the germ of an idea, a suggestion dropped almost casually during a conversation in Toronto in 1934, had grown the extraordinary phenomenon that occurred in Ottawa during the three days of March 23, 24 and 25 at the Canadian Youth Congress. Here was a meeting of some 450 young people between the ages of 18 and 30 "to discuss their common problems"—the problems of the 343,000 Canadian young people directly represented by accredited delegates, and no less, the problems of those other thousands as yet unorganized, without direct representation.

It would be a foregone conclusion that no matter what finally crystallized out of the Congress, there would be charges that it was "packed", "not truly representative" as the ever-delightful Toronto *Mail and Empire* put it. To such a charge, the statistics of the Credentials Committee report stands as a categorical and irrefutable denial. It would have been difficult to find a more representative body as to kind of organization, classified in any conceivable manner,—religious, racial or political. In the matter of geographic representation, there was of course an unavoidable preponderance from the East, which was overcome to a considerable extent by providing for equal representation on all key positions at the Congress itself and in the various committees. It is necessary that this point be emphasized—the Canadian Youth Congress was fully representative of all the best elements of the country's youth.

The Congress opened in an atmosphere of doubt and suspicion. There was unquestionable evidence, which became more and more pronounced up to the end of the second day, that a serious cleavage along national-sectional-religious lines was threatening that unity which it was the purpose of the Congress to achieve. For two years Toronto had seen the growth of the Congress ideal: a meeting of *all* Canadian youth on the single premise that their probelms were rooted in a common condition and capable of a common solution. This idea had received a measure of realization at the Toronto and District Youth Council convention last May. It provided a stimulus to the Youth Council to extend the idea Dominion-wide, including youth from all over Canada, and slowly but surely it seemed to be taking hold. Outlying communities in Ontario were forming Councils, sending people to Toronto for advice, encouragement. An organizing committee in Toronto established contacts — Winnipeg, Edmonton, Montreal—and finally clear across the Dominion from Atlantic to Pacific. By April 1936, there seemed no doubt that a Congress could take place, that it would be successful, that it would really represent Canada's youth. And then, just a few days before May 23rd, a protest came from French-Canadian quarters, a claim that they had been overlooked, not invited to participate. How the misunderstanding arose, nobody quite knew. There were hurried amends from Toronto and the Anglo-Saxon Council in Montreal. By all means let French-Canadians come; not only that, urge them to come. They are not only welcome but *needed.*

Bue when the Congress opened, the breach had not been healed. Delegations from the A.C.J.C. (Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Canadienne), Jeunesses Patriotes, Coeur de la Jeunesse, were present, but intransigent, resentful, bellicose. This was the source

of the tension, the worry that kept the Toronto delegation from relaxing. Would there be fireworks, fights, spectacular walk-outs? Any of these might have split the Congress, spoilt two years of the heartbreaking work of assembling disunited, embattled factions into a new unity. Everything depended upon creating in the minds of the French delegation a new conception of their Anglo-Saxon brothers and of their mutual relations, a new conception of the Congress, a realization of the meaning of a popular unity as against the officially-fostered disunity which had sunk deep into the thinking and the attitudes of many French-Canadians.

The first step was the invitation to the French delegates to participate to the full in key positions in the Congress: on the Continuations Committee, Resolutions Committee, Conclusions Committee — every point at which their interests would receive the fullest expression. Then, at the first session, Roy Davis of the Young Communist League made the motion which was the keynote of the mood of the whole three days. He moved that in the discussion the chair should consistently alternate French and Anglo-Saxon speakers. The motion was carried unanimously and John Copithorne of the Society of Friends and the League of Nations Society took the chair for the first general discussion: Youth and World Peace.

There is no necessity here for going into a detailed analysis of the discussion. Technically it was faultily arranged, although the poor acoustics of the Assembly Hall at Lisgar Collegiate had something to do with it. There was a long series of five minute talks by delegates who had to announce their intention of speaking long in advance. The result was a series of disconnected set little speeches which bore no relation to each other, without any opportunity for a give-and-take discussion on the basis of certain clearly defined issues. Thus it was impossible by the mere mechanics of the procedure for the Congress to arrive at anything like a consensus. In general however, there was a definite disparity to be noted between the speeches of the French and the English delegates. The former unquestionably showed a sectional, narrowly nationalistic attitude while the English-speaking delegates did indicate an approach toward a more widely co-operative and more fundamental solution of the problem of war. One of the French speakers, a charming young woman, informed the Congress that "while international war was bad enough, national, civil war, i.e. social revolution, was much worse," and that "there were more Christians killed in the Russian Revolution than there were in the Great War". On the other hand a clear call was issued by at least two of the French speakers, pointing out the danger of Fascism and reaction in Quebec. On the whole, there was undoubtedly perceptible a definite disunity in the Congress between geographico-racial sections. The first day was far from final success in overcoming the cleavage.

As the discussion proceeded to the question of Youth in Canadian Economy the problem of racial minorities was once again brought sharply to the attention of the Congress. Juanita de Shield, of the Negro community of Montreal, made a stirring appeal for equality of opportunity and abolition of discrimination against the Negro population. Hayakawa of British Columbia appealed for the Japanese-Canadian minority, pointing out the universal danger of demagogic appeals to racial feelings as a means of obscuring more fundamental problems. Both delegates were received with enormous enthusiasm by the Congress. Whether or not this acted as an object lesson to the die-hard French nationalists, on the second day it began to be obvious that a wedge had entered the previously solid ranks of the French-Canadian delegates. The outspokenly Fascist Jeunesses Patriotes were being deserted by the larger section of the French delegation represented by the A.C.J.C. The rift became definite at the idiotic demonstration staged by the Fascists on Sunday night at the Open Forum, although this was not apparent until the next day. A few score of French-Canadian rowdies, imported for the occasion, supported their spokesman while he made a violent speech attacking the Congress, the Anglo-Saxon enslaver, but above all, the Communists. They then stood up to sing their anthem, giving the Fascist salute, and marched out of the auditorium in a body. Theatrical and inane; but to what extent effective?

That night was a bitter experience for the organizers of the Congress. They had no notion of the extent of the French-Canadian rebellion, nor could they foretell its possible repercussions at the crucial sessions to come. A motion to exclude all Communists or even Socialist delegates would possibly split the Congress wide open; at any rate, on this issue the whole French-Canadian delegation might be forced out. In the meantime the work of the Congress must go on. Far into the night, in some cases until daylight, they battled in committees, hammering out the resolutions, the Bill of Rights, the basis for the final work of the Congress. At the same time delegates worked with those French-Canadians who were on the Committees, explaining to them the meaning of the Congress, its crucial importance to the youth, to all the people of Canada, regardless of national distinctions. It was finally in the statements of the Committees, in the resolutions themselves, that the meaning of unity made itself clear. The scattered, disjointed opinions were integrated into a consistent body of resolutions directed at the heart of the problem of youth's maladjustment in the modern world. And when these resolutions were finally presented to the body of the Congress, there could no longer be any doubt. The Fascist elements either were swamped by the surge of unified feeling that made itself more and more clearly felt, or foresaw their complete defeat. Nothing was heard from them! The other French delegates were working with the rest of the Congress, discussing the issues without reservation, voting for or against as an integral part of the Congress as a whole.

The resolutions, important as they are, cannot come in for detailed analysis here. The two major problems—Youth and War; Youth and Canadian Economy —were dealt with in two appropriate resolutions. Canadian youth, says the first, must put its hope of peace on the principle of collective security operating through a League of Peoples: the economic problems of youth are to approach solution by the massing of Canadian youth in support of the "Canadian Youth Act", providing for the re-establishment of the disinherited in education, vocational training, industry and commerce. The criticism made by the Co-operative Commonwealth Youth Movement that there were no socialist resolutions, is certainly unfounded: it appears

that those who made this complaint failed to see the socialist implications and only missed the familiar 'socialist' terminology. But apart from this, the important issue remains, the issue of unity around a progressive social program. Racial, religious and geographical lines were broken down. Juanita de Shields, a Negro girl, received the highest number of votes for the Continuations Committee to carry on the work of the Congress. MacNichol, French-Canadian leader of the A.C.J.C., was one of the two delegates-at-large elected to the World Congress of Youth to be held in Geneva in September. It was MacNichol who summed up the lesson of the Congress in his final speech, a speech which rang with emotion and sincerity: "We have learned a great lesson here. We have learned that the differences we thought so important, the political, the racial, the religious differences, are not important. We have learned that we have problems in common and that we can only solve them together. We have learned the lesson of unity."

MacNichol was speaking for the French-Canadians when he said this. But although he may not have been aware of it, he was also speaking for the whole Canadian Youth Congress—for all of Canadian youth.

Correspondence

In the annual issue of *The Beacon*, official organ of the Young Men's Hebrew Association of Montreal, Mr. Harvey Golden, Executive Director, writes the leading article entitled "The Youth Ali-Yah at Home". This article is important not only because Mr. Golden is typical of many social service workers who find themselves bewildered by the swift-moving march of events, but also because Mr. Golden's influence on the educational policies of the Y.M.H.A.—an organization of some 3,000 members—is much greater than his official title would indicate. For these reasons, the article in question deserves the consideration of all those who are concerned with current social trends.

The first part of the article deals with the fundamental kinship between the Jewish Centre Movement and the Zionist Movement. He explains that just as the Palestinian revival is a concrete step in the revival of normal Jewish living in Palestine, so the Jewish centre is the logical medium for every project which will revive normal Jewish living in the diaspora (dispersion). What is meant by "normal Jewish living" remains unexplained. However, anyone who reads the tragic history of the Jewish people with the eyes of a realist and not those of a poet, will soon discover what has been the normal lot of millions of Jews throughout the centuries. A glance at current newspaper headlines relating to events in Palestine will reveal how completely successful at last has been the attempt to revive normal Jewish living in the Land of Promise.

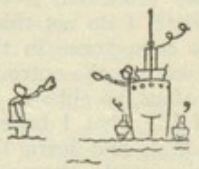
Such terms as "Jewish living" tend to obscure the fact that within the Jewish community itself there is a vast difference between the background, outlook and class interest of a Rothschild and the little Miss Cohen who works for eight dollars a week in a dress factory. This fact is brought out dramatically by the financial support which many wealthy Jews give to such fascist or near-fascist organizations as the American Crusaders, the American Senators and the American Liberty League (see recent U. S. Congressional investigation). It is demonstrated further by the recent reference in *The Nation* to the effect that the French Rothschilds supported not the People's Front, whose logical development only can bring freedom from persecution for the Jews in France, but the fascist Croix de Feu, whose electoral success would have put the mass of French Jewry in the same plight as that of German Jewry.

Mr. Golden deplores the "pogrom mentality" which colors the attitudes of so many Jewish people. He certainly should understand that the fear of persecution is not a mental disease, to be overcome by the application of proper psychological principles; its cause is a very real one, confirmed by every-day experience, by the knowledge that the security and very existence of many Jews is threatened by the wave of reaction sweeping over many lands as a result of the crisis in capitalism. Will the feeling that "being Jewish is nothing but a burden" be cured by teaching the Jew to fall in love with his burden, by wrapping him in the shawl of his traditions? Now, the present task of an organization truly concerned with the problem of those under its influence, is to reveal that anti-semitism is a symptom of the birth of a new social order. Its task is to train the Jewish youths to take their place in the ranks of those who are struggling for a new society.

After solving the spiritual problem of the Jew by presenting him with the shield of David, Dr. Golden acknowledges that man cannot live without bread. Problems surrounding this annoying fact are classified under the head of Economic Adjustment; the solution offered is vocational guidance and economic retraining. It goes without saying that this retraining must be along sound and approved lines, for Mr. Golden is contemptuous of those "who peddle panaceas of an economic millenium". It saddens him to observe that "the rush of Jewish youth into the ranks of those who hold out the promise of economic security is already denuding Jewish youth of its most ambitious, its most able members". He would like to stem "the flow into organizations of which the most popular are not only non-Jewish but actually anti-Jewish," this flow being a "challenge to those who maintain that Jewish living and progressive thought are not incompatible." Pending Mr. Golden's definition of "Jewish living" I am quite willing to grant that there is much which is admirable and progressive in Jewish thought, but I believe life itself is proving which organizations are in reality anti-Jewish: those like the Zionist Organization, whose short-sighted policy of building a dreamland on a soil so obviously destined to become a battleground for rival imperialist interests, has resulted in a death-trap for thousands of Jews; or those organizations which have as their aim the building of a society where all men, including Jews, will be free and equal.

In pointing out reactionary tendencies in the Y.M.H.A. programme, I am not unaware of the fact that since those responsible for its direction were shamed out of their head-in-the-sand policy by a group of members who had had no little part in the building up of the organization, there have been developments which forward-looking people must welcome. I refer particularly to the toleration of such inner groups as the Current Events Club, the calibre of the lecturers who addressed the Y Forums last season, and Mr. Golden's personal stand against Canadian participation in the Nazi Olympics. Nor do I wish to suggest that the Y.M.H.A. cannot become the sort of organization which will serve the true interests of Jewish youth. To accomplish this, however, the Association will have to do more than rationalize its position, while rendering lip-service to the real and critical problems facing the Jewish community. The future of the Y.M.H.A. as a genuine progressive social force lies in the hands of its gradually awakening members.

Montreal, P.Q. J. Zittrer.



To Our Subscribers . . .

As announced elsewhere in this issue, there will be no August issue of NEW FRONTIER. Your September copy will be mailed on August 15th. Have a good vacation — if you can afford one.

The Editors.

Canadian Artists Of Today

WM. GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

I CAME to know Roberts at the Ecole Des Beaux Arts of Montreal, in the first year in the life of that institution, 1923. As we were two of the few English-speaking males studying at the school at that time, we naturally sought each other out and fell into some intimacy. Roberts was in appearance obviously English speaking; being, in fact, the very picture of the Anglo-Saxon youth. He was in the habit of carrying books under his arm and spent at least as much time in class reading as in drawing. On the other hand, he did a great deal of sketching in the Public Library. He was, at that time, much given to reading poetry; Keats, I think, and Shelley, were his main enthusiasms; and at the school, he presented each day the mildly incongruous spectacle of a stalwart young giant mounting the marble stairs with his nose buried in a slim volume of verse, clenched before him in his two large hands; looking neither to the right or the left and oblivious of the interest he aroused.

When he had been living in Montreal and attending school for some eight months, he phoned me one night to ask me his address. He had, he told me, visited some friends who had taken him to the home of yet other friends; they offered to drive him home, so he wished to know, where did he live? He lived, I told him, six blocks from where he at that moment was. When some years later I visited him in New York (where he was studying at the Art Student's League) we walked together to Times Square, where I bought a Montreal paper. I paid for it with two of our large Canadian coppers, which the newsvendor, being blind, fingered in some perplexity. "Are these old quarters you've given me?" he asked. "No," I said "they're Canadian cents." Roberts appeared to be a little astonished both at the question and my reply; and we had walked some time before he realized that we were at that moment not actually in Canada, but in the United States. And he had been there for something like a year. Evidently he was still inclined to self-absorption.

Do these anecdotes seem trivial? Irrelevant to the consideration of Roberts as an artist? I do not think so. If a man has arrived at any competence in the handling of his materials, then his work is the outcome of his character. And we are, all of us, so alike in he performance of the major acts of life, that I believe we can judge a man's character best, and learn the most about him, by listening to his speech, observing his mannerisms and noting the smaller peculiarities of his behaviour. Know the main facts of a man's life and you know nothing about him. This is yet more true of artists than of men in the more active professions, say of business or—to take an extreme case,—of war. An artist studied in such-and-such a school or in such-and-such a one; he was rich or he was poor; he married or remained single; he died at sixty or at eighty;—each of these statements holds true of so many of his contemporaries that it does not serve to distinguish the man from his fellow man. To get a likeness, verbally or with paint, it is necessary to accentuate the differences.

The quality of abstraction, then, which I have emphasized in Roberts gives some insight, I think, into the character of the man and the character of his work. He is obviously not what, for lack of a better word, we call a realist in art. He has not the investigators' type of mind, the scientific approach. He is not impelled to grasp an object and hold it close to his eyes, to focus upon it at sharp short range, the better to examine, to probe, to analyze it; to determine its nature; to account for its shape, its color, its texture; or, in a word, to wrest from matter the interior secrets of its composition. His gaze is large, wide and fixed at a considerable distance from him. Inevitably, and like all minds of similar stamp engaged in art, he gravitates to landscape rather than to the human figure, which demands a sharper scrutiny. And in the painting of landscape he is inclined to paint large, wide and unenclosed views. He is attracted to panoramas of spacious country. He tends to paint broad sheets of water rather than rivers, entire forests oftener than trees, and scenes of villages or of city streets in preference to single, solitary houses.

His technique, in keeping with his spirit, is fresh and free. His favourite medium for the last few years has been water-colour; a medium which lends itself to effects at once delicate and incisive, but a difficult medium to use, especially in larger works, as it tends towards feebleness and pallor on the one hand, and, when strong effects are sought for, to heavy, unclear tones on the other. Roberts is inclined more to the latter than the former fault. To obtain a richness of colour usually to be found only in oils, he is apt to sacrifice something of the water-colour's crisp, light quality. The sacrifice is deliberate, for Roberts is accomplished in the medium. He sweeps in horizons and expanses of level or tumbled countryside with vigor and decision, but without the smug fluency of the craftsmen who seeks to impress with neat brushwork and the obvious command of his materials. The means, with Roberts, are subordinate to an end. That end, I should describe as the most direct and uncompromising expression possible of a genuine emotion felt at the sight of nature.

In Roberts' less successful efforts an over-anxiety to seize upon the pictorial essentials results in works which are bald, crude and even incoherent; in works which instead of being complete pictures contain only the elements from which pictures may be made. Even these failures, however, show some indications of quality; and at his best, his landscapes, I think, can stand with any that are being done in this country. Certainly no other of our painters has produced more consistently excellent landscapes in water-colour. He is still young, just thirty, and may be expected to make progress; but his work demands consideration on the strength, not of promise but of solid achievement. Of all the artists I know who began to study at much the same time as myself, he is one of the few who has, in the intervening short ten years, done work which warrants listing among the distinguished art of Canada to-day.

ERNST NEUMANN.

BOOKS

Canadian Poetry Repudiated

THE unsigned preface to this anthology* is an amazing document. It begins by stating that the "new poetry" has during the past quarter-century been in search of new content and new technique. The "search for new content was less successful than had been the search for new techniques, and by the end of the last decade the modernist movement was frustrated for want of direction." A "positive direction" has since been discovered; concern with social and political problems, forced upon the attention and dominating the imagination of poets during the past five or six years, has enabled poetry to regain a vitality which it had lost. But the poems in *New Provinces* "were written for the most part when new techniques were on trial, and when the need for a new direction was more apparent than the knowledge of what that direction would be." Now the six poets know what the direction is to be; and they blandly tell us that the poems in this anthology belong to the past and, for their authors, have merely a historical interest! The preface ends on a note not far from repudiation: "*New Provinces* contains work which has had significance for the authors in the evolution of their own understanding." It is not unreasonable to inquire why these poems should be printed now. Presumably their authors are now capable, by virtue of their new social enthusiasm, of writing verses vastly more significant than those between the covers of this slight anthology.

Until the new masterpieces are communicated to us, we must, however, estimate the six poets as they are here represented, remembering, of course, the many admirable volumes which Mr. Pratt has recently given us, and Mr. Kennedy's moving, subtle, difficult collection, *The Shrouding.*

The two Toronto poets, Mr. Finch and Mr. Pratt, are quite unlike the four Montreal poets who dominate the anthology. Mr. Pratt, who is represented here (very inadequately) by a few brief lyrics has never given full allegiance to the new techniques. On occasion he uses them brilliantly and sincerely, but they are not the richest of his manifold resources. In much of his poetry there is a strong sense of social pity, a deep humanitarian concern for all who suffer or are frustrated. But it would be mere illusion to suppose that his humanitarianism is other than that which appears in the nineteenth century poets and those who in this century continue and enrich the romantic tradition. Mr. Finch is a virtuoso in the "new techniques". Some of his poems are much more difficult than any others in this collection. When I comprehend his meaning, he appears to me to have visual and auditory impressions of remarkable fineness, a fastidiousness in epithet and rhythm which is memorable and, most admirable of all his qualities, an imagination receptive to wild dreams and surprising collocations. The emotional accent is peculiar, and perhaps one is right in connecting its peculiarity with Mr. Finch's knowledge of recent French poetry, a knowledge which was clearly reflected in some of his earlier verses. Unfortunately, his poems do not appear to be the successive expressions of a single mind but are rather the unrelated experiments of an imaginative technician.

Mr. A. J. M. Smith's verses, on the contrary, are the clearly related expressions of a fairly constant sensibility. He has carefully studied the English metaphysical poets and in many images he exactly recovers their power. One or two images which recall Donne at his most characteristic must be given:

> The hieroglyph
> Of ash
> Concedes an anagram
> Of love.

and

> That country under dream
> Where eternity and time are
> The two sides of a drum.

His sombre and erudite imagination enables him to strike one of the most original notes in Canadian poetry.

The examples of Mr. Leo Kennedy's poetry which appear here, like the poems in *The Shrouding,* are concerned with the central themes of great poetry—love, death, pain, pride. There is more diversity of tone than in Mr. Smith's poetry, more richness of emotion, but less firmness of design, less fineness of phrase. It is interesting to set beside the lines quoted from Mr. Smith the beautiful and characteristic opening stanza of Mr. Kennedy's "Epithalamium Before Frost":

> Now that leaves shudder from the hazel limb,
> And poppies pod and maples whirl their seed,
> And squirrels dart from private stores to slim
> The oak of acorns with excessive greed;

the difference of emotion and expression between Mr. Kennedy's poetry and Mr. Smith's are, however, secondary. With Mr. Scott's, their poems form the central nucleus of the collection, as of the "Montreal poetry" of the past fifteen years. Mr. Scott is here represented, it must at once be said, by two kinds of poetry of very unique value. In poems such as "Calvary" and "Surfaces" he resembles Mr. Smith and Mr. Kennedy and attains effects of deep beauty; but he is also represented by verses on social themes which in my opinion are mere doggerel. "Efficiency" begins

> The efficiency of the capitalist system
> Is rightly admitted by important people . . .

There is only one word for verses such as these; and here in *New Frontier,* which has so kindly invited me to comment on this anthology, I should like to utter a vehement warning against the supposition that such verses are really excellent. How can so true a poet as Mr. Scott sink to so low a level? He has himself given

**New Provinces* (Poems of Several Authors). Macmillan Company of Canada Limited. $1.50.

us the answer in "Overtime." Here he records his reaction to a Mozart sonata, saying

> "But how shall I hear old music? This is an hour
> Of new beginnings, concepts warring for power,
> Decay of systems—the tissue of art is torn
> With overtures of an era being born."

The urgency of social issues has so captured Mr. Scott's mind that he is unable to respond to great art —or to create it. That is a pity.

Of the poetry of Mr. Klein I ventured to say, five years ago, that it offered the greatest hope for the Canadian poetry of the immediate future; and it is with deep regret that I have observed Mr. Klein's sterility in recent years. The two poems of his which are reprinted, "Out of the Pulver and the Polished Lens" and "Soirée of Velvel Kleinberger" were known to me when I made the prediction. After five years they continue to impress me as subtle, erudite, imaginative, and moving. Mr. Klein has a broader sweep than any of the other poets here represented; he has a firmer grasp of human character, both of individual peculiarities and of social relationships; he combines with his modernism of technique a fine, and critical, adherence to Jewish tradition. He should give us some new verses.

The decision of six poets to come before the public as a group, almost as a school, is in itself significant. It is proper to express the hope that they will shortly give us another collection which need not be repudiated in its own preface.

E. K. Brown.

Marxist Economics

Rulers of America, a Study of Finance Capital. By Anna Rochester. International Publishers. $2.50.

THE Labor Research Association sponsors this painstaking and elaborately documented account of the financial structure of capitalism in the United States. The material is treated in three sections. Part I, "The Rulers and their Domain" gives an account of the Morgan, Rockefeller and Mellon financial hierarchies, their intricate relations with banks and industries and with each other, and their dominating position in relation to the government. In Part II certain industries are described in their financial aspect—oil with its rival international monopolies; copper; the great international electric monopolies; chemicals, "every chemical plant a potential arsenal"; "Aviation, a War Industry"; steel and war machines; railroads, "the nearest approach to state capitalism"; farming and retailing. Part III deals with the foreign empire of the United States — its colonies and protectorates, the countries within its sphere of influence, and China. The last two chapters discuss the situation of capitalism in crisis and depression and the probable future of capitalism in the United States.

The Civil War marked the real rise of monopoly capitalism and the beginning of the handling of government debt by bankers. The nineties saw the interdevelopment of banking and industry into more and more complex relations as bankers, making loans for the expansion of industry, extended their power in building up wide-spread monopolies. Concentration continued to a point where in 1926 the richest one percent of the population owned about 59 percent of the wealth; the petty capitalists, 12 percent, owned 33 percent; and the great mass of industrial workers and small farmers, 87 percent of the population owned about 8 percent of the wealth. In the striking phrase of Lincoln Steffens "the unidentified seat of actual power—was the absolute control of credit".

The structure of the government to protect and preserve capitalism is demonstrated in the connection of the party machines with big business, the participation of finance capitalists in government office, the circumvention of regulation and such functions as lobbying and propaganda through the press and the movies.

The book is a documentation for the United States of Lenin's *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism* and the Marxist approach gives it impressive coherence and unity. It entails however, on the one hand exaggeration and on the other incompleteness. Figures such as those on page 151, purporting to show value taken from workers above the amount of wages paid them, are impossible to construct and, as statistics, mean nothing to the present reviewer. In the same way to say that relief camps were organized on military lines to prepare the men for war or that small farmers are interested in collectivization is to exaggerate, and thereby compromise the accuracy of valid theses.

The socialist, or, for that matter the fascist approach involves inadequacy because it has not yet made its peace with the machine. The socialists have failed to answer the challenges thrown out by the Veblenian approach or to answer the question which Veblen left unanswered and which the lineal descendants of the Stuart Chase variety gleefully ignore. It remains for liberal thinkers to clarify their attitude to the basic fact of modern civilization—the machine. The fundamental problem is the extent to which the machine should be restricted and the development of means of restriction to modify the evils of the restrictions of the profit system. It is easy to say that the Panama Canal was built to permit warships to pass rapidly from one ocean to the other, harder and more important to define the status and operation of a great technical instrument such as the canal, under a socialist society.

But as an exposition of the greatest of modern capitalist states, *Rulers of America* is important and well done. An array of supporting figures and references are marshalled in appendices; Miss Rochester's book is substantial as research and cogent as argument.

Mary Quayle Innis.

Payment Deferred

South Riding. By Winifred Holtby. Collins. $2.50.

"TAKE what you want and pay for it," is the dictum that opens Winifred Holtby's novel of a Yorkshire county. The flaw in this simple Spanish proverb as a working formula for modern society is the fact that those who take are not always those who pay. Winifred Holtby, Dorothy Sayers and Vera Brittain found this out during their war-service. Of these three Cambridge graduates in whom the war stirred a sense of social injustice, Winifred Holtby's expression was the most profound.

The novel is concerned with the legislation of the Kiplington County Council and its effect on the personal lives of the constituents. The name Kiplington is one that the author of *Mandoa, Mandoa,* a piece of keen satire on the white man in Africa, might have been expected to choose. But, written when she was dying, sympathy not satire is in *South Riding* the touchstone for truth.

The opposition between the old civilization and the new is brought out in the conflict between Carne, the local squire, and Sarah Burton, the schoolmistress. Sarah fights for new roads, housing, and maternity hospitals. Carne oposes all improvements because they will depreciate his property. The triumph of Sarah's plans means the ruin of Carne, and Sarah's fight is not made easier by the consciousness that she loves him. Miss Holtby sees the inevitable passing of all that Carne represents, and, although she pleads for understanding of tradition she does not permit the British compromise.

The socialist member of the County Council, Joe Astell, tortured by T.B., becomes weary of securing the substance for people who reject the spirit of socialism. The understanding which Miss Holtby demands for Carne from the supporters of the new order is invoked with equal intensity from the men of Kipling's world for Astell when she speaks of the danger of another war. "She was thinking of Joe Astell killing himself by overwork in the Clydeside, dying for his country more surely than thousands of those who to-day waved flags and cheered for royalty."

After Carne's death Sarah is faced with the realization that for what she took, Carne had to pay; and she is terrified of the price that must be paid for the new social order. "You'll have to work for a revolution, Sarah," says Astell with the insight of a dying man. "I know you don't want it, and it's a bloody brutal prospect. But we can't build anything permanent on these foundations."

Winifred Holtby, herself committed to truth of utterance by the knowledge that she will not live to modify or explain it, replies. "We all pay; we all take; we are members of one another. We cannot escape this partnership. This is what it means to belong to a community." How much we are justified in reading into that phrase "we cannot escape this partnership" will never be determined, for Miss Holtby has not lived to tell us.

ISABEL JORDAN.

Reed of Harvard—and Moscow

John Reed. By Granville Hicks, with the assistance of John Stuart. Macmillan Co. of Canada. $3.50.

UNTIL the publication of this first and definitive biography, John Reed was in danger of becoming a legendary figure. His life as a Harvard play-boy, Greenwich Village bohemian, war correspondent and finally Communist organizer, did not lend itself to facile interpretation, and certainly none of the articles and memoirs written by his Harvard friends and fellow-Villagers have done anything to clarify the motives which led him into the revolutionary movement. We are therefore doubly grateful to Granville Hicks, who has not only given us a well-written, scholarly and at all times exciting biography of Reed, but has done something of which few American biographers would be capable, and that is to make Reed's choice not only understandable, but inevitable. In the words of Lincoln Steffens, this book tells the truth: that the intense experience of ordinary professional living today cannot but make a revolutionary.

When Reed graduated from Harvard to Greenwich Village he was a brilliant student, a mediocre poet, a rebel, in a harmless individualistic way, and a bit of a snob. In short he was not very different from dozens of his fellow-graduates who were also frequenting the Fifth Avenue salon of Mabel Dodge and starting little magazines—magazines which protested loudly and a little naively against the dullness of American life, the conventions of American morality, and the sterility of American literature. Reed was active in the organization of the best-known and the most radical of these magazines, *Masses.* But the radicalism of the *Masses* group was not a variety particularly harmful to the interests of the American ruling class. Many of its exponents were more interested in the twin liberties of free love and free verse (not to mention free drinks) than in social change; in the end too much of it petered out into the apathy of Floyd Dell, or, undergoing a metamorphosis, emerged as the venom of the counter-revolutionary Max Eastman. Reed was saved from going down with the rest by the fact that he received a good part of his post-graduate education direct from life itself, rather than having it strained through books and literary gossip.

He was an active participant in the famous Paterson textile strike; he visited Villa in Mexico, where for the first time he witnessed actual fighting; as a war correspondent he was an indignant eye-witness of all the horrors of the Great War, from the front-line trenches to the propaganda departments where many of his fellow-writers spent four cozy years turning out atrocity stories. Finally, as he stood in the crowd outside Smolny and watched the birth of a new civilization from the chaos of revolutionary Russia, his education was completed; now he could understand the basic pattern which dominated the crazy-quilt world through which his love of adventure had led him. His account of the Russian Revolution, *Ten Days That Shook the World,* for all its brilliance is a sober, documented work, the opposite of the impressionistic stuff he had formerly written.

People are apt to get the impression that the Russian Revolution was the end of Reeed's career, and that his newspaper writing and his book make the sum total of his public achievements. But there is another large chapter of his life, whose events took place in America after his return from the Soviet Union. He came back to face several indictments for anti-war agitation, both the general indictment of the *Masses* staff and several concerning himself and his wife, Louise Bryant, alone. The conduct of the Reeds before the examining committees gives an amusing and thought-provoking glimpse of the workings of American democracy.

In his wisdom, Mr. Hicks withholds praise and blame and refrains from setting up signposts marked Left Turn. The material of the book is enough. It is because of this that the story of Reed's life provides both clarification and stimulus to those who are willing to accept the evidence of their open eyes.

JOHN GREGORY.

Kentucky Soil

Head O' W-Hollow. By Jesse Stuart. E. P. Dutton and Co. $2.00.

JESSE STUART has the faculty of looking objectively at his surroundings and transmuting his vision into prose that is poetry: all that he sees and feels changes to song under his touch. Here is no oratorio, but rather the mood which created *Man With a Bull-Tongue Plough,* the simple song of a child of the soil with his hand to the plough, serene and strong, splendid with confidence.

These twenty-one short stories portray the daily life of the farming mountaineers from birth to death, running the gamut of human emotion in a simple but vigorous fashion. There is little that is "primitive" in this emotion. If you live in the small world outside of Kentucky and have academic opinions as to the backwardness of the mountaineers, read "Three Hundred Acres of Elbow Room" and see superstition made credible. In "Uncle Capper" there is lively humour, no sign of rusticity. Rather this is the virile amusement that we would associate with Paul Bunyan in his moments of relaxation.

Only once in these stories do we detect a false note, when the "Governor of Kentucky" takes a trip by bus to Chicago to boost his football team. It is more pleasant to visualize the Governor brewing moonshine and chewing tobacco than to see him driving a bus up the wrong side of the Loop, and cheering a football match. But then if civilization won't come to Kentucky, Kentucky must go to civilization.

Head O' W-Hollow has the tang of fresh furrows in it, the odor of blue smoke and the scent of new mown hay; human frailty and courage described in every day terms, but dipped in the alembic of poetry. Jesse Stuart is an artist, a painter of pictures. Take them or leave them.

D. C. McNAIR.

Innocent Voyageurs

Around the World in Eleven Years. By Patience, Richard and John Abbe. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.25.

THIS is a book which should be read in the privacy of one's own room. Because it is the kind of book that you simply have to read aloud from, and afterwards feel ashamed and wish you hadn't.

It is the life story so far of three children, spent in France, Germany, Russia and the United States, going to school at odd times, but picking up their education mostly from concierges, schupos, Gilda Gray, Madame Litvinoff, Mrs. Ronald Colman, Boardman Robinson, and other people of equally varied capabilities and outlooks. The children's views on life and its problems shift amazingly according to the people they've been with. "A capitalist," Patience says, "is somebody who has money and starves the poor people." Her very next sentences are, "We went in to see Lenin. He was dead six year but he didn't smell. He was the one who started the Revolution and ever since Russia has been poor."

Perhaps because they have known so many different kinds of people and because they put down the things they remember, the children have an artless aptitude for characterization. "Madame Thereau was 74 years old and very tall and had a mustache. She had a big breast and always walked with her hands on her belly. She adored Johnny because Johnny was singing the whole day long. And she used to take the three of us into her kitchen and divide one apple in equal parts between us."

They can convey the atmosphere of a family and of a social milieu as well as a personality. "Madame la Comtesse telephoned to us that we must come to her Weihnachtsabend. She lived in a castle in Berlin and had lots and lots of servants but still she was poor. It was very cold in her drawing-room but she had a beautiful tree and all her family were there, and everyone spoke French, and one son she had was dark and tall and gorgeous. But he was also a count, but he couldn't get any work. But they still had lovely clothes and they played the piano."

As will be obvious by now, this selection of significant detail is abetted by a style of charming humour. A slight inversion or unfamiliar phrasing on the part of the young polyglots, as well as their ignorance of incongruities, provides many a welcome chuckle. For example, "We went swimming every day. Horses and cows were also in the river with us. . . . Then one day we went downtown (in Chicago) and Mamma and Papa were going to jail to see some of her friends. . . . And once a boy (on Hampstead Heath) knocked Richard down and said, 'Oh, I say, I didn't mean to be a blighter. I'm so sorry. I'm SO sorry.' We didn't understand how they talked. Richard got up and said, 'Pardon'. Then we went home, because we got tired of flying kites and the English are always walking around."

There are also a lot of photographs of the children in various situations, presumably contributed by Papa, the well-known news photographer. Particularly nice are those captioned, "This is our wagon-lit in our Berlin studio. We took turns sleeping on each etage" and "This is the way we came off the Bremen dressed very chic."

All in all, this a lovely book to read, and may or may not do you some good. But when it's finished, you may be a little tired. The feelings of the Berlin friends at the station are quite understandable: "Grüss Gott, Godspeed, Good Luck and for God's sake don't come back."

JOCELYN MOORE.

Tradition is Not Enough

Strange Glory. By L. H. Myers. Putnam. $2.50.

SEEKING escape from the boredom of wealth, weary travel and the seeming stupidity of conventional emotions fitted to conventional morals, Paulina, one of the three main characters in *Strange Glory,* flees to a swamp wasteland outside a Louisiana city. Here she finds solace in solitude and comfort from the symbolical figure of a hermit philosopher. All moves smoothly with the two as they approach spiritual peace. Then Stephen arrives from Russia where he has been pursuing his scientific research in the great laboratories of Kharkov. He is strong, handsome, married. Paulina's platonic love for the hermit

moves momentarily into the background; she loves Stephen. Stephen loves Paulina: his austere laboratory: his wife and child in Russia.

The ingenious tangle of the characters' lives and the lives of their families of an earlier generation is the basis upon which the author builds an almost fatalistic philosophy. The tale, dragging a little, unfolds. The hermit is the murderer of Paulina's uncle, who seduced the former's young wife; Stephen is the product of the seduction. The hermit is dying of some mysterious disease (mysterious to the reader only), Stephen must go back to Russia to put things in order before he can claim Paulina, who wants to follow him but finally decides to remain with the hermit until the end . . . then Stephen. The plot flows on, to no purpose.

Aside from the plot there is some interesting writing. For the student of literature, and especially for those interested in the social significance of modern literature this book is a necessity. It shows the gropings of a writer who, attempting to follow tradition, is influenced in spite of his orthodoxy by the social scene of today. Since he wrote his first book some years ago, L. H. Myers has been going from strength to strength, in the traditional manner. But accepted tradition is in some ways failing him, and he is gradually replacing escapism with realism, while the significance of his symbols is truly gaining strength.

GEORGE BARRATT.

Brief Reviews

Women and Children Under the Swastika. Compiled by Theodore Deak and Rae Einhorn. Universum Publishers. 10c.

IF you are looking for a brief, easy to read but authoritative pamphlet giving the facts of the Nazi regime in relation to women and children, this is highly commendable. It indicates the general attitude and line of conduct of the Nazis, and intersperses this with individual incidents and quotations from periodicals. It strikes a new note in quoting the expressed opinions of women journalists and leaders, favorable to Hitler, and in citing many cases of young boys and girls undergoing brutal persecution.

The Handbook of the Soviet Union. Compiled by the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce. The John Day Co. $3.00.

This is an invaluable reference book on the Soviet Union, well arranged and clearly written. It supplements the Webbs' great work with facts and figures on the Five Year Plans, the history of the economic development, and the organization of Soviet industry, agriculture, transportation and foreign trade. The volume concludes with a series of valuable statistical surveys, maps, and charts.

Proletarian Literature in the United States. International Publishers. $1.00.

This cheap edition of a book only half a year old is as nice a job as anyone could desire. Slightly cheaper paper and a blue cloth instead of a linen cover, are the only differences between this and the original edition. International Publishers are congratulated for making this indispensable anthology available to almost everyone.

Between Ourselves

WE wish to apologize to our readers for the delay in the publication of this issue, which was caused by some material going astray in the mail. In future the magazine will be published promptly on the 15th of the month.

E. K. Brown is the head of the Department of English at the University of Manitoba.

James T. Farrell is the author of the *Studs Lonigan* Trilogy which was reviewed in our last issue. He has also published two books of short stories, *Calico Shoes* and *Guillotine Party*, and his most recent work is *A Note on Literary Criticism.*

Margaret Gould, one of our editors, is at present in the Soviet Union, where she is making a study of social services. On her return she will write of her impressions for NEW FRONTIER.

A. T. McFarlane is known for his book *Monkey Sense*, which he published under the name of Mack Cryland.

John Gregory writes a column on books for the *Clarion Weekly.*

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In the first four months of its existence, the people whose names you see on the left have contributed to NEW FRONTIER.

These, and others whose names you know —and whose names you are going to know —will bring you up-to-date news articles; authoritative interpretation of Canadian and world affairs; stories with a meaning to people who are awake to what's going on; and poetry, criticism, drawings.

NEW FRONTIER is founded on the conviction that the Canadian middle class is awakening to certain unbearable features of our present social system — and willing to provide an audience for those writers, artists and intellectuals who have something relevant to say about the troubled times we live in. You can help strengthen this conviction and at the same time encourage a new and vigorous Canadian art and literature by filling out the subscription blank below.