

*New*  
**FRONTIER**

OCTOBER, 1936

**Quebec Bait The Jew!**

*Part Two of Peter Quinn's Exposure of  
Fascist Activities in Quebec.*

**Cornwall: The Diary of A Strike**

**Mr. Duplessis' Right Turn**

*A Hope for Canadian Poetry*

*By ALAN CALMER*

**Red Atrocities: Read All About Them!**

Vol. 1, No. 6.

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**CANADIAN LITERATURE & SOCIAL CRITICISM**



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# SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

## A MARXIAN QUARTERLY

Interest in Marxian theory has grown to such a degree among intellectuals, especially those in the universities and professions, that there is a profound need for a journal devoted to Marxian studies in the fields of government, history, economics, the sciences, and the arts. SCIENCE AND SOCIETY: *A Marxian Quarterly*, has been founded to fill this need and actively to encourage the growth of a body of Marxian scholarship. Distinguished authorities in all branches of theoretical endeavor cooperate, in the pages of this magazine, to apply systematically a method which will enable the intellectual to fit his detached investigations into the changing patterns of history, and to escape from the uncertainty and isolation of outworn tradition to the fresh strength of a new intellectual synthesis and social program.

Among the articles appearing in the first issue, which will be out October 1, are:

AMERICAN EDUCATION AND SOCIAL STRUGGLE, by *Dr. Theodore Brameld of Adelphi College*.

THE SOCIAL BASIS OF LINGUISTICS, by *Prof. Margaret Schlauch of New York University*.

A CRITICISM OF LOGICAL POSITIVISM, by *Prof. V. J. McGill of Hunter College*.

A MATERIALISTIC APPROACH TO MATHEMATICS, by *Prof. D. J. Struik of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology*.

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# *New* FRONTIER

## *Spain Moves Left*

ALTHOUGH at this writing the outcome of the Spanish civil war is still uncertain, a number of events tend to confirm the prediction made in these columns that the Fascist putsch will not succeed. The first of these is the accession of a new, more radical government, headed by the Socialist Largo Caballero. The former government, dominated by liberals and left Republicans, was undoubtedly sincere in its struggle against the Fascists, yet the weakness inherent in the liberal position caused it to vacillate and temporize in a situation which required the utmost decisiveness. The new government, reflecting as it does the real strength of the forces fighting for democracy, has re-organized and re-vitalized the loyalist armies. Already there is a rumour that the Fascists are asking for peace, and that their terms, which involve the handing over to them of key positions in the government apparatus, are being supported by Great Britain. The present government has treated these outrageous demands with the contempt they deserve, and has promised not to stop the war until the Fascists are completely defeated.

Second in importance only to the growing power of the working class parties in Spain, is the energetic campaign being waged by the workers of France and Great Britain against the "neutrality" of their governments. The Communist Party of France, while re-affirming its loyalty to the Popular Front, is taking the lead in demanding that the Blum government should resume trade relations with the constitutionally-elected government of Spain. These demands have been pointed by a wave of strikes led by Socialist and Communist workers, and by impressive mass demonstrations in the streets of Paris and other cities.

Labor and progressive groups in Canada cannot ignore this lead. The events in Spain have mercilessly exposed the isolationist policies advocated by many Canadian liberals and socialists. We advise these people to take an example from the unity of purpose which has united Hitler, Mussolini and Baldwin on behalf of their class allies in Spain. Should Spanish democracy be annihilated, should another Fascist state be established in Europe, the outlook for peace and progress will be dark indeed. The immediate task of those who desire to keep Canada out of another war is the most active support of the Spanish Government.

## *Hitler Calls A Congress*

WHILE the Fascist-rebels, openly armed and supported by German and Italian Fascism, continued to spread death and destruction throughout Spain, the fourth congress of the German National Socialist Party met in an atmosphere of hysterical nationalism and belligerency which marks a new stage in the Nazi drive to war. Although the dominant note of the congress was the establishment of Germany as the strongest bulwark against Communism, Canadian papers played up Hitler's insolent demands for the return of Germany's colonies, demands that are open to only one interpretation. The farcical annual "German culture" meeting was treated by the Leader to a speech bristling with denunciations of Jewish, Bolshevik, Christian, democratic and international culture, and calling for a further regimentation of what is left of German art. We wish that we could print ten million copies of that speech and make it compulsory reading for every Canadian citizen. In Germany today Fascism stands in bestial nakedness; its leaders scarcely bother to conceal their real aims. In Canada, as has been revealed by Peter Quinn's articles in this magazine, Nazi agents are working with "our own" reactionary interests to establish a dictatorship built on the Italian and German models. *It is impossible that their activities are unknown to the Canadian government.* But the Liberal government has taken no action to expel them, and will take no such action so long as the indifference of the Canadian people continues. When is this fatal apathy, an apathy which extends even to some sections of the leadership of the labor movement, going to be dispelled? Are we to share the fate of the German people, who awoke to the menace of Fascism only in Hitler's concentration camps?

## *Love Will Find A Way*

ALDOUS HUXLEY has taken his eye from the keyholes of the bedrooms of the British intellectuals, and has been shocked to behold a world moving towards war. Surprisingly enough for a man who has poured contempt upon the concept of love, he advocates in a recent pamphlet an emasculated form of brotherly love as a solution to the war problem. Men are to band together in loving groups all over the world and implore their governments to refrain from war. Mr. Hux-



ley and his followers, who are said to number 100,000, are out to set an example. They must convince the world that peace can best be preserved by making friends with the strongest and most aggressive powers, and gracefully giving way to their demands.

Any addition to the ranks of those speaking and writing against war is to be welcomed, particularly when the recruit is a man with the influence of Huxley. But from him at least we might have expected a sceptical attitude to brotherly love in a capitalist society, which would have led to a deeper analysis of the means for achieving peace. The spectacle of Mr. Huxley and his followers going through life loving the motley horde of pimps, politicians, fascists, sweat-shop owners, munitions magnates, flag-waving prelates and yellow journalists spawned up by this social order, when they might be doing something constructive to work for peace, is a disturbing one. The sad fact is that Mr. Huxley is actually ignorant of the first causes of war and fascist reaction. Love, we see, is blind.

## *The Soviet Trials*

SIXTEEN convicted terrorists have been executed for conspiracy to assassinate Soviet leaders and to overthrow the Soviet Government. At their trial these men, many of whom had held important positions in the Communist Party, confessed that they had plotted the murder of Sergei Kirov, which took place on December 1, 1934; that this cold blooded murder was part of a plot to put to death Stalin and other Soviet leaders as a prelude to insurrection; and that they were acting with the support of the German Secret police and the exiled Leon Trotsky.

As might be expected, these revelations have been met with howls of protest from the enemies of socialism, a heterogeneous rabble of die-hards, fascists, right wing socialist leaders and sincere but misguided liberals, who believe, or pretend to believe, that the terrorists and their accomplices are innocent. Leaders of the Second International, without consulting their member parties, send an impudent telegram to the Soviet Government. In his usual megalomaniacal style, Trotsky announces that it is a plot against his person; presumably his old allies have allowed themselves to be executed in order to discredit him. The fascist and reactionary press revive ridiculous stories about mass starvation and discontent in the Soviet Union, alleged antagonisms between Soviet leaders, and blood purges ordered by Stalin.

As the liberal *New Republic* points out, there is no evidence to support any of these fantastic hypotheses, all of which emanate from sources traditionally hostile to the Soviet Union. All competent observers admit that the Soviets have never been so stable as at the present time, and that the Communist Party and its leaders have never been so popular. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the terrorists did not receive a fair trial, or that they were in any way intimidated into making false confessions. The trial was held openly, and attended by newspapermen and representatives of foreign embassies.

Correspondents for American news agencies agree that the stories told by each of the defendants corroborated each other to an extent which removed all doubt as to their truth.

As for Trotsky, there is no need for Communists to discredit him or his political theories any further. Sentimental liberals, fascinated by Trotsky's romantic career, who deny that he would use the weapon of terrorism even when his political program has proven bankrupt, should refrain from comment on matters about which they are obviously ill-informed. Those who have taken the trouble to study the matter know that long before this Trotsky has proven himself an enemy of the Soviet Union who would stop at nothing in order to destroy it.

The theoretical justification for this terrorist plot was given in his notorious pamphlet *The Soviet Union and The Fourth International*, where he states, among other things, that the soviet leaders "can be compelled to yield power into the hands of the proletarian vanguard (read murderers of the Kamenev-Nikolaiev type) only by force." Behind this incitement to violence against the Soviet state lies the story of a once brilliant revolutionary led by his own psychopathic egotism and hatred of Communism into a morass of intrigue, lies, counter-revolution and finally murder. Trotsky has been exposed by his fellow-conspirators, and in the last analysis, by himself. In the words of Zinoviev, "Trotskyism plus terrorism equals Fascism".

## *A Call To Catholics*

ELSEWHERE in this issue we publish an analysis of the Fascist-partisan spirit revealed by important Canadian newspapers, among which are grouped for self-evident reasons, *L'Action Catholique* of Quebec and the *Catholic Register*. *L'Action Catholique* has loosely the sanction of Church officialdom in the French province, and the *Catholic Register* lays claim to similar recognition, pointing out further that its "attitude" "is also the attitude of the Catholic press of North America". The pro-Fascist note sounded by both newspapers, involving as it does, falsified news reports, vicious attacks on the constitutionally-elected Spanish Government, and the dissemination of scandalous charges of priest-burning and nun-baiting on the part of people who are literally fighting for life and liberty, must surely distress and embarrass that great Canadian Catholic laity which subscribes to the ideal of peace, freedom and progress for all.

No amount of partisan fury against "Anarchist murderers", "red vandals" and "Communist priest-killers" can disguise the patent fact that in Spain a corrupt and reactionary clergy has conspired with the military caste and the enormously wealthy landowners to snatch painfully won constitutional victory from the peasants and townspeople with bayonets and bullets. No gloss can cover the partial financing of the present Fascist insurrection by the Spanish clerics, nor their active participation in the slaughter of men and women loyal to the Government.

Catholics are no different from any other national or



religious group, in that their numbers include both democrats and reactionaries. The former should consider well the words of one of North America's most distinguished Catholic editors and apologists, the veteran Michael Williams of the *Commonweal*. In a recent visit to Nova Scotia, his native province, Mr. Williams told a congress at St. Francis Xavier University that not Communism but Fascism is the "black beast" that threatens today, especially in America. "I glory", he said, "in the heroism of the Communists. It is their spirit we Catholics want". (Montreal *Daily Star* report). In Washington, D. C., Father McGowan has the intellectual honesty to denounce Fascist activity and red-and-Jew baiting, in spite of the activities of Father Coughlin in Detroit, and the admiration for the tyranny of Mussolini expressed by Bishops Schrembs and Gallagher. The Popular Front of France is supported against fascist encroachment by no less distinguished a Catholic leader than Jacques Maritain. In Spain, itself, the Catholic philosopher Bergamin defends the Madrid Government, and the pious Father Morales leads a group of ardent co-religionists in defense of the republic against the cohorts of Generals Mola and Franco, described by the *Catholic Register* on August 27, as *patriots!*

Progressive Catholics can and should familiarize themselves with the facts of the Fascist threat to democracy in Spain. If they do this with intelligence and fair-mindedness, they cannot but support the Spanish People's Front, through their religious associations, trade unions and cultural groups. Already Fascism in those countries where it has established bloody roots, has seriously checked cultural growth, and seriously impaired the value and the security of what remains. It is not only the modern weapons of war which threaten the existence of civilization. The cultural and spiritual implications of Fascism—the creed that holds as basic articles of faith the need to perpetuate all that makes war inevitable—profoundly threaten Spaniards and Canadians alike. The contribution of progressive Catholics is vital in the fight of the Canadian people against Fascism—a conflict that calls for the united and untiring efforts of all men and women of good will.

## Play Contest

The \$150 prize contest for one-act Canadian plays, sponsored by the New Theatre Groups of Canada and originally announced in the June issue of *New Frontier*, will be extended for an additional month, making the closing date October 30 instead of September 30. Although a great number of scripts have been sent in, many requests for an extension of time have been received, and in order to give as many contestants as possible the chance of entering their work, the New Theatre Groups have decided upon the month's extension. Readers desiring more information on the contest can obtain it by writing to: Play Contest, *New Frontier*.

## Two Poems

### *And Still We Dream*

And still we dream, coiled in a mountain crevice  
And still we let the sun  
Shift on flesh and bone his subtle fingers  
Before his day is run.

Comrade, the thrush will never give us warning  
His singing will not cease—  
The bees will hum all down the darkest morning  
Inveigling us to peace

The mountains, yearning forward into silence  
Have done with shaking; and the stir  
Of centuries is only a brief wrinkle  
Where the thunders were.

But we, who like to lie here hushed, immobile,  
Whistling a low bird note  
Can have no rest from clash of arms behind us  
And thunder at the throat:

Here, though we dream like lizards on a rock-ledge  
Suckling the sun's breast—  
Manhood and growth are on us; rise up, Comrade,  
It is death to rest.

### *Man Asleep*

Though hunched in grass as mountain rocks take root  
Hunched over towns, their contours blocked and blurred  
Receding at the march of evening, mute—

Though unresisting while the summer's hand  
Smooths out your brow, relaxes the stiff bone  
And cools the blood—somewhere the guns command.

There, dreaming one, your brothers raise the dust  
Over Madrid, gird the impassive hills,  
Cast off mandragora with lightning thrust;

There, sleeper, do the men like clouds oppress:  
Stiffer than yours, their bones, their feet  
Footsore with battle, not with homelessness.

See, the world's home they build in Spain—  
The fireside stone you never had, the arms  
You snatched at, but could not maintain.

Now hunched in sleep, you dream the battle's done:  
But still your bones shall spring to life like steel  
Clamp down on victory, behold the sun!

DOROTHY LIVESAY.



# Quebec Bait the Jew!

PETER QUINN

SUFFICIENT evidence on the Nazi set-up in Quebec has been unearthed to deport local Hitler agents a dozen times over. This evidence is backed up with letters and photostatic copies of letters exchanged between native-born French-Canadian Fascists and their intimates in Dr. Goebbels' propaganda department. These documents cannot be denied or shouted away, since they repose safely in designated strongboxes. They are passports to oblivion which Jew-hating Adrien Arcand, official of the Parti National Social Chrétien du Canada, and Werner Haag, Nazi Olympics drummer and Hitler's No. 1 pigeon in Canada, can denounce as forgeries until they are blue in the face without invalidating so much as a comma over their own duly verified signatures.

On September 28, 1933, Adrien Arcand, 914 Gouin Boulevard, Montreal,\* before deserting the verminous *Le Patriote* for his present rattridden vessel, gleefully informed one Major Frank Pease, described as a peripatetic Nazi agent, at Baden-Aachen-S., Germany: "We have adopted our emblem; exactly the German swastika flag, except that the flag is blue, the circle white, and the cross red, which are the British and French colours." Three days prior to that, conducting the good work south of Rouse's Point, Werner Haag urged his peers at "Uschla Berlin Alexanderplatz", on two pages of the stationery of the *Freunde des Neuen Deutschland*, New York, to "Let us know how things stand with the Hitler book. We must distribute many of them free: we'll have considerable success with it. It is child's play to make good anti-Semites of the Americans." (Translated).

The activities of Nazi agents in Canada generally and in Quebec particularly have already been described in some length in the Canadian labor press. But too few middle class persons follow the labor press and have informed themselves of the threat which these salesmen of hate constitute to minorities and democracy in this country. That the Nazis and their intimates the French-Canadian Fascists of Quebec Province do constitute a threat and a very grave one cannot be doubted after examination of even part of the data available on their activities.

## DR. LALANNE'S HATE FEST

Dr. E. P. Lalanne, physician, who may be reached at 2009 Sherbrooke St. East, Montreal, is a prosperous petit-bourgeois who for personal and ideological reasons has seen fit to emerge as a perfervid denouncer of Jews. He has stacked the fires of incipient Fascism in Quebec by publishing at least one signed pamphlet which has circulated to the credulous of the English and French middle and working class, assailing the Jew as both anti-Christian

Communist and squeezing capitalist. Dr. Lalanne's thesis of the dual personality of the Jew—stock canard of Fascist demagoguery—is handled with singular indifference to logic and the inner contradictions of his argument. Dr. Lalanne's written English, too, lacks polish, but it is sufficiently packed with outrageous lies to deceive the exploited and declassed whose rage at their condition seeks blindly for outlet. Dr. Lalanne's isolation of the Jew as scapegoat for the sins of Canadian finance capital is solidly subscribed to by Joseph Menard, present editor of *Le Patriote*, 1725 St. Denis Street, whose publisher and printer he is.

At the invitation of the Ottawa assembly of the Native Sons of Canada, Dr. Lalanne, who at that time was conspicuous in the Lafontaine Assembly of that patriotic organization, lectured to its membership on "Why we should oppose the Jew", September 15, 1934. This lecture was afterwards printed as a pamphlet with the imprint of *Le Patriote* and mailed to a long list of professionals in the city of Montreal, where it is still being circulated. The following points from the physician's confused, semi-literate onslaught on Communists-Jews, Jews-Communists, are mechanically true to the type of anti-Semitic gibberish disbursed by Streicher in *Der Sturmer*. Arguments, even phrases in translation, are lifted wholesale from the repertory of Germany's Jew-baiter-in-Chief.

Jews are Asiatics, let them be born where they will, or how many generations they are away from Asia, they will never be otherwise. . . . It has been proven that Communism is nothing else than a political doctrine destined to pave the way for Jewish supremacy. . . . We must combat the Jew—we must fight against this Jewish influence in requiring our rulers to put a dam against the flood of immorality and corruption carried around by these nefarious propagandists.

What precisely Dr. Lalanne defines as immorality and corruption is difficult to say.

Inserted in the English edition of the pamphlet was a leaflet entitled "Jewry and Punishment", over the name of one Lieut. General Daluge, Nazi police official, which brutally attacks the Jews from another angle. That this last is an import from Germany is unmistakable: the typography is obviously German, and below the main text, the leaflet bears the following legend: "Free copies of this leaflet and others may be obtained by writing to the Fitch Association, Union for World Veracity, 30 Jungfernsteig, Hamburg 36. Please distribute the pamphlets among your friends".

Other anti-Semitic literature circulated widely in Quebec from local Fascist and German sources include the well known "Canada Under the Heel of the Jew", "The Grave Digger of Russia", "Politicians et Juifs" and

(\*All addresses given in this article were verified immediately prior to May 1, 1936.)



Arcand's "Fascism ou Socialisme?" A large printed sheet displaying the swastika and slogan "Le Serpent Juif Rampe Mefiez-Vous-En", is one of several that have been put up in Montreal's French working class districts.

#### THE CORRESPONDENTS OF MAJOR PEASE

Joseph Menard's *Le Patriote* is as scurrilous a copy of Streicher's *Sturmer* as he dares to print.

Adrien Arcand, Menard's predecessor on the enlightened *Patriote*, wrote the following revealing letter to comrade-in-Fascism Major Frank Pease, on September 28, 1933. Arcand's signature has been duly identified by responsible witnesses.

Major Frank Pease,  
Bad Aachen-S.,  
Germany.

My Dear Major:

I hope that, by the time my letter reaches you, you won't have changed your address.—I sympathize with you greatly and fully understand your situation. You surely must be known in Naziland, after all the work you have done for the cause; and you might be able to have some temporary help until your affairs are in better shape. I only wish I could help you in the practical way, but we still drag along from our bitter losses.

Your story is a real roman d'aventure which will be worth writing, some day when you occupy the position to which you are entitled.

I had news from Boston, Philadelphia, New York, etc., most encouraging. The excess of Jewish agitation has provoked a kind of reveil, and we hear news of a fast-growing Fascism in United States. The speeches of T. McFadden in Congress (against Jews) and numerous pamphlets that are being circulated since a couple of months are doing much good. It is now visible that Jews have increased their pressure in U. S. not so much on Germany's account, but because they fear an American reaction similar to the German one—Here, in Canada, though we operate with unbelievable thrift and small means, our moral capital is increasing in unexpected proportions and fascist and anti-Jewish mentality begins to open the eyes of many politicians.

We had our first Fascist rally here in Montreal on Oct. 20. My speech will be printed in brochure for propaganda. I will send you a copy at the address you indicate me. We have adopted our emblem: exactly the German swastika flag, except that the flag itself is blue, the circle white, and the cross red, which are the British and French colors. The flag will be printed on the whole first page of "Le Patriote" in colors, in the edition of Oct. 26. Among friends with whom I have corresponded since one year or more, there are:

Prof. Dr. H. Kraeger,  
bei Borgsdorf (Nordbahn)  
Berlin Hirschallee 9.

Try and see my good friend Kurt G. W. Ludecke, Kaiserhof Hotel, Berlin. He is a friend of Hitler. My respects to Ludecke and Madame.

We are known at the following papers: "Volkischer Beobachter", Munich; "Die Sturmer", Nurnberg; "Hackenkreuz", of H. Pudor, Leipzig-Connewitz; "Hammer Verlag", of J. Mannecke, Leipzig; "Flammenzeichen", of Dr. Miller, Calw. Other friends: Fred G. Grundmann, Viersen-Rheinland, Nuenstrasse 1; Wilhelm Wesemeyer, Berlin, Auguststrasse 77/78.

If it can help you you can act as correspondent of "Le Patriote" which is known of Hitler and which is

very well appreciated by the Nazi propaganda bureau. If needed, use this letter. Don't forget to reach Ludecke a most esteemable friend, who was in the U. S. for several years. I have a great faith in him.

Wishing you the best of luck and with sincere confidence in your courage and future, I am,  
Faithfully yours, in our great Aryan cause,

Adrien Arcand.

914 Gouin Est, Montreal, Canada.

Kurt W. Ludecke was distinguished as a Nazi agent in America two years ago. He is understood to have directed Nazi activity in Mexico, the United States and Canada. He too corresponded with the mercurial Major Pease, and in a letter to the latter in Paris which is dated nine months before Arcand's self-impeachment to Pease, Ludecke praises Arcand as a "brilliant and fiery leader," one in "complete accord with Mr. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada". This enthusiastic commentary on the ironheel tactic of the late Mr. Bennett is impressive. Ludecke then proceeds to list Nazi propagandists in France, Switzerland and England, in a manner that interestingly documents recent "Brown network" exposures in democratic European countries, and in the United States.

#### KARL GERHARD MAKES STOUT DENIALS

Now consider Karl Gerhard, suave "front" man for Nazi activity in Canada, who lives at 3463 Shuter St., Montreal. *Bundesfuehrer* Gerhard, erstwhile instructor at the University of Western Ontario, lately made a public denial that he is connected with Nazi work in Canada. Herr Gerhard has denied, in extension of this, that he ever toured Canada, spreading the word of Hitler. None the less, Karl Gerhard is the leader of the German Nazis in Canada and a keyfigure in the Quebec Fascist, anti-Semitic picture.

About forty, tall, handsome and dark, Gerhard is inclined to dramatise himself. He has publicly boasted that he was one of Hitler's originals, joining the National Socialist Party at a time when there were not more than two hundred Nazis in all Germany. It is to Karl Gerhard that one must apply to join the Nazi party in Canada, and he will formally pass the application on to Germany. There is available a letter received by a "dummy" applicant to this effect. In the August 24, 1934 issue of *Der Courier*, Winnipeg German language newspaper, Gerhard is named as *Bundesfuehrer* of the *Deutscher Bund Inc. Kanada*, formed in 1934 to "oppose fabricated slanderous charges which are made against Germans in foreign countries, and to bring the truth to light". *Der Courier* discusses the tour made by Gerhard across Canada for the purpose of establishing sectional chapters or councils of the Bund. The *Deutscher Bund Inc. Kanada* is a "front" organization, similar to the Friends of the New Germany, well known propaganda machine in the United States.

But Gerhard has only maintained his position of top-man with some effort. A year after the tour described by *Der Courier* and denied by Gerhard, this Leader left for Germany on the *Europa*. This was on November 30, 1935. He returned a little after Christmas. In his absence a certain Herr Roller had taken it unto himself to



# „Freunde des Neuen Deutschland“

"FRIENDS OF THE NEW GERMANY"

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Adress: EYENDE, 26 Lexington Avenue  
New York

BUNDESLEITUNG U. S. A.

Im Auftrag des Führers der Landesleitung, Heinz Spanknoebel  
Ganz geheim zu halten

28. September 1935

Wschitz Berlin Alexanderplatz  
Sitz No. X  
Auf ihr Schreiben vom 5. September

Der Aufbau der speziellen Abteilung kann nicht so schnell vonstatten gehen als Sie es wünschen, da die Verhältnisse schwieriger sind als Sie annehmen. Wir werden bewacht und müssen uns vorsehen. Graf Sauerma kommt für den vorgeschlagenen Posten nicht in Frage, da ihm die Erfahrung fehlt. Er ist besser für die Banaste verwendbar. Graf Norman kam aus Berlin zurück und brachte seinen Bruder mit. Dr. Spanner bittet energisch auf die in Deutschland anwesenden Vertreter der General Electric aufzuspüren, da dieselben dort zu spionieren beabsichtigen. Ihm hat die General Electric seine Erfindung gestohlen und er will jetzt gegen sie vorgehen. Da sein Bruder im Medical Center viel für uns getan hat, z.B. hat er zwei der dortigen Professoren für unsere Sache gewonnen, so bitten wir um Beschleunigung und um Schutz für die Geschäftshandlungen des Dr. Spanner.

Senden Sie uns eine junge Dame von gutem Aussehen, die sehr zuverlässig ist, am besten dass Vater und Brüder S.A.-Männer sind. Sie soll etwas englisch und fließend russisch sprechen und muss unseren Agenten bei der Amtorg ersetzen. Sie soll auf der Europa oder Bremen als Friseur kommen, dann schicken wir eine andere Person mit dem Schiff nach Deutschland zurück und so umgehen wir die Einwanderungsbehörden und vermeiden Kontrolle von Seiten Untermyer. Van der Luebbe kann ich nicht hier unterbringen, am besten ist es wenn Ihr ihn auf dem Wege nach einem anderen Lande über Bord in den Ocean werft. Wen wollt Ihr denn an seiner Stelle in Deutschland aufhängen? Ich stimme ganz mit Ihnen darin überein dass es gut wäre, den verfluchten Kommunisten in Leipzig eine Spritze Syphilis zu geben. Dann kann man sagen dass der Kommunismus von der Hirnsyphilis einiger Narren kommt.

become *fuehrer* of the resident Nazis and the usurpation created confusion. Gerhard and Roller fought bitterly; finally, the legend runs, Roller gave Gerhard a physical mauling. Gerhard rushed back to Germany to fix matters and Herr Roller; when he returned to Montreal again Roller was expelled, and from that time Gerhard has had supreme command. Officially Karl Gerhard is Canadian representative for the German press. He lectures on "the Truth about Germany", and screens two or three Hitler-German propaganda films. One of these is concerned with German heavy industry; another with the Hitler youth movement. Gerhard is, naturally enough, an intimate of Herr Ludwig Kempff, German consul-general with offices in the Keefer Building, Montreal. (Herr Kempff's removal to Ottawa has just been announced). *The latter is a friend of Dr. P. E. Lalanne, anti-Semitic associate of Jew-crucifiers Joseph Menard and Adrien Arcand.* Both Gerhard and Lalanne have attended Kempff's private parties in Montreal. The hookup between *Le Patriote*, *Le Fasciste Canadien*, the Hamburg address where "this leaflet and others may be obtained," Karl Gerhard and his bosses in Dr. Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry, reveals itself.

The private, unguarded conversations of those in high places are often dead giveaways. Gerhard has said that the Nazis in Canada are not worried about the Communists whose number they cordially despise; but that they are very much alarmed over the activities of middle class liberal-progressive organizations, whose devotion to democratic principle and detestation of Fascist practice throws the local Nazis into jitters. Gerhard named the

# „Freunde des Neuen Deutschland“

"FRIENDS OF THE NEW GERMANY"

Telefon: GLENVIEW 1-1010  
Adress: EYENDE NEW YORK



Adress: EYENDE, 26 Lexington Avenue  
New York

BUNDESLEITUNG U. S. A.

Sitz No. I

Seite 2

Senden Sie uns einen neuen Schlüssel, Wir glauben dass der alte Code von Untermyer gelesen werden kann. Eben kommt Spanknoebel ins Zimmer und bestellt Ihnen die besten Grasse. Er möchte vom Büro der Austauschstudenten einen Physiker zugewiesen erhalten, damit ihm derselbe einige kleine Aufträge erfüllt. Thorem ist faul und will zu viel Geld haben, und dazu scheint er auch ein halbes Judenschwein zu sein. Der Mann verrät sein eigenes Land und deshalb können wir ihm nun mal nicht trauen, trotz aller Versicherungen nicht. Und die kleine Katja, so nennt Graf Sauerma die Konstantinow, ist ein dummes und eingebildetes Mädel die an und für sich ganz gut gearbeitet hat aber jetzt immer weint, und daher glaube ich dass sie besser drüben aufgehoben wäre. Sie käme für russische Übersetzungen in Frage.

Teilen Sie uns mit wie es mit dem Hitlerbuch ist. Wir müssen viele davon frei verteilen, wir werden grossen Erfolg damit haben. Es ist ein Kinderspiel aus den Amerikanern gute Antisemiten zu machen.

Bitte arbeiten Sie schnell in Sachen Spanner, es hängt viel Geld davon für uns ab.

Heil Hitler!



W. Haag

Adjutant des Landesführers

League Against War and Fascism as the Nazi's big bugaboo here.

This year the League Against War and Fascism, Montreal Council, sponsored a show of the anti-war paintings and drawing of Fritz Brandtner, formerly of Winnipeg. Gerhard personally visited the exhibition, and before leaving, asked the gallery attendant a number of polite questions about the League. Later that day Herr Erich Meyer, operator of the Universal Book Mart, King's Hall Building, St. Catherine St. W., appeared at the exhibition, and excitedly subjected the startled attendant to an intensive grilling. Herr Meyer lost his temper at the answers he received and his voice rose several octaves. "I know all about the League", he spluttered, "It's run by a pack of Jews! There is Jewish money behind it. I know—I know—and all the Jews hate Germany!"

## WERNER HAAG AND THE OLYMPICS RACKET

Werner Haag is not directly connected with anti-Semitism in Quebec. He is a Nazi agent. In the United States he was a Nazi spy. He is official representative in Canada of the German State Railways, 67 Yonge Street, Toronto, which recently advertised the Olympic Games in a wide list of Canadian publications. This advertising was directed by A. McKim Limited, national advertising agency. The joint effort of Herr Haag and A. McKim Limited successfully sold the Olympics to many Canadian athletic associations, clubs and sportsmen.

On November 26, 1935, in anticipation of the opening of Haag's German State Railway agency which was



scheduled for December with a reception at the Royal York Hotel, the *Worker*, former Toronto labor paper, reprinted an English translation and a facsimile of the famous letter written by Herr Haag on September 23, 1933 to his superiors in the Nazi spy network, Berlin. The original publication of this outrageous document by the *Daily Worker*, New York, was responsible for Haag's abrupt departure from the United States. Note that the date coincides with the Reichstag trial, when the scapegoat van der Lubbe was being held for death:

"FRIENDS OF THE NEW GERMANY

Telephone GRamercy 5-1920

Cable Address:

EFDENDE, NEW YORK.

23 Lexington Ave., New York.

National Office U.S.A.

At the order of the head of the National office, Heinz Spanknoebel.

Keep Absolutely Secret!

September 23, 1933

Ushla Berlin Alexanderplatz

812 No. X

In reply to your letter of Sept. 5:

The development of the special division cannot take place as rapidly as you desire, since conditions here are more difficult than you suppose. We are being watched and must be careful. Count Sauerma is out of the question for the proposed position, as he lacks experience. It is better to employ him for the Bunaste. Count Norman returned from Berlin, bringing his brother with him. Dr. Spanner asks energetically that the General Electric representatives in Germany be watched, as they intend to carry on espionage there. The General Electric stole his invention, and he is now going to take steps against them. As his brother in the Medical Centre has done a lot for us,—for instance, he has won two of the professors there for our cause,—we request that Dr. Spanner's business affairs be speeded up and given protection.

Send us a young lady of good appearance, who is very reliable; it is best if her father and brothers are S.A. men (storm troopers). She should speak some English and Russian fluently and must take the place of our agent in the Amtorg. She should come over on the Europa or Bremen as a hairdresser, then we'll send another person back to Germany on the ship, thus evading the immigration authorities and avoid a check-up by Untermeyer.

I cannot find a place for van der Lubbe here; it is best if you throw him overboard into the ocean while en route to another country. Whom do you intend to hang in his place in Germany? I agree with you entirely that it would be good to give the damned Communists in Leipzig an injection of syphilis. Then it can be said that Communism comes from syphilis of the brain.

Send us a new code; we believe that the old code can be read by Untermeyer.

Spanknoebel has just entered the room and sends you his best wishes. He would like to have a physicist assigned by the Office for Exchange Students, to do a few little jobs for him. Theremin is lazy and wants too much money, and what is more, he seems to be half a Jewish swine himself. The man betrays his own country and therefore we cannot trust him, despite all assurances. And the little Katia—that is how Count Sauerma calls Konstantinov—is a dumb and conceited girl, who is doing good work on the whole, but is always crying now; therefore I think she would be better taken care of over there. She could be used for

Russian translations.

Let us know how things stand with the Hitler book. We must distribute many of them free; we'll have considerable success with it. It is child's play to make good anti-Semites out of the Americans.

Please work fast in the Spanner affair—lots of money for us depends on it.

Heil Hitler!

(Signed) W. HAAG,

Adjutant of the National Leader.

(SEAL)

Friends of the New Germany,

National Intelligence Office, U.S.A.

The Toronto *Worker's* publication elicited Herr Kempff's indignant statement that the letter was a forgery, but from Herr Haag there was neither denial nor protest.

The job of peddling Hitler-Germany to the Canadian people brought Herr Haag into contact with Clifford Butler, head of (as it was then called) the Athletic Achievement Association, at Montreal. Clifford Butler after meeting Herren Haag and Gerhard, and discussing "the youth movements throughout the world", conceived the idea of "fixing" the Canadian Youth Congress. On April 22, 1936, he told Ted Allan in an interview that "It's a Communist affair. I know, I've got the names of everyone connected and I'm going to fix them!" Overnight the A.A.A., then located at 1117 St. Catherine St. W., became the Federation of Youth. Was this to compete with and combat the influence of the Youth Congress? It looks like it. In the same interview Butler assured Allan, "I'm doing more than Haag to clear up all this misunderstanding about Germany". Butler's office at the time of the interview was well supplied with Olympic circulars. Asked if Haag had given him money as subsidy for the Federation of Youth, Butler said no, adding, "but he would give me some anytime".

1936 has been marked by an acceleration of anti-Semitic feeling in a number of cities, towns and summer resorts of Quebec. The anti-Jew agitation rose to a crescendo in Montreal just prior to the Provincial Elections which swept the reactionary Union Nationale into power with seventy-seven seats. Now, after the election, the Fascist groupings within the Union, particularly the Separatist-Fascists, are consolidating themselves, if their press is to be believed. The emergence of a single united Fascist party in Quebec will be a tragic event for our Jewish population, if it is ever permitted to come about. Because Jew hatred and Jew persecution will be a major tenet in its dogma.

The situation is sharpening rapidly even now. The Fascist press in Montreal and Quebec City is rejoicing over its latest windfall. Right on the heels of the Election the *Maison Canadienne*, a clothing store at St. Catherine and Amherst Streets operated by one Julius Cohen, went up in flames that resulted in death for three French-Canadian firemen and injury for a score more. The suspected incendiary nature of the fire has been pounced upon by the Jew-haters for their own ends. At this writing, responsibility for the fire and the death of the men has not been legally determined. The Fascists, however, have already verbally hanged, drawn and quartered Julius Cohen, and with him every Jew in the Province!



Jews must take warning. . . . Jews must unite with all progressive forces to fight this menace. It is not enough to play a lone hand, to boycott German-made goods, to issue pamphlets denouncing Anti-Semitism at home. Zionists and Jewish Socialists must join with Christian and with non-denominational organizations, with the C.C.F., the League Against War and Fascism, the Communist Party . . . with all anti-Fascist elements of the population. Too many Jews still fear traffic with radical groups. They believe it would give the anti-Semites a case against them. They offer a "moral" resistance to anti-Semitism. They do not realize that this is an ostrich trick. It cannot be stressed too often nor too vehemently that a blow against Fascism is a blow against anti-Semitism.

Read one more letter from embattled anti-Semitism in Montreal. It is in dubious English on the letterhead of the Parti National Social Chrétien du Canada, P.O. Box 2290, bearing the decoration of swastika in a circle of maple leaves on which the native beaver perches and the word "Serviam" is inscribed. It is dated February 10, 1936 and is signed with a flourish in purple ink by Adrien Arcand. The name of the addressee has been rudely torn out, but his identity does not matter for our purposes.

"Dear Sir:

Our Party has been founded three years ago and publicly launched on Feb. 22nd, 1934. It has been working in Quebec only among French-speaking Canadians, the other section of the country being under the supervision of the Winnipeg organization.

We are not what can be termed *anti-Jewish* but *pro-Aryans*, defending ourselves against a pest which has been contaminating the whole White Race in all domains.

Our money is no more national, it is juggled with by the hidden international mafia; our gold has been delivered to the Jewish Gold Bank as soon as out of our mines (through the Royal Mint & B. of Canada, whose president is the Jew Sir Erick Hanbrow, of London); our natural resources, commerce overseas, our wheat manipulation, are in Jewish hands. Intern. news agencies, cinema, Jewish nudism and sexological literature are rotting our Aryan instincts and Christian morals. In a word, we are the invaded, the attacked, and we have to defend ourselves before we have become the "races servant of Israel" as they hope and work for.

Though being totally independent and autonomous, we work in sympathy with the Britons and the Imperial Fascist League of London; the National Social Christian Party of South Africa; the National Guard of Australia; the Fascist Party of Rhodesia, and friendly groups of many other countries: all of us labouring to free the White Race from its Jewish chains, to free our respective countries from the disastrous effects of judeo-liberal Internationalism.

With thanks and wishes,

ADRIEN ARCAND."

"Our natural resources, commerce . . . are in Jewish hands". Is it to Sir Herbert Holt, Beatty, Gordon . . . to the men who are the finance-capitalists and rulers of Canada that Arcand refers? It is certainly not against them that the forces of Fascism will be unleashed.

The condition is not yet such that the Jews of this province risk physical danger. The lowest levels of mass



crisis with starvation and upsurge have not yet been reached, making it necessary for the unseen backers of Fascist demagoguery to prod their hirelings to greater excesses, and to make the task easier by softening from above the restraint that constitutional law puts on organized hooliganism. There is the feeling among many French-Canadians that all this demagoguery is un-Canadian and subversive. Though they may not actively oppose, they certainly will not subscribe to it. It takes an uneducated and completely oppressed people to believe the lies and slanders which are being spread about the Jews. It needs a few more wage cuts or a repeated bankruptcy, plus a whipped up excess of Nationalist-and-Race-Destiny feeling to *pretend* to believe them. And equally on belief or pretence, the patriotic pure-blooded young men who will have been saved from "Judeo-liberal Internationalism" by the Arcands, Menards, Lavvery's and Lalannes, by the clerical advocates of a National Corporate State for Quebec, can be expected to act!

Hell is not on tap for Jews here (although Ross McMaster, president of the Steel Co. of Canada, let slip an index to the thinking of his class in the *Financial Post* of April 4, 1936: "Democracy is the not the best form of government calculated to deal successfully with the conditions facing us"), because Fascism is still abhorrent to the majority of the Canadian people. The influence of progressive, liberal and radical middle class and labor groups opposed to Fascism continues to spread, and contests reactionary measures all the way. Only by continuous vigilance, by firm united action of all democratic forces, will the menace be outlawed and crushed.



# *Liberals, Liars and the United Front*

JACK PARR

**I**N the last election the C.C.F. obtained half a million votes. We don't need a United Front."

"A United Front would ruin us, drive away the middle class sympathizers, the intellectuals, the peace-loving workers themselves—drive them over to the side of reaction. . . ."

These and similar comments are regularly being heard from C.C.F. leaders. And in spite of dissensions from the ranks, it is safe to say that many of the older C.C.F. members are sincere in their belief that the policy of avoiding the People's Front and of "non-political co-operation only" with the Communists and other groups, is the broad highway leading to a Socialist government at Ottawa.

Discussion with these people will always lead up to a point where the question is transferred to the mind of an imaginary individual, a middle class man, composite of banker and small farmer; or the illusory worker who shudders at the thought of street demonstrations; or the timid intellectual venturing forth from his study once in five years to mark his ballot for "sensible" socialism. On the shoulders of these phantoms, conjured up to spell-bind us, is placed the responsibility for the policy of "You go your way, we'll go ours." The credulous are asked to believe that whole legions of frightened Canadians view with alarm the events taking place in France and Spain, although they are at present sympathetic to the C.C.F. program. But even worse. These socialists with fluttering pulses and furtive glances from left to right would, the moment a People's Front became a reality in Canada, rush over to the camp of the reactionaries to fight against the first manifestation of popular support for their economic and political theories. So we are told.

Fascinating creatures, these people out of an apologist's nightmare! May we ask for an introduction to the corner storekeeper who sighs with longing when he thinks of the tradesmen of Italy? Where are the workers who would join the union-smashers and strike-breakers at the first sign of effective opposition to the rightist mobsters? And are there actually in existence at this late hour artists, scientists and professors unaware of the fate their fellow intellectuals have met since the "organization of social decay" began in Germany? There is no need to deny that a Canadian fascist party would find recruits in the ranks of all classes, though even this is conditional upon the lack of a united anti-fascist front. What must be questioned is the existence of a serious proportion of sympathizing liberals—regarding them politically without reference to their economic status—who view the present popular unions in Europe and the proposed United Front in Canada with anything like disfavour.

For it is around just these liberals that our cautioning

friends delight to weave their sermons. When we observe the Anglo-Saxon mind creeping in through the back door we may permit healthy scepticism to demand a show-down. Not so long ago we listened to enthusiastic Frenchmen declare that Fascism could never raise its bestial head beside the Seine, that the French were too "individualistic" ever to heed a danger that could not mature.

Yet where are the liberals of France and Spain? It is hardly necessary to draw attention to the fact that small and middle merchants and farmers, professionals, scientists and engineers, have rallied with the great enthusiasm to the banners of Unity. So whole-hearted, indeed, has been the response of the Spanish middle class that the world press cannot help but label the people's militia the "liberal forces". And this not a matter of casting ballots but of shouldering rifles! It is obvious now, that the middle classes have learned the lessons taught by Goering's rubber truncheons and Il Duce's castor oil. Is it then surprising that in Spain they have left office desks and University lecture rooms to take up bayonets in defense of what they preach?

But History, even yesterday's, holds no meaning for some, because, as they ceaselessly chant, Canada is different. This ascribed attitude can only be attributed to a refusal to estimate the actual political sentiment in certain vital circles.

Within the political machine of the Liberal Party itself, among its older professional and business members as well as thickly scattered throughout the Young Liberal Clubs, are those who are firmly convinced that Capitalism is soon to be replaced by a socialist economic system. A great many of these individuals are, to be sure, hazy to the exact nature of socialism, and retain a faith in parliamentary methods. On the other hand, not a few—and the number would surprise the casual investigator—are ready to state publicly that Canada along with the rest of the world faces the death-struggle between the forces of decay and progress, between Fascism and Communism. Is it not symptomatic that J. W. Dafoe, Editor-in-Chief of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, more and more frequently calls attention to this very same alignment of world forces? On August 28, in a feature editorial, he condemns England for refusing to assist the Spanish Government since "The rebels have no more status than a gang of pirates"; he blasts the continued cowardice and fateful hesitation of the democratic governments in the face of continued Fascist provocation; he points out that Baldwin's cabinet is dangerously pro-Fascist but that the mass of British electors are "Clearly on the other side of the international class war"; finally he groups the Soviet Union along with Britain, France and Czechoslovakia in the hoped-for line-up of nations with free governments,



ready to defend peace.

One would be cynical indeed to read into his words a hidden support of Fascist policy. It is urgently necessary for us to snap out of our daze and begin to look for support where it may be found. When some enterprising anti-fascist "discovers" a liberal with similar views we all clap hands, forgetting that large sections of the population have for some time been well aware of those views. It is just to that section of the population that we should turn when feeling out public sentiment towards a United Front.

Certainly these liberals cannot be expected to propose a United Front. But anyone who will take time to consider their viewpoint seriously will be forced to the conclusion that there is nothing whatever hazy about their conception of Fascism and Communism as utterly opposed systems, that they would be the very last to affiliate with a Fascist party and that surprising numbers would not hesitate to demand even Liberal Party support of a Popular Front, when the proper time comes, forcing a public split in a cabinet already reported to have dangerous internal differences.

In the recent elections in Manitoba the disgust of the younger Liberals at the refusal of their party to run candidates independently of the Bracken opportunists became so acute that some of the leaders withheld their votes from former favorite Liberal-Progressives and gave them to the avowed socialist, Stubbs, and to the Communist Litterick! This action was not simply a gesture of irresponsible sympathy. It was consciously and deliberately planned. When questioned why they had not voted for the many popular C.C.F. candidates in preference to Litterick, these young men gave as their reason: *The refusal of the C.C.F. to endorse the Communist United Front election proposal.*

The young liberals of Canada, within and without the official party clubs, are rapidly losing interest in the questions of free trade, public ownership of the Bank of Canada, the National Railway debt and the rest of the stock subjects for debate. More and more frequently are they referring to the struggle in Europe, expressing admiration for French and Spanish vigor in defending freedom and democracy, advocating whole-hearted support of the Soviet Union's peace policy. There is every indication that the majority of those liberals who are capable of contemplating the future of their ideals honestly and fearlessly, are beginning to chafe at the continued delay in achieving nation-wide unity among all progressive forces in this country.

Will the C.C.F. insist that these people shout from the roof-tops? How long will it take for some to realize that others, as well as themselves, did not need to read Lewis' book to be convinced that it *can* happen here?

Just as certain as it is that an alignment of forces is taking place in Canada today, equally sure can we be that the majority of those sympathizers who are now silent would come out openly for the new policy. Some would, by reason of their position and economic circumstances, hesitate for a time and confine themselves to private rejoicing. There would remain the few — the

self-deceiving bosses and prosperous farmers — who would find the final move too much for them to stomach. These last, when the time came, would at least be honest. The gentlemen to whom we should devote our careful attention are the liars.

Canada has not a few worshippers at the somewhat moss-grown shrine of Ramsay Macdonald. The deeper this Anglo-Saxon working class traitor's National-Labor colleagues drag themselves into the rotten swamp of Baldwin's domestic and foreign policies, degrading even the memory of the party they once represented, just that much more admiration is aroused in the breasts of those who would emulate him on this continent. Certain opportunist churchmen, careful enough not to offend their prosperous congregations with too-socialistic sermons, politicians alternately dangling state ownership and social credit before the eyes of drought ruined farmers, reactionary labor and union bosses—these are the men we must take care not to offend, these are the creatures whose political constitutions are too delicate to permit the barest mention of a People's Front!

Inside or outside the C.C.F., the Social Credit Party, or any other organization drawing mass support, these gentlemen merrily babble of National Wealth and Social Justice at Ministerial Association conventions, Rotary Club dinners and Board of Trade "study" groups. Must we tremble lest we antagonize them? The place for liars is not with us. We know which side of the fence they will choose eventually. Throw them over now and the air on our side will be fresher! Let the *Financial Post* sing their praises and eulogize their "stabilizing influence" on "otherwise radical movements" but the honest socialist sympathizer and liberal-minded Canadian holds his nose when discussing them. Those who doubt would do well to listen to some young politically-conscious men candidly analyze these unity haters. The ability to detect a second side to a politician's face is not as rare as some would have us believe.

If the caution displayed by the leadership of the C.C.F., in approaching the question of negotiating a People's Front, is dictated by fears for recruiting in the future, the hesitation is absolutely without justification. If there is any fear as to the reaction of the present large C.C.F. membership—as distinct from the leadership—recent events from Nova Scotia to British Columbia provide an effective answer. Every man, woman and youth whose aroused political vitality leads them to seek a movement which defends liberty will welcome with open arms and raised voices the conclusion of a working agreement between the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, the Communist Party of Canada, and, where opportunity exists, other political organizations with mass bases. These are the people for whom and by whom Unity has been forged in Europe, the people who but wait for the opportunity to shout: Long Live Canada's United Front!

An immediate re-consideration of all the theoretical and practical objections, on the basis of which the C.C.F. has up to now maintained its aloof indifference, is urgently required. The national convention is over. Despite



the measure of advance, disappointment in its questionable resolution for "non-political cooperation only" is almost universal. The rank and file of the C.C.F. must exert tremendous pressure upon the leadership for united action, locally and nationally, in the specific cases laid down in the resolution (civil liberties, against war and fascism, unemployed relief, etc.). But action on the part of those desiring unity must not stop here. Every objection to public acceptance of United Front principles must be patiently explained away. Every individual who

persistently opposes joint political action must be exposed and replaced by those who are willing and eager to respond to the desires of the Canadian masses for a nationwide Popular Front.

The ground will then be prepared for an upswing in the political activity of vast sections of the population, for an effective defensive organization against the danger of overnight Fascist growth, and for unfaltering advance towards a progressive national and foreign policy for our country.

## Red Atrocities---Read All About Them!

LEONARD WALSH

THE reactionary Canadian daily press is still winning the Spanish civil war for the Fascists. When the constitutionally elected Madrid government finally drives its enemies with their Mohammedan mercenaries and German-Italian armaments into the Mediterranean Sea, it will be over the prostrate and bleating forms of the *Montreal Star* and *La Presse*, Quebec's *L'Action Catholique*, the *Toronto Mail and Empire* and the *Catholic Register* . . . to name only a few of the worst offenders.

Not that pro-Fascist propaganda disguised as news is limited to the press of Montreal and Toronto. From the Maritimes to the west coast "red-atrocity" stories are splashed in the boldest Gothic type, emanating from such unbiased points as Lisbon, Rome, Seville, and the shifting location of the Fascist headquarters. A few papers are living up to their liberal traditions by printing news reports from unbiased and even pro-Government sources, but their headlines are pale waifs beside the black banner lines of those who ache to see another Fascist state in Europe.

The technique of discrediting the Spanish people in the eyes of Canadian readers is exquisitely simple and includes these easy steps:

1. For the benefit of those who read only headlines, the latter are made to present the blackest case for the Government forces, or to suggest that they are as good as beaten. Example, the *Montreal Star* of August 28, exclaims "REBELS REPORT MASS EXECUTIONS . . . NOTABLES AMONG MANY SENTENCED . . . MADRID SITUATION DESPERATE." The close body type reveals that the *Star* is featuring another Fascist-inspired "atrocity" story, and that the "desperate" Madrid situation consists of "a Rebel broadcast . . . asserted that Extremists had killed 2,000 persons there in two nights."

2. All the old gory descriptions of outrages on clergy, nuns, novitiates, churches, women and children, that so effectively whipped up hatred of Germany during the last imperialist war are revived. Most of these anecdotes hail from Spanish Fascist headquarters, where imaginative rebels fill full time jobs devising them. As often as not, the source of the atrocity story is buried in type if not

dropped altogether. "FIVE HUNDRED PRISONERS OF MADRID CHAINED AND CAST INTO THE SEA", "SPAIN PLUNDERS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH", "FIENDISH ATROCITIES BY REDS IN SPAIN" are choice items. The last is by the *Toronto Catholic Register*, H. Somerville, editor. "50,000 FREED CRIMINALS RUNNING AMOK IN MADRID" screams the *Montreal Star* for August 28.

3. The device of labelling Spanish Government forces Reds, Communists, Anarchists or rabble, is employed.

4. So is that of quoting the word rebel, so: "rebel". The trick of rejecting the word Fascist altogether and substituting *Patriot!* This latter ingenuity is consistently practiced by *L'Action Catholique* of Quebec City and by the *Catholic Register*.

5. The above are amplified by the ruse of minimizing stories of atrocities committed by Fascist forces on Loyalist prisoners and civilians which have been broadcast not only by Madrid, but by the Fascist radio stations themselves! This includes the practice of writing editorials on the outrageous conduct of the Government militia in editions that carry tucked among the advertisements, stories of outrages committed exclusively by the Fascist aggressors.

6. The deliberate falsification of news.

Scan, briefly, the front page headings of *La Presse* from July 28 to August 27, for a full month of iniquity. The first lead is emphatic: "SPAIN PLUNDERS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH". On August 1, contrary to all fact, *La Presse* readers were advised that "THE REBELS ARE AT THE GATES OF MADRID". August 3 the keynote was "ANTI-CHRISTIAN TERROR IN SPAIN". On the 12th, great joy! "THE REBELS HAVE TAKEN SAN SEBASTIAN". (San Sebastian weeks after is still a Loyalist city). On August 18 "TRUCE AT SAN SEBASTIAN" is "RUMOURED" and on the 20th, "ROME DESPAIRS OF NEUTRALITY". On August 22nd it announces "GREAT REBEL ASSAULT ON MADRID" following it on the 24th with the lie that "ALL THE SPANISH NAVY REBELS". On the 26th "MADRID IS ON THE DEFENSIVE EVERYWHERE". August 27th effects





this gem, "LOYALISTS PRETEND THAT MOORS IN REBEL SERVICE ARE MUTINYING".

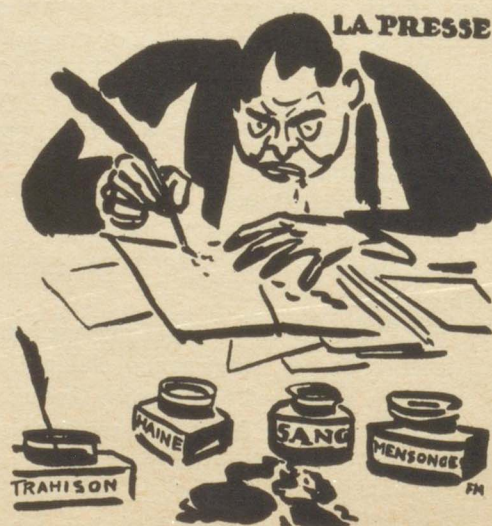
*L'Action Catholique* does not lag behind. On August 26, when reports of the failure of a major Fascist drive had found their way into most English-language papers, this pro-Fascist paper declared "THE PATRIOTS ARE VICTORIOUS ON ALL FRONTS". (For Patriots read, as noted, Fascists). Subheads added, "They are advancing slowly on Madrid to avoid regrettable destruction. Segovia is in the hands of the patriots. Madrid takes urgent measures to organize the defence of the capital. It seems that the last phase of the Spanish civil war has started today." This argument is furthered by the *Halifax Herald* of August 25 which insists that the "(SPANISH) PRESIDENT PREPARES TO QUIT MADRID". For contrast, the events of the fatal August 26th were honestly reported by the *Kitchener Record* (among other papers), "REBELS BLOODY OFFENSIVE FAILS TO ACHIEVE GOAL". On the same date, however, the *Windsor Daily Star* would have it otherwise with "REBELS SMASH LOYALIST LINE".

But the *Catholic Register* is the true playboy of the pro-Fascist press. Most of the front page of the August 27th issue convulses with hate for the Spanish people defending themselves against the forces which boast they will establish Military Dictatorship, annihilate all republicans, loyalists and their sympathizers, "even to the extent of fusilating half the population of Spain". (See the formal Manifesto from Rebel Headquarters of August 27th). Under the banner "FIENDISH ATROCITIES BY REDS IN SPAIN" the *Catholic Register* catalogues alleged "atrocities": "At Barcelona 150 young seminarists were lined up and shot", "reds in besieged cities try to protect themselves by threatening to kill hostages if patriotic forces attack them", "shootings, crucifixions and burnings alive", "Passionist and Franciscan communities massacred". Previously the *Register* has screamed "Red forces in Spain losing ground", "Russia's hand behind Spain's troubles", "Priests are hunted", "Sacred host outraged", "Red Vandals", "graves of nuns horribly desecrated" and the like. The immediate issue proceeds: "The Patriotic forces of Spain, wrongly called rebels, are

steadily overcoming Red resistance. The nominal Government in Madrid is not regarded as a real Government by any Government in Europe, except Russia; it is merely a figurehead for the violent rule of Anarchists and Communists". This is a flat lie, naturally, as the Madrid Government has every recognition. From this premise, a curious Jesuistical deduction follows: "The French Government is a 'Popular Front' Government and the French Premier is a Socialist, yet the French Government has taken the lead in proposing an international agreement to ban the supply of arms to either side in Spain. As the pro-Reds in Canada and elsewhere urge in their complaints against France, it is unprecedented for any Government to forbid the supply of arms to another Government faced by rebellion. *The answer is that the civil war in Spain is not a conflict between Government and rebels*". Then the paper gets down to the business of the day: "There are reports of crucifixions in several places. It is reported that in Madrid five Carmelite nuns were crucified by women anarchists. A priest escaped from Taragona says that to appear on the streets wearing a hat or necktie was to invite instantaneous death as indicative of membership of the hated wealthy class".

Willie Hearst and Lord Rothermere can both sit profitably at the feet of the talented staff of the *Catholic Register*.

The surprising thing about it all is, not that papers from coast to coast have been butchering the news to make a Fascist holiday, but that there has been so little protest from it from their readers. In both Great Britain and the United States, committees of well known writers and intellectuals have signed public letters to the most reputable newspapers, demanding that they print the truth about Spain. That this action has had results can be seen by reading back copies of the *London Times*, which quickly changed its editorial tone after receiving a letter of protest from prominent intellectuals. Similar action here in Canada might also bring results, but there seem to be none who will take the initiative in lending their name to a movement for an unbiased press. Meanwhile, those who really want to know what is going on in Spain read the liberal and radical periodicals and the labor papers.





# *Cornwall: The Diary of A Strike*

BERNARD RAWLINSON

**A**UGUST 11, 1936. Fifteen hundred rayon workers strike in Cornwall, Ontario. (Six Provincial Police sent in at once.)

This is an important event. More important than the plump stockbroker riding to his office on the Hill bus knows. He turns to the man next him. "Look Tom. Textile workers again. I thought there was a Royal Commission or something to stop these things."

"Yeah? Courtauld's rayon plant eh? Well, the more tariff protection and higher wages you give these textile people the cockier they get. Now if Bennett hadn't . . ." Liberal and Conservative, they are off on the old enjoyable debate, Free Trade versus Protection (Which Gives Higher Profits), the workers of Cornwall forgotten.

But other workers all over Canada do not forget. They read at the beginning of the strike, and put their hands in their pockets to count their scanty coins. They know the importance of this first major step toward a strong union organization in the textile industry, traditionally the stronghold in Canada of low wages, long hours and unhealthy conditions—despite your "protection", Mr. Broker. They know that the struggle against Courtauld's, giant branch of the giant international rayon trust, will be long and bitterly fought. They will help with money and encouraging messages, for this is their fight too.

There is uneasy stirring in Government buildings. Already the Attorney General's office has speeded the police on their way to Cornwall. Now officials of the Labour Departments pack their bags. Are they or the police to be the "conciliators" of this "labour trouble"? The press scents that "something may break" in Cornwall and reporters consult timetables.

I am no reporter. Just a fellow with a frayed white collar and lots of time to spend in the Reference Library reading old reports of Royal Commissions on Labour and Capital. I close up my dusty volumes and hand them in to the librarian. I too am going to Cornwall.

A long hitch with a taciturn driver gives me time to remember what I know about Cornwall. Let's see. A textile town since about 1870—and that's nearly Genesis for the Canadian factory system. A place where nine-year-olds worked thirteen hours a day as late as 1887. The town which sent Dr. D'Arcy Bergin to the Federal Parliament so shocked with conditions in the textile mills that year after year—1879, 1880, 1881—he brought in his private bill for a Canadian Factory Act, which was never even brought to a vote. Now a town of some 20,000 people, British, French-Canadians, Hungarians, Polish, Germans, who work in the cotton mills, in the clothing factories, in the paper mill—and in Courtauld's rayon plant, that new Canadian industry instituted with

so much ballyhoo (and ten years' remission of taxes) in 1928.

The sign at the outskirts says "Cornwall. The Friendly City." I am not so sure, as I sit down to eat at a restaurant. All around me are the uniformed Provincials, also eating. They are mellowed by food and look harmless enough, but the pistols at their belts aren't exactly friendly, nor their brawny arms that could swing a club so efficiently. And why are there so many of them? The strikers are picketting peacefully, yet more and more police have been sent in. I gulp my coffee in a hurry, the hair on my head begining to prickle.

I soon find that this is healthy instinct. I am told that yesterday, Sunday, August 16th, twenty police rushed the picket line and a car driven by Sergeant Labelle injured one of the girls. Citizens and rayon workers alike are indignant—and a bit apprehensive, and stronger than ever behind the union and the strike.

While girls collect money and food from the sympathetic storekeepers (and what small business man is not friendly? "We know these people. They're a fine class, honest and good-living. I went to the meeting in the park last night and heard what they had to say. I'm sure they're in the right"); while mothers and wives organize a Women's Auxiliary, make plans for a soup-kitchen at the picket line, dispense food and clothing at relief headquarters; while leaflets are pounded out on the little, rickety typewriter and the press prints in clear black letters Unite Against Injustice; while the girls and men on the picket line sing and march, the gay French words of Alloutte alternating with Solidarity Forever ("That's a good song, isn't it? We just learned it.")—while all this hard work goes on around me I learn why it became necessary and why it must succeed.

At Courtauld's rayon is made from wood-pulp by the viscose process. (How simply and intelligently they explain each stage of the complicated manufacture, these workers.) Prolonged chemical action upon the wood cellulose produces the "viscose" which is then pumped through tin holes, or spinnerettes, into a sulphuric acid bath which coagulates it into a fine "silk" thread. After this spinning it is wound, washed, bleached and dried.

Wonderful what science can do, isn't it? But what about the worker? Here he faces not only the ordinary hazards of machinery but those involved in the use of dangerous chemicals. Does science protect him? Well, it can be made to, but apparently it takes a good strong union to do the job efficiently.

The health dangers at the mill are numerous and meeting them is chiefly a matter of very efficient ventilation. Carbon bisulphide, used in great quantities in making the viscose, is extremely toxic. Long-continued exposure to its fumes, even in slight quantities, may cause



serious illness, and even complete paralysis, while a short period of breathing heavy fumes will result in mental disturbance and mania. The second hazard is the effects of sulphuric acid fumes on the eyes of the spinners. This produces painful inflammation and temporary loss of sight—permanent loss if it results in ulceration of the cornea. Viscose burns to the bone if it touches the skin. Add to this the low temperatures needed in making the viscose and the water on the floors, the extreme heat of the spinning room (double windows summer and winter, for a high temperature is necessary at all times and no breath of air must break the fragile threads) and you'll know why tuberculosis, the scourge of all textile towns, is serious in Cornwall.

But there is no need to write like a medical text-book. The actual human results of these things are right here. Spinners tell me of the recurrent attacks of sore eye. "Mike had a terrible dose the same week we quit work. I had to lead him home." "Remember when the ventilation system was broke for a week? Didn't we have *some* cases of sore eye then?" ". . . I couldn't see to spin no longer so all I could do was punch my card and go home, but I sure hated to lose that pay. That was when my wife was sick." "Lately I've been losing one or two days a week regularly with them and every trip to the doctor costs a dollar." ". . . then he said to me go home and when your eyes get better come back, but when I did he said they had to get so much work done they couldn't afford to keep men with sore eyes. But, gosh, I've been spinning at Courtauld's eight years now, what would I do?" This condition is a commonplace at Cornwall, but none the less a scandal. The men get no pay for the time they lose—workmen's compensation begins only after seven days, and the average case of conjunctivitis clears up enough for them to return to work after 48 hours in a dark room—and the costs of medical care come out of their own pockets.

Acid eats holes in skin and clothing and also in the pay cheque. "Five-dollar woollen pants we have to have. Cotton would be eaten up in a week. Three pairs of rubber gloves a week. That's 75c. A dollar rubber apron every month. A pair of rubbers every two weeks. Top wage in the spinning room is 45c an hour, figure it out for yourself."

And then the speed-up. Under the new system spinners have now both to spin and doff. Each one tends eleven machines. Nine men taken off the bleach-room shift. Girls are told they have to get so much done before a certain time and they do—by coming in at six at the morning (not punching their cards then, of course) and by working in their lunch hours. One mother says to me "My girl's one of the fastest in the reeling room but she keeps coming home scared with threats she'll lose her job if she's not quicker. I keep telling her as fast a worker as her doesn't need to pay attention to that kind of talk but young girls are so timid." She's just turned fifteen. So many of the girls are only about that age. There's a good reason for that. They get the lowest wages (girls earn from 18c to 27c an hour) they're fast and they're "so timid".

But are they? When four girls were fired for activity in organizing the union didn't the reeling room girls stage a spontaneous walk-out to get them back? And look at them now, marching up to the union meeting after a long shift on the picket line. No, they're not timid. They're fighting.

How did they get this union that has worked the miracle of bringing men and women of diverse nationalities into such complete and—listen to them laugh—happy cooperation? Well, some of them thought for a long time that it would be a good thing, and more of them got to feel that way as conditions got worse, but there had never been a union in any of the trades in Cornwall and they didn't know just what to do. Then Frank Love came back to town and he had some experience so they got him to help. "Of course the company and the papers have been saying he's a foreign agitator because he doesn't work at Courtaulds but everybody knows he was born just outside of Cornwall and went to school here. Why, he calls half the people in town by their first names."

When the company first heard talk of the union they began to let up on the stretchout. "They even *forbade* us girls to work in our lunch hours." But they kept on joining the union and at the first mass meeting about a thousand were signed up, officers elected, committees formed. The different departments got together to formulate their demands. Then at another mass meeting it was decided to apply for affiliation to the United Textile Workers of America. (This was after the company had already proposed a company union.) "It was a grand feeling when we got that charter right after we struck. We knew we weren't fighting by ourselves, or just for ourselves."

The company has had the workers' demands for a week: increase of wages of from 2c to 10c an hour; abolition of unhealthy conditions, with good, practical suggestions as to ways it could be done; compensation for illness; recognition of the union. But the manager could not recognize the negotiating committee or the union because, you see, the president lived in England, and besides how was the manager to be sure there was a union? A week of stalling and the workers of Courtaulds struck.

But the stalling persisted. Government officials arrived on the scene, met with the committee and the committee agreed to certain arrangements preliminary to negotiations—so many maintenance men to go into the plant, shipment of a truck of rayon each day and so on. Six men instead of the two agreed upon were escorted into the pumphouse by the police. The union membership would not ratify the agreement which was already broken. Besides, the prospect of negotiations on their concrete problems are as far away as ever: the manager still claims to have no authority. Yesterday Dorothy Lynch was run over by a police car at the picket line. (The sergeant's brakes were bad, but why did he speed up as he reached the line?) To-day yet another Government official is arranging "preliminaries". What now?

Company proposals are still vague but they want to ship two truck-loads and a trailer of rayon a day. The



workers want immediate negotiations and until then no shipments. They are still singing on the picket line. But the strike is a week old and they started with little left from their pay. There are few bank accounts here. The relief office can continue a little longer. More police arrived today.

*Tuesday, August 18.* The police really started work to-day. The company announced rayon was going to be shipped and the picket line was strengthened—only to be shattered by police clubs. Sixteen men were arrested. Little Florence Andrews, the pretty fifteen-year-old that told me yesterday how the reeling of the yarn is done, is unconscious in the hospital. They say she and one of the arrested men yelled at a policeman for jerking a woman's arm so the policeman put his knee in her back to use her as a lever in hauling the man out of the crowd!

Why were the city police at the mill? It's not in the town, it's in the township. Why didn't they ship the rayon? No one saw any trucks. It looks as if there's just one answer. They're bound to break the union. They won't. "It's sickening, this clubbing", says Anne MacMillan, the union secretary, as she works at the first-aid station. "But we'll just have to be stronger than ever." She's a nurse with a kid brother in the spinning room. She's been a sorter at the mill for two years because nurses can't work when people can't afford to be sick.

*Thursday, August 20.* Four of the arrested men got suspended sentence to-day. They pleaded guilty because their bondsmen insisted on it. The rest elected trial by jury, Frank Love was at the court-room and they arrested him right there on a charge of illegal picketting with a four day-old warrant! He's being held without bail. This looks like an attempt to break the union by getting Love out of the picture. They can't. This is no one-man show. These people are sure of one thing: that they're members of the union and they're going to stay there. It begins to look as if all Cornwall belongs to it too, for tonight at Central Park seven or eight thousand people cheered a demand that Love be released on bail. They gave fifty dollars to the strikers.

Yesterday the company agreed to discuss demands and shipments of silk are to be allowed for two days. Johnson, the president, is coming from England. He'll be here next week, they say.

*Saturday, August 22.* Negotiations are again suspended and silk is being shipped contrary to the signed agreement. Propaganda in the papers says Courtauld's will move their plant away. Some of the store-keepers are afraid it might happen—"that would be a dreadful thing for all of us here in Cornwall"—but the men just laugh. "Sure, let 'em load it right on those rayon trucks, and put us in the trailer." This is sound. How can they abandon \$8,000,000 worth of plant and 1,700 skilled workers? Why should they? The workers are asking for moderate wage increases and even in 1933 profits were more than 7% on invested capital, with a huge allowance for depreciation. (They can use some of that to fix up the ventilation.) I read those figures in the Stevens report.

Dorothy Lynch is out of the hospital but she's still in bed. "The papers say I stepped in front of that car. I'm no jay-walker, he ran right into me". She is pretty and vivacious and intelligent. It hurts her to laugh but she does.

*Sunday, August 22.* Frank Love was on a hunger-strike and he won! Today Laverty, the union president, was allowed to see him to arrange for legal defense, which was why he was striking. Laverty was grinning all over his handsome mug when he came back. "Old Frank's all right. The sheriff wouldn't let me say a word about things outside here, but I told him the lawyer's coming from Toronto." I guess Frank knew things were o.k. out here when he took a look at Laverty. That man's a born leader, with a way of saying just the things that need saying in the quietest way.

These are swell people. They were working under awful conditions and they did something about it. Now they're sticking right by the union till they get what they want. Money is beginning to come in from other labour organisations. I know they'll win.

*Monday August 24.* I have to go home. A job turned up at last and can I use it! Good-bye to Cornwall. Rayon Workers' Industrial Union, local 2499 of the United Textile Workers of America, is going to make it a place worth living in.

Good-bye you people who are fighting to have eyes to see it when it's a town worth living in. Good-bye workers in the garment factories and the cotton mills. Keep on "talking union" until you've built one for yourselves. Good-bye citizens of Cornwall. Keep right on not believing them when they say a strike is a "red plot" and that the "American union" is "against the church." Good-bye my husky Provincials. Shall I see you in Toronto next time, or in Sudbury or in Timmins or in Stratford?

*Postscript to a diary.*

The Cornwall strike is over, but it lasted two more weeks after the conclusion of my diary.

Frank Love was released on bail of \$4,000. They value home-grown "foreign agitators" high in Cornwall. He was finally given three months' suspended sentence in a judgment in which the magistrate is reported to have made this remarkable statement: "I don't know what makes me sympathise with the working class."

Meanwhile there were many more arrests and many broken heads, but the union stayed firm and strong in the face of serious provocation. A straw-boss was set up with an office to recruit strike-breakers, but without success. The company declared itself unalterably opposed to recognition of the union and refused to meet a delegation of which an official of the United Textile Workers was a member. Negotiations with the democratically elected negotiating committee of the union were refused. Other committees (elected by the same body of workers and by the same methods) had to be chosen, so careful was this company, itself a part of an international trust, to keep its workers free from the contamination of international unionism.

*(Continued on Page 23)*



# Mr. Duplessis' Right Turn

TED ALLAN

ON August 17, Maurice Duplessis, leader of a Conservative Party gone Union Nationale, swept into the premiership of Quebec on a wave of popular resentment against the corrupt Liberal regime of four decades.

For forty years the prestige and popularity of the Conservative Party in Quebec had been very similar to that of Bennett's party towards the end of the "Iron-Heel" rule. It is of interest, therefore, to go back a bit and review the events which led up to Quebec's Conservative leader becoming premier.

In retrospect, it was comparatively simple. The formula was something like this. Duplessis had to:

- (1) Unite with the right people.
- (2) Get rid of the right people at the right time.
- (3) Utilize the corruption of the Liberal regime; and call the Liberals every name under the sun, and
- (4) Become the "saviour" of the French-Canadian people, the destroyer of all that was dirty, dishonest and Liberal.

First Duplessis united with Paul Gouin and his Action Liberale Nationale Party. (It was this coalition which gave birth to the name "Union Nationale".) The Action Liberale Nationale, or the A.L.N. as it was more popularly labelled, had been formed by dissident Liberal M.L.A.'s who had gotten tired of looking at Taschereau's lean features, and who were set on leading the people of Quebec against the trusts and the domination of foreign capital. With this coalition Quebec was fêted with the spectacle of Duplessis, leader of a party which was more closely aligned with St. James Street than even the Liberal, touring the province with Gouin and going wild in his denunciations of "the great financial institutions". This was prior to the Provincial election of November 25. On that date the resentment of the people, given impetus by the fiery eloquence of A.L.N. oratory, put Duplessis into the Legislature at the head of a popular mass movement. It was then that he assumed the major role of political bloodhound on the trail of Liberal corruption. As the Liberal rascalities were right under everyone's nose, he didn't have far to look.

Scandal after scandal was unearthed. The press blasted forth the exposures and the Liberal Party began to envision the (for them) coming catastrophe of August 17. Taschereau's own brother, Antoine, had to confess that while working as a government accountant he had deposited the interest on government monies in his own name. Cabinet ministers quaked before Duplessis' accusing finger and admitted that thousands of dollars had been "taken" for "travelling" expenses. In the short time that elapsed before Taschereau's resignation, Duplessis was able to prove that, with the complicity of the

government, two million dollars a year for the past fifteen years, had been filched from the people of Quebec.

Under such a barrage Taschereau could do nothing but sink. This he did officially on June 11, ending a premiership of fifteen years, and appointing his Minister of Agriculture, Adelard Godbout, as his successor. It was a sorry heritage that Godbout received.

By this time Duplessis' name was a provincial byword. He was now in the strategic position which he and St. James Street had hoped for: at the head of a popular movement which, if it had not been in the "right" direction, might have assumed progressive and anti-capitalist lines. There had been no doubt from the beginning that the same financial interests which support Bennett and the Conservative Party were backing Duplessis. The *Montreal Star* and *Gazette*, house organs of the Federal Conservative Party, were not backing Duplessis in a sudden fit of affection. He was St. James Street's choice, and as such, their man.

After Taschereau's resignation Duplessis still had Gouin on his hands. The latter gentleman had to be dropped and dropped fast. The A.L.N. program, formed in collaboration with the Red-baiting Jesuit L'Ecole Sociale Populaire, carried within it none the less considerable germs of struggle. This program was proving a growing embarrassment to Duplessis, and more than an embarrassment to the powers he served. The insistent ring of the clause which stated that the A.L.N. was out to "break, by all possible means, the hold of the great financial institutions," could give the French-Canadians some bad ideas. Duplessis redoubled the vigour of his attacks on the corruption of the Liberal regime. The trust-busting dropped out of sight. To the extent that on June 18, just seven days after Taschereau resigned, Paul Gouin in a public statement denounced Duplessis as a traitor to the A.L.N. program and declared that he and Duplessis were one no more. Duplessis issued a counter statement to the effect that Gouin had "stabbed him in the back", thus finishing with Gouin and checking off points one and two of his formula for power.

The fascist-separatists, fascists, plain anti-Semites and politicians who had gathered around the Union Nationale clung stoutly to Duplessis. The Jeunesse Patriote and Jeune Canada, future French-Canadian storm troops, swore their allegiance to the man of the hour. Gouin was left with *La Province* his party organ, and a handful of close followers. Mayor J. E. Gregoire of Quebec City, and co-citizen Dr. Philippe Hamel, the two outstanding fascists in the Union Nationale, lashed into Gouin and shrewdly stuck by Duplessis. These two gentlemen are leaders of a fascist storm-troop detachment in Quebec City known as the *Chemises Grises*, and the riots which took place in Quebec City after Duplessis had an-



nounced that neither Gregoire nor Hamel was included in his cabinet indicate what will yet be heard from that quarter.

Now consider the Union Nationale program as enunciated by its leader Maurice Duplessis. July 13 marked the opening barrage of the Conservative electioneering. It was a hot day and a hot speech. But it all reduces to these ten resolutions:

- (1) Put an end to the plundering of public funds.
- (2) Introduce provincial rural credits at three per cent interest.
- (3) Dismiss the heads of the Quebec Liquor Commission (which body Duplessis described as a "nest of brigandage, corruption and bootlegging").
- (4) Colonize along carefully prepared lines.
- (5) Readjust taxation.
- (6) Exert ruthless action against dishonest financiers.
- (7) Abolish the London agency of this province and all other useless agencies.
- (8) Take steps to "force the electricity trusts to terms of common sense and reason".
- (9) Introduce a new deal for youth, and
- (10) Fair wages in industry.

As a gratuitous tidbit in the course of the same speech Duplessis threw out: "As soon as we come into power we shall establish a representative government. WE HAVE HAD LAWYER GOVERNMENT TOO LONG." Duplessis himself is a lawyer, and has put five of the fraternity in his present cabinet of fourteen members!



**QUEBEC'S NEW BROOM**

by Henri

Such is the program of the Union Nationale — the constructive side of Duplessis' attack on the Liberal administration. It stands to institute a system of rural credits which "will revive the whole nation", "shall have a policy of colonization which will really colonize", "will relieve municipal credit by stopping the exodus from the country to the cities". The program, outside of the promise to clean up the various crooked administrations, is so much eye-wash. His colonization scheme might as well be followed up by the introduction of hand-loom in the textile plants. For, after all, what happens? Why does the farmer come to the city and why are rural credits instituted? To relieve the farmer of his debts so as to enable him to continue growing his products instead of starving and coming to the cities to continue to starve. But after the farmer *has* grown his various products he has to have a place to sell them. If there is no market then one can institute credits from now until doomsday, but he still won't sell his products. The following transpires:

- (1) The farmer finds that he has no markets for his products.
- (2) He begins to starve, runs into debt and comes into the city.
- (3) Rural credits are instituted. Result: Farmers who have remained on farms are relieved of terrific debt burdens and begin to pay off debts and raise more produce.
- (4) Colonization is instituted. Result: Farmers who have come to the city and other unemployed families are shipped back to the country to "colonize."
- (5) "Colonists" do not have to buy farm products now being raised by Duplessis-helped farmers because they are growing their own produce.
- (6) Farmers continue starving. Restricted market becomes even more restricted and the farmers find themselves in a worse position than before. Result: Thousands of dollars have been spent on "colonization" and rural credits, for nothing. Farmers are still faced with the horror of no market and the urban unemployment problem remains.

A sorry dilemma and one Mr. Duplessis will not solve as long as Sir Herbert Holt, Sir Charles Gordon, Senator Raymond, Hon. D. L. L'Esperance and others of the same stamp control the destiny of the people of Canada. But other methods could and must be employed. Rural credits is a very fine idea but making more farmers through "colonization" is like giving a man oars and then taking away the boat. He can row, but under water.

A forty-hour week inaugurated in Quebec's industry would help solve the unemployment problem, to some extent. And those who would alleviate the conditions of Quebec's people must strive to bring this about.

Duplessis' promise to fire the crooked managers of various government commissions will be greeted by all. But what does he mean by "ruthless action against dishonest financiers"? Is he proposing action against Sir Herbert Holt, for instance, who at the Turgeon Textile Commission investigation admitted making millions in



profit while his workers received as little as twelve cents an hour?

And this new deal for youth. Quebec's young people are the most unfortunate in the whole Dominion. The government educational grant is half that of Ontario and one-fifth that of British Columbia. Twenty-three per cent of all young people of school age in Quebec never attend school. The terrible economic conditions of the people are reflected with horrible results in their children. Thus out of 68,013 school children medically examined recently, 54.1 per cent were found to be suffering from eye ailments, bad tonsils and lymphatic systems, while 11.3 per cent were suffering from excessive malnutrition.

Yet not once throughout the entire election campaign, on the part of either Liberal or Union Nationale parties, was there any mention of bettering the education system or introducing necessary health and social insurance. There are forty-five thousand families on relief in the city of Montreal alone. Workers in industry receive the lowest wages in Canada. Duplessis did make mention of a "fair wage", but there is no precise definition of the term "fair". His promise to the youth to give them a "new deal" may end with his presenting them with nice little "colonies" to "colonize". Mr. Bennett called them "Labor Camps".

The Union Nationale has the blessing of the Catholic Church at the moment, and this blessing has tremendous significance. For the Catholic hierarchy has been the main instrument of the English and French-Canadian capitalist class in holding the Quebec people in check. This blessing was once conferred on the Liberal Party and it didn't help. And thus the accolade of the Church keeps falling on new saviours whom it believes will effectively lead the French-Canadian people away from, among other things, "subversive communistic influences."

It should be kept in mind that the fascist elements, who flocked to the Union Nationale as to a recruiting

centre, constitute a trump card of Quebec's finance capitalists, who may be forced to rely on an open fascist party if Duplessis' demagoguery fails to work. And here the Church, more notably the Jesuits, of whom most notably Abbé Lionel Groulx, plays an eager part. The Abbé and L'Ecole Sociale Populaire have long been in the process of casting a "national and religious" smokescreen around the theories of fascism so as to turn a people's rising discontent into reactionary channels.

There is every indication that Duplessis will formally break with the fascist-separatist elements but there is no doubt that he will give them secret, and in their fight against the communists, socialists and progressives, open, support. The emergence of a "third" and fascist party now looms as a certainty, and here Paul Gouin may trim his moustache to Hitler size and emerge as the French-Canadian *fuehrer*.

The disillusionment that is sure to set in when the Union Nationale administration gets under way, will be seized upon by the fascists. All those who do not want to see a miniature Germany replace what democracy is left in Quebec must unite their forces to thwart this threat of fascism, and to make Duplessis come through with some of his promises. At this moment it is of the utmost urgency that a progressive people's front including wide sections of the middle class be established to fight for the immediate needs of the people, and to prevent the fascists from posing as their champions. The first step towards bringing this about must be the affiliation of all progressive organizations and trade unions to the Labor Party, to make that body an expression of the political strength of Quebec's working class. The C.C.F. has never been able to penetrate the French-Canadian bloc. This strengthening of the Labor Party, which would include those French-Canadians who are in the trade unions, would bring the understanding of socialism closer to the people of French-Canada.

## *"Camp is Wonderful for Growing Boys"*

EMANUEL BERKENFELD

IT WAS a hot night in June and they sat sprawled on chairs in the kitchen in their underwear. Big Lefty squirmed and shifted on the hard chair pulling the adhered, sweated underwear from under him. Little Lefty, stripped to the waist in large running pants, giggled at the sucking sound and then lowered his eyes shyly with a childish apology for his laughter.

"Gee Pop," Big Lefty said, "when are you going to be finished with that?" The newspaper was spread wide on the table before Pop, the sides where he held it smudged with the sweat from his hands. "All right, all right," Pop said.

"Look, Pop, I want you to sign this. It's for Little Lefty."

"What's for Little Lefty? It'd better be something

pretty good for my boy. Eh, Lefty?" He grinned and the shy boy's face reddened beneath the perspiration.

"You said it, Pop," Big Lefty said. "It's for a summer camp for him."

"Oh, that charity thing," Freda said. She sat near the window reading a book and fanning herself with a dish cloth.

Pop threw the printed form back at him. "No charity," he said. "We need no charity."

"Wait a minute, Pop! It's no charity. What do you know, Freda, shut up! Listen Pop, it's a teacher in the school, Mr. Anderson, who's got a camp. It's a rich camp. Rich kids go there and he picks four kids and gives them each a two weeks free vacation at the camp for nothing. See? That's no charity. What do you know, Freda!"



"What's two weeks!" Freda sneered.

Pop looked at Little Lefty. "You want to go, boy?" he said. "Shake your head yes or no."

Pop always said that to Little Lefty whenever he asked him a question. It made tight knots that squeezed something inside of Pop every time Little Lefty tried to talk, stammering pathetically to get the words out of his mouth. It hurt his heart watching and listening to him stammer. It hurt because you just had to wait and you couldn't do anything to help him work and fight with his little jaws to form the words.

"Come to think of it," Pop said, "it'll be a good thing for Little Lefty. Get him away from hanging on to Freda's skirts and it'll be a vacation for Freda too, Eh, Freda?"

"Yes, but I'd rather see Big Lefty go," Freda said.

"Shut up!" Big Lefty said. "Gee Pop, it'll be great. Do you know what the kids who went there last year said? It's up in the mountains on a hill higher than the Empire State Building."

"Ah," Freda sighed. She stood by the window and her thin, yellowed nightgown clung damply to her body coning her child's bird-beak breasts. "Ah, tonight on top of the Empire State Building it must be swell and cool and sweet . . ."

"Get away from that window!" Big Lefty yelled at her. "You're blocking out the air."

The day had been too full for Little Lefty and he lay awake in his corner bed in the cabin for a long time, too fatigued to sleep, still too full of the tumult of new, strange things that had opened to him on this first day. A field of grass as they had here he had seen nowhere, not even in the parks of the city. It was so clean and level and soft that he could not at first bring himself to tread on it and it had grieved him, then, to see the other boys, less timid, trample wildly and eagerly on it with the first intoxication of freedom. Later he too romped over the green following them feeling the softness under his feet. Laughing and shouting, the boys threw themselves to the ground and he did, too, running his fingers through the blades of grass. They felt silky and soft like Freda's hair when he had run his fingers through it once when he was sick. And the trees here were things to wonder about. You couldn't tell whether they were growing up to the sky or growing down into the earth. The branches were so low the leaves brushed the ground and you had to stoop and crawl in the woods. They were sturdier and greener than other trees anywhere. You discovered that when you climbed one and sat on a stout branch high up in it amidst clusters of green slick apples. But you had to promise not to eat the apples and looking at them close enough to touch stirred the saliva in the back of your jaws until they ached.

And the food at the table was something like a king's feast in a story Freda had read to him and he had eaten so much of it that his councilor (his name was Pottsy) had commended him. He would have eaten more had not some of the boys at the table laughed at the amount and the rapidity with which he ate. He had stopped a bit

ashamed at eight cups of milk and Pottsy had patted him on the head as an example for the others.

There was more play after supper and then when it was still light they had been sent to their cabins. The low notes of the bugle had sounded a long time ago and now as he lay between the cool sheets, his head quick with sounds and sights, he seemed to hear them again, each sweet note sending a gentle comforting shiver through his body. It was dark now and still and the others in cabin breathed softly in sleep with the same rhythmic murmur that came from the trees outside and the smell of clean, chilled air was so sharp that it hurt him to breathe. He slid deep under the blankets to lose somewhere in the dark and warmth his sweet and aching wakefulness.

It wasn't very long before they were here at camp discovered his inability to form words quickly and their taunts took the same shape as the ones he heard each monotonous day in the city. The kid with the machine gun mouth, they said. You can do a tap dance to that kid's stutter. And the boys jibed him with, C'mon Lefty spit some bullets. Somehow it was different here and didn't hurt him as much. Somehow the taunts fell on him gently as everything did here; as the leaves that fell still green from the trees, as the breeze, as the ripples that curled around his feet wading in the lake, as the dark hills rolling in the distance. It didn't matter here and he laughed with them.

But Pottsy was annoyed and he gave him word exercises and made him practice by himself. He made him practice all day and whenever Pottsy would see him doing nothing he would work with him and teach him to form sounds. *Camp is wonderful for growing boys.* That was the sentence he had to repeat to himself endlessly throughout the day and it was painful to be bothered with it despite Pottsy's encouragement.

Still, the hardest hours of the day were the ones before meals when he lay resting on his cot, his body tingling and whipped pink from splashing about in the lake and a terrible gnawing in his stomach. Those were the longest hours, the sweetly unbearable hours, waiting for mess call to be sounded, thinking of the chunks of good, brown bread on the table, the cold, creamy milk that quenched a thirst quicker than water, and almost before the last note of the call he was dressed and out on line, first, always first and waiting. Not while there was a morsel of food still left on the table would the meal end for him and often after the others had finished eager to be out he remained behind alone eating what he could. But the day came quickly and it caught him at the end of a meal when he became suddenly conscious of his stomach, conscious that it lived and ached. It was unsafe thereafter to be far from the cabin much less to play. Pottsy noticed that and also his frequent and hurried retreats to the washroom and said he'd been afraid of that and expecting it. The doctor pointed his finger at him and said no milk and to go easy with food for awhile. And so he sat at the table doing nothing and doing nothing meant sitting next to Pottsy practicing and mouthing words and reciting *Camp is wonderful for*



growing boys. The distress he suffered was as nothing compared with the graver penalty of eating little amidst plenty and twisting words with his lips.

The siege soon passed however and with freedom at the table again and hard won he gobbled his food lustier than ever and the boys at the table screamed with wonder and delight. Pottsy laughed, too, saying that if he kept up that way they'd be able to roll him home.

There were times when he would fall away from his group to wander alone in the woods losing himself there and not even Pottsy's anxious shouts drawing him back. There was too much to do, too many new things to see, too many trees to climb, too many colors, too many smells to flavor. He kept away from apple trees; there was no one to watch him and the temptation was great. Other trees had other excitements. Startling screaming birds to flight as he swung from the branches set his head singing, and reaching the top with dozens of caterpillars and strange insects clinging to his hair and clothes made him feel part of the tree. There was time, perched on top with the wind seeking his tired body through the leaves, to examine them and, satisfied, to flick them casually from him, and time also to soothe his scratches and pluck the twigs from his skin.

There was an apple tree behind the cabin and its low branches pushed up against the window flap in his corner. He opened the flap and forced the branch in so that the leaves hung over his bed, and looking at them from his pillow hour after hour he came to know their shape, their coloring, their number. He would always find coming back some leaves strewn on his pillow and yet find none missing from the ones above his head. This was another of the inexplicable wonders of a tree.

The others ordinarily quick to object to anything tending to mar the appearance of the cabin tolerated him this fearing lest opposition change him and leave him not ready as he always was to forego during boating period his chance to row, or to be content, almost anxious, as he was, to take last place in line. He preferred to sit in back of the boat with his hands free and dangling in the water, and being last in line (except for meals) made it easier from there to slip away.

In the midst of these things there could be no thoughts of home, of Pop, Freda and Big Lefty. There was no time to sit and think of them in days short and fleet, in nights that had no beginning, sleep closing the day before dark did. And so on letter writing day when Pottsy helped them to scrawl their letters he felt a pang for them at home and he thought about the things he would write to bring them closer to him. There were many things he wanted to say. He wanted to tell them about the great lake with the picture of the sky in it, of boating with the sun beating down and the breeze always slapping the heat from it, of the plunges that left the body pink and shiny. He wanted to tell them about the smell of the grass and the feel of it under bare feet and the trees with the apples in them and the leaves that hung in over his bed. He wanted to tell them how he could feel his legs growing longer, and most of all he wanted them to know about the cold milk and the many

things that crowded the table. But somehow he couldn't explain to Pottsy all of these things he wanted so much to say and the letter went merely *Am having a good time.*

He was resting on his cot waiting to hear the mess call for dinner when Pottsy turned to him. "Say Lefty," he said, "I almost forgot about you. We've got to get your things ready. You know you're leaving today."

The bed suddenly became something hard and hurtful under him and a quick sickness gripped his stomach. It was a lie, it was a fairy tale, it was a dream, it was something that never happened. He watched Pottsy getting his things together and he felt his throat tying up. He didn't know whether he was going to cry or not but his throat felt like it was the beginning. He didn't want to cry, he hadn't ever cried here. Most of the boys in the cabin had at one time or another. One because he had a bicycle at home and didn't have one here. Another was homesick, another because he had been compelled to eat something he did not like.

He ran into the washroom and there he let himself go and the thing that hurt most leaning on the basin was keeping back the sobs that made noise.

Hearing Pottsy walk in he splashed water over his face. Pottsy put his arm around him and they walked together to the mess hall.

Big Lefty, waiting for him at the station, smothered him to his chest. "Boy, look at you!" he shouted. "Just look at you!" He kept fondling and pinching Little Lefty's tanned face and in the subway all the way home he kept shaking his head from side to side in wonderment, repeating, "Little Lefty you look great. Boy oh boy but you look good! Just wait'll Pop sees you!"

Pop got up from the chair when they walked in. The sweat glistened on his face and he stood staring at Little Lefty and swallowing lumps of nothing in his throat. Freda sprang across the room and hugged him in her arms putting her moist face close to his.

"Leave him alone," Big Lefty said. "It's hot enough. Pop look at him! Just look at him! Does he look great or does he look great? We'll have to call him Fatso."

Pop looked at him. "Hello, boy," he said. "How was it?"

Little Lefty shuffled his feet. He took a deep breath and then with merely the slightest stammer said, "Camp is wonderful for growing boys."

For a moment they stared at him in amazement as people hearing suddenly speech from a mute. Then Big Lefty jumped in the air clapping his hands and howling. Pop's body shook with laughter and the sweat slid and glistened down his reddened face and Freda hugged little Lefty to her again and screamed.

"Come on give it to us," Big Lefty shouted. "Say it again."

Little Lefty said it again lowering his eyes shyly.

Again they roared with laughter. Big Lefty ran around the kitchen holding his stomach and bellowing.

"What else can you say, boy?" Pop said, still chuckling.

And then the little face took on again the old torture. The jaws wrenched broken words from the throat. The



lips twisted to sew them together and the tongue flapped about pathetically.

Pop pressed him close to his side, hushing him.

They said he looked tired now and they sent him to bed. He undressed in the dark. The night sounds of the city floated heavily through the window. He opened the package he had brought home and took from it three green apples. They felt cool next to his moist face. He played with them letting them roll over his bare chest, and then he sat up in bed and polished the wetness from them with the sheet until he could see their greenness and slickness in the dark. The blare of an automobile horn pushed its way through the opened window and hung sluggishly in the air. He lay back in bed listening to it, following the sound until there was no more of it, but he continued to listen for a long time to something it had shaped in his mind. The air in the room remained dead and heavy with moisture.

### *Cornwall: The Diary of A Strike*

(Continued from Page 17)

During this long period organised labour rallied to the defense of the strikers. A delegation of boys and girls from Cornwall visited Ontario towns and cities, addressed meetings, collected money. "Left" political parties sent donations.

Finally agreement was reached between the workers and the company. Not every demand was granted, but the gains are substantial. They won: general wage increases and better equalization of wages between departments; reduction of speed-up in some departments; improvement of sanitation; immediate steps toward better ventilation through consulting experts from American rayon mills; pay for the remainder of the day when attacked by sore eyes; recognition of workers' representatives.

The company does not recognize the union. *But the workers do.* Why not? They are part of it, they built it, and it is themselves. This is the chief thing gained from the Cornwall strike, and it is the real guarantee that the better conditions promised by the company in the agreement will materialize and will be maintained.



—"and we are making a special novena for General Mola."

## *The Economist*

This is the story of Mary Lou Wiggam  
Who lives near Tenth Avenue on Forty-Eighth Street  
Where the big boats go out of the docks and come  
into the docks

In the summer night at the end of the summer street.

The story of Mary Lou Wiggam is the story of her  
breasts

Under a cheap white waist but with honest-to-God  
nipples

Accruing steady interest and bursting from flat masculine  
chests

As waves burst out of the sea as a blunt boat makes  
waves of ripples.

Any similar and inverted metaphor will do  
To describe the story of Mary Lou Wiggam, the Wall  
Street

Typist, walking innocently with her sweetheart, who  
Is something of a compass himself the only prow of  
the wavy street:

Her breasts straight and high were fantastic waves as  
I passed her

Unborrowing unbroken from the height the crash  
where the last bank-clerk cast her.

PARKER TYLER.

## **Weapons Against War!**

Such, precisely are the books, pamphlets and periodicals that line our shelves . . . steps to an understanding of Capitalist crises . . . political enlightenment by major Marxists, progressives and liberal publicists. For October purchase we suggest:

**DIALECTICS: the Logic of Marxism,** by T. A. Jackson, \$3.50.

**IT'S UP TO US:** Left Review's magnificent illustrated pamphlet against War. In colour, 15c.

**WORLD POLITICS 1918-1936:** by R. Palme Dutt, \$1.50.

**SKUTAREVSKY:** by Leonof. \$2.50.

**THE OLIVE FIELD:** by Ralph Bates. \$2.50.

**THE PEOPLE'S FRONT:** by Emile Burns: Labour Research Dept. 5c.

**LITTLE LENIN LIBRARY:** English and French (various prices).

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# French Novelists of Today

## II. JULES ROMAINS

IT MAY seem eccentric to begin a series on contemporary French novelists with a study of a man over fifty who had already acquired something of a literary reputation in the years before the War. But Jules Romain is, as I hope to show, anything but a back number. And he is a good person to start with, moreover, because he is not completely an unknown quantity to non-French readers. One or two of his early novels, such as *Mort de Quelqu'un* (*Death of a Nobody*), have been translated, as have the successive volumes of his great work in progress, *Les Hommes de bonne volonté* (*Men of Good Will*).

Jules Romain is a modern in the sense that he turns his back resolutely on nineteenth century individualism. His patent philosophy unanimism, is nothing more than an attempt to give the new collective man a somewhat original metaphysical basis. All his works of fiction taken together are an experiment in form, a search stretching over nearly a third of a century for the kind of novel that will best reflect the complex, multiple hero of this age, as the novel of Chateaubriand, or of Stendhal, reflected the simple, individual hero of a century ago. Jules Romain has chosen all his life to do his own thinking and does not happen to have enlisted in any school or party. He has been violently attacked for this, for instance by some of the pseudo-Marxist critics of the *New Republic* clique. Fortunately most French critics know better. They have observed, as any reader can observe, that his whole work is saturated with a sense of what Malraux calls "*la fraternité virile*". They have noticed, as any reader can notice, that two of the finest volumes in the series now under way show clearly enough that for the author there are more "men of good will" to be found among the "humble" than among the "proud". It was for these and similar reasons that Romain was the first recipient of the *Prix Populiste*, that he and Georges Duhamel, his old comrade of the Abbaye days, were the first writers to be decorated by the government of the *Front Populaire*.

Louis Farigoule (Jules Romain) was born in a small town in the mountainous central region of France in 1885. We can pass rapidly over all the pre-natal and infantile influences, on which academic critics love to dwell, up to and excluding his childhood in Paris. Paris made him. There is a novel of Zola's in which the hero in the final paragraph stands on Montmartre and holds up his infant son in the face of the city. Romain might be that infant come to manhood a generation later and with a vocation to interpret the mass life around him. It is not improper to use the jargon of religious experience in his case, because it was a kind of religious experience in the Jamesian sense that Romain underwent in the rue d'Amsterdam one October evening of 1903. It was on that occasion that he "found" unanimism.

What is unanimism? Romain himself defines it as a "spiritual climate". The first stage is an awareness of the existence of entities which transcend the individual. These are "groups". A street may be a group,—pavement and houses as well as people,—or a village, or an audience in a theatre, or a little knot of people watching some sign-painters at work as in Vol. 1 of *Les Hommes de bonne volonté*. The active unanimist is he who makes groups conscious of their existence. He is then an animator, a "hero". The Romain here, then, is always an experienced mass psychologist, or, to use the jargon, "concentric with a group". The chief weapon at his disposal is laughter. There is nothing like a huge practical joke to make a group conscious of itself and hence the presence throughout Romain's work of a rich vein of humour, especially of the leg-pulling variety. Romain himself was one of the most incorrigible leg-pullers ever to pass through the Ecole Normale, where his reputation in this field is still a matter of corporate pride. So the practical joker who scribbles an anti-capitalist slogan on the wall of a public convenience in *Le Bourg Regenere* (1905), or the students who dress up as high officials of the Ministry of War or as special emissaries of the Pope in *Les Copians* (1913), are both reflections of the author's personality and examples of the practice of unanimism.

Many people think that unanimism is just another practical joke perpetrated by Jules Romain, and I must admit that I find it difficult to read any explanation of this philosophy, even my own, without a suspicion of a smile. But I am convinced that Romain on this occasion is quite genuine. His curiously formulated faith is part of a much wider movement which began to make itself felt at the turn of the century and which one might call anti-romanticism or anti-monadism. There are traces of it already in Zola, in Walt Whitman and in Verhaeren, the poet of the "*villes tentaculaires*". It is reflected in a whole school of psychologists with Tarde, Le Bon and Durckheim. Romain's originality lies in his industrious elaboration of a mere feeling already "in the air" into a complete system and, further, his patient construction of a special kind of novel—the unanimist novel—to serve as the literary vehicle of this system.

Romain's first published work was a volume of unanimist poetry. At that time he was still a student and frequenting in his spare time the interesting Abbaye group, a sort of literary commune which had been set up at Creteil near Paris by Duhamel, Arcos, Vildrac and others. It is worth noting that all these authors were subsequently to lay much stress on the theme of human solidarity; they called it "friendship" in those days. It was to remain a permanent element in all Romain's work. We have had one example of this already in the comrades who animate the whole action of *Les Copians*. A more persistent one is the appearance of the two inseparables, Romain and his poet friend Chennevière, thinly disguised as Jallez and Jerphanion in *Les Hommes de bonne volonté*.

By 1905 Romain had drifted from the Abbaye group and poetry and was publishing his first novels. Two of them have already been mentioned in connection with



practical joking. A little masterpiece, *Mort de Quelqu'un* (1911) belongs to this period too. It was Romain's first attempt at combining the fire and drive of his poetry with the framework of a unanimist novel. It was also the first of his novels to be set in a working-class milieu. Certain political events were to impel him still further in this direction. The repression which followed the Russian Revolution of 1905, the May 1st riots in Paris in 1906 and the execution of Ferrer in Barcelona filled him with a sombre suspicion of the bourgeois state and all it stood for. This attitude of mind is reflected in an interesting fashion in the series of short sketches which make up the collection called *Le Vin Blanc de la Villette* (1913). The psychological reactions of strikers and soldiers when in one another's presence, the spread of panic among the witnesses of a clash, these are the problems which Romain's treats in this volume.

But there was a still greater shock in store for Romain's,—the War. It was the unpardonable crime against unanimism and drove him to such despair that it almost succeeded in withering his creative energies. The major vein of his fiction opens again in 1922 with the publication of the first volume (*Lucienne*) of the trilogy which goes under the general title of *Psyche*. It was written to resolve the problem of love and fit the human couple into the unanimist scheme of things. It performs other functions as well, most notably a complete indictment of the French middle class family. On this point Romain's joins hands with Gide in claiming that there can be no liberation of the individual, or of the biological couple, or of the larger collective group, so long as the tyranny of this social anachronism persists. And Romain's has not weakened on this point. In one of the most recent brace of novels (vol. xi, *Recours à l'abîme*) to appear in the *Hommes de bonne volonté* cycle, he launches another ferocious attack on what he calls "that petty-bourgeois octopus—the family."

That brings us to *Les Hommes de bonne volonté*, a "roman-fleuve", as the French call it, which it will be possible to criticise when and only when it has been completed. It is a cycle of novels which sets out to chronicle the War. The action opens in 1908 and will continue to 1930, or thereabouts, at which date, according to Romain's, the last war ended and the next one began. The twelve volumes that have appeared so far bring the reader only to 1912 and this leisurely pace is imposed by the extraordinarily complex pattern and by the mass of characters, real and imaginary,—there are already over two thousand of them. This is at last the unanimist novel towards whose genesis Romain's has been striving all his life. Individual characters exist in it merely as units in the mass consciousness of a whole epoch. The whole thing is an audacious attempt to recreate a slice of French history in atmosphere, and I am willing to stake my non-existent reputation that twenty years hence *Les Hommes de bonne volonté* will be the classic literary monument of the age it sets out to describe, as Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* is of the Restoration and Zola's *Rougon-Macquart* of the Second Empire.

FELIX WALTER.

## The Jaundiced Eye

### AS OTHERS SEE US

Toronto, Aug. 17. (C.P.)—In a vigorous attack on radicalism, the Knights of Columbus convention opening here today will denounce the Communist state of Mexico, Martin H. Carmody, head of the order, forecasts.

Already the Mexican State was based as firmly upon the principles of Communism as was Soviet Russia, he said, and only a strong anti-Communist movement can check the spread of Communism through America.

He felt there also was a menace of Communism in Canada.

"Of course there are two kinds of Communism, one that is open with paid-up membership, and all that, and the other that works underground that you find in any group that is opposed to well-organized government," Mr. Carmody said.

"The first kind is not so important; it is the second that is dangerous. For example, this fellow Aberhart is a Communist."

### HALL OF SHAME GETS NEW MEMBERS

New elections held at Local 1 of the American Writers Union bring to a total of eleven the Union's nominations to the "Hall of Shame" for "undemocratic, anti-labor and imperialistic" writing. The following were "elected": Arthur Brisbane, H. R. Knickerbocker, Benjamin de Casseres, Rupert Hughes, Bernarr Macfadden, Abe Kahn, Walter Lippman, Arnaldo Cortesi, William Dudley Pelley, Floyd Gibbons and Paul Block.

### WE STAND ON GUARD FOR THREE

Herr Hitler's Zeppelin *Hindenburg* often flies low over Nova Scotia on its way to and from Germany. Asked the *Halifax Daily Star*, "Is the Zeppelin getting pictures?" Replied military headquarters, "It is quite possible." Said a Halifax newshawk in reporting this reply, "If military headquarters, entrusted with the defense of the garrison, were alarmed, they concealed their fear efficiently."

### LUXURY FOR THE PROLETARIAT

The MacDonald (Nova Scotia) government has evolved a housing scheme whereby workers in the \$800 to \$1800 class may purchase homes through long term loans. Under the plan an initial appropriation of \$200 will be distributed by a commission to qualified builders. Each builder will erect at least ten approved houses. Prospective home-owners in the required salary class will be able to purchase houses at a low interest rate of about three and a half percent through twenty year loans or thereabouts. Those below \$800 will probably be allowed to buy the bath room fittings under the same plan.

### IN SPAIN ONLY?

"Accountants could have prevented the war in Spain," Hon. Arthur W. Roebuck, K.C., attorney-general for Ontario, told the 34th annual convention of Dominion Association of Chartered Accountants in the Royal York hotel today.

"We see a horrible war in Spain due to the exploitation of the masses," he said. "The skill of accountants could have solved the difficulties there."—*Toronto Star*.

### WHY NOT TRY MARY PICKFORD?

New York, Sept. 4.—"Father Coughlin speaks with the voice of God" was the statement of Bishop Michael J. Gallagher of Detroit, declaring the Vatican had made no attempt to curb the political activity of the Royal Oak Park priest. The bishop made his statement as he returned from Europe. . . . Discussing the European situation, he declared: "All Spain's troubles can be traced to communistic Russia. I understand ammunition is being sent from Russia in submarines. The rebels are the patriots. In an orderly election with the women voting, the present regime would be overwhelmed."—News item in the *Toronto Star*.



# Correspondence

## MR. HODGSON TALKS BACK TO HIMSELF

According to Greek legend, a soldier came before King Philip of Macedon for trial. Exhausted by campaign hardships, the king slipped into sleep and, on suddenly awakening, condemned the soldier to death.

"I appeal," shouted the soldier.

"Appeal?" exclaimed the surprised Philip. "I am king and there can be no appeal from me. To whom do you appeal?"

"From Philip asleep to Philip awake," the soldier answered.

According to the legend the king at once reopened the trial and, when all the evidence was in, found that he had greatly wronged the man. The royal verdict, of course, was acquittal.

In this case I am the prisoner. I was asleep but you, Mr. Editor, awakened me with a considerable start and I found, upon reading the September issue of your magazine, that I had been condemned apparently by myself. I appeal from Fred Hodgson asleep to Fred Hodgson awake, from the Fred Hodgson who one month ago was naive enough to believe that *New Frontier* editors were sufficiently ethical to consult an author before twisting an article out of shape. However, I am now thoroughly awake and the following is the brief of my appeal:

First, a bit of history. I was one of the charter members of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation in Ontario. I was one of those who helped to lead the Labor Party of Ontario into the Ontario Labor Conference, that grouping of trade unions and political and cultural labor and socialist groups which became the labor section of the three-way C.C.F. in this province. The other two sections (each of us with twelve representatives on the Provincial Council of 36 members), were the United Farmers of Ontario and the Association of C.C.F. Clubs. I was a member of that Provincial Council when the C.C.F. was shattered by an earthquake several years ago to be builded anew on an individual card membership basis without the affiliation of trade unions.

I recount this history, Mr. Editor, to show that I really should know something about the C.C.F. and to establish the absurdity of the belief that must be held by readers of *New Frontier* that I wrote "Leftward Ho!" as it appeared in your magazine under my name.

You will remember, Mr. Editor, that you came to my office some days after the conclusion of the 1936 national convention of the C.C.F. in August. With tears in your eyes you begged me to do an article for you.

Do you recall that I declined on the grounds that I was mentally and physically tired, that I had had no holidays since the summer of 1934, that I had worked long hours during the C.C.F. sessions, writing special wire stories for some papers in addition to editing the Associated Labor Press regular news release? Do you remember that I attempted to beg off on the plea that I had a whole week-end to myself and that I intended to eat and swim and sleep and not do a mite of work? And then, being an obliging sort of chap (or weak, as you will), I agreed to write for you provided I could write as I pleased.

"Leftward Ho!" was written quickly and, I frankly admit, could have been considerably improved. In point of fact, when I turned it over to you that night on the steps of the Central Y.M.C.A. I told you to edit it thoroughly.

And edited it was, ripped, torn, changed, garbled, whole sections sliced out and new sections written in, sections written by an editorial tyro who apparently believes that almost everyone in the C.C.F. above the rank of club executive member is a horned fiend bent on barbecuing the working class movement. This is surely not the official view of *New Frontier*.

"Leftward Ho!" in the September issue was not my article. The first few paragraphs did resemble the ones I wrote for you but more than half of the article was completely changed. True,

certain ideas of mine were worked in and certain sentences were left almost intact.

Just to make things worse, the one place that might have had some trimming with advantage, one place where I did make an obvious political slip, was left as it was. I stated that the main weakness of the C.C.F. today lies in its lack of workers in the national leadership. This is a serious weakness but not the main one by any means.

In "Leftward Ho!"—my version—stress was put on the obvious changes in the C.C.F. since the Spring of 1934, the switch from the absolute taboo on the word Socialism in Ontario. Then Capt. Phillpot and Miss Agnes Macphail prevailed with the idea that if city speakers used the word the farmers would read about it in the newspapers and be frightened away from the C.C.F. The Labor section fought with brass knuckles against this and charged the Phillpots and Macphails with selling their principles for votes. The official C.C.F. in Ontario continued to play the socialist theme song of the party double piano.

Today, Mr. Editor, a deep-going change is evident in the Ontario C.C.F., a change that is quite capable of being diagnosed. Its cause lies in the alteration that is taking place in the thinking of people of Canada and is inevitably being reflected in the C.C.F., albeit distorted by imperfections in the mirror—just as you or I would be made slim or fat depending upon which mirror we contemplated in a carnival "House of Reflections". Today the people in the C.C.F. who shout the loudest for "socialism pure and undefiled" are the very ones who so carefully avoided the word two years ago. I recalled a public meeting in St. Thomas addressed by Dr. Lorna Cotton-Thomas. That lady did not mention "socialism" once and when she spoke she was surrounded by draped Union Jacks and aldermen. Nor did she mention labor once. She talked of farmers and merchants and gloated over the fact that in some northern town a local manufacturer was president of the C.C.F. Club. In 1936 Dr. Cotton-Thomas plays the theme song with all the might and madness of a temperamental pianist with corns. In 1936, the Dr. Cotton-Thomas type condemn the Communists not because the Communists are red but rather on the accusation that they have shaded off to a delicate pink with streaks of yellow. This, Mr. Editor was the central theme of my article. I contrasted the C.C.F. of today with the C.C.F. of yesterday on an "I knew him when" basis. I wrote no apologies for the Communist Party, leaving that to abler and more informed theoreticians than I—and to the intelligence of my readers who must see in events the necessity for a solid front of all the forces of progress against the forces of reaction.

In my "Leftward Ho!" I treated the C.C.F. sympathetically because I have faith that it is learning, and learning fast. Also I have a fellow feeling for my comrades and co-workers in the C.C.F. In my "Leftward Ho!" I criticised myself and those of the old Labor Conference executive of 1934. We of that executive carried a great responsibility which I am quite sure we did not carry as intelligently as we might have. All this material was blue-pencilled.

Your "editing" begins with paragraph one where, by eliminating one word, you make me infer that I was among the founders of the C.C.F. This is not true. I helped in a minor capacity to bring it to Ontario but I had nothing to do with the Calgary Call which brought the organizations of the West together. This is a small point, I know, but I bring it to your attention to show how easily an unskilled editor can turn a true statement into a false one.

Statements not made by me include the one in paragraph eight of "Leftward Ho!"—your version—that a nation-wide agreement to reject all plans for building a Peoples' Party was indicated by the fate of the famous United Front resolution. Also, I did not say that James Litterick, Winnipeg Communist M.L.A., had been elected by a united front. Again, I did not say that Jack King and Alderman Toothill of Regina made effective pleas for a united front at the 1936 C.C.F. Convention. As a matter of fact, and with all due respects to them, I do not think that their pleas were effective. In the same regard I made



no statment about a "private compromise" between the right and the left at the convention.

The very next paragraph, in which the "brain trust" is lambasted, I also repudiate, although I agree with you that action on the united front issue will be the result of events rather than of convention resolutions.

Paragraph ten is also twisted around a bit. For example, I told how David Lewis of Ottawa had been forked into the national council, and thence to the executive committee, by a neat piece of stage craft. But the blue pencil rambled and cut out my account of how the Socialist Party used exactly the same trick to put me on the Labor Conference executive.

It is not my purpose in this "reply to myself" to make up for the deficiencies of either my "Leftward Ho!" or yours. My purpose is simply to undo any harm that might have been done to the Associated Labor Press, of which I am the editor, by the appearance of your version of the article under my name.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for this space, I am,  
Toronto.

FRED HODGSON.

(Editor's Note: Although it is not apparent from the tone of Mr. Hodgson's letter, the changes in his article were made owing to a misunderstanding. The editors are quite willing to take responsibility for all the statements disavowed by Mr. Hodgson, except for the mistake about James Litterick's election, which was based on a story carried in the labor press.)

May I take this opportunity to express the hope that your magazine will give some consideration to the problem of the pre-school child? If the psychologists are correct in their conclusions concerning the vital importance of infancy in determining the mental habits of later years, then surely we should be paying some attention to these questions now.

Intelligent parents are admitting their inability to cope with so complex and so important a task as child training, and are recognizing the need for nursery schools. Most of us realize that so long as we have a competitive social system children will continue to suffer inequality and injustice. Nevertheless, even under capitalism enlightened people can do much to help the children. And all the experience we gain along the lines of progressive education will prove of immense value during the transition period from competition to co-operation.

In Vancouver a group of women have recently started a Nursery School Association, whose ultimate aim is the establishment of nursery schools, preferably by provincial and municipal governments, and whose immediate efforts are being concentrated on research, and popularizing the nursery school idea. Believing that there must be other interested groups throughout Canada, I am going to conclude with an appeal for contacts with other associations, so that we may exchange ideas and experiences.

FRANCES MOREN,  
Research Committee,  
Nursery School Association.

Vancouver, B. C.

As an example of deliberate and malicious misrepresentation, the paragraph in your September issue dealing with my address on "Proletarian Poetry" would be hard to beat.

Mr. McNair, who attended as our guest, must have found it "mighty powerful stuff" to be reduced to the old trick of wresting phrases from their natural habitat and putting them in a context of his own invention which gives them a new meaning wholly false to the entire spirit of the original.

His report of Miss Livesay's reply he has treated in the same fanciful way—only, of course, he has not short-changed her.

If this is a fair sample of the sort of fact-reporting the *New Frontier* offers its readers, intelligent people cannot be expected to take the magazine seriously.

Vancouver, B.C.

MARY ELIZABETH COLMAN.

(Editor's Note: The article in question was printed in good faith. A copy of this letter has been sent to Mr. McNair.)

Just a word of appreciation for letting Canada's right hand know what the left is doing. I didn't intend to convey any political meaning by that, but now I think of it, it's not a bad idea. What I meant to say is, it's great to find out things that are happening—maybe not things you can read in the papers, but things that are happening in the minds and in the parlours of people in Montreal, in the Western provinces, in Vancouver. . . . For a magazine published in Toronto, you people are certainly doing a good job in not letting yourself be dominated by a couple of large cities. Why not cover the Maritimes too? I suppose the answer to that question is, why don't Maritime writers send in good material?

Another word of appreciation for Jack Parr. This man's stuff is throbbing with life. Let us have more of him.

A couple of kicks now. The New York letters ought to be about progressive things—hasn't Mr. Parmenter heard of the W.P.A. or sat in Union Square? The art section doesn't give us readers much we couldn't get in the books. How about something up to date? Or how about some interpretation of the work of artists like Daumier and VanGogh—that would be really helpful to Canadian artists today. What happened to the Music section?

That's all for now, except to wish the *New Frontier* the long and lusty life it deserves.

Halifax, N.S.

W. L. SANDERS.

## Between Ourselves

**B**EGINNING with this issue, the price of *New Frontier* has been reduced to 15c a copy, with subscription rates fixed at eight issues for one dollar. All subscriptions based on the old subscription rates will be extended in accordance with the ratio of the new rates.

Although in its first five issues the circulation of *New Frontier* has shown a steady growth, it has not succeeded in reaching the large circulation at which the magazine is aimed. We have been told by our readers that the main obstacle to our growth has been the price of the magazine; that in these days only the Holts and Flavelles can afford to pay 25c for a magazine; and that these people are certainly not interested in *New Frontier*. Consequently we ask you readers, now that the price has been lowered, to co-operate with us in spreading the influence of *New Frontier*, subscribing if possible, and selling subscriptions to your friends and acquaintances. We need your support if *New Frontier* is to grow with the rapid development of the people's movement against war and reaction.

In our next issue we will publish the first of three articles on the European scene by Margaret Gould. Miss Gould's articles in the *Toronto Daily Star*, dealing with what she saw and heard on her recent visit to the Soviet Union, Great Britain and the Scandinavian countries, have aroused nation-wide interest. Her articles in *New Frontier* will be the result of first hand investigations of socialist experiments in these countries.

Also in our next issue will be an article by Edwin Berry Burgum on Marxism and literary criticism.

Parker Tyler, whose poem "The Economist" appears in this issue, was the editor of *Modern Things*. He will publish a book of poems this winter.

Emanuel Berkenfeld has contributed short stories to *Literary America*, *Dubuque Dial*, *Manuscript*, *New Talent* and other magazines.



# Books

## *A Hope for Canadian Poetry*

To the Editors of *New Frontier*:

SOMEHOW, what I want to say about this collection of critical essays\* doesn't seem to fit into the formal limits of a book review; I hope you will permit me, therefore, to use the more familiar tones of a letter in trying to give you my first impression of Mr. Collin's book.

I suppose you know that here in the States, Canadian literature—like the Canadian countryside—is usually pictured as a bleak and frost-bound waste, on which no warm, lithe things can flourish, or even survive. And I must confess that my own conception of your native belles-lettres is close to this common belief. Part of the reason for this popular fancy is, or course, our very casual acquaintance with the work of your poets and prose writers.

It seems necessary to preface what I want to say about Mr. Collin's study of Canadian poets with these remarks, if my opinion of his book is to be placed in the proper context. Chiefly because my impression of Canadian letters is not very flattering, my response to *The White Savannas*, and to *New Provinces* with which it must be coupled, was decidedly favorable—much more than it would have been to an equivalent body of poetry and criticism of poetry produced in the United States or in England. I hope this does not sound like condescension; I am simply trying to communicate as accurately as I can my precise reaction to these two volumes.

To me these two books are signs of a quickening of the sluggish literary pulse of your country, an awakening to national cultural consciousness.

This does not mean that I think your literature has come of age, that its poetry reaches as high a plane as that of the Auden-Spender-Lewis group in England, or matches the quality of leftwing verse in the U.S.—which, god knows, except for MacLeish and Gregory and perhaps a few others, is low enough. What I see in these two collections is a hope for Canadian poetry, and criticism. But the fulfillment of that hope seems still to be far off.

Let me try to explain what I mean.

A significant revolt has taken place in Canadian poetry. This insurrection is led by Dorothy Livesay and the four poets of the Montreal "school." Mr. Collin devotes five out of his nine essays on outstanding Canadian poets to these writers. While this is a courageous act—unprecedented, I believe, in Canadian criticism—it rests upon a sound critical base; for these younger poets are, assuredly, among the loftiest trees in your rather sparse literary forest.

\**The White Savannas*. By W. E. Collin. Macmillan, Canada. \$2.50.

Mr. Collin is a defender and enthusiast of these new writers; he sympathizes very closely with their aims; he understands intimately what they have done and what they are trying to do. As a matter of fact, his literary values and theirs are identical; he is moving in the same direction in his criticism as they are in their verse-making. Not only is his focus the same as theirs; even the level of his writing as criticism parallels the level of their efforts as poetry. Each reveals equivalent characteristics which, I believe, reflect both the strength and the weakness of present-day Canadian letters.

In the middle essay in *The White Savannas*, Collin depicts the transformation in Canadian literature that these young poets have brought about. "Romantic beauty, emotional cadence and well-built rhyme, heritages from a ghostly Tennyson, are not their criteria of poetry," he writes, "nor can they be satisfied with a copy, however faithful, of the natural landscape." They are through with these out-moded conventions; they have repudiated the Romantic tradition in both form and content.

Whereas the "poets who continue the Romantic tradition of the nineteenth century," he points out, "pay regular visits to the English countryside and muse on Saxon scythes and mattocks, the poets after Mr. Eliot have spent their leisure, not in picnics, but in city streets and homes and factories, keeping their senses open to every new manner of feeling possible to men and women of the twentieth century." But "before coming into this new environment of marts, factories and counting-houses, these poets, in a special sense, contracted familiarity with the metaphysical poets; they have undergone a mental and spiritual discipline that will not be lost: the realism is toned by the austerity and bareness which we associate with metaphysical wit."

These are the qualities which distinguish the new Canadian poetry from the old, from Lampman and Pickthall and Marie Le Franc, and even from Pratt who occupies, as Collin shows, an intermediate position between the two.

However, there has been another upheaval in Canadian verse. The first, which is summarized in the above quotations, bears about the same relation to the second as the Russian revolution of March 1917 to the seizure of power in November. The connection between the two is rather well put in the Preface to *New Provinces*—a little credo, by the way, which is likely to be an important signpost in the course of Canadian poetry. The second revolution—the turn toward central social experience and vision, for which the coming of the crisis and the rise of proletarian culture are responsible—seems to be taking place in your literature as well as in ours, and everybody else's.



All this, on the face of it, is excellent. But here's the rub.

I get the feeling from *New Provinces* and *The White Savannahs* that you have been largely content to take over these transformations in American and English verse at their face value, without rooting them very deeply in your own native patterns. It seems to me that you haven't dug into the varied meanings and shades of meanings which these new tendencies must have for Canadian poetry alone, or the particular relevance which Canadian poetry must have to these new ways of writing. My impression is that you have welcomed these new attitudes in an altogether uncritical fashion, that you have been inflexible and unthinking, and even smug, towards them—that you have not hammered away at them, gripping them with all your might, squeezing out of them the sustenance which your poetic growth requires. I feel that you have adopted the new modes of literary expression almost as meekly and blindly as your predecessors imitated the tones and moods of English Romantic poetry.

This seems to be very much the case in your approach to the heritage of Eliot and of the metaphysical poets through Eliot. Have you tried in dead earnest to work out the intimate, complex relations of this new poetic outlook to your own peculiar, concrete national social and literary problems? Or have you simply tucked yourself in the blanket of this foreign influence and let it go at that? Contrast what you have done with the ingenious, subtle, *thinking* way in which the young English poets have dealt with the matter of ancestors: they have not merely copied Eliot but have mixed some of his ingredients with others into a fresh and original compound more suited to a new subject matter.

Nor do I find in Mr. Collin's book a genuine attempt to trace these inter-relations in fine detail—despite the fact that the waste-land mood is his chief theme. He seems content to give us a mild, appreciative survey of the aims and works of Canada's poets, skimming gracefully over the surface of their poems, embellishing their lines with impressionistic word-pictures of his own. This method may be eminently suited to a pleasant literary narrative—like Collin's story of the *Clockmaker of Souls*—but not to a major job like his second book, which demands an application of the sterner qualities of criticism. It should have been ruthless, clinching with the profound aspects of the subject, stabbing deep into the heart of them instead of caressing them so gently.

This lack of depth is even more apparent in the attitude of your critics and poets to the second great change in contemporary Canadian esthetics. The new social direction which *New Provinces* refers to with so much conviction seems to be very abstract and indefinite in the minds of your writers. It doesn't seem to be rooted in the specific realities of the Canadian class struggle; and even the few efforts that have been made to march into this new territory have been bare of initiative and imagination, as in Scott's "political" verses. Mr. Collin scarcely mentions this second turn in Canadian literature, and

gives little evidence of tackling the new set of problems which it thrusts at him.

I want to repeat at this point that the above is merely a hasty, initial reaction to two books, and might never be substantiated by a more careful analysis; I should hesitate to put all of these conclusions down in a formal piece of criticism. And the most careful examination on my part might never disclose the intimate relations and meanings which I am agitating your writers to explore. For this knowledge can be discerned only by someone on the spot, by someone who is immersed in your material and cultural milieu, who not only reasons but senses the tones and overtones of your life and letters—in the same way, Dos Passos (to mention the best example I know) gets the "feel" of the U.S.A.

From this distance, the only large reason I can see that would account for your superficial response to the new changes in writing—as well as to the old—is the ruthless nature of your literary tradition, the absence of an indigenous rock-bottom upon which you could really build; to the immaturity of your literature, resulting from your colonial dependence upon English culture and your lack of national awareness, in a spiritual sense. But such a conclusion is, at best, only a framework, which is meaningless unless it is filled in with rich detail, of the type I looked for in Collin's book—and which can be supplied only from within your boundaries.

Understand—I think *New Provinces* and *The White Savannahs* represent a big advance in Canadian letters. These books are the product of writers who are beginning to fight for a native culture (one which, at this stage of history, must be revolutionary); who have not deserted your shores or sought renown in other climates but who have been groomed on Canadian soil and who, intellectually, seem determined to stay at home and grapple with domestic problems.

But these two volumes are just a beginning. Yet some of your authors have already slackened their pace, seeming tired of the journey and looking for a place to rest—instead of summoning up all their reserve and plunging ahead with greater intensity, determination, perseverance, courage, daring.

ALAN CALMER.

### *Now That Callaghan's Here*

*Now That April's Here.* By Morley Callaghan. Macmillan Company of Canada. \$2.00.

WHEN poverty is seen poisoning the springs of human love, the compassionate artist has no need of a political platform to move the indifferent. He has simply to tell his story, which has in itself the power to rouse those who construct alternatives to action. This book of short stories by Canada's foremost living writer bears out Granville Hicks' conviction that the sensitive artist cannot help reflecting the cruelty and injustice which are invading the most intimate relations between individuals in the present order of society.

If Morley Callaghan has mastered the art of the short story, this mastery springs from the depths of his compassion, which is the impulse behind every story in his latest collection. In *They Shall Inherit the Earth* the same impulse could be seen struggling unsuccessfully to impose a form upon the novel. In these stories it has succeeded. Perhaps when his compassion has



passed beyond the contemplative stage and he has begun to formulate a way out for the people whom he describes with such truth, he will be able to write a sustained novel. It seems that the short story is the surest length of his sweep for the present.

In his novel the compassionate intention was apparent in the portraiture, but it fumbled with the reality of the characters. In these stories the characters themselves project the intention, and pity comes involuntarily. The reader is not even conscious of being asked to pity them. Their suffering is deliberately shaded into the subdued colouring of every day conflict. The reader's response comes more readily and resembles more closely the response to such suffering in actual life than it would if Callaghan had chosen more obvious and desperate situations.

Seven stories of this collection reveal with consummate skill the effect of unemployment on the emotional bonds between married people. The husband and wife feel the conflict and still blindly attribute it to the antagonisms of sex. Fear damns the flow of affection between them, and miserably, angrily, they grope toward each other and turn away in desperation. With infinite tenderness, Callaghan describes in more than one story how the birth of a child in such circumstances is both the fulfillment and the curse of love. The mingling of rapture and agony that the first child brings to parents who have no means to support it, is the source of his finest dramatic effects. Three stories deal with the mistrust that parents feel for sex. The effect of that mistrust on the innocence of adolescent love is handled with a restraint which marks a distinct advance in craftsmanship.

Callaghan's Catholicism is the subject of four more stories. Here his treatment has the clarity that made *Such Is My Beloved* his best novel. The stories deal with priests in their contact with the moneyed class, the down and outs and the irreligious. And in each case it is the priest's understanding which is enriched by his contacts. That the Church is learning from human suffering seems to be the conclusion.

Throughout the whole book there is evidence of a deep emotional apprehension of the malady of the modern world. "The Shining Red Apple" deals with the irresistible impulse of those who have not to steal from those who have. An Italian fruit-dealer watches a small boy reach and stop, paralysed with fear. The simple narration of the boy's return to the fruit like a moth to the flame leaves the reader with the conviction that such theft is a dumb protest against injustice which must be heard. It is the old story of Jean Valjean and the bishop told in a very few words. So long as Callaghan voices this cry his writing will fill an immediate need.

ISABEL JORDAN.

## Ammunition for the Class Struggle

*Jungle Tales Retold.* By Grace MacInnis and Charles J. Woodsworth. Labour Publishing Co. 15c.

*War Is Not Inevitable!* Canadian League against War and Fascism. 10c.

*What We Propose.* By Tim Buck. Communist Party of Canada. 10c.

*What the Communist Party Stands For.* Communist Party of Canada. 5c.

EVER since the days of Marx and Engels, whose *Communist Manifesto* remains as a model for all socialist pamphleteers, the pamphlet has been one of the most important weapons in the hands of the international labor movement. The reason is obvious—a small booklet, easy to read and selling for a few cents, provides a means of getting new ideas before the masses of people who can't afford to buy socialist books, but who can afford capitalist newspapers. It must be admitted that up to now the radical movement in this country has been singularly backward in utilizing this means of propagandizing for a new social order. Looking through dozens of pamphlets which have been published by Canadian socialists and communists, we find a number which contain valuable information, thoughtful and thought-provoking analyses of social conditions. But hardly one of them

fulfilled the function for which they were all published—to reach an audience outside of the left wing movement.

Most, although not all, of these pamphlets have been failures because they were badly written. Sloppy writing, technical and sectarian language, academic pedantry, obscure references to matters about which the public is badly informed, hysterical agitation instead of logical argumentation; all these things are fatal to socialist propaganda. Perhaps they are defects which are inevitable in the propaganda work of young and struggling radical organizations: at any rate both our socialist and communist forces are at present making serious efforts to overcome them. This becomes apparent when we compare the new and revised edition of *What The Communist Party Stands For* with communist pamphlets of a few years ago. This little book comes very close to fulfilling all the qualifications which make for good pamphleteering. In 118 small pages it covers a wide field: capitalism in decline, communism and socialism, the war danger, fascism, unemployment, the trade unions, and the united front. The result is a surprisingly readable and complete statement of the communist position. Written with lucid simplicity and attractively printed, it should command a wide distribution.

*What We Propose* contains a report made by Tim Buck to the Central Committee of the Canadian Communist Party. For those who know what it is all about, Buck's brilliant analysis of the economic and political situation in Canada will make absorbing reading. But the pamphlet is aimed at popularizing communist policies among "wide circles of progressive people." It is therefore unfortunate that no attempt has been made to improve the style, to simplify the necessarily technical language in which much of it is written, and to enlarge on some of the more obscure references. It is doubly unfortunate that the pamphlet should be badly printed and contain innumerable typographical errors.

The most readable, if perhaps the least satisfying of the pamphlets under review is *Jungle Tales Retold*. Despite its pretentious subtitle, it is not a "survey of capitalist monopoly in Canada" but a collection of evidence from the report of the Price Spreads Commission dealing with the organizational structure and the balance sheets of the largest Canadian industries, with special attention being paid to their monopolistic character. As such it is stimulating and informative, but it is a pity that the last section, which proposes to show the C.C.F. way out, is so needlessly inconclusive.

*War Is Not Inevitable!* is the text of an address made by General Pouderoux on his visit to Toronto last May. On the platform the general stated the case against war with sincerity and emotional power, but on paper his speech makes pretty thin reading. The pamphlet, which is beautifully printed, contains as an appendix a memorandum on war and peace by Viscount Cecil.

PAUL KELLY.

## Are Our Children Under-Privileged?

*School Begins at Two.* By Harriet M. Johnson. The New Republic Series. \$1.00.

TODAY, with our individualist mode of living, the problem of caring for children during the pre-school years is a difficult one, and the depression has added to its seriousness. Society does not as yet realize its responsibility either to parents or children. To talk of an increase in problem children is only another way of saying that environment is at fault.

"Play is, quite seriously, the most important concern of childhood. The child is a craftsman, an artist, an actor. . . . Play, no less than work, needs a shop and raw materials." The child really needs continual, though unobtrusive, supervision, whole time, specialist supervision.

"The social impulse is strong in children; it awakens early in life, and is capable of a development along with that of language. But this impulse necessitates the organized group—casual meetings with other children are not particularly constructive." Obviously, these essential requirements are quite



impossible in the average home. The solution is to be found in the neighbourhood or the municipal or government nursery, a preliminary to which may be the discussion or study group for parents.

Although Miss Johnson's life was mainly spent in specialist activities, nursing, public health, infant teaching and nursery school organization, or perhaps because of this, it is evident that she had a grasp of the wider social and economic questions. Opportunities must be given children, she has said, "through which they may be equipped with an interest in situations that present problems . . . further, with opportunities that will inoculate them with a zest for real experience and activities, so they cannot tolerate an existence that offers nothing but vicarious adventures."

Miss Johnson's book was prepared and completed after her death by her former colleagues. Had she lived, and could have found time in her busy life to write at greater length, parents and teachers would have benefited considerably by the amplification and elaboration of her ideas.

FRANCES MOREN.

### *Footnote to Revolution*

*Summer Will Show.* By Sylvia Townsend Warner. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

IN spite of the tenuous quality of her early work, Sylvia Townsend Warner has always shown herself to be a writer of bold and redoubtable imagination. She is also punctilious, and will build up her extraordinary situations with a watchful skill that might well leave plausibility unpunctured. Everything that she has written has the peculiar strength and delicacy of a silk-cord mesh.

Until now, however, her novels have in some way eluded reality; never completely in that extra dimension of pure fantasy, never, on the other hand, planted unequivocally in our familiar earth. Realist, none the less, she is, a realist in character, in the drama of temperaments. This is demonstrated with brilliant energy in her latest novel.

For *Summer Will Show* is the story of a woman's character, a woman's progress. Here is Sophia Willoughby, "a landowner and a mother, no longer a wife," her husband Frederick being abroad with his newest mistress, suddenly bereft of her children by smallpox. This loss suffices to jolt Sophia from the apathy of her Victorian comfort, the life which has never quite satisfied her. "She could do nothing out of doors, a woman's sphere was the home. Yet, there, what could she do to appease her desire to leave a mark? The cook made the jams . . . she had no talent for painting in watercolours, and certainly she could not write a novel."

So, leaving her stately house and her maid, this forceful, vocation-searching Englishwoman crosses to Paris to ask of her husband, whom she detests, another child. Frederick she finds at a party in the apartment of his mistress, the Jewish demi-mondaine Minna Lemuel, and even as Sophia sits listening to the story with which Minna is entertaining her guests, the Revolution of 1848 begins.

Friendship between the two women is almost instantaneous. Not a petty friendship, not especially feminine, but real and transcending all jealousy that might have separated them. Both, of course, are thoroughly clear-eyed to Frederick, whose day with them is done. Minna admires Sophia's strength and directness while beneath the actress, the glutton, the façade of this woman no longer young, Sophia sees the unmistakable spark of liberty.

For Minna is a revolutionary. Her whole temperament, her whole hope is behind this massed will of the people, yet the revolution beggars her, leaving her useless, worn-out. "Before she was an inspiration. But inspiration is not wanted now, one must be administrative, one must understand economics and systems". To Minna's aid Sophia rushes, bringing encouragement and money. But ere long Sophia too is beggared, the incredible

Frederick having asserted his rights and seized the money which she had brought to their marriage—even making off with her jewels.

Liberty—though penniless—is sweet to Sophia. For her, in Minna's drawing-room of the Rue de la Carabine filled with hungry poets and painters and Polish patriots, there commences an ineffable existence of complete improvidence and charm, while outside in the streets of Paris the barricades are being raised.

From street-singing Sophia goes on to the job of collecting scrap iron for a communist arsenal, though neither she nor Minna is a communist. In passing, however, let it be said that Miss Warner has done that all too infrequent thing, succeeded in presenting two communists who are undeniably authentic. She has shown Minna fearing them—a bourgeois fear. Yet—"But with every word he (the communist) rent all the beliefs I had, made all my enthusiasm for liberty seem a paper garland, and my idea of a republic a child's Utopia, a house built on a quicksand."

On to the last act, where Sophia and Minna armed and on the barricades together, Minna—so soon to die—conscious of revolution yet dreading it, Sophia not conscious and not dreading, but steadied in the purification of intense revolutionary feeling, freed from her previous disdain of the mechanics of social change, the trivialities of interim bureaucracy, rising at last to a height of understanding from which she will never now retreat.

It is a strange novel, compelling and moving, thoughtful and serious, yet full of the offsetting chuckles of life itself. Sylvia Townsend Warner has here done no light job, made no mere sympathetic bow to present reality in the manner of Sinclair Lewis or Naomi Mitchison. Instead she has turned the full battery of her intelligence and scholarship on the problem before her, that of the middle-class convert to socialism, and the result is undubitably a piece of novel-writing that, despite the limitations of her scope, is artistry of a high order.

MARION NELSON.

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