

pro-Fascism in this country. Orgell himself is in constant communication, via North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American steamships, with Goebbels.

Whenever Orgell needs trusted men to take messages to and from the boats as well as to smuggle off material he usually calls upon the American branch of the Stahlhelm, or Steel Helmets, which drills secretly in anticipation of Der Tag in this country. Only when he feels that he may be watched, or only in the event of the most important messages does he go aboard the ships personally. Orgell's liaison man in the smuggling activities is Frank Mutschinski, a painting contractor of 116 Garland Court, Garritsen Beach, N. Y.

Frank Mutschinski first entered the country on June 16, 1929, from Germany on the S.S. George Washington. He was commander of one of the American branches of the Stahl-

helm, which had offices at 174 East 85th Street, New York City. While he was in command, he received his orders direct from Franz Seldta, at present minister of labor under Hitler. Seldta at that time was in Madgeburg, Germany. Branches of the German Stahlhelm, all of which are intensively carrying on anti-semitic propaganda, were established by him and Orgell in Rochester, Chicago, Philadelphia, Newark, N. J., Detroit, Los Angeles and even one in Toronto. The various branches are in constant communication with one another, disseminate the hate-the-Jew propaganda in unison, though each one operates autonomously on direct orders from Germany.

In Orgell's smuggling activities he needs aid and his chief assistant, Carl Brunkhorst, was supplied by Mutschinski. It was Brunkhorst's job to deliver the secret letters. The smuggling in of Nazi uniforms in this coun-

try, as well as the job of handling the secret letters, is in the hands of Paul Bante of 186 East 93d Street, New York City. Bante is a member of the 244th Coast Guard as well as the New York National Guard!

There is much more about the smuggling into this country of anti-semitic propaganda, the ships, the men who participate in them, the smuggling and distribution, but space must be saved for other and equally startling evidence in the nation-wide web being woven by Nazi and American agents.

In next week's article Mr. Spivak will present evidence that wealthy Jews have been contributing money which was used for anti-semitic propaganda and show how American "patriotic" organizations are spreading the "Hate the Jew" creed as a means of collecting money. The organizations and those who contribute to them will be named.

Senator Nye Shadow-Boxes War

MARGUERITE YOUNG

WASHINGTON.

"I WONDER just how much more America will stand from these munitions men! When the people are on the verge of tears and of revolution—well, I just wonder how much more they'll stand for!"

Gerald P. Nye was thinking out loud. Thinking with deep chagrin of the testimony he and his fellows on the Senate munitions committee had received a few hours earlier from the DuPont Dynamite Dynasty. Some of the record of that testimony was spread out before the youthful chairman on his magnificent glass-topped desk. He was gazing beyond this, however, peering at a big black photostat covered with white figures relating how DuPont war profits were converted into an industrial domain that rings the earth with everything from DuPont cellophane and autos to DuPont movie film and newspapers. It was not the enormity of this empire-that-munitions-built that struck the Senator, however, not its implications of its owners' ever more inexorable necessity for more markets, portending new wars and still more DuPont war profits. It was a comparatively minute circumstance, the fact that the DuPonts had blandly protested against a "retroactive" war tax upon the cornerstone of their corporate structure.

"Think of it!" the Senator cried. "Think of what Mr. DuPont forgets when he comes here whining about that tax! Why, he forgets that those profits couldn't have been if there hadn't been a certain hotheadedness in the Balkans. . . ."

"Hotheadedness in the Balkans—" I gasped at the implication that it was *this* that caused the World War. It was more striking than his innocent coupling of those antithetical "tears

and revolution." But before I could protest, he was cantering along five miles ahead. I could only think.

Here spoke the country editor of a bygone decade—here, despite his marble mantle, deep carpet, and photographic mementos of nine years' laboratory practice in realpolitik, sat a Galahad of the Prairies, generating dangerous illusions with the same elan as that with which he once charged the journalistic heavens of Iowa and North Dakota with a liberal pen that roused the hope of paradise among the farmers—but which didn't keep the bankers from their door.

"I say Mr. DuPont forgets that his profits couldn't have been except that this hotheadedness in the Balkans led to strife all over Europe, and brought an urge in America to profit from that strife, which led to the loading of munitions on at least one great liner for a warring nation, which resulted in the loss of hundreds of lives, whereupon the will of the American people demanded that we defend our honor which was assailed when this ship carrying our colors was sunk, and therefore Congress backed the President to the extent of declaring war in defense of the honor. . . ."

"And in defense of the profits, Senator?" I managed as he caught his breath and continued: "And in defense of American profits! And most of all Mr. DuPont forgets how Americans rallied to back the President. . . ."

One wondered whether that reminder was intended for the interviewer instead of for Mr. DuPont—but there was no use in trying to cut in. This was a speech and it would be finished. . . .

" . . . to back the President and Congress, and Mr. DuPont forgets how thousands gave

their lives and thousands more surrendered their loved ones, and now every community is rife with reminders of what this, according to the will of the American people, did to the minds and lungs and bodies of thousands, and how it deprived millions of the ability to gain wealth and happiness for themselves. These are some of the things that gave Mr. DuPont his profits! Which, invested in almost every worthwhile industry, found their wealth during ten years multiplied many times over! So, I repeat, I just wonder what in the world the attitude of the people is going to be. . . !"

I decided at length to try some A-B-C questions, predicated upon accepting all the Senator's concealed assumptions, and this is what happened:

Q.—Does the evidence before you now, such as the testimony that the State Department advised munitions men to get an injunction to test an embargo on arms, suggest that governments of the status quo play errand boy to the munitions men? A.—Yes.

Q.—Does it suggest futility of government "control"? A.—It absolutely damns government control.

Q.—Then what is your proposal to remedy the situation? A.—Government monopoly, in ships, guns, chemicals and powder.

Q.—That will be your major recommendation? A.—Yes.

Q.—You're interested in preventing war, Senator? A.—Why, yes!

Q.—Then, assuming your entire Committee agreed to your recommendation for government monopolies, and assuming even that Congress enacted it, which you know it probably won't—assuming we actually had government monopolies, wouldn't that still leave the Du-

Ponts with all these interests, with all these products for which they are continually seeking new markets, continually warring economically even in "peace times"? A.—That's right.

Q.—In fact, it would leave all the basic industries still fighting for export trade, for markets for products which are so closely related to the munitions business that actually they are owned largely by the same people? A.—Oh, if you wanted to put a government monopoly on for everything connected with war preparations, there'd just be no drawing the line. Everything is a potential war industry, for that matter. Take cotton, for example: innocent enough in peace times, but a war industry during war. But you've got to draw the line somewhere, so I'd say we should have monopolies for those four chief war industries, and control by embargoes and supervision on those not directly involved. Also, I'd write a wartime income tax to be all but confiscatory of wartime profits.

Q.—Senator, you referred to the "urge to profits" when you spoke of the World War—do you think the chief cause of war is that "urge to profits" in all industries rather than solely in munitions? A.—Yes, I think it's fair to say that that is the primary contributor to war. But it mustn't be forgotten that there are many lesser factors that might be instrumental in leading a people to war. Why, I can well imagine there are many industrialists who would welcome war because it would stave off revolution and an end of the capitalist system!

Q.—Well, since you mention it, aren't you really saying that the capitalist system is the real generator of war? A.—You can't reason along the lines we have without coming to that conclusion.

Q.—So what? Are you willing to throw over the system? A.—Yes—when we have in clear perspective the substitute. That may develop itself, or it may require considerable of strife in its accomplishment. Of course, I'd say it is increasingly evident that capitalism is not going to reform itself. I can see just one prospect that resembles a compromise, and that is to afford the people a more positive control.

Q.—But, Senator, only a moment ago you said that the evidence before you "damns government control" under the status quo. What kind of "control" do you mean now?

The answer had to do with government banking, but it was so tenuous and so bound by off-the-record speculations that one hesitates to go into it. I asked, on-the-record, whether government banking, like government-munitions-making, wouldn't result simply in the Morgans, Astors, DuPonts et al running down to permanent offices in Washington, to run things from inside rather than from outside the state apparatus, and reluctantly the Senator agreed it might be "merely a matter of time until that crowd got in."

And so we came to the twin of war, Fascism, and the revolutionary struggle against the pair. I described the program of the First and

Second U. S. Congresses Against War and Fascism—the practical, immediate program of stopping munitions shipments on the docks; agitating for the transfer of all war funds to unemployment relief purposes and for replacement of the Hitleresque Civilian Conservation Camps by federal social insurance; supporting the total disarmament proposal of the Soviet Union; winning the armed forces to this program and enlisting women in homes and industries to its ranks; and forming committees of *action* in every part of the nation. And the Senator listened with such seeming sympathy that I did some wondering out loud also—I wondered what he thought of the revolutionary workers' anti-war suggestion that, all this failing to avert war, workers prepare to turn the DuPonts' muzzles away from the hearts of their fellow worker-soldiers, back upon the DuPonts and their kind.

"Well," said Senator Nye, "I guess that's one quick way to the goal—"

I gasped. Now I *was* surprised. At once, however, the Senator's words tumbled in the other direction—"And the goal is only greater equality of opportunity. *Another way* might be to destroy the element of profit in preparations for and in making war under militaristic programs that might well be the last bulwark of capitalism."

It takes this kind of flexibility to hold down Senator Nye's job—and none could be more admirably fitted for it than this product of historical accident. He was a lean and zealous Non-Partisan League Editor when a Non-Partisan Governor, upon the death of a North Dakota Senator, appointed him to wear the toga innocuously until the Governor could take it; then death intervened to put the Governor out of the running and to leave a clear field to Nye. His Non-Partisan League ideals and support, however, didn't prevent his running to the White House to take Calvin Coolidge's bidding. His first national opportunity came with his appointment to the Teapot Dome investigating committee—of which he made the most—and out of which came nothing save the brief imprisonment of an enfeebled Cabinet bribe-taker and the elevation of the bribe-taker's Cabinet colleague to the Presidency. This President Hoover also knew the presence in the White House of a Nye in none too defiant attitude. Today the Senator is actively supporting the Roosevelt-Democratic candidate for Governor of North Dakota despite his months-long flailing at the National Recovery Administration—for which, incidentally, Nye voted!

It was Senator Nye, protagonist of "little business" and of "the farmers," who pressed the Roosevelt administration into setting up the Darrow Review Board to look out for N.R.A.'s slings at the "little man." But today when Senator Nye surveys the finding of Darrow Board Member W. O. Thompson that the squelching of the middle-class merchant, the gorging of monopolies, the browbeating of labor in an inexorable trend toward fascism are *inherent* in N.R.A., the North Dakotan is aggrieved.

I asked him whether he expected his investigation to show the Roosevelt drive toward Fascism and war.

"Oh," he flashed, "I don't think we can escape showing that!"

But there is a striking difference between this attitude and the face that Chairman Nye presents to National Broadcasting Company radio audiences, and it is this: the confessor of capitalism's willfulness toward war, becomes, before the microphone, the advocate of—"national defense!" The prize slogan of the jingoes! Then the berater of the "damnable game" of war-profiteering declares: "To stop it, we need *but* to remove the chance for men to make profit, at least great profit, from these programs for preparing for war and waging war." (Radio speech, September 1.) "If only we could accomplish military programs that are strictly programs of national defense, if only nations would confine themselves to defense and leave preparations for attack alone, what a blessing it would be and how much nearer we would be to that hour when the military would be nothing more than an emergency police power."

I gave Chairman Nye a copy of the call to the Second U. S. Congress Against War and Fascism and asked him to comment upon it. Two days later he returned it with: "This should be a well worthwhile conference. I cannot agree on the total disarmament proposal except as where may be world agreement accomplished. But this does not alter my belief that we can in the United States *very much* reduce our armament burden and still have an *adequate* national defense. It is unfortunate that there is not concentration of all peace efforts in the United States in one organization. To bring all together would be a good cause for the Congress at Chicago to urge."

Again! On the one hand a "worthwhile Congress"—but on the other hand, "*adequate* national defense." The typical reaction of the man who calmly nods at the "one way" suggestion of turning imperialist war into Civil war, but confines his own proposals to the Utopian shibboleths, embargoes, war-profit taxes, monopolies. Already the result is at hand—the jingo press is whitewashing "our" munitions men, in the holy name of "national defense," the concept that the Roosevelt administration is seriously investigating munitions and will "reform" it is being scattered over the land while the war contracts mount, military concentration camps turn up in strike territory, and the President proposes a wartime truce in the class struggle.

"We are getting tremendous response from the people," Senator Nye remarked naively, "and, you know, some of them seem to think we are going to slow down and soft pedal!" The next day the Committee suppressed five cablegrams the revelation of which, it said, would cause grave political consequences in South America. What these documents were which were concealed at the behest of Roosevelt's Secretaries of State and Commerce was not made known.

New Women in Old Asia

JOSHUA KUNITZ

[The first half of this article appeared last week.]

LONG before Khoziat came to Tashkent, the Communist Party there had done a huge amount of work with the native women. The nature of this work is best given in the following statement of F. Marchenko, one of the leaders of the Woman's Department in Tashkent:

Our Department was organized on November 12, 1919, when the Regional Committee of the Communist Party adopted a resolution calling for the formation of special women's departments in all the Party committees in Central Asia. The purpose of these departments was preliminary education, agitation, and organization among the native women. However, the work at first moved along rather slowly.

The European, the Russian, women, the working women and the wives of working men in Tashkent did begin to stir, to show signs of life—now a meeting, now a lecture, here and there a political circle. But the native Uzbek and Tadjik women were neither seen nor heard.

Many a time Dvorkina and myself, seeing how well the work was progressing in the new, the European, section of the city, among the Russians, would say to ourselves: "This is not the main thing, the old city is still untouched."

The trouble was, we did not know the language. Another trouble, there were no Moslem women in the ranks of our Party. And it was only later that Dvorkina fortunately happened to come across Usupova, a Tartar woman. The latter had had a lot of trouble in her married life, and spoke bitterly of the lot of the Eastern woman. She seemed to us very promising, but we did not know at the beginning where to use her. She explained to us the local customs, the traditions; she also served as our tongue. We then decided to try first to draw in the Moslem women of the intelligentsia. We called two meetings. Quite a number came, but they all seemed to be half asleep. We made efforts to have elections for a special Moslem Women's Bureau, also to elect some for forming contacts with other Moslem women. But as soon as the meeting was adjourned, there was no bureau, and no one who was willing to do the necessary work. This was quite natural, since the crowd was rather well-to-do, without a touch of social consciousness, and certainly without any disposition to take part in great events.

All our pother came to nothing. We succeeded only in getting hold of a few Moslem women, chiefly Tartar women—Khusanbaeva, Fatikha, Redkina, Karimova, etc.

We failed badly with the intelligentsia. We therefore decided to begin from the other end, to begin with the poorest class.

Even before we arrived at Tashkent, there had been in the old city artels of women weavers. Usually, these women weavers were given the cheapest sort of cotton to work on. The wages were not paid regularly. And the prices they received were very low. Of course it might be better to sell their products at the bazaar; but, first, this was even less certain; and, second, one needed funds for the initial investment in cotton, spindles, etc. And so, these Moslem women, meek, ragged, would come, hand in their week's work, receive their miserable few copecks, and uncomplainingly go home to starve some more. Many of these women had whole families to support. Either the husband was sick, or there was no husband altogether. Such women, heads of families, are more independent, and tend to become more emancipated than the helpless women from the intelligentsia.

It was with this material that we began our work. We entered into an agreement with the Department of Home Crafts. We sent our representative to watch that our women got better cotton to work with; we won a higher price for the piece workers, and so on and so forth.

We then called a meeting of the women working in the artels. There was no trouble to get them to come. The place was like a bee-hive. Noise. Complaints. In the new city, milk is handed out for babies free of charge. No such thing in the old city. In the new city, a newly-born gets some clothes. No such thing in the old city. In the new city, they occasionally get a ration. No such thing in the old city. And so it was from the material side that we approached the native woman, and she of course gladly responded.

But what to do with the traditions that pressed like a yoke on the Moslem woman. We had to grope along. On the one hand we were advised not to wake the native woman, for it might complicate the political situation; on the other, we were being urged by some bold souls to proclaim the slogan, "Down with the *Paranja*!" Such "Down-with" radicals were unhesitatingly sat upon; age-old traditions cannot be knocked out by a straight from the shoulder blow. Let, in the meanwhile, the Moslem woman wear her *paranja*—that is nothing. What we have to do is to help her economically, to put her on her feet, to give her a chance to earn a livelihood. And perhaps she will herself begin to do things. To raise the economic and cultural level of the native woman, to help the Soviet government to find a way of doing it—these were the first steps. And here Dvorkina

did everything possible. Not even one of the native women with whom we worked removed her *paranja*; though many of them were at congresses and in Soviets, both as members and delegates.

It was in this careful manner that, together with our work in the artels, we began to do a little cultural work—little plays and concerts preceded by meetings. We began to take our Moslem women to the new city—to the Lunacharsky House. These affairs attracted not only the poor women we had drawn into our ranks. Funny things would happen occasionally. Imagine a concert-meeting in the Lunacharsky House. The speakers and the performers are in the back of the stage waiting their turn. At the door stands our guard. Men are not admitted. While all around the house there are the Moslem husbands, watching whether it is really true that only women are allowed to the concert. And the women in the hall feel perfectly at home. Some are listening in a reclining position; some help the performer with her song. The kids too are here. Altogether, the thing is quite informal and gay. To these affairs we succeeded in attracting wives of most jealous and conservative husbands.

I recall only once an unpleasant incident took place. A few Hindoo comrades who were on their way to Moscow, to the Comintern, expressed a desire to bring their greetings from revolutionary India to the new comrades—the Moslem women of Central Asia. We should have warned the women to pull down their *paranjas* before we brought in the guests. But our guard failed us. The tall, graceful, handsome Hindoos, about thirteen of them, solemnly, slowly, one after another marched into the hall just as the women were at the height of informality. A cry of horror pierced the hall. The women dashed for safety. Many literally fell to the floor in an attempt to hide their faces. The thoroughly embarrassed and nonplussed guests were made to occupy the first rows and were instructed not to turn their heads. They must have felt terribly foolish to sit motionless for such a long time. They begged to be excused. Of course, their greeting to the audience of "coffins with black lids" had lost a great deal of its fervor.

Stories about our parties, our appeals, and explanations spread throughout the city, and penetrated far into rural districts. More and more women began to come to our Department—now it was a woman beaten by her husband, now it was a youngster forced into marriage. Weeping, at times bleeding, came old women, middle aged mothers, little girls; often on their knees, grasping at our skirts, seizing our hands, imploring for help. Willy-nilly we had to meddle in the intimate lives