

of conquest. There are rumors that the Laval government is preparing to give financial assistance to Mussolini. The Bank of France has been helping him by acting as his broker in converting Italian gold and foreign security holdings into foreign exchange with which to purchase war materials.

The British imperialists hold the trump card. Should they close the Suez Canal, Mussolini would have to call it a bad day and end the war. But they are likely to refuse to apply this most direct way of throttling the invasion, if Mussolini agrees to their terms. Economic sanctions, working-class boycotts and the Ethiopian terrain and armies, should make him give in.

Indirect support of Mussolini by the British and French imperialists as the result of a

secret bargain and because they fear the consequences of Italian defeat, does not mean that Ethiopia will still be sacrificed to imperialist greed. The difficulties confronting the invaders, economic, geographic and military, are so enormous that the odds are heavily stacked against them. The war will bring inflation and reduce still further the incredibly low standards of living of the great majority of the Italian masses. The unpopularity of the war will grow ever stronger as disease and famine strike at the soldiers and the civil population at home. Mussolini has gone too far to turn back. He cannot call off the invasion without wrecking Italian economy which has been geared to war. There are no jobs for the soldiers who are now in Africa. The only orders for the fac-

tories are war jobs. He must go on although disaster looms ahead, because to stop now would mean political suicide.

Geography and economics are working overtime against the Italian invasion. If every sincere friend of peace and foe of fascism does his part in forcing capitalist governments to apply effective sanctions; if the working classes push through mass actions that cripple the shipment of raw materials and goods to Italy; if the international bankers are prevented by world opinion from granting credits to Italian fascism, then there is every reason to believe that Mussolini will come a cropper and his defeat in the mountains of Ethiopia would be the first step toward helping the Italian people to free themselves from the iron-heel of fascism.

# Marx in the Mountains

EDDY GILMORE

**I** WAS down in the Blue Ridge Mountains covering a story.

The state conservation commission was booting out of his home a stubborn little mountaineer, Melanchthon Cliser, age sixty-two. The government is building the Shenandoah National Park in this part of the country and it doesn't want the great, green acres to be spotted with cabins and dirty mountain folks. But Melanchthon didn't give a damn what they wanted.

Three generations of Clisers had lived in the little white house under the majestically towering crags of Mary's Rock. Melanchthon was born in the house. Married in it. More than once had hustled a midwife through its portals. He'd improved the place. He'd chinked the cracks, slapped a fresh coat of paint on its boards every spring. When he got tired of a well in the yard and a can that sat in the weeds over a backyard rise, he ran a pipe to a spring high in the hills and tapped himself a-plenty of cold mountain water.

When he heard from his neighbors that the lands of their homes had been condemned, he couldn't believe it. It didn't make sense. The greenest lands in the whole state. The highest mountains. The purest water. Why, President Hoover had picked a spot just over the ridge for his secondary White House. Condemn, what did they mean? You don't condemn the perfect.

But he began in time to learn what they meant. Some of the home folks showed him the money they'd been getting for their condemned places. He said they'd never get his place. Not if they offered him a million dollars. He'd stand at the front door and blast the guts out of everyone that tried to get it. But, before that, he'd take it to the President. 'Deed he would!

Time passed and so did the government

money. Right into the hands of everybody in the nearby hills except Melanchthon. And then came the day that the sheriff served notice he was tired of Melanchthon's hard-headedness. He was acting against the government. More time passed and the only thing that happened was that Melanchthon and the sheriff each got stubborn. Finally the sheriff set a date and a deadline for Melanchthon's moving. That's how I happened to get sent down to the mountains. The Washington newspapers, half-believing the old gent might actually barricade himself in his home and fire away at the forces of the sheriff's law, sent us down.

There wasn't any shooting. Melanchthon was too trusting. The sheriff just rode up to the cabin (accompanied by three deputies), held out his hand to shake hands with Melanchthon and when the little fellow held out his right hand, the sheriff handed him a handcuff instead of a shake. But Melanchthon was stubborn, of course, and he did a lot of screwy things like sing "Rock of Ages" and "The Star Spangled Banner," while the sheriff was reading the eviction order. Melanchthon had read a little law someplace and he had the idea that you had to hear the eviction to be evicted. So he sang to keep from hearing it.

Some of the boys laughed while this was going on, but it made a couple of us sore as hell. Anyhow, they got Melanchthon out. And his wife and dog and cow and chickens out. And every speck of furniture.

While all this was going on, a tall, old man, in dirty overalls that had once been blue, edged over beside me. He wore a scarecrow hat and fringes of grey hair stuck out beneath it. He was chewing tobacco. He squinted at me from between two eyelid slits in a weatherbeaten face that looked like a relief map.

"What do you think of this sort of stuff?" he asked.

The newspaperman who was standing beside me said it reminded him of Russia. But he said this very softly, because the sheriff wasn't far away.

"Russia," asked the old man, startled. "Why do you say Russia?"

"I mean Russia when the Czar was holding court," he said.

"Oh," said the old man. "I thought you meant Russia nowadays. You couldn't have meant that."

"Well, and why not?" I butted in, trying to have a little fun with the old guy.

"Because," he said, "Russia just ain't that way. That's the one place in the world where this couldn't happen to a working man."

"Where'd you hear about things like that, Pop?" asked the other newspaperman.

"I read," answered the old man. "I was born right here in this brush and rock. But I taught myself to read. Why, I've read *Das Kapital*."

Some of the other folks had gathered around us, Melanchthon having stopped his singing. They were tall, rangy, unshaven, overalled, mountain men.

"He reads to us," said one of them.

The old man went on.

"We took up a collection here last year. I put \$18 in it. You know what we did with it? We took it and sent a boy from these very hills over to Russia. He's there now, working on a collective farm. He writes us letters about things over there. We hear from him about once a month, regular. We sit around my cabin and listen to the letters."

He turned to the other men.

"We sho' do," they said. "We sho' do."

# Our Olympics: Made in Germany

BRUCE MINTON

**I**T'S QUITE the fashion for officials of the American Olympic Committee to insist that their best friends are Jews. Brigadier-General Sherrill put it with considerable delicacy: "I am sorry that what I have done has not pleased all my Jewish friends, many of them the most prominent Jews in New York. But I shall go right on being pro-Jewish. . . ."

The General is an exceedingly well-meaning man who has lived a well-meaning life. Recently he has been subject to bursts of loving kindness, particularly for the misunderstanding. His latest protege is Hitler. The two of them evidently hit it off pretty well. General Sherrill returned to this country with warnings for his Jewish "friends"—they had better approve of holding the Olympics in Berlin next year and prevent anyone else from hindering this plan, or else—

The "or else," General Sherrill envisages, is an outbreak of pogroms in America. "We are almost certain to have a wave of anti-semitism among those who never before gave it a thought and who may consider that about 5,000,000 Jews in this country are using the athletes representing 120,000,000 Americans to work out something to help the German Jews. . . ." The prophecy results from General Sherrill's three or four day visit to Germany. As a member of the American Olympic Committee and one of the three Americans on the International Committee, he was busy "investigating" conditions. Some bigots may disapprove of holding an international sporting event dedicated to fair play, equality, the promotion of good will, in a fascist country. They may even resent the terrorism, persecution, suppression of the Hitler government. General Sherrill rises above such petty considerations and is too broadminded to be effected by such sentiments as those that Herr Maltiz, sports leader of the Storm Troops of Berlin, released to the press. Herr Maltiz "can see no positive value for our people in permitting dirty Jews and Negroes to travel through our country and compete in athletics with our best." But the General smiles tolerantly and points out that politics do not concern the Olympic Committee. The problem is one of Jewish discrimination, the General reiterates: most of the Committee echo his point of view. And through their barrage of propaganda, they have succeeded in confusing the issue of American participation in the 1936 Olympiad.

I wanted to interview the General. He couldn't see me, he explained over the telephone, because he couldn't see any reporter. Reporters don't understand him or his ideals.

What the press can't fathom, the other members of the A. O. C. grasp quite readily.

From Chicago, Avery Brundage, president of the A. O. C., coal merchant and banker, added a new thought: "Communists" are behind protests against participation in the Olympics. Such protests are "barefaced effrontery" because amateur sports organizations "will never allow our athletes to be made 'martyrs to a cause not their own' or amateur sport to be sacrificed to a political issue."

There is also Mr. Wortman, president of the German-American Club of New York and member of the American Olympic Committee. The last time Mr. Wortman broke into print in any big way was when he threatened to sue The New York Post for libel: that publication had misrepresented Mr. Wortman's German-American Club, calling it liberal, not anti-semitic and unsympathetic to fascism. Mr. Wortman's righteous indignation bubbled over. His reply appeared in the Nazi newspaper, Deutsche Beobachter:

The article of The New York Post of January 3 is consciously of a character damaging to us and our pro-German attitude which in large part has influenced Americans to accept the invitation to the Olympics. Men such as Brundage (President of the American Olympic Committee), Major Walsh (President of the Metropolitan Assn., A.A.U.) . . . are friends or members of our club. . . . We count Jews for many years among our members and during all this time they have shown themselves as good Germans among German-Americans. . . . We see no ground for locking out these long-standing members so long as they support our policies.

**M**R. DIETRICH WORTMAN is an architect with offices at 109 East 29th Street, New York City. He sits in his back room in his shirt sleeves, a perfectly round little man with a high complexion and a head that looks like an inflated balloon with buttons sewed on for eyes. He speaks with a very thick accent, pausing only to catch his breath.

Mr. Wortman took great pains to point out that opposition to the Olympics being held in Berlin was a Communist "plot." Brundage had already announced this discovery to the world and the assistant to the secretary down at the Olympic Committee offices in the Woolworth Building had hinted at the same conclusion. Neither gentleman would name the master mind behind the "plot." It remained for Mr. Wortman to supply the name: I pass it on because it just goes to show that one never knows who is a Communist and who isn't. According to Mr. Wortman, the agent from Moscow is none other than Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. This information is arrived at through a series of subtle deductions: it seems that Dr. Wise denounces the Nazis and Hitler; his son was present at a mass meeting at which the audience sang "The Interna-

tionale"; at that same meeting, a speaker remarked, "Nazism is based on capitalism and terror." Ergo, Dr. Wise is a Communist.

Mr. Wortman expanded. Jews aren't persecuted in Germany. He produced a newspaper published in Berlin to prove it. Jewish athletes are not discriminated against in the Third Reich. Another corroborative newspaper. True, Mr. Wortman admitted, hot-heads like Streicher raise a fuss now and again, and there are cases of individuals going too far, but—Mr. Wortman chuckled with understanding tolerance—"you know what young fellows are like!" Furthermore, Mr. Wortman's best friends are Jews. He has a Jewish partner. He has just found a Jewish partner for his son. Mr. Wortman has the greatest admiration for Jews—in their place. He does draw the line at Communists. He could definitely state that Mayor LaGuardia has Communist ideas. Many, many people are Communists. That's why there has to be a Hitler in Germany. And unless the Jews are careful, they will bring a Hitler to this country. Mr. Wortman wouldn't like to see that, but if it must be—and so on.

Wortman is a Nazi. His club is notoriously pro-Hitler. Moreover, Wortman has influence with other members of the A. O. C. Sherrill returned to this country spouting Nazi ideas. Brundage is close to Wortman's club—so close that he sent special good wishes to the club when it published a "Jubilee Book" containing Hitler's picture as a frontispiece. Major Walsh is very friendly with Wortman—the day I visited Wortman, Walsh rang up and the two gossiped over the phone and made a dinner date. The Nazis have a finger in the American Olympic Committee.

This statement is not made solely because Wortman, the avowed Nazi, is a close friend of Brundage and Walsh, or "because they are all friends and members of our club," to quote Wortman. Sherrill's remarks have made it clear enough where he stands. And then there is Brundage's case. On June 7, 1933, the International Olympic Committee received pledges from the head of the German Olympic Committee, Lewald, but officially signed by the German government. The pledge promised "No discrimination against German Jews, in principle." Subsequently, the Hitler government promulgated seventy-five edicts which were clear-cut violations of this pledge. When the Amateur Athletic Unions met in Pittsburgh, December, 1933, they voted to boycott the Olympic Games. Brundage was present and agreed to the boycott; Wortman opposed it. The Committee passed a resolution that unless Nazi conduct changed and unless conditions