

# What Every Red-Baiter Should Know

By Ruth McKenney

**T**HE fevered brains of the New York *Post* editorial staff find the goings-on of the American Communist Party mighty, mighty mysterious, and very, very hair-raising. God knows what happens, they hint breathlessly, in that ramshackle old building down on Twelfth Street.

Mr. Hearst can't quite figure out the Communist Party either. His employees, or as they say so richly in the *Daily Worker*, his hirelings, write pieces about Mr. Browder flitting in and out of 35 East 12th St., bound, no doubt, on dark and devious journeys. The strains of music leak out from the Red bookshop in late afternoons, who knows but to cover up the sound of time bombs being wound up in the basement. Now and then the rumble of some great machine reaches the street, frightening passersby out of their collective wits. There's nary a dull moment, Mr. Hearst growls, down at the corner of University Place and Twelfth Street. In short, *Boo!*

Well, the New York *Post* and Senator McNaboe and Ham Fish and Mr. Hearst and Father Curran, the brass hats of the American Legion officialdom, and assorted other juicy Red-baiters are wrong about the mystery but right (for a change) about the dull moments. The Communist Party of America is about as mysterious as the United States government, and very nearly as intricate. On the other hand, the myriad activities of the comrades are plenty exciting.

As we shall now see. The Communist Party of America operates on almost every conceivable battle-front of this country, in trade unions, in farm organizations, in ladies' clubs, in Harlem, in the Deep South, among the intellectuals. All this busy and, I must add, effective scurrying around is efficiently centralized in an organization that looks staggeringly complex but unfolds to be fairly simple in the end. The best way to get a handle on the party is to watch it work on some specific issue. Let's take collective security and see the famed democratic centralism in action.

In the first place, the Communist Party peace program is no creature of an idle and recent moment. It goes way back before even March 1936, when Earl Browder went on the radio with his now famous slogan: "Keep America Out of War by Keeping War Out of the World."

That was a famous broadcast in more ways than one. Mr. Hearst nearly lost his mind, you will remember, fulminating about what was the country coming to, with a Communist on a coast-to-coast network? Party members were thrilled to the bone by the first appearance of the general secretary of the organization on a big-league radio hookup, and the whole country bent an ear that evening to Comrade Browder's words.

The hundreds of thousands of men and women who heard Browder that memorable evening for the first time, were surprised. They had been told so often that the Communists took "orders" from Moscow. Now an American, in the slightly nasal accents of Kansas, talked about America. And Comrade Browder made a deep impression on the people of his own country when he said, "America must join with peace forces all over the world to restrain the German, Japanese, and Italian warmakers."

Three months later, in June 1936, shaggy, big-shouldered Bob Minor told the Communist Party of America at its convention in New York, "Life has shown that the very slogans of 'isolation' and 'neutrality' and the foreign policies based upon them encourage and assist the warmakers at home and abroad, and are increasing the war dangers for America as well as for the world."

He also said, and the convention voted a loud yea on his resolution (which was written by the collective efforts of the entire central committee, of course): "America must support the peace efforts of those powers that are working for peace in Europe and the rest of the world."

COLLECTIVE SECURITY has been a principle of the American Communist Party for some years, then. Party members have been applying the slogan, "Keep America Out of War by Keeping War Out of the World," ever since Comrade Browder went on the air in March 1936. The rank and file of the party, through their duly elected delegates, approved collective security at their convention nearly two years ago and gave their leaders the okay signal on carrying the idea into practice.

So much for the background. Everybody will please note that the business of collective security was adopted by the local comrades via perfectly good democratic procedure. Everybody will please also note that, having unanimously decided that isolation was bad for America, Communists are thereby pledged to hold fast to the principle until a convention changes it. They call that discipline. You get your chance to vote no and convince others to do the same. If you get voted down after fair discussion, you're supposed to go along with the majority on the grounds that an army doesn't work so well if three soldiers and a corporal decide (at the crucial moment) to retreat, instead of attacking with the rest of the boys.

We now come around to last October. The President of the United States is making a speech at Chicago. The world situation has taken a turn for the worse since Comrade Browder and Comrade Minor had their say some months before. Hitler and Mussolini have

moved in on Spain. The Japanese militarists are starting on their bloody adventure in China. Things look plenty tough.

President Roosevelt startles the nation with his slogan: "Quarantine the Aggressors."

The political bureau of the central committee of the Communist Party goes into session. I guess we should pull up to a sharp halt at this point to explain that each national convention of the party elects a group of comrades to the central committee. The boys are elected in the good old-fashioned way of highest vote gets in—only the campaigning for candidates is done not on the log-rolling or you-scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours basis, but rather on the considerably more ethical principle of, "Which of the candidates have shown themselves the best leaders of the working class?" The delegates take the central-committee elections very seriously and the comrades of the central committee get elected not because they kiss babies elegantly, own the votes of eight dozen ward-heelers, or part their hair becomingly, but because they've proved themselves, through running big mass-movements, through handling huge strikes successfully, through theoretical articles in the *Communist*, first-class Communists.

All right. Then the central committee gets together for an organization session. Obviously the full central committee can't hang around New York every day in the year to decide the everyday problems of the party. You've got to have a smaller group that can act quickly. That's the political bureau. I don't know quite why they call it that—it might as well be called the steering committee, but it's not. Tradition is tradition, even among revolutionists, and the top leadership of the party is officially dubbed the political bureau, or, in party shorthand, the polbureau.

The central committee also elects a chairman of the party—that's the grand old man of American trade unionism, William Z. Foster. He is, naturally, on the polbureau. Earl Browder is also elected by the central committee. He's general secretary of the central committee and also of the polbureau. He shares with Foster the responsibility of making decisions and acting as the party's top leader.

Incidentally, and this is an aside to those gullible people who smell Moscow gold in the immediate environs of 35 East 12th St., some of the paid officials of the Communist Party of America draw down salaries on the following scale: single men or women, \$20 per week; married comrades, \$25; married comrades with one little future Lenin, \$30; the same with two bouncing bambinos, \$35. I say some of the comrades get paid on this scale. Many of them don't get paid so much, unfortunately—money is hard to come by, and the party always

needs hard cash for broadcasts and newspapers and suchlike. Traveling Communist dignitaries get day-coach railroad fare and, if they can't possibly stay with comrades in out of town spots, a hotel room in the fourth best hotel in the city. Or the fifth best.

So, as you will remember assorted paragraphs back, the gents of the polbureau are in session considering President Roosevelt's speech. I don't pretend to have been listening at any keyholes, but it's not hard to gather that boys of the polbureau are doing some modest whoopla-ing. Boy, oh boy, the President sure told those isolationists!

After the rejoicing (which lasts approximately two and a half minutes; Communists never sit around rejoicing, they are always too busy hunting up new hurdles to leap across) somebody points out that the next job is to line up the American people solidly in back of the President's policy, and incidentally, to do the job in the teeth of the fierce opposition sure to bust out immediately from all sides.

Of course, this is not exactly a small task, especially when you consider the party has 75,000 members and absolutely no dough to buy ads in the papers, pay for broadcasts, hire billboards, etc. However, the gents of the polbureau are not downcast. Instead they formulate some plans and pass the word out, "Mobilize the American people behind President Roosevelt's speech."

That was last October. I ask you fairly, is or is not collective security a household word these days? I don't say the American people are unanimously for it yet, by any means, but

I do say they're certainly getting an earful of it these days, right and left.

AND HOW DID IT HAPPEN? Well, the wheels started rolling the day after the polbureau met. Item: Clarence Hathaway, editor of the *Daily Worker*, calls his staff together for a conference. The *Daily* goes to press with the full text of President Roosevelt's speech and the clarion call, "Back up the President in his plea for collective security—this is the people's platform for peace."

As the mail trucks thunder out from the basement pressroom (it's the press that makes all that mysterious noise that chills the marrow of Hearst hirelings passing by) a group of gentlemen are creaking up on the elevator to Jack Stachel's office. The elevator hesitates, poised like a dying bird, between the eighth (*Daily Worker*) and the famous ninth floor at 35 East 12th St. The comrades in the cage opine that comes the revolution the very first thing they will do is to get a brand new elevator for the party building. Everybody laughs politely at this nice, comfortable, old joke and secretly hopes the elevator will get up enough strength to take them to Stachel's office sometime today.

Which it does eventually. Mr. Stachel gets down to business as soon as the boys file into his little room, which still reeks of the dose of beige-colored paint it got in the big recent renovation job. The reason they painted the ninth floor over was because it was beginning to look like a Communist den as pictured in a Hearst cartoon.

Mr. Stachel begins talking to his visitors. They are outstanding Communists in the trade-union movement of America. Here's a short, hard-bitten little hackie, young in years but plenty old in experience; and a miner, hastily called in from the Pittsburgh party office; a pleasant-faced, nicely dressed woman from the garment trades; and a Negro longshoreman up from the docks.

The talk is mostly about what Communists call "strategy," or "tactics," which is to say, what's the practical way of making a theory work? These Communists don't need to be convinced of the menace of isolation. So they debate how to keep trade unions from endorsing the futile and dangerous Ludlow war-referendum bill.

They agree on a phrasing of the collective-security idea for mass unions. But before they leave, Comrade Stachel says, in rather an offhand way, "I don't have to remind you, comrades, that we're working against time."

Nobody answers that. But the small, tough face of the seaman darkens, and the woman bites her lip. For these are working people, and they do not look upon danger to the American working class objectively, from afar. It is their own that are threatened, their people, their friends, their sons. Communists are almost never sentimental, and among themselves they talk less about "sacrifice" than any people I ever knew. But Communists feel deeply, in their hearts, in the very marrow of their bones, about the working class—because they are the working class.

Jack Stachel wasn't the only one having a



Ad Reinhardt

*Senator McNaboe Finally Gets a REAL Communist to Testify Before His Committee*



conference that October afternoon. The "org-secretary" (organizational secretary to you) is furiously moving the wheels of inter-party communication. He's getting in touch with district organizers in New York, in Cleveland, in Chicago, in San Francisco, in Denver, in Seattle, in Alabama. D.O.s, as they say in party circles, are elected by state committees. The state committee is to the state convention what the central committee is to the national convention—it's not really complicated, just read that over again and you'll get it. The district organizers get paid, and some of them don't eat too regularly, by dues from their district, on the same scale as national "functionaries" (read paid, fulltime employees).

Next day, Communists who speak with the drawl of Alabama, automobile workers in Detroit, steel workers in Pittsburgh, rubber workers in Akron, comrades who live on the South Side of Chicago, longshoremen from the San Francisco Embarcadero are tramping into district-committee meetings, listening to the call to rally the American people for collective security.

Now (and we're about halfway down the ever broadening pyramid) the wheels of the party are really beginning to turn, and not slowly either. The day after the district-committee meetings the section organizers are calling up the boys and saying, "Emergency-section-committee meeting, nobody excused, all hands expected."

But don't imagine that these hundreds of committee meetings held all over the country are confined to dull parroting of the original resolution of the polbureau. For the D.O. in San Francisco has different problems from the D.O. in Cleveland. Through the din and clatter of a thousand voices emerge all kinds of specific plans for putting the idea of collective security across with farmers in the Northwest, steel workers in Chicago, sharecroppers in the South.

And in the meantime, the comrades in New York are leaping into the fray. The New York party, the biggest in the organization, has a set of officials: Charlie Krumbein is the state secretary, I. Amter the state organizer, and after them the New York district officials, and under them, the county and assembly-district organizers. The New York organization begins, then, to percolate under the collective-security program and, four days after the polbureau met, garment workers in an industrial-unit meeting, advertising and radio men in a radio workers' unit, motion-picture operators in a flicker industrial-unit, comrades in hundreds of neighborhood branches are sitting around in drafty halls, arguing about how to sell their friends and "contacts" on collective security.

The Harlem division, with Comrade Ford at the head, has already gone into action. A week after the polbureau met, progressive Harlem ministers were discussing collective security with representatives of the party—and unemployed Negro workers are hashing over the problems of peace on relief-bureau sitdowns.

We now have our teeth in the crust of

the problem. The basic party structure is rolling along with collective security. Ten days after the polbureau raised the slogan, "Support the President's Chicago speech," every member of the Communist Party of America has been in on at least one party meeting—district committee, or state committee, or section committee, or branch, or unit—devoted almost entirely to collective security. From coast to coast and from Canada to New Mexico, as Republican orators say so largely, Communists are talking concerted action.

And it's only fair at this point to take a good look at the most fundamental thing in the party—the unit. Every member of the Communist Party belongs to a neighborhood branch, a factory or shop unit, or an industrial unit. The whole pyramid of the party rests on this broad base of thousands of eleven- or twelve-member units, or twenty- or twenty-five-member neighborhood branches.

Now when the word goes out to get behind President Roosevelt's speech, all sorts of leaders sit on national, or state, or district, or section-committee meetings to make plans about putting the idea into practice—but eventually all their plans come before the members of the party units for discussion, decision, and action. The eventually is a matter of a few days, too, not a few weeks, which is one of the reasons the party really clicks.

Units are supposed to work about the same all over the country. Of course, there's some variation—down South it takes sharecroppers half a day to drive the mule over to the comrade's house for a meeting, so units there find it pretty hard to meet once a week. But usually the unit meets regularly on whatever is the most convenient night for its membership. In New York City, all the units, except a few special ones, meet on the same night to make things easier for the section officials.

On a Wednesday night late in October, for instance, Comrade Halcon, the "organizer" of the Goodyear Plant No. 1 shop unit, calls the "bureau" together to plan the agenda for the evening's get-together. In party parlance, an "organizer" is the chairman of the unit, the liaison man between the members and the next highest party body, the section. The "bureau" is the central committee of the unit—three or four comrades who divide the work of leadership and the responsibility.

Now the reason why Comrade Halcon is the unit "organizer" is that he's a first-class tire builder, a shop steward in the union, quite some orator in his Alabama fashion, and generally the most popular member of the unit among the rank and file of the workers in the factory. The other members of the "bureau" were elected by the unit because they too are leaders in their own right among the non-party workers. This is an important point—Communists always pick for leaders the men who are trusted and liked by workers themselves. The unit is no exception to this rule.

Well, the bureau goes into a knotty session. Until this collective-security thing came along, the unit leaders had planned on a report about the local Non-Partisan League. The boys are

planning a broad democratic front for the next election, with the middle class hitched up to a progressive election program backed by the unions. The report is postponed until next week and Comrade Halcon, who's on the section committee, is delegated to tell the boys about getting behind the President's speech. He's allotted thirty minutes for his speech and thirty more minutes are set aside for questions and resolutions on the subject. Rubber workers must sleep, and if you didn't have time limits certain of the more longwinded characters in the unit might talk all night about collective security. It's an interesting subject, and all Communists like to get their two cents' worth in on any and all ideas.

The bureau sets aside five minutes for literature talks, another five minutes for dues collection, and thirty minutes for shop problems. That makes an hour and forty minutes, but the bureau is not too optimistic—time limits have a way of being elastic when the subject gets hot.

Sure enough, the time limit on collective security at the unit meeting, which starts right after the boys of the bureau get through, collapses. After an hour, six comrades want to ask questions and make suggestions. The discussion lasts exactly an hour and thirty-four minutes, at the end of which time the comrades have decided to put out a leaflet tomorrow entitled "Goodyear Workers! Back Up the President's Speech! Keep America Out of War by Keeping War Out of the World!" The unit has also decided to bring a collective-security resolution up at the next meeting of the Goodyear local of the rubber union, and try to get the progressive shop steward head from Plant No. II to back it. Comrade Halcon is appointed to write the resolution.

After which Comrade Halcon calls on the literature agent to talk about this month's issue of the *Communist* which is so good nobody can afford to miss it, really comrades, we ought to buy more *Communists* every month, and the boys finally get around to considering the week's problems in the shop.

That's how collective security, then, works its way down the broad base of Communist Party structure, from the top leadership.

BUT TAKE A DEEP BREATH, dear reader. This is only the beginning. The simple up-and-down structure of the party—from unit to section to district and so on up to the polbureau—is augmented by half a dozen commissions and departments. You'll remember Comrade Stachel puffing on his pipe several pages back and talking things over with trade-union comrades.

Tell, even as he glowered over the Ludlow Mother Bloor was trotting down a nearby corner, waving handfuls of paper at friends, on her way to a women's-commission meeting. Four Chinese comrades and two Finnish-American comrades passed Mother Bloor in the hall, bound for commissions of their own.

In the meantime, off in the educational department, the wheels of the party are grinding busily. The gentlemen of the educational department are engaged in following in the footsteps of Tom Paine—writing pamphlets.

The Communist Party, as nearly everybody knows, publishes and distributes more pamphlets than any other organization in the United States. The comrades in the educational department think nothing of putting out a pamphlet on Spain and the Catholic Church, one on China and the boycott, another on relief, all on the same day. So, with collective security a red-hot issue, the educational department rises to the challenge and starts making plans for pamphlets. In a week there will be a short, snappy pamphlet selling for a penny; in two weeks, a longer, more comprehensive job, price one nickel; in six weeks the Communist Party will have half a dozen collective-security pamphlets, some appealing to young people, some designed to convince women, some debating Bruce Bliven's arguments, some giving the text of the Roosevelt speech, some addressed to farmers or union men.

Of course, pamphlets aren't, by far, the only publications the party is interested in. Besides the three English dailies and the *Morning Freiheit*, not to mention a score or more Finnish and Chinese, Hungarian and Lithuanian, Italian, Polish, Latvian, and other foreign-language publications, the party has a hand in the publication of assorted other magazines of various types and kinds. Some of the magazines the party itself publishes—the theoretical monthly, the *Communist*, the theoretical young people's monthly, *Young Communist Review*, and the *Party Organizer*. Many others the party helps edit. And many, many other magazines are edited by people friendly to the party who come around and ask for advice and direction in getting out their weekly or monthly publications.

Besides magazines, the party plays an important role in book publishing. That remarkable Yale man, Comrade Trachtenberg, sits in his office in a Fourth Avenue minor skyscraper, planning collective-security books for International Publishers. Few Communists, let alone outsiders, have any idea that International Publishers is one of the largest, bar none, of the publishing houses of America. International Publishers gets out a positively staggering number of full-sized, regularly cloth-bound books every year—books on Marxism, books on trade unions, left-wing novels, poetry. Years ago, the party discovered that no bourgeois publishing firm would print Lenin or Marx at a price workers could afford. Comrade Trachtenberg solved the problem when he started his independent firm, and the party gave the new, struggling publishing house plenty of encouragement and advice. Today International Publishers supplies the party with the books it needs to promote political understanding among its members, at a price working people can afford.

But publishing means less than nothing without distribution, which brings us around to Workers Bookshops, one of the largest bookstore chains in America. I have such a soft, sentimental feeling in my heart for Workers Bookshops that I find it hard to report just the remarkable facts about these bookshops—how they sell more magazines, pamphlets, and almost as many books as any

other bookstore chain in America. I keep wanting to tell about how, when you are a stranger, and lone and lorn in a new town, Workers Bookshops give you a chance to bump into the people you want to meet, hash over politics with friends, and so on. And in New York City, one of the nicest places, just as a place, in town, is the main bookstore on Thirteenth Street where they play symphony

records, and all the comrades drop in to buy pamphlets and pass the time of day.

Of course, the bookshops aren't the only distribution channel for the party publications. Every unit or branch, like Comrade Halcon's shop unit, has a "literature agent." The party believes that its members should learn, should read, should inform themselves. Few party members get away from a unit meeting without a new pamphlet in the pocket, or even a new book for the bookshelves.

Mass publishing requires more than distribution systems however—it requires an audience. The party supplies that audience by its widespread and energetic campaign for education and more education of its membership.

The Workers Schools of the American Communist Party are, in fact, one of its proudest achievements. Spread over the country, financed by the hard-earned pennies of working people, the Workers Schools teach Marxian dialectical materialism, economics, trade-union history, languages, music, strike tactics, how to write poetry, how to edit shoppapers, history, and English. Every other member of the party treks off to school twice a week, and even the most famous Communists turn up in class every year or so to teach Leninism or French history.

And besides these big schools, the party runs special training-schools for the men and women they hope to train as leaders in the organization. Negro sharecroppers, West Coast longshoremen, miners, steel workers, seamen, girls from the garment trade go off to collective schools where they study and work together, finally to return to their homes to put into immediate use their training.

WELL, THAT GIVES YOU an extremely rough picture of the Communist Party of America going into action. Nothing less than a book about the size of *Anthony Adverse* could tell you even approximately all about the functioning and structure of the party in the United States.

Yet there's something else a reporter needs to say about the Communist Party in America, to explain, even very briefly, what makes the organization click, what makes it respond time and time again to harder and harder jobs, what makes its members face death on picket lines, what makes its rank and file sit up late nights, wearily reading the latest pamphlet, plodding painfully through long articles in the *Daily Worker*, so that they will "understand."

No such phrase as "democratic centralism," no such tag as "American efficiency applied to revolutionary ideals" can really get at the heart of the matter. For card-filing systems and careful organization plans cannot make or break a revolutionary party.

The delegates to the convention this week know that the Communist Party of America faces the future with its chin up and colors flying because its members are united in the deep and passionate belief that the fight for Socialism makes men brothers everywhere.

This is the second of two articles by Miss McKenney on the Communist Party of the United States.



The History of a Tory Whisker





William Gropper



# NEW MASSES

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## The Communist Convention

THE sinister conspiracies which Senator McNaboe and other professional Red-baiters have been hunting in all sorts of devious places will be on full and public view in New York for six days beginning May 26. On the evening of that day the tenth national convention of the Communist Party opens with a mass meeting in Madison Square Garden. Those who are looking for "foreign isms" and deep-dyed plots will, however, be sorely disappointed. What they will find at the Communist convention is a cross-section of America, 1938—Mr. and Mrs. Average American from the factories, the mines, the offices, the farms, the WPA projects, and the professions, meeting together to discuss what needs to be done to unite the people for action in this critical hour.

The tenth convention of the Communist Party is being held at a time when democracy in all parts of the world is being assailed from without and within. The events in Spain, China, Czechoslovakia, Brazil, and Mexico—these are the signposts of our time. The baby-killers and book-burners reach out to extinguish liberty and culture in every land. And our own Morgans, du Ponts, Girdlers, Hearsts, and their political representatives among the reactionaries in both major parties constitute the American section of this fascist international. Ours is, therefore, the problem of all humanity, the problem of organizing the majority of the people to save democracy and peace and the values which civilized men have learned to cherish.

It is this problem above all others that the Communist convention will deal with. The Communist Party speaks as an integral part of the democratic forces of America, and it speaks with a voice whose authority is growing among ever larger sections of the workers, farmers, and small-business and professional people of the country. The convention of no other political party has been organized on so democratic a basis. It has been preceded by two months of thoroughgoing discussion by the party membership. Those who have

read the two articles in NEW MASSES by Ruth McKenney on the structure and methods of work of the Communist Party will know that such discussion is based on the intimate participation of the members in the struggles and mass movements of the people in all parts of the United States. The convention decisions will, therefore, be a collective product illuminated by Marxist-Leninist science and compounded of the experience and wisdom not only of the 75,000 Communists, but of all the progressive forces of the country.

The keynote of the convention has been struck by the principal draft resolution which states:

The chief task before the working class, and therefore, above all, before the Communists, is to defeat the offensive of finance capital and block the road to fascism in the conditions of the developing economic crisis. To achieve this aim it is necessary to unify and consolidate all labor and progressive forces into one single democratic front.

That is an aim which NEW MASSES—and, we feel certain, all genuine progressives—heartily endorse.

## Pennsylvania and Oregon

THERE is nothing like a formula that works both ways. When Lieut. Gov. Thomas Kennedy failed by a narrow margin to win the Democratic primary in Pennsylvania, the newspapers, almost as though their headlines were written in one central office, exulted over the complete defeat of the "CIO's attempt to enter politics." They foresaw labor turning disgustedly away from further political action. When reactionary Governor Martin of Oregon was defeated by the New Dealer Henry Hess, the same papers—that is, almost the entire American press—felt that the small margin by which Hess won was a blow to the prestige of the national administration. Perhaps the editorial in the New York *Herald Tribune* summed up this attitude most inclusively:

The fact that Governor Martin, after provoking a snub from the President, after being semi-officially excommunicated by Secretary Ickes, and after managing to make his candidacy into the one issue anywhere in the country upon which the AF of L and the CIO have been able to sink their bitter enmities, still came so close to squeaking through may represent a victory, but to a casual observer it will seem a Pyrrhic one.

The "casualness" of the *Herald Tribune* is open to challenge. And the analysis of the Pennsylvania primaries which appears in this week's NEW MASSES points out that the joy of the press in headlining "CIO Defeat" seems hardly warranted. Moreover, the singling out of the CIO proves to be a misrepresentation.

In Oregon, with ten candidates splitting the vote, Hess' seven-thousand lead over

Governor Martin was not as unimpressive as the anti-New Dealers like to make out. What was important was that labor unity defeated the man who tried to run Harry Bridges and Harry Pritchett, and their long-shoremen's and lumbermen's unions, out of the state. The results of both the Pennsylvania and Oregon primaries indicate that the broad forces of the democratic front can defeat open reaction in the November elections. And no matter how much the formula-jugglers depend on their abracadabra of "Heads, reaction wins; tails, the progressives lose," the progressives in that case will gain a greater voice in political life and turn back the open reaction of the Republican Party and the Liberty League Democrats.

## Hague and Harlan

THE Bill of Rights may soon catch up with Führer Hague of Jersey City. At long last the administration has acted. The Department of Justice, in response to a deluge of appeals and protests, has begun an investigation which may result in prosecution under the civil-rights statute passed in 1870. This is the same law under which sixty-four Harlan County, Ky., mine operators and deputy sheriffs are now standing trial in the first criminal prosecution designed to enforce the Wagner Labor Relations Act. Harlan and Jersey City—these are the running sores of totalitarian ruthlessness that must be restored to health if American democracy is to survive.

The statute, which may succeed in bringing both Jersey City and Harlan back to the United States, provides that "if two or more persons conspire to injure, oppress, threaten, or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise and enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution or laws of the United States, or because of his having so exercised the same . . . they shall be fined not more than \$5,000 and imprisoned not more than ten years, and shall, moreover, be thereafter ineligible to any office, or place of honor, profit, or trust created by the Constitution or laws of the United States." That seems to fit Mayor Hague and the Harlan fascisti to a T.

## Nobody Starves?

IN opposing President Roosevelt's recovery program, the Republicans—and with them the reactionary bloc of Democrats—wail at what they call the administration's spending spree. Why not let the communities finance their own relief, they ask. Why saddle the cost of local unemployment on the federal government?

All of which recalls the happy Hoover days when there was no federal relief and