

**CAN YOU
FIGURE
IT
OUT
?**

25
Anniversary
of the
**COMMUNIST
MOVEMENT**
IN THE UNITED STATES

Daily Worker

SPEAKERS:
EARL BROWDER
ROBERT MINOR • BENJ. J. DAVIS, Jr.
WM. Z. FOSTER • BELLA V. DODD

THURS., SEPT. 28,
Madison Square Garden

THOSE REDS ARE
O.K. BY ME!

YOP, THOSE REDS
ARE O.K. BY ME!

YESSIR, THOSE REDS
ARE O.K. BY ME!

YEA; MAN, THOSE REDS
ARE O.K. BY ME!

THOSE REDS ARE
O.K. BY ME!

BUT THESE G--- REDS!

written a book which has been used extensively in the South," he said. He thereupon opened a drawer of his desk and took out a copy which he presented to me. It is called *On the Cuff* and was published by Suffolk University Press. The jacket describes the book as "documented, authoritative." The chief documents and authorities cited are those of the Dies Committee. The scholarly doctor particularly asked me to read certain passages which prove in a manner that Doctor Goebbels would regard as more than adequate that Franklin D. Roosevelt is the direct political descendant of Karl Marx. I wondered, irrelevantly perhaps, whether the trustees of Suffolk University had authorized the use of funds for the dissemination of this Berlin-inspired propaganda designed to further the political fortunes of the Republican candidate for President.

I THOUGHT it would be of interest to learn what Dr. Archer thought about the war and the peace. "I want to win the war as quickly as we can and want to see peace maintained," he said. "I believe we should have the same attitude toward our own nation that Joe Stalin has toward Russia and that Churchill has toward Britain. There must be no surrender of American sovereignty." The phrases were a bit shopworn, it is true, but what's good enough for the McCormick-Patterson-Hearst press was evidently good enough for Dr. Archer. "I don't favor a WPA of the world," he went on. "That's what the administration wants." Three months later the Dewey echo resounded at Louisville.

I inquired how he felt about the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran agreements. "What are the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran agreements?" he countered. "When three individuals get together in secret conference, the people don't know what they agree on." As between Dewey and Archer, it was difficult to say who was plagiarizing whom.

But don't get the idea that Dr. Archer is a hardshell isolationist. In fact, "I favor the League of Nations type of arrangement. We should work out a compact based on law and not merely on the whims of leaders."

"Would you say that Senator Taft's ideas are what you have in mind?"

"So far as I've heard them, Senator Taft's ideas sound sensible." A little later he lashed out at "alien-minded internationalists who are trying to bring in European ideology in place of American concepts of government."

"Who finances your committee?"

"We are financed by the people. We have no large contributors."

"What would you say is the range of contributions?"

"From one dollar to \$5,000." Then realizing that the latter figure did not jibe with his statement about no large contributors, he added: "We can count the \$5,000 contributors on the fingers of one hand."

"Who is Henry Regnery?"

"He is a Chicago businessman." And though Regnery is listed as a member of the national committee of the American Democratic National Committee, Dr. Archer insisted that he had never met him. While Henry Regnery works with this outfit of nominal Democrats, his father, William H. Regnery, with whom he is associated in business, serves on the national committee of one of Colonel McCormick's pet projects, the Republican Nationalist Revival Committee, which operates among the fascist fringe. The elder Regnery was one of the powers behind the America First Committee. He is chairman of the board of the Central National Bank of Chicago and is president of several window shade manufacturing companies.

"What is the connection of your committee with Father Coughlin?"

"None whatsoever. I have no use for Coughlin's financial ideas."

"Did you know that Mr. Robert M. Harriss, a member of your national committee, was for years closely associated with Coughlin?"

"No, I did not."

Goodwin had come back at this point. "Did you know," I asked Dr. Archer, "that Coughlin has been accused of being a Nazi propagandist?"

"Oh, anybody who's against the New Deal is accused of being a Nazi."

Goodwin broke in with: "Now look, I respect your views and even though I may not agree with some of them, I think we're all working for the same ends; we're only using different methods. But tolerance must be a two-way street. I'm a Christian and a Catholic and it's against my religion to have prejudice against Jews. I don't know anything about Father Coughlin's activities, but I think these charges that he's pro-Nazi or anti-Semitic do a lot of harm."

Dr. Archer had another appointment, but the lush Goodwin rhetoric flowed steadily on as we walked into the outer office. "The Jews should be the last people in the world to stir up intolerance. You ought to hear the way people are talking. I get around and I know. As a Christian, it's my duty

to defend the Jews, but you ought to hear the way people are talking. Now suppose I criticized Rabbi Wise, you'd call me anti-Semitic. Why isn't it anti-Catholic to attack Father Coughlin?"

It is curious that a couple of days later, when I interviewed Gerald L. K. Smith and Capt. William J. Grace, head of the Republican Nationalist Revival Committee [see *NEW MASSES* of July 25 for Mr. Magil's account of these interviews] they gave me precisely this argument about Rabbi Wise and Coughlin—at the same time disclaiming, like Goodwin, any knowledge of the Royal Oak fuehrer's present activities. Evidently this is part of the stock-in-trade of our native fascist and anti-Semitic propagandists. I made several valiant attempts to explain to Goodwin why the attacks on Coughlin were not anti-Catholic, but it was like trying to argue with a hurricane. Finally I turned to leave: when I walked a stocky middle-aged man in a brown suit. Goodwin hastened to introduce us. "This is Mr. Harriss—Robert M. Harriss. Meet Mr. Magil of the *NEW MASSES*—I guess his name used to be Weinstein." That was Goodwin's unique way of demonstrating that tolerance must be a two-way street.

Harriss is one of those behind-the-scenes people I've always wanted to meet. A member of the cotton brokerage firm of Harriss & Vose, 60 Beaver Street, New York, it was he who, in company with George LeBlanc, international gold trader, visited Charles E. Coughlin at Royal Oak, Mich., back in October 1932 and persuaded him to take up the crusade for monetary inflation. A few months later when the Committee for the Nation was launched, an organization of industrialists and speculators who sought to profit from inflation, Harriss became one of its leading figures along with Gen. Robert E. Wood, later chairman of the America First Committee. This group was believed to have been closely linked with Coughlin. Throughout the years Harriss has continued to be intimately associated with Coughlin as one of his principal political and financial advisers. And his political interests have led him into other pastures as well. A year ago he attended Frank Gannett's National Food Conference in Chicago and became a member of its continuations committee. (Gannett, according to a recent issue of *Publishers Weekly*, has been a frequent guest at the governor's mansion in Albany.) The pursuit of common objectives has also led Harriss to lend a

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I GIVE YOU MY WORD . . . by JOSEPH NORTH

DESTINY IN A BALLOT BOX

THE brilliant spotlight swung wildly across twenty-five thousand faces and focussed on a blind woman. The great crowd cheered her but she could not hear its roar, for life had robbed her of hearing as well as sight. But she stood before the people, and she knew their faces, understood their voices, and she searched their souls. I thought, as I sat in the press-box at Madison Square Garden where I had seen many of the great, that never had I seen so clearly the grandeur of man's spirit. This woman had groped and crawled and clawed her way out of the abyss of darkness into which she was born and here, today, she stood like a goddess, shining on a mountain top. Here, I thought, looking at Helen Keller, was Man.

It was extraordinarily fitting that she spoke at this meeting of America's cultural leaders; here she belonged, for she epitomized what they strove for: the emancipation of man, the freedom of his spirit. That, at bottom, proved the agenda of this meeting; that accounted for the men and women who came here from all corners of the land, and who brought a crowd such as Madison Square Garden had rarely seen; a crowd that spilled out onto the side streets and stayed for every word. The speakers had come sensing that America stood at the crossroads and they, there on the platform, pointed the way. The meaning of our time had spiraled down to two names, Roosevelt and Dewey. In the words of Harlow Shapley, the astronomer whose feet are planted solidly on earth: "Do we go forward with the social evolution that inspires at this time most nations of the earth; or do we return to stagnancy?" That, he said, was the issue we faced in November. Will we choose those "who recognize that a dazzling new day is dawning—the most important epoch yet in our country's great career?" Or will we, like the bullfrog in his parable, return to the "rotting log in the swamp?"

ALL of them asked this question: Davidson the sculptor, Koussevitzky the musician, Bette Davis the actress, Sinclair Lewis the novelist, Henry Wallace the statesman. All the brave company. It was inevitable that they turn up in the same camp. For the culture of America is humanist at its base; through the years our great artists have marched with the people; here was the legacy of Paine and Emerson and Whitman. These were the children of Walt, who sang, in his poem "Long, Too Long, America":

*To learn from crises of anguish, advancing
grappling with direst fate and recoiling not,
And now to conceive and show to the world what your
children en-masse really are. . . .*

NM October 3, 1944

They had come to show the world what our children *en-masse* really are. For they knew our children; had lived through the times of their great tribulations. They had only to search their memories, their experiences, through the years back to 1929. Koussevitzky who lives with Beethoven, put it well enough when he recalled the "dark year of 1932." Not only was the welfare of the American people in crisis, "but also their cultural values, their great institutions of art, many of which were ready to close their doors and their activities."

It was then President Roosevelt "came forth." And "once again the theaters, the concert-halls were crowded, bringing new audiences, new enthusiasm and a new upswing of creative and artistic forces." The hour, he said, "has come for us, writers, artists, scientists, and musicians, to raise our voice: for the voice of the artist rings from the core of the human soul."

These Americans came to beat back the culture of the Hoovervilles; for they saw that 1944's Dewey was 1929's Hoover. Eddie Cantor put it well in his wire to the meeting; never again did he want to sing "Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?" Who, having lived through those days, can ever forget its lines?

*Once I built a railroad, made it run
Made it race with the sun
Once I built a railroad, now it's done
Brother, can you spare a dime?*

And they remembered too, the antithesis to the culture of the Hoovervilles; remembered the flowering of culture in the much-maligned WPA art projects; when the hanging of murals in the post-offices of Ocala, Fla., and Oklahoma City were familiar topics of local discussion. And that a third of a nation saw live actors for the first time. No, Orson Welles will never forget that: he directed the Negro *Macbeth*, which was seen by 120,000 Negroes and whites. Twelve million people saw these federal plays annually: in that time of depression eighty-seven percent of all admissions were free: the average paid admission was fifteen cents. And so with all the arts. "This," as Michael Gold has pointed out, "meant the truest possible democratization of culture. It belonged to the people." America came into a cultural resurgence. This, fellow-citizens, happened under Roosevelt. The culture of Hoover was the rain playing a hopeless symphony upon tin shacks on a city dump. And 1944's Dewey is 1929's Hoover.

I DON'T believe Henry Wallace will ever forget the ovation he got here; to these thousands he represented the champion of America's cultural strivings. And I believe Mr. Wallace learned as much here as he taught. The men and women understood him totally when he said: "I urge all Americans to register so that the largest number of Americans in history may reach the polls on November 7—each to have his part in deciding the leadership for the most critical period this country and this world have ever faced."

Yes, Walt Whitman would have been at home in this company. For Carl Sandburg, in his *War Years*, tells of Walt borrowing fare from John Hay to return home to