2304 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D. C.
January 13, 1942

Dear Claude:

I am glad to see your trip to Florida cleaned you up. Mary Louise says that you were on your top high line in your League of Nations talk.

Give us a buzz for a breakfast some time.

Sincerely,

Charles E. Marsh

Senator Claude Pepper
Senate Office Building
Washington, D. C.

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

January 24, 1942

Hon. Charles E. Marsh
2304 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Charles:

I have been a wandering boy.

You know it was most comforting to have your note.

Here is copy of the speech to which Miss Glass so generously referred.

I will be coming in any time now.

Your friend,

Claude

P:C

Enclosure 1

January 28, 1942

Memorandum to: Senator Pepper

It is certain that you have seen this. It is worth filing for future spiritual use. It may not officially have been said on December 8 in the Senate, but I would have loved to have heard it and have the world broadcast it certainly would have had at that time.

C.E.M.

Today And Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

Pearl Harbor

THE HEART of the matter is in the sixteenth paragraph of the conclusion of the Roberts Commission: "The failure . . . to confer and cooperate with respect to the meaning of the warning received and the measures necessary to comply with the orders given them . . . resulted largely from a sense of security due to the opinion prevalent in diplomatic, and naval circles, and in the public press, that any immediate attack by Japan would be in the Far East."

LIPPMANN

THUS, in spite of the fact that a year ago the War and Navy Departments had in correspondence with General Short and Admiral Kimmel exhibited "a deep concern respecting the probability of an air raid on Pearl Harbor, "nevertheless there had been among the responsible commanders and their subordinates, without exception, a conviction which persisted up to December 7, 1941, that Japan had no intention of making any such raid."

Moreover, it is plain from the Roberts report that the Navy Department in Washington, while it expected war and warned Admiral Kimmel, did not itself expect the attack on Pearl Harbor. The bulletins of the Director of Naval Intelligence dated December 1, 1941, told the fleet that the "deployment" of the Japanese naval forces was "to the southward." Commenting on the bulletin, the Roberts report adds "due to lack of information indiicating that the bulk of Japanese carriers were at sea, Naval Intelligence concluded they were in home ports".

WHILE THIS does not relieve General Short and Admiral Kimmel of their responsibilities, it does show that we shall not have gotten to the bottem of the matter and have begun to deal with the basic cause of the disaster, merely by punishing the commanders and by taking measures to insure better cooperation in the future. What happened to Pearl Harbor was due to "errors of judgment."

But the errors of judgment were due to a false doctrine which has paralyzed the judgment of the whole Nation to such a degree that no one, not even the most farsighted, can for an instant be defense which protects all places equally and thoroughly.

THE DELUSION of the passive defensive is almost always accompanied by the American myth that nature has conferred some kind of magical inmmunity on American territory. Though continental United States has been invaded from overseas, though the Western Hemisphere has repeatedly been invaded and occupied, we have found it almost impossible to believe that it could ever happen again provided our "defenses were strong enough. At Pearl Harbor the commanders and their subordinates, without exception" were convinced that they would not be attacked while they were inside this strongly defended bit of American territory.

This blind faith in our invulnerability seems to be the explanation of the absolutely astounding fact, only faintly alluded to in the Roberts report, that with war imminent 75 naval vessels were inside Pearl Harbor. Yet just to show that the delusion persists, already there are Senators hinting darkly that if only the whole Atlantic fleet had been there also, it would have been battle-stiff.

THE DELUSION that we are never attacked, but that we only get into wars by "intervening," accounts for the tremendous strategic miscalculation at Washington that while war was imminent, it would almost certainly begin with an attack on the Philippines, Thai, or the Kra Peninsula (north of Singapore), or possibly Borneo." Here we see Washington, even that part of it which has been most alert in trying to awaken the people, caught by the same universal error, which all of us shared, that Japn would not make war directly on the United States because all our wars are "interventions" which we can prepare for and decide upon at our own leisure.

There is little doubt that the warnings from Washington were inadequate because what Washington expected was a Japanese attack on Malaya and the Netherlands Indies while we made up our minds whether we should intervene. That, no doubt, was the final reason, over and above the myth of American territorial security, why so much of the Pacific fleet was inside Pearl Harbor instead of at sea seeking out the enemy, and why the planes were lined up on the airfields prepared, for reasons of internal security, against sabotage but not for war, and why Washington, believing that the fleet would at its

The Federal Diary

By Jerry Klutz

Graves Devotes Time To Financing War

A man whose hobby fighting the Civil War ov again—on paper—is now d voting his full time tow

raisi funds finan World W 2. He Harold Grav Assist Treas Secret who u today super of the Procurement Div Bureau of the Mint, an Bureau of Engraving Printing as well as d stamps and bonds. Bu it's strictly bonds and of the defense variety.

John Ford, the ace Ho director who is very p that each detail in his authenticated, isn't abeut the clothes h He's in the Navy now rank of commander an duty here making pic the Navy. And all A Navy men on active supposed to wear their Ford was observed the wearing tropical kha shirt and trousers, a h wood pullover sweate insignia of an Army colonel hung from o point. He was tieless less. His friends attri attire to the Hollyw fluence.

Mortimer Wolfe, Ju torney, will be appoi sistant solicitor of th Department . . . John is being boomed to Bob O'Brien as dir SEC's Public Utilit vision . . . Burton Pal resign as executive a

basic cause of the disaster, merely by punishing the commanders and by taking measures to insure better cooperation in the future. What happened to Pearl Harbor was due to "errors of judgment."

But the errors of judgment were due to a false doctrine which has paralyzed the judgment of the whole Nation to such a degree that no one, not even the most farsighted, can for an instant be self-righteous and talk as if he had been altogether free of its destructive influence.

It is the doctrine of the passive defense; the doctrine that "national defense" consists in being prepared to repel attack, second, that the United States is geographically invulnerable, third, that the only way in which the United States could get into war is by "intervention," that is by deliberately seeking out war somewhere else. These are the beliefs, held in some degree by virtually all of us, which blinded Kimmel and Short, which obscured and weakened the warnings from Washington, and caused the disaster at Pearl Harbor.

THE DOCTRINE of the passive defensive, which the people, the Congress, and the Administration imposed upon the armed services demanded that they should sit still, but be forever on the alert, guarding all vulnerable points and watching all the approaches, while the enemy picked the time, the place, and the manner of his attack.

No armed force can ever be adequately prepared for such an assignment. For it presents the enemy with the initiative, and with the guaranty that he may use surprise, but that he will never be surprised. It follows that the enemy can always be stronger at the time and the place of the attack than the defenders can ever hope to be at all possible points of attack.

Thus, if we had concentrated at Hawaii every scouting vessel and every plane the United States possessed, and if the commanders had been entirely alert, the Japanese might not have attacked Pearl Harbor, or if they had, they would have been repulsed. But in "defending" Pearl Harbor perfectly, we should simply have left undefended some other point, say the North Atlantic or the South Atlantic. For there is no conceivable way of having a perfect defense everywhere at once against a coalition of enemies who have been promised that they will be allowed to strike the first blow. The only perfect defense is to seek out the enemy and destroy him; that is the only method of intervene. That, no doubt, was the final reason, over and above the myth of American territorial security, why so much of the Pacific fleet was inside Pearl Harbor instead of at sea seeking out the enemy, and why the planes were lined up on the airfields prepared, for reasons of internal security, against sabotage but not for war, and why Washington, believing that the fleet would at its leisure someday gather itself together to move against Japan, did not follow up its warnings to see what had been done about its warnings.

PEARL HARBOR is the mirror of the national weaknesses which we must overcome completely, or we shall lose the war. We can learn there everything we imperatively must learn not only for victory but for our very salvation. We have indeed to remember Pearl Harbor, and to study it and realize it and to take it to our hearts.

For it exemplifies not only all that has been false and destructive in our thinking, but no less in our habits of administration and of discipline and of intellectual and moral responsibility. Pearl Harbor was the reflection of Washington—the whole of it including Congress—and Washington has been the reflection of America in these 20 years of self-indulgent refusal to believe the facts of life.

West Side of Line Yields in Malaya

MALAYA, from Page 1.

British fighter planes tangled with a formation of Japanese fighters and damaged one adversary identified as a "Navy O."

All British aircraft returned safely.

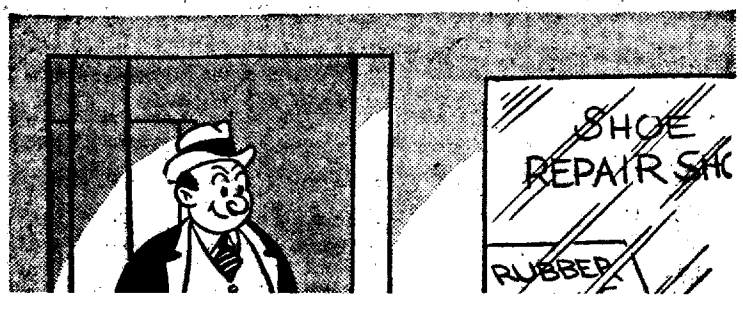
An official announcement said that up to last Friday 86 Japanese planes had been destroyed over Malaya, in addition to 36 listed as probably destroyed and 21 damaged. Antiaircraft fire was credited with downing 50 and probably 16 more.

The heavy toll of raiders, which probably has increased greatly since last week when Hurricane fighters were thrown into the battle evidently accounted for the sharp reduction in the weight of Japanese raids on Singapore.

The air-raid warning sounded again Monday and bomb bursts were heard some distance from the city. The island had two alerts during the night, but no bombing was reported.

Off The Record

By Ed Reed



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Illinois, hopes the
will reorganize the
power agencies into
department.

New Perkins Whi

Could those Labor ment whispers possib that Labor Secretar is keeping the Wage administrator's job herself in case she's Miss Perkins, you'll r up a battle to get Hour sent to New Yo is her home. The di originally slated for J The rumor that Mis will be relieved as S nine years old, but no ported, her job is o prices the Administr pay for A. F. L. and peace.

Bad news for the who'll move to Phil The bar in the Penn Club, where the SEC moved in a month weeks, is being torn out swimming pool a boarded over and the will be used as a file . . . New civil service ters established: Junior clerk, 6151 eligibles! agricultural statistician assistant agricultural s tician, 27, and stereotype . . . HOLC, Federal Loan Bank Board, F Communications Commi and Federal Power are a a long list of agencies will go on a 44-hour today.

The Weather Bureau is h trouble recruiting new ployes. It has openings people who have had at l high school education and have a Civil Service status. are needed to plot data on from part weather records jobs will pay $1620 and the classified CAF-3 and SP-4. can qualify, see C. G Swain, personnel directo Room 106 of the Weathe reau Building at Twenty-f and M Streets Northwest.

Patrick Miles, a Negro senger, was retired fro Internal Revenue Burea week. He left the F

THE AUSTIN TRIBUNE 3/20/42

Workers Walk Out, But Labor Talks On

"East is East, and West is West—"

In the East, in Washington, D. C., Donald Nelson Thursday declared there was no necessity for anti-strike or labor legislation to reach the goal of 25 per cent increase in war production he set as War Production chief.

And in the West, in San Francisco, more than 1,000 workers at the Todd-California shipyards walked out on their jobs, reportedly to seek higher pay at other plants.

In the East, Mr. Nelson said: "I see no need for new legislation. I want to see labor and management given a chance to carry out their pledges of no strikes and utmost production."

Also in the East, in Washington, Sen. Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, revealed the testimony of Secy. of Labor Perkins before a Senate subcommittee that unions are charging heavy initiation fees for workers in the construction field, but that they are not levying such fees in war industries.

We here in Austin know of the "heavy initiation fees" charged workers in the construction field. Evidently the secretary of labor is aware of such conditions, but takes no action to stop these practices. If she condones "heavy initiation fees" in the construction field, would she make any effort to prevent charging of similar fees in war industries?

Back in Washington, the House of Representatives was told that Isador Lubin, head of the bureau of labor statistics, testified that 7,100 man-days of work were lost during January because of war industry strikes, and that 33,800 man-days were lost in February from the same cause.

Additional figures quoted from Lubin set man-days lost because of war industry strikes at 561,000 in August, 158,000 in September, 304,000 in October, 141,000 in November and 21,600 in December.

Point of the house's informant's remarks was that man-days lost because of strikes in war industries have declined generally. But WHY were more than half a million man-days lost in August, when the United States was hurrying to arm itself for the war which inevitably was to come? Why were 158,000 man-days lost in August? Why?

Those man-days represented production potentialities enough to have sent many a plane and gun and tank to Hawaii, to Singapore, to the Dutch East Indies in December and January and February, when they were badly needed.

And notice, in the figures quoted for the house, that the man-days lost in war industries in February because of strikes were more than four times the total lost in Janu-

Raymond Clapper Says:

Anglo - America Teamwork Need Smoothing Out

CAIRO, March 20.—(By Wireless)—Of all the theaters in this world-wide war, the Middle East is the place where there can be the most intimate and effective co-operation between the British and American efforts.

I hope the censors, and others in authority in both countries, will not misunderstand my intentions when I say that much remains to be done in that direction. Without minimizing the progress that has been made in dovetailing the efforts of the two nations, I think it is desirable to emphasize the possibilities of even closer teamwork.

The R.A.F. has made all of its African facilities available for the transportation of American supplies, making possible a rapid inauguration of our service. The American army air forces and the R.A.F. appear to be co-operating sincerely, both realizing that only by the full effort of each can the critical situation of the United Nations be dealt with.

* * *

I believe a closer co-operation between American and British commercial air services is possible. These companies are playing a most important role in the transportation of supplies and personnel. Pan-American is operating under the direction of the army air forces with high efficiency, and is expanding rapidly.

Unfortunately the impression is abroad in some quarters that this is later to become a competitive commercial service. It does not seem practical as a postwar venture for profit, yet undoubtedly some British commercial interests have these suspicions. As a result there is some surface irritation on both sides.

This does not extend to the military on either side. But I think the military operation would benefit if such misapprehensions could be removed, perhaps through a clarification by Washington and London of the prospective postwar status of Pan-American in Africa. It is a small thing, but it would be better all around if it could be adjusted.

There probably could be some improvement in shipping operations on both sides. Slow turn-

New Dril

Young America Is

Evidence that young America is responding to the call for all-out effort in the war is presented by a recent letter to the War Department from a 16-year-old high school student offering the combined labor of his tenth grade class to assist "the government in building transmitters, receivers, and any kind of high fidelity equipment."

"If you are willing to give us a contract, I am sure you would

usage, parts can be out special fitting delay. This can on with the elaborate equipment of a fact

"Actually the way most is not by mak for the Signal Corps ing radio technician nal Corps out of yo means learning ev can about radio, i out: learning the

have us believe, as Mr. Nelson said, there is no necessity for such legislation."

Why must the United States, fighting for evistence, have ANY man-days lost because of strikes in war industries?

Lions' Club Resolution

Members of the Austin Lions' Club who attended the luncheon meeting Thursday doubtless were surprised when they read in an Austin newspaper—other than The Tribune—an account of what had gone on in their presence.

Club members approved a resolution urging members of Congress actively to support legislation repealing or suspending for the duration of the war the 40-hour week, the closed shop and legislation outlawing strikes on defense projects. One other resolution presented was rejected after a member had objected to a phrase in it appreciating "the high degree of loyalty and patriotism expressed by labor as a whole since the beginning of the war."

At least most Lions' club members thought they had approved the resolution.

Members of the Austin Chamber of Commerce adopted a similar resolution recently. Fortunately for the Chamber of Commerce, Roosevelt's name did not enter the discussion, and so could not be misleadingly injected into an account of their action. (Full text of the Lions' resolution appears elsewhere in The Tribune today.)

This is still a democracy. We Americans still have the right to express our approval or disapproval of the actions of our duly elected representatives in Congress. It is still our privilege to tell our Senators and Congressmen that we favor, or oppose, any legislation.

Pertinent Paragraphs

President Roosevelt in a letter to the Economic Club: " . . . the supreme strategy for victory must be for the United Nations to remain united—united in purpose, united in sympathy and united in determination."

Sumner Welles, acting secretary of state: "There is implicit in every word and every phrase, Hitler's own recognition of his impending downfall and of the inevitable conquest of the German armies."

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J. Marion West, President; Wesley W. West, Vice Pres.
T. H. Monroe, Vice Pres.; P. M. Stevenson, Secy. Treas.

The Austin Tribune is independent politically.

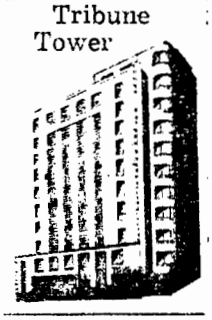
It will defend and support what it believes to be right at all times as it will challenge and oppose things it believes to be wrong.

Its fundamental policy will be to publish the news truthfully and fairly.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation, which may appear in the columns of this paper, will be gladly corrected upon due notice of same being given to the editor, personally at the office, Tribune Tower.

Tribune Tower



Telephone 8-6611 For All Departments

the job of straightening out, than any trouble about policy. The only reason for stressing such a question is that this is a major theater of war, being the place where America can make an effective contribution now without waiting for more navy or a larger army, since the chief immediate needs are supplies, technical and maintenance personnel, and above all planes.

* * *

On the American side of the show, considerable teamwork is visible. Even though the world operation is still in its early stages, it is obvious that it can and will become one of the biggest undertakings of the war.

The United States' military mission for North Africa, under General Maxwell, has headquarters here. The mission left the United States before Pearl Harbor, to facilitate the problem of delivering supplies to this area. America's entry into the war increased the size of the job without materially changing its nature for the present.

Every technical service of the army is represented in the Maxwell mission, one of the important divisions being under General Adler. The navy is also represented, and the maritime commission. There is need of more personnel in these divisions. U. S. Minister Alexander C. Kirk is co-operating in diplomatic phases of the work, to which General Maxwell is obliged to give considerable time.

* * *

Fundamentally the biggest help would be a clear-cut decision by Washington and London as to the basic point; that is, as to which theater of war is to get the major emphasis. When it becomes possible to do that, much time can be saved and operations can be improved.

There is a great opportunity here, and an excellent start has been made. There is no cause whatever for pessimism. But it is important to remember that we have only begun with a long, hard job, especially the job of holding through this year.

Your Birthday

MARCH 20

You are a diligent worker and have a sharp, perceptive mind, if you have a birthday today. Your memory is excellent, and you find much pleasure in recalling happy events in your past. You are fond of gaiety and travel. A fortunate, happy and important year is ahead of you. Take full advantage of the excellent influences operating in business, travel and domestic matters. Guard against imposition. The little one born on this date will love antiques and old associations, and be very intellectual, intuitive, sincere, kind-hearted and successful. He or she will, however, be liable to suffer through fraud or deception.

the Army.

Robert Surik, the writer, explained that the pupils "would like to do our part in the war." He reported that "all are between the ages of 15 and 16," and added that "I know a man who is an expert at all sorts of radio and is willing to help us if we can get the assignment."

Young Surik explained that "I teach radio every other day, so if you are interested in giving us a chance to show what we really know, it would be appreciated."

In acknowledging the letter, General Olmstead explained that while necessary mass production methods and standardization of designs of Army equipment made it impossible for the Signal Corps to accept the proferred assistance, there were other ways, which he outlined, in which young radio enthusiasts could help.

General Olmstead's reply follows:

"Dear Mr. Surik:

"Thank you for your letter, offering the services of yourself and your classmates to build radio equipment for the Army. I know that every American wants to do everything he can for his country at this time, but not everyone has the initiative to think up things he might do and then offer to do them.

"Because I do appreciate this I am especially sorry that I cannot accept your offer. The reason I cannot is that Army equipment must be factory built, so that every set will be as nearly like every other as is possible and will tune in on the same frequency at the same dial settings, and so that when one does get out of repair because of hard

One Man's Opinion

By WALTER KIERNAN

General MacArthur arrived in Australia on St. Patrick's day with an old receipe for driving snakes out of the Pacific.

It is compounded of equal parts of daring and dynamite.

MacArthur is the square peg the Japs have been trying to fit into a round hole since early December.

Every time they got a hole dug he pushed them into it.

He is the fellow who erased "it can't be done" from the copy book and substituted "we've done it."

He is a soldier, a scholar and a gentleman.

He will never step on a Jap's face without mumuring "so sorry."

Thought for the day: MacArthur now pitching for civilization.

On You

KTBC
1150 KC
All programs

3:00	NEWS-Melody
3:15	Melody
3:30	Sid Fisher
3:45	Tropical Moo
4:00	Novelty Note
4:15	Novelty Note
4:30	SIGN OFF
4:45	
5:00	
5:15	
5:30	NEWS
5:45	Rhythm Time
6:00	Mus. Review
6:15	Mus. Review
6:30	Eve' Serenade
6:45	Eve' Serenade
7:00	Tribune New
7:15	Swing Time
7:30	Day's End
7:45	Sign Off
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6:00	Hillbilly
6:15	Hillbilly
6:30	Jamboree
6:45	Jamboree
7:00	Top o' Morn
7:15	NEWS
7:30	Top o' Morn
7:45	Top o' Morn
8:00	Top o' Morn
8:15	John Seagle
8:30	Christensen
8:45	Rhythm Time
9:15	NEWS-Music
9:15	Musical
9:30	Band Parade
9:45	Novatime
10:00	NEWS-Music
10:15	Rhythmania
10:30	Kiddie Show
10:45	Kiddie Show
11:00	NEWS-Music
11:15	Leona Caldwel
11:25	SIGN OFF
11:30	
11:45	
12:00	NEWS
12:15	Pioneers
12:30	Jesse James
12:45	Jesse James
1:00	NEWS-Music
1:15	Ridin' Range
1:30	Dance Time
1:45	Dance Time
2:00	NEWS-Music
2:15	A-Z Novelty
2:30	Concert Hall
2:45	Concert Hall
3:00	NEWS-Music
3:15	Studio Party
3:30	Cecil Hogan
3:45	Cecil Hogan
4:00	NEWS-Novelty
4:15	Novelty Time
4:30	Shining Hour
4:45	Shining Hour
5:00	Dance
5:15	Melodies
5:30	NEWS
5:45	Rhythm Time

The Austin Daily Tribune

"Covers Austin Every Afternoon and Sunday Morning"

P. O. BOX 1162 -:- AUSTIN, TEXAS

Col W

March 21, 1942

Senator Claude Pepper
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is a tear page of The Austin Tribune and a "marked" editorial.

These facts as used in this editorial are taken from the reported statements of authorities who are supposed to have authentic information.

I am sending you this page for the sole purpose of indicating to you what I believe to be the sentiment of the people of Texas, and probably the United States.

Yours very truly,

J Marion West

J. Marion West
President
The Austin Tribune

Nine-Point Program for Streamlining All-Out War

Speech of

Hon. Claude Pepper

of Florida

in the

Senate of the United States

March 26, 1942

Not printed at Government expense

United States Government Printing Office, Washington : 1942

452700—21904

SPEECH

OF

HON. CLAUDE PEPPER

Mr. PEPPER. Mr. President, yesterday the members of the Foreign Relations Committee, I think without exception, were moved by a report which was made to the committee by the Honorable Francis B. Sayre, telling of conditions with which he has personally been confronted in Manila, Corregidor, Bataan, and in the regions where the battle of the Pacific rages.

I come from a State which has already given to this war its first hero and the first recipient of the Congressional Medal, Capt. Colin P. Kelly and Lieutenant Nininger.

I read in the afternoon paper the statement by Prime Minister Churchill that the battle of the Atlantic is temporarily worse. I see in another afternoon paper a heartening address to the Australian people by General MacArthur, the headline of which in the Times-Herald is "MacArthur declares he'll win or die."

In the course of his remarks this indomitable soldier and crusader of liberty and freedom used these words:

> My faith in our ultimate victory is invincible. I bring to you tonight the unmistakable spirit of free men as opposed to perpetual slavery.
>
> We fight for the things that are right and condemn the things that are wrong. Under this banner the free men of the world are united to death. There will be no compromise. We shall win, or we shall die.

MacArthur pledged to Australia the full backing "of the mighty power of my country and all the blood of my countrymen."

Mr. President, I think it is only fair to examine whether or not in the Congress and in the country there is assurance that that heroic promise made by General MacArthur can be kept and faithfully performed. There is the greater doubt when from day to day the people of this country are confronted with such press releases as appeared, for example, in the Washington Post this morning, where it is said that "Two caulkers claim $160 each for 8 hours' work," as reported by the Associated Press, according to testimony received by the Naval Affairs Committee of the House.

I say especially is there some doubt about the sentiment in the country when one reads such evidence as was presented to the Committee on Naval Affairs yesterday, as reported in the Evening Star yesterday, that "sample companies with Navy contracts had increased tremendously in the period between 1934–41, the increases ranging from 22 to 1,331 percent."

Especially also is there doubt about such a sentiment for total mobilization in the country when we read reports such as that appearing in the August issue of Fortune magazine, which indicates the tie-up between certain industrial enterprises in the United States and state-controlled enterprises in Germany. I read now from a report made by Mr. Thurman Arnold, in which he quotes the article in Fortune magazine, as follows:

> Nazi interest in trade restraint is to hold back production outside Germany. Inside Germany they have optimum production, optimum expansion for the state. Nothing interests them less than maintaining "orderly markets." But by cleverly playing upon the profit motive (which is suppressed inside Germany) they have gulled businessmen in the democracies into limiting production of the very articles that the democracies were to need most urgently in their own defense. In this way Germany induced Europe's democracies to "stabilize" aluminum production—in their own self-interest—while German production shot forward at top speed. The consequences of this have since become all too plain.

Mr. Arnold adds:

> It is interesting to note that every single instance of the German influence which was cited in the article, to wit: Military optical instruments, tungsten carbide, aluminum, magnesium, beryllium, chemicals, and drugs, was uncovered by an antitrust investigation or prosecution.

The investigation also disclosed that there was an agreement between a German munitions company and the Remington Arms Co. as late as January 1941, whereby it was definitely agreed by this American company that they would not sell rifles or ammunition covered by the agreement to any country constituting a part of the British Empire.

It has also been disclosed by the antitrust investigation of the Department of Justice that in respect to pharmaceuticals there was a similar agreement—that is to say, an understanding—between the

American company using German patents and the parent German companies, which are State owned, as to the division of the world market, the American company reserving to itself the right to charge any price it chose in the American market, and the German company being given a free hand in the other markets of the world.

It has also been made to appear by this investigation as to how the aluminum production increased in Germany from 1933 to 1938, and, indeed, to 1941, as compared with aluminum production in the so-called democratic countries, including our own. For instance, the comparison in production between France and Germany is shown by the following figures. In 1933, France produced 14,300 tons of aluminum, and in the same year Germany produced 18,900 tons.

In 1934, France produced 15,000 tons of aluminum in round figures, and Germany 37,000 tons.

In 1935, France produced 22,000 tons, and Germany 70,000 tons.

In 1936, France produced 28,000 tons, and Germany 97,000 tons.

In 1937, France produced 34,000 tons, and Germany 127,000 tons.

In 1938, France produced 40,000 tons, and Germany 175,000 tons.

In 1933 German production, as I have stated, amounted to 18,000 tons, while United States production amounted to 38,000 tons.

In 1934 German production amounted to 37,000 tons, the United States production to 33,000 tons.

In 1935 German production amounted to 70,000 tons, the United States production to 54,000 tons.

In 1936 German production amounted to 97,000 tons, the United States production to 102,000 tons.

In 1937 German production amounted to 127,000 tons, the United States production to 132,000 tons.

In 1938 German production amounted to 175,000 tons, the United States production to 130,000 tons.

The estimate by the Bureau of Mines is that in 1941 Germany produced more aluminum than the combined United Nations produced, that is to say, than all the Allies produced.

So, for the price of the American market, we helped Germany build the very planes which have been the messengers of death to our Allies and ourselves.

The investigation has disclosed another very interesting situation, involving the New Jersey Zinc Co., which is the owner of one of the two methods by which high-grade zinc is produced in the United States. The statement which I have before me, which comes from an authentic source, says:

> In the face of this situation, the New Jersey Zinc Co. has persistently refused to grant licenses for the use of its patented processes—the superiority of which seems to be generally recognized. New Jersey's refusal to license its patents is in the face of urgent pleas by such corporations as United States Steel, American Smelting & Refining, Anaconda Copper Co., and National Lead that New Jersey "let down the bars" if only, as one executive puts it, "out of a sense of patriotic duty."
>
> In this regard, it should be noted that New Jersey has granted only two licenses for the use of its process, and each of these has carried restrictions as regards the quantity and quality to be produced. One, to the American Smelting & Refining Co., limited this company to the right to make only 5,000 tons per year. As a concession to the emergency they were permitted to make 7,000 tons in 1941. The other, to the Grasselli Division of du Pont, limited the quality. Meanwhile, through a sale of its patent rights to European interests, both German and Italian producers are utilizing the very processes which are generally denied to American producers.

Mr. President, there is another instance of note, that of a case where one German company refused to allow the use of its patent process by an American company unless the American company would agree that it would not give advertising in the United States to any newspaper which was inimical to Germany in its views and editorial policy. Believe it or not, American companies have, for profit purposes, entered into such combines as that.

So, Mr. President, I say it is not striking that the people of the United States today are very deeply stirred by the failure of their Congress to make adequate provision for the defense of their country and the total mobilization of their country's effort.

We all recall that since General MacArthur has been in Australia, the Australian Government, which is a labor government, has taken unto itself complete control and power over the people and the property of that great land, determined to live or die free men, and to resist the Japanese aggression, which is daily creeping with sinister cruelty closer and closer to their sacred homes.

I think it is therefore time for the Congress to reexamine what it has done, what it is now considering, and what it proposes to do, to see whether or not the

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country can feel that satisfaction which it should feel, that the Congress is making the utmost preparation to meet the greatest attack which has ever been hurled against this land in all its long history.

I regret very much to have to say, as a Member of this distinguished body, that, in my opinion, the American Congress stands lower in the estimation of the American people today, assuredly, than it has stood within my own memory, certainly within the brief period of my tenure here of something over 5 years.

In every part of this country men and women, not just those who are inimical to industry, not just those who are hostile to labor, not those who ordinarily lack confidence in public officials, but good men and good women, conscientious boys and sincere girls, are asking the question: "Is the American Congress fully alert to the danger which confronts our country today? Is the American Congress courageous enough to meet the menace, with the only methods by which it may be adequately resisted and at last thrown back?" I wonder whether or not our record of performance has given them assurance that we do possess the courage which they would like to see us indicate.

For that reason, Mr. President, I am venturing to propose a nine-point program to the Congress, to be by the Congress considered, and I hope approved, in furtherance of the great, Herculean leadership, which is being given to this country and to our kind of world by our incomparable President, Franklin D. Roosevelt. I speak, Mr. President, only in aid of the mighty effort which he is exerting better to prepare and defend America, and to strike down the monsters of tyranny everywhere in the world.

First, I propose that Congress begin with self-examination; that the Congress streamline itself by the creation of a special joint war committee to correlate all congressional activities more closely with one another and with the President and his executive agents, so that the Congress may constantly keep the over-all war picture before it and most effectively provide for and contribute to the winning of the war.

Mr. O'MAHONEY. Mr. President——

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. VAN NUYS in the chair). Does the Senator from Florida yield to the Senator from Wyoming?

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Mr. PEPPER. Mr. President, I hope the Senator will allow me to continue until I shall have completed my statement, in view of the consent agreement which limits the time of each speaker. I am not sure that I will have time enough to say what I contemplate saying. When I shall have finished I shall gladly yield, and I hope there will be time enough to answer any questions the able Senator from Wyoming may ask.

Mr. O'MAHONEY. Mr. President, I shall accommodate myself to the Senator's request.

Mr. PEPPER. I regret the necessity of resisting at this time the inquiry of my friend the Senator from Wyoming, because I should normally be glad to do anything he asks me to do.

Mr. O'MAHONEY. But the charges which the Senator makes against the Congress of the United States are so serious that I think they warrant a little discussion.

Mr. PEPPER. As soon as I shall have completed my remarks I shall gladly yield to any inquiry the Senator may make.

Mr. President, this first point is addressed in the first place to the inherent lost motion there is in the ordinary mechanism of the Congress, and I say this, as I say everything else which I propose to say in these remarks, with kindliness, certainly with great admiration and respect for my colleagues, with the consciousness that I am the least among them. What I shall say is intended purely in the spirit of offering suggestions which I hope might be of some help in the total mobilization of our country, and Congress' effort in that direction.

Mr. President, I started to advert to the fact, as is known to all of us, that in the last few days a great many congressional committees have been carrying on investigations. That means that day after day, and sometimes several times a day, men like Mr. Donald Nelson, and the leading figures in the administrative set-up of the defense program, have to trek up here on the Hill to appear before the various committees of Congress, each of which is acting certainly within its jurisdiction, and, of course, with justification, but nevertheless in a way that burdens those men and restricts the use of their time to their own duties, in which all of us, of course, are vitally interested.

Moreover our committee system, each committee looking through a single glass,

as it were, or not more than through one window, does not give any committee, generally speaking, the opportunity to view the over-all defense picture to see whether there is anything that, out of a responsible source, might be suggested which could contribute something to the winning of the war. I thought therefore that if the leadership of the Congress, both in the House and in the Senate, with the cooperation of the Speaker, and the President of the Senate, were to set up a joint committee composed of Members drawn from the Senate and House, which would be a sort of over-all war committee—and I am certainly not proposing myself for membership, Mr. President, and I should have nothing to do with appointing the personnel of that committee—I believe that such an over-all war committee, charged with no specific investigation, but with the general correlation of the Congress' activities on the subject of national defense, for general cooperation with the President and administrative agents, could very materially expedite the defense program, and very materially increase its tempo and effectiveness.

My second suggestion, Mr. President, is universal manpower mobilization, so that every citizen, every man and woman, may be best trained and placed to win the war in the shortest possible time and with the least loss of lives and money.

Mr. President, I think the time has come for us to decide—I am sure we shall have to decide it sooner or later—whether we mean total all-out mobilization of the strength and the resources of this country, or whether we do not; whether we are going to impose the burden of this war upon a few of our people, and let the rest be exempt; whether we are going to pick out a peculiar class and thrust the responsibility directly upon them, or whether, in the name of America's liberty, in furtherance of America's freedom, we as America's Congress are going to have the courage to challenge the whole American citizenry, men and women, boys and girls, to take their assigned places where they can serve best in the defense of their country, and gladly and enthusiastically perform their several duties.

I realize that that will apply to all ranks and classes of our people, and it is so intended. I mean by that to give the Government the power to assign labor where it might be necessary for labor to be assigned to carry on the defense program, for unless labor shall make it possible for democracy to survive in the earth, there never will be a decent life possible for any man who earns his living by the sweat of his brow.

Mr. President, that also contemplates the power in the Government to draft the brains, the management of the country. I see no reason why a man cannot be called from his factory to perform the functions of a governmental official necessary to his Nation's defense, and why he is not as amenable to the discipline of the defense effort as any man. By that statement I exempt no individual, I exempt no class, I exempt no sex. I say that the Government, by provisions which it should fairly and equitably and intelligently make, should have at its disposal the manpower and the womanpower of this whole great land.

Mr. President, I believe that there is not a Senator who has not seen enough of the sentiment of the country in the last few weeks to know that what the country is clamoring for is for Congress to take a more courageous and stern policy, and a more definite and positive leadership.

Mr. President, I am afraid the people have gotten the impression that we are afraid to lead the country the way they in their hearts and in our hearts we know it ought to be led in the face of this great crisis which is growing daily more terrible upon our very horizon. I believe there is not even the prospect, Mr. President, that a single portion of our people who might so be called would fail to respond in the same patriotic way that the men who have been called in the draft have responded. There were some people who said that if we drafted men in this country before war has been declared there would be resistance. To the eternal glory of this country let it be said that there was hardly a discoverable case in all the great land, from coast to coast, and from our northern boundary to the Gulf of Mexico, and there will not be resistence, Mr. President, from the laboring men, or from factory managers, or from professional men, or from women, if they are fairly, equitably, and intelligently called.

Mr. President, I say the people of the country are begging for a chance to do something which they feel will help and will have a distinct and vital part in the defense program.

The third point is to abolish all legal restrictions of hours of labor during the war.

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Mr. President, I am not saying that it is so bad to have a 40-hour week. I am not saying that perhaps it is not working out fairly well in experience, or that the average actually is not in excess of 40 hours per week; that it does not in some cases approximate even 50 hours. But what I am saying is that it is wrong in principle, in patriotism, in this time of crisis to have a law upon the books which limits the labor of any man in the defense of his country. It gives the wrong impression when a man gets time and a half pay. It gives the impression that he is doing something outside the scope of his duty when he works longer than 40 hours.

Mr. President, no citizen can satisfy his obligation to his land in a time of crisis by working any limited number of hours less than the total of his strength. This may be another case comparable to the one we had presented to us here a bit ago with respect to our own so-called pensions.

As a matter of fact, examined logically, intelligently, and dispassionately, the proposal was not anything like as bad as the newspapers of the country and our enemies tried to pretend it was. In my own case, being 41 years of age, I should have to pay 5 percent of my annual salary, or a total of $10,500, over a period of 21 years, before I ever become eligible for a penny of that retirement fund.

The country, however, never understood that we contributed anything toward the fund. The country thought it was a grab by the American Congress out of the public purse. In this time of crucial challenge to our national security, when our total effort, including our morale, must be mobilized, almost without objection the membership of this body reversed their position and repealed that law, to the obvious satisfaction of the American people. By doing so, by making frank confession of error, I believe, increased the respect in which Congress is held by the American people.

Mr. President, I say, therefore, that as it actually has worked out, the 40-hour-week work limit may not be impeding the program very materially, but if it is impeding it at all, even by one-half of 1 percent, or one-quarter of 1 percent; if it, by a single iota, holds up and handicaps the progress of that program, it is wrong, and it is contrary to the best interests of the people of America.

Mr. President, this has not been an easy decision for me to arrive at. I have been a friend of labor, and I am a friend of labor. I challenge any Senator to show a record of greater fidelity to the cause of labor than my own, as it appears from the records of the Congress. But, Mr. President, the people of this country are deeply stirred. In the past month I have been from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific. I have been from the northern boundary of this Nation to the southern boundary. I have been in my State and in the States of other Senators. The people are disturbed about this thing as I have never before seen them disturbed.

The feeling is not confined to those who are organized enemies of labor. It is not alone in the hearts of the labor baiters. It is not expressed exclusively by those who want to destroy labor unions at all events. It does not come alone from those who take advantage of the national crisis to wrap the flag around themselves and destroy humane efforts wherever they have been made to appear. On the contrary, the major part of these expressions come from the bleeding hearts of the men and women of this country.

I am not one of those who embrace the fallacy that only the sons of the rich are in the Army, and therefore that labor, by not doing all that could be done for the defense effort, is not giving all the support it could give to the sons of the rich who happen to be in our armed services.

On the contrary, Mr. President, I well know that 42 percent of the families of the United States have an annual income of less than $1,000; that 65 percent of the families of this country yearly earn a gross income of less than $1,500; that 87 percent each year enjoy less than $2,500; that 97 percent annually derive less than $5,000; and that only 1 percent of America's families receive $10,000 a year or more. So I know that most of the boys in the Army and Navy and in the air come from humble American homes. I know also that the fathers behind those boys are anxious—yea, willing and begging—for an opportunity to do their very best to make those boys, wherever they are, comfortable and well equipped as they approach the crucial struggle that may end their mortal lives. So I know the fathers of America who labor yield to none in their patriotism and purpose to help America's sons—their sons—win this war.

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But, Mr. President, upon reflection, I believe all will agree that we should remove from the statute books of this Nation any legal impediment to the number of hours a week or a day which a man may work. I shall subsequently refer to a method whereby a reasonable restraint may be imposed and reasonable protection given to labor. None of us is foolish enough to think that we could gain in production by making a man work past the point of diminishing economic return, or more than his bodily efficiency is able to sustain.

The fourth point, Mr. President, is to establish a tribunal authorized to fix, during the war, hours of labor, wages, salaries, profits, prices, and bonuses, and to provide that such tribunal shall give consideration first to the effective prosecution of the war, and, secondly, to what is fair to individuals and groups in relation to other individuals and groups and in relation to the fighting forces and the national economy.

Mr. President, I think that what has occurred respecting labor has been a perfectly natural evolution. It has not been primarily the fault of either labor or industry, but of the American Government. When American industry was called upon by our Allies to provide equipment for them, to be paid for with the money of the Allies, the Government did not step in and fix the limit of its profits. Apparently the Government was willing for industry to make from our sorely pressed Allies abroad whatever profits it was able to make. Consequently the impression got abroad—and naturally reached the employees—that industry had a great opportunity to enrich itself out of the war that was going on on the other side of the world. Many—including some Senators—were saying that it was not our war anyway, that we now had a chance to make up for the hard days of the depression, and therefore we should charge such prices and make such profits as we were able to make. Consequently, high profit scales were established, high prices were put into effect and, obviously and naturally, high wage scales followed.

That condition continued until the time came when two valiant Senators rose in the Senate and offered an amendment authorizing the Government to take over any instrumentality which the Government might require and could not obtain by agreement with its owners. That indicated that the Government reserved the power to acquire those instrumentalities.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. VAN NUYS in the chair). The Chair calls the attention of the Senator from Florida to the fact that his time on the amendment has expired.

Mr. PEPPER. I will take time on the resolution.

When the war eventually came to our own shores by reason of the dastardly attack of the base Japanese, what policy did the Government then follow? Instead of at once calling upon the American people, as an act of patriotism, to put their factories, fields, and farms, their sons, and their strength on the Nation's altar, again we started off on a program of profit for industry and enterprise. We even eliminated some of the price ceilings which previous laws had put upon the statute books. So again manufacturers came to Washington and started haggling over contracts with their Government—not all of them, but a great many of them. Cases have been brought to my personal attention in which as much as months were spent in dickering over the details of contracts, the price the manufacturer was to receive, and what the conditions of the order were to be. As a matter of fact, Mr. President, I think time will disclose that in the long run we would have been far ahead if the responsible officials of the Government had called the representatives of American industry to Washington and said, "Gentlemen, your country is attacked and in danger. Today America expects every man to do his duty; and we know you will. You will be advised what you are expected to produce, and you will go home with the obligation of turning your factory into the production of that article or those articles."

If that had been done, when the employer got back to his factory and disclosed to his employees that he had patriotically put his factory at his country's disposal, I do not believe any labor union in America, or any substantial, responsible labor leader would have taken advantage of that kind of a manufacturer and tried to profit from the patriotism of such management.

But when labor saw the profits of the manufacturers soaring, when it saw exorbitant bonuses and outrageous salaries, some of them extending to more than 1,300 percent of what they were before the war began, was it not natural

and inevitable that labor should say, "If that is the kind of a war we are going to fight, we are entitled to our just share of the national income?"

Another thing occurred quite naturally, Mr. President, and the able Senator from Wyoming [Mr. O'MAHONEY] gave eloquent expression to it on this floor. Finally agriculture came knocking at the door of the Government. It said, "Look at the wage scales; look at the scale of business profits, and compare the income of American agriculture with the profits of American business, and see how poorly the comparison stands for agriculture." Quite naturally agriculture started asking that it have a fair share in the distribution of the national income.

Mr. O'MAHONEY. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

Mr. PEPPER. I yield.

Mr. O'MAHONEY. Let me interrupt the Senator at this point to say that the Senator has not correctly stated the effort which was made in connection with the price-control bill. I know that he has stated the information which was broadcast to the country; but the position of those who spoke for agriculture upon this floor was never that agriculture should be permitted to delve its hands into the Treasury. The position of those who spoke for agriculture was that agriculture should not be victimized when other elements were not being controlled.

Mr. PEPPER. I thank the Senator. That is a much better statement of it than I could have made. That is what I intended to say.

What I have intended to infer, Mr. President, is that the high price structure which has gradually grown up and the inequalities which have crept into our economic life have quite naturally come into existence because the Government did not step in with sufficient foresight and force to see to it that each one obtained his or her or its just deserts.

If that had been done by an appropriate agency following an intelligent process and pursuant to a courageous sentiment, there would not have been the clamor from various groups to have a larger part of the profit of the war effort.

What I propose is the only effective way I know of to see to it that there is a fair balance in the whole economy and a fair distribution of the benefits and burdens among all the people. Consequently, I have proposed that Congress establish a tribunal authorized to fix, during the war, hours of labor. If 40, 45, 48, 50, or 60 hours a week are the hours which will produce the best results from the standpoint of production, those should be the hours. If hours should be lengthened in one industry and shortened in another, that is what ought to be done. If in one section there should be an increase and in another section a decrease by some tribunal acting only from patriotic motives, that is what ought to be done. That requires flexibility and judgment on the part of the directing tribunal and cannot be prescribed by law.

That is the reason why I have said the Congress should establish a tribunal with such power.

Mr. TAFT. Mr. President, will the Senator yield for a moment?

Mr. PEPPER. I shall have to decline to yield until I finish; I decline because of the limitation of time, and not because of anything else.

What I mean to say, Mr. President, is that such board should have power not only over hours of labor, but over wages. After all, what is time and time-and-a-half pay except wages? The extra pay is simply added to the pay envelope at the end of the week. If wages are not high enough in relation to industry's profits and in relation to agriculture's prices, they should be raised; but they should be raised by someone who has the public interest in view, and each group should be dealt with fairly in relation to the others and in relation to the national economy. That is the only way by which we shall ever prevent inflation.

I have included salaries. I see no reason why the same authority should not have the power to limit the salaries paid executives who are engaged in the manufacture of war commodities. Why should the president of a factory manufacturing airplanes receive $100,000 or $200,000 as his annual salary, and give a bonus of $25,000 a year to his girl secretary, and then complain because a carpenter makes a dollar an hour?

If we want to be fair, if we are to be effective, if we are to gain the confidence of the country, the whole economic picture must be considered by the proposed tribunal; and every individual, every class, every segment, and every section must be dealt with rightly and fairly with respect to one another and with respect to the total national economy and the country's defense effort.

I have therefore included the power to fix prices. Obviously, unless prices are

fairly fixed, wages cannot be kept down, and profits cannot be controlled. So the board which is to deal with this subject must have the whole range of factors in its hands or it will not be able fairly and effectively to do the job. Its powers should be sufficiently comprehensive to extend to bonuses.

I have cited as a fifth proposal, Mr. President, prohibition of the payment or receipt of any entrance fees as a condition precedent to war work. Mr. President, imagine the spectacle of a man going to work on a defense facility and having to pay a labor union such a sum as $25 or $50—or in some cases $100 or more before he can use his hands and his skill to defend his country. Such a condition is an abomination against patriotism; and certainly the last to avail itself of such a policy should be the labor-union group, which stands tied forever to the citadel of freedom and liberalism in the world. Therefore, we cannot, when our homes are in danger, stand by and tolerate what in normal times is a fair privilege charge and initiation fee for membership, and allow that kind of toll to be levied—a practice which in some cases has innocently grown up, and in other cases has been willfully contrived for the purpose of taking advantage of the emergency.

I want to see labor unions continue, and I believe that the country is better off with its labor organized into responsible unions; but, Mr. President, in war we cannot put the dollar mark athwart the threshold of labor's door, and say that a man must pay for the privilege of associating himself with his fellow men, to better himself and to defend his country—at least, not more than to the extent of a nominal figure or contribution.

Sixth, authorize the President, for the duration of the war, to acquire or take control of any factory, mine, or facility, at compensation to be fixed by him.

To a very large extent the President has such power; but I desire to be sure that it has no limitations. I want it to be as complete as the power that the labor government in Australia has given to its government in order to hold back the marauding Japanese who are appearing at the very threshold of that country. Here in America we are closer to the enemy's assault than we know. It is not impossible that within 30 days, either upon the borders of this country or on this continent, there will be falling the deadly shells of a wicked enemy, shells that will be spilling not simply rivulets but rivers of blood, the lifeblood of our citizens.

Seventh. Empower the President to direct the use or kind of work to which any factory or facility shall be put to assist in winning the war. If a man's factory is needed in order to do a certain kind of work, let some competent and fair tribunal have the power to say, "We need your factory; you must devote it to a certain kind of use," and then proceed to fix the profit that the owner will receive from its use. That is the only way I know by which we can ever live up to the promises that General MacArthur made to the stalwart people of Australia who are fighting today because they think they can depend upon aid from America; that is the only way they can ever hope to receive what he said would be the full resources and the complete effort of this country.

Eighth. Create two agencies, the heads of which shall be of Cabinet rank, one charged with the mobilization of manpower, and the other charged with the protection of the civilian life behind the lines, so that the American family shall best be served, as men and women are mobilized and communities dislocated by the necessities of war, and to provide prompt and just relief to those upon whom the burden of war has fallen with devastating severity.

Mr. President, I shall not have time, now being limited in time as I am, to discuss every aspect of this matter. I shall discuss just one phase of it. Some weeks ago the automobile industry was cut off from the production of automobiles; and the automobile dealers of the country were frozen, not out of business, but in business. The Ford dealer from Tampa, Fla., came here the other day and told me that under the present rationing plan it would take 10 years for him to dispose of the cars he had on his floor when the order went into effect. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation has not even yet worked out a plan to finance the automobiles that are on the dealers' floors, so that they can keep their properties until the automobiles can be sold.

Mr. President, I call that bungling. The authorities have not yet provided means by which the mechanics and the facilities in the garages can be used in national defense. I call that bungling; and I call the whole dealing with that subject bungling. What I desire to see is some responsible agency that, backed

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by Congress, will be charged with the duty of foreseeing these things, anticipating such dislocations, and, when they do come at last, make effective provision, as best it can be made, to equalize the burdens upon the citizenry of this country, so that no one shall especially suffer more than is necessary.

Ninth. Direct the competent Federal agencies to make an immediate survey and the earliest practicable report upon the extent to which underprivileged and subnormal conditions exist in regard to health, education, and economic opportunity in the United States, and then Congress to resolve that it will make effective provision to remove those handicaps, so that we shall give not only our own people but the people of the world, by our own example, the best evidence of our faith in democracy and the dignity of man.

Mr. President, let me say with equal candor that various committees of the Congress in the interest of national economy have started an attack upon certain agencies which have been created by the Congress in the past. One of them is the National Youth Administration, one of them is the Civilian Conservation Corps, and one of them is the Farm Security Administration. There are many others that already have been attacked and will be attacked much more viciously in the days and months and years that lie ahead.

Mr. President, boys from America's humble homes are being called to the colors. This week I learned to my consternation that the Bureau of the Budget or some agency of the Government had already stopped the activities of the National Youth Administration under which they have in the past given work opportunities to needy boys and girls in the high schools and colleges of this country so they could attend school.

I am ashamed of a government which, when it is prattling and parading democracy to the people of the earth, will let a poor boy or girl who has not the wealth or the opportunity to get an education, go without it because he or she cannot even get a chance to work—and when the total amount involved is $24,000,000. That is what some people call economy. It all depends upon what kind of economy is talked about, Mr. President. Is it economy in human lives, economy in spiritual light, economy in wider horizons of opportunity, to save $24,000,000, and throw out of the high schools and colleges of America tens of thousands of worthy boys and girls?

That is an example of the perversion of patriotism which is going on in some spheres of this Congress.

So, Mr. President, I say we shall hear the worst attack upon the Farm Security Administration because it tried to make it possible for some of the citizenry—and white citizenry at that—of this country to exercise the privilege of sovereignty, and to vote. This agency has been denounced as a betrayer of the public trust in this country.

My God, Mr. President, we talk about saving the world for democracy, and we will not let a citizen vote because he does not have the money to pay for the privilege, and condemn the agency that lends the money to him.

If that is the example we are going to give at home in this crusade for democracy, all people are not going to believe us, Mr. President, and we shall find many people behaving the way people behaved in certain other areas—not seeing much advantage as between one master and another.

So I say, with no apology, let us go out into the highways and byways; let us go to the barren and eroded fields; let us go to the depleted forests; let us go to the rude mountain shacks, and lift these Americans up. Let us go where the humble boys and girls are, and not throw them out of schools, but bring them back with the welcome hand of their Government, saying, "God bless you; prepare yourselves better not only for the physical but the spiritual ordeal which lies ahead."

Let us go to all of our neglected people, and try to lift them up to a level where they will have a chance to enjoy the dignity of citizenship. Let us try to build greater opportunities for them in the sun of their national life. Then, when we have a nation which believes its own government really has its heart burning in the democratic cause, we will sense a new sentiment in this Nation, and we will find a throb of mighty power, greater than any force we have heretofore known.

Mr. President, you have generously borne with me while I have offered these suggestions for consideration by the Congress. I earnestly hope that what the Congress does will reflect a new sentiment in the Congress, a sentiment of vitality and spirit on the part of our membership which will make us pray

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that, as men are dying out in the remote places, and millions more are yet to die, the least we can do is to be worthy of them; that we shall at least risk our political fortunes at a time when they gladly and enthusiastically risk their very lives in the cold oceans or on the bloody fields of battle.

Mr. President, may I say, therefore, that we should lay down a simple standard for our conduct in the future: First, does it progress the cause of winning the war? Second, before God and our people, and with the memories of the dead and the prospects of the living in our consciences, is it right? If it is, without fear or favor we should do it. Let us so bravely live and labor, and we shall deserve to have it said by those who come after us that we kept our rendezvous with destiny; we were true to the race of man.

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United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

March 30, 1942

Honorable Charles Marsh
2304 Massachusetts Avenue N.W.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Charles:

I just thought you would like to see this.

We certainly have received a magnificent response to our speech.

Will see you soon.

With kindest personal regards, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Carter

CP/1
Enclosure

2304 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D. C.
April 28, 1942

Dear Claude:

Mary Louise says that you did a fine piece of work Friday night by radio on patents. Will you please send me a copy?

The time may soon be here when you will have to go to work on a platform patents to really tell the significance, and to predict the future that is to be between now and January 1943.

The lines of the battle are growing tight fast. Some of the factors, of course, may be unknown to you. I think the time will soon be here for a day with you in the country.

Sincerely,

Charles E. Marsh

Senator Claude Pepper
Senate Office Building
Washington, D. C.

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

April 30, 1942

Hon. Charles E. Marsh
2304 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Charles:

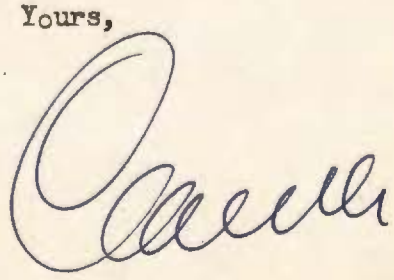
I thank you very much for quoting Miss Glass on my Friday night speech. I was sorry afterwards I did not get in touch with you so you might have heard it. Some said they thought it was one of the best I had made. I gladly send you herewith a copy and would certainly like to discuss this situation with you when we have a chance to get together.

I had a most interesting visit this last weekend with Senator Guffey and the Vice President at York, Pennsylvania, where we attended a dinner Saturday evening. The Vice President spoke briefly and I made the scheduled speech. He spent the night with a friend, but we all returned together Sunday morning. It gave me the best chance I have had to be intimately associated with the Vice President. It was to me a very delightful experience.

I have already missed you too long. Let's get together as soon as circumstances will allow.

By the way, I am sending you by separate cover a batch of the March twenty-sixth speech that you might give to a few friends. Maybe you know that Martin Andersen spread himself sho'nough. If I can put my hands on a copy, I will send it herewith. He had a whole page devoted to the speech with sketches illustrating each point very well done, and devoted his whole column to it. That was a campaign contribution in itself.

Yours,



P:C

2136 - R - Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.
May 23, 1942

Dear Claude:

You seem to be developing a rare combination of the practical politician and the man of courage who does not go into the senatorial latrine with the boy friends.

I liked your vote against X cards. It does probably have more worth in Florida in actual fundamental votes than any speech you have made.

Let them all call you damagog, but don't join in that "nobody loves me" feeling which is sweeping through the House and Senate.

I have just heard from Rayburn, who is being urged to save the country by re-establishing the legislative branch. This means that without ideas there can only be opposition to ideas, so we may expect a frantic effort of the majority of both houses to regain prestige without the tools of the trade. Stay on your own side, which is the right side.

Sincerely,

Charles E. Marsh

Senator Claude Pepper
Senate Office Building
Washington, D. C.

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

June 4, 1942

Hon. Charles E. Marsh
2136 R Street N.W.
Washington, D.C.

Pepper

Dear Charles:

I had a perfectly splendid visit to Orlando. They had about five hundred present at the Chamber of Commerce dinner devoted to Civilian Defense. I mentioned briefly the proposal that Martin and I had discussed at your home. He writes me a letter which shows the splendid way he has already gotten the program working in collaboration with the Red Cross. I knew you would be interested in the letter and I am sending a copy of it herewith. I told him I was going to bring it to your attention because I knew you would be pleased. I think I shall mention it on the floor as an evidence of what a community in Florida is beginning to do.

I had a very delightful trip to Florida, addressing the Associated Dailies in Jacksonville, the Orlando meeting, the Chamber of Commerce group in St. Petersburg, and then a countywide meeting in St. Petersburg at noon with a WSUN carriage. I then returned by Tallahassee, spending a night and part of a day there.

I will get in touch with you shortly.

Yours,

Claude

P:C
Enclosure 1

COPY

Martin Andersen
Publisher

ORLANDO MORNING SENTINEL
ORLANDO REPORTER-STAR
FLORIDA

June 1, 1942.

Senator Claude Pepper,
Washington, D.C.

My dear Claude:

This is Monday afternoon, the day after you left town -- two days after your challenge to the community to do something about the dependents of soldiers and sailors left at home.

I was standing in front of the office and a young man wanted to tell me that he had heard your speech and that he had a worthy case.

Then he told me about Professor Remington, a very fine teacher of music, but whose business happens to be a luxury business and the war simply closed him out.

He and his wife have three sons in the service. This man spent most of his income educating these boys and just as they were getting out of college and about to get started and reimburse him, they were called into the services.

As a matter of fact, they are so prominent that Mrs. Remington was honored in the public Mothers' Day service here for having so many sons in the war.

I immediately called the Red Cross, and Mrs. Igou of the Home Service Department went out and made a personal investigation. Mr. Remington was about to lose his home because of a$180.00 past due F.H.A. loan. He had another $45.00 family loan due.

Anyway, he would take no charity but he agreed to borrow from the Red Cross $287.00 immediately with which to pay his home loan and current bills which were pressing.

Meanwhile, the Red Cross further agreed to loan him $32.00 per month umtil such time as he could get a job.

He will get a job because he is also pretty good at supply and quartermaster work.

I had no difficulty in getting the Red Cross to act, because I gave them $4,000 from our own Christmas charity fund when I came back from talking with you in Washington about this Home Service work. I gave them this money simply because I did not feel that I had the organization or the agency to do this sort of thing.

Now you should feel enthused because the seeds you planted are taking hold so quickly. We were glad to have you and Mrs. Pepper here. It was a nice meeting and you made a good talk.

COPY

We are always glad to see you here, and if we can do anything for you, please let us know.

Very sincerely,

Martin Andersen

MA/ch

P.S. I may add that this man, Remington, had tried to sell the tires from his automobile in order to get food with which to eat. And none of us here in Orlando seemed to know his condition. If it had not been for your appearance, there is no telling that might have happened to this father of three sons in the service.

2136 R Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C.
June 16, 1942

Dear Claude:

We are having a Hell of a time these days. I feel as if you are out of the corral and therefore not quite as effective as you have been and probably will be.

The Flanagan business of recent weeks and the Hollywood line-up is not Claude Pepper, the important Statesman. Every man should have lots of experience but you need no Baruch and no Flanagan in the days to come, nor do you need the applause of the alleged Hollywood intellectuals, which of course have no intellect not otherwise available.

Between your desire for self advancement which of course will require funds, and your wife's desire to glitter a bit, you are in a bad way.

I have been hearing from Florida. I am extremely hopeful of your future, but a recent report from Florida to the effect that your beliefs are good but your timing bad and that the sum total of your speaking effect is that people are beginning to be confused about you, is slightly disturbing to me. If you want the details I will give them to you. Perhaps I will give you a slightly more intimate picture than this letter indicates. If you will just remember that I think you have one of the finest minds and the cleanest fundamental spirit in the Senate, you will be able to take this.

Sincerely,

Charles E. Marsh

Copper

June 17, 1940

1. Confer upon the President full wartime power to prepare and defend America.

2. Universal defense service, so that every citizen may be best trained and placed for the country's defense.

3. Confer upon the President power to suspend all rules, regulations, and statutes, including Army, Navy, and departmental seniority regulations, which in his judgment interfere with the maximum speed in the production, transportation, or manufacture of defense materials.

4. Confer upon the President power to suspend the present debt limitation, if in his judgement such limitation interferes with the maximum speed of the defense program.

5. Grant the President the authority to aid in material or credit those countries and nations which in his judgement at this time constitute America's first line of defense.

6. The President and the Congress to begin immediately the preparation and the adoption of a defense budget and a tax program adequate for the national defense.

7. Confer on the President the power to take into custody for the duration of the defense effort all aliens whose freedom would in his judgement jeopardise the defense program.

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

September 16, 1942

Mr. Charles Marsh,
2136 R. Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Charles:

I feel like an orphan, I haven't seen you in so long. Tardily, I have just written Lyndon a note of congratulations, telling him that I wanted us all to get together soon.

I am deeply sorry things went as they did in Texas. In fact the trend which I have seen so far developing is more than ominous it seems to me for November.

I do want to see you.

Sincerely yours,

Tom

CP:ms

2136 - R - Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.
October 14, 1942

Dear Claude:

Sorry to have missed you Sunday. I am going out of town for a couple of days, and may have the urge to telephone you long distance.

Otherwise, I shall hope to telephone you Tuesday of next week.

Sincerely,

Charles E. Marsh

Senator Claude Pepper
Senate Office Building
Washington, D. C.

Proofs of Albert Rhys Williams book--

The Russians, The Land, The People, and

Why they Fight.

Type of Material: Book, Manuscript Fragment

Author(s): Williams, Albert Rhys

Title of Publication or Description: The Russians: The Land, the People, and Why They Fight

Publisher: Harcourt, Brace and Company

Title of Series/Chapter/Article: Table of Contents**;** Red Army from Middletown on the Volga

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THE RUSSIANS

The Land, the People and Why They Fight.

CONTENTS

Aug. 15

RED SOLDIERS FROM MIDDLETOWN-ON-THE-VOLGA

Out of the 300,000 villages of Russia the Tsar drew most of his twelve million soldiers in the first world war. If sheer numbers counted, they would have overwhelmed the Germans - in the words of the peasants, "swamped them just by throwing our caps at them." But they did not. The celebrated Russian "steam roller" went into reverse, and rolling backward, finally broke into pieces. In Lenin's trenchant words, "the masses of village soldiers voted against the war with their legs - by running away."

They had lost faith in their Little White Father, the Tsar, and in his generals. They were lacking in transport, munitions and in those complex, deadly weapons of modern warfare. Such as they had, they could not handle well. Familiar only with clumsy, primitive implements, these conscripts from the Russian fields and forests were no match in a mechanized war for German soldiers trained in machine-shops, mills and factories.

Since that first world war stupendous events have taken place. The Revolution. The Five-Year Plan. Grids of giant power-stations, mills and blast-furnaces, foundries

and arsenals. Big new cities in the wilderness, old ones doubling and trebling their population. Nevertheless, most of the Soviet peoples still get their living from the land. The armed forces still draw the main bulk of their recruits from the same 300,000 villages as in the days of the Tsar. Only these villages are no longer the same. They likewise have been industrialized, motorized and collectivized. Their eighteen million small holdings merged into a quarter million big-scale farms. A half million tractors have been loosed on the fields. Millions of the sons and daughters of peasants transformed into mechanics. The census of 1940 lists 908,000 tractor drivers, 131,000 combine operators, a million heads of farm brigades.

These facts and figures are widely known, but not much of their human implications. What is the attitude of the hundred million in the Soviet villages? What changes have been wrought in the tiller of the soil? How have they affected him as a citizen and soldier? His ability to handle modern weapons? His stamina and morale? The answer to these questions I sought in a recent visit to Kvalinsk, a town on the Volga, 150 miles below Kubyshev.

I first came upon it fifteen years ago, after long traveling over the Russian land. An administrative and recruiting center for some eighty villages in the hinterland, it depended largely upon their fields of wheat, rye and

sunflowers. A good harvest and the tides of life ran strong in the town; a series of poor ones and they ebbed slowly away.

I came to know the leading characters of the region, from the old Tatar trader in camels and brick-tea to Vlas, the kulak who could put down six pounds of meat and a jorgum of rum at a sitting. Alongside of them, the leaders of the new generation: Petrov, the ascetic secretary of the Soviet; Nikolai, the bullet-scarred hero of guerrilla warfare against the White armies; Denikin, the exceedingly wise and humorous People's Judge; the young commanders of the new Red Army in the making.

In its institutions, ideas and customs - as well as in its racial make-up - it was truly representative of the whole country. I felt in revisiting this Soviet Middletown, that here, as in a microcosm, would be reflected the great changes of the last fifteen years.

It was not a cheerful homecoming. Wandering about the old familiar places in the dusk, the holes in the sidewalk seemed bigger, the fences and kiosks had a more tipsy tilt. The red paint had peeled from the wooden obelisk to the Heroes of the Revolution. Along the dusty streets a few figures slowly shuffled in silence. Only the bugs in the shabby hostel where I took refuge showed signs of energy and enterprise.

In the morning I woke to the rumble of grain trucks over the cobbles. Loud-speakers on corners were blaring out news, music, and crop reports. Women were filing into a new plant for canning fruits and vegetables. Streams of wheat and rye were pouring into the Volga barges. Clerks with bulging portfolios (under arms) hurried to offices. And at last, old familiar faces followed by old Russian greetings, "Skolko zimi Skolko let!" "How many winters! How many summers since we last met!"

Presently around the samovar in the Judge's home, while his wife was pouring out carrot tea, I caught up on the news. Old Vlas and the Tatar camel-trader had died. Three of the young Comsomols had climbed to high posts in the Red Army. During the purges six of the old Bolsheviks had been put out of the Party, among them the Judge himself. All but one, however, were now being reinstated. Kvalinsk was on the way to a "cultured" life, boasting a newspaper, telephones, three new rest-homes, motorized trucks instead of horses for the fire-engines, plans for a big cement mill. There would be lots more to show if a fourth of the Soviet budget wasn't going into defense. Things were getting tense and tighter. On the wharf they had just caught two German agents posing as stevedores. What was the outlook for war? Would the Nazis begin it? Would America line up against them? Anyhow, the Soviets were getting ready and Kvalinsk was doing its part. It was now a region of complete

collectivization. It had been a long struggle against kulaks and crop failures. But this year, - thank God! - there was a bumper harvest! The villages were one big grain factory.

Eager to be off to these villages, I hurried over to the Soviet for conveyance. It was housed in the same old building, but its occupants were altogether different. A photograph of this Soviet taken fifteen years ago by William Wasserman of Philadelphia and reproduced in The New York Times showed nearly all its members over 35 years of age. Now it was just the reverse. Offices and power had passed into the hands of the youth - business-like and alert. But for all that I couldn't get any action out of them. They told me the transport head was away. Would I come back in the afternoon. I came.

"Sorry, but he hasn't returned. Please come back in the morning."

I did so, and throughout the next day. Each time apologizing, they pointed out that this was the busiest season of the year. The harvest was in full tide, and on top of that they were getting ready for the fall elections, the opening of schools, the mustering in of the new recruits for the Red Army. No doubt they were really busy - their tasks greatly augmented by red tape, by too much concentration of work and authority in this center. Officials were continually coming and going; clerks toiling

over mountains of documents; lights burned in the windows long after midnight.

It was not, however, on account of these activities I was put off with excuses (given the run-around). It was rather the big placard on the walls: "Citizens be Vigilant! Guard against Foreign Agents, Spies and Wreckers!" I had excellent credentials, properly signed and stamped. But so did the two Nazi spies they had caught on the river. So did every foreign agent worming his way into Soviet factories and fields. There was just a chance that I might be one of them, and they weren't going to risk it (take that chance). Clearly no one less than the President of the Soviet would shoulder the onus of sending me into the villages. But that dour person, Gutkin by name, was even more adroit in the arts of evasion and vanishing. At last I cornered him and made a direct assault.

"You are all very busy. So was Lenin. Yet in the midst of the Revolution he took time to find transport for me to Vladivostok. All I want from you is transport to the villages."

A half-hour later I was headed for the villages. Along old familiar roads in clouds of dust we jolted to the top of the Volga hills and an almost breath-taking surprise. The whole aspect of the landscape was changed. The thousands of tiny plots and patches once checkering it like a

crazy-quilt were now merged together into big compact fields. Upon them rich (stands)(spikes) of ripening grain in billowing tides (of gold) reached to the far horizon. Unfamiliar as the sight of these wide fields were the sounds that rose from them - the staccato chugging of tractors. We passed tractors with combines cutting grain in twelve-foot swathes (like a clipper clicking over a horse); hauling chains of trucks loaded with grain; dragging gang-plows turning up the loam six furrows wide.

Presently we were in Yelshanka, the center of three collective farms, called kolhozes. The zealous secretary proudly pointed out the "Lenin Library," "The House of Defense," the "Laboratory Hut." They were old houses, now slightly remodeled, equipped with books, charts, instruments and re-christened with these new names. Alongside was a substantial new building for the kolhoz (and its) offices; on the outskirts some new-built communal barns, silos and sheep-folds. Far and away the most impressive was the new Machine-Tractor Station - one of the 7,000 set up on these far-away steppes and villages.

Instead of the mere park or machines as I had imagined, it was a huge shop filled with electrically driven lathes, forges, cranes and triphammers. Here, begrimed with grease and sweat, some forty youths were working over dynamos, bolting engines into tractors, riveting plates onto

caterpillar treads, welding discs onto gang-plows. A clanging, smoking "arsenal of the field," - the local point of power and action for the seven kolhozes it was serving. Now, quite likely, it is playing a direct part in the war, serving as a repair shop for disabled Soviet tanks and armored cars. And if the Nazis have come, it is probably (turned into) a blackened mass of ruins.

At noon with one of the camp-kitchens I went out to the harvesters in the fields. Slowly a brigade of three tractors and combines, a young Amazon in the lead, came to a stop. The crew - twenty-five of them women - climbed down from their machines and huddled together in the shade. None were over thirty years of age, except a benign, bearded old man, bearing the proud title, "Inspector of Grain." As they fell upon the cabbage soup, black bread and cucumbers, I fell upon them with questions. They were members of a big kolhoz called, "Dawn of Socialism." For three years there had been a series of crop famines from hail, frost or drought and the dread "Dryer Wind," blowing up from the scorching plains of Asia.

But last year eight "activists," returning from the Red Army, were elected managers and leaders of brigades. They obtained fertilizers, clean seeds and at last a full complement of machines. Thanks to them, the kolhoz for the first time plowed deep, planted early, put in good seeds.

The rains had been scanty, but in spite of that, just look at the fields! Every stalk full-eared and so thick a mouse could not squeeze through! Twenty-four bushels to the acre and 3,000 acres of it! Nobody ever saw the like before.

"Isn't that so, Dedushka?" they asked the old man.

"The truth," he admitted. "Still, if God didn't send the sun and rain, we wouldn't have any crop."

"Some day we'll be able to get along without any rain at all."

"Maybe so," rejoined the old man. "But you won't get along without God."

At this juncture the brigadier leader, eyeing me askance as I jotted down notes, broke in. "Who are you? Why all these questions?"

I handed over my Moscow credentials which he read slowly aloud.

"Very good," he remarked. "But Moscow officials haven't a million eyes. They can't watch out for everybody." Fortunately, two of the crew recalled my former sojourn in this village. With their espousal and the aid of a few cigarettes the colloquy went on while they rested.

In this region the norm of each combine was fifty acres a day. They had enlisted as a "shock-brigade" pledged to reap seventy. Three days ago a shock-brigade on a nearby

kolhoz, "May Morning," challenged them in "socialist competition.": Which brigade could harvest the most in a week? They had accepted and the race was on. Everything had gone at top speed until yesterday when their best driver had been called away to the "grasshopper front," and the carry-off trucks had been slow in taking away the grain. These delays put them some forty acres behind their rivals. But wait until tomorrow, and they would be that much ahead. Could I keep a secret? They had gotten hold of two searchlights. With them on the tractor heads they were going to reap late into the night.

"Let's go," said the brigadier. The drivers climbed into their seats and opened their throttles. Steadily, with rotating reels and clicking blades, the combines moved across the fields, simultaneously reaping, threshing, winnowing the grain and pouring it into hoppers.

The last time - fifteen years ago - I watched the reaping of these fields, the whole village was mobilized, every man, woman and child. All day bent double, they cut the grain with sickles, gathered it with wooden rakes and pitchforks, beat it with flails on earthen threshing-floors, flung it with shovels above their heads to be winnowed by the wind. Now in the combines, all these implements and processes were merged into one as in the kolhozes, all the plots of land had been merged into one. In a day

they were doing more than the peasants with back-breaking labor did in a month.

What else the machines and the kolhoz have done is told in the following chapter on, "Revolution on the Land." One part of that revolution is the transformation wrought in the character and outlook of the new generation. There, as in the other 250,000 Collective Farms, the youth was not only machine-minded, but much more versatile, aggressive and daring than their fathers.

Their militant spirit was reflected in their language. To them, this "battle for the harvest" was one phase in a long struggle for the new way of life. They spoke of "advances in this sector," "retreats on that sector," of exterminating spies like rats and gophers"; of comrades who had gone away "to fight on the irrigation front," the "coal front," the "school front."

Easily these military terms fell from their lips. In this kolhoz were a score of veteran guerrilla fighters from the last war. Most of the men over twenty-five had served their term in the Red Army. Half of the harvesting crews were reservists. The new recruits were to be called to the colors in the coming week. Already they had three weeks of preliminary training.

Here in this kolhoz was the nucleus of one of these guerrilla bands that play havoc behind the German lines -

cutting supply lines, wrecking trains, blowing up bridges and munition dumps. How were they organized so quickly to act so effectively? The answer is that they were there almost ready-made in the Collectives. These men were accustomed to working together cooperatively under a commander. All they had to do as the Nazis approached was to slip away to the forest, and another guerrilla band acquainted with the ways and weapons of modern war would be in operation.

How well acquainted, I found out one day in the little "House of Defense," an institution existing found in almost every village. It contained charts and diagrams of the Red Army; portraits of Stalin, Budenny, Voroshilov. A big wall-map of the Soviet Union, showing the frontiers of its enemies - on the west edged with Nazi swastikas, and on the east with flags of the Rising Sun. Models of tanks and airplanes. Some rifles and machine guns.

In summer it was usually deserted. But when a thunderstorm drove the harvesters from the field, the little house was packed with a crowd of arguing, gesticulating youth. On my last visit I had listened to the old peasants wrangling for hours over moot questions: "Horse versus Camel," conducted by their respective champions with inimitable pantomime and "three-storied" oaths; or "Infantry versus Cavalry."

To this new generation horses and foot soldiers seemed

since infantry & cavalry are both very important in modern warfare, these examples doesn't seem too apt —

non-existent. The subject of their debate was Tractors - "Light versus Heavy," "Wheel versus Caterpillar." At loggerheads over a technical point, they appealed to me - the Russians cherishing the illusion that every American is an understudy of Ford or Edison. From tractors on the grain fields, the discussion turned to their role in the battlefield - "with armor and guns, a tractor becomes a tank." From the ground, the debate passed to the air, and I left them locked in a dialectical struggle over combat planes.

A week later, back in Kvalinsk I saw the new recruits from the farms and villages entering the town. They came on foot with bags of black bread on their backs, on trucks and wagons, in companies often to fifty, singing as they marched. There were 750 of them, converging upon a building hung with a red banner, proclaiming "Greetings to the Defenders of the Socialist Fatherland." On one side was a dining-shed with iron kettles embedded in brick. On the other, the "club" newly whitewashed and festooned with red. Along its walls - and on boardings in the town - were these placards:

> "New Recruits! Into the Tsar's army your fathers went protesting against the old discipline of blows and beatings. In drunkenness and bravado they sought to drown their grief. Now you consciously go into the Red Army, a school of warriors for the toilers. Down with cursing and ribald songs! Forward

to the new life opening before you - a life of cleanliness, comradeship and culture of mind and body! Be worthy of your high calling."

The "club" contained a booth with cigarettes and kvas, a corner for chess and checkers, and under a banner with the legend, "The Red Armyist is a Warrior with Book and Rifle," tables with newspapers, books, pamphlets. While largely on political, military, technical subjects, among them were such titles as Sholokhov's Quiet Flows the Don, Gorky's Mother, Upton Sinclair's No Pasaran.

In a central chamber sat the recruiting commission, an officer at the door calling the recruits by name and serial number. As they passed in, I tried to follow them - as I had fifteen years ago - but met with a decided refusal. The orders were strict against admitting any outsider on any pretext. How then admit a foreigner? At this moment the commander in charge emerged and recognized me. A short parley over the telephone with Getkin and I was sitting with the commission. It consisted of four officers and five doctors, three of them specialists - Tuberculosis, Venereal, Trachoma. Through a side door the recruits entered three at a time, hair close-cropped and bodies stripped of all clothing. To become suddenly the focus of ten pairs of eyes might have been embarrassing were they not accustomed to the collective nudity of the village baths.

Straightway the doctor went to work tapping chests, lifting eye-lids, counting heart-beats, jabbing fingers into groins. A brief case history of each man. Then at the officers' table, a barrage of questions about family, number of dependents, education, branch of service preferred.

All day long they shuttled in and out, a variegated procession of types, races and physiques. Tatars with high cheek-bones, looking like Genghis Khan. Old Believer lads crossing themselves with two fingers as they entered. Swart, short-headed Ukrainians, one with a tufted scalp-lock in old Cossack style. Fair-skinned Russians with thighs and legs of alabaster white in contrast to their bodies bronzed almost black from going shirtless in the sun. A trio with such superb physiques that even the hard-bitten doctors could not refrain from exclamations of wonder and delight. Another group showing (too plainly) the effects of early malnutrition - bow-legged, gaunt and weazened.

In point of fact, most of the 750 recruits were rather lean-looking - a condition due not to any scarcity of food, but to intense recent labors in the fields. It left them lank, but supple, sinewy, hard-muscled. Compared with similar contingents of drafted men in the West, they appeared extraordinarily sturdy and free from ailments.

From the official report I had a chance to check up on my impressions. The doctor gave it to me a few days later

when I dined in their quarters. It showed that only six percent of the recruits were rejected on physical grounds - malaria, rickets and tuberculosis the chief causes. Of syphilis - hitherto somewhat prevalent in this region - there were only two cases. My suggestion that this was probably due to the decline in the old custom of eating from a common bowl, and kissing the sacred images, was greeted with the usual scepticism of medical men. They ascribed it rather to the intensive campaign against syphilis, the setting up of free prophylaxis points on the wharves and in the "snub-nosed" villages along the river. The two cases were taken into the army for immediate, intensive treatment.

Most noteworthy to the doctors was the disappearance of trachoma. Among the Mordvins living in dark, chimneyless huts, filled with acrid wood-smoke and ridden with insects, this eye disease had been endemic. Fifteen years ago there were fifty cases; in this draft none at all, thanks to better houses and hygiene.

do you mean among those drafted? - It isn't clear -

Another important factor stressed by the doctors in lifting the general level of health was the elimination of the scourges once ravaging the villages. Cholera was practically eradicated by quarantining the boats in which it came stealing up the Volga; typhus, by killing of rodents infested with lice and fleas; smallpox, by compulsory

vaccination. From whatever organic weaknesses that follow these diseases, this new generation was free. They were on the average heavier, taller, bigger-chested than their predecessors. State medicine had played its part in preparing them physically for their tasks as soldiers.

Another constantly operating factor making for strength and stamina was the condition of life in the villages. The kolhozes had given them machines, but as yet, few of the comforts and amenities of life. They were accustomed to privations, to the extremes of heat and cold; to work long and hard on a simple diet; to sleep on the floor or under the open sky; to go on long journeys by foot; to endure pain and hardship without flinching. Such are the Spartan qualities demanded of soldiers on active service. To these recruits they were not something to be acquired by arduous training and discipline in the army; they had been bred and drilled into them from childhood.

Enlisted in the armed forces, the next question was what branch of service. Each recruit was called upon to state his preference. This, together with his occupation, aptitude, training, determined the assignment. Rivermen usually went into the navy; artisans into the artillery; horsemen into the cavalry; the peasants en masse into the infantry.

"So it was under the Tsar and up to a few years ago,"

said the commander, explaining the system. "It was the exceptional peasant that ever thought or dreamed of being anything else than a foot soldier. Now it isjust the reverse. These boys want to ride on wheels and soar on wings. If they had their way, we would have no infantry at all. Over half of them have plumped for the tank corps and aviation."

They had chosen these branches in spite of the extra years' service. Furthermore, as the report showed, most of them were well qualified to enter them. In this was reflected the colossal change in the villages. For the old peasant it was difficult enough to exchange his wooden plow for a rifle, his scythe or sickle for a sword. Before the formidable, complicated weapons of modern warfare, he would have stood aghast and bewildered. But to these sons of the peasants there was nothing alien or mysterious in armored cars, tanks and planes. They were only bigger replicas of the machines they already knew. With their operation, construction and repair, they were well acquainted. Over the fields they had driven them singly and in echelons. No great strain then to step from the steering wheels of the tractors to those of the tanks, from the levers and controls of the combines to those of the combat planes. They had only to extend and amplify the knowledge and skill they already possessed. The fields of the collectives were training grounds

preparing them technically, asit had physically, for the demands of modern mechanized warfare.

"The Red Armyist not only knows how to fight; he knows also what he is fighting for." That oft-repeated Soviet phrase I first heard from the commander in comparing the present figures on literacy in this region with the past. Under the Tsar some 30 percent of the recruits fromthis region could read and write. Ten years ago, 70 percent. "Now," he asserted, "97 percent!"

I ventured to remark - not quite accurately - that the level had been reached in America twenty-five years ago.

"But our youth are not only literate," rejoined the Commander, "they are politically literate. They know something of the teachings of Marx, Lenin and Stalin. They know what we are trying to do; what we have already done. They know that the Fascists are our deadly enemies and sooner or later we must fight them."

If this was not true, it was not the fault of the Soviets. Ceaselessly these ideas have been ~~driven~~ taught into the new generation. In the schools where social studies occupy the place formerly held by religion; in the press, cinema and radio; by slogans in big letters on red banners; by cartoons, posters and placards. Even the most obtuse and backward cannot remain wholly immune to all this ~~[illegible]~~ ~~propaganda~~.

With the rudiments at least of political knowledge, the Soviet youth enters the army prepared for the intensive training (study) awaiting him. There 450 solid hours are devoted to economics, civics and history. He is as thoroughly drilled in Marx as in machine-guns. He enters one of the score of "circles": Science, learning with test tubes and chemicals how phosphates are turned into gunpowder. Foreign Language, teaching German and Japanese to those who are to serve as scouts, spies and agitators behind the enemy's lines. Theatre, reenacting in plays on the stage the dramatic story of the Revolution from its first stormy beginning. He takes part with comrades and officers in cycles of "camp conversations," on such themes as, "The Soviet Union as the Fatherland of the Toilers, the Champion of Oppressed, the Rampart against Fascism, the Pioneer of the New World and Life." By a multitude of ingenious devices the Red Army seeks to instill in its members a wider, more vital understanding of the achievements, aims and ideals they are called on to defend.

What meaning had they to these recruits in Middletown-on-the-Volga? What part in creating loyalty and morale? With ~~very~~ few, doubtless, were the ideals of the Revolution a dominant motive. On the other hand, probably very few remained wholly untouched, unaffected by them. All of them, however, enter the army fully aware of certain concrete

(tangible) things the Soviets have brought them: the kolhozes in which they have a direct stake and ashare. The great fields and the machines for tilling them. The ever-expanding economy opening up thousands of new jobs and positions. The schools, colleges and technicums, fitting them to lay hold of these new opportunities. The whole array of Soviet enterprises and institutions including the Red Army itself - at once an object as well as the means of defense. These are the things giving significance to the lives of these recruits from their Soviet Middletown and from thousands of others. For them, and the promises they hold for the future, they are fighting on the long front from the Black Sea to the Baltic, from the steppes of the Ukraine to the tundras of the Arctic.

ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

The Russians

THE LAND, THE PEOPLE, AND WHY THEY FIGHT

Why is it that the whole Russian people are waging such a magnificent fight against the German armies? Americans have been confused by the conflicting pictures of Russia they have been given in the past ten years, and need to know what is behind the emergence of Russia as a great world power, and what role the Russians themselves expect to play in the future. This factual, intimate, and informed book provides the answers.

Mr. Williams was in Russia through the revolution; and at different times since then he has spent thirteen years living and talking with Russians in all parts of their vast land. He has known Russia's leaders from Lenin to Litvinoff, though he has never become involved in the factionalism that has split both the friends and the enemies of the Soviet government. He is the author of many books on Russia, of which the latest, *The Soviets,* was called by nearly every expert the most important book on the subject. Perhaps no other man in the world is as well qualified to explain Russia and its peoples to American readers.

Probable date: October *Probable price: $2.50*

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Dr. Inman is executive secretary of the Committee on Cooperation in Latin America; he has served as exchange professor at the University of Chile and the national universities of Mexico, Santo Domingo, Brazil, and Uruguay.

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VIRGINIA LLOYD HUNT

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Here is the first American handbook to cover fully the practical problem of living in the tropics. It packs into a small space every

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1. WHY THE RUSSIANS FIGHT

One day some years ago when I was plodding along the dusty roads back from the Volga, clad in an old Russian blouse and sandals, a peasant gave me a lift in his wagon. After some conversation in Russian, his curiosity was aroused. Usually a stranger shows by his accent from what province in Russia he comes. My accent is 100 per cent ~~mid-west~~ American—like nothing he had ever heard before. Puzzled, but polite, he queried:

"May I ask, *tovarish,* from what province you might be coming?"

"From the biggest and the richest in the world," I replied vaingloriously. "From America."

Pausing a moment as he eyed my shabby clothes and shoes, he remarked softly, "So you're from the richest province in the world, eh? And now, may I ask, *tovarish,* how much of those riches belong to you? What have you got out of it?"

This question about America is one often asked today about Russia—especially today. What have the people gotten out of their Revolution? What is it they are fighting for?

For a correct appraisal one should list both Russia's successes and failures, and strike a balance between the good and the bad. The tendency, however, in the case of a country which challenges or shocks many of our long-cherished ideas and beliefs, is to emphasize its negative sides. And it is easier, too, to dramatize evil than virtue. One could discourse endlessly on what one doesn't like in Russia—from two kinds of cold water in the taps to bureaucrats, purges, and repressions.

Not by its negative aspects, however, can one explain or evaluate the Soviet Union—or any other nation or people. America has probably delivered the greatest measure of well-being to the greatest number of people of any country in the history of the world. But one could get no concept of that by focusing on gangsters, suicides, unemployed. Neither can one get any conception of the strength and spirit of the Soviets by concentrating upon their dark sides. Yet that is what the public was doing for the past few years, up to the war. They knew little about Soviet achievements; a great deal about Soviet follies, failures, cruelties.

With this one-sided, distorted picture, no wonder Americans were amazed by the turn of events in Russia. They had come to believe that the country, hopelessly disorganized, was infested with Quislings and traitors. Then they saw the Soviets standing up almost single-handed to the assault of those German armies which in the last war was borne by the land forces of five Great Powers.

They had come to believe that the Soviets were on the road leading back to the Middle Ages and barbarism. Then they were told by leaders like General MacArthur and Lord Beaverbrook that the hopes of civilization rest upon the banners of the Red Army.

They had come to believe that the Soviet people were cowed and spiritless or, seething with rebellion, were ready to rise up and welcome the invader. Then they heard Win-

is a powerful driving force in their lives today.

This ideal of the good society, of course, is not unique with the Russians. One finds it in Robert Ingersoll's *Vision of the Future;* in the writer of Revelations who saw a new heaven coming down to earth; in the poet, Blake, who would build "Jerusalem on England's green and pleasant land." What is unique is that in Russia this dream which has haunted the minds of the poets and seers is a moving force in the man of the street, the factory, and the village. It is the goal of a great body of hard-working men and women informed with an understanding of social laws and forces and with a program they belive will realize it.

One finds it cropping up in the most unexpected people—in this foreman who looks like a hard-fisted, labor-driving boss; the director of a big department store; the gaunt woman heading a collective farm; a teacher in the Siberian forest. There in the Urals is Peter Petrovich, a tireless, sleepless miracle of a man, sixteen hours a day on the job, doing the work of three men. Tell him to stop, to rest, or he will drop dead in his tracks. "And what if I do?" he laughs. "Then I will have a long rest, and over my grave they may say, 'Here lies Engineer Peter Petrovich, who died at his post, doing his duty for the cause.' "

Peter Petrovich is a young man, and there is another clue to the secret of why the Russians fight. For Russia is a nation of youth, with all that implies of vitality, idealism, and courage. Almost two-thirds of the population are under thirty years of age, as against half or less that number in England and France.

In the age group, sixteen to thirty, are almost 50 millions, providing the country with an immense storehouse of human energy. And this it most decidedly does. Everywhere one finds youth placed in the highest, most responsible positions. A fourth (284) of the deputies to the Supreme Soviet are less than thirty years old; four-fifths of the explorers, engineers, and scientists who conquered the Arctic; a third of the commanders of the Red Army.

In many ways this Soviet youth—sport-, air-, and machine-minded—resemble the youth in the West. In one respect they are different. Growing up in a socialist land, most of them have never seen a capitalist or landlord, and hardly know what one looks like. Politically minded and active, they have taken a leading part in every Soviet campaign: collectivizing the farms; coaching the 100 million voters in the use of the ballot; training pilots, parachutists. ("We must be a generation of winged people, the best fliers in the world.") Likewise in industry they have initiated those movements for increasing the output of labor: the "shock brigades" in which one group of workers sets itself against another group in turning out the most steel, tanks, shoes; the "Stakhanovites," who broke records by making the most effective use of tools and time. And then, to meet the terrific demands of war, within a week after the Nazis crossed the frontier rose

To the Nazi youth war was exalted as the means through which humanity grows great and noble. Vittorio, the son of Mussolini, back from bombing the defenseless peoples of Ethiopia, exclaimed, "War is the most complete and beautiful of sports." (Anyone who said that in Russia would be shot!) To this Soviet youth, building was the most complete and beautiful of sports.

They had built much in the last decade. But it was little alongside those plans they had for the future. In June, 1941, 2,231 new enterprises were in process of construction. The giant plants of the first Five-Year Plans were to grow into a race of super-giants. In the Urals the biggest steel mill in the world. On the Great Bend of the Volga, the biggest power plant. Beside them, the domes and turrets of hundreds of colleges and institutes, Palaces of Art and Culture. Moscow was to become the most beautiful city in the world.

Then, suddenly, the shattering of their plans and dreams with the thunder of Nazi cannon in the West. The builders were summoned to rally in defense of what they had built. The shock-brigades of the factories became the shock battalions for the battle front. The tractor drivers of the farms grasped the throttles of tanks and fighting planes. They took their places in that long, blood-soaked zone reaching from the Caucasus to the tundras of the Arctic.

These are the lads who rush into the gaps to stiffen the wavering lines. The machine-gunners desperately holding the pill-boxes and barricades until crushed beneath Nazi tanks. The commissars injecting new hope and nerve into the tired battalions. The dynamiters mining dams and factories and, just as the prizes are within Nazi grasp, blowing them to bits. The white clad ski troops like phantoms gliding out of the white birch forests to strike terror in the enemy's rear. The guerrilla bands, from ambush hurling bottles of blazing gasoline upon the Panzer columns. The last ditch fighters tying sticks of dynamite to their bodies so when the Nazi tanks pass over them, they will be blown to bits. The "living bombs," loading obsolete planes with explosives and living on Nazi troop ships to perish together with their planes. These are the ones so often proclaimed by the Nazis as dead and defeated—rising up again and again to administer death and defeat to the invaders.

True, they are no different from the soldiers in the other armies of the United Nations—Canadians, Czechs, Chinese, Dutch, Norwegian. No more daring than those British airmen decorated for their exploits over Moscow. No more valiant than our own soldiers locked in struggle with the Japanese in the Pacific. To paraphrase Kipling: "There is neither border nor breed nor birth, when brave strong men fight side by side, though they come from the ends of the earth." But where we have lost our tens of thousands, the Russians have lost their millions. Millions of the bravest and best—giving up their lives to preserve the heritage of our civilization, conscripts of the dream of building a better world.

Russiana

J

is given the land "forever," and it may not be reduced, sold, or rented. Besides this communal land, each member has an individual plot for his house, garden, orchard, cow, poultry, and beehives. As in an industrial co-operative, authority is vested in the "general meeting" of all the members, which elects a chairman, a board of managers and auditors. It confirms the plans for seeding, reaping, building, and swamp-draining; accepts or expels members; decides on the division of income in accordance with the rules laid down in the "model" constitution for kolhozes.

Some kolhozes are well-equipped with machinery, but most of them look to the government-owned-and-operated Machine-Tractor Stations for their gang-plows, combines, flaxpullers, potato-diggers, and big trucks. There are some 7,000 of these scattered throughout the country, each servicing a group of farms, not only with machines, but with technicians training the farmers how to drive them; accountants assisting in keeping the books and tallies; agronomists planning the rotation of crops, conservation of moisture, fertilizers.

All the work on the kolhoz is done by its members. They are divided into brigades of five to fifty, to each of which is allotted a specific task. One brigade may be assigned to a big grain field and to fix responsibility, is charged with a section of land the season through. Another is given the construction and repair of buildings, bridges, and roads. Upon another devolves the care of the kolhoz herds—horses, oxen, or camels. Thus each man or woman, instead of being a jack-of-all-trades on an individual farm, becomes something of a specialist, doing the work for which he has a particular training, liking or ability.

One's income depends on the quality and quantity of the work performed, reckoned in "work-days." Thus the binding of a certain number of sheaves counts as one "work-day;" the time of a first-class tractor driver for a day as two "work-days." For those running ahead of norms set by the kolhoz, there are bonuses in kind—a fifth of the suckling pigs above calculations; half the surplus baby chicks; a sixth of the extra eggs.

In casting up the accounts for the year and dividing the harvest, the first part goes to the State for taxes, usually in the form of deliveries of grain, flax, and meat at low fixed prices. Then the payment, also in kind, to the Machine-Tractor Station for the use of threshers, reapers, plows, and trucks. That leaves about two-thirds for the kolhoz. After setting aside seed and fodder for the coming year and for "improvements" like buying a blooded bull or building a new silo, the rest is divided among the members according to "work-days." A big family may thus receive a ton or more of grain as well as its quota of potatoes, meat, butter, and wool.

In addition to his share of the joint products of the kolhoz each member has, of course, all the income from his own garden, cows, poultry, rabbits, berries, and bees—the amount depending on how well and how diligently he tends them. These together with its share from the general fund may be consumed by the family, sold in the many special markets or bartered with neighbors. Thus the kolhoz seeks to combine the benefits of social co-operation with the free play of individual initiative and enterprise.

On the whole it has won the allegiance of the peasants

Of all the new regions the *Urals* and *Western Siberia* are most important from an economic-military standpoint. The last time I talked with Lenin in the spring of 1918, he said,

"Soon from west and south the White Armies will be driving in on Moscow. But never mind. We have the big, rich Urals to fall back on. There we can hang on for a long, long time."

While the Whites, like the Nazis, almost reached the gates of Moscow, they never captured it. So Lenin did not have to flee to the Urals. But in mind and feeling, he was often there. Pointing out on the map the region lying between Vologda and Tomsk, he would say:

"Look at it! An immense territory half savage and in some cases wholly savage. In that now wasted wilderness, a score of civilized states could be built up."

It was more than a decade before this vision began to take form and shape. It began in earnest around the twin-peaked Magnet Mountain that rises out of the barren plain near the frontier of Asia and Europe. It was discovered when a traveler noticed the needle of his compass, instead of pointing north, pointed to this mountain. It was an almost solid mass of magnitite—60 per cent pure iron.

In 1928 armies of workers with dynamite, bulldozers, steam shovels and dredges moved in on the place. They were joined by exiled kulaks, Kirghiz nomads from the steppes, engineers from America. Hills were rent asunder; rivers turned from their course; caravans of camels, oxen and tractors struggled through mud and dust storms. Buildings, hurriedly thrown up at the wrong place, were torn down, to be erected again. Concrete froze as it poured. Typhus and malaria swept through the flimsy shacks and dugouts of the workers. Agents of the secret police watched out for spies and wreckers. Engineers, cursing and toiling like mad, hurried by plane to Moscow to get relief from red tape and delays. Everywhere—noise, dirt, stenches, confusion.

But steadily out of seeming chaos emerged the outlines of the huge metallurgical combine. Blast furnaces now light up the long winter night and stain the snow fields with their fumes. The howls of wolves are drowned by the roar of rolling mills. Long trains of ore-laden cars rumble off to the Kuzbas and Karaganda, bringing back coal to smelt the iron of Magnetogorsk. Out of the river, dammed into a five-mile lake, the water pours to cool the masses of molten metals. On the once barren, windswept plain now stands a city of 400,000 with its huge combine covering twenty-seven square miles. It turns out half as much steel as all Russia under the Tsars. Constantly expanding, it is slated to become the biggest in the world, with an annual output of 4,000,000 tons of coke, 4,500,000 tons of iron, 5,000,000 tons of steel.

This is what the Soviets call the "bread of industry," the raw material for cannon, tanks, armored trains in the present; for bridges, rails, radios and telephones in the future—"the wings of steel by which we lift ourselves to the sun." Magnetogorsk is but one of a hundred new enterprises established in this mid-continent—based not only on metals, coal and oil, but on the virgin forests, the fisheries of the big Siberian rivers; the rolling wheat and cattle-grazing lands of the steppes. They constitute here a second Soviet State, self-sufficient and as large as Western Europe. On its western

They found that scores of plants in the Nazi-occupied regions, instead of being blown up, were in full operation. Uprooted from their foundations, and loaded onto trains along with their workers, they had been shipped a thousand miles or more into the East.

While the Red Army slowly retreated before the advancing Nazis, keeping its forces intact, with the same skill the industrial army of the nation made a parallel retreat, keeping its forces and equipment intact. Night and day the trains moved East laden with the turbines of the Dnieper dam, the stamp mills, the forges and presses of Kerch, the textile looms of Mozhaisk.

For the evacuation of a single plant—the Kirov works on the Neva—thousands of cars were required. An armament works like Krupp or Skoda, it covered 400 acres, with 40,000 employees, 9 rolling mills, 15 open hearths and electric steel furnaces, 310 forges, 420 heating furnaces, 3,500 metal-working lathes. Most of this was loaded directly upon long strings of flat cars backed into the shops, and some days later was unloaded at its new home in the Urals.

The same feat was repeated with the giant tractor works of Kharkov, the farm implement plant of Rostov, the aircraft factories of Moscow and Taganrog. Along with the giant plants from the big centers were evacuated hundreds of others from smaller cities and towns. And accompanying them on the long trek into the East, went a million workers with their families, the engineers and directors, the technical schools with teachers and apprentices. The speed of their removal was equaled by the speed with which they were put into action again. In a few months, sometimes a few weeks, after arriving in their new homes, their output was as high—and in many cases actually higher—than in their original ones.

Some six hundred years ago there was another great exodus from the central plains of Russia into the East. In, *The Flight of a Tatar Tribe,* De Quincey tells how the Mongol hordes on the Volga suddenly pulled up stakes and stampeded back to China, most of them perishing on the way. History records many similar migrations of peoples. But none quite so unique, so swift, so spectacular as this one in the autumn of 1941. To grasp its scope and significance, transfer the scene to America.

why not quotation marks?

Imagine Nazi armies, already in conrtol of the Atlantic seaboard, steadily pushing into our industrial Mid-West. To all cities is given the signal to move. Dismantle most of the big factories along the Ohio River and the Great Lakes, the plants of the Fisher Body in Cleveland, Wright Engine in Cincinnati, Martin Aircraft in Baltimore, the steel works of Pittsburgh and Youngstown. Add to them some hundreds of enterprises producing chemicals, rubber, textiles, shoes.

Assemble the plant personnel—engineers, technicians and workers—together with many of their families. Load all these people, mills and plants upon trains—for in Russia motor trucks are scarce and good roads scarcer. Then, over the same railway lines on which two million soldiers with guns and munitions are moving East, ship this huge aggregation of machinery and men into states as far west as Colorado and Kansas. Set up the enterprises anew, adjusting them to existing supplies of water, fuel and power, or finding new ones. Then, while most of the able-bodied men are drafted into the army, and half the women are toiling in the fields, get them going full blast, and in a short time run their output to their former level and in many cases, beyond.

No wonder that evacuation of Soviet industry was hailed abroad as stupendous, almost incredible. Hard put to ex-

funerals" and "Red christenings."

The chief agency for anti-religious propaganda was the League of Militant Atheists, aiming at "dethroning the heavenly Tsars as we have the earthly ones." At the height of its militancy in 1932, it counted some five million members, headed by Yaroslavsky and a number of former priests. Its activities once ranged from the translation of scientific works like Fraser's *Golden Bough* to inducing stores not to handle Easter egg dyes, Christmas trees, or *kosher* food; from the conducting of public debates with the clergy to campaigns against the ringing of church bells, the drinking of vodka, the use of ikons and relics to ward off diseases.

More effective in exposing the crass superstitions fostered by the church were the anti-religious museums. Most of them were former monasteries and cathedrals which were converted to display what were termed "exhibits of a past civilization," among which were an amazing collection of relics and amulets: hundreds of nails from the true cross, tears from the eyes of the Virgin, milk from her breast, wisdom tooth of Moses, wood from the cradle of Jesus. Besides these relics were diagrams showing the colossal revenues of the church. Charts and documents graphically represented the history of religion with emphasis on the evils of clericalism and the holy inquisition.

To a modernist and liberal in religion there is little or nothing particularly anti-religious about these museums. Nor for that matter was there in many of the publications and pamphlets of the League of Militant Atheists. They explain the origin of hail and lightning, the danger of spreading infectious diseases by hundreds kissing the same ikon; that an eclipse is not a portent of war or some monster swallowing the sun. In other countries this literature would be classified as educational. But so obscurantist and unscientific were the teachings of the Russian Orthodox Church, the mosques, the synagogues, and the fundamentalist sects of Russia that the simple presentation of a modern view of the world seemed an assault on religion.

On the outbreak of war the League of Militant Atheists disbanded and its paper ceased publication, with one last blast at the Nazis for their persecution of religion! For some years past it had been declining and the sharpness of antagonism between it and the church had been softened. Indeed, one branch on disbanding left its records in charge of the village priest!

What is the present position of the church and religion? The Soviet constitution guarantees to members of all faiths, freedom of worship. But only in Georgia and Armenia, where the churches were relatively friendly to the Revolution, do they enjoy freedom of religious propaganda. Tens of thousands of churches, shrines, synagogues and mosques are closed. Few candles now burn in the wayside shrines.

1936-37, of the 157 suits in Soviet courts affecting religion, 78 per cent were won by the church. In 1938 Kalinin, President of the Supreme Soviet, told me that one of his frequent duties was the reopening of village churches that had been closed by the action of local zealots. In assailing the comic opera Titavis for its false and frivolous picture of the historic baptism of the Russians, *Pravda* pointed out that formerly, at any rate, Christianity was a progressive force in the life of the people. The former scurrilous assaults on religion are now eliminated from text books, theater and cinema. Any mockery or insults to the feelings of believers is subject to penalties. The making and sale of ikons is now legalized.

In 1939 the new Soviet Republic of Lithuania gave officiating priests as well as peasants a certain number of acres from the land fund. In 1941 the Seven-day week was restored, making Sunday the rest day for all. One of the three newly-created decorations for Soviet commanders is named after a canonized saint of the church—Alexander Nevsky. The Moscow radio appeals to Catholics, Protestants and Jews throughout the world to unite in the war against the Nazis.

One must not attach too much significance to these facts, nor to that report about Stalin calling for God's blessing on President Roosevelt. Religious terms are woven into the Russian language, and often Lenin said, "God help us." One should not, however, look forward to seeing Stalin pass the collection plate in church!

On the other hand, one cannot help note an evolution in the attitude in the Soviet government toward the church. In tracing this, the Reverend Benjamin "Metropolitan of the Aleutian Islands and North America" states: "At first it was negative; then merely suspicious; later peaceful; most recently—it seems to me there is recognition of the usefulness of the church."

This is paralleled by a similar evolution on the part of the church from the hostility to the Soviets to whole-hearted acceptance. This came in part by necessity—if the church had not adjusted itself to the new society, it would have ceased to exist. In part it is due to a recognition that in their social and ethical aims the Soviets and the church are one. As Ambassador Davies states it: "Christianity could be [illegible] in Russia and throughout the world. However the changes came about, it is a far hark from the days when the Patriarch Tikhon anathemized the Soviets, to the Patriarch Sergei in 1941 offering fervent prayers and directing impassioned appeals calling on the faithful and all people to support the Soviets.

21. WHAT WILL RUSSIA DO AFTER THE WAR?

Numerous as the blueprints and plans for the post-war world are speculations as to Russia's place in it. In the Axis' scheme Russia as a political entity is slated to disappear. Russia, the great "Heartland of Eurasia," according to Haushofer, the geopolitical strategist of the Nazis, is the land pivot of the world. The Germans and Japanese must conquer and divide this strategic center before they can safely set out to "loot" the "peripheral continents" of the Western Hemisphere.

The geopoliticians on our side of the world are not without dreams of dominion for the Anglo-American team. They foresee an "American Century" in which the United States is master of the Western Hemisphere, with imperialism on a bigger and better scale. The role of Russia in this scheme is to be pitted against other states in a precarious global balance of power, all countries in a perpetual state of mobilization and friction, leading to a third bigger and bloodier world war.

In contrast to these schemes relegating Russia to a negligible role are those which give it an all-dominating one. Some see Russia like a giant flushed with victory, dictating the peace. Others see the Comintern galvanized into new life, and the Red Hordes sweeping over the frontiers, bringing revolution and carnage to Europe. Or in the old-fashioned imperialistic manner they see Russia embarking on a career of looting and land-grabbing.

Of course, no one knows exactly what Russia—or for that matter what America or Britain—will do after the war. But national interests are a clue to policy and fears may often be allayed by consulting the facts.

What could the Soviets gain by a policy of Red imperialism? More territory? With half of Europe and half of Asia, they have room enough for generations to come, even though they increase at the present rate of ten thousand a day. More raw materials? They have a third of the wheat-lands of the world, vast reserves of gold, oil, coal, iron—ample supplies

The second basic need in the words of the Atlantic Charter, is "access on equal terms to trade and raw materials." In early years the Soviet Union found itself cut off from credits, boycotted and often totally excluded from the markets of the world. As the first "line and shield" of its national economy, it established the monopoly of Foreign Trade, to prevent its markets from being flooded with non-essential goods and its meager capital being sucked out of the country. In this way, in exchange for its grain, gold, furs, and lumber it obtained the metals, machines and engineers essential to its great program of construction. But the advantages were not all one-sided. Thanks to this setup, foreign firms did not have to worry about their Soviet clients becoming bankrupt or repudiating their obligations. They dealt with corporations backed by all the resources of the Soviet State and which in the course of transacting seven billions worth of business, have not defaulted on a single penny.

While the Soviets attained a high degree of self-sufficiency, they in no wise believe in autarchy or isolation. Despite their wealth of natural resources, they are poor in such things as molybdenum, cobalt and tin; and while they produce rubber, it would be more advantageous to import it along with other tropical goods. They realize that their own progress is accelerated by closer commercial ties with advanced industrial nations. They cite history to show that the conditions existing in their country—an expanding internal market, a rising standard of living and a rising rate of production—are always great stimulants to trading. Finally, in the words of Stalin, they want trading in order "to cement friendly relations with other countries and actually promote a policy of peace."

The third and most important need of the Soviets now is security against aggression. Among the devices by which nations have sought to insure their safety are "strategic frontiers." Except in the icy wastes of the North and along the fortress-wall of mountains in the South, the Soviet Union has no natural boundaries, for the great Eurasian plain sweeps on unbroken from the English Channel almost to the Pacific. Strategic frontiers were a problem even for Peter the Great. But now, with the advent of the bombing plane and the giant transport plane, the value of old frontiers is immeasurably reduced. Likewise the importance of that old drive of land-locked Russia towards a warm water port.

But in a war-threatening world, frontiers were important to the Soviet Union and it was essential to push Hitler's springboards as far as possible from its vital centers. For that reason Russia pushed back the Finnish frontier in 1939 and took over those territories wrested from her in the last war. This includes the Baltic States, reincorporated into the Soviet Union by plebiscites; likewise Bessarabia and a part of Poland up to the Curzon line,* repatriating five million Ukrainians and Belorussians.

* Set by Lord Curzon after the First World War as the ethnological line of demarcation between the Poles to the West and the Belorussians and Ukrainians to the East.

Quite likely the Soviet Union will want to reconstitute its frontiers along these lines. But it is not making this an issue. And it has agreed to negotiate this matter with Poland. As Sumner Welles suggests, the delineation of frontiers will probably be left in abeyance until long after the war. In any case, boundaries are not the first prerequisite for security. No people know this better than the Russians; no people have striven harder to set peace upon a firmer base than [illegible] frontiers and armaments. The only way for any

poverty and unemployment. This not merely for humane motives; it is now apparent that no country can enjoy permanent peace and prosperity while others remain poor and depressed. Russia has done away with unemployment, raised the standard of living for great populations of backward, primitive peoples and carried the principles of social security for the individual citizen further than any other country. To a world council intent on solving such problems, Soviet experience would be valuable.

More valuable still would be a study of Russia's methods in dealing with a second and age-old source of wars—the problem of nationality. By satisfying the national interests and aspirations of each it has managed to hold them all together in a single big federation, with all the benefits accruing therefrom. It presents the spectacle of 189 of the most diverse and one-time hostile peoples and races sending their representatives up to Moscow to debate their common affairs and work out their common problems. In this realm Russia has already done on a considerable scale what must be done on a still larger one.

That leads to a third contribution that Russia might well make to a world council—its experience in large scale planning and administration. To many people that is a chief obstacle to a federation of nations. Where are the brains and the vision to order and organize affairs throughout the world—or even half of it? The Soviets have done just that in one-sixth of the world. Starting from scratch, by trial and error, they have worked out methods, techniques of administration, and controls on a colossal scale.

In these fields then of planning, social security, and nationality the Russians can contribute much expert knowledge and experience. And they will do so if they are wanted. But still lurking in the background is the old distrust and fear of Russia. Take some of the more recent ones. First, the fear that Russia would fight on the wrong side. Then the fear that she would fight badly. Then the fear that, driven back and defeated, she would suddenly quit fighting. Though none of these fears have materialized, so fixed and deep is this old fear pattern that as fast as one proves baseless another crops up. The present one is fear as to what Russia will do after the fighting is over.

What Russia intends to do (it) has repeatedly enunciated. It is fairly and precisely reflected in statements by Molotov, Stalin and Litvinoff. It is set down in the various agreements and treaties with the United Nations. But will Russia live up to them? To that query the reply of Ambassador Davies is "that of all the nations of the earth, none has a finer record of living up to its treaty promises than the Soviet Union." But more important than written agreements, as he points out, is mutual understanding, confidence and respect. The Soviets are winning that for themselves by their conduct of the war. They are doing other things, trivial and minor beside that supreme contribution—but evincing the desire and will for full co-operation. They are sending to the United States manganese, formulas for rubber, as well as captured Nazi tires for chemical analysis. They are sending over their specialists, from experts in explosives to crack sharpshooters, putting their battle experience at our disposal. In turn the United Nations are sending to the Soviets in the words of President Roosevelt "everything that can float or fly." For this the Soviets are duly grateful. But any attempts at double dealing—exclusion of Russia from the common councils, evasion of our obligations, letting Russia continue to bear its undue share of the fighting—will stir up the deepest resentment.

After all the Russians are not unlike other peoples. Treat them like human beings and they respond like human beings. Live up to our obligations as partners and allies and they will do likewise. In the last analysis what the Russians do after the war depends largely on what we do during the war.

try. In no other country in the world is the Negro or Mongolian less handicapped by reason of his color, or are Jews so utterly exempt from the evils of anti-Semitism. In no other country are the doors open wider to men and women of ability no matter how lowly their birth. In no other country are the workers better insured against enforced idleness, illness, and old age. "And what liberty," asks Stalin, "can there be for a man in danger of losing his job, his home and bread?" To the Soviets, economic rights and security are fundamental to everything else, and these by the Soviets' constitution guarantees to each citizen opportunity to work, to education, to leisure. This is the gist of the Soviet concept of freedom. It means the presence of opportunity—freedom *for* something.

To Americans freedom primarily implies absence of restraint. It means freedom *from* something—the right of each man to think, do, say and go as he pleases without interference. We don't like secret police, arbitrary arrests, officials prying into our affairs, pushing us about, telling us what to do. Neither, for that matter, do the Russians like them. No people have a keener sense of their own worth and personality.

No people enjoy more expressing their ideas and feelings, or gathering together to voice their plaints and grievances. That's one reason why the new Constitution defining these rights was hailed throughout the country with so much enthusiasm. Among its unique articles are the Bill of Economic Rights, a Bill of Racial Rights and a Bill of Duties. After that, as in the Constitution of the United States comes a Bill of Personal and Political Rights, even more explicitly defined than in the Constitution of the United States. Here to every citizen is guaranteed all the freedoms—speech, press, worship and assembly—everything up to "inviolability of his home and secrecy of correspondence."

Excellent in theory, say the critics, but there is little evidence of these rights in practice. At best, they represent the Soviet's aims and aspirations rather than realities. That is true, likewise, of many ideals written into the Constitution of the United States.

In 1789 we proclaimed the equality of all peoples before the law. But it was seventy-five years before the Negroes were granted their rights as citizens and voters; and in some areas they are still more honored in the breach than in the observance. In 1919 Lenin declared that in the "immediate future all citizens would enjoy the right of suffrage." But it took seventeen years before that was achieved. Time and circumstance likewise have their bearing upon those evils so much deplored in Russia—censorship, secret trials, concentration camps, restrictions on foreign travel, attempts to "freeze" workers to their jobs.

To similar measures the democracies likewise tend to resort as they get deeper into the war. "If we are to have any liberty in the future, we must suffer certain restrictions on our present liberties." We accept them, justifying them as defensive measures taken under threat of invasion from our enemies.

Under such a threat, the Soviet Union has been living for the past ten years, facing on one frontier the strongest military power in the world, and often in actual combat with the second strongest on the other frontier. It is as if Canada and Mexico were hostile fascist States, only ten times more

cans. True, we took part in intervention in 1918, but while other countries were counting upon dividing up the skin and carcass of the Russian bear, we insisted on the territorial integrity of Russia. We sent our army into Siberia along with the other Allies; but against the Japanese, who wanted to remain, we exerted such pressure that they, too, were compelled to withdraw. We gave no credits to the Soviets for the building up of the country, but we sent thousands of our best engineers, technicians and architects. So efficiently and conscientiously did they perform their tasks that not one was ever accused of sabotage and they won the respect and admiration of all. We long withheld recognition from the Soviets, but when the great famine of 1919 swept through the Ukraine and the Valley of the Volga, we sent our food and medicine to the value of sixty-six million dollars. Rescuing countless victims from starvation—in the words of H. H. Fisher, "made for America a unique place in the hearts of millions of Russian people."

How firmly America holds that place in their affections I found on my last visit to Russia. Journeying back from the Volga, I came at nightfall to an Old Believer's village, still clinging to its old dress and customs. A half-hour after the village grapevine announced the arrival of an American, came a knock at my door. There stood a patriarch with a long, white beard flowing down over his long black kaftan; behind him, two younger men bearing a trencher covered with a gay, embroidered towel. On it was a huge loaf of bread and a pile of salt—*khleb-sol*—the symbols of hospitality with which they have paid honor to visitors from time immemorial. Bowing low, and making the sign of the cross with