THE SLAVIC AMERICAN

a Quarterly

50¢

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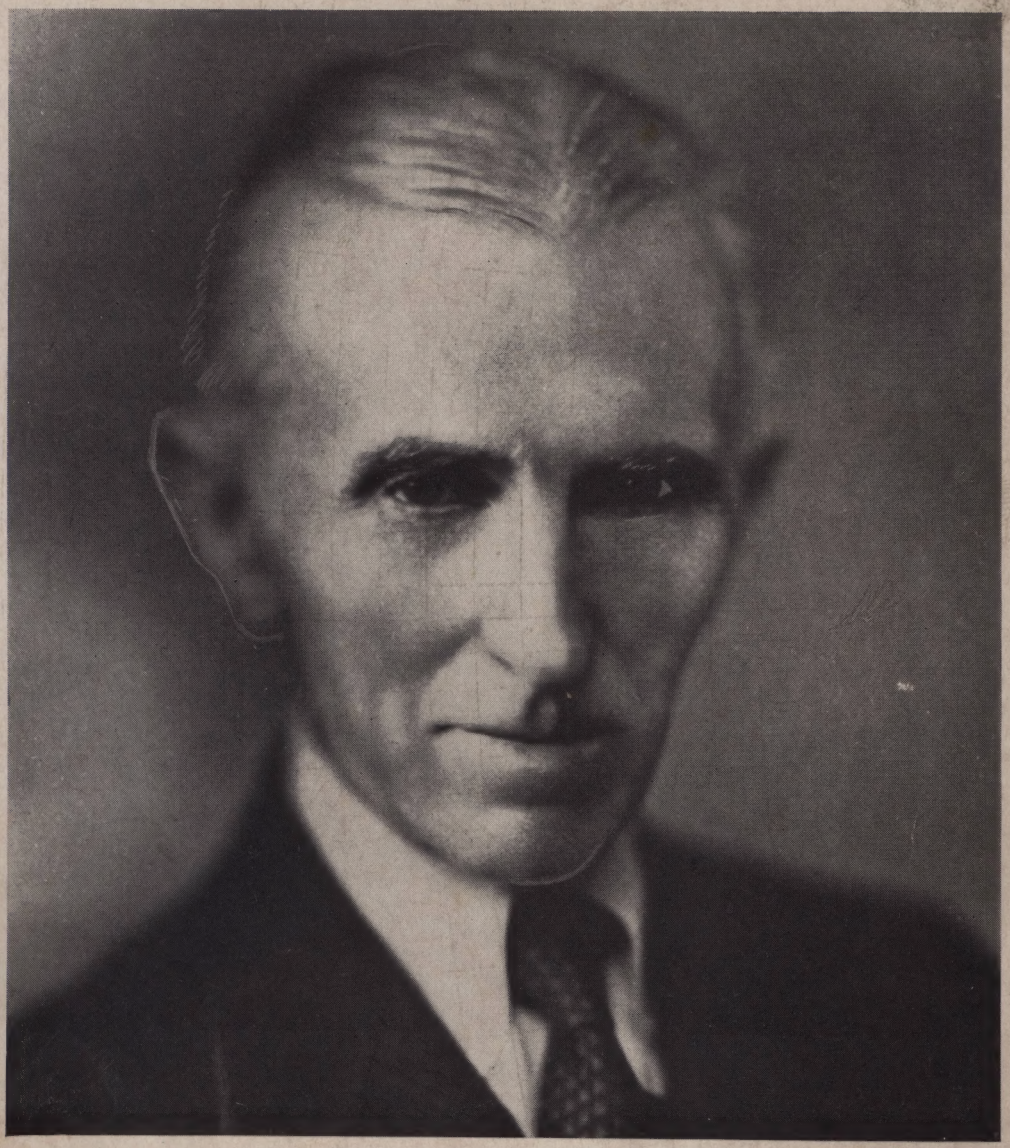

NIKOLA TESLA - *Poet in Electricity*

Published by the American Slav Congress

WINTER 1947

These are the Slavic Americans

"Look upon thy nation but as a mould of humanity; when thou callest for a Slav there must respond a man."

Jan Kollar

Americans of Slavic descent now living in the U. S. number more than 10,000,000.

They came to the U.S. in largest numbers between 1870 and 1914.

They live mainly in large industrial centers—Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, New York and others.

They work in mines, steel mills, automobile and airplane factories, rubber plants, sugar refineries, cotton mills, iron works, quarries, furniture factories, lumber mills and farms.

They belong to 12 NATIONAL GROUPS:

RUSSIAN ..... U.S.S.R.	SLOVENIAN ..... YUGOSLAVIA
BYELORUSSIAN ..... U.S.S.R.	MACEDONIAN .. YUGOSLAVIA, BULGARIA, GREECE
UKRAINIAN ..... U.S.S.R.	
CARPATHO RUSSIAN .. U.S.S.R.	CZECH ..... CZECHOSLOVAKIA
POLISH ..... POLAND	SLOVAK .... CZECHOSLOVAKIA
SERBIAN ..... YUGOSLAVIA	BULGARIAN ..... BULGARIA
CROATIAN ..... YUGOSLAVIA	

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Articles

Features

Fiction

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Editorial

AS 1948 was ushered in, millions of voters greeted with enthusiasm the announcement of Henry Wallace that he would run as an independent presidential candidate in the November elections.

The Wallace declaration in Chicago on December 29th and his speech in Milwaukee the following day revealed to a bewildered and fear-ridden America that the former Vice-President and co-worker of FDR is fully determined to carry forward the Roosevelt program for social reforms at home and friendship and cooperation abroad. He proposes an aid plan based on world unity and friendship, not one directed against any country, but against poverty, hunger and chaos. His plan would be administered by the U.N. not by unilateral action of the U. S. as under the Marshall Plan.

Rejecting the anti-Roosevelt bi-partisan policy of the Republican and Democratic Parties, Wallace called on the people to vote "for peace and security for ourselves and our children's children, the peace of a full life, the security of full production." He described his program as a fight for "old-fashioned Americanism" . . . as a fight for freedom of speech and freedom of Assembly, an end to discrimination, a fight for lower prices, free labor unions, for jobs and for homes "in which we can decently live."

Wallace told his nation-wide radio audience that his decision to run on a Third Party ticket is based on the firm conviction that "there is no real fight between a Truman and a Republican. Both stand for a policy which opens the door to war in our lifetime. . . ."

Angry denunciations of Wallace in the daily press were something Wallace foresaw when in his radio address he said, "We . . . will be called 'Russian Tools' and 'Communists', but let the fear-mongers not distort and becloud the issue by name calling. We are not for Russia and we are not for communism, but we recognize Hitlerite methods when we see them . . . and we denounce the men who engage in such name-calling as enemies of the human race who would rather have World War III than put forth a genuine effort to bring about a peaceful settlement of differences."

Such attacks on men who stand for democracy and progress are not now in American politics. When Jefferson dared to build a new party against the Federalist Party of war and privilege of his day, the then president of Yale University, the Rev. Timothy Dwight, predicted universal ruin would follow Jefferson's election.

We honor Abraham Lincoln as the Great Emancipator, but in his day he was similarly vilified and called a "buffoon."

The attacks on a man chosen by the people to lead them out of depression and through a great war reached their height during President Roosevelt's four terms in the White House. But in spite of these attacks, Roosevelt was sure of the support of millions whose views the Press did not reflect. He struck out boldly again and again.

Those who support Henry Wallace today recall vividly the Roosevelt warning of 1938 that "liberty in a democracy is not safe if the people tolerate the growth of private power to a point where it becomes stronger than their democratic state itself. That, in its essence, is fascism. Among us today a concentration of private power without equal in history is growing." We find the same warning in the Wallace speech made in Milwaukee when he said that "the fundamental fact of American life, and the primary source of our difficulties is that the directing of this country of ours does not at present belong to the people, but to a relative handful of wealthy men."

When the Truman Administration took over, it was committed to following the Roosevelt program of placing human rights about property rights. Instead, all Roosevelt stood for has been disowned, and his true followers are being hounded by the shrill accusation of un-Americanism.

Slavic Americans, who still mourn Roosevelt's passing, recognize Henry Wallace as the only man at the forefront of public life today on whom they can rely to put back into practice the Roosevelt principles and policies. His candidacy gives us the historical choice to regain control over our destiny.

It is for this reason that millions of forward-looking Slavic Americans welcome the decision of Henry Wallace to run for President this year on a Third Party ticket.

Nikola TESLA

Whose daring imagination and concrete accomplishments are among the wonders of our age.

By PAULINE KLOPACKA

WHEN Nikola Tesla died in January of 1943 in comparative seclusion in a New York hotel, he owned no more than the few personal possessions that had become dear to him during the 86 years of his life. Yet his estate was so fabulous that its value can never be truly assessed. And his heirs were the men and women of all the world.

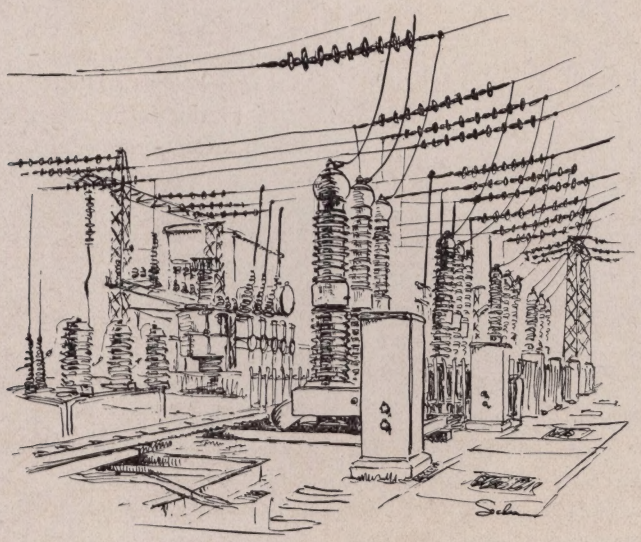
What price can be put on the work of a man who brought into being the electric power era? The industrial giant that the U. S. is today rests on the series of brilliant discoveries and inventions in the harnessing and transmission of electricity conceived by Nikola Tesla, who came to this country from the land of the South Slavs when he was 28 years of age.

It was at midnight between July 9 and 10 in 1856 that a son, Nikola, was born to the Rev. Milutin Tesla and Djouka, his wife, in the little Serbian village of Smiljan, in the province of Lika. Now a part of Yugoslavia, it was at that time under Austro-Hungarian rule.

Tesla's father, a Serb, was a priest of the Greek Church, and his mother of a distinguished Serbian family, came from a long line of inventors. Both father and mother gave to the child a valuable heritage and culture developed and passed on by ancestral families that had been community leaders for many generations.

It was at first planned that the son prepare for the priesthood but Nikola would have none of this. Physics and mathematics fascinated him. He would be a teacher of these favorite subjects. But then he switched to electrical engineering and at the age of 25 a graduate of Prague University—earlier training had been obtained at the Graz Polytechnic in Austria—he was set for his first job.

At that time the American Telephone System was brought to Europe and an installation set up in Budapest, where Tesla was a successful applicant for a position.



Drawings by Alvena Seckar

THREE years later, in 1884, he was U. S. bound. There were 4 cents in the young immigrant's pocket when he arrived in New York, but that did not disturb him. He had the names of friends. He would soon get to work.

His confidence was well founded, since within a few years he was counted among the ranking scientists of the country, his discoveries bringing in handsome royalties.

It is interesting to note the description of Tesla at this time by his biographer, J. J. O'Neill in the book, "Prodigal Genius": "Tesla was a

spectacular figure in New York in 1891. A tall, dark, handsome, well-built individual with a flare for wearing clothes that gave him an air of magnificence, who spoke perfect English but carried an atmosphere of European culture. He was an outstanding personality to all who beheld him." One of his colleagues described him as "immaculately groomed, and of delightful courtesy and charm."

A review of Tesla's work is nothing short of amazing. To quote from J. J. O'Neill's book:

"It was Tesla's invention of the polyphase alternating current system that was directly responsible for harnessing Niagara Falls and opening the modern electric superpower era in which electricity is transported for hundreds of miles to operate the tens of thousands of mass production factories of our industrial system.

"Every one of the tall, Martian transmission lines that stalks across the earth and whose wires carry electricity to distant cities is a monument to Tesla, every dynamo and every motor that drives every machine in the country is a monument to him.

"He discovered the secret of transmitting electric power to the utmost ends of the earth without wires and demonstrated his system by which power could be drawn from the earth anywhere by making a connection to the ground; he set the entire earth in electrical vibration with a generator which sprouted lightning that rivaled the fiery artillery of the heavens. It was a minor portion of this discovery that he created the modern radio system. He planned our broadcasting methods of today 40 years ago when others saw in the wireless only the dot and dash message that might save ships in distress.

"Tesla was an inventor but he was much more than a producer of devices. He was a discoverer of new principles opening many new empires of knowledge which even today have been only partly explored. In a single burst of invention he created the world of power of today.

"He brought into being our electric power era, the rock bottom foundation on which the industrial system of the entire world is builded. He gave us our mass production system for without his motors and currents it could not exist.

"He gave us every essential of current radio. He invented radar 40 years before its use in World War II. He gave us our modern neon and other forms of gaseous tube lighting. He gave us fluorescent lighting. He gave us the high frequency currents which are performing their electronic wonders throughout the industrial and medical world. He gave us remote control by wireless."

Always proud of his national origin, Tesla spoke as follows during his visit to Belgrade in 1892 in answer to a speech of welcome by the city's mayor: "There is something in me which is only perhaps illusory . . . but if I were to be sufficiently fortunate to bring about at least some of my ideas it would be for the benefit of all humanity. If these hopes become one day a reality, my greatest joy would spring from the fact that this work would be the work of a Serb."

Tesla dedicated his life to peace, to lightening the burden of toil from the shoulders of his fellow man. As every scientist who so interprets his function in society, he was stricken when he saw the coming of World War II and his inventions being prepared for destructive purposes. He sought desperately to prevent the war and made available a device which he offered to the world, maintaining that it would make any country, no matter how small, safe within its boundaries. His offer was rejected.

But once the war was an accomplished fact, and when the people's armies rose in defense of their nations in what appeared to be an unequal fight, he did all he could to rally his countrymen to work to the limit in the war effort.

Shortly before his death he wrote as follows to his nephew, M. Sava Kosanovic, now Yugoslav Ambassador to the U. S.:

"President Roosevelt and Donald Nelson, Director of our War Production have repeatedly urged the American people, workers and employers, to meet as fully as possible the goals established for the production of war materials. . . . For that reason, my dear brothers and sisters, as the oldest Serb, Yugoslav and American in the U. S., I am addressing this letter to you, asking you to answer the call of President Roosevelt.

"The achievements of our brothers in the old country are worthy of the spirit which permeates our folklore . . . the fate of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes is inseparable."

Tesla was not satisfied with his achievements in releasing the earth's energies so that men could work with less backbreaking effort and live more comfortably. The man who could draw up a design for a perfect motor was also concerned with drawing up a plan for a better world. When Tesla read the address of the then Vice-President, Henry A. Wallace, on The Future of the Common Man, he was fired with enthusiasm. The Yugoslav edition of the speech included a preface by Nikola Tesla written in October, 1942:

"Out of this war, the greatest since the beginning of history, a new world must be born, a world that would justify the sacrifices offered by humanity. This new world must be a world in which there shall be no exploitation of the weak by the strong, of the good by the evil; where there will be no humiliation of the poor by the violence of the rich; where the products of intellect, science and art will serve society for the betterment and beautification of life, and not individuals for the amassing of wealth. This new world shall not be a world of the downtrodden and humiliated, but of free men and free nations, equal in dignity and respect for man . . ."

This man, whose work was so advanced of his time that much of it still remains unexplored could have amassed millions, but he was so little interested in personal gain that to save his friend, Mr. Westinghouse, from bankruptcy he tore up a contract which would have brought him $12 millions in royalties. Pressed for funds during the latter part of his life, many of his inventions are lost to the world.

But though he was often short of money he would walk over to Herald Square and feed the pigeons. It was almost a sacred trust, feeding the pigeons twice a day. They had been his personal responsibility through the years, and if he could not be there to do the feeding, a Western Union messenger boy would be hired to do the job in his stead. Often he would forget an important engagement so that he might keep his "date" on Herald Square. The pigeons were a way to relaxation, a note of warmth in an otherwise rigidly disciplined life. He had few friends and never married, since he felt a scientist must keep himself free of personal relationships that would be unduly demanding.

Restless and eager to unravel every possible unknown to the very end of

(*Continued on page* 49)

Conspiracy against Peace

By LOUIS ADAMIC

"We Americans are a central factor in the world today. We hold some trump cards," says Louis Adamic. In this stirring article he analyzes how we can frustrate the efforts of those who would drive us into another war under the guise of patriotism.

"CRISIS, crisis!" . . . the word has been shrieked at us from nearly every front page for I don't know how long; and also by book writers, preachers, lecturers, politicians and elder statesmen and such, most of whom are not doctors but part of the disease. They have used the word too often and too carelessly, too superficially, depriving it of meaning, of impact on the mind. Yet the now so-called world crisis has never seemed so terribly, so immediately acute as it does today, in large part because until lately it appeared to be cut up into numerous smaller, apparently unintegrated local situations or crises, scattered among the different countries and people, regions and continents.

Those local crises in the past were seemingly local tugs-o'-war, local contests between opposites in human affairs. Between the impulse to move on and the determination to hold on. Between peasants and princes, the lowly and the high-up, the poor and the rich. Between the floundering many and the purposeful and precise few. Between progress and reaction. Between need and greed.

Nearly everywhere in the world most people are gradualist by nature—they believe in, they hope for and more or less strive for gradual progress. Just so that their lot improves a bit from time to time, they seem to be satisfied; or at least incline to be patient.

But the ordinary run of people everywhere are also practical. They look for results. They can be patient a long time; but if things don't work out in one way toward some sort of progress, they try another way. Whether in Burma or Yugoslavia, in Poland or Bolivia, they are likely to drop gradualism and become revolutionary; while others, who have been effective in resisting gradual progress for the masses, go counter-revolutionary. Thus the tug-o'-war, the contest, becomes a serious all-out business: Revolution vs. Counter-Revolution.

This, I think, is the whole human story in a nutshell. It is now beginning to come to a climax.

Until lately the Contest could be viewed as a lot of more or less local contests in different sections of the globe. And a good many people in comfortable circumstances found it agreeable to view it that way. Now it is hard not to perceive that the one-time seemingly local pulls between general welfare and special privilege, between left and right, between democracy and fascism, have openly converged into one situation, one crisis, one heap of possibilities. In this, if in no other sense, the world is already One World. Now the once apparently many contests are obviously The Contest, all of a piece. The arena of The Contest is the world, and The Contest is potentially so severe, so explosive that it endangers the arena and all the participants and spectators therein.

Some of the terms I have juxtaposed are the more or less modern political or sociological names for the two sides of the same coin—the currency in which man has to make his deals with history, the currency with which he has to settle for his past mistakes and purchase his hopes of the future.

My insight into tomorrow's cataclysmic possibilities is, of course, not as intimate as is that of the physical scientists, but I have enough of it to make me rebel against those possibilities and probabilities, and to impel me to do what little I can to help prevent the atomic-bacterial war now in prospect.

I believe that we Americans are in a dangerous predicament both within and outside ourselves; and that we are dangerous to ourselves and the rest of the world. We are in a dangerous state of mind intricately involved in the vast distortion of Soviet-American relations. That distortion is mostly the work of our American lords, our conscious and unconscious counter-revolutionaries who control the press and radio, who boss much

CONSPIRACY AGAINST PEACE | LOUIS ADAMIC

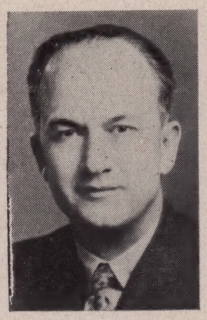
of our educational system and, less firmly, many of our churches; who are afraid of today's widespread revolutionary developments, but are also very cunning and able.

THESE counter-revolutionaries have big means at their disposal wherewith to buy more cunning and ability, which unfortunately are for sale. And their immediate purpose, already dangerously realized, is to get complete control of our national soul in order to have us where they want us when the next depression comes about, and in order to have a chance to kill off the Revolution—the anti-imperialist, the anti-feudalist Revolution now converging into a world climax.

They know what the score is, these feudal industrial and financial lords of ours, and they aspire to finish off the Revolution with a war in which they will try to rub out the Soviet Union and countries like Yugoslavia and regions like the so-called Communist China. With this in view, our counter-revolutionaries have succeeded in propagandizing the people of the U. S. into at least a tentative readiness for war.

Who are these counter-revolutionaries? They are the Baruchs, the Bullitts, the Hearsts, the Luces, the Dulleses — particularly the Dulleses, heads of the large corporation and cartel law firms, the real guardians of vested interests, of the feudal industrial-financial setup here. They and the Baruchs fiddle, and fellows like Truman, Byrnes, Vandenberg, Dewey and Pegler dance. This is nothing new; it has been going on for a long time. But now it is an urgent matter to look into.

Some of the industrial-financial feudal lords dominating our national life, our policies, are closely, personally tied up with Winston Churchill and his man at the U. N. Security Council, Sir Alexander Cadogan, a very able reactionary character; and also with Smuts of South Africa, Roxas of the Philippines, Chiang of China, and De Gaulle of France. Together, they form a powerful combination, the counter-revolutionary international. They control the atom bombs, the media of communication and most of the ability and channels for precise organizational and propaganda work.



LOUIS ADAMIC, author and lecturer of Slovenian origin, is one of the foremost authorities on national groups in the United States. Among the thirteen books he has written are My America, My Native Land, Two-Way Passage, Nation of Nations From Many Lands, and Dinner at the White House. Mr. Adamic is also editor and publisher of T&T, a current affairs bulletin, issued from his home in Milford, New Jersey.

Can we Americans wriggle out of the hold that this crowd has got on us? I don't know. But we had better, and soon. We have, at best, very little time to frustrate this conspiracy disguised as patriotism or concern for national interest — this conspiracy against peace and general welfare, against a chance for equality and for a better future not only for our own people here in America but also for the now backward peoples of the world who aspire to rise to our level industrially. Many of these peoples right now have no other inspiration than Communism and the Russian way, which in their eyes has been immensely successful in the early stages of the effort to tackle the old backwardness and disorganization of Russia. Working together with the Churchills and Smutses, de Gaulles and Chiangs, our reactionaries or counter-revolutionaries (call them what you like) wish to disorganize Russia again, as they would like to disorganize new Yugoslavia, new Czechoslovakia and new Poland, making them ineffective and kill off the tremendous people's movement in China, Indo-China and elsewhere.

We have perhaps five—ten—twenty years to frustrate the conspiracy of the counter-revolutionary internationalist. Every individual and every group will have to decide for himself and itself what to do and how to go about doing it.

I readily admit that I do not know exactly how things will develop. But I have a fundamental premise, a primary belief, which didn't originate with me but of which I am very sure as a means toward the future; namely, the one stated in the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal." *All* men.

THE Declaration of Independence does not say that all men are equal; it says that they are created equal. No person is exactly equal in all respects to any other. People's talents, abilities, capacities, weaknesses differ; their contributions to society differ; their potentialities differ too. Individual persons will never be alike or equal, a fact which is not only true but fortunate. The same goes for nations.

But we are created equal. This means to me that the principal "inalienable right" is an equal chance to develop our individual selves to the farthest reaches of our unequal potentialities. And this principle, if it is to have any meaning from now on, must be extended to apply to nations, which of course are made up of individuals, who of course can have an equal chance with individuals of other nations only if their nation as such, in the whole world picture, has an equal chance. So far as I am concerned, this is basic.

(*Continued on page 52*)

Wedding Day

A Short Story

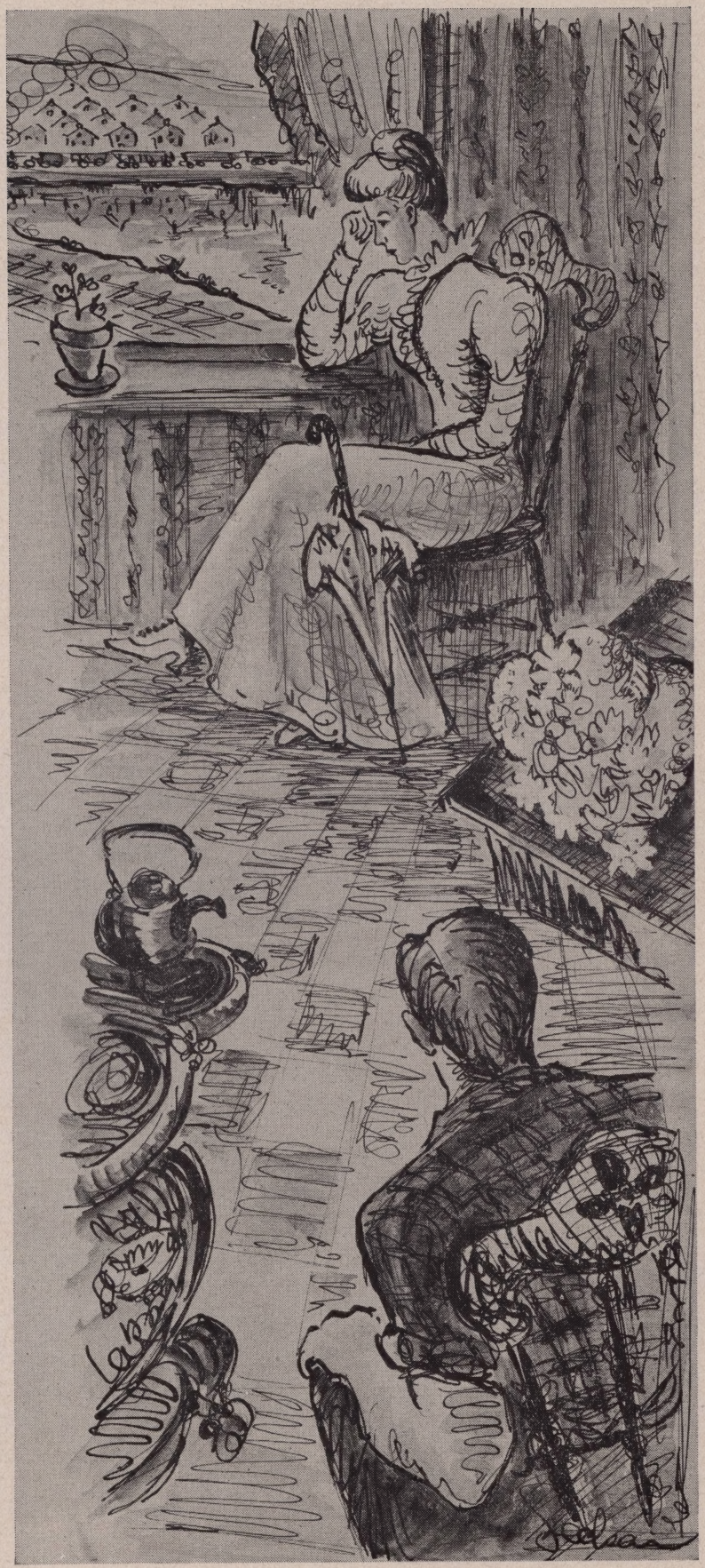
By THOMAS BELL

THEY had been married from Dorta's house. On the inner surface of Mary's plain gold band was inscribed, *MD to MK May* 25, 1902.

Mike had to work the night before his wedding day. When he got home from the steel mill Sunday morning Kracha, his prospective father-in-law, was sitting outside Dorta's kitchen door in his shirt-sleeves. Kracha had come over from Homestead the day before and had given Mary two twenty-dollar gold pieces and his blessing: Mike was a good boy.

"Well," Kracha said, "it looks like you'll have a fine day for your wedding."

Mike nodded, his lunch bucket tucked under his arm, his eyes and teeth white in his dirty face. The early morning air was cool, and only the crest of the hill on the other side of the river was as yet sunlit, but a cloudless sky promised a clear day.



She was quite the prettiest and most splendidly dressed young woman he had ever seen.

"When are you going to marry and settle down?" Dorta, his landlady, used to ask him; and Mike would grin and reply, "When I meet the right girl." He hadn't, he said, met her yet.

As a matter of fact he had known her for years, but he really saw her, really looked at her for the first time, one Sunday afternoon in Dorta's kitchen. She was sitting by the window that looked out on the railroad tracks and the river, and she was all in white. He had noticed that first, her white dress with its little ruffles at the throat and spilling down her bosom, the full skirt flowing down her crossed leg, her white buttoned shoes. She had taken off her hat and put it on the table beside her; it was white too, wide-brimmed and trimmed with white flowers. A white parasol leaned against her thigh.

She was quite the prettiest and most splendidly dressed young woman he had ever seen.

"Why," he said, "it's little Mary Kracha!"

DORTA'S next door neighbor, Mrs. Novotny, came out and stood in her doorway, her thick, bare toes curling over the edge of the sill. "Well, Dobrejcak! Pretty soon you'll be a married man!"

He smiled.

"When I married the wedding lasted three days," she boasted. "Three days, three nights. But nowadays the young people say that's old-country style and only for greenhorns."

Mike shrugged amiably, and went inside. Dorta told him Mary was still sleeping. "She's all worn out, poor girl."

"Let her sleep."

He washed and dressed and went breakfastless to church. When he returned, shriven, Mary was up and gone; she would dress today in her new home. Guests had begun to arrive, among them Kracha's sister with her husband and two boys. Francka was her usual self, soberly dressed and unenthusiastic, but Andrej, a cinder pit man in the open hearth now, was bigger and redder than ever, and effortlessly jovial, the perfect wedding guest. It was a pleasure to shake hands with him.

"I hear you're building a new mill in Homestead," Mike said.

"New open hearths, they say, new mills, new furnaces—perhaps we'll be able to count on steady work for a while."

"I hope so. And maybe better jobs."

Andrej gave him a shrewd look. "You have to think about such things now, eh? First thing you know you'll have a family. But don't let it frighten you. Good times, bad times, we manage to live somehow, praise God. And you're getting a fine girl."

"I know it."

Andrej slapped him on the back. "Oh, you do! Well, I've known her since the day she was born, what do you think of that? How time flies! It seems like yesterday that we carried her to White Haven to be christened, the snow up to our knees. You don't have such winters here. Ask Dorta. And here I am at her wedding. Devil take me, I must be getting old! Where's Djuro? Does he realize he'll be a grandfather soon? Let me be the first to remind him. Hey, *Dzedo!*"

Andrej went in search of Kracha, shouting the Slovak word for grandfather, *Dzedo*, and laughing delightedly. Before he found him someone started calling Mike. The two carriages he'd hired from the undertaker had come, the bride was waiting.

Dorta cried during the ceremony.

He remembered waiting for her the first night he took her out. The street was quiet, and heavy with dusk; he remembered the glow of lamplit windows and the lingering, melancholy fragrance of burning leaves. When she appeared, her coming heralded by the rustle of her feet among the fallen leaves, he almost failed to recognize her. She was wearing a dark dress and coat, and he'd got used to thinking of her in white. She said, "Good evening, Mike," and slipped her arm through his as though she'd been doing it for years. As they fell into step she said, "Did you wait long?"

"Since Sunday. I've been waiting for you since Sunday," he replied, and knew that everything was going to be all right.

DORTA'S kitchen had been cleared of everything but the stove, and two long tables set up, ringed with every bench and chair that was to be had. Over these now flowed the richness and plenty Dorta and Mary had been days preparing. There was chicken soup with noodles, fried chicken and chicken *paprikash*, that is, chicken with sour cream. There were breaded pork chops, and *kolbasi*, sausages, aromatic enough to bring a dead man to life, and a whole ham and a huge pot of *holubki*, little pigeons, or, prosaically, stuffed cabbage with sauerkraut. There was home baked bread, and *kolachi* by the platterful, cakes and horns filled with chopped nuts, with prune jam, with cottage cheese. There were six quarts of whiskey, cases of beer and pop, fruit, candy and cigars. And crowning all, the wedding cake, rising tier on icinged tier and topped by a silver wedding bell.

Mike sat beside Mary as his brother Joe rose and delivered the best man's traditional speech, ending with a prayer in which they all joined. Then they ate and drank, praising everything. They laughed, they joked, they told stories, they remembered other weddings and other brides. They sang a bridal song, "*Sedi mlada za stolickom, jako z ruzi kvet*," "Sits the young bride by the table, like a rosy flower." Slovaks liked to sing and they knew literally hundreds of songs.

Dorta appeared carrying an empty plate, her hand wrapped in a clean dish towel. "You have eaten, you have drunk, now remember the cook, remember the bride," she cried. "Look, I've burned my hand cooking for you. My husband will scold me and I can hardly bear the pain, but a present from you will make it better."

Someone asked, as always, if her hand was all she burned, and she retorted in kind. So around the table.

(*Continued on page* 55)

RECEPTION get-together. (l. to r.) are ASC President Krzycki, Senator C. Pepper, Raymond Walsh, news commenator and Dinner Chairman, and Zlatko Balokovic.

SENATOR PEPPER WARNED that it is not far from a "cold war to a cold, lifeless world," and presented a bold plan for peace in his address to the 600 Slavic American leaders and active workers who gathered at ASC dinner in his honor at the Hotel Pennsylvania on Oct. 12.

TRIBUTE TO A FIGHTING SENATOR

ELLA WINTER, author and lecturer, and Dr. N. Mevorah, newly appointed Bulgarian Minister, with George Pirinsky (center).

THE most important event sponsored this fall by the National Office of the American Slav Congress, together with the New York Committee, was the testimonial dinner to Senator Claude Pepper, of Florida, on Oct. 12 in the Hotel Pennsylvania.

In his address Senator Pepper warned of a new war danger in present foreign policy. He offered a nine-point program "designed to assure peace and to establish prosperity for our country and other countries of the earth." The program centered around Pepper's proposal that the U. S. advance $10 billion annually for five years to the U.N. for reconstruction and world disarmament.

Senator Pepper concluded by saying: "You know the long and glorious struggle of your people and how many of you have come up from immigration and poverty to respect and influence. You have seen in your own lives the miracle of democracy in America and are seeing it today being born in your homelands. I know you will be a mighty phalanx in this democratic army which is beginning to form in every part of America to move the spirit of Wilson and Roosevelt back into the nation's capital, solely dedicated as they were in 1933 to peace and well being for Americans and for all people in the world."

HENRY WALLACE joined in ASC banquet to Senator Pepper. To right are Mr. Trees, Exec. Sec'y Mich. ASC, Mrs. Pepper, and Mr. Balokovic, Chairman Resident Board.

NEWS ANALYST, Johannes Steel, stops for a chat with the Senator. Mrs. Balokovic (at left) and Ella Levin (right) look on. Miss Levin headed Dinner arrangements.

EXEC. SEC'Y Wuchinich Pa. ASC (center) and Miss Vlahov, N. Y. Youth Council delegate to Prague. At right is Mr. Kristan, well-known leader of Slovenian Americans.

The WORLD YOUTH FESTIVAL in PRAGUE

By
ILENE
VLAHOV

Delegate of the N. Y. Slavic American Youth Council

THESE RUMANIAN DELEGATES were one of 44 folk-dance groups at the Festival. Competitions in arts and sports gave 65,000 young people a chance to get acquainted.

TO TELL the whole story of the World Youth Festival in Prague this past summer, I cannot start with July 25, the opening day of the Festival. I must take you back to London in 1945.

On a gray November day, six hundred young people from all parts of the world, who were attending a World Youth Conference, formed the World Federation of Democratic Youth. This organization was to work for peace and a better life for the youth all over the world.

After the World Federation of Democratic Youth was successfully launched, a Chinese delegate rose and suggested that a World Youth Festival be held so that young people might meet, exchange cultures, understand each other better. This proposal was so enthusiastically received that only twenty months later the Festival actually took place in Prague. The city of Prague was chosen not only because of its geographical location, and its tradition as the center of international student and youth conferences, but also because the Czechoslovak people had generously offered their time, work and all sorts of facilities.

Last winter the World Federation of Democratic Youth issued a call to all democratic youth organizations to participate in this Festival in Prague. Our own Slavic American Youth Council in New York immediately appreciated that here was a rare opportunity for Slavic American delegates to become acquainted with the young people in the Slav countries and with all other countries represented as well. So we got busy and raised money to send a delegate. The result was that we raised enough money to send not only one, but two delegates — a Ukrainian American, Frank Ilchuk, and myself, of Yugoslav descent.

On the evening of June 27, I boarded a Montreal-bound train with twelve other American youth delegates. In Montreal the next day, we boarded a Dutch vessel with about forty Canadians, who were also go-

THE FESTIVAL OPENED at Strahov Stadium with 72 nations taking part. Wild cheers greeted this group symbolizing Brotherhood of Man.

ing to the Festival. I met many Slavic-Canadian youth among them who, I was surprised to discover, were very much like the Slavic American youth. We should get together with them and work with them more closely.

After an eight-day ocean voyage, we landed in Rotterdam, Holland, where we took a Paris-bound train. We waited in Paris close to a week for our German Military Permits, and then started on our trip by train to Czechoslovakia. We passed through Germany and saw many towns in ruins. I saw far too many factories working full blast. Germany's war potential is still there! For this reason, I could not blame the Slavic young people whom I met at the Festival when they were bitter about the way the U. S. is reviving Germany, according to the Marshall Plan. To them the continued operation of those factories is the difference between life and death. Besides, they know that denazification in Germany is not going ahead as planned.

My first real contact with the World Youth Festival was when we arrived at Wilson Station in Prague, and found about one hundred delegates there to greet us. What a strange, wonderful conglomeration of young people! Some were tall and others small and rotund. Some were black, others white, brown, or yellow. But they all greeted us with the same spirit of enthusiasm, as they sang and helped pile us and our baggage onto

GREEK delegate Peonides and Ilene Vlahov.

YUGOSLAVIA'S young Pioneers were there too.

open Festival trucks. As our lorries rumbled through the streets of Prague, we were bursting with excitement, because we knew that big things were in store for us the next month.

We were taken to a large modern building—Roosevelt College—which I understood to be the Czech student dormitories. We could hardly believe our eyes. "You mean we are going to sleep here," we asked one another, "and not in tents or barracks?" This hospitality had not been expected.

I was curious to learn just how this gigantic Festival was going to work out. It didn't take me long to discover that the whole city of Prague was geared to our arrival. Special transportation rates were made available to the youth delegates; the leading theater and concert halls of Prague were at our disposal. The Czech students had taken intensified language courses prior to the Festival and were ready to act as our guides and interpreters.

So many Festival events were scheduled for the same time that it became a physical impossibility to attend all the performances. I remember one evening when I had to choose among seven different performances. In the mornings several sports events were going on simultaneously in the stadiums and parks of Prague. Youth delegations brought along their teams which challenged each other in soccer, basketball, football, archery, tennis, swimming.

During the four weeks of the Festival, exactly 300 different cultural performances were given and 75 sports events. The 25,000 youth who came to Czechoslovakia dressed in everything from national costume to Partisan uniform and factory clothes, brought with them a total of 44 folk-dance groups, 12 choirs, 12 theater groups, 7 orchestras and 5 ballet troups. Competitions were held in the Arts, and I know it will be of great interest to Slavs in general to know that a Soviet violinist and pianist won first prizes. In the Dance competition the Soviet National Dance Group won the Festival Cup, and the Yugoslav and Bulgarian National Dance Groups ran a close second and third.

During the first week we wore special buttons or pins signifying our nationality. But before long we all started our own "collections" and

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THE HAUNTING BEAUTY of the Mongolians' songs, and the grace and rhythm of their dances and acrobatics captivated the delegates.

Deportation Laws Hit Slavic Americans

By ABNER GREEN

A new campaign of hysteria is being whipped up against the foreign born—law-abiding residents who have dug the mines, manned the factories, laid the roads—contributed to our wealth and culture.

HENRY WALLACE stated recently that, "Human rights are more in peril in the United States today than at any time since the Civil War."

This attack on human rights in the United States is being conducted in many spheres and by all agencies of the government. One phase of this attack directly affects the 14,000,000 Americans of foreign birth and their 26,000,000 children, second generation Americans.

The attack on the rights of the foreign born is widespread and effective. It is based principally on the naturalization and deportation laws. The attempt to deprive the foreign born of their rights jeopardizes the freedom and the liberties of all Americans—native as well as foreign born.

There are more than 100 non-citizens who face deportation because of their political opinions, including many Americans of Slavic birth—such as David Balint, of Cleveland, Peter J. Warhol, of Minneapolis, and Charles Kratochvil, of New York, all of whom face deportation to Czechoslovakia; John Nabeshka, of Boston, facing deportation to the Soviet Union; and Kondo Dimitroff, of Lorain, Ohio, facing deportation to Bulgaria.

By starting deportation proceedings in fifteen identical cases all over the country the Justice Department tries to give the impression that it has the right to deport these non-citizens on the basis of their political beliefs. However, the Supreme Court of the United States has never ruled on deportation of non-citizens for their political beliefs. When the Supreme Court does rule, it is to be hoped the decision will be in favor of the people, in favor of democracy.

It is about time, though, that we Americans asked ourselves why we permit such a clear violation of democratic principles as deportation in its present form to remain in our laws.

The first deportation law in the United States—the Alien and Sedition Act of 1798—was wiped off the statute books by the American people under the leadership of Thomas Jefferson. For almost 100 years, there were no deportations, until Congress passed the Oriental exclusion and deportation laws toward the end of the 19th Century. Then, at the beginning of the 20th century, a wave of hysteria against so-called anarchists was used to enact the first political deportation law.

We are today paying the penalty for the racial incitements against Orientals of the last century and the political campaign of hysteria during the early 1900's. The deportation laws served as the excuse for the infamous Palmer Raids of 1920. These laws have been and always will be a weapon in the hands of reaction seeking to destroy democracy.

We can no longer permit this threat to the freedom of the American people to go unchallenged. Deportation means uprooting a person, removing a person forcibly from his environment, away from his family, friends and livelihood, and sending him to a country often totally foreign to him.

Charles Kratochvil has lived in the United States for 41 years. He is 62 years old. And he faces deportation to Czechoslovakia, a country where he will be a displaced person.

JUAN DIAZ would have to leave his wife and seven American-born children and go to his death in Franco Spain because he is an anti-fascist. Peter Harisiades also faces death at the hands of the Greek fascists. His wife and two children — American citizens—would have to go on relief.

Deportation spreads fear and insecurity. For the alien who faces deportation it is a constant horror, living with him night and day. He can't work, he can't think—because this uncertainty hangs over him all the time. To the alien's family, the prospect of a father or husband, wife or mother being taken away is an unending problem. And the 3,000,000 non-citizens cannot feel secure when there are large numbers facing deportation or being deported because each one asks himself, "Am I next?"

The American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born is defending these non-citizens against deportation and, at the same time, demands the establishment of a statute of limitation of five years in the deportation laws so that any non-citizen who has lived in the United States for five years or more need not fear deportation under any circumstances. If a

(*Continued on page* 54)

ABNER GREEN is executive secretary of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born.

U.S.S.R.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER FEUDALISM

A Russian Journalist views the state of his country after three decades of controversy and achievement

By S. GARBUZOV

MANY citizens of the United States of Slavic origin come from Russia. They probably remember the country in which they spent their childhood and adolescence, and the younger generation may have heard something about it from their parents. However, the Soviet Union is a country quite different from that Russia their parents knew. For example, no statistical dissection of this striking difference would be so dramatic for them as a tour through Moscow, the time-hallowed capital of Russia and of the Soviet Union. For in appearance alone, Moscow has changed almost beyond recognition. Gone are many of the narrow and crooked little streets and lanes, unpaved or covered with cobblestones, with their small, unattractive, mostly wooden houses. They have given way to broad, asphalted avenues lined with big apartment houses. The amount of housing space built in these thirty years is more than half the total housing space Moscow had at the time of the Revolution. Among the other new buildings that meet the eye are dozens of theaters, moving picture houses, workers' clubs, palaces of culture, and 400 recently-built schools. This outward transformation has come about in response to deep changes in Moscow's way of life. In 1939, for instance, Moscow's population was 4,139,000—a figure two and a half times as great as the city's population before the Revolution. This swift change has been paralleled by the city's industrial development: in 1940 its industries produced twice as many manufactured goods as all Russia turned out in 1913. This output, unlike the textiles that were Moscow's main product in the past, is varied, and includes automobiles, machine tools, precision instruments, and chemicals.

Equally significant is the city's development as a cultural and educational center. It is the headquarters of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. with scores of research institutes. Besides its famous University, Moscow has numerous libraries and world-famous theaters and museums, as well as eighty colleges.

The city's emphasis on making education available for all is characteristic of the larger Soviet picture, contrasting strikingly with the attitude of the tsar who exclaimed when told that almost none of the peasants in one of his provinces could read, "God be praised for this!"

One immediate practical reward of this educational policy has been the discovery by young scientists of hitherto unknown deposits of coal, peat, oil, iron, manganese, tungsten, platinum, molybdenum, and so on, throughout the almost nine million square miles of the Soviet Union. The existence of this breathtaking wealth was unsuspected before 1917, for up to that time only one tenth of the area had been explored. And young engineers and architects have designed for Moscow its now-famous subway, which is literally the best in the world.

Thus, in the most recent quarter-century of its 800 years of life, Moscow has become a sort of pilot model of the transformation that is being effected throughout the immense reaches of the Soviet Union.

The explanation of this phenomenal change, perhaps puzzling to anyone who has been out of touch with Russia for years, can be found in the country's history, and recent past.

←HOLIDAY MOOD IN MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE ON THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY OF U.S.S.R.

Up to 1917, Russia, almost alone among modern nations, had failed to struggle free of the slough of feudalism. As a consequence, Russia paid —and heavily—the awesome penalties of a system rooted in low productivity: her destinies were decided by an autocracy (the Tsar, large landholders, and increasing numbers of industrialists) which could maintain its way of life only by demanding of working people and nationality groups, hours and conditions which spelled misery.

The U.S.S.R., established in November 1917, is a state of a new type, a "socialist state of workers and peasants," in which "all power . . . belongs to the working people of town and country as represented by the Soviets of Working People's Deputies." The political structure of this new state is a reflection of this attempt to engineer a complete turnabout from the silencing of the majority voice characteristic of Tsarist times. Consequently, all citizens of the Soviet Union, men and women, who have reached the age of 18, regardless of race or nationality, religion, education, domicile, social origin, property status or past activities are eligible to vote in elections. All citizens who have reached the age of 23 may be elected to any office.

With this basic right of expression secured, the further problem of reflecting in convenient and accurate form the will of 200 million widely dispersed persons has been approached in a way roughly like that hit on by the United States. That is, a Supreme Council (or Soviet) has been set up which consists of two Chambers—the Soviet of the Union and the Soviet of Nationalities. The two Chambers have the same rights and powers, hold their sessions simultaneously, and are absolutely equal in every respect. The only difference between them is that the Soviet of the Union represents the common interests of all the people irrespective of nationality, while the Soviet of Nationalities represents the particular, specific interests of the numerous nationalities of the Soviet Union—as nationalities. The Union is therefore elected on the basis of one deputy for every 300,000 persons. Each Union Republic, however, regardless of its size, is represented by 25 deputies, each Autonomous Republic by 11, Autonomous Regions by 5 deputies, and national areas by one.

These Councils, or Soviets, are found at every level of the political structure of the country, from the smallest village to the Supreme Soviet. One striking feature of the Soviets is that candidates for office can be put up by any of a large, varied number of interest groups—public organizations like trade unions, cooperative societies, youth organizations, Communist Party organizations, scientific and educational associations and the like. In this way the people themselves are able, through these organizations, to nominate candidates. Among the members of the Supreme Soviet, we consequently find not only nationally known public figures, scientists and men of letters, but also plain workers and farmers—men and women who have distinguished themselves and who have won the confidence of their constituents by good work on the job, and by their selfless efforts on behalf of the community.

The will and energies of these 200 million citizens, working through this political structure, are today by common consent being directed toward a number one-priority end: the rebuilding of their country, to create prosperity and abundance.

OKHOTNY RYAD STREET before 1917 . . .And as it appears today.

Russia

SCHOOL IS OUT and pupils make speedy getaway from kindergarten for children of employees at Automobile Works in Gorky.

SETTING UP exercises in a Crimean camp.

AMERICANS of Slavic origin or descent can well be proud of the role Slavs have played in this effort to recreate the world's largest country. For the people of the three Slav Republics in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—Russia, the Ukraine, and Byelorussia—constitute the great majority of the Union's population of 200 million. The other Republics — which of course enjoy equal rights — are: Georgia, Azerbaijan, Armenia, Uzdek, Kazakh, Kirghiz, Turkmen, Tajik, Moldavia, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, and Karelo-Finland. Of this Union of sixteen Republics, Russia alone accounts for more than half the total population.

The Russian Republic's best-known city is, of course Moscow, but its second city, Leningrad, is close in point of population and eminence. There is a soft spot in the heart of every Soviet citizen for this city of three and a half million, which bears the name of the leader of the all-important Revolution, and whose broad avenues and magnificent squares bring up memories of the historic events of 1917. All mankind, in fact, will never forget the heroic defense put up by Leningrad in the recent war, when it was besieged, bombed and shelled by the Nazi barbarians in the course of nearly thirty months.

Leningrad has also played a major part in the country's economic and cultural life. In addition to producing the finest machines, huge turbines, ocean-going steamers, and the most delicate of precision instruments, it is a renowned center of scientific research and arts.

Today, heroic Leningrad has not only recovered from the enormous destruction spread by the Nazi vandals, but is going ahead rapidly. So much so that in the last ten months of this year it exceeded by a whole year the rigorous schedule set by the Soviets, and is now building its own subway line.

THE SUBWAY is every Moscovite's joy and pride. Above is Mayakovsky Station.

Byelorussia

ANOTHER of the Slav Republics which caught the terrible impact of war only to come back with determination is Byelorussia. This Republic, which lies to the west of Russia, suffered more than any other part of the Soviet Union in the recent war. Here the German invaders wiped out thousands of villages and laid waste to scores of towns. Minsk, for instance, was razed in a frenzy of organized viciousness, whole sections being left desolate in a manner seldom rivaled in modern history. However, in the few years that have passed since the liberation of Byelorussia, great changes have been brought about. Again, not content simply to approximate pre-war standards, the city is getting underway large automobile and tractor plants.

And in the countryside, thousands of acres of the marshland in which so many of Germany's vaunted "mobile" units floundered and bogged down, are once again being reclaimed through draining. More immediately, the last of the farmer families who had to live in dugouts after the war, have moved into new spacious houses, built with government aid. This same countryside is supplying fuel for the electric power plants of the Republic in the form of peat, large deposits of which are available. A striking index of cultural progress has been the advance in the number of higher educational establishments from none at all before the Revolution to 26 in 1941. Byelorussia, going by this record, seems along with its 15 fellow Republics to be suffused with a spirit of improvement and development.

THOUSANDS OF BYELORUSSIAN villages were razed to the ground by German invaders. Rebuilding programs were carried through with such determination that by now farmers' families which had been living in dugouts have all been moved to new homes.

MINSK, CAPITAL OF BYELORUSSIA, boasts new houses on Kirov Street. Automobile and tractor plants are also being built.

OPERA STAR AND WAR VETERAN, of Byelorussia, are members of U.S.S.R.'s Supreme Soviet. Larissa Alexandrovskaya (left), People's Artist, and Elena Chukhnyuk, Hero of Soviet Union.

PARENTS OF THESE KINDERGARTEN youngsters are assured of educational facilities for their children. All 26 schools of higher education in this Republic have been built since 1917.

The Ukraine

MEMBER OF UKRAINIAN Republic's Supreme Soviet, Katherine Dyachenko (at right), makes short work of the weeds on sugar-beet plantation of Collective Farm in Kiev area.

HERO of Socialist Labor award goes to Anna Koshevaya for increasing crop yield.

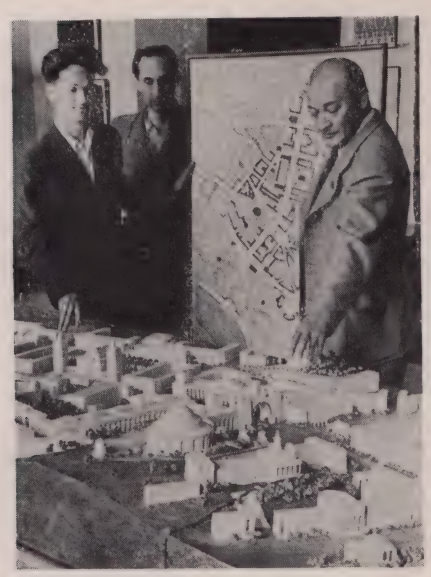
IT is only natural that the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic is perhaps best known outside the Soviet Union as a main theater of the war. Kharkov, Dniepropetrovsk, Stalino, Voroshilovgrad — the very names call up bitter memories of marches of devastation and of final redemption. In time of peace, however, this Slav Republic is equally strategic as a battleground of production. Lying to the south of Byelorussia, the Ukraine extends to the Black Sea in the South and the Danube and the Carpathians in the West, and her highly-developed manufacturing, farming, and mining resources are manned by the second largest population of any of the Soviets. The rich coal deposits of the Donetz basin, the iron ores of the Krivoy Rog district, the manganese of Nikopol and the electricity of the Dnieper Power plant, all combine to form a great industrial area dotted with numerous mining and manufacturing cities.

Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine, is one of the most ancient cities of the Slav world, and one of the largest and most beautiful of the Soviet Union. As far back as the 10th century, it was known as the "Mother of Russian Cities." That is why the entire Soviet people felt anguish when they learned that the Germans had ruined the ancient and world-famous Pechersk Monastery, put the torch to the Shevchenko University, leveled Kreschatik—Kiev's beautiful main thoroughfare, and destroyed half the city's living quarters.

While the front lines were still quite near, Kiev citizens cleared the pavements and sidewalks of Kreschatik, reconstructed and widened them

NEW HOUSES on Institutskaya Street show the typical post-war reconstruction in Kiev.

to 52 meters. By the end of the war, this sort of spirit had restored over 600 enterprises, including the Kiev Thermo Electric Central Station. And the Kiev of 1950 will have a gas supply piped in from Transcarpathia, a subway now being built, modern, comfortable shops, new theaters, houses, museums, parks, and stadia. Its industries are reviving, and its numerous colleges and universities are again alive with the activities and



MODEL OF NEW Midtown Section for Kiev, one of Slav world's most ancient cities, exhibited by architect, Alexander Vlasov.

youthful voices of tens of thousands of students—children of Donets miners and Kharkov tractor builders, Vinnitza beet growers and lumbermen from the Uzhorod district.

For that matter, Uzhorod now has its own university, founded at the time Carpathian Ukraine became reunited with the Soviet Ukraine. And this University is one of the 24 higher educational establishments opened in the western regions of the Ukraine. Altogether before 1917 there were in the Ukraine 19 universities and colleges with a student body of 26 thousand. There were just before the recent war 162 such institutions with an attendance of 128 thousand. These last are today all functioning again.

It is for these reasons that all Slavs may justly feel pride in the accomplishments of the Slavs, who form the majority of the people of the Soviet Union. With their countrymen, they were able to help the other Slav peoples of Europe—Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Yugoslavs, and Bulgarians—free themselves from the tyranny that was Nazi and Fascist rule. It is their further hope that they may continue in the vanguard of the postwar movement toward prosperity, democracy and a lasting peace.

SOVIET PEOPLE felt anguish on learning that famed Pechersk Monastery and other ancient landmarks had been destroyed by the enemy. Metropolitan Johann inspects the ruins.

An Analysis of

The Marshall Plan

By GEORGE PIRINSKY

AN EXCERPT FROM THE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY'S REPORT AT ASC NATIONAL COMMITTEE MEETING IN HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA, NEW YORK, OCT. 11, 1947

THE unfavorable reaction to the Truman doctrine here and abroad forced our policymakers to change their tactics. It seemed that on second thought, they too must have felt that the call to "save the world from Russian aggression and communism" had a Hitler-like sound, which the peoples of the world had learned to detest. So instead of talking of fighting communism and sending this or that government American military aid, Secretary of State, George M. Marshall, in a speech before the students of Harvard University on June 5, offered the countries of Europe economic aid for their rehabilitation. This speech later became known as the "Marshall Plan." The term is primarily a headline description of the speech. It is not a "plan" in any formal sense; it is rather a proposal couched in the broadest language concerning the economic reconstruction of Europe. The essence of the proposal was that European countries should get together and agree among themselves as to their needs, decide how much they could do for themselves and what they would need in the way of help from the United States. Then our government and Congress would decide what they could do for these countries.

At first some believed that the Marshall Plan was a departure from the Truman doctrine, and as such welcomed it. But events have proved the contrary. Soon after the Harvard speech the real Marshall Plan for European recovery was made known in a directive issued to General Lucius Clay, commander in the American zone of Germany.

The chief point in the directive to General Clay was the rebuilding of German industry as the primary objecive of American economic help to Europe. This became more apparent at the Paris conference of the 16 nations, where the Marshall Plan was discussed, and by the statements of cabinet members like Harriman, Under Secretary of State Clayton, the chief "adviser" at the Paris conference and others. The New York Herald Tribune columnist, Sumner Welles, a former Under Secretary of State, wrote:

"Our government now announced that it will scrap the industrial level for Western Germany fixed at Potsdam and re-establish the level of 1936. We should not forget that it was that level which produced 'guns' rather than 'butter', and enabled Germany only three years later to launch the greatest military offensive the world has ever known. . . . The German people are far more dangerous today than on V-J Day. There is no consciousness of war-guilt. Self-pity is rampant. . . . The Marshall Plan will not be worth the paper it is written on unless the Ruhr's coal and steel become an intrinsic part of the economy of all western Europe rather than that of Germany alone. Our 'new plan for Germany' is having an increasingly disruptive effect. The French people are becoming convinced that we mean to give the recovery of Germany priority over that of France."

Pursuing the subject further, Welles wrote:

"Our fundamental error is the assumption that because we must pay the major part of the occupation costs, we are thereby alone entitled to determine the political and economic future of western Germany and that the immediate cost to us should rightly be regarded as a determining factor in the formulation of such a decision. What is at stake is not the cost of the German occupation this year or next. What is at stake is the peace of Europe and the world."

Here is an open admission that in the plans of our policymakers for Germany, the bankers of Wall Street, their selfish interests are being placed ahead of peace and above the lives of millions of people. Is it then any wonder that the countries of Eastern Europe refused to take part in such conferences and plans? Is it any wonder that they oppose the United States policy for the rebuilding of the industrial might of Germany?

Criticizing the political implications and objectives of the Marshall Plan, Henry Wallace wrote in the New Republic:

"My readers know that I have absolutely no faith in any type of Marshall Plan which sets up Western Europe against Eastern Europe. Politically we shall gain nothing but hatred from using our billions to pressure governments and peoples. The reactionaries at the top will love us because they think we are saving their hides.

"The workers will hate us because they think we are trying to maintain or install reactionary governments and influence the economic system of Western Europe to the benefit of Wall Street. If Congress were to meet tomorrow and carry out the full recom-

mendations of the report within two weeks, I still would expect most of the governments of Western Europe to move to the Left this winter.

"Our Administration and Congress are utterly naive to think that the countries of Europe will sell out their political birthrights for a few billion dollars. They may take our money and our products, but sooner or later they will act politically just as they please. We are not loved in Europe, and the more we use economic pressure to intervene in European affairs, the worse we are hated.

"We look at the votes in the U.N. Assembly and think we are swinging three-fourths of the nations of the world against Russia. Temporarily, military and financial power may give us a position of unique prestige in the U.N., but among the peoples of the world we are steadily losing ground. An implemented Marshall Plan will not help us to regain that lost ground. The failure of the Administration to mobilize American sentiment and plan a basic formula for aid, while the Europeans were inventorying their needs, has made the Marshall Plan look like an enlarged and glorified non-military application of the Truman Doctrine."

Aside from all of this, the so-called Marshall Plan, as was the case with the Truman Doctrine, was another unilateral act, another blow to the United Nations.

Sumner Welles was right when he asked in the N. Y. Herald Tribune:

"Why should this government which continues to proclaim its faith in the U.N., have again ignored that organization? Last March the Economic and Social Council of the U.N. established the Economic Commission for Europe. It was the U. S. which first proposed its creation. The Soviet Union, after some opposition, voted for its establishment. There is a Russian member on it. All of the European states are represented. Since no veto right exists in the commission, no one power could block approval of a reconstruction program satisfactory to a majority of the European countries. . . . The failure of this government to approach the problem through the U.N. has already done grave damage. There is no doubt that the division between the West and the East has been accentuated."

There you are. Act after act, measure after measure—all contrary to the spirit and the basic principles of the Charter of the U.N.; all undermining international collaboration.

And all these unilateral acts of our government and Congress are presented to the American people as being in accordance with the workings of the U.N. Some even claim, hypocritically, that these acts are designed to strengthen the U.N.

The makers and the executors of this policy in the Administration and Congress say that both the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan are designed to protect America; that they are doing these things for the benefit of the American people. But when we turn to the domestic situation we find that the same people who are behind the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan are the very ones who are robbing the American people of their basic democratic rights.

Letter from Czechoslovakia

ALL of us here, regardless of political affiliation, hope that future relatons between our Republic and the U. S. might be of the closest and most friendly kind because we have a sincere affection for the American people. We are well aware of the fact that it is to the U. S. that we are indebted for the independence we won in 1918, and for our liberation in 1945. Nor have we forgotten the help that came to us through UNRRA from America. The names of your great presidents, Wilson and especially Roosevelt, are as dear to us as they are to you.

Our feelings toward the American people cannot even be changed under the circumstances of the change in American foreign policy on the question of Germany during the past months. We note with increasing alarm that this American policy is different from the decisions made at the Potsdam Conference in the summer of 1945.

We Czechs and Slovaks feel that Germany must never again be in a position to endanger our national security and start another war. In the past we Czechs have been primary obstacles in Germany's aim toward domination of Europe and the whole world. Bismarck stated that Bohemia was the key to Europe. Destroy the Czechs and you have Europe at your feet. Thus it was one of the first aims in Hitler's demoniac plans during the last war to destroy the Czech nation. The Nuremberg trials of the German warmakers proved this conclusively.

After the tragic experiences we have had with the Germans, we must defend and develop only such a policy that Germany will never again be able to afford to think of war. For this reason, too, we insist that Poland's western borders continue to stand at the Oder and Nise Rivers. These borders assure not only the Poles but all Slavs as well against future German attack. In addition, we should like to see independence granted at last to the smallest Slav national group, the Lusatian Serbs. German factories must be dismantled and divided as reparations in accordance with the Potsdam Agreement which was signed by Britain, the U. S. and the U.S.S.R. German heavy industry which can be turned to the manufacture of war materials, must never again be resumed to any great degree. We agree that hunger and poverty must be wiped out in Germany, but aid must first be given to the victims of Nazism and only then to Germany.

We are shocked to learn that these justified demands, so essential to our continued national existence, are not fully supported by our western allies. The borders of the Nise and Oder Rivers are in jeopardy and the Germans continue to assert that they will never recognize them. There is not a word about freedom for the Lusatian Serbs. Loans are being granted to Germany and Austria and none are being made to us. German steel industry is to be resumed at the level of 1936, the year when the Nazis were rearming full blast.

We are being attacked as satellites of Russia, though Czech and Slovak Americans who have visited us can attest to the fact that there are no Russians in Prague and that many more American uniforms than Russian uniforms are on view in our capital. The Czechoslovak Republic is, in fact, an independent state. Our U.N. delegation supports the Russians not because of dictates from Moscow but simply because Russia's uncompromising stand on the question of Germany is very close to our own. It is perfectly natural, and you cannot blame us, that after our bitter experience at Munich we cannot rely on England and France to help us against Germany, and that in this matter we prefer to depend fully on the Soviet Union, which is our neighbor and loyal ally.

We wish to continue to be good friends with the American people. However, we can never change our attitude toward Germany because for us this is a matter of life and death.

ALOIS POLAK,
Zlin, Czechoslovakia

(Reprinted from Svornost, Czech language newspaper in Chicago)

YOU HAVE A SENSE in Yugoslavia that everybody is out "to fix it." Miracles are being accomplished with pick and shovel.

I FIND it very difficult to report on what I saw in Europe this summer, because in three months I saw enough to fill ten volumes.

Europe is divided into three more or less different forms of development, or government, or social organization. As you know, they want to trade with America, and hope that we, in America, will give them a chance to develop their own form of society, establish their own economies.

The help that we give is not enough and is not widely enough spread. And it isn't always given in such a way that these countries can accept it. I have found great indignation on the part of many Englishmen and Frenchmen that they had to accept the political conditions attached to the help that we are giving and are going to give. I have been in Europe a great deal and have never found Americans disliked as much as I did last summer.

I don't think about Germany and Austria with any special feeling, but I just report that all over Germany, in all the four zones, the English, the French, the Russian and the American, the people are not only hungry, but they are despairing and frustrated. They are disappointed and see no hope. "Keinen Ausweg," is their phrase—no way out, no hope and no aim. It is true of the young people and the middle-aged and the old.

In the first six months after liberation, they did see hope and some aim. When the war first ended many anti-Nazis and people who really understood what Nazism was, what the Nazis were, were placed into positions of responsibility and were able to function. But this has changed. Now, the more anti-Nazi you are, the more likely you are to be fired.

I visited the schools. I wanted to find out what the children were learning. The educational authorities allowed me to observe any class I wished. I chose an English class.

When I walked in there was a

ELLA WINTER

SUMMARY OF A JOURNEY

BERLIN • PRAGUE • BELGRADE

class of 18-year olds reading the Reader's Digest for March 1947—Max Eastman's article, "Fourteen Million Slaves in the Soviet Union."

Pretty soon the teacher asked the boys, in English, "What is a kulak?" And Stefan said, "A kulak is a peasant." "And what does he do?" "He speaks against the government." "And what do they do to him?" "They shoot him." And that was the English lesson.

Then I visited another English class. These boys of 16 were reading Reader's Digest for April, 1947—the article on Russia. I asked why they were reading that particular one. The Digest has many other articles, after all. But they said Russia was the most interesting and important subject.

I wanted to know why they didn't give the boys another side of the picture. And they said, "That's all the American Army has around for us to read."

So there is little possibility of offsetting the harm done by giving this one-sided picture of the Russians. The same attitudes are being developed as under the Nazis—hatred of the Russians and hatred of the Jews.

There's a big job someone has to do—to collect the rumors about the Russians circulated all over Germany and Austria. They call the Russians "die Russische Bestie" — the Russian beast.

THE thing the Germans mind most, they say, is loss of their individual freedom. These are the "free men" who lived under Nazism, and the thing they can't stand now is not to have their individual freedom.

The Russians are uneducated, they say, and don't know how to use a handkerchief.

And, of course, wherever you go, you hear the stories of rape. It was the most common story I heard all over Germany. One of the first came to my attention in an invitation which I received to a concert. It read, "The concert will be given by three women who have been raped by the Russians."

BURMESE student interviewed by author at Zenitza during celebration for Foreign Workers who helped to rebuild Yugoslavia.

Another story you hear is that there are concentration camps in every German town in the Russian zone. A friend of mine said to one young girl who told her this story, "You say you lived in Munich during the whole time of National Socialism? And did you ever hear of Dachau?" The girl said no, she had never heard of Dachau nor of Buchenwald, Auschwitz or any of the other German camps.

There is tremendous anti-Semitism. I spoke to the head of the research department of the Information Control Division where I was told they were conducting research into what the Germans were thinking. What was the latest on anti-Semitism, I wanted to know. It was that 60 per cent were "enthusiastically" anti-Semitic; 30 per cent were anti-Semitic; and 8 per cent fairly anti-Semitic.

Nothing is being done about it. Worse than that, these Nazi attitudes are being encouraged by our occupation forces.

A friend of mine went through a number of libraries all over the British zone, and found that the stacks contained books read under the Nazis.

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BRIDGE BUILDING WAS all in the day's work in putting through the Samac-Sarajevo Railroad line, completed in November.

SUMMARY OF A JOURNEY

(*Continued from page 25*)

These books had a dreadful effect on the development of the young Nazi mind—and they are still there. In one of the big schools in Berlin there was a librarian who had been trained in one of the Nazi schools, a regular school for developing the Gestapo Nazis. We asked why they had him, and were told, "Well, you see, we couldn't very well have him be a school teacher, so we made him a school librarian." He could not be a school teacher, but it was all right for him to choose the books the kids would read.

I HAD gone in a jeep from Berlin to Prague, and so traveled three days through the Russian zone. The potato crop had failed in January and there had been no potatoes until July. The peasants had to give up a lot of their corn and other crops, and they were very sore about that.

They had all sorts of contradictory reactions. One of them said he despised the Russian police because they would sit down and eat chicken with them. Another said he detested them because they didn't arrest the people. The Nazis had had only one policeman there and he would make arrests. The Russians had five policemen and they never arrested anybody. It doesn't matter what they are contemptuous about, but they will be contemptuous if they possibly can.

I did find one rather heartening and charming incident. We went to the Ministry of Education in Dresden where I spoke to the man in charge of book production. He told me that the Russians had ordered one million textbooks during the last year and three million for next year.

He explained about the million textbooks and how the Russians wanted them for delivery in two months. "Of course that was absolutely impossible. It would take six months to a year to get out that many books and I told them so. But it didn't do any good. The Russians wanted the books in two months. These included small textbooks on David Livingstone, Byron, Edgar Allen Poe, Browning and others.

"You know," the man said, still a little amazed, "we got out those million books in two months?" He explained how they did it.

"We worked in six-hour instead of four-hour shifts; we worked for twelve and eighteen and twenty-four hours, and we read proofs while they were still wet. And where we used to take two or three hours for lunch, now we took twenty minutes—all of us—and we got the books out in two months."

And then he said, "You know, it was wonderful. When the books were finished they weren't left on the bookshelves. Somebody came to pick up those books in an airplane and delivered them to all the schools they were supposed to go." The man smiled a little and said, "The Russian Commandant who did that must have been a school teacher."

WE LEFT Germany and got into Czechoslovakia. It sounds a little bit pollyannaish, but the moment you were over the border, you had a sense of freedom and of breathing freely again. The lands looked smiling and productive.

I was there two and a half weeks, and everywhere I went, the people were working hard. They felt they were going somewhere, that they had somewhere to go.

There is an enormous amount of freedom in Czechoslovakia. They have wiped out the German words and signs all over the country, except on the wayside shrines. About every 50 yards in the area formerly known as Sudetenland, there is a wayside shrine. The churches were open —as you know, the peasants are very devout. And you had no sense of any kind of repression or oppression or hatred. There is a great deal of work to be done. No car ever runs. I had

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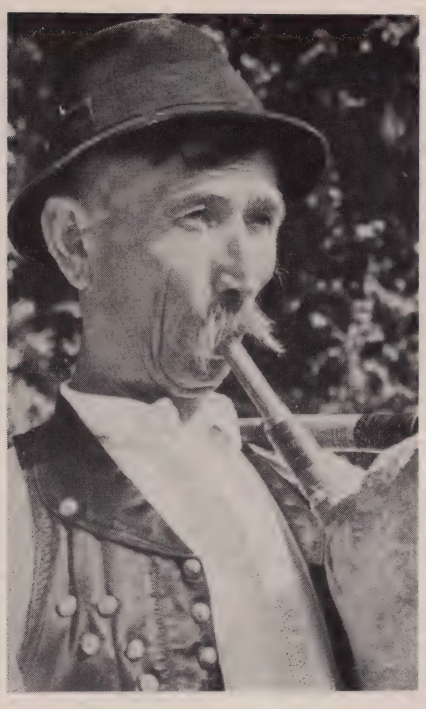
LIDICE WILL soon live again. Voluntary workers keep vow to restore a lost city.

CZECH VOLUNTEERS busy building homes for the workers in a heavy industry area.

READING AND WRITING for old and young alike in Yugoslavia's literacy program.



MUSIC MAKER of Podravina.

RUSSIAN Zone morning check-up. Children show clothes rationed to them to prove that parents have not blackmarketed them.

SUMMARY OF A JOURNEY

(*Continued from page 27*)

to stay two or three days longer than I meant to stay because I couldn't get a car that would run more than half a mile without breaking down. They are very short of rubber and machine parts. But to fix all this is a matter of time. Already prodigious things have been accomplished.

AND now Yugoslavia. I had known very little about the country, and it had never been a particular specialty of mine. I was completely bowled over by what I saw. I had heard the same stories and rumors other people had been told—and I found not a word of truth in anything I had heard. There is more building going on there, and at a rate that surpasses anything I had seen in any part of Europe. They are building railroads, apartments and factories with tremendous verve. And many of these big projects are being built by young people.

I saw the Youth Railway, where 200,000 young people are working furiously to finish a distance of 158 kilometers in about seven months, a job that would normally take eight years. Since there is little machinery, they are building with pick-axes and buckets and wheelbarrows. And you see these thousands of kids in all kinds of weather, in the rain and in the mud and in the sunshine. They have 50 different nationalities working in different brigades, pushing their wheelbarrows and grading the railroad lines, and pouring cement, and digging tunnels.

They make little rules for themselves about how much they will do in a certain period of time. Then they write letters, "We have overfulfilled our plan."

They work six hours, not more than that, and the rest of the time they can go to lectures or have sports. A great deal of dancing and singing goes on. In fact, you often can't sleep. You are waked up at four in the morning by brigades of people singing.

There is a really striking unity. Everybody is working for the same objective. I must have asked thirty or forty young people why they were doing this, and they said, "We are working to build our country, because we drove the fascists out, and we have to build for ourselves, build up our economy." Their feeling was that they had defeated the enemy—in Yugoslavia they had the Germans, the Italians, and their own internal Gestapo, the Ustachi and the Chetniks—they defeated and drove them out, and they feel they can go ahead now.

We went all over, as much as we wanted to. We had to get a pass to move around, which was given to us for our own safety, because enemies

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BRITISH YOUTH off to work on the Yugoslav Railroad. Similar groups came from Sweden, Denmark, France and other countries to give a helping hand on the project.

Program *and* Activities *of the American Slav Congress*

Report by GEORGE PIRINSKY, Executive Secretary of the ASC

THE meeting of the National Committee of the American Slav Congress, held in New York, Oct. 11-12, marked a greater realization on the part of progressive Slavic Americans of the gravity of the political crisis in our country and a firmer determination than ever before to join all democratic forces in a counter-offensive against the economic royalists and their war-mongering representatives in Congress and the Administration.

The determination to strike back at those who are subverting American democracy and world peace and security was expressed both in the decisions of the National Committee meeting over the weekend as well as at the Testimonial Dinner for Senator Claude Pepper on Sunday evening at the Pennsylvania Hotel. The 600 New York Slavic American leaders and active workers who, led by Henry Wallace and the members of the National Committee of the American Slav Congress, gathered to pay tribute to the fighting Senator from Florida, gave a rousing demonstration of their readiness to help fight the war-mongers with the same unflinching devotion to the policies of Franklin Delano Roosevelt with which they did battle against the Axis aggressors and the American "poison peddlers" during the war.

Wallace Inspires Slavic Americans

The best proof of this fighting spirit of democratic Slavic Americans all over the country is the enthusiasm with which they flock in thousands to Wallace's meetings. In Slavic centers such as Detroit, Chicago, Pittsburgh and Cleveland, half of the audiences are Slavic American. It is in the firm stand of Wallace that all forward-looking Americans of Slav descent see the continuation of Roosevelt's policies of social reforms at home and friendship and cooperation abroad. It is in Henry Wallace that Slavic Americans, as well as all other liberty-loving Americans, see the most courageous and outstanding spokesman for progressive America. The presence of Wallace at the testimonial dinner for Senator Pepper was both a tribute to the Senator as well as a recognition by Wallace of the important constructive role which the American Slav Congress plays in the mobilization of the democratic forces of the country. His praise of the dynamic upsurge of the Slavic countries during and since the war was received with warmest applause.

Wallace's battle cry that "it is high time to strike back at the reactionaries" of every type and description permeated all the reports, discussions and decisions of the National Committee meeting, which were summarized in the following six points:

Program of Action

1. Bringing forward in THE SLAVIC AMERICAN and through all activities of the American Slav Congress the rich contributions which Slavic Americans have made to the cultural and industrial development of America as the best

YUGO-FORWARD Youth Club Committee for promotion of THE SLAVIC AMERICAN is greeted by Stanley Nowak, Pres. of Mich. ASC. (l. to r.) Mr. Nowak, Rita Monko, Ann Fisher, Gladys Hodak, Ann Perpich, Pennsylvania ASC Exec. Sec'y Wuchinich looks on.

means of unmasking the un-American character of the anti-Slav propaganda in some newspapers and by some of our policy-makers, such as Congressman Charles Eaton (R-N.J.). (In a recent article in "The American Magazine," Congressman Eaton, Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, in typical Nazi manner, referred to Slavs as "slaves".)

2. Developing a broad campaign in support of the proposal of Congressman George G. Sadowski (D-Mich.) for a Congressional investigation of the United States policy of rebuilding the industrial might of Germany, thus reviving the danger of future German aggression.
3. Fighting for a constructive American policy of loans and food to our wartime Allies, granted and administered through the United Nations, and without any political strings.
4. Helping labor's fight for the repeal of the Taft-Hartley Law, enacted by the Republican-administered 80th Congress, which destroyed labor's gains of the past fifty years.
5. Cooperation with all progressive groups and organizations, for the election in 1948 of liberal Congressmen who will defend the people's interests and fight for the restoration of FDR's domestic and foreign policies of social reforms at home and friendship with our wartime Allies and all other freedom-loving nations.
6. Building THE SLAVIC AMERICAN and the American Slav Congress as the best means through which millions of forward-looking Americans of Slav descent can make the same contribution to the preservation of American democracy and the winning of the peace, as they did to the winning of the war.

Fighting Fund For 1948—$120,000

In order to carry out this Program of Action for peace, security and progress, and against war, witch hunts and inflation, the meeting of the National Committee decided to undertake a six months' drive for a "Fighting Fund for 1948" of $120,000. The drive got under way in November, and will continue through the end of April. Half the money raised in the various cities and states will remain in the treasuries of the local committees to enable them to carry on their work, and the balance will be sent to the National Executive Office in New York for the nation-wide activities of the American Slav Congress and the support of the magazine, *The Slavic American.*

KOLO DANCERS of the Yugo-Forward Club in Detroit. Bottom row (l. to r.) Clara Zalkoff, Mary Kovacich, Terry DaVinchi, Gladys Hodak. Standing (l.. to r.) Lillian Kramerich and Dolores Goretta.

The month of February is to be designated American Slav Congress Month during which the activities of all affiliated organizations should be concentrated on raising the Fund.

The opening gun in the drive for the Fighting Fund was the Testimonial Dinner for Senator Pepper at which $3,000 was raised. Thus the New York district, in cooperation with and with the active participation of the National Executive Office, made a splendid beginning.

The Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago districts too are busy preparing meetings, festivals and dinners as part of the drive. In Pittsburgh a mass meeting was held on December 5 at Carnegie Music Hall with Paul Robeson, the great Negro singer and fighter, and Louis Adamic, the most outstanding Slavic American writer in the country, as the principal speakers. A week later, on December 14, the Detroit Slav Congress held a Festival in one of the auditoriums of the Masonic Temple. The Chicago and Cleveland Committees are discussing plans for testimonial dinners for Leo Krzycki, president of the American Slav Congress, on the occasion of his completion of 50 years of leadership in the struggle of the working people of America for better living conditions and for democratic rights and liberties.

The Chicago Slav Congress is making arrangements for a concert in the Opera House on April 4, 1948 with Zlatko Balokovic, chairman of the Board of Directors of the American Slav Congress. Pilsen Park has already been rented for a Slavic American Day rally and picnic on July 11. The Akron Slav Congress has scheduled a concert for January 18 with Leo Krzycki as speaker. In San Francisco a traditional New Year's Eve Grand Ball was held.

These and many other meetings, concerts and dinners show that the decisions of the recent National Committee meeting in New York are being carried out by the State and City Committees and affiliated organizations in a determined and well-organized manner.

Campaign Against Rebuilding a Strong Germany

The central point in the activities of the American Slav Congress in the next few months will be the development of a broad campaign against the rebuilding of Germany as a strong industrial and military power. Such a Germany will represent a new threat to the peace and security not only of the peoples of Europe but also of the people of America, as the experience after the First World War showed. To rebuild a strong Germany means to repeat the criminal folly of 1919 and 1924, when American money and material went to arm Germany for the greatest and bloodiest military aggression in the history of mankind. And yet, this is exactly what the so-called Marshall Plan proposes to do. All who have carefully studied recent statements of State Department officials and certain Congressmen know that the rebuilding of a strong Germany is the heart of the Marshall Plan. Raising German production to the level of 1936 has become a set policy of the United States Government.

The American people must not permit this to happen again; all forward-looking Slavic Americans must

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The story of Geo Milev *martyred poet of Bulgaria*

By MARIA VLADIMIROVA

RECENTLY, when so much publicity was given the alleged un-American activities of Hollywood's writers, movie stars and producers, I recalled vividly actions on the part of the Bulgarian Fascist Government of 1923-1925, which cost the lives of numerous prominent Bulgarian creative writers, journalists and others. A victim of those days of terror was my brother, Geo Milev (1895-1925), poet, critic, editor and theater director. Although never associated with any political party, he raised his voice in protest against the merciless persecution of innocent people.

Geo was of an honest and ardent nature, with great love and enthusiasm for people and the beauty of life. In 1914, when he met Emile Verhaeren, in London, the great Belgian poet exclaimed, "*Vous êtes plein d'ardeur!*" (You are all ardor!) This ardor he applied to the task of pushing forward literature, art and the Bulgarian theater. He had to fight against established, conservative traditions. The battle was fiery and unequal, but he found within himself the strength to convince the intelligentsia and the creators of Bulgarian cultural life that it was time to look beyond their personal problems for wider, more valid ideals.

After studies at the University of Leipzig and visits to England and France, his life work was interrupted at the outset when he was drafted to serve with the Bulgarian Army in World War I. He was severely wounded and lost one eye. This devastating experience did not kill his spirit. After the war he continued his work with unfailing enthusiasm.

It is amazing how much Geo did in the few years of adult life that were granted him. Through his beautiful translations of the great modern literature of the world, he introduced Bulgarians to new names, new ideas. He translated Verhaeren, Verlaine, Mallarme, Maeterlinck, Dehmel, Rilke, Toller, Whitman, Blok, Mayakovsky, Strindberg and many others. He made the best Bulgarian translations of Hamlet, Manfred, and Peer Gynt. With remarkable perfection, Geo directed in the National Theater of Sofia, Strindberg's "Dance of Death" and in Theater Renaissance, Toller's "Man and Masses," Sophocles' "King Oedipus" and Hoffman's "Electra."

Geo's books include "Theater Art" and two collections of poems, "The Severe Ring" and "The Icons Sleep." Anthologies he edited are: "Almanac Vezni," "Anthology of the Yellow Rose," "Anthology of Bulgarian Poetry," and an anthology of revolutionary poetry, "Baptism by Fire and Spirit," in which were included poems of France, Germany and Russia.

For three years Geo edited the magazine "Vezni" (Scales) and for two years "Plamak" (Flame). In addition to all this literary work, he

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MARIA VLADIMIROVA has made her home in New York City for the past four years. Educator and child psychologist, she is director of a New York nursery school.

PRAGUE

Europe's New

Film Capital

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PRAGUE'S film studios at Barrandov, just outside the city, are attracting film makers in all parts of Europe. Several English and Yugoslav production units are now at work there, and The Stone Flower, prize-winning Russian film, was screened there.

The nationalized film industry is putting out films of high quality, the most interesting their animated cartoons and puppet films. Many of these, based upon themes taken from the rich Czech folklore, others on the tragic war experience, have captured first prizes at international film festivals in Cannes, Brussels and Venice.

Approximately 150 artists under the direction of Jiri Trnka, painter and illustrator of children's books, are the creators of the fanciful characters who are fast becoming national favorites. Known as Brothers in Tricks, they are especially proud of their puppet films done in color.

Zlin, which has been known as a shoe manufacturing city, is also coming forward as a film making center. Mme. Hermina Tyrlova, author of Revolt in Toyland, awarded first prize at the festival in Venice this year, is among those doing outstanding work there in films that combine puppets with live actors.

4

1. Mr. Snooper at Work is a film that pokes fun at the bureaucrat. As with all bureaucrats, Director Zeman soon finds that Mr. Snooper is a source of trouble and despair. It takes 16 leg movements to show one of his steps on the screen.

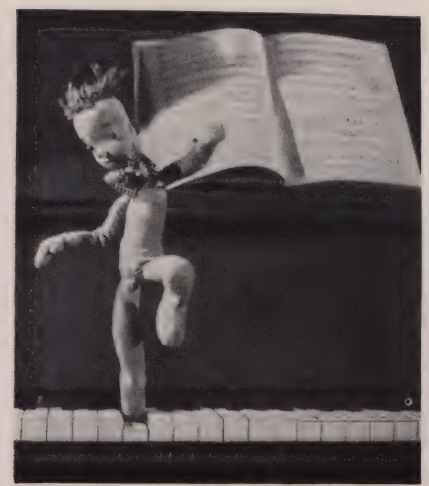
2. The puppet band in the film Village Feast strikes up a tune for the villagers in a local tavern. The harvest is in and there is much to celebrate. Another in the Round the Year in a Village series, the film is done in Agfacolor, new Russian color process developed from a German patent.

3. The conductor makes a last desperate attempt to budge the street car that won't go in the film All Aboard. Though the town fathers are working hard on a plan for a Prague subway sysem, for the next few years at least the city will have to go on using the little red trolley cars. An unusual effect is produced by combination of animated cartoon against actual Prague backgrounds.

4. Two puppets get ready for Christmas festivities in the film Christmas Carol. One of a series of six films titled Round the Year in a Village, now in preparation at Barrandov, it is built around all the Czech folk ways and songs inspired by the Christmas season. The lyric film study of life in a Czech village from season to season will be released in the U. S. immediately upon completion.

5. This little puppet makes his own music as he dances on the keyboard. Hero of the film, Christmas Dream, was tossed aside by his young mistress in favor of her new Christmas toys. But that night she dreams of the discarded puppet and his ingenious tricks so enchant her that he becomes her favorite once again. Live actors are combined with puppets in this film also.

6. The Man on Springs and the S.S. introduces a character who is fast becoming a national hero. He is a chimney sweep who turns into a one-man resistance movement. A versatile fellow, he manages to be everywhere at once and always leaves the Nazis holding the bag. In the Kilroy tradition, many a Prague house today bears the inscription, *Man-on-Springs was here.*



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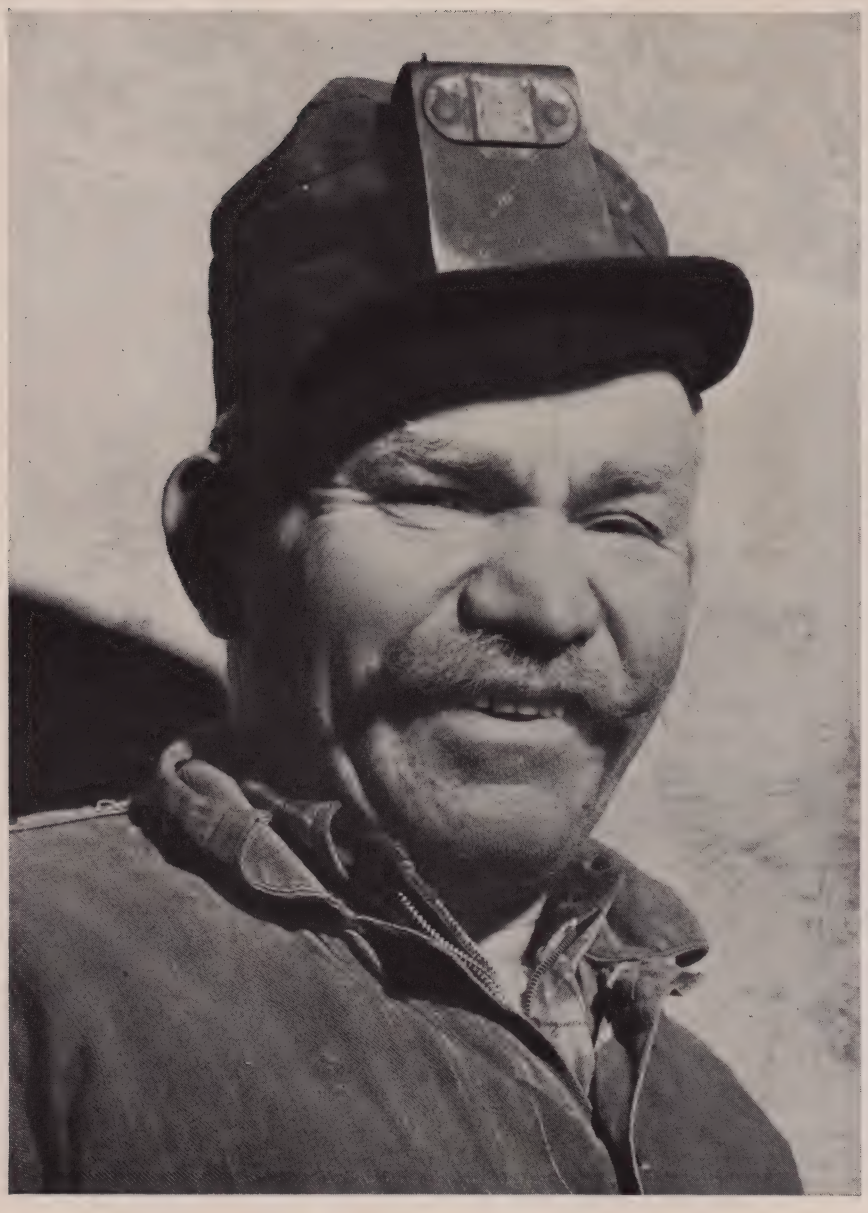

SLAV SAGA in PENNSYLVANIA

By LYLA YVON SLOCUM
and
EUGENE KONECKY

COAL has been one of the principal components of industrial and social progress since the development of the steam engine. Coal loomed so significantly in American life at the turn of the century that one historian wrote, "the geography of American coals is today practically a description of the United States."

America had its gold craze and its land craze. During the 60's and 70's the coal craze swept through the country, bringing with it vast changes. Heber Blankenhorn summarized half a century of coal production and coal conflicts, in a book he wrote in 1924, with these words:

"Coal beds are simply the liveliest battlegrounds in the struggle for power in American life."

"The struggle for power" which typified coal embraced the history of the organization of coal miners' unions from Bate's Union which led a miners' strike in 1849 down to today's powerful United Mine Workers of America, which gained its ascendency as a result of the great strikes of 1900 and 1902. In that half century the coal miners wrote their demands in the bloody struggles led by John Siney who organized the Miners' National Association during the Panic of 1873; by the Molly Maguires, crushed in 1875 by the coal owners after more than 20 years of bitter fighting; and by the Knights of Labor.

Pennsylvania, one of our biggest coal producing states, supplies anthracite or hard coal from an area with Scranton as its center, while bituminous or soft coal is produced in the Pittsburgh area. Anthracite is solely a Pennsylvania product. From a tonnage of 13.7 per capita in 1840, anthracite production rose to 86.4 tons per capita in 1900.

The coal beds and their towns and patches in Pennsylvania reflected America's immigrant tides. The first

Slavic Americans are the human core of coal mining and coal towns

contingents of the growing army of coal miners and laborers came from Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Canada and the British Isles—England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland. These coal miners sought to escape from the grinding coal pits of Europe, but their hopeful dreams were blasted by even worse exploitation, filth and health-destroying conditions in the American mines.

Then came deep changes. Large numbers of the skilled miners found their way into better-paying, above-ground occupations. The flow of British miners ebbed as stories of low wages and brutal conditions crossed the seas. The vast tides of immigration shifted. Before 1890, of the fifteen million American foreign-born, thirteen million had come from Western and Northern Europe. By 1900 immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe were pouring into the United States and comprised one-half of the foreign-born population, as compared with one-sixth a decade before.

In Pennsylvania, the concentration of new immigrants was even greater than in the rest of the country. The foreign-born in the Anthracite area made up 70% of the total population in contrast to 33% for the United States. Twenty-six national groups populated the Anthracite by 1904. At that time Italian and Slav workers were 50% of the total employed by the coal companies in the Anthracite. The Slav influx was even greater, because up to 1910 Poles, Slovenes, Slovaks and other Slav immigrants were enumerated as Austrians and Hungarians by the census takers.

PENNSYLVANIA became the favorite State of Slovak immigrants. The 1920 census numbers 296,219 Slovaks, by birth and descent, in Pennsylvania. Russians, Poles, Serbians, Croatians, also flocked to the coal and mining regions. As Slovaks concentrated in the Anthracite, Poles entered bituminous mining in heavy numbers.

The nature of the coal mining industry was one of the factors favoring this wide-scope entrance of the Slav laborer in the coal bed areas. Since labor accounts for 65% to 78% of production costs (soft coal) coal mine owners—engaging in cut-throat competition—were looking for cheap labor to drive down wages. Believing that the unskilled Slav would be an easy prey, the coal companies and mine operators also sought to divide the coal miners by drawing their labor supplies from among the many national groups. For this purpose they also hired Mexicans, Japanese, Negroes and Lithuanians.

To prevent the spread of unions among the coal miners, the operators skilfully played upon national and racial prejudices. Holding up promises of rich rewards to the new immigrant mine workers if they would "be Americanized," they denounced the strike leaders as "foreign agitators" and declared unions were "foreign importations." They deceived and terrorized sections of the foreign-born into the role of strikebreakers.

This tactic of splitting the coal miners by instigating national prejudices was not new in the coal beds. Daniel Weaver, secretary of the American Miners Association, in 1863 appealed to the British and German miners in the United States for unity in these words: "Let there be no English, no Irish, no German, Scotch or Welsh."

Implicit in Weaver's words was a false concept of unity and the role of the national groups. His idea was that of a forced, mechanical assimilation which would wipe out native

MATT TOMINAC, of Croatian origin, has spent 35 of his 51 years digging coal in the Pennsylvania mines. He is shown with his wife and children in their home at Rock Ridge.

SLAV SAGA

languages, national group cultures. His solution was unrealistic, as time proved, and unity of the coal miners was to come by a different process he did not foresee.

In Pennsylvania, the incitement of national, racial and religious animosity among the coal miners was turned against the Slav workers. In 1889 and 1897 laws were passed, aiming to exclude Slavs from the coal beds. The 1897 law required that two years of common labor would qualify a worker to become a miner. Then he must pass an examination *in English!*

"Race prejudice was directed to keeping the Slav out of the mines," wrote a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

IT'S FUN TO SWING into folk dances of their parents' native lands at picnics.

FRANK JULIAN WARNE, the correspondent, covered the strikes of 1900 and 1902, and became quite concerned about the Slav coal miners. In his book, "The Slav Invasion and the Mine Workers" he notes the legend spread by the coal owners among the miners that the Slav laborer would lower the standard of living. Many miners fell for this company propaganda.

"Race antagonism," Warne wrote, "differences of habit, tongue, religion, had all tended to ostracize the Slav socially." Included in this ostracism were the Italian and Hungarian American mine workers as well.

Coal towns and patches were split by the hate gospel. In these towns, a UMW organizer declared as late as 1922, "there are generally 'American' and 'foreigner' sections." In one mine alone, the Berwind-White mines, in Pennsylvania, he said, there were miners and laborers speaking 22 languages. Declaring that this national diversity of mine labor was the result of coal company policy, the UMW organizer, Joseph Foster, remarked, "It keeps the men from getting together."

To Warne it appeared that "the Slav invasion" was a spectre. If it was not halted, he predicted that a "twenty years' struggle for industrial race supremacy (was) inevitable."

In the growth of the UMWA, however, the newspaperman saw the possibility of averting this conflict. He called attention to the fact that the union had united the Slav mine workers with the German and British skilled miners. The Slav laborers and miners led many of the strike struggles and built the UMW.

Albert Armstrong, an English immigrant miner, describing the Somerset County strike, in Pennsylvania, in 1922, related that he and other English-speaking miners found it hard to join the union because the leaders were Slavs who could not speak English. Upon joining, he learned that, in his own words, "the strike had been carried on by Slavic-born miners and a few Italians. Those were the people who made the majority of the population."

The Pennsylvania coal miners greeted the UMW for more reasons than its role of strike leadership. The union brought with it a united social life.

In one coal town, Jerome (Pa.), an historian noted, with reference to the 1922 strike, "The Welsh leader of the 'Americans', the leader of the Polish Section and the leader of the

Drawing by Alvena Seckar

Coal Company Houses.

Italians never met until . . . all went on strike."

The UMW's unifying role was, perhaps, best expressed by a coal miner in Somerset County who exclaimed: "There's no sociability in a non-union town." That sociability was born on the morning shaft head picket line and in the evening union hall meeting. It was deepened by the UMW journal and the union's manuals which were printed in English, Lettish, Italian, Polish and Slovenian as early as 1905.

Slav fraternal societies also cemented unity in the coal towns. A strong feeling of national group solidarity prevailed among the Slav people. One of the reasons why the Slovak immigrants flocked into the coal industry, an Immigration Commission Report notes, was because "They did not wish to become separated . . ."

COMMUNITY and fraternal life in the coal beds developed from other causes, too. The companies owned the coal shacks in which the miners' families lived. These shacks were built closely together, in rows. Moreover, the immigrant miners and their families came together for mutual aid and protection.

In *The American Slav*, "first national magazine of united Slavs in America," as the masthead described it, in an article in the February 1939 issue, written by Frank Gureak, on the subject of "Slovak Organizations," he wrote:

"Neither they (the mine and mill owners) nor the local governments showed any interest in their (the immigrants') social, educational and economic well-being. The older American settlers, with few exceptions, regarded them as undesirables and did not show a friendly attitude toward them. Such circumstances prompted them to band together, organize themselves and create the 'mutual aid societies.'"

While the miners' union diminished the national prejudices fanned by the coal companies, the Slav-American fraternal organizations and the Slav-American press gave expression to the national culture of the Slav communities. Some of this was, of course, nationalistic with a reactionary tendency; but the strong democratic traditions of the Slav peoples were readily asserted, especially under the stimulating, progressive policies and activities of the International Workers Order which became a strong influence in Pennsylvania after 1930.

Fraternal societies of all types in Pennsylvania, with almost a million membership and with numerous journals, printed in English, Russian, Slovak, Czech, Serbian and other languages, have a wide influence. Eleven Slovak societies have a total of about 56,000 members; three Croatian societies total 21,000 members; two Czechoslovak, 3,000 members; two Slovene, 30,000; nine Polish, 155,000; four Ukrainian, 25,000; five Russian, 17,000; two Serbian, 7,000. The history of these societies dates from as early as 1854 to recent years.

There are a dozen or more Slav American dailies, weeklies and monthly publications in the Pittsburgh area alone, printed in Russian, Slovak, Serbian, Ukrainian, Czech, Polish, and English.

The national group societies of the International Workers Order, with almost forty thousand members in Pennsylvania, have become the outstanding unifying and progressive force in many of the coal mining towns and patches. They have led the way not only in uniting the many Slav communities but also the Slavs and non-Slavs, and Negro and white. In IWO Polish lodges in Pennsylvania, for instance, you will find Poles, Jews, Negroes and Croatians. In numerous IWO general lodges there are Slovaks, Hungarians, Italians; or Slovenes, Rumanians, Greeks and Negroes—many highly diversified combinations, blending native Americans and foreign-born Americans. In this united fraternal life, the early national chauvinism which the coal barons fostered has been effectively eliminated.

It was only natural that the American Slav Congress should have its beginning in Pittsburgh, the steel and coal heart of industrial Pennsylvania, America's great Slav center. Here, on December 3, 1938, representatives of 400 Slavic organizations from Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia, met and initiated the movement to become the ASC. The Congress became one of the most powerful instruments for welding the unity of the Slavs in the war against fascism, in Pennsylvania and nationwide. The

(*Continued on page* 63)

SINCE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY coal beds in Pennsylvania have been mined chiefly by workers who had emigrated from the Slav countries in Central and Eastern Europe.

(Photo by W. Suschitsky)

RELIGIOUS PROCESSION of peasants on their way to one of the numerous healing shrines.

American Clergymen See the New Yugoslavia

Digest of the report submitted by seven American Clergymen who visited Yugoslavia in the summer of 1947

IN JUNE of this year, the Yugoslav Ambassador Sava Kosanovic asked Dr. Guy Emery Shipler, Editor of the Churchman, if there were ten representative clergymen who would be willing to visit his country as the guests of the government. When he was told such a group could be secured, he asked Dr. Shipler to prepare a list of names. One was submitted with preference given to editors of national religious journals. The Yugoslav government made no suggestions of names and made no comment on those selected.

Six men accepted the invitation to travel to Yugoslavia last summer to report on conditions there: Dr. Shipler, editor of *The Churchman*, an Episcopalian; Dr. Emory Stevens Bucke, editor of *Zion's Herald* of Boston, a Methodist; Dr. George Walker Buckner, Jr., editor of *World Call* of

Indianapolis, Disciple of Christ; Dr. Phillips Packer Elliott of the First Presbyterian Church, of Brooklyn, who represented *The Presbyterian Tribune;* Dr. Samuel Trexler, former president, Lutheran Synod of New York; and the Rev. Claude Williams, director of the Institute of Applied Religion in Birmingham, Alabama. Dr. Edmund Devol, a New York physician, joined the group, on Dr. Trexler's suggestion. Dr. William Howard Melish represented the Church of the Holy Trinity, Episcopalian church in Brooklyn. Also traveling with us was Dr. Jean Nussbaum, a Swiss citizen working out of Paris as General Secretary of the International Association for the Defense of Religious Liberty, with headquarters in Washington, D. C.

During our fourteen-day stay in Yugoslavia we were able to visit four of the six republics that constitute Yugoslavia — Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia and Bosnia.

At all times, we were given complete freedom to talk to anyone, go wherever we wished and with no government representatives present. We were often approached by friendly people on the street with whom we talked freely. There was never any fear or restraint on their part and especially in the young people who would often ask naively, "What don't you like about us?"

The principal objective of our journey was to study the state of religious worship and to determine the truth regarding the case of Archbishop Stepinac of Croatia, who had been sentenced to 16 years in prison for collaboration with the enemy.

Wherever we went throughout the four republics, we found the churches of all faiths open and functioning. People were using them in large numbers with the same freedom we enjoy in America. Some rural parishes are without resident priests, since many were killed in the war and the seminaries have not yet supplied sufficient ordinants to fill the gaps. But we found no churches closed.

We saw ministers of religion and members of religious orders, both monks and nuns, going about the streets in their various religious habits- We visited some of the many monasteries which exist in large numbers and are functioning normally— both Serbian Orthodox and Roman Catholic.

We interviewed priests, both Orthodox and Catholic, some of whom were holding high government posts. Among these were, in the Republic of Serbia, Father Smilyanich, who is the Vice President of the Presidium; Father Stamenich, a member of the Commission on Social Welfare; and an inactive priest Vlado Sechevich, a former Chetnik who is now the Minister of New Construction; and in the Republic of Croatia, Monsignor Dr. Svetozar Ritig, Minister without Portfolio and Chairman of the Commission on Religious Affairs.

While we found separation of Church and school, we were officially informed that priests of all faiths can enter the schools during the school hours and give religious instruction to such children as had obtained parental consent. We saw no evidence, and we heard no complaints at any time, that the government was conducting any anti-religious campaigns or educational propaganda. There is no ban on parochial schools.

As to taxation, we found the same general principle in application that we accept in the United States; property used for worship is tax-free; income-producing property is taxable.

While we were on our way to Yugoslavia, the Roman Catholic Cardinal of Westminster, London, was quoted in British papers as stating that the Roman Catholic Church in Yugoslavia was not allowed to have theological or devotional books printed in that country. We made inquiry of the Rector of Zagreb's Roman Catholic Theological Faculty who showed us books printed in the State Publishing House owned and operated by the Yugoslav government. We brought back to the United States with us many copies of Roman Catholic catechisms, service books, devotional works and theological treatises bearing the State Publishing House imprint and the dates: 1945, 1946 and 1947.

ZAGREB CATHEDRAL, one of the best examples of Gothic architecture in the land.

IN ADDITION to Serbian Orthodox and Roman Catholic representatives, we sought out other religious groups. Among our most informative conversations were those with the Chief Rabbi of Zagreb, Dr. Henri Urbach, and the Deputy Chairman of the Jewish Community in Belgrade, Dr. Benzion Levi. We spoke with Lutheran Pastor Edgar Popp in Zagreb; with Bishop Agoston Sandor of the Hungarian Reformed Church;

AMERICAN DELEGATION of clergymen with Marshal Tito.

with Mohamid Ridranovich, head of the Moslem Community in Sarajevo, and Dr. Kamliv, President of the Sarajevo Jewish Community. Through these men we asked about not only their religious groups but also the status of others, such as the Methodists, Baptists, Nazarenes, Seventh Day Adventists, Jehovah's Witnesses and the Salvation Army. All of these groups were at work—the Baptists having literature tables on street corners. Where faced with war-damaged buildings or unusual conditions, they were receiving or had been promised government assistance. This assistance is handled by a Commission on Religious Affairs in each republic, on which sit representatives of the main denominational groups in that area. The constitution of Yugoslavia makes provision ultimately for a Federal Commission on Religious Affairs but none has as yet been appointed or elected.

In Zagreb we interviewed Lutheran Pastor Edgar Popp, an attractive young man, whom we found sitting in his study beneath a bust of Martin Luther. He told us of his heavy responsibilities connected with caring for sixteen Protestant communities, some of them as many as two hundred miles from Zagreb. "Before the war," he said, "the evangelical churches were sometimes oppressed by the Roman Catholics; now there is religious liberty." He spoke of the need for books and vestments. We visited the church of which he is pastor, where we all bowed in prayer as Dr. Trexler, the Lutheran member of our group, asked God's blessing upon these congregations.

MONSIGNOR RITIG receives an American colleague, Dr. Guy Shipler, in the office of Religious Affairs of the Croatian Republic.

We were told by these clergymen of various faiths that the government was giving direct financial assistance in many ways. The Roman Catholic dioceses were receiving help for the rebuilding of war damaged cathedrals and churches. The City Council of Dubrovnik has just voted 1,000,000 dinars (about $20,000 at current exchange) to put the 135 Roman Catholic churches in the ancient tourist city of Dubrovnik in better condition. The Jewish Community in Zagreb

had been promised help in building a synagogue to replace the fine old structure torn down by the Germans during the occupation.

OTHERS we interviewed were the Roman Catholic priests, Father Cajnkar, chairman of the Religious Affairs Committee of Slovenia, and Father Franc Finzgar, perhaps Slovenia's most distinguished author. Also the Franciscan monk, Father Bono Ostojich, representative of the Religious Affairs Committee of Bosnia-Herzegovina who said, "As representatives of the American churches you love freedom. I want to say that the people of Yugoslavia love freedom just as much or more. The United States helped us greatly in a struggle in which we won freedom—which we mean to defend at all cost. Take this message to the United States."

On the road from Zagreb to Lepoglava Prison, where we went to see Archbishop Stepinac, we passed a religious procession of peasants making its way along a country road. They were carrying a large processional cross and religious banners. On the way back from the prison by another road we came upon hundreds of peasants afoot and in wagons, most of them in holiday attire. We found later on the road that they were congregating in vast throngs at the country's leading Roman Catholic shrine, Sveta Marija Bistritza, a sort of Yugoslav Lourdes or Ste. Anne de Beaupre, where we spent more than an hour.

In the village square, where the handsome church with its surrounding chapels is located, there were scores of booths selling religious art objects, devotional materials, toys and refreshments. There were also merry-go-rounds and mechanical contrivances for amusement. It was like an American street fair.

We had a one hour interview with Marshal Josip Broz-Tito at his summer home in Bled. We asked him many questions concerning the relations of church and state. The group had no discussion before the interview as to what questions would be asked. The entire interview, including both our questions and his answers, was taken down stenographically. It later appeared in the major newspapers of the entire country, in most cases on the front page.

In every part of the country we were received by the leaders of all churches with genuine courtesy and friendliness. Perhaps the happiest of all these experiences occurred in Zagreb when we met Monsignor Doctor Svetozar Ritig, a Papal Chamberlain, a representative of Yugoslavia at the Paris Peace Conference, and Minister without portfolio in the Croatian Government. For many years he was pastor of St. Mark's parish church in Zagreb, one of the most beautiful churches, we all agreed, we had seen any place in the world. Its altar sculpture was the work of Mestrovich (now teaching at Syracuse University in New York State) and its new historical murals the work of Kljakovich. When the Italians and Germans set up the quisling Independent State of Croatia, Monsignor Ritig, at the age of seventy, left Zagreb, and from then on served with the Partisan Movement. Today he is clearly among the first citizens in Yugoslavia.

After our interview with him, he gave us a gracious invitation to dine with him at his home the following evening. Commenting on the religious conditions in the country he said, "Things are not as they are printed in a section of the Roman Catholic press abroad. The separation of church and state has caused much feeling. The state, however, is giving the church large amounts for reconstruction, and is also helping the theological seminaries. Real life is bringing all religious groups together. Reality is proving stronger than theory. People's priests should not abandon but stay close to the people."

By asking questions of religious leaders at many points, we were satisfied that the trials of individual clergymen or monks which have taken place are individual cases in which collaboration with the enemy, or acts of sabotage against the government, have been involved. They do not in any way represent persecution of religious groups. Roman Catholic authorities themselves confirmed this openly. Monsignor Ritig stated flatly, "The government has acted only against *serious* collaborators."

SOON after our arrival in Yugoslavia we asked if we might visit Archbishop Stepinac. Emotions nurtured by the trial are still running strong in Roman Catholic circles. Before we left America, our delegation had been sent copies of the *Catholic Universe*

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SERBIAN OFFICIALS greet the Americans at Avala. Vlado Zechevich (center) a former priest, is now Federal Minister of Reconstruction. To the left are Agrarian Party head Grujich Tomjenovich, and Father Stamenich of the Commission of Social Welfare.

Pages from an Artist's Notebook

By
ALVENA
SECKAR

My family in Novoty.

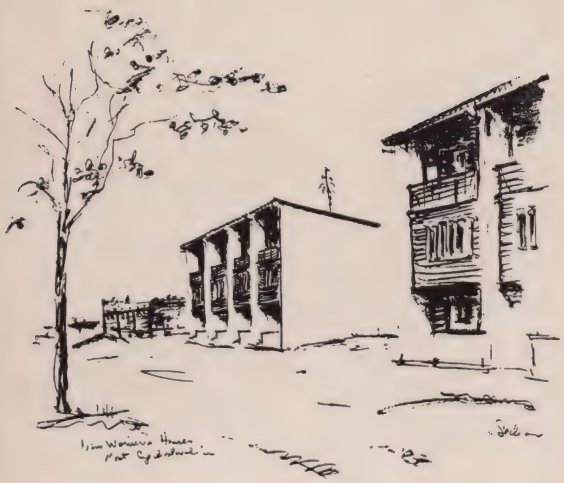
NOVOTY, my mother's birthplace, is a little Slovak village, tucked away in the beautiful Tatra Mountains. I traveled there last summer by hitching a ride on a mail wagon.

When the mailman let me off there was still some distance to cover on foot, up what seemed an unending hill and down another —and there at last was Novoty, a village I'd heard so much about that now it seemed a half-remembered place.

I found my aunt and uncle still living in their old homesteads, which were much the same as when my mother left for America 32 years ago. There had been one important addition, though—a Singer sewing machine, strangely out of place in the living room with its packed mud floor and numerous beds, high with fluffed up *perinas* (featherbeds).

My American brand of Slovak must have sounded rather quaint, but they understood me well enough. No one got much sleep that weekend. There was so much they wanted to tell me all at once. There was a new school being built, a road under construction for the new bus route straight to Novoty, and I was not to fail to tell my mother about the dam in upper Orava. This would supply power to the new factories nearby, where the young people could work. And it would mean electricity for them and their neighbors for miles around.

The weekend had been all too short. After they posed for a picture, I bade my family good-by and promised to write frequently. On the way back to Bratislava, I could not help wondering how things might have turned out for me had my parents not emigrated to the New World.



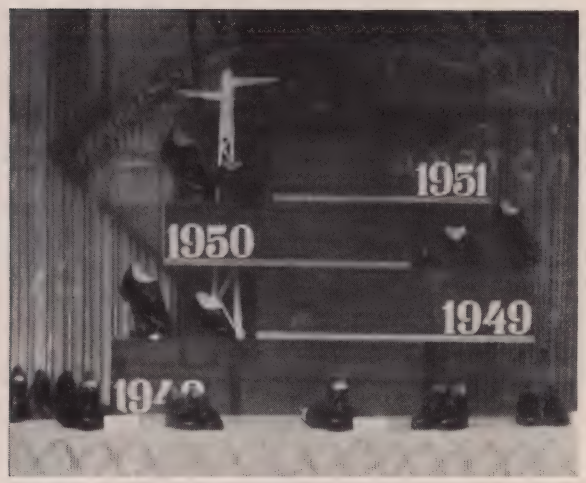
Youth brigades helped build these houses in Most where power for Prague is generated.

WARSAW was most hard hit of all the Slav capitals I visited. Two years after the war there are still miles of rubble and ruined buildings. But the double and triple trolleys run frequently all over the city, and the streets are lined with shops. You wonder where the 600,000 people live, since there are so few habitable houses to be seen. The mystery is cleared upon closer observation of the ruins. Here and there is a window in the middle of a derelect-looking wall. Coming closer you see a patched roof extended between two walls. Smoke curls up from a battered chimney high above habitable space. An aerial stretches from one twisted girder to another. The man in this sketch is hurrying back to just such a shelter among the ruins with some water, which he had to walk some distance to get.

You wonder where the people live in Warsaw.

Sofia celebrates liberation.

SOFIA, the capital of Bulgaria went on a holiday September 9th, the day of national liberation. Highpoint was a parade which started early in the morning and ended late in the afternoon. I was most impressed by the farmers shown on this picture whose wagons were loaded with farm produce which they were presenting to the city people for free medical treatment, child care and other services that had been given them by city groups.



A Belgrade shop window.

BELGRADE, capital of Yugoslavia, was a modern city, very much alive and on the go. I saw this shoe window display which, for me, symbolized the forward-looking spirit of the people. "This is what we have today," they seem to say. "Tomorrow it will be better." And they spare no effort to realize their objectives. If the plan for shoe production is an example, then the Yugoslavs have much to look forward to by 1951.

Five Women

By

MARIE SETON

Sketches by Nadja Novakavitch, whose drawings are as close to the heart as the folk songs of Kozare, her native village.

"WOMEN proved to be braver than men."

The remark was made by the Slovene poet, Matej Bor.

"There were few cases of women who were forced to talk by torture," he continued. "Men are not so strong. They canot bear pain so well."

He took a wallet from his pocket and opened it. For a moment it lay on the table in front of him.

"I was married in August 1944 to a girl who joined the Partisans," he said. "She was extraordinary. She would carry revolvers in the pockets of her coat and pass the Italians and take them to our people. She always got away from the Italians. She knew just what to say. There were many girls like her. . . ."

He drew two small photographs from his wallet and handed them to me. They showed a beautiful girl, with fair, naturally curly hair, wearing a light summer dress.

"She was very intelligent," said Matej Bor, "and she was afraid of nothing. In October 1944 she was wounded in the shoulder by tank fire —German tank fire. The Germans took her prisoner and turned her over to the White Guards—they were the Slovenes who collaborated with the Italians and Germans. The White Guards took my wife into the woods and shot her. I found her skeleton there . . . She was a good comrade."

This story explains why the women of Yugoslavia who survived the war are now regarded in all things as equal to men.

Everywhere I went in Yugoslavia I met women; gentle unassuming women, who went to fight beside their husbands in the mountains and forests against the invader. Others spent months, and even years, in concentration camps. Today there is no talk of women being equal with men because their actions proved that they were. Whether in Slovenia, Croatia, Serbia or Bosnia; whether Catholic, Serbian Orthodox or Moslem, the men of Yugoslavia tell of the magnificent heroism of their women, though before the war they treated them as beasts of burden and regarded even the most intelligent women as unfit to hold public office or vote as to who should.

For nine days in Belgrade I was in the company of a school teacher, Melina Kos. She told me she had not been very active during the war. She had not fought with the Partisans; all she had done was to be a member of a woman's club in Ljubljana, her native town. But when I went to Ljubljana and met some of Mrs. Kos' friends, they told me how she had tried to organize the women against the occupation authorities and, therefore, she had been arrested and put in the Ljubljana concentration camp.

I wanted to give Mrs. Kos a present of a pair of rayon stockings, but

she would not take them. She said, "I don't want to have more than the other girls working in our office. If I take these stockings I will have more than they have. Besides, in acting as your interpreter, I've only been doing my job. I'm paid for it."

Women are independent today. They are filled with pride in doing their work whether it is a small job or a large one. Wherever they now find themselves as a result of their talents or the services they have rendered, women proclaim their belief in peace and the future by hard work.

ONLY by dint of hard work could a woman such as Dusanka Vlajinic have become the director of one of the Serbian state textile factories manufacturing women's underwear. Her story is a document of endurance.

"I went to work in a textile factory when I was ten years old," Dusanka Vlajinic said to me. "As apprentices we had to work at night and we received no money. We couldn't go to school. Only the apprentices in small individual businesses could go to school twice a week, not those of us who worked in large factories. Until the liberation the highest wage I ever earned was 140 dinars a week. That is what workers are now paid for a day's work. I had one coat in twenty years, and I only got a new coat after the liberation. I never had money to buy shoes or a dress."

She touched the white lace frill circling the neck of her bright blue voile dress sprinkled wih white polka dots, and smiled.

"Today the workers are better dressed because they receive coupons," Mrs. Vlajinic continued. "Before the war things were very bad. After I married—I married a tailor—and I had three children, I still had to go to work because my husband was often unemployed. We had to eat. I had to go back to work six days after the children were born and I worked 16 hours a day. It was necessary to leave home at four in the morning to reach the factory at six. I lost the two younger children. They died because I couldn't look after them properly. After liberation it was different. We were working for ourselves. I was so grateful that I worked and worked and worked."

Dusanka Vlajinic worked with such enthusiasm and such skill after the liberation that four times in 1945 she was awarded a prize for breaking all records for daily production. The prizes were more than extra sums of money. Winning a prize entitled her to attend the meetings of the factory management. The prizes gave her an opportunity to learn everything about the business in which she had been but an employee for twenty years.

"I saw how my factory was organized," Mrs. Vlajinic continued, and her eyes sparkled. "I saw how each department worked. I tried to learn everything. I worked hard. That's how I came to be appointed a director and to be elected to the city council of Belgrade. Of course, I still have a great deal to learn. The experts help me and I go to school at night. I must finish secondary school. Here is the text book we use for economics and here's the one for law. I must know all our laws. . . ." She showed me the text books, adding hurriedly, "I'm sorry I have to leave you now, but it's 5:30 and I have a class from 6 until 9:30. "But still," she laughed and stretched out her hand to me, "I sleep more than before. I don't have to worry. I know that if I have any more children they won't die because I can't look after them."

AS IN the case of Matej Bor's wife, who died resisting oppression, and Melina Kos, who like hundreds of other women is too modest to talk about the part she played, Dusanka Vlajinic is only one of many women to prove their ability. These are three individuals, but multiply them many times in every part of Yugoslavia and that will give a picture of how Yugoslavian women feel and live today.

The next portrait comes from Bosnia, in the eastern part of the country where the deepest ignorance and the most horrible deprivation of human rights was woman's lot, first under the Turks and then as an outlying region of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In this province of old Yugoslavia, women were shrouded in the veil of ignorance and suppression and their only former means of expression lay in the creation of some of the world's most exquisite embroidery.

Nadja Novakavitch is twenty years of age and now a student in the newly formed Academy of Art in Sarajevo. In 1941, after every man in her village of Kozare had been killed by the Germans and no one remained there but the women who sang new and terrible words to the melodies of their ancient folk laments, Nadja went to find a Partisan unit in the mountains so that she might avenge her father and her brothers, her cousins and her friends.

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About the authors . . . . . .

ELLA WINTER, Australian-born author, newspaperwoman, can speak authoritatively on Europe, since she has lived in virtually every European country. While at the Paris Peace Conference after World War I, as secretary to Professor Felix Frankfurter, now Supreme Court Justice, she met Lincoln Steffens, famous American reporter, whom she later married. She has contributed to leading American and British journals and newspapers. Author of Red Virtue and I Saw the Russian People, she also edited The Letters of Lincoln Steffens. Miss Winter is now married to Donald Ogden Stewart, playwright and screenwriter.

THOMAS BELL'S parents came from Slovakia and settled in Braddock, Pa., where Thomas was born. Steel worker and mechanic, he also served as merchant seaman before he turned to writing. He put some of his best writing into the novel, "Out of This Furnace," which tells of Slovak immigrants in the steel mills. Another book was screened under the title, "From This Day Forward." Mr. Bell lives in New York with his wife, Marie Benedette, an artist.

MARIE SETON, author, film producer and art critic, went abroad in March 1947 and spent eight months traveling through Europe. While in Yugoslavia she made a special study of the theater, the film industry, and new art developed during the war, and contributed articles on her findings to American, British and Dutch publications. Member of an old Scottish family, she is an American citizen now and is married to an attorney in Chicago, where she makes her home.

ALVENA V. SECKAR, artist of Slovak descent, was born in a small West Virginia coal mining town. Last summer, while she toured through the Slav countries, her paintings were exhibited at the World Youth Festival in Prague and then in Bratislava. In 1939 Miss Seckar was awarded a Fellowship for study in Paris by the Institute of International Education. She has had one-man shows in New York, Philadelphia, Mississippi and Ohio. Miss Seckar is married and lives in New Jersey.

Letters to The Slavic American

Dear Editor:

The year 1947 was one of intense activity for the American Slav Congress of Western Pennsylvania.

An unprecedented smear campaign against the ASC in Western Pennsylvania was conducted by the *Pittsburgh Press*, a newspaper of the Scripps-Howard chain. From November 15 to December 1, the Slav Congress was subjected to attacks in daily articles whose frank purpose was intimidation of Slavic Americans in particular, and progressive Americans in general.

It was hoped that our People's Festival, scheduled for December 5th at Carnegie Music Hall would be a failure, and that the invited guests, Paul Robeson and Louis Adamic, would be forced to speak in an empty hall. Instead over 1,000 persons came, and gave more than $1,300 in the collection and greeted Robeson and Adamic with cheers and enthusiasm that reached even to the pockets of the reporters who contributed $22 of their own money to the American Slav Congress "Fighting Fund for '48."

We have started a weekly radio program, a Sunday quarter hour over Station WLOA, "Keep America Free."

In answer to the newspaper attacks we have begun our own monthly newspaper, a regular four-page full format size. Our first edition was printed in 34,000 copies of which 8,000 were distributed at the mill gates of the great J & L Steel works on the South Side and at the Edgar Thompson Braddock works of U. S. Steel.

With a weekly radio program, and now a monthly newspaper we are reaching hundreds of thousands of Slavic Americans in Western Pennsylvania. People have given us a ready response and contrary to what the *Pittsburgh Press* expected, we are gathering more and more open support.

We are now a recognized organization in our community and look to 1948 with more hope than ever before. We shall continue to build and work in the best interests of the American people.

GEORGE WUCHINICH, *Exec. Sec'y*
Western Pennsylvania Slav Congress

Dear Editor:

On Sunday afternoon, November 30th, the Slavic Council of Los Angeles sponsored a mass meeting. Featured speaker was George Pirinsky, executive secretary of the American Slav Congress. Mr. Pirinsky also spoke over the Council's popular morning radio program on Station EXLA.

George Borsz, president of the Slavic Council, opened the meeting with remarks of welcome and Casimir T. Nowacki, executive secretary, spoke on the aims of the

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GEO MILEV (*Continued from page* 31)

managed to cross the country several times lecturing on modern art.

His ardor and erudition made it possible for him to carry on a multitude of activities. He was following a vision for a new Bulgarian culture, which, unified with the cultural achievements of the western world, would refresh our national potentialities and raise our cultural life to a higher level. In order to do this he realized that he must find and fulfill the basic theme of our people. He turned to Bulgarian folklore. He reviewed his knowledge of our older poets and writers.

He was maturing rapidly and continued to recognize the enormous responsibility of the writer as a citizen. In many articles and open letters to the oppressive Bulgarian rulers, Geo constantly reminded them of the great ideals upon which our country had been built. He also reminded the politicians of their duty to organize the vital energy of the people into creative works—not to disorganize it.

THE night of June 9, 1923, the Agrarian government was overthrown and Prime Minister Stamboliysky was killed. The overthrow was accomplished by a small clique, helped by the late King Boris, which lost no time in imposing a terroristic government. Thousands belonging to the Agrarian and Communist parties were massacred. The freedom-loving Bulgarians could not tolerate this terror, and in September 1923 they revolted against the autocratically imposed government. With very few arms but great courage, they wrote a remarkable page into their history, the September Revolution.

The revolution was not successful, and even greater terror followed.

Geo was inspired by the people's courage. In an article immediately following the revolution,, Geo wrote, "We — the intelligentsia — cannot (must not) remain indifferent toward this thing which the people experienced in September; not only for the sake of simple humanity, but primarily for the sake of the people's deed."

Truly, Geo could not remain indifferent to the people's struggle for freedom. His being was stirred by the fire of the revolution, and he wrote his best poem, "September."

By this time the number of killed and missing was 20,000. But Geo had the courage to publish his poem and give strength and hope to the persecuted people. He promised them that their blood and suffering were not in vain, that

"September will be May.
Human life will be an endless climbing
—Upward! Upward!
The earth will be a Paradise—"

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GEO MILEV (*Continued from page 47*)

For twenty years this promise served as consolation and inspiration to the Bulgarian people, until Geo's prophecy came true in 1944 when with another September Revolution the people were victorious over their oppressors, the quislings who had sold out to Hitler.

As might have been expected, the poem was confiscated as soon as it was published.

Undaunted, the following January, Geo published his "Anthology of Bulgarian Poetry." His preface, an open letter to Government Minister Boris Vasov, brother of Bulgarian poet laureate, Ivan Vasov, reminded the Minister that he, legal inheritor of his brother's literary works, was not living up to the ideals expressed by his poet brother. Geo wrote, "We, the younger generation, have been imbued with their (Vasov's poems) idealism and honesty, truth and freedom. Since school years, when we read them, they have burned deep in us the faith that 'True light cannot be extinguished.' "

In May the government took punitive measures. Geo was called into court to explain why he had written his poem "September." He was charged with violating "The law for Defense of the State"—which law had been abolished a few months before. The memory of my brother's words as he spoke in that courtroom in self-defense will stay with me always.

With a calm smile on his face, with clear conscience, Geo stood for an hour before the judges and explained that a poet writes when he feels himself identified with an object or event. The September Revolution was such an event and he was impelled to translate it into poetry. He said he felt himself a part of the people and that with them he wanted to help "Human life to be an endless climb upward! Upward."

Geo spoke with fire. He was not simply defending himself but the right of all writers to freedom of expression. He reminded the judges that until that time no writer in all the civilized world had been punished for his writing as such, though sometimes for other of his activities.

THE courtroom was silent; even the judges held their breath to catch Geo's every word. When he had finished, the audience stirred, strained forward hoping that he would go on. We all believed that Geo's words had convinced the judges, that he would not be punished for his courage to sing of the September Revolution.

To our astonishment, the judges handed down a decision that "The poet sings for pure art, praises or

GEO MILEV

describes only from the standpoint of his art. . . . In his attitude toward various events in the life around him, which impress him strongly, he does not take sides. He does not praise one and hurt the other; he merely describes everything he sees, describes it with the delicate, sweet colors of poetry. . . ."

Geo was fined 20,000 leva and sentenced to one year in prison. He could not believe that the court could make such a decision. With joking reference to the dullness of "their Honors," he left the courtroom believing that the decision would never be carried out.

He was right. Unable to enforce their decision legally, the government resorted to illegal means.

Next day, May 15, 1925, Geo was kidnapped from his home and killed by underlings of Prime Minister Alexander Tzankoff.

The cultural world of Europe protested Geo's death. Henri Barbusse, of France, visited Bulgaria to investigate the case. In his book "The Murderers" he made reference to the circumstances of Geo's death. Max Reinhardt protested and "regretted the loss of a very gifted theater director." Oskar Kokoshka, in Vienna, recognized the loss of "a precious critic and learned connoisseur of modern art."

Many Bulgarian writers were silent. Fearing for their lives, they did not dare to speak a word for Geo Milev or express regret for his death. The more courageous of them stated that "talent such as Geo's is born only once in a hundred years," that "He was the most cultured Bulgarian," "The most honest and courageous."

THE youth and the common people deeply mourned for Geo. They knew they had lost a sincere friend and inspirer. Unable to use the Bulgarian printing presses, they copied his poem by hand and learned it by heart. Bulgarian students abroad printed it in Paris, and in Belgrade. In Prague it was translated into Czech and in Russia into Russian.

A few courageous young people in Bulgaria printed pamphlets about Geo. They were promptly tortured and imprisoned.

We, his family, searched for him for months, but we never learned exactly where and how he was killed.

There were rumors that he had been shot in the mountains, that he had been burned in the furnace of "Public Safety." These measures were used by Bulgarian Fascists long before the world knew of Hitler. Both stories, however, avowed that his spirit was not crushed.

Geo's voice was silenced forever. The murderers triumphed, but they forgot that he who speaks for the freedom of a tormented and deprived people does not die. In today's New Bulgaria, Geo Milev is honored as one of her most cherished sons. Geo's poems are celebrated especially by the youth of today, the heirs of the September Revolution of 1944, which fulfilled his prediction of a decade before that "September will be May."

TESLA

(*Continued from page 4*)

his life, he read a paper on the occasion of his 80th birthday on the perfection of a tube for atom smashing. As if that were not enough, he also presented a system of interplanetary communication.

Thus the fragmentary story of the life and work of a Yugoslav immigrant who, like so many tens of thousands of his fellow countrymen, left their homeland rather than live as subjects within the Austro-Hungarian empire.

He made a unique contribution to his adopted land, so ideally suited to the full scope of his genius, "the like of which in all history could probably be counted on the fingers of one hand."

It is to be hoped that just as he brought electrification to the U. S. in the short span of ten years, his adopted country might assist in the full electrification of the Balkans, reversing its present policy toward New Yugoslavia.

PROGRAM AND ACTIVITIES

(*Continued from page* 30)

fight against it with all their energy and knowledge. As Congressman Sabath (D-Ill.) put it: "We must not, we dare not, we shall not permit Germany to rearm and grow strong, lest we perish, and the whole world with us."

The first step in this fight of the American Slav Congress against the rebuilding of a strong Germany is a letter to all members of Congress in Washington expressing the most determined opposition to such plans and policies, and calling upon the legislators of our country to reinstate the decisions and policies of the Big Three at Potsdam for the complete demilitarization, denazification and democratization of Germany.

This is to be followed by the adoption of similar resolutions by all Slavic American organizations, which support this campaign, to their respective Congressmen and Senators.

A third step will be circulation of a mass petition for signatures by every Slavic American who opposes the rebuilding of a strong Germany.

The American Slav Congress stands for aid to all needy peoples of war-devastated Europe—all, not only the countries of Western Europe but also those of Eastern Europe, who did the main fighting and dying for our common victory over Nazi Germany. Such aid should be given through the United Nations, without political strings.

The Election in 1948

The decisions of the National Committee meeting call for mobilization of Slavic Americans for the most active participation in the elections in November 1948, the results of which will decide whether the drift toward war is to continue or whether America is to return to the peace policies of Roosevelt. This participation of Slavic Americans in the 1948 elections is to take place on a strictly non-partisan basis. The American Slav Congress will cooperate with all democratic forces and organizations such as the Progressive Citizens of America, under whose auspices most of the meetings of Henry Wallace have been held, the CIO-PAC, progressive and liberal Democrats and Republicans, and all who stand for peace and security.

In line with the preparations for the 1948 elections, it was decided that all State and City Committees of the American Slav Congress should hold conferences in the first quarter of 1948—January, February, March and April, at which they will examine the platforms of the various parties, groups and candidates, and decide whom to support and whom to oppose.

The conferences during the first quarter of 1948 will be followed by mass American Slav Day rallies and picnics in the summer months—June, July and August—at which the stand of the American Slav Congress will be made known to large audiences and from which a ringing call for an all-out mobilization for the elections should go out. The mobilization is to culminate on a nation-wide scale in the calling of

The 4th American Slav Congress in Chicago

which is to be held in the second part of September, 1948. The Chicago Slav Congress expressed real enthusiasm about this decision of the National Committee and is already discussing plans for the preparations of the 4th Congress.

This is how millions of Slavic Americans are answering the efforts of the war-mongers and the reactionaries to intimidate them; this is the stand and the Program of Action of the American Slav Congress in the fight for peace, security and progress—the fight to keep America free and help prevent a new world war.

Neither the persecution of our people, as is the case with Yugoslav Americans in Farrell, Pa., where the Immigration and Naturalization authorities are refusing citizenship to progressive applicants and threaten to revoke it in the case of those who are citizens, nor the Nazi-like insults such as the one by Congressman Charles Eaton (R-N.J.) who refers to Slavs as slaves, will deter Slavic Americans from joining all progressive Americans in an all-out offensive against the Hooverites and the Trumanites who are subverting everything progressive which Roosevelt stood for.

We agree with Henry Wallace when he declared that "the present foreign policy of the United States defends reaction in the name of freedom. The sooner it is revealed in its true colors, the better our chances for averting war and the high price of wasteful preparation for war."

CONSPIRACY AGAINST PEACE | LOUIS ADAMIC

(*Continued from page 6*)

It is to the United States' everlasting glory that this concept of equality was first phrased and was first given political formulation in the basic document of this country.

It is far from concrete as yet. And on this point there is this to say: there is a clear and steady process toward an equal chance for all individuals and nations, there is going to be sharp conflict in various forms, as this issue of equality is at the center of the contest between need and greed, between Revolution and Counter Revolution. Until there is a clear and steady advance toward equality, there will be strikes and race riots here. There will be what I call psychological civil war in parts of the U. S. There is going to be actual military civil war elsewhere, and maybe here too. And there is going to be atomic-bacterial global war. . . . There is no way out of this except via the principle stated in the Declaration of Independence—"all men are created equal." Not only white Americans, but all Americans, and not only Americans but all people everywhere.

THIS principle was pushed aside in the Churchill-Baruch-Byrnes-Truman-Marshall-Dulles policy, erroneously called the American foreign policy. This principle of equality is now operative in our domestic processes only in very uncertain ways—in some respects, not at all.

Look at the position of the Negro. This issue cannot be solved by pious talk about tolerance. The Negro-White situation here now is part of the color and colonial questions in the world. We will not contribute to their solution if the American Negro remains, at best, a second-class citizen, forced to live in ghettos and pick up the crumbs falling off the white man's table.

Our domestic affairs are now closely linked with international affairs. Often you can't separate them at all. The counter-revolutionary efforts directed from Washington at countries in Europe or Asia or Africa or Latin America are tied up with the same sort of moves on the part of our counter-revolutionaries, our anti-equalitarians, at home. These spell WAR—several kinds of war. They are likely to result in immense destruction. It is no accident that Bernie Baruch, Jimmy Byrnes, and Tom Connally—all three Southerners, all three on record as racists—are three of the most important figures among the initiators of the United States' so-called "tough policy" against the Soviet Union. Nor is it an accident that our white-supremacy politicians find a natural ally in Winston Churchill and Jan Christian Smuts, the two greatest living champions of imperial colonialism based on white domination. Leaders of colored peoples here and in Asia, Africa, and Latin America know this. So do the white leaders of Russia and of countries in the Soviet orbit. But we Americans, as a people, are largely unaware of the significance of this important "tough-policy" combination as it operates at home and abroad.

A YEAR ago in Chicago I spoke with a Negro whom I've known for some time. He had just been again humiliated by Jim Crow. Angry and dejected, he asked me if I saw any hope for America and the world. I said, "Some, off and on." We talked. At the end he said, "Unless this thing that's being done to us Negroes stops, unless we Negroes and whites like you can get together in some effective way and make it stop, there may as well be an atomic and bacterial war, and I don't care if it does destroy us and the whole earth. Maybe I shouldn't say this, but it's how I feel."

Then I talked with one of the new leaders of one of the East-European countries. "Your American reactionaries," he said, "who are in charge of your foreign policy seem to be determined to force us back into industrial backwardness, where they wish to keep China and Africa and Latin America. My country doesn't want war, and I happen to know that our big friend, the U.S.S.R., doesn't want war either. We need peace desperately. But if your present American leadership succeeds in getting the U.S.A. into a war against us and the Soviets . . . well, then, we'll see what we'll see. But this is sure: no matter how terrible your atomic bombs are, no matter what you may do to us, we will not let you, we will not let anyone, drive us back into industrial backwardness, into subservience to foreign-money interests, into what we were in before the war, what the peoples of China and India and the Congo are still in. We are a small country, but we have ceased being a Venezuela. We don't want to be a Venezuela again. We didn't like it. It wasn't worth living. It wasn't life. If we can't have an opportunity to develop industrially in our own way, we'd just as soon be blown off the map—if you can blow us off the map. Personally, I think you can't. There are too many of us who think this way, too many of us all over the world, including India, the Congo, and Venezuela."

I think these two statements, one by an American Negro, the other by a new leader of an East-European country, are plain enough. They need no interpretation from me.

WE WILL have to find a way to press our government into formulating and practicing a foreign policy which will fit into an effective United Nations apparatus and encourage democracy at home and in China, Greece, India, Brazil, Indonesia . . . everywhere. Not necessarily a democracy exactly like ours; in fact, in some respects preferably unlike ours. The future has no room for the idea that "Anglo-Americans" have a patent on democratic proc-

CONSPIRACY AGAINST PEACE

esses. There is basis for the claim of the new regimes in Eastern Europe, as well as of the Soviet Union, that their programs, and the achieved and expected results are democratic.

We Americans must realize that potentially and actually the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. are equally great powers, and that friendship between the two is essential to both and to the world in general.

We must try to understand the Soviet Union and expect from her understanding and fair judgment about our country; in turn, we must speak and write about the Soviet Union with the same degree of fairness. Friendly reciprocity is essential to any successful relationship. It so happens that it was our press that, under the directives of our official and unofficial counter-revolutionaries and champions of greed, began the present propaganda war between the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. It so happens that for every line of anti-American publicity in Russia our press publishes pages of anti-Russian propaganda. What is more it is we who began the present "cold" war. It is up to us to change our behavior to the Soviet Union publicity-wise.

THERE is need of bringing about an ideological compromise—or at least a truce—on the international scene. Stalin wants it. But of course on mutual terms, not on our terms. His country too is a power. He would be a fool not to want to work with us in a peaceful relation; and he is no fool. His attitude seems to be that our two systems are different, that in the long run, the best of the two will prevail. Personally, I believe that is fair. If the two systems do begin to work together, in the long run the best in each will prevail and merge with the best in the other.

We must permit countries like Greece, Italy, France, Spain, China and others to have their natural revolutionary developments and come under some kind of vital leadership that now is effectively reconstructing Yugoslavia, Poland and Czechoslovakia. We must give up our counter-revolutionary Truman Doctrine and Marshall Plan.

The world is going left. I believe we should go along. We cannot practice an intelligent, democratic policy unless we infuse our democracy at home with new vitality and a wider scope so that it will satisfy economically, socially, politically, ethnically a growing number of our citizens, gradually equalizing our standard of living. This can be done only if we move toward some form of economic controls.

The world is going left. If we permit the Baruchs and Dulleses to take us right, there will be war. And militarily, that war will be, certainly for us, a super-idiocy, even if the crowd now in charge of our affairs fails to destroy the whole world. We will lose that war as a military proposition.

World War III is almost a mathematical certainty unless we, the U. S., approach the present negative and explosive situations with positive, constructive programs and action, both at home and abroad.

Whether or not we can avoid World War III, I do not know. But I do know that if we Americans don't try to avoid it, nothing else is worth trying or doing. If we don't at least try to avoid it, everything else is futile and ludicrous, and worse—devastating.

We Americans are a central factor in the world today. We hold some trump cards. We are a great power. We could be a great power for good. We excel nearly all nations in industrial skill. We could be infinitely constructive. It is up to us—not entirely up to us of course, but very largely up to you and me and our neighbor.

Our country began with a revolution, with a revolutionary, sharply anti-imperialist ideology. Our country has a wonderful tradition. I plead that we be true to it.

LETTERS

(*Continued from page 46*)

Council. The All Slav Quintet offered several musical selections.

In his speech before the large and enthusiastic audience, George Pirinsky detailed the numerous inroads against civil liberties of the people in the United States and particularly Slavic Americans. A United States foreign policy which aids the Greek monarchy against the interests of the majority of the Greek people is un-American, he said.

Pirinsky concluded by saying that the remedy to all this is in the 1948 elections when representatives must be sent to Congress who will act in the best interests of the American people.

The collection totaled $594 for the American Slav Congress Fighting Fund for peace, security and progress. Mr. Philip Drazich and the local Slavic Council donated $100 each, the American Polish League $50, with additional contributions from other Slavic groups and individuals. Louis Farlan made the arrangements, and Frank Petrovich was chairman.

CASIMIR NOWACKI, *Exec. Sec'y Slavic Council, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Dear Friends:

We have received a copy of the first issue of *The Slavic American.* Your new publication is of great interest to us here, and we congratulate you on it.

The Slavic American can play an important role among our Slav brothers in the U.S.A. We shall review your American Slav Congress magazine in *Slavonic Life,* the official organ of the Slav Committee in Poland. We are putting you on our mailing list so that you will receive our magazine as it is issued, and shall appreciate receiving your magazine at the address below.

With fraternal greetings,

HENRYK BATOWSKI, *Editor*
Slavonic Life Magazine
Warsaw, Poland

DEPORTATION LAWS HIT SLAVIC AMERICANS (*Continued from page* 13)

non-citizen violates any law, he should be punished for that violation the same as a citizen. But he should not also have to face the indignity of deportation.

The attempt to deport non-citizens because of their political beliefs is only one phase of the present-day attack on the rights of the foreign born. Non-citizens who have been active in the labor and anti-fascist movement find that the Justice Department refuses them every consideration when they are guilty of technical violations of the immigration laws.

Joe Weber, for instance, has lived in the United States since 1913, when he was brought here by his parents from Yugoslavia at the age of 9. He is married to an American citizen. But he faces deportation to Yugoslavia, after having lived in this country for 34 years, because in 1939 he visited Mexico for four hours. Joe Weber is a former Director of Organization of the United Farm Equipment and Metal Workers of America, CIO, and has been active in labor circles in Chicago and the Midwest for the last 25 years.

Steve Tandaric, native of Yugoslavia, entered the United States in 1911. He also faces deportation because, in 1939, he re-entered the United States illegally after having fought fascism for two years in Spain as a member of the International Brigades. Steve Tandaric, who lives in Hammond, Indiana, is a charter member of the United Steelworkers of America, Local 1010.

Perhaps the greatest threat to the rights of the American people in recent months has been the attack on the Yugoslav-American community in Mercer County, Pennsylvania. The center of this community is in Farrell, Pennsylvania, in the heart of the steel producing area. It is about 14 miles from Youngstown, Ohio. The majority of its 20,000 inhabitants came to the United States from Yugoslavia about 35 years ago.

Yugoslav Americans in Farrell are told plainly that they will not be permitted to become citizens because of their membership in the Aria Singing Society, the Croatian American Civic Club, or local branches of the Croatian Fraternal Union and the International Workers Order.

Applicants for citizenship are told that their membership in these organizations—which is their only social, cultural, and fraternal activity—makes them ineligible for American citizenship. They are told that if they contribute to Yugoslav Relief (to help their own families in war-devastated Yugoslavia) they will not become citizens. They are told that if they want to become citizens they must publicly oppose the present Yugoslav government.

In all these ways the immigration and Naturalization Service is seeking to terrorize the entire Yugoslav-American community in Farrell.

Another phase of the attack is levelled against naturalized American citizens. On January 16, 1947, Frank Berkovich, one of the leaders of the Yugoslav-American community in Farrell, was called to the Youngstown, Ohio, office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. On January 20, Anton Evakich was called.

In Youngstown, Berkovich—a citizen since 1940—and Evakich—a citizen since 1927—were each questioned for 3 hours. They were insulted by insinuating questions concerning their private lives. They were threatened that, unless they cease their progressive activities in the Yugoslav-American community, their American citizenship would be revoked. This questioning and attempted intimidation of Frank Berkovich and Anton Evakich was illegal. It violated their rights as citizens of the United States.

The campaign of hysteria against the foreign born is an unwarranted attack on the people who built this country, who dug the mines, manned the factories, laid the roads—contributed to our wealth and to our culture.

The history of America is filled with the names of immigrants who made outstanding contributions to this country. Today, there are Philip Murray, Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein, Senator Robert Wagner, to name only a few. But even more important are the millions of immigrants who came here seeking freedom, democracy and opportunity and who have given unsparingly of their energy and knowledge in the development of their new country.

The whole future course our country will take is bound up with the outcome of the present-day attack on the foreign born. That attack is related to all other attempts to deprive minorities of their rights.

In view of the concentrated press and radio barrage of propaganda, it is important to remember at all times that we can defeat this attack on the rights of the foreign born.

Today, we must stimulate the kind of national movement that, in 1800, resulted in the repeal of the Alien and Sedition Act. Prompt action on the part of the people spelled failure for the Palmer Raids in 1920 and the Black Legion in 1930.

The American people must be mobilized for a united effort to defend our democratic traditions. We must defeat the attempt to deport non-citizens because of political opinion. We must establish in American law the democratic right for an alien to live in this country unmolested after five years' residence. Naturalization must be facilitated for all 3,000,000 non-citizens now in the United States within the next five to ten years.

The achieving of that kind of program will reverse the trend that has been launched by a small minority to change the character and the temper of our national life. It will make possible realization for the foreign born of our war-time goal of freedom from fear. And, in defeating this attack on the democratic and Constitutional rights of the foreign born, we will make this country a better place in which to live for all races, all creeds, all national groups.

WEDDING DAY

(*Continued from page* 8)

joking, joining in the singing, while bills rustled into her plate.

The party spilled into the yard.

WORD that Dorta was having a wedding had reached the Gypsies in Twelfth Street, and several of them now appeared, be-ribboned fiddles under their arms, to play for drinks and tips. To their wild music the wedding guests danced the czardas and the polka—as Andrej said, no Slovak man or woman ever got too old or too fat to dance—while the young people attempted waltzes and two-steps on the yard's packed earth. The sun beat down hotly on them all, the celebrating guests and the neighbors watching from their windows and the small boys roosting on the fences.

Mary came downstairs without her veil and the women protested because she'd put up her hair herself. They would have preferred to do it for her, according to old-country custom, seating her in a chair and combing her hair into a *konta*, a bun, while they improvised a chant: "She's not a girl any more, she's a married woman now, a wife. She'll have to keep house for her husband, she'll have to cook and scrub, and fine children she'll have one after another. Oh, if her mother could only see her now, see her little girl a bride!" And so on; it was considered a success if the bride burst into tears. But Mary had forestalled them. "You only wanted to see me cry," she said.

Late in the afternoon they danced the *redova*, wherein the bride was caught and whirled in a dance by a succession of partners, men and women alike, one after another without pause. Each paid for the privilege, the women getting a piece of the wedding cake—uncut until now—and the men a drink. Joe, as best man, was the last to dance with her. Midway—this too was traditional—he pretended to run off with her. As the women shrieked Mike pursued them and returned leading his bride

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WEDDING DAY

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by the hand. She was breathless, nearly exhausted, and now his alone forever.

That was near five, and a number of guests, those with boarders to feed and long-turn lunch buckets to pack, said good-by and left. After the six o'clock whistle blew they were replaced by newcomers. The sun slid towards Homestead.

LAMPS were lit in the kitchen and people were singing in the yard, in the darkness, when Mike and Mary left.

Mary kissed Dorta and thanked her again for all she'd done. "I'll be over in the morning and help you clean up," she said.

"Are you crazy? Stay at home where you belong. Mike, if you let her come I'll slam the door in her face."

Mike promised to see what he could do.

"You have the money?"

He patted his coat front. They had collected, at table and during the *redova*, some ninety-four dollars, a satisfactory though not spectacular sum. Everything had been paid for in advance and Dorta had refused a penny for all her work.

"It goes in the bank tomorrow," Mike said.

They went outside, and the singing stopped. "What—are you going already?"

Someone in the darkness joked good-naturedly.

THEY were able to get away at last —"Goodnight, goodnight!"—and went into the vacant street. The deserted guests began to sing again; against the darkness, against the night's small sounds, the low rumble from the mill, they sang a melancholy, richly tuneful ballad about a great frost that froze a well, a white rose that grew under a window, a girl who cried, whose heart was breaking because no one came courting her, no one would marry her because she was poor. "*Pod tym nasim okeneckom. . . .*"

Their little kitchen was a neat and quiet haven after the noise and disorder of the wedding feast. Mary lit the lamp and pulled down the shade. "It's good to get home."

"Are you tired?"

She nodded. "But you're the one who should be tired, after working all night."

"I'll sleep well," he admitted. It seemed a year since he'd come home from the mill that morning.

He took off his collar and went around to the backyard for water.

"We're not going to be like so many others," he had told her. "We're not greenhorns, just off the boat. I know English pretty good. I'm still young. I mean to keep my eyes open and use my head. One of these days I'm going to get a good job, and then —well, we shall see."

Mary had leaned against him, her eyes dreamy. "We'll make it Mihal. I'll help you all I can."

"Sure you will. We'll work hard, save our money—you watch. You'll never be sorry you married me."

"What a thing to say!"

He'd smiled into her eyes, and kissed her, "I want a good life for us, Marcha. For you, for me, for our children."

Mrs. Perlak, their landlady, was in her tiny bit of garden, looking over her parsley and lettuce. She'd just watered it and the air smelled of damp earth and wet vegetation.

"Well, is it all over? she asked.

Mike said it was, and pumped. The squeak of the pump handle, the gurgle of water, were pleasant, restful sounds. When the bucket was full he took it inside, feeling mature and relaxed and contented. Washing, he could hear Mary moving around upstairs, his wife in their own home humming to herself. Then he locked the door and blew out the lamp.

As he climbed the stairs, his heartbeats quickening, he thought, all over? Nonsense. It is only the beginning.

YOUTH FESTIVAL (*Continued from page* 12)

pins were no longer safe indicators of a person's nationality.

How we managed to get around Prague those four weeks, is still a wonder to me. We owe our thanks mainly to the Prague trolley conductors, who never failed to let us off at the right stop, despite the fact that we confronted them with at least fifty different languages. Prague citizens who understood French, English or German, were also a great help as interpreters. However, I found that the Czech people and other Slavic youth I met in Prague were reluctant to speak the German language. "We do not wish to propagate the language of the people who enslaved us," they told me.

But I'd like to take you all right to the Festival with me. Here are a few pages from my diary describing several of the drama packed days at the World Youth Festival.

PRAGUE WAS A GOLD MINE for autograph hunters. When did they ever have such a chance to collect names and addresses of friends who came from all five continents?

July 25, 1947

DEAR DIARY,

There were no activities scheduled for today, because rehearsals were going on all morning and afternoon at Strahov Stadium. About four in the afternoon, I took a stadium-bound trolley which brought me to the green countryside just outside Prague. To approach the stadium I had to climb a hill which was already lined with delegates, Czech citizens, and Prague vendors selling pickles and *zmrzlina*—ice cream. What I saw looked like a County Fair, but it was even better, because the people were citizens of the world.

At six o'clock, delegation after delegation—72 in all—marched into the stadium, each carrying their flags, banners and slogans.

I was chosen to represent the United States delegation and marched into the stadium with a special group comprising one delegate from each nation represented. We marched across the field, arms interlocked and four abreast and presented ourselves before the grandstand—a symbol of the "Brotherhood of Man." Wild cheers went up. Guy de Boysson, President of the World Federation of Democratic Youth, opened the ceremonies with greetings. Youth leaders from each country brought greetings from their country. Written greetings were brought by track runners who arrived breathless at the grandstand.

The bleachers of Strahov Stadium were filled to capacity, and on the field several thousand young people witnessed the ceremony which was filmed by some of the leading cameramen of Europe. Then the "Brotherhood of Man" group walked across the field carrying the tremendous green and white Festival banner. We watched it as it was hoisted up, and joined in the cheering and applauding. The Festival, first of its kind in history, was on!

July 27, 1947

DEAR DIARY,

Roosevelt College Dormitory is buzzing with activity this morning—and every morning. You can't get a wink of sleep after seven. But what am I complaining about? Our Czech interpreter, Peter, is up at four in the morning preparing the day's schedule for the American delegation.

Anyway, it didn't take Vera, my roommate, and me long to discover that our room isn't ours *privately* after about 8 a.m. Because of its strategic location on the ground floor it has becme ironing room, information center, and town hall for the entire building.

I love this room when it is overflowing with people. What a picture to see that beautiful Oriental girl from Viet-Nam ironing at the table! To see a group of Polish, Bulgarian and American boys and girls conferring in a corner of the room. Who ever said we couldn't get along?

It's wonderful to have Peter, Frank, or Ivan, our Czech student friends, pop in to ask whether we'd filled out our

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PRAGUE FESTIVAL

(*Continued from page* 57)

meal ticket forms, or whether we'd seen so-and-so pass. They take such good care of us!

At noon I took a No. 6 trolley (the trolley car is the only means of transportation in Prague) with several of my friends to the Festival restaurant at Trida Jana Opletala. Three thousand other delegates had already got there and were busy eating and talking. We found places at a side table with three Danish boys, an Indian girl and two boys of the Italian delegation which numbered several thousand delegates.

One of the Danes, a history teacher who had been in Yugoslavia, told us over *knedlicky i pivo*—dumplings and beer—that the Samac Sarajevo Youth Railroad there belongs in spirit to the youth of the world. To the Chinese, British, South African and Swedish young people who are working on the Omladinski-Pruga during their vacation weeks.

The Brigades work about six hours each day, and usually the entire afternoon is given over to a wide range of cultural, educational and sports activities. Our Danish friend said that Yugoslavia is producing a proud, creative generation of young people.

One of the Italian boys told me proudly in Spanish that he is a Communist. His friend, he said, was a non-Communist Partisan veteran. "We love each other, though," he said. "We Italian young people are a united front."

I left my friends and hurried away to an American-Bulgarian delegation meeting at Sokolovna Hall. This meeting took much the same form as other delegation meetings. Ninko Stefanov greeted us on behalf of the Bulgarian delegation and extended warmest greetings to the youth of America.

He then gave a brief account of the Liberation Movement in his country, and a description of the present Fatherland Front Government. Another delegate spoke on the Bulgarian youth movement, and the educational system.

Here's something that struck me as extremely interesting. The Bulgarians, as well as the other national delegations we met with, wanted to know about the young people and the progressives in the U. S. They wanted to know why we don't have a national youth organization and what the chances were for a Third Party. They wanted to know all about Mr. Henry Wallace and Senator Pepper. They knew all about our people's protest against the Taft-Hartley Bill; all about the militaristic loans our Government is making to countries like Greece, China and Turkey. They were concerned about the increase in anti-Semitism in our country, the discrimination against Negroes, and particularly about the anti-Slavic propaganda.

They said, "Tell the progressives we are counting on them as never before." With that they seemed to be saying that they had always looked to America for progressive, democratic leadership, and that they were alarmed by America's recent policies—particularly with regard to our present policy of rebuilding Germany. The interest of these young people in America was an eye-opener to all of us.

In the evening I went to the Vinohrady Theater where the Yugoslav Delegation was giving their concert. I didn't have a ticket, but I soon met a group of Yugoslav friends outside the theater. They pressed a ticket into my hand for one of the best orchestra seats. Just another sign of the deep feeling of friendship for the American Delegation.

The program was opened by the large Belgrade Partisan choir. They sang beautiful Partisan songs and strange, haunting melodies, peculiar to Yugoslavia. I can easily understand how this group captivated the Choir Competitions judges, who awarded them first prize the third week of the Festival. There were also fine concert soloists and national folk dances and ballet on the evening's program. What stole the show, though, was the performance of a historic game, *moreska*, which is done in dance form to a musical score. This dance was performed by young dock workers from the Island of Korchula. Dressed in medieval costumes, they swung sabres which threw sparks, broke, and had to be replaced. The audience was breathless.

We could not express our appreciation of the fine Yugoslav performance merely by clapping. We rose to our feet chanting, "Ti-to—Ti-to—Ti-to," until I felt all Prague must hear us.

August 2, 1947

DEAR DIARY,

From one until five this afternoon, the Old Fair Grounds was the scene of songs, dances, music on strange instruments, and the mingled laughter of young people from all over the world.

On four separate podiums in different parts of the park, concerts were going on simultaneously. On one podium I saw the Mongolians give a demonstration of their national wrestling called *boch*. On another podium the Bulgarians were doing their folk dances, which they later continued off the podium, teaching the brave onlookers how it is done without risk to life or limb. There were young people from Viet-Nam singing and performing a sword dance. I watched a Palestinian group dance and sing, and later mingle with the audience which joined them in their native dance the *hora*. Then there was the Russian Festival choir and dance group. No wonder they won the Festival Cup! The afternoon came to a brilliant close with a medieval parade put on by the Italian Delegation.

Starved, I hurried over to the Festival restaurant with a few friends. At the door we were stopped by our Czech interpreter, Peter, who told us that a special Festival truck was waiting outside, ready to take us to the town of Kralupe, where the town people had prepared a special

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PRAGUE FESTIVAL

(*Continued from page* 58)

meal in our honor. So we piled into Festival trucks and rode through Prague and into the Czech countryside, singing "Solidarity Forever," "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah" and greeting everyone along the way with *Nazdar —Nazdar!*

What a surprise was waiting for us in Kralupe! The whole town, plus the brass band was there to greet us. Once off the truck, I felt a little like a rare specimen as all Kralupe crowded around and eyed us with a curious but friendly gaze. Especially our Negro delegates made an immediate hit with the Czech people.

We were ushered into a large open air stadium, where there was a tremendous spread prepared for us by the women of the small town. Macaroni salad, pickles, wine, cakes, pastry. Even Czech cigarettes. Everything to make us feel at home. I know I wasn't the only one who could hardly breathe after we finished that meal.

Then around a huge camp fire, we American delegates did the Virginia reel, and jitterbugged. An Indonesian boy amazed the Czech audience with an intricate sword dance; several Austrian boys did a comical dance which had us all laughing; and a group of Bulgarian Pioneers, between the ages of eight and thirteen, sang and danced in national costume. It was a sight to win the heart of any people, no less these Czech people, proud of their Slav brothers from Bulgaria.

As we were taking our leave, the women presented each of us with a bag of fruit and another full of Czech cakes and pastries. We didn't know quite how to express our appreciation.

As our trucks left Kralupe we shouted *"Zdar—Zdar—Zdar!* A little Czech boy grabbed onto the truck and didn't let go until we were some distance past the town. He dropped off reluctantly at last and kept waving until we were out of sight.

The truck rumbled along the quiet, moon-lit country road as we sang and talked about our extraordinary evening. Then the delegate sitting next to me told me a story. It seems that two weeks after the Armistice had been signed by Germany and the Allies, the people of Kralupe heard a noise overhead and ran out into the streets to see what it was. American planes were passing overhead and rained death on several hundred Czech people. It was an accident.

Suddenly I felt guilty for having been treated so lavishly by these people. I wanted to go back and tell them that I thought they had been too generous to us, too good, too kind. I wanted to tell them that the delegates at the World Youth Festival would go back to their home lands with a new understanding. They would exert a powerful influence so that the good people of Kralupe and the people of all the world might live together in peace always. No one would ever be able to convince any of us again that we must make war on each other.

SUMMARY OF JOURNEY

(Continued from page 28)

do still lurk around; but we were never molested.

AND now a few words about my interview with Marshal Tito. I had sent in eight questions through the Foreign Office; then I had about 34 questions when I saw him later, all of which I asked, and all of which he answered. We talked in German, and didn't need an interpreter. I asked him many questions about the charges made by our State Department about guerrillas in Greece.

The main argument he made was that the Yugoslavs are busy building up their country and their economy, and are busy with reconstruction. They not only don't want war, they think only of peace and reconstruction and want only peace and the opportunity to build and grow.

I asked why all their new buildings had such strong thick walls, as though they were being made to last forever. Tito nodded and called my attention to the fact that they were all being built out in the open, not hidden underground.

"Do you think people building factories out in the open would want or could conceive of causing a war?" he asked. I asked him, considering the state of some American mentality, what if an atom bomb were dropped on these factories? He roared with laughter, and said, "We have a secret weapon." So I thought, oh, good! I've got something for a Hearst article! In answer to my question, "What is your secret weapon?" he said, "The morale of our people. You can achieve complete destruction of our factories with the atom bomb, but you can't destroy the morale of a people."

Then he was silent a moment and said, with a sort of wonder, "You know, it is amazing what we have done in reconstruction, what we have accomplished in two years."

I FOUND that in Yugoslavia they are making their own experiences, and learning in their own way. Far from any of these countries being under Stalin's domination, the truth is exactly the opposite. They are very proudly making their own experiment, making their own attempt at developing their economy along socialist lines. When they make a mistake, they change, and they are perfectly willing to learn from their mistakes.

Among all these people, there is a desire to cooperate with us. As Tito said, over and over again, "We would like to work with you, to work out trade agreements, economic agreements, and to have friendly relations with you. But if you don't want to, all we ask is that you leave us alone."

I asked him if that didn't smack of isolationism, but he said, "No, we are asking you to have trade relations with us, and economic agreements. But if you don't want to, we don't want you to act against us, and tell lies about us, and damage us."

I asked, naturally, about the Marshall Plan, and particularly why Yugoslavia wouldn't cooperate in the Marshall Plan. He said that the Marshall Plan envisaged that every country would put its surplus into a common pot, but that Yugoslavia has trade and economic agreements with seven or eight countries and so can't do that. Under the Marshall Plan they couldn't make such agreements, and would have to renounce those they already have. They want to develop their own industrialization, and under the Marshall Plan they might be forced not to, because the Marshall Plan might require them to develop only their agricultural production. They want their industry developed. "And besides," the Marshal said with great pride, "we were merely *told* to come to Paris. We didn't think that was the way to do it. We weren't consulted beforehand, nothing was discussed with us. We were merely told to come."

One leaves Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia with a feeling of hope. They are building their countries so that they may live in dignity and with some leisure to develop their own gifts and talents without frustration and even, if we would allow it, in a peaceful world.

(This article was based on a speech)

The Dance around the flag.
By Ewald Meyer

EWALD MEYER is one of the most interesting young artists in Germany today. His subjects are satiric and mordant criticism of Nazi and prison life.

AMERICAN CLERGYMEN SEE YUGOSLAVIA

(*Continued from page* 41)

Bulletin of Cleveland, Ohio, which, among other charges, said that Stepinac "is at present, according to our best information, slowly starving on an inadequate diet." Also, on the weekend in which we entered Yugoslavia, Cardinal Griffin of Westminster, in the same public address to which we have already alluded, charged the Yugoslav government with starving and working the Archbishop to death in prison.

Such rumors and accusations have been helping to increase the tension between the United States and Yugoslavia, and to heighten the discord between East and West. If they were true, we wished to know that fact; our group believed that if they were not true, the general public should be so informed in behalf of better international relations.

Lepoglava Prison was little different from any penitentiary in the United States. There were sentry-boxes and tommy-guns along the wall, exactly like Sing Sing Prison at Ossining, New York.

WHEN we filed into Stepinac's special room—not in the main cell-block or actually a cell, but adjoining the warden's office—we found an immaculate whitewashed room about twelve to fifteen feet square, flooded with sunlight from two windows. We were frankly surprised to find the Archbishop not in prison stripes but wearing his cassock. He was standing by a small table in the center of the room. On it was a portable typewriter at which he apparently had been working when we interrupted him. He was engaged in typing a commentary on the Old Testament in the Croatian language. Against the wall, opposite the table, were bookshelves in which were perhaps fifty reference and theological volumes.

Before visiting the prison, we had agreed among ourselves that since our primary purpose was to ascertain the truth or falsity of the rumors about his treatment and consequent condition, we would not ask him about his trial, unless he himself initiated the subject. At first he was reluctant to answer questions addressed to him through the interpreter but said that if one of our group would speak to him in French, German or Italian, he would reply. Two members of our group then asked him the questions on which we had agreed, in German and in French. Asked whether the food was satisfactory, he said, "The food is very good." Concerning his physical condition, he replied, "I have been

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AMERICAN CLERGYMEN

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blessed with good health all the time I have been here." (The two medical men, who were members of our party, agreed that his appearance gave direct confirmation to his answer.)

In reply to another question, he said, "I celebrate Mass every day. It is my greatest consolation." When Dr. Nussbaum introduced himself as representing his organization, speaking in French, and asked Stepinac if there were any restrictions on his religious liberty in prison, he answered, "No, there are no restrictions." Dr. Nussbaum added, "And do you have religious books?" To this Stepinac replied, "I have the Bible in Latin and in Croatian, and I have other religious books." As we were leaving, he said, "I thank you for your visit." Stepinac made no objection to being photographed by our members.

After leaving Stepinac, we were shown into a room next door, which was fitted up as his private chapel. There was a fully equipped altar of dark wood. This also was photographed by members of our group.

We left the prison convinced by what we had just seen and heard that the charges of "starvation" and "hard labor"—when one weighs the implications of those words in the public mind as they have to do with prison sentences—are unfounded.

THE conviction of Stepinac was based on nearly a thousand photographs and documents submitted to the court and shown to the reporters present, as well as the testimony of many witnesses. In considering the trial it is essential to keep in mind that his trial and conviction were in fact the prosecution of an individual charged with serious collaboration with the enemy of his country; they had nothing to do with any persecution of his own church or religion.

The documents show that when the Italians and Germans swept into Yugoslavia, underground bands of previously organized Roman Catholic laymen, calling themselves "Crusaders," and aided by individual priests and militant monks rose to receive the invaders.

Roman Catholics who resisted or seriously denounced those activities were hounded, and the braver among them (including many priests such as Monsignor Ritig) fled to the mountains to join the Partisan Movement.

It is perhaps important to note that the government did not bring any legal action against Stepinac until six months after the termination of the war. Instead, seeking to avoid a trial, it requested the transfer of the Archbishop by the Vatican, and Marshal Tito told us that he in person made this request of the Papal Legate, Bishop Hurley of St. Augustine, Florida, an American citizen representing the papal state at the capital of another foreign state. It was when the Vatican, after four months, had made no reply to this request, and when the government obtained evidence that the Archbishop was not only persisting in his former loyalties but was secretly blessing banners for underground Ustashi formations intended to operate against the new government—only then were the legal proceedings begun and the full record of the Archbishop's war-time collaboration exposed.

Lest there be any belief that this conflict involved only Roman Catholics, with a division of loyalty among both priests and people, we wish to emphasize that a similar taking of sides occurred among the Serbian Orthodox and the Moslem population.

Dr. Nussbaum, who had been in Yugoslavia several times between World Wars I and II, expressed frank amazement at the present cooperation among the various religious groups in the country, and between the government. He reminded us again and again of the traditional bitter conflict between these ancient communions. His astonishment was shared by all of us when we dined in

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AMERICAN CLERGYMEN

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several cities with Roman Catholic, Serbian Orthodox,, Jewish, Mohammedan and Protestant leaders together around the table. That would be an achievement here in America; in the Balkans it is almost millenial.

Of course, only two and a half years after a terrible war, there are tension points yet to be resolved, with the possibility of occasional outbreaks of violence, just as there were in the young United States toward Tory clergymen and laymen of the Church of England following the American Revolution. But the basic patterns seem sound, and the door seems open to a religious peace such as the Balkans have never known in the past.

THE members of our deputation are all men who have given their lives to the Christian ministry and to the extension of the Christian Church. Wherever there is irreligion, wherever religious freedom is endangered or denied, we are as quick as any to take alarm and to oppose. Our Protestant heritage is one of freedom, and we cherish that freedom beyond all else.

It is because we have found this fundamental freedom — freedom of worship—existing in Yugoslavia that we are able to bring back so encouraging a report. It will be only by the sympathetic understanding and support of the constructive attributes in the life of the nations of Eastern Europe that the gulf between our life and theirs can be bridged, and a final world war prevented.

The full report, titled "Religion in Yugoslavia," by these American clergymen may be had at 15 *cents the copy. Write to The Brooklyn Mission and Church Federation,* 252 *Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

SLAV SAGA IN PENNSYLVANIA

(*Continued from page* 37)

Second Slav Congress was held in Pittsburgh in September, 1944.

Like the IWO, the Congress became a source of strength to the coal miners in their bitter struggles, and a lever for cultural progress in the bleak coal mine communities of the mountain-laurel State.

THE Slav mine laborers have gradually risen to the status of skilled miners. They have contributed outstanding leaders in the local unions and in the fraternal organizations, as well as civic and political leaders. Working together, the American coal miners of richly varied national origins, have persistently fought and continue to fight for improved living standards, health, safety and sanitation measures, and greater security. Often hampered and blocked in their struggles by UMWA bureaucratic, top officials, isolated from the rest of the labor movement as a result of their policies and tactics, the coal miners have suffered defeats, severe losses and have made enormous sacrifices. Too often have important social and political issues, such as discrimination against Negroes and the foreign-born, been neglected by top UMW leaders and their local lieutenants, just as the vital issues of miners' health, town sanitation and mine safety have been repeatedly neglected.

A Negro mine worker in Chartier, a mine patch in Washington County, recently told, in simple words, how the UMW has failed to fight Jim Crow. He was blackballed by the coal companies in the 1927 strike. "I set up local after local in 1927," he said, "and they promised me a union job. Ain't no Negro holding a union job in this district . . . But I'm still a union man."

Despite the costly blunders of the UMW top leadership, the coal miners are making progress in vital aspects of their community life. In many of the mine towns in Pennsylvania, union men are elected to run the local governments. These progressive leaders are bringing greater democracy to the coal bed areas. The company-run town is on the way out.

In Cokeburg, a mining town in the Pittsburgh area, UMW miner John Rados is the burgess elected by the coal miners and their wives whose families compose the town's one thousand inhabitants. During the 1946 strike, Rados told a reporter:

"What'll we do here if it gets any tighter? Why, the Council and me, we'll handle the law and order. This ain't a company town any more. *We'll* deputize for this town."

In Pennsylvania, the Slavic-Americans—immigrants and native-born—are a powerful force for democracy, peace, labor's rights and progress.

In Pennsylvania, as the very core of industrial, cultural and social advancement, the Slavic-American mine workers stand guard, fight, remembering that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

FIVE WOMEN

(*Continued from page* 45)

But no one could fight all the time. There were hours of rest when Nadja sat down with her back against a tree and watched what was going on around her. She began to sketch what she saw, her paper invariably being the reverse side of the German pamphlets which had been showered down from planes telling the Partisans to surrender. Everyone liked what Nadja drew, because her drawings were as close to the heart as the old folk songs, and she was promised that when peace came, she could be an artist.

Yet peace was a long way off. In 1942, during the enemy offensive, Nadja was captured by the Germans and everyone thought that one more child of Kozare was dead. The Partisans felt worse about Nadja Novakavitch when long after she was captured the artist, Dimitrivitch, found one of her water colors pinned to a fir tree. It showed a group of peasant women.

"If she isn't dead," said Dimitrivitch, "she must go to art school."

There was silence for a long time.

"But how can she be alive?" asked a soldier.

"Only by a miracle," someone answered.

By chance Nadja escaped death. Instead of killing her, the Germans put her in a concentration camp from which the Red Army liberated her. She came to Sarajevo, remembering what the Partisans had said in 1941 about art school and there, in charge of the new art school, Nadja found Dimitrivitch. Now she draws and paints day after day and every month her drawings appear in the magazine, "The New Woman." They are wonderful drawings, simple and human and strong as the songs of the women of Kozare. And Nadja Novakavitch is like her own pictures of peasant girls in full skirt and two long braids. When you look at her it seems that only in a legend could such a girl as this have taken a gun and gone to the mountains; but it is not a story, nor is Nadja Novakatvitch the only new artist to have such a history. There are many like her.

Half of the population of Bosnia was, and still is, Moslem, and the Moslem women never in all their lives until now were free to go unveiled in the street or in the field. They were beasts of burden even in 1933, when I first visited Sarajevo.

THERE were those who tried to emerge from bondage though the odds against them were so great. Years before the war Bahrija Samic, the daughter of a Moslem functionary, said, "I cannot stand this, Father. I am going away to Belgrade, to the University. I want to be a teacher."

So she went and came back to Sarajevo with a degree and speaking several languages, including English. But no school would give her a post as teacher of literature. She was a woman and a Moslem and she had broken the conventions.

"I waited six years, throughout the war and, then, at last I was given a job in our new secondary school," She laughed with joy. "Now there is no longer conflict between those of us who are Moslems and the Serbian Orthodox. Now we have only one problem which we all share. It is how to bring education and help to the women in our villages. So far we have one monthly magazine, 'The New Woman' and we go out to the villages to help with the farm work."

Mrs. Samic took me to the editorial offices of "The New Woman" in Sarajevo. There I met the editor, Vera Ibrenvic, one of the two women poets of Bosnia, and Olga Marasovic, General Secretary of the Publishing house and one of Bosnia's women deputies. Between them they told me story after story of the resourcefulness, courage and talent that many illiterate peasant women displayed during the war.

They showed me the magazine with its illustrations by Bosnian women artists and exultation over their new freedom expressed in short poems which women who have just learned to read and write have written. But the editors are practical women. "The New Woman," one of the newest women's magazines in the world, and printed on poor paper, is full of practical hints to women. There are articles every month on child care and nursery schools, on insects which endanger crops, the proper preparation and cooking of vegetables and the making of children's toys.

"Now we will ask a favor of you," said Vera Obrenvic, after two hours.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Will you tell the women of America about us and what we are trying to do? You are the first American woman to come here. Surely we can't be less interesting to other American women? You have been free and equal a long time. We are only just beginning. We have a long way to go to catch up with you, but we have just as great a desire to create a better world and to insure peace as you have."

Sentiments like this were expressed everywhere I went. The women of Europe have paid a terrible price and have been given an uneasy peace. But of all people, it is the women who believe most firmly that there is a solution and that different political and economic sysems can exist in the same world. When there is talk of war, women who have endured every terror, involuntarily clasp their hands over their ears.

"There can't be; there mustn't be another war," they say.

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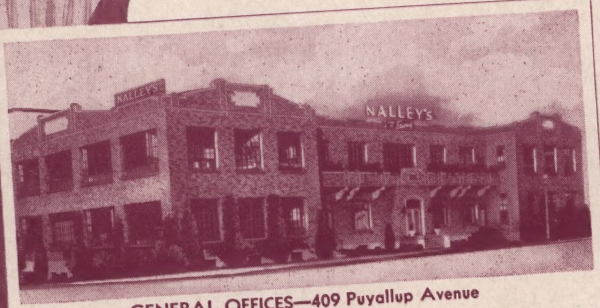

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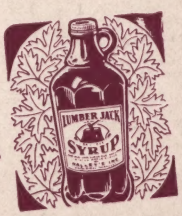

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