

A LOOK AT LABOR

By A. C. Tuckey

JAMES CARROLL PETRELLO is an unpopular figure these days. His unpopularity stems from two facts. He is charged, in the first place, with featherbedding. This means, among other things, that he forces radio stations to pay for ten musicians when they need only six or seven, for instance, when they need only four. Petrello's critics argue that this practice is wasteful.

THE LRA ACT was passed by Congress last year to outlaw featherbedding by the Musicians' Union. Its constitutionality is now being tested in the courts. The Taft-Hartley Act also prohibits featherbedding.

MONOPOLISTIC POWER is the second charge leveled against Petrello. This labor leader has recently decreed that beginning Jan. 1, 1936, the members of his union will cease making recordings. Hereafter, radio stations will have to hire live musicians or use old recordings. No new recordings will be made.

CONGRESSMAN HARTLEY considers that this recent decree of "Little Caesar" to be a violation of the Sherman Anti-trust Act. He contends that this is the type of monopolistic power which restrains trade and burdens commerce. For this reason, he is introducing a bill into Congress which would forbid Petrello from preventing the making of recordings.

ONE NEED NOT BE a sympathizer of Petrello to recognize that there is a fundamental conflict in the musicians' industry which the labor leader is trying to resolve, however undiplomatically. At one time, music was almost a profession. Today it is big business. At one time, music came only from the skill of live musicians. Today it comes from a mechanical juke box.

EVERY RECORDING which an orchestra makes ultimately means that the amount of available work for the members of that orchestra is diminished. Many radio stations can operate for twenty-four hours without so much as a live musician playing on any program. The radio station can make money out of this procedure, but the musicians do not.

PETRELLO is paid to protect the jobs and wage standards of musicians. His union would soon go out of business if it allowed the movies, the radio, the theater to replace musicians indiscriminately with wax du-

plates of their music.

THE CONFLICT is not, difficult to see. The employers of music want to make more and more money out of live and less music. This will insure them of all the music they need and a handsome profit to boot. The musicians, on the other hand, also want more and more money too. If their music makes money for their employers, they feel it should make money for them. And the device by which they have decided to get more money is to force the employers to hire more and more musicians.

THE "LRA" wants all the music it is now getting and more. This means that it wants recorded music. Live musicians are not so beautiful that they can supply all the entertainment in which the American people have become accustomed. But the American public will not let the musicians make a living too. It knows that there are only a few Kay Kayser's and Tommy Dorsey's, who make a fortune, while more numerous Joe Deakes do not make a fortune. They want music, but not at the expense of those Americans who depend on their music to make a living for their families.

UNDER THE PRESENT system it is difficult to see how this conflict can be resolved, at least resolved in peace and with justice to both sides. The union is interested in a living wage for its members. The employers are interested in production. If there is a conflict between production and the living wage, how can it be resolved? The union has nothing to say about the production end of the music business. The radio stations and Hollywood cannot force the musicians to work for them.

IN THE PAST the conflict was easily solved by employers using "cheap" or "scab" labor to weight the scales in their favor. In the present, the employers are trying to use the arm of the law to win their victory. In spite of the past and in spite of the laws, the roots of the conflict still remain. Only if there was some partnership between employers and employees in the musical and all industries, could the conflict be justly and peaceably solved. But very few people think in these terms. They strive to settle the dispute by beating down one side or the other. This gives the industry an armed peace but it does not end the warfare.

The Coming Red Terror

(Continued from Page 1)

wonderful economic gains Germany had made under him.

"We have no more unemployment," he said. "Hiller has put the nation to work, building roads, bridges, houses."

"For what?" I asked him.

"To relieve unemployment, of course."

"But how will these things be used?" I inquired, and, to his bewildered way, he said what countless other Germans must have been saying.

"When we have a millionth, Der Fuehrer will know what to do."

THE NEXT day I attended a meeting of the Polish Farmers' Association, a group of 12,000 farmers and agricultural authorities and told them that in the past few days we must stand by our army. As a result, the government offered me a post as coordinator of food during the war to come. But I had made my speech and must go. I joined the Army on August 27, 1930, once again as a private.

All the same time the government rejected the aid of our former men of war. Gen. Wladyslaw Sikorski—a situation which would permit the action of any, the British and American governments if they want to war today against some common foe and rejected the aid of Field Marshal Montgomery and Gen. Eisenhower.

Poland was filled as it attacked by lightning, as indeed it was. The disaster was beyond belief. I had urged that the people permit the planners to roll through, and thus remain behind the advancing Nazi lines in ever-increasing numbers, and continue the fight.

INSTEAD, MILLIONS of Poles were ordered to flee in the face of the approaching Germans. They jammed all roads and were slaughtered by strafing German planes. The Army could not possibly maneuver. It was a bitter shame. It is a sickening feeling to see one's country plunged into utter defeat through blind unpreparedness.

One day we remained as the German tanks forged on against us—our defending forces sometimes made up of youths bravely but pathetically throwing bottles of benzene at the steel monsters. That hope centered around Russia. Poland had a solemn sounding non-aggression pact with Moscow. Perhaps we could see into the U. S. S. R. Perhaps, even, Russia might come to our aid.

Then on Sept. 17, as our map unit—now depleted by casualties—retreated toward the southeast, our commander turned from his radio with a look I shall never forget.

"This is the worst," he cried. "Russia has put the knife in our back. The Red Army is now entering eastern Poland, to help the Germans."

With 4,000 other remnants of the Polish Army, I walked into Hungary, then still neutral, and was interned. I had never been able to reach my family.

Russia might have disposed of me as long ago as September, 1930, and saved itself such subsequent embarrassment as I have been able to impose as an official of a Poland whose love of freedom remains unquenched.

For on Sept. 18, as what was left of the Polish Army unit to which I was attached headed for the Hungarian border, to escape being pocketed between the ever-closing German and Russian forces, a group of us in trucks and light cars ran into a column of Red Army tanks in a little Polish town near the border.

But for some reason which I never understood, they permitted us to pass, though we were completely at their mercy. The Russian heads which protruded from the open hatches of the tanks seemed unable to comprehend that we were Poles. They were perhaps not too bright, for as we passed by the tank columns—expecting every moment to be blasted into eternity—several of the Red Army men saluted us.

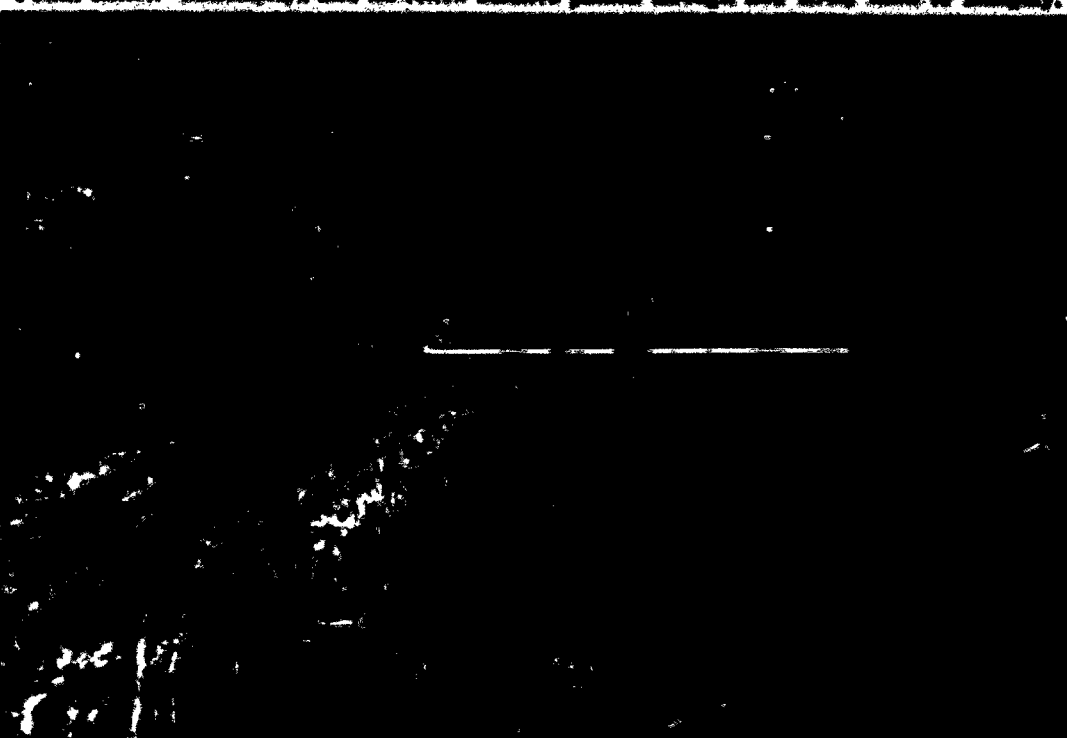
And so we moved into Hungary and were interned at Camp Hlegony with perhaps 4,000 assorted officers and men—raged symbols of unpreparedness. Our only thought, now that we were still alive, was to reform our lines and somehow hurt back a punch at the Germans and Russians who were calmly erasing Poland from the map of Europe by dividing it in half along a line agreed to by Ribbentrop and Molotov.

THE MORALE of the Poles in internment was as low as that of a military man can get. And in the hope of raising it, I started a tiny camp newspaper—the news for which was supplied by a sympathetic Hungarian, a retired colonel, who lived near our camp and permitted me—with the consent of the Hungarian prison authorities—to listen to his radio.

One item of news aroused our camp as none other, for it held out a promise that we might renew the light for our homeland. General Sikorski had escaped to France and, with the help of the French and British, was forming a new Polish armed force.



AM THE MAJOR in the Polish Army, General Sikorski, who was captured by the Germans, is shown in the center of the group. He is surrounded by other Polish officers and soldiers. The group is standing in a line, possibly in a camp or a formal gathering.



"POLAND WAS FILLED as it attacked by lightning," writes the former Polish prime minister, "in an unpreparedness." The photograph shows a group of men, likely Polish soldiers or officers, standing in a line. Some are wearing uniforms, others are in civilian clothes. They appear to be in a camp or a formal gathering.

a new Polish armed force. My every thought was to break out of Camp Hlegony and join Sikorski in France. But I was only one. We all shared that desire, and it fell to my lot to get the plan into effect.

Because I was permitted to go frequently to the home of the Hungarian colonel for news reports the job was made a bit easier.

FIRST I HAD to secure civilian clothes, which the colonel provided for me. I let it be known around the camp that I had come down with typhus, which would account for my absence from my daily news reports in the main camp, and after a few days, they slipped into my new clothes and walked out the gate.

I knew only one word of Hungarian, the word for "Good evening," and I had to travel 300 miles to Budapest to secure the funds and support needed for what we hoped would be a mass evacuation of our camp.

I used that lonely word of mine to greet the guard on the camp gate through which I passed, and all might have gone well, but he turned out to be in want of someone to talk to. He began asking me a stream of questions and when I was able to answer only "Good evening," or nothing at all, his suspicions erupted. He barked a light in my face.

I ran and was saved from being shot in the back by a sheer act of Providence which even a motion picture scenario might find trouble conjuring.

Hundreds of workers happened to be streaming into the village that bordered our camp. I ran this way and that among the crowd, something like an American football player, and I was guard was afraid to shoot for fear of hitting one of the workers. Once through the crowd, I was up and running into the dirt of a dark field and tried not to breathe when guards swept by on their bicycles, their lights sweeping the road and gutters.

I LAY THERE an hour, then walked 12 miles to the nearest railroad station at Oud, bought a ticket (I spoke German) and started for Budapest. I was sure the train would be watched, so I clamped down into the corner of a third-class compartment, pretended to be drunk and asleep. I had stretched my "Good evening" too thin.

The train reached Budapest at six the next morning, but when I arrived at our lodging in that city, two Hungarian policemen guarded the door. I kept walking and checked into a hotel, where I was immediately visited by the police.

Somewhere, I was able to convince them that I had not escaped from an internment camp; that I was a Polish political refugee who wanted only to see someone in authority at his legation.

The police promised to escort me there the next morning, and then I realized, to my great annoyance, that this was Sunday. The legation was closed and I faced the task of remaining at liberty for 24 additional hours.

But at last Monday morning arrived, and I was at the legation virtually at sun-up. The Polish colonel who received me thanked me for offering to Poland hundreds of trained stencils, stenographers, mobile warriors and technicians, but he said quite coolly that our camp would have to await its turn. Other camps

also were providing troops to the Red Army.

BUT I CONVINCED him that we must have a priority, because of our youth and eagerness to get to France, and in the end he gave me enough money to buy a Latin visa and then, told me to wait for my way back to Camp Hlegony, take as many "passport" pictures as I could, and deliver them to him. Then he would go to work on our papers, which would enable the men to leave without too much of an offense to the neutral Hungarian government.

I did get back, selected 700 men, photographed them hurriedly, and made a deal with a petty official and very brave French merchant to supply clothing and travel for us at much less than their cost.

Then I worked my way back to the legation and it was while we were making our final preparations to leave that I received one day an ordinary postal card from the legation, plainly telling me that Sikorski had received my urgent messages and wanted me to join him in France.

If the card had not been handed by a camp postmaster who was a good friend of a good friend of mine, and had instead fallen into the hands of the camp officials, I would have been kept there and eventually turned over to the Germans and probably placed in slave labor.

BUT WE GOT out. My own passport portrayed me as a "technical worker under 18 years of age."

We got all the way to the Yugoslav border—there were 28 or 29 in my particular group—before we were stopped. We were ordered back to Budapest by the Yugoslav guards. They put us in a train headed back toward internment.

First Amendment Key to McCollum Case

The McCollum case is the first to test the interpretation of the First Amendment in a court of law. It is a case which has attracted the attention of the nation and the world. The case involves the right of parents to remove their children from public schools if the schools teach religion.

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The story of his conversion is contained in his volume, "The Glory of Thy People," just published here by MacMillan, with a preface by Magr. Fulton J. Sheen of the Catholic University of America.

Particularly interesting is the record of spiritual growth, for two reasons. First, the conversion came from the pen of a scientist and a Jew, and with the scientific, because more scientific than ever, and a scientist, a doctor of medicine, and a psychiatrist, the author saw that no science was complete which counted the letters and the words in the book of Nature but never inquired after who wrote the book or the moral the Jew still made of a Jew.

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