

# From Johannesburg to the Bronx

A STUMP rancher in the forests of the Rocky Mountains can't march in a May Day parade or do any of the many other things that mark this as a special day of world-wide democratic solidarity and determination. Nor does such a farmer as a rule have much in the way of material resources to support the things in which he believes, and his plans for the future of the family are mostly limited to the effort to see them well fed and decently clothed from day to day.

I am no exception, unless it is the exception of having received an uncommon series of economic misfortunes for several years. But I think the outlook for all of us would be less bright and our possessions, however small, would be more trifling if we allow the lack of money to silence the NEW MASSES in this time of world crises and decision.

It is impossible for me to make a money contribution that measures my estimation of the value of NEW MASSES, but I can do something as a token, and, in addition, offer the names of some friends who I feel might be interested also in the effort to maintain a free press that stands for people. Would it be possible to send each of them a few issues as an introduction? Wishing you much success for your efforts in behalf of the common people, I am,

Belton, Mont.

I ENCLOSE draft for \$20 toward fund drive. Although we in this country have our own urgent demands, it is imperative that progressive groups in the US be kept not only alive but also extremely vigorous so that they can carry the fight from day to day against fascism. We outside the States feel too the effects of Truman's imperialist policy. Our own hearts of fascists take heart when American im-

perialist policies are being broadcast by our "intellectual" press, and so I consider it essential that NM be kept going.

Best of luck in your campaign—you must succeed!

H. F. S.

Johannesburg, So. Africa.

P.S. Will send a further contribution shortly.

I WAS shocked and grieved to read the bad news on page 7 of your issue of April 29. When you made the appeal I sent in \$50, which was all I could afford. I contribute to many liberal causes which makes it impossible to give to any the amount I should like to and that each merits.

Your appeal in the current issue gives me no choice, however, than to give again. I enclose two checks. One for \$100 is my own contribution. The other check, \$35, is for contributions I solicited today.

I have taken NM for many years. It seems to me it is even better than it ever was. Or perhaps my appreciation of it is more intelligent. And most definitely there never was a time when we could so ill afford to have it disappear.

C. H. C.

Berwyn, Ill.

I MAKE the motion that everybody who is able will donate one day's pay to NEW MASSES. I second that motion by sending my two days' pay of \$25.

A. H.

Thermopolis, Wyo.

ENCLOSED is M.O. for \$10, which is the best I can do in this critical period, but I'm bound to support the fight against fascism in the US as best I can. My eyes are growing dim and old age is getting hold of me.

Lagineau, Mich.

E. P.

ENCLOSED is \$10 money order for my April and July pledges. I'm sorry I'm delinquent on my April pledge. It shall not happen again.

W. H. W.

Honolulu, Hawaii.

ENCLOSED you will find the return card and five dollars. I am sorry I cannot send more now, but as I am a student, I have not financial independence to give more. But I am trying to get my friends at school and in the organizations I belong to to help save NEW MASSES.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank NEW MASSES for the wonderful work it has done fighting and strengthening the fight for a better America and a free and peaceful world. Almost alone NEW MASSES has fought consistently the aims of fascist Americans to destroy America. NM holds a unique position—not only in the minds but in the hearts of the freedom-loving peoples of the world.

Especially brilliant were the recent articles on the philosophy of John Dewey by Dr. Lamont and Dr. Selsam, the Richard Boyer article on why the British distrust American foreign policy, E. G. Flynn's Jim Larkin tribute, the excerpts from Maxim Gorky and the drawings of Gropper, Keller, and the magnificent woodcuts of Jose Venturilli.

Being a student, I was very happy to read that Joseph North is starting a series of articles on campus life. I would like to see more such articles, not only about the youth in the universities, but the youth at work (part-time or full-time), the varied youth organizations and what they are doing for or against a progressive America, especially about the fine anti-fascist American Youth for Democracy.

D. J. L.

Bronx, N. Y.

These are heartening —typical of many others we get from all parts of the country. Thanks to the response that came in last week, this issue of NM is back to full size, 32 pages. In fact, it was the best week of the entire fund drive, our readers and friends contributing \$7,704. Thanks a million. And we also want to thank the friends in Burbank,

Cal., Miami Beach and Detroit who arranged affairs recently that helped a lot.

The total in the drive to date is \$18,980—still a long way from the goal of \$40,000 we need to keep us going and growing in the coming months. We have no assurance of being able to publish even the next issue. Carry on!

THE EDITORS.

(Fill out the coupon on page 25)

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*Youth comes to us wanting to know what we propose to do about a society that hurts so many of them. There is much to justify the inquiring attitude of youth. You have a right to ask these questions — practical questions. No man who seeks to evade or avoid them deserves your confidence.*—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

# THE CAMPUS WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

*by* **JOSEPH NORTH**

*This is the first in a series of articles by NM's editor reporting on a recent tour of the colleges.*

**H**ARD by the Gothic tower sprawls the trailer village which has irrevocably altered the topography of America's university life. There lives the veteran turned scholar.

Everywhere I traveled, from Yale to Wisconsin—and I spoke on a dozen campuses—the phenomenon repeated itself: within earshot of the college chimed stood the barracks, the Quonset hut. "Vetsburg" was generally located on a meadow now churned into a mudflat by the May rains, across which the ex-GI, his textbooks underarm, sloshed to the classroom while his wife fussed about in the prefabricated kitchen preparing the stew, mending the shirt, ceaselessly engaged in the minutiae of careful housekeeping to live within the submarginal budget. In thousands of instances the wives, too, were undergraduates, many of them WAC or WAVE veterans. And everywhere I encountered newlywed wives who have hunted up jobs to enable their veteran husbands to go to school. On the campus at Yale I saw a student in his aviator's short leather jacket leading one child by the hand, toting another on his shoulders. I peered through the windows of the trailer camp at the University of Wisconsin to see a vet poring over his books while his wife bent over a crib.

At that university a young mother proudly showed me a nursery school for veterans' children rigged up within the trailer camp on the students' initiative.

For most, both married and single, the daytime hours are a continual jog from classrooms to the restaurants where they wait on table or to dank basements where they tend furnace, or to any available task that will eke out the pennies to make ends meet. Over a million and a half of America's three million college students are former soldiers: nearly half of them are married, and well over a quarter are parents. Most of them strive to live within the provisions of the GI Bill of Rights—\$65 a month for the single, \$90 for the married. "Have you ever tried to concentrate on Hegel," one of them asked me, "with the wolf howling at the door?"

I sat in the Quonset hut at one university while the veteran (three years in the Pacific) described his life. He had the florid young face of a Michigan farm-boy but the forehead was already creased with care and the eyes bore the tell-tale circles of little sleep. "I operate a telephone at one of the frat houses," he said. "I get seventy cents an hour and work twenty-one hours a week. I'm considered lucky. But the job plays hell with my study time. I go to class from nine to two: then I work from four to eleven. Straight through. No breaks. I get

home about midnight. And I have to be up in time to make class at nine. When do I study? Well, I work every other day, so that on alternate afternoons and evenings I can study. I need at least six hours at the books to catch up. One afternoon a week I try to get to my AVC [American Veterans' Committee] meeting. I can't always make it, what with the damned telephone and study. But I do my best. I'm majoring in history and English, hope to get a job teaching in college. I don't know whether I can stick it out, though. I haven't got folks that supplement my subsistence pay and this job plays hell with my studies."

He brushed his hair from his forehead in a touchingly boyish gesture that belied the three years of hunting and killing men from Okinawa to the Philippines. "I don't know," he said. "Sometimes I wonder if it's worth it. I don't think the GI Bill was passed to torture you. It's rugged. I haven't got time for any fun, no time even for a game of ball to stay in trim; I haven't got cash to buy books I want to read outside of my allotted studies. I haven't been to a movie in four months; I don't even know whether Dorothy Lamour is still wearing her sarong or not—and that's a hell of a fix," he said wryly. "I haven't got time for anything except the grind. It keeps me so busy I can't even be a first-rate campus citizen and carry through my job in AVC or any other