

(Heywood Broun Is on Vacation.)

MUSSOLINI has brought theory closer to fact in Italy by suppressing parliamentary government. He has abolished the sham pretense that has existed for some years, to the effect that representative government and constitutional guarantees existed in Italy.

One is reminded of the great parliamentary statesmen of Italy, Count Camillo Benso di Cavour, who guided the unification of Italy with great devotion and astuteness. He was a foremost friend of constitutional government and parliamentary institutions. He was a great admirer of the British system of cabinet and representative government. Second only to his joy in contemplating the progress of Italian unification was his satisfaction in feeling that Italy would be a free and liberal political society.

Now all this has been wiped away and the work of Cavour in the liberalization of Italy is a mere memory. Italy has come under a more complete despotism than that of the old Hapsburg monarchy or the autocracy of Bourbons, from which Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour and others labored to free Italy in the nineteenth century.

*No Cause for Tears*

IN spite of all this, the wiping out of the old form of parliamentary government, based on the representation of geographical districts, need cause no great shedding of tears. This system, based partly on the absurd political theories of Jean Jacques Rousseau and partly on the realities of a simple agricultural civilization, has become a farce even where it is still retained.

A hundred years ago a man might represent the inhabitants of so many square miles of territory, for they would be mostly farmers, herdsmen or tradesmen. Today, in a complicated industrial age, it is grotesque to base representative government on territorial units and gross population. A congressional district must embrace, in addition to the traditional butcher, baker and candlestick-maker, the bankers, industrialists, clerks, workers, intellectuals and a good measure of farmers thrown in from outlying rural districts.

How can a man represent such a conglomeration of diverse and mutually conflicting interests? It is absolutely out of the question. This is one reason for the decline of party and representative government and for the growth of Fascism. It is also a reason why a real, if extra-legal, form of representative government is growing up in the lobbies which do represent interests actually, directly and logically,

In one sense, Mussolini's scheme of representation by corporate groups is a step in advance. In theory, it is much to be preferred to the representation by geographical units which has been abolished. When definite professions, vocations and interests elect their representatives there is a clear-cut realization of what is represented and of how to represent it.

*It's Still a Joke*

UNFORTUNATELY, Mussolini's corporate "Parliament" is as much of a joke as his old geographical chamber. It has no more actual power than the old Parliament. It is equally a rubber stamp for the dictator and his puppets and stooges. And the most majestic joke of all is the announcement that the new plan, including the new industrial scheme, means the "inauguration of a regime of higher social justice" based on the idea that the workers should be considered as collaborators of capital, with equal rights and equal duties." Under Mussolini, the workers "take it and like it" and have nothing to say about it.

Mussolini's parallel announcement of the nationalization of key industries means as yet only a further extension of state regimentation. But it shows what fascism means for industry in the later stages of a Fascist regime. Our reactionary industrialists who are forcing us into fascism, but could not endure the pleasant and helpful controls of the NRA, will do well to study Mussolini's new industrial legislation.

## Washington Is Busy Beneath Its Silence

BY RAYMOND CLAPPER

WASHINGTON, April 3.—This unwonted quiet on the Potomac is deceptive. It's by an occasional despairing Republican sigh, while the Administration keeps its head down, making as little commotion as could be expected from a herd so liberally sprinkled with articulate mustangs.

But the comparative silence is much like that suspicious stillness which sometimes settles over small boys in the house, and which all experienced parents know to be a certain sign that fresh development is afoot. There is plenty of subsurface activity here. Part of it relates to the political campaign, such as the energetic search for ammunition on work-relief abuses which the Republicans are making, and the search for dirt by Democrats about Republican presidential candidates and by the Republicans about each other.

HERE is also some other inconspicuous activity which is more significant. That is, it will be if all goes well with Roosevelt in November. One instance is the recent order converting the last remnant of NRA's research organization into a new Division of Industrial Economics in the Department of Commerce, with orders to prepare an industrial analysis and report by Dec. 1, a month after election. Every effort was made to make this appear an unimportant routine detail. But the subject was discussed at length at the White House before Mr. Roosevelt left on his fishing trip and there is no uncertainty among those close to the President as to its purpose.

THE situation, foremost in domestic importance, is this: Despite recovery, the relief load is not decreasing. Federal authorities expect no decrease in the unless the ratio of employment to production is considerably increased, and unless children and the aged are taken out of employment. About 1,500,000 under 18 are working and 3,000,000 over 60 are working. Administration officials see no excuse for either of these groups having to work while millions in the able-bodied age span can not find jobs. In addition to this shorter hours are regarded as imperative, whether achieved through legislative action or by trade union agreement.

IT is important to bear in mind that the Administration has lost faith in pump priming. Earlier it was believed that if government spending was forced, it would stimulate private recovery which in turn would automatically reabsorb the unemployed. It is now the prevailing belief within the Administration that no probable amount of further recovery will automatically absorb the idle. Hence the preparation for a fresh approach after the election.

THIS is the most difficult domestic situation with which the Administration in power during the next four years will have to deal. It is infinitely complicated and no formula is at hand ready-made. In addition to the industrial studies now going ahead, the Scripps-Howard newspapers are urging creation of a non-partisan national relief policy board to develop a long-range program. If any of the Republican presidential candidates and platform makers have any ideas it would be a public service to haul them out for public discussion.

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## THE FIGHT ON THE DUST DEMON

Hundreds Leave, but Stronger Souls Stay On in Dreary Area

A 1500-mile auto survey of the Dust Bowl of the Southwest by Frank Houston, reporter, and Ennis Helm, cameraman, resulted in this disturbing picture of new devastation to come. This is the second of three stories.

BY FRANK HOUSTON  
NEA Service Special Correspondent

GUYNON, Okla., April 3.

—Another dust storm was at our heels as the car pulled into the farmyard of the Ray Casaday place near Turpin in the Oklahoma Panhandle.

Here you do not see the spectacular effects of the dust storms so clearly. But appearances are deceitful.

Go away from the houses and farmyards, out where the wheat is grown in the fields, and see the drab, windswept stretches, the leveled furrows, the crops blown out of their seedbeds, or covered with inches of killing sand.

Casaday's place is like that. Where there should be green-sprouting wheat at this time of the year, there is a layer of powdery gray dust that settled after the Panhandle winds destroyed the plowed furrows.

Come into the Casadays' little house, where they have survived four years of hell in the form of dust and drought.

The wind is starting to blow again as three of the Casadays' seven children greet us. They lead the way to the small, three-room farmhouse.

Mrs. Casaday, sturdy and reliable, is typical of the rugged womanhood which is the only type that survives in this region.

"YOU'D better come inside," she says. "We're going to have another blow directly." The three children, Bessie, 3, Roscoe, 6, and Harold, 18, enter with us. Inside are Julia, Jesse and Vida, ranging from 11 to 16. Nine-year-old Mae is staying late at school, and Casaday himself is out on a WPA road project with his truck.

"If it wasn't for WPA, I don't know what we would have done this last year," says Mrs. Casaday. "Mr. Casaday makes \$80 a month with his truck, working 16 days a month, and that keeps us going. Of course, his gasoline, oil and repairs have to come out of that, too."

Last fall, the Casadays got a \$275 wheat allotment check from the AAA. That helped tide them over the winter.

"It's been awfully hard out here the last four years," Mrs. Casaday went on. "We haven't had any wheat all that time. Two years ago we had so little row-crop stuff that our four horses and one cow just starved to death."

"Getting enough to eat now?" we asked.

"Oh, yes, we get enough," she replied grimly. "We aren't starving to death yet."

"But, mama," put in 11-year-old Julia, "don't you remember last summer when we went hungry so much?"

"Hush, child," her mother said, quickly. "You know we're getting along all right now."

THE dust cloud fell like a shroud about the house. Mrs. Casaday hurriedly closed the



Mrs. Ray Casaday with a couple of her seven children in the farmyard of their place near Turpin, Okla. The children have not forgotten hungry days, the pangs of which are burned into their minds. The Casadays are trying once again to "make a crop" this year, despite repeated failures.

doors and windows. But the air of the lamp-lighted rooms began to grow dim with fine dust.

The missing Mae burst through the kitchen door in a swirl of dust, coughing and sneezing, muddy tears running down her cheeks. Mrs. Casaday was obviously relieved. "It makes me worry about the children when these dusters come up," she said apologetically.

"How these children do talk," she reflected, obviously thinking of Julia's remark about hunger. "They remember things pretty clearly, I guess. After 23 years out here, we grownups learn to forget troubles as soon as they are over. We'd have been hungry if it hadn't been for the WPA work."

"We did get some free groceries and clothes last summer. That helped. I imagine we'll get through all right. All we need is just one good crop."

"Just one good crop!" That is the longing, hopeful word you hear throughout the dust bowl. Any they keep trying. In Baca County, Colo., 150,000 acres of wheat planted this year already are all blown away. And future prices in the country's grain markets are beginning to allow for such destruction by tending to go higher.

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In 1933, in 1934 and in 1935, the wheat was planted. It was all blown away. This year, on borrowed money, Rutherford planted 3000 acres of wheat on the long chance that he might be lucky. But it looks as though he is going to lose it all again for the fifth consecutive year.

"Quit!"

"No," he said. "I guess I'll stay. I made quite a stack of money out here and now I've put it all back. But I'm sticking."

IT is not only the poor tenant farmers and small owners who have suffered. Listen to R. R. Rutherford, southern Colorado wheat grower:

In 1931 he had amassed \$40,000 from repeated bumper wheat crops. Like every one else out here, he thought he had a "good thing" in large-scale wheat production. He plowed all of his land, including the pastures covered with tough, wind-resisting grasses.

"We planted everything in wheat," he said. "Then in the spring of 1932 the drought hit. The fields dried up. We replanted

the wheat. A cloudburst hit and the fields washed away. We replanted a third time. The dust storms hit us then and blew the land away. We haven't made a crop since."

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"Leave this country," I should say not," he says emphatically. "We came here and made our profits. We stayed here and lost them. Why leave now? We'll make 'em again."

THE attitude is common. J. C. Ramsey, owner of several hundred acres near Logan, N. M., admits he lost \$17,000 in the last three years when drought killed his wheat and starved his cattle.

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But many can not hold out.

Hundreds have picked up their little possessions and taken the trail that leads away from the dust bowl. Unless unexpected rains come, or the government program is continued and proves effective, large parts of the dust bowl must become bleak desert.

Up from the horizon comes the blinding, choking cloud of dust. Here is the "duster" that greeted Reporter Houston and Cameraman Helm at Naravis, N. M. This was regarded by natives as so commonplace as to be scarcely worth mentioning.

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