



"Henry Ford foresees the coming of 'real prosperity'—not 'feverish, speculative, false prosperity, but real prosperity *such as you can keep*.'"—News Item.

Hugo Gellert

tutored in any academic sense, whereby it was enabled to deliver itself of quotation after quotation from their most unquestioned pundits. But if I was nauseated at first, it was only to be astounded again by the simplicity with which the speaker, suddenly, in his own words, made tangible, made plausible, to those convicts the steps in an analysis of larceny, not as a consequence of individual viciousness, but as the result of the structure and pressure of a society in which some possess, but most do not. He made the convicts understand (I tell you gentlemen, they understood) their position, not only as individuals, but as part of a social whole, of a social process, in the light of a universal philosophic theory. You will pardon me, gentlemen, if I, too, join in your smile, for so plausible indeed did he become that I had to take myself in hand and recall that I was listening to an experienced agitator, whose substance I might dismiss, the better to free my mind for the enjoyment of an art so unfamiliar to me.

But it was from the uncommon persuasiveness the convincing

speciousness of the Communist, Kubelik, apparently a little man, much less fluent than Thompson, that I became conscious of a feeling which has little to do with reason, gentlemen, and which I cite only because, to the convicts, his labored phrases seemed to strike like blows against their bars. I recall but one instance. He spoke once of his doctrine's having been invited by no one, but as a method, disclosing the reality of things. You have seen grave-stones, he told their listening ears (their eyes could not see him) on which the words have been obscured by moss and dirt so that you could not read them. Well you are caged in by stones whose meaning you cannot read, though you feel its injustice. Communism is the emery that clears away the dirt and moss and lets you see the meaning of the stone imprisoning you, a meaning that is underlined with bars of steel. It was not, of course, delivered as I tell you, gentlemen, but, perhaps, even more simply, if haltingly.

I said that Kubelik was *apparently* a little man, for during the week that the Communists were among us, we never caught