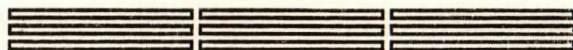


without let or hindrance. When my grandfather went to the Civil War, he went not only because he was a Baptist-God-fearing man who hated slavery, but because he was an inevitable part of a broadening world which was finding less and less room for the curtailment of free expression. And don't be mistaken. They won. They won the things they were after.

We always win, because, in the end, we're all there is. And when we appear to lose, we've won again. When William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope about his body because he claimed the right to print what he chose about human slavery and fly in the face of powerful men, it seemed as though reaction had triumphed in Boston that night. Yet by the next day a hundred men had sprung to his support where one had stood before. When slavery-loving South Carolinians broke into the postoffice at Charleston and made a bonfire of anti-slavery literature waiting distribution, intimidation seemed to be riding high and slavery displaying a power more remorseless than flames. But the glow of that fire was seen all over the country, and by its light staid men read unexpected pages, for censorship must be repudiated even at the expense of peaceful life. When Anthony Burns was returned to slavery, conservative men said it was good to put radicals in their place, but three hundred soldiers were needed to guard Burns as he marched through the streets of Boston to his Southern-bound ship, because 50,000 citizens lined the streets and called down shame upon their heads and promised Burns his freedom.

Yes, never doubt that we freedom-loving people will win. We'll read what we like, say what we feel most deeply, join cooperative bookshops, re-



pudiate every effort to lay dictation upon our spirits, because we are aware of our rights, fully conscious of our historic struggles for civil liberties, and stronger because of the invincibility of the past and the inevitability of the future.

HENRIETTA BUCKMASTER.



IF YOU ARE INTERESTED in keeping your constitutional right to read what you choose and say what you think, and wish to express yourself concretely, you can become a member of The Bookshop for \$1.00, or a Life Member for \$5.00. You will receive all the benefits of membership: Cash discounts on records, dividends on books, a patronage refund at the end of the year, and other advantages. More than this, you will be expressing your determination to stop America's bookburning before the flames spread. The time to act is NOW.

THE BOOKSHOP, A CONSUMER COOPERATIVE
916 17TH STREET, N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

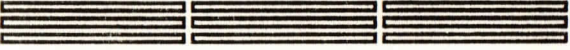
Enclosed is \$..... for *life membership*
year's membership

Name.....

Address.....



T O ALL
AMERICANS
WHO READ
BOOKS

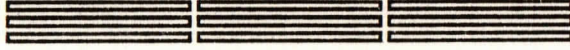


MAKING its first attempt to "burn" books, the Dies Committee on May 16, 1941, illegally seized by physical violence the membership list of The Bookshop—a consumer cooperative of some 1,200 members. Despite repeated requests to the Committee, The Bookshop has never been given a chance for a fair and public hearing.

The Bookshop was organized in the summer of 1938 by a group of progressive persons who believed that a city like Washington, D. C., needed a cultural center. This center was conceived as being responsive to the wishes of the membership in providing lower priced books and records, an art gallery, and a literary program built around vital books of the times.

The idea caught and The Bookshop grew. During its three years, The Bookshop has returned several thousand dollars in savings to its members, and some of the most prominent artists and writers in America have spoken to Bookshop audiences. But The Bookshop, as a consumer cooperative, was different from consumer cooperatives which vend gasoline or groceries. The Bookshop was a vendor of books and ideas. This, the Dies Committee found "un-American."

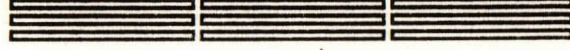
There are competent judges in the land who disagree with the Dies Committee, and find The Bookshop thoroughly in keeping with the American tradition of intellectual freedom. Take, for example, the following words of Miss Henrietta Buckmaster, whose book, "Let My People Go," was chosen as a book selection of the month by The Bookshop, and who spoke at The Bookshop on American history—on the fight against slavery.



SEVERAL hundred people decided, over a period of time, that they would like to join The Bookshop, partly because they believed in cooperative enterprise, partly because they enjoyed the uncommon experience of seeing conservative, liberal and radical titles lying, like lions and lambs, in happy contentment together, establishing not a millennial state, but a thoroughly grown-up condition whereby the book-buyer was able to select his reading matter without recourse to censorship, boycott, or inhibition.

"How proper, respectable and enlightened," I said firmly to myself, picking my way hungrily from one counter to the next. "You see what a fine country we live in—everybody's free to think for himself, say 'no' when he chooses and 'yes' when he likes, and no foolishness about pleasing some central authority, because we are the authority aren't we—we, the people?" The lady in the red hat, standing next to me, looked a little startled, but of course she agreed. So I returned to New York, pleased as punch. Perhaps occasionally we do make mistakes, but basically . . .

It did not seem possible that only a month later the membership lists were seized. Surely the servants of the people could not descend, with or without a warrant, and attack the people in that manner. It must be a delusion, a trick of European fancy, to act as though we cannot read what we like, say what we choose, assemble where we desire, belong to a cooperative enterprise. How could we explain ourselves to liberty-hungry people? What words would we use to describe democracy? Would we have to say, "Oh, certainly, I'd be glad to tell you why you should fight for democracy. In a democracy you may say exactly what you please as long as everyone agrees with



you—as long, that is, as the man with the warrant agrees with you. You may assemble where you will as long as your actions are submissive. You may support whom you choose as long as he is as hollow as a shell or as puffed up as the wind. Perhaps this is not exactly what Tom Jefferson intended, or Ben Franklin, but we don't believe in ghosts so our sleep will be unhaunted. And you can see very clearly that any man who knows what's good for him had better clean up the 1917 gun and unfurl the old flag and fall into step. That's democracy, my poor good little man who asks such painful questions in Germany and France and Italy and Poland and Holland and Norway and India and the veldt above South Africa. And now do be quiet, and don't embarrass me again."

Friends, we've fought a good fight since the first Englishman stepped on Plymouth Rock and said he was through with tyranny. It's been a cruel fight, a heart-bruising fight, a fight that has torn at the spacious vision which filled the eyes of hard men and soft men when they saw the hills and plains and river valleys of this land of ours. But it has laid our roots deep, it has nourished our branches, it has taught us how to lift our hearts and minds and train our eyes to see the substance of our faith.

When my father's family took up their muskets in the Virginia mountains and marched down against the British in 1776, they thought that they would soon beat their swords into ploughshares and have no fear for the broad future. When my mother's family helped to push back the wilderness of Ohio, they believed that as long as a man loved his neighbor, he could believe as he pleased, read what he chose, argue what he liked, vote