

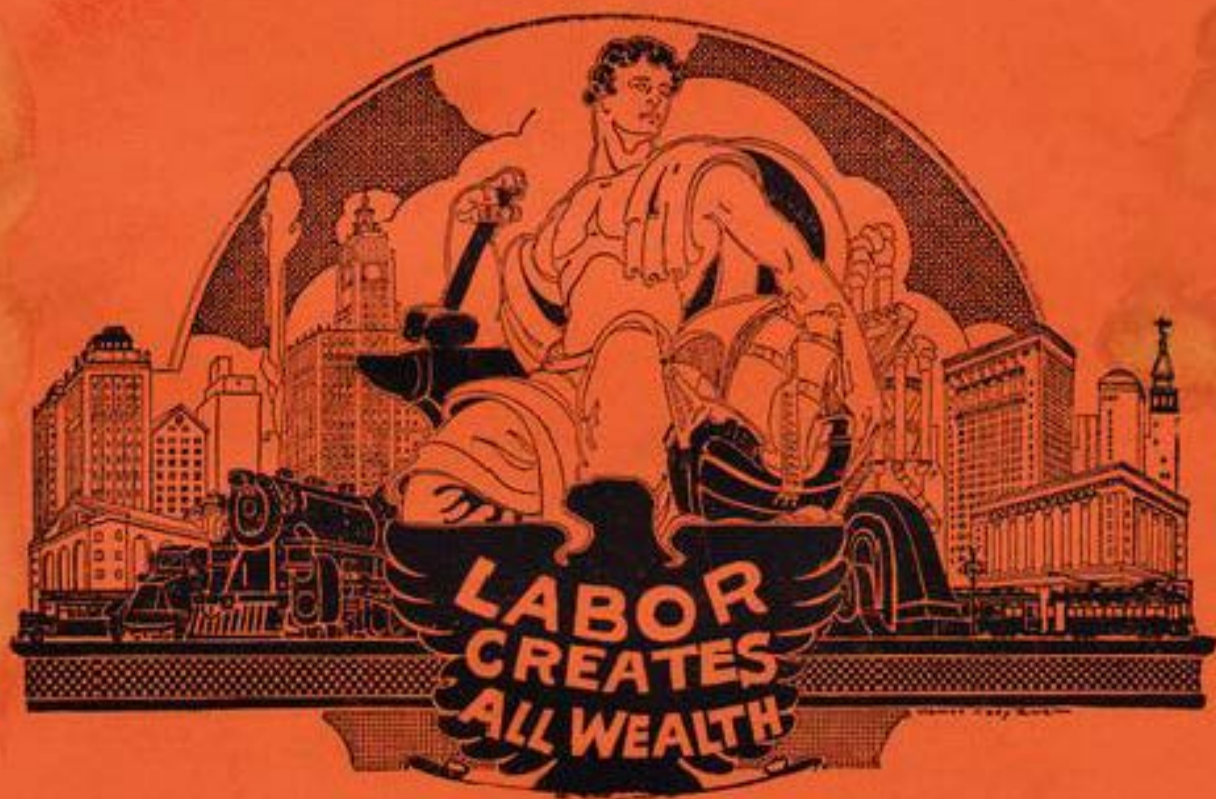
The

January, 1937

One Big Union Monthly

Issued by

**Industrial Workers of the World
to promote the solidarity of labor**



New Series: Vol. I—No. 1

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We Issue This Magazine - -

because it is time for One Big Union.

It is time that workers stuck solidly together in the great fight of us all for more of the good things of life.

While the enemies of organized labor are bombarding Madrid, it is no jest to say: "We hang together or we hang separately."

While workers are battling for the common cause as they have on many an industrial front this year, it is not honest to say: "Workers will not stick together."

Now as never is the time to build the mighty power of One Big Union of All Labor.

With that power we can make earth a paradise for all.

Without that power we are moved about as puppets for the destruction of everything we hold dear.

To build this invincible solidarity of labor is the one big idea behind this magazine. We launch it confident that it will become a big magazine, and a mighty weapon in the struggle for the emancipation of our class.

Are you with us?

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The BRIDGE

An unusual story of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, to build which twenty-two workers died.

By GEFION

Jackhammer McCarthy had just been told by the penny-snatcher on the corner that a dollar and a half wasn't any too much for a pair of Long Stride overalls. Jackhammer went to the door of the joint and reflectively spat a gill of Horseshoe juice across the sidewalk into the gutter. He turned and in utter disgust let the cockroach know that he was getting damn sick and tired of seeing wages going to hell from day to day while a pair of lousy overalls went sky rocketing to a buck and a half.

"Ah, but, my fren', when the bridge starts then things will get better—everybody will be working, see?"

Jackhammer didn't see. "Christ almighty," he retorted, "that's all a stiff can hear around this burg—the bridge', 'the bridge'. You're all bow-wow-ing like a bunch of old parrots. Well, anyway, ya ain't gonna get no plunk and four bits outta me for a crummy pair of scab overalls. And as for your damn old bridge, I don't think it will ever start. They usta peddle the same chip-whiskered old bull to my grandfather when he was a kid."

Jackhammer McCarthy drifted south. He rustled the Azusa job and got on. He swung muck for a week—enough for a road stake, said to hell with this, and blew into L. A. The rain was pelting the streets as if the Special Providence that is supposed to watch over the City of Angels had undertaken the tough job of washing away the burg's sins of the preceding summer.

Anyway, it was wet enough to float a battleship, so Jackhammer slushed his way to a flopjoint. The rain was trickling down his shivering legs into his shoes in cascades of icy pricks. He shook the snoring clerk behind the counter and forked over four bits for a room and made a bee-line for the stove. Its heat made warmth and comfort creep over him. He stood with his back turned to its glowing pot-belly and steamed like a plum pudding on an English farm table Christmas night. He eyed indifferently the reading and smoking stiffs around the tables. Their droning conversations came to him through the tobacco fog like the mumblings of a short wave set in need of new tubes. He became drowsy and leaving the dry kiln, he climbed the dilapidated stairs to his four bits flop and crawled between the clammy quilts.

It was a tough winter on Jackhammer McCarthy—damnably tough, both climatically and in regard to economics. A few odd jobs now and then—washing windows for old dames with mugs so full of wrinkles that it would take a wheelbarrow of talcum to fill 'em—and they called one "my good man" and thought that 35 cents an hour was sufficient to start birds like Jackhammer on the road to become second John D's. A few hours in the warehouses at four bits an hour—pushing trucks that a mule would have turned over to the elephants. Then back on the stem again with the old song and dance: "How's chances for the price of a feed?" Soggy shoes. Rain-sloppy overalls. Hat dripping like a roof. Empty guts. A lousy flop or a box car—enough to make Jackhammer declare loud and vehemently that the much touted L. A. winter climate and milk-and-honey blah-blah was just so much Chamber of Commerce bull.

* * *

But Spring came to the land again. From the Pacific, the warm wind came riding in on its high horse. Yo, ho, here I come! It tickled the birds in Griffith Park under their beaks and made them sing a symphony of chirping glee. And in the high heavens, the sun shone and reduced the Los Angeles River to its usual pint and a half. On the park benches, wenches snuggled close to boy friends and languidly stroked their shellaced domes in the latest Hollywood style. Yes, no mistake—it was Spring once again.

But no hormones stirred in Jackhammer McCarthy's metabolism. He wasn't even noticing the janes. Nix on 'em. His feet were itchy. He was thinking of where in the hell to land a job. He was deeply meditating the gut-tickling possibility of a decent can of java in the jungles—he wouldn't mind getting boiled up. He was so damn sick and tired of L. A. and all its crummy joints that he was ready to puke. Well, anyway, tomorrow he would blow north.

A guy on the other end of the bench was reading the scandal sheet:

"What's new, Bill?"

"Oh, not a helluva lot—I see where they finally started the bridge up north."

"Ya don't say so—my grandfather will turn over in his blooming grave when he hears that. Well, I s'pose they will look a stiff over in the seams pretty close before he gets on there—registered voter and all that bunk."

"Mebbo."

* * *

Out of the green waters of the Bay, there arose giant piers of cement and iron. Day by day they grew from their foundations deep below the rolling waves until they reared their concrete and steel crowns hundreds of feet into the air. From pier to

pier, a catwalk hung upon which men performed the task of spinning 70,815 miles of wire into the 28 inches thick cables from which the spans would be suspended.

From the decks of the ferries, the men on the catwalk looked like specks in the infinite. Passengers craned their necks gazing at these fly-sized humans up there hundreds of feet above the bay—moiling and toiling, straining and pushing, to the end that the gigantic task of linking the two shores might be completed.

In great headlines, the newspapers spoke of modern enterprise and progress. In small news items, they now and again mentioned where Structural Iron Worker Bill Smith had fallen from the bridge and met a watery death in the bay. Or where Common Laborer Nick Polosky had been picked up on one of the pier foundations, a mangled mass of human flesh and bones. Twenty-two such little, insignificant items, they printed.

But from day to day, men struggled. Day by day, the monumental job grew into a whole. And at night when the moon hung framed by the vertical suspension robes, the bridge took on an awesome beauty.

* * *

Jackhammer McCarthy got on. He had spun the bozo that did the hiring a 1001 night tale and had made the grade. The job was union and Jackhammer was O.K. on that score. So now he slaved on the catwalk hundreds of feet above the waters of the bay. Now and again he spat a gill of Horse-shoe juice into the foamcapped waves below. And on Saturday nights there would be a T-bone and French fried at Duffy's on Third Street and a show and a night with Jenny afterwards. She was all right, that Jane. She was a working plug like Jackhammer himself and didn't give a damn whether the world was round or flat—union, too. She was O.K., no mistake.

And, from day to day, men struggled. Day by day, Jackhammer with others of his kind toiled onward so that the dream of the Chamber of Commerce might come true.

* * *

Jackhammer McCarthy had met a lot of nuts in his ramblings. Christ, yes—bushels of goofs. There was the bird in L. A. who was damn sure that the whole solar system of the universe was inside the earth, and that everything would be honky-donk as soon as he took time off to convince the numskulls on Mount Wilson. He hadn't forgotten the freak back in Baltimore who thought that Bill Hayes was the second coming of Christ and that Bill was going to pay all the dentist bills for any ex-railroad man that had his grinders fixed. And, lord almighty, the loon who got up in the jungles one day and told the rest of the buzzards that he knew a man

who had a horse by the name of Olson. Jackhammer got dizzy when he remembered the whole pack of 'em. What a gang of saps.

But for a few days, Jackhammer was sure that Gunnar Krass was the screwiest Turk of the lot. This guy was a Swede and one of the engineers on the bridge—took care of the brain-twisting details, not one of the real big shots, but a white collar stiff just the same—only the damn fool wore no collar—shirt wide open—and no open shop pants, either. And he didn't suck an underslung pipe.

This nutty Skoovie would hike the catwalk in overalls, old shoes and a shirt as faded as a gay nineties bathing beauty—pockets full of blue prints and pencils. He would grunt a grouchy h'lo when he met one of the stiffes and look as blank as a carp when he ran into one of the big mugs. And Jackhammer thought they could've hired a saner guy outta the bughouse.

But what made Jackhammer think that the fish eater was really shy a few marbles was when he, Jackhammer, one day asked: "Hey, Boss, how d'ya want this done?"

The Swede blew up. He yelled that, goddamnit, Jackhammer wasn't working for him, but with him. And that the whole damn gang of sonsabitches had better get the idea outta their thick skulls that he was trying to boss anybody. That he and they, and all the rest of the work oxen, were in the same boat. And that, for Christ sake, to take it easy. And to be damn careful not to bounce over board—and never mind the big shots.

So Jackhammer told one of the other blue print artists that he had a hunch the Swede was about ripe for a ride in the jing-jong wagon. But this bird shook his bean and said that while Gunnar Krass might be nuts in some respects he knew his onions when it came to blue prints and f'gers.

"Mebbe."

And Gunnar Krass hiked the catwalk in overalls and old shoes with his prints and pencils. And Jackhammer McCarthy and his kind moiled and toiled so that the dream of the Chamber of Commerce might come true. And now and anon a little insignificant item appeared in the newspapers.

* * *

Jackhammer McCarthy was hitting it for the Humboldt on the Front for a scoop and a pot of beans. On the corner, he rammed into Gunnar Krass reading a book in the middle of the sidewalk. Gunnar looked up:

"H'lo, McCarthy—Where to?"

"Gonna get a gutfull of frijoles."

"D'you mind if I come along?"

"What ya want t' do—go slumming?"

The Swede didn't have any such intentions and he told Jackhammer that per'aps he had seen plenty

of tough joints in his young life. Jackhammer eyed him and said c'mon.

They were seated at a table in the corner, chewing their beans in silence. Jackhammer was sizing the Swede up on the q.t., expecting him to heave a beer mug through the window or to get up and yell bloody murder. But Gunnar Krass paid no attention to his surroundings until he had put the beans and beer under his belt. He looked up and asked Jackhammer for the makings, lighted his cigarette and sat smoking for awhile. Then he said:

"You're a union man, aren't you?"

"Sure thing—packed a card for quite a stretch."

"And yet the other day you thot I was nuts because I told you and the gang that I didn't want to be called 'boss' and that you worked with me and not for me."

Jackhammer assented that he thought the Swede as bughouse as a March hare.

"When I tell you what to do, I do so because that is part of my work—the part I'm trained for. Not because I want to be a boss, but because I am an engineer—a worker just as you are a worker—only I do a different kind of work than yours. I'm being paid wages just as you're being paid wages. When the job is thru, I very likely will be on the bum with you and the rest of 'em."

"I'm a union man, too. Only a different kind of union man. I belong to that part of the workers who realize the need of class solidarity—who understand that an injury to one is an injury to all. I belong to that part of the union men who realize the need of class solidarity—who understand that an injury to one is an injury to all. I belong to that part of the union men who have made a study of how society is formed—why it is that there are bosses and workers—and how to change the picture. I belong to that part that realize that upon the shoulders of the workers the world rests—in our hands lies the future—the liberation of the human race. That's why I blew up the other day when you called me 'boss'."

The Swede stopped and ordered two more beers. Jackhammer sat silent and eyed him. And somehow the thought photographed itself upon his brain that this queer Turk might not be entirely nuts, and that he might be a pretty good gun when a guy got better acquainted with him. Yes, mebbe.

* * *

And day by day men struggled. And after months and years, the dream of the Chamber of Commerce came true. The Bridge was finished. The job is done. It is now a whole. It spans two shores and humans come from far and near to view modern enterprise and progress. By moiling and toiling, Jackhammer McCarthy and his kind and Gunnar Krass and other blue print stiffes made a whole

out of 162,000 tons of structural iron, 18,550 tons of cable wire, 30,000 tons of reinforcing steel, 1,000,000 cubic yards of concrete, 1,300,000 barrels of cement, 30,000,000 feet of timber and 200,000 gallons of paint. And in the newspapers there appeared twenty-two little, insignificant items.

* * *

It is night. On the hills of the two cities linked by the bridge, lights gleam as if the Goddess of Night had strewn the dark sea of her domain with glittering jewels.

The job is done. Jackhammer McCarthy is hitting it south in a box car. The light of his cigarette gleams like a lone glow worm in the blackened, swaying car. The thought strikes him that the Swede was not so nutty after all—a pretty good gun—an injury to one is an injury to all—Wonder when I shall see Jenny again?

Maria Polosky sits in her room. On a couch a child is sleeping. Perhaps in its slumber it is walking hand in hand with the Ugly Duckling. Maria sits silent. Perhaps she is thinking of the days when she felt Nick's warm kisses upon her mouth. On a table under the light lies a newspaper in which is printed a little, insignificant item.

Gunnar Krass is going to pull out tomorrow. He sits reading in his room. Before him lies a book by another Scandinavian. It is in the original and

Gunnar is struggling with rendering into English the exact meaning of the ending of a chapter. He reads and re-reads. Then he takes one of his many pencils and words begin to flow out onto the pad:

"It was the pride of the old world that it could analyze the sun and the stars and give their weight within the accuracy of a pound. But bread it could not weigh out to the hungry mouths.

"The revolution means that the worker turns everything upside down and places things in their correct rotation. He begins by weighing bread, and with that as his starting point, he shall some day reach to the stars."

* * *

On the sands of Egypt sprawl the pyramids—crypts of ancient kings—monuments to the toil and thralldom of ancient slaves.

Out of the green waters of the Bay, there arouse giant piers of cement and iron. Day by day they grew from their foundations deep below the rolling waves until they reared their concrete and steel crowns hundreds of feet into the air. Now they are linked by cables and spans into a whole, and humans come from far and near to view modern enterprise and progress. The Bridge is finished. It spans two shores. It stands as an eloquent epitaph to the collective genius and toil of Labor. It stands as a colossal monument to the exploitation of the Industrial Slave.



*There is never a mine blown skycard now
But we're buried alive for you.
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now
But we are its ghastly crew.
Go reckon our dead by the forges red
And the factories where we spin.
If blood be the prize of your cursed wealth
Good God! We have bought it in.*



The News Guild- Will It Make Papers Report Honestly On Labor News?

Newspaper reporters, after witnessing bloody police attacks on workers for many years and putting in reports that, as they appeared were little to the liking of labor, organized themselves, and received such beatings as this ANG member did in the strike at the Wisconsin News.

Their union has won in many places. "It will make for honest reporting of labor news," says this member of the ANG, "but it will take One Big Union to see to it that these honest reports are published."



It must be admitted out of hand that any consideration of the question whether or not the American Newspaper Guild can make for honest reporting of labor news must at this time be based, to a considerable extent, on speculation—on describing the road ahead by the signs that are now visible.

Among perennial liberals and other incurable optimists, there is a tendency to hail the Guild as the savior of the labor movement and to shout that at last brass check journalism has been given a nice coating of pure gold leaf. To make such an assumption, however, is blandly to ignore the purpose, to say nothing of the power, of this movement.

During recent months, these predictions have found sturdy champions among the newspaper publishers. This cry was taken up with gusto as the result of the Seattle Newspaper Guild's strike against the Hearst owned Seattle Post-Intelligencer, resulting in the suspension of that sheet for fifteen weeks. The nation's press, for the most

part, grew quite panicky at this threat to their purses and bellowed in alarm that the "freedom of the press" was being jeopardized.

One cannot state too bluntly that the pretended fears of the publishers, as well as the rosy hopes of the liberals, are based on a misconception of unionization as it is now practiced within an industrial plant (and a newspaper is an industry) does not mean the control of the type, size or color of the product. True, it may mean a step toward worker control, but at best only a step and we are doing ourselves a disservice if we describe it as a hop, skip and a jump.

While the Guild follows the I. W. W. in allowing for complete rank and file control, it has no revolutionary aims. Let us go to the constitution of the union for a statement of purpose.

"The purpose of the American Newspaper Guild," says this document, "shall be to advance the economic well being of its members, to guarantee as far as it is able, constant honesty in the

(Continued on page 33)

Capitalist Democracy— Why It Must Fail

By

TOR CEDERVALL

In Spain the C.N.T. has fought out the struggle against Fascism on the line that the capitalism that generated it must go. Their associates are coming to the same conclusion.

"We cannot keep in capitalism, and at the same time keep out Fascism," says Tor Cedervall in this analysis.

In the world today we hear a great amount of talk and also some degree of organization about and around the issue dubbed "Democracy versus Fascism". Many liberal and humane-minded persons, as well as self-styled radicals, the world over are huddling under the banner of "Democracy" in horrified opposition to Fascism.

In the United States these people supported Roosevelt in the recent elections, side with the "Republic" of Spain, feel a dependent fondness for Great Britain as the fairy godmother of Democracy while she steps designedly into every "situation" with her celebrated "diplomacy", give varying degrees of approval of Soviet Russia, and reserve the hate their simple souls can generate for the black fascist regimes of Italy and Germany.

The philosophy of the out and out liberals of this conglomerate group is that while Fascism is a surly horrible thing, Capitalism as such is very desirable and should be preserved, albeit improved from time to time.

The "radicals" of this democratic movement are in their hearts not content with Capitalism, but are so frightened by the prospects of Fascism that they are hysterically choosing the fatal Germanic policy of the "lesser evil". Throwing all pretense of radicalism to the winds, these people have crawled out of the dread and darkness of their social cyclone cellars to become the blatant champions of Capitalist Democracy.

The slogan of each group resolves itself into—keep Capitalism, but keep out Fascism!

This slogan, however, is historically incorrect, we cannot keep in Capitalism and at the same time keep out Fascism. Fascism is but the logical development, the irresistible outcome of the class antagonism of Capitalism.

Recent history is bearing this out inexorably. Several nations are already frankly fascist, many more are tending toward that direction. It is a steady albeit uneven, petrification of international capitalist society into the hardened forms of fascist death.

Why does fascism everywhere appear as the fated affinity of Capitalism? Why is it that capitalist "Democracy" cannot withstand the attacks of this monster?



One of the reasons why bourgeois forces have joined in the fight against Fascism—Hitler, last March, declaring the Locarno and Versailles treaties scraps of paper as his Nazi troops invaded the Rhineland.



Lebrun, President of France, whose People's Front Government gave little aid to Spain.

Hitler who rules over a land of concentration camps and prisons.

Benito the Mad to whom "Democracy is a putrid carcass".

Edward VIII, former British Emperor, more lately famed as Mrs. Simpson's fiance.

Are we to put our fate in the hands of these people, or shall we organize in One Big Union and settle our fate to suit ourselves? That is the big question of the age.

It is because Democracy cannot be the theoretically ideal form of government under Capitalism and was not so conceived. The class nature of capitalist society makes this impossible. "Democracy" was the slogan and weapon for the overthrow of feudalism. It cannot be the slogan or the weapon for the frustration of fascism.

At the time of the classic overthrow of feudalism there was no thought of the "Capitalism" of today. All classes subject to the authority and parasitism of the aristocracy and its church—the budding bourgeois, the equally budding "worker", and the peasant were united in a "people's front" against feudalism.

Because of the authoritative and caste character of feudalism and the intellectual repressiveness of its church, the intellectual and cultural chancleers of the new day declared the invigorating doctrines of democracy. The "freedom of man" became the inspired rallying cry of the new social order. This, combined with the confused and muddled class interests of the various groups in the "people's front", none of which had formulated a clearly-defined political and economic policy for itself (and which would have been too weak alone to have imposed it if it had) made democracy the logical pattern of the new political forms.

However, that democracy is not the innate mate

of Capitalism is clearly seen by the methods employed by Capitalism everywhere in its development. Where was democracy in the colonial policies and piracies of the democratic nations? Where was democracy in the United States which countenanced chattel slavery naked and unashamed until 1863? Where is democracy up until this day in the industries of Capitalism? Symptomatically defined, Fascism is force and violence. Has not Capitalism always practiced an incipient fascism at the point where its profits are produced?

As for the general domestic democratic forms of government, however, how has Capitalism managed? Ideally unsuited for it, Capitalism has nonetheless in some respects turned democracy into a very powerful aid for itself. Democracy has been of incalculable benefit to Capitalism in its development by serving as a smoke screen for its autocratic exploitation. It has with surprising efficiency served as a social control to combat the rebellion against the concentration process whereby the overwhelming majority of the populace has been reduced to "wage-slavery". Political freedom has obscured industrial serfdom.

In view of this very positive gain from democracy, the capitalist class has with more or less grace subjected itself to the expenses and inconveniences of democracy. Any dangers that might

arise through it have been neatly evaded heretofore by outlay to politicians and political parties who have proved themselves very willing to safeguard the interests of the capitalist class and do its bidding with fawning servility.

However, as the relationships of Capitalism are becoming more thoroughly understood, as a pauperized proletariat (actually or relatively) is beginning to stand up in open defiance of its exploiting masters, as strikes and union organizations become larger, as the ballot box becomes fore-doomed to partial control and eventual capture by the numerically largest group in society—the working-class, Democracy must go in order for Capitalism to continue to exist. The bed-rock principle of Capitalism is the exploitation of the workingclass, and no group conscious of its subjection and determined to end it can be restrained except by large-scale force. Fascism supplies that force,—“Democracy” cannot, particularly when its political forms threaten to pass into the hands of the exploited through a “people’s front”. When the latter happens, or threatens to occur, or when faced by widespread labor unionism, Fascism will make its supreme bid for power, as in Germany and Spain, as it is preparing to do in France.

The phenomenon of Fascism is not always simple and uniform in its development. There is a great unevenness throughout the world that may serve to mislead the unwary into the belief that Capitalist Democracy can be preserved and a fascist coup d’etat prevented. President Roosevelt, for example, is regarded in America as bulwark against Fascism. But, Fascism is still out of the saddle in Washington because Democracy is still

under the control of the capitalist class. The “radical” reputation of the President has aroused the hopes of the yet confused American proletariat and its members thus remain at least temporarily quiescent under the rule of their capitalist masters. It may be, too, that the “people’s front” in France, timid and largely unwilling to introduce drastic changes, yet holding the confidence of a trusting proletariat, may still continue to serve largely the class interests of the employers without the necessity of a fascist coup for some time.

Is this the kind of democracy we want? A democracy that is suffered because it presides over an exploited and deluded people unaware of their real interests? Fascism will remain submerged only as long as “democracy” remains workable for the capitalist class; that is, as long as the workers remain content as a submerged and exploited class. ‘Tis small glory in such democracy or the victories achieved in its name.

The Roman Holiday of Fascism can be thwarted not by hurling the pitiful shafts of a sham capitalist democracy against its iron legions. Only the grimly alert, courageous advance of an organization resolutely determined to root out Capitalism can be expected to “mop up” Fascism. Alternatives are few in dangerous situations. The working class has positively no “stake” in Capitalism; but, even if you fancy that you have, the world cannot eat its cake yet have it too. Preserve Capitalism, invite Fascism; build a cooperative commonwealth and smash Fascism. Out of this a new democracy shall arise—the industrial democracy of cooperative labor.

A Worker's Education

An I. W. W. Library

What is the I. W. W. plan of One Big Union? How is it constructed? How does it work? There is a wealth of enlightenment in a little five cent pamphlet “One Big Union of All the Workers” that will answer these questions.

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And where does the I. W. W. get its fighting spirit? Buy a little red song book for another dime, and you will have a fighting spirit too, fellow worker.

All these publications may be had from branch offices or from

The Industrial Workers of the World, 2422 N. Halsted St., Chicago.

The Canadian Labor Situation

By WILLIAM MACPHEE

Secretary, Canadian Administration of the I. W. W.

Canadian labor is paying the penalty today for its years of bitter internal strife and failure to fight for the advancement of its interests. The trade union movement not only failed to hold the gains from the struggles of former years, but is helpless in the face of the present onslaught on the standard of living. It is menaced too by a Fascism which is a reality here.

National unions formed to oppose international craft unions with headquarters in the United States, Fascist-clerical unions organized to give the church absolute control over the Catholic workers, and political party domination and disruption have emasculated the labor movement. Independent Labor Party members, Communists and Co-operative Commonwealth Federationists have made of it a battle ground for their conflicting political theories. The only call for solidarity and a militant struggle is heard from the I. W. W., the only industrial union movement. John L. Lewis and the CIO are not, as yet, an issue with the workers of Canada.

Trade unions show a steady decline in membership since 1929. A slight increase during the past year reported by the international craft unions was more than offset by the dissolving into the A. F. of L. of the unions affiliated with the Communist controlled Workers Unity League. A.F. of L. unions claim 179,000 of the 280,000 organized workers. The A.C.C. of L. (All Canadian Congress of Labor) and the Federation of Catholic Workers of Canada are the only other trade union bodies with a numerical strength.

Labor in Canada occupies a strategic position by having nearly one-third of its organized workers in the key transportation industry. But, despite the vital importance of transportation in the economy of the country, the moribund railroad unions are stupidly unaware of the potential power their position gives them. Public service, coal mining, building construction, and the garment trades are the other departments of industry that report a large percentage of organized workers. With the exception of coal the extractive industries and the so-called mass production industries are for the most part unorganized.

It was enough for trade unionism in Canada to divide itself because of national and religious interests but it had to resort to despicable scabbing tactics to maintain these divisions within itself. This has been particularly so since 1927 when

major national unions affiliated to form a central trade union body, the A.C.C. of L. Despite the apparent logic of the reason given for the organization of national unions, to abolish the racketeering practices and the bureaucratic officialdom of the international unions, there was no justification for a national trade union movement. The national unions failed to accomplish the purpose they were ostensibly organized for and have fostered union racketeering and a bureaucracy surpassing that of the A.F. of L. at its worst. Besides, national unions are an anachronism in Canada where the ramifications of international capitalism are more obvious than elsewhere. This may explain why they have made such slight headway despite their readiness to break the strikes of the international unions.

One affiliate of the A.C.C. of L., the O.B.U. (One Big Union), deserves mention. Organized in 1919 as a revolutionary economic movement, it has existed for many years on the glory of its one militant act, participation in the Winnipeg general strike of 1919. During the present dispute in the A.C.C. of L. officials of the O.B.U. aligned themselves with the red-baiting faction. Thus we find the once revolutionary union to the extreme right of an ultra reactionary labor body.

This comparative passiveness of the dominant labor organizations in Canada and the absence of even the most elemental form of solidarity enabled the employers successfully to combat labor without extensive use of those menaces of the American labor movement, company unionism and professional spying and strike-breaking agencies. However, it is all too evident that their use is increasing. Powerful corporations like the International Nickel and the Abitibi Power and Paper use both of these methods to prevent the organization of their employees, and company unionism recently made its appearance in the textile field, an important industry in Canada. It is also certain the present weak-kneed and vacillating policy of trade unionism cannot prevent their growth.

A far greater danger to labor in Canada than company unionism or stool-pigeons in industry is to be found in the alarming growth of Fascism. In the Province of Quebec you cannot now say, "It Can't Happen Here." You need not attempt to prove it can happen, it is happening here. Deep-rooted conservative traditions, religious fervor and a militant nationalism have made the people of

(Continued on page 27)

"Aw, Sit Down!"

By MELVIN W. JACKSON

Notes
On A New Era
Of Direct Action

"A fantastic situation!" exclaims one weekly voice of American employers about sit-down strikes.

"We are tired of having to get passes to enter our own factories," many French capitalists protest.

Employers become powerless in the face of stay-in or sit-down strikes. The iron hand that holds the economic life of thousands becomes putty when confronted by these aroused workers.

The sacred property rights of the industrial tyrant are being questioned, and the absentee owner trembles lest sit-down strikes become more popular.

A new era of working-class solidarity is dawning. The slumbering giant is stirring and testing his chains.

Orthodox unionism is finding itself swept on in the rising tide of solidarity. Workers are spontaneously realizing they have a weapon more powerful than any ever dreamed.

Totally unorganized workers are arising in protest against deplorable conditions and are awakening to the advantages of industrial unionism. The stay-in strikes in June in France were spontaneous and took the trade unions by surprise. French trade unions are said to be enjoying an unprecedented growth due to the overwhelming success of these strikes. One observer writes, "It can be said roughly that the number of trade unionists has gone up from 600,000 to 4,400,000 since June. Some instances: The number of office employees passed from 25,000 to 825,000, the food workers' union from 20,000 to 50,000, the Galeries La Fayette, which had not one single organized worker, now numbers 2,000 of them. Even the employees of the Banque de France begin to draw up their demands."

Two thousand British and Welsh coal miners recently preferred to remain underground in the mines until their demands were met.

Miners at Pecs, Hungary, likewise declared a "stay-down" strike to wring concessions from the owners.

Poland, Czechoslovakia, Silesia, India, Argentina, Brazil, Mexico—all of these countries have witnessed within the past year the solidarity of workers united in economic direct action. Sit-down strikes, stay-in strikes, hunger strikes—all these echo a grim determination of militant workers. Workers who refuse to leave underground mines or who remain at their factory benches or in their stores and restaurants and offices while striking—this is the new type of class struggle confronting capitalism.



Last June these French workers decided to take it easy. They won big gains.

Even in Fascist Germany, police and Nazi Storm Troops become powerless in the face of sit-down strikes, which have occurred in protest against further wage cuts. The D. K. W. Motor Works at Spandau, and the Motor Works of Bauer and



At South Bend, Ind., 4,300 workers adopt the same tactic to fight discrimination and win their point. Their wives and girl friends brought them their provisions through the windows.

Schauberte in the Rhineland both witnessed successful stay-in strikes recently.

American rubber and tire companies, Bendix Aviation, General Electric, R.C.A., WPA workers in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and elsewhere, Reading Malt Hosiery, Aluminum Co. of America, New York Shipbuilding Co., and many other corporations can testify to the efficiency of sit-down strikes by their lessened profits—and the workers of many of these places can hold up fatter pay envelopes as mute testimony of their success.

Violence, rioting, and bloodshed: for years and years these have been the pet bogeys of union haters. "Terrorism, destruction, and gore" meant the same thing as "strike" to labor baiters. They dragged these skeletons out to dangle before the horrified eyes of scissorbills whenever anyone even whispered "strike" or "solidarity". "See what will happen," employers have exclaimed as they reached for the telephone to call their tin soldiers or "private detectives" to come and do some rioting and terrorizing for them.

Now, alas and alack, these myths which were so conveniently used by the bosses are being dispelled.

"Business Week" complains, "Sit-downs were so frequent that the union set up a system that placed

the striking workers in charge of the plant during disturbances. Men were told off beforehand to guard doors, round up supervisors 'for safe-keeping in case of trouble' and generally take over the plant."

Order, self-discipline, and responsibility have universally characterized all sit-down strikes. The employers, alone, have been directly responsible for any bloodshed or destruction of property—because the workers realized that it is not by these tactics that their strikes are won.

In the recent French sit-down strikes which involved so many industries it is said the machines were preciously taken care of. The furnaces which must never go out were kept going; in the tanneries the skins remained bathed, and every morning the masons wet the stones of the houses they were building. In short all work that could not be stopped without actual damage to valuable materials or machines was kept going by the strikers.

The workers here demonstrated they can take over and run industries without the parasitic control by a master-class, and that they can run them in an orderly and intelligent fashion. This is one thing capitalism has found itself unable to do: run industry in an orderly and intelligent fashion.

Where workers have not given politicians control of their strike, the sit-down strike has been uniformly and universally successful since the first one—the IWW strike of 3,000 General Electric employees in 1906.

The fact that the ownership of an industry belongs to the workers in that industry, just as the toothbrush he uses should belong to him; the fact that a worker has just as definite a right to the job upon which his economic life depends as he has upon his hair; the fact that the rights of the parasitic class should not include the ownership of tools they never use but upon which others' lives depends—these facts are all understood by a sit-down striker, though he may not recognize them as such.

The worker at his machine which he refuses either to leave or to operate until his demands are granted, and the factory which continues to be operated by strikers, declare the worker's right to his machine, and his ability to run it when the shackles of capitalist ownership are shaken off, though at the time it be only temporary.

Where economic direct action and working class solidarity are used in struggles against the master class, the workers will never lose.

"Freedom cannot be gained through intermediaries."



"An Injury To One Is An Injury To All"

These children went out to play in the streets of Madrid.

These German and Italian bombs came down from German and Italian airplanes and killed these children.

There is no war between Germany, Italy and Spain.

Instead there is a war by General Franco who set out to overthrow the government elected there last February and to smash all the labor unions, and establish Fascism where labor had established democracy.

If Franco wins, there will be a new base from which the fascist gangsters of the employing class can wreak vengeance on labor in other countries as today they do in Spain. And someday your children may go out to play—and it most certainly can happen here.

Ship no materials to Cadiz or any other Fascist port. Instead send whatever you can in the line of clothes or anything else that may be useful to our fellow workers in Spain. Buy a few more C.N.T. stamps from the I.W.W. for your union book or as souvenirs.

And don't let your neighbors and fellow workers be bamboozled by any capitalist press nonsense about labor's aims in Spain.

Francisco Ascaso

The Life, Troubles, and Death of a Spanish Worker

As told in the C.N.T.

"Boletin de Informacion"

At every turning point in history supermen appear—fighting leaders and heroes. Francisco Ascaso was the stormy petrel, the fighting leader and hero of the present Spanish Revolution. The admiration with which the world looks today at the Spanish people, their self-sacrifice, their undaunted courage and determination, their valiant struggle for human ideals, must be attributed, to a great extent, to the example set by Ascaso.

Who was Francisco Ascaso? The third son of humble baker, Francisco was born in 1901 in the small market town of Almudevar, in the province of Huesca, which is at present witnessing severe fighting. While still a youth he displayed unusual observation and was endowed with a talent for drawing which caused the village schoolmaster to entertain hopes of making an artist of the baker's son.

When Francisco was eleven years old his father died and the family were to be compelled to give up their business and move to Saragossa. The two eldest sons, Domingo and Alejandro, helped their mother and young sister Marie, but Francisco became an odd-job boy in a bar, where he spent four years working from 16 to 18 hours a day. Here in the hard and practical school of life the young man learned to understand social evils and injustices, and the needs and misery of his own people.

At the age of fifteen, Francisco was apprenticed to a baker, with the intention of following in his father's footsteps. He had just started his apprenticeship when a baker's strike broke out in Saragossa. The fifteen year old boy had already so much class knowledge that he immediately joined the strikers. One day, meeting a strike breaker in the street carrying bread, the lad urged him to quit work. The strike-breaker refused and in no time the bread basket was rolling in the middle of the road and the loaves in a nearby brook. As a result of this "political act" Francisco spent two weeks in jail.

After his release he found he was finished with the baking trade as no baker in Saragossa would employ this "rebel". He obtained work as a waiter, however, and spent his leisure hours studying the writings of the great social and revolutionary thinkers.

In 1920, the editor of the Herald De Aragon was killed by an avenging bullet. This man was said to have been responsible for the shooting of seven soldiers during a military uprising in Sara-

gossa. The Government accused the Ascaso brothers of this killing of the editor. His two brothers escaped, but Francisco fell into the hands of the police. Although all the accused could furnish undeniable proof of their innocence, the reactionaries wanted their heads, and the death sentence was pronounced. In view of the energetic protests of the mass of the people, the authorities did not dare to carry out the verdict but contented themselves with condemning Francisco to four years imprisonment, thinking to cure him of his revolutionary ideas.

Ascaso came out of jail bearing on his body the evidence of wounds, blows and lashes. The reactionaries had shown him what was customary in the days of Torquemada. All those tortures to which can be added thirst and hunger had weakened Francisco's body but strengthened his mind and fighting spirit. As soon as he recovered his liberty, Ascaso became active in a circle called VOLUNTAD (will) which was also the name of a weekly newspaper published by this circle in defense of the first International.

In 1922, Ascaso went to Barcelona, where he got in touch with Juan Garcia Oliver, Rafols, Boix, Vidal, Montserrat, Durruti and others. He was working as a waiter and his spare time was devoted to the movement. He founded the CNT Waiters Syndicate.

Ascaso later left the Catalan Capital to go to La Coruna where he intended embarking for Bolivia. There he hoped to realize the dream of his youth—to go around wandering as Jack London had done. But in Galicia, Francisco, remembering his true mission and the sad situation of the Spanish proletariat, returned to Saragossa. Here he met again his old friends and opponents of the "Free Syndicates." In Saragossa, the church, in the person of the Cardinal Soldevile intrigued against the proletariat. The Cardinal was executed by some despairing workers, and again Ascaso along with a few other comrades was put in jail. He remained here from June to December 8th, 1923, when he escaped with 23 friends. Only Ascaso and one of his companions reached France, the other 21 were caught and punished for an offense they had never committed.

Ascaso found new friends, comrades and fighters in Paris. There also he made the acquaintance of his wife Berta. In June, 1924, he embarked with Durruti for Buenos Aires and spread his ideas
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LABOR IS ON THE MOVE

An Analysis of the Labor Struggles of 1936

By CHARLES VELSEK,
Chairman, General Executive Board of the I.W.W.

The American labor movement throughout 1936 has been characterized by increasing militancy, an extensive use of newer tactics and strategy, and a greater desire than ever shown before "to stick together." This has been shown both in strike policy, and in such substitutes for real industrial unionism as the numerous federations, and semi-industrial unions formed, and in the launching of the C.I.O. It has also been shown by the extent to which white collar groups and others who don't usually organize, have joined in the common battle of their class.

Is labor ready for industrial unionism and the One Big Union idea? Is it possible to achieve the desired solidarity by means of the old unions? Will some new leadership lead to victory, or will it be necessary for workers themselves to organize and determine the policies of their own unions?

That labor is willing to fight is shown by such instances as the battle in Kent, Ohio, against strike breakers brought in for Black & Decker, makers of electrical equipment, or by the strike against Northwestern Barbed Wire, where C.I.O. leaders contracted for peace while gas bombs were being hurled at the picket line, or by either the militant tactics in the present strike against the Celanese Corporation of Cumberland, Md., or even in the passive resistance methods of the knit hosiery workers at Berkshire Mills, Pa., despite vomiting gas, police and even zoological skunks.

All too often this year workers have been stopped by their unions from fighting effectively. The RCA strike at Camden is a sorry instance of workers being needlessly subjected to police brutalities and deprived of the completeness of victory that could have been theirs. Out under the C.I.O. leadership of Mr. Lewis, after Mr. Green had decided that the idea of a semi-industrial union for radio and electrical workers was highly improper, the strike was put off while the company prepared. Finks were escorted through the plant while the finger was put on the most active union men. When the surprise strike was to be called at noon of June 21, the union informed the police ahead of time—and the police were there with their clubs and remained throughout the strike. Beatings and jailings became the order of the day. The strike ended with many of the best unionists out, despite the splendid support given them by the Shipbuilders Union.

White Collar Workers

Of the newcomers to the labor movement, the reporters and editorial workers have by far been the most energetic. The American Newspaper Guild went on strike against Hearst's Wisconsin News while the printing trades walked daily

through the picket line. While the strike was on, it affiliated itself with the A. F. of L., only to be rebuffed by having the printing trades (of which



Gun battle in Kent, Ohio, strike against thugs imported for Black & Decker, makers of electrical equipment. It was an armed fort until cops and A. F. of L. leaders escorted the thugs to the local jail.

Here a Camden RCA striker is held by a cop while a plain clothes fink, who was given the opportunity to pick him out before the strike, is twisting his arm.



Mr. Howard, by the way, was a leading exponent of the C.I.O.) sabotage their campaign to stop advertising in the struck sheet when these union placed ads of fulsome praise for Mr. Hearst in the scab newspaper. The vast difference between their Milwaukee and Seattle strikes is entirely accounted for by the greater measure of solidarity shown by the west coast unions—for which the I.W.W. by the way is vociferously blamed by west coast reactionaries. There the printers did not walk through their picket line despite their contracts. When Hearst was brought to terms over the Seattle P-I, Mr. Green, much to the injury of the Guild, and over their strenuous objections, stuck his nose in to make a settlement and to deprive them of the labor support that would have made a better settlement possible. Despite the dirty deal given them, the Newspaper Guild still believes in solidarity, and in the current strike of the printers in Flushing, N. Y., the reporters and editorial workers are not walking through the printers' picket line. It is a good omen of the times.

Not very long ago, it was considered below the dignity of office workers and other white collar help to resort to a strike to get their demands. Even a year ago the I.W.W. members in Cleveland

felt well in advance of the rest of the world when their organized production workers in metal plants struck to support the demands of the office workers in the same plants. White collar workers were considered something apart from the rest of the working people, but experience has shown them that they too are exploited, and that if they are to get more of the good things of life, they must band together and use their economic power to good advantage. A considerable number of strikes this last year was conducted by workers of this type.

In March, school teachers in Jessup, Pa., struck for their back pay.

Music arrangers, copyists and proof readers struck in New York City against 31 concerns on March 31, and by the first of May the strike spread to 52 concerns. Band leaders gave them good support. An agreement was signed May 6.

Employees of the May Store in New York City were out for many months, and Norman Thomas got arrested for aiding their picket line. Other department stores had shorter strikes. An independent union of the clerks of the A & P stores in Cleveland won big gains for themselves and wanted to establish solidarity with the warehouse employes in the A. F. of L. who went on strike to have their picket line shattered by the police and the A. F. of L. teamsters acting in unison. Philadelphia was also the scene of a prolonged strike of store clerks.

Hospital workers for the New York City Polyclinic came out against wage cuts. Thirty-five pickets were arrested on May 16, and 15 more on May 26. Even the cartoonists' guild struck to raise their rates on College Humor and other magazines on June 7. White collar workers have surely been on the move.

Agriculture

Arkansas witnessed an upheaval of tenant farmers, better known as sharecroppers, against the



This oculist with an M.D. degree in an optician's strike was only one of many white collar workers to strike this year: hospital workers, beauticians, the cartoonists' guild, as well as school teachers, music arrangers, and editorial staffs, all joined in the fray.

landowners. These Arkansas tenant farmers, in contrast to those found in the North, are folks who have only their labor power to sell, and having no other market for it, do it by sharecropping. This practice grew out of the liberation of the Negroes during the Civil War. Hundreds of thousands of Negroes were proclaimed no longer slaves, but that did not solve their economic problems. They still had to eat and clothe themselves. The landowners devised the system of sharecropping and the Negroes were forced to accept their terms. In most southern states it is little better than chattel slavery. Long ago it ceased to be a Negro question, for white sharecropping families of the South exceed the colored families by 400,000.

In Arkansas conditions became unbearable. The Sharecroppers Union was started, uniting labor regardless of race. Floggings, suspected murder, a return to actual slavery, and the deporting of militant unionists have characterized their struggle of this year. That their fight will improve conditions is beyond doubt.

In California, agricultural workers and especially fruit and vegetable packers have put up a struggle. The packers had previously made heavy gains by well-timed job action—for lettuce, etc., must be kept iced and shipped promptly. The heavy arrests of striking fruit pickers in Santa Ana in July, and the battle against gas and clubs in Salinas later in the year, adequately attest the willingness of these workers to fight, and likewise their need for an aggressive job action type of industrial union. The plan of the A. F. of L. to secure redress of their grievances by lobbying and by securing sympathy for injured pickets is not likely to get the desired results. The General Convention of the I.W.W. seriously considered this entire situation in planning its campaign there for this coming spring.

In North Dakota and Minnesota we find farmers working on W.P.A. projects (and now talking of a fight to keep from getting laid off) at wages higher than those they offered for their heavy work during threshing and harvesting. In several communities business men and townspeople denied water even to transients who refused to take jobs at \$20 per month, while farmers were doing W.P.A. work which these transients weren't allowed to touch.

Lumber

Working and living conditions for lumber workers of the Northwest were unbearable prior to 1917. However, these conditions were improved immensely by the Lumber Workers Industrial Union of the I.W.W. Wages were raised to a level never before dreamed of in the industry. In general, conditions were so vastly improved that telling of them almost sounded like fairy tales to the listeners. These conditions were maintained for

some years, but with the lessening of organization in the industry, these conditions began to disappear and slowly but surely, step by step, pre-I.W.W. conditions began to appear. Wages came down to a minimum. Discontent among lumber workers grew stronger. Attempts to organize them were made by various labor organizations, but



A picket in the I. W. W. lumber strike in Idaho.

lumber workers, remembering their experiences of years ago, knew that only one organization could do anything for them and that organization was the I.W.W.

In 1935, a campaign among them was started by the I.W.W. The response received by the organizers was gratifying. Old-timers, who have been dormant for several years insofar as organization was concerned, were again imbued with the spirit of the I.W.W. and began to induce their fellow workers to join Lumber Workers Industrial Union No. 120. The younger lumber jacks followed suite and before long the I.W.W. was again a power in the woods, especially in the eastern Washington and Idaho districts.

The organization made itself felt and conditions, which were on the down grade, began to get better as the organization grew. The first strike in this latest organization drive amongst the lumber

workers of the Northwest occurred in Idaho on March 23, against Weyerhaeuser and the United Artist Movie Corporation. The Movie Company hired men from Headquarters camp of the Potlatch Forests Inc. to take shots of a log drive for the film, "Come and Get It." The men were hired for \$3.00 and board for 8 hours work. This was changed to \$4.00 and board for a ten hour day on the job. The men struck and after 26 hours were granted \$4.00 and board for an 8 hour day, camp to camp, and time and a half for overtime.

The second strike occurred at Camp L at Swamp Creek. Fluming of logs had just started. Water was at its peak. Wages were from \$3.80 to \$4.40 with \$1.20 taken out for board. Loggers presented demands to the company for \$5.00 and board. The company refused to grant the demands and a strike was called. The strikers won out after four days and in addition received time and a half for overtime.

On April 30, a log drive was about to start down the North Fork River of the Clearwater. Drivers struck against Potlatch and won a raise from \$5.00 and board to \$6.00 and board after being out 48 hours.

Workers of the Winton Lumber Company near Enaville made demands of \$5.00 per day. The company gave in without a struggle, but as soon as the loggers found out that \$6.00 was won at North Fork, they demanded \$6.00 for themselves. The demands were not granted, so the lumber jacks struck and won.

Encouraged by the earlier victories and determined to improve the lot of lumber workers, members of the I.W.W., walked out on strike on June 29, and tied up the entire Clearwater district 100 per cent. Later the strike spread and before long 2,000 loggers were out. Demands included \$5.00 per day minimum wages, a \$25.00 a month raise for all monthly men, no gyping in cook houses, time and a half for overtime, free meals for men seeking work at camps, board not to exceed \$1.20 per day, no discrimination against union men, single bunks and a change of sheets and pillow cases at least once each week.

On July 16, several non-Weyerhaeuser lumber interest camps, in the St. Maries district, granted the demands of the strikers. The Weyerhaeuser interests were determined not to give in. A reign of terrorism was instituted. Pickets were arrested without cause. On August 2, gunmen shot into a group of pickets 10 miles from Pierce, Idaho, on the old Orofino road. Mike Stetz, D. L. Gentry, Conrad Hill, Arnold Brinker and Lloyd Gustafson, pickets, were wounded. Stetz and Gentry are not expected to get well. The gunmen and the remaining pickets were arrested. Bonds of \$1500 each were placed against the pickets, while the gunmen were released on bonds of only \$750. Two

of the injured pickets were sent by the union to recuperate at Work Peoples College in Duluth, Minn., and increase their usefulness to the labor movement.

The shooting proved a wonderful opportunity for Governor Ross to declare Martial Law in the strike zone. Troops were moved in on August 3. An edict that all strikers would be deported out of the state was issued but was later rescinded by the Governor because of pressure brought to bear against him and Senator Borah. Although the deportation order was dropped, Evert Anderson, General Executive Board member of the I.W.W., was deported to the State of Washington two times. Many more arrests besides those mentioned were made and finally on August 22 the strike ended with considerable gains. Not all points were won, but the loggers were determined that before long the entire lumber industry of the Northwest would be organized under the banner of the I.W.W. They have made good progress along these lines and we shall hear more from them later.

Metal Mining

The bloodiest strike of 1936 in the metal mining industry was in Birmingham, Alabama, called on June 1, against the Tennessee Coal, Iron & R. R. Co. Iron and Coal are mined practically in the same field and hauled to a blast furnace. The iron is taken out of shafts on the side of a hill by



Scabs leave Alabama Mine of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and R. R. Co.

the river. On the very first day of the strike 5 scabs were wounded by gunshot as they emerged from one of the shafts. Again on July 13, more violence occurred. The strike was finally called off by the International Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers on August 20, on an agreement to try out a new tonnage payment plan.

On July 25, a strike of the same Union against the Junea Gold Mining Company for a closed shop was upheld by the National Labor Relations Board.

In Utah, a strike of 3,000 metal miners was declared in October. The strike is still in progress at the time of writing.

Quarry Workers

At Philadelphia, Pa., a strike conducted by the Building Workers Industrial Union No. 330 of the I.W.W. against three quarries where stone for building purposes was being quarried, was won in a very short time. Increased wages, recognition and the 8-hour-day was granted.

Another quarry strike of over seven month duration ended in July when a settlement offered by the Vermont Marble Co., was accepted by the men.

Coal Mining

Employment in the coal mining industry has dropped from 160,000 in 1924 to less than 100,000 today. Whole towns have been ruined and their populations left to exist on relief or bootleg coal. Bootlegging coal, especially in Pennsylvania, became quite an industry among unemployed miners. Miners would dig coal in places where companies found it unprofitable to do so, and the coal would be sold directly to consumers. This the coal companies resented and in April the first blood was spilt when two miners were shot by company guards. The company for whom the guards worked did not explain the presence of these guards in violation of a recent act of the legislature abolishing coal and iron police in Pennsylvania.

In the Anthracite coal fields several strikes occurred prior to the signing of an agreement which is to last until April 30th, 1938, despite rising prices. The agreement calls for a seven-hour day and five-day week with the same rate of pay as formerly paid for 8 hours; complete check-off and complete responsibility on UMWA officers to prevent strikes in violation of agreement. However, strikes had to be called against 15 companies on August 27 in order to get them to live up to the agreement.

In Illinois, a jurisdictional strike was called in Saline county, by the Progressive Miners of America on March 4th, over the opening of Peabody mines 43 and 47 under UMWA contract. In Saline County, 4,000 of the 5,000 miners belong to the PMA.

Building Trades

Strikes concerning wages and other questions were numerous in the building industry. On Jan. 10, the electrical workers brought the Board of Education of New York City to terms in building the Sam Gompers High School. The demands of the union were for the hiring of at least 50% Union workers and the balance to be hired from relief rolls. On July 26, in Detroit, Michigan, 250 members of the Lathers, Plasterers & Laborers Association, an independent union, returned to work after a one-day strike, which resulted in a temporary agreement to hire none but union men on all lathing jobs and arbitration of a new wage scale to be guaranteed by an agreement expiring May 15, 1937. On August 27, 12,000 painters of New York City struck for the enforcement of the contract and for the elimination of the "kick back," and for the hiring of 50% of the men from union rolls. The strike spread to Brooklyn on September 2nd and was settled on September 5, the union gaining its point. Seven painters were held for violence during this strike. Other strikes were conducted in this industry, most of which were settled immediately.

Garment and Textile Workers

Troops were brought to Albany, Indiana, on January 21, to quell a strike which was in progress since September 1935, against M. Fine & Sons, makers of shirts. The strike was for the restoration of NRA rate of wages.

Contracts which are to last two years were signed by the I.L.G.W., and the five employer groups in the dress industry, covering 150,000 workers. Negotiations were in progress from January 7, when the first strike threat was made until February 21. Furriers also made agreements on January 31, but not until after concurrent strikes were planned.

Strutwear Hosiery workers in Minneapolis struck for several months, during which time Governor Olson threatened to close the plant, but was enjoined from doing so by order of a Federal Court. The strike ended April 5 with some demands granted the workers.

Knit good workers struck in four plants in New York City on July 18, and threatened to picket the U. S. Re-Employment Service for acting as a strike-breaking agency. Five mills were called out on July 26. On August 25, 4,000 returned to work as the strike was settled in some places, continuing in others.

The large strike against the Berkshire Mills of Wyomissing, Pa., has resulted in severe injuries to many workers, over 200 being injured on Oct. 2 alone. The strike continues with the use of passive resistance methods.

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In Illinois, a jurisdictional strike was called in Saline county, by the Progressive Miners of America on March 4th, over the opening of Peabody mines 43 and 47 under UMWA contract. In Saline County, 4,000 of the 5,000 miners belong to the PMA.

Building Trades

Strikes concerning wages and other questions were numerous in the building industry. On Jan. 10, the electrical workers brought the Board of Education of New York City to terms in building the Sam Gompers High School. The demands of the union were for the hiring of at least 50% Union workers and the balance to be hired from relief rolls. On July 26, in Detroit, Michigan, 250 members of the Lathers, Plasterers & Laborers Association, an independent union, returned to work after a one-day strike, which resulted in a temporary agreement to hire none but union men on all lathing jobs and arbitration of a new wage scale to be guaranteed by an agreement expiring May 15, 1937. On August 27, 12,000 painters of New York City struck for the enforcement of the contract and for the elimination of the "kick back," and for the hiring of 50% of the men from union rolls. The strike spread to Brooklyn on September 2nd and was settled on September 5, the union gaining its point. Seven painters were held for violence during this strike. Other strikes were conducted in this industry, most of which were settled immediately.

Garment and Textile Workers

Troops were brought to Albany, Indiana, on January 21, to quell a strike which was in progress since September 1935, against M. Fine & Sons, makers of shirts. The strike was for the restoration of NRA rate of wages.

Contracts which are to last two years were signed by the I.L.G.W., and the five employer groups in the dress industry, covering 150,000 workers. Negotiations were in progress from January 7, when the first strike threat was made until February 21. Furriers also made agreements on January 31, but not until after concurrent strikes were planned.

Strutwear Hosiery workers in Minneapolis struck for several months, during which time Governor Olson threatened to close the plant, but was enjoined from doing so by order of a Federal Court. The strike ended April 5 with some demands granted the workers.

Knit good workers struck in four plants in New York City on July 18, and threatened to picket the U. S. Re-Employment Service for acting as a strike-breaking agency. Five mills were called out on July 26. On August 25, 4,000 returned to work as the strike was settled in some places, continuing in others.

The large strike against the Berkshire Mills of Wyomissing, Pa., has resulted in severe injuries to many workers, over 200 being injured on Oct. 2 alone. The strike continues with the use of passive resistance methods.

Following the dress good workers strike, the pattern makers struck March 3. Fair solidarity was shown by refusing to cut from "hot" patterns.

The Metal Industries

In January recognition of the I.W.W. shop committee was granted by the American Brass Company of Cleveland. A wage increase which was to take effect on July 1, did not materialize, so on July 8 the plant was struck. The strike ended on September 14 when a 5 per cent wage increase was granted. The management when the strike first broke out was adamant and refused to consider any proposals submitted by the strike committee. Encouraged by the Associated Industries, they tried turning public sentiment against the strikers by having police stationed before the plant and using the time worn anti-union bomb scare.

Another strike in the Brass & Copper Industry was that of the Phelps Dodge Copper & Brass Products, of Elizabeth, N. J. 200 walked out on August 27. The strike was settled September 1, with wage increases, 48-hour week and time and a half for overtime.

On May 22, a strike was called at Portsmouth, Ohio, by 5,000 workers against the Wheeling Steel Company. The strike was finally ended on July 13, when an understanding was reached that terms would be made 14 days later. Several strikers were injured and one guard killed during the strike. On July 29, six unionists were indicted for the death of the guard.

Other minor strikes occurred in steel and for a while it seemed as though the whole industry would be involved when Lewis and his C.I.O. made an attempt to organize the industry. But like other much advertised general moves by the A. F. of L., it did not materialize and steel workers, while they await better organization, content themselves with the slender bonuses paid by these corporations that have paid big bonuses to stock holders.

In the auto industry labor has certainly shown a willingness to go further than its C.I.O. leadership permits. Sit down strikes have been frequent from the sit-down in the Toledo Dura Manufacturing Co., makers of auto hardware, in March to the Case, Bendix and Midland Steel sit downs of recent weeks. It has been a busy year for the industry, and lack of an organization to unite all workers in body, parts, and assembly plants to take advantage of the favorable opportunity will no doubt later be regretted.

That the A. F. of L. is no better able to handle these big metal working moguls than the new C. I. O. is apparent from the long drawn out fight against Remington-Rand. Here with their plants scattered across a great area, the need for industrial organization to tie up all plants is so obvious, it need scarcely be mentioned.

Other Manufacturing

The wave of militancy characteristic of labor this year has shown itself in manufacturing strikes too numerous for the scope of this summary. Rubber workers in Akron and Toledo by frequent sit downs (severely frowned upon by the officials of their unions) have won many points, and built up strong union sentiment among all workers in their communities. Toledo has become a militant labor town as a whole, gas, match and metal workers all joining in the common cause.

This community union sentiment, a splendid omen for the growth of One Big Union, has appeared elsewhere. In Pekin, Ill., after the workers at the American Distillery Co. had been out for six months, a general strike declared by all 31 unions in the town brought it to a settlement on February 8. Minneapolis is a similar instance, where flour mill strikes, grain elevator strikes, truck drivers' strikes, jewelry workers strikes, all synchronized to make it one striking town in the first part of September.

In recent months, the flat glass workers, largely engaged in supplying glass to the auto industry, have shown increasing militancy. They have refused to work on orders sent from a struck plant to another, and auto workers have refused to work with scab glasses. This is as it should be.

Railway Industry

Generally speaking, labor trouble was at a minimum in the railroad industry in 1936. The most important issue fought over between the railroad companies and workers was whether or not two men should be employed on Diesel engines. The companies contend that only one man is necessary because of the newly invented dead-man's throttle which if released by the engineer will stop a train immediately. Workers on the other hand contend that rigor mortis may cause him to hold it and besides it is absolutely necessary for two men to be on the alert at all times to guarantee a higher degree of safety. However, in most cases where this issue was fought, the workers got their way. This was mostly due to strike threats and public sentiment.

Strike votes were taken by the employes of the Mobile & Ohio and by the engineers of the Western Pacific, January 29 and May 22, respectively. These strikes did not materialize. A strike that did materialize and which was splendidly fought with the aid of women, was the strike of the train crews of the Louisiana & Arkansas and the Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas. The women played an important part, turning hoses upon scab dwellings, routing their foul inhabitants, boarding trains and persuading the crews to wire in their resignations and many other things which induced the

Governor of Louisiana to intercede. The strike ended in a victory for the workers. Wages were improved and the unions recognized.

A good deal of time and energy was spent by the Railway Unions in promoting legislation which would be of benefit to railroad workers, or at least intended to be so. Most important was the Railway Employees Pension Act. This act is hoped to make room for more workers on railroads through the process of providing for and eliminating the older heads. A better way to create more jobs would be by shortening hours. This railroad workers realize but somehow they do not have enough confidence in themselves or their unions to demand this. The 26 varieties of unions among railroad workers do not give them the necessary feeling of solidarity. Their solution lies in the One Big Union.

Marine Transport

The Marine Transport Industry has far too complicated a story to be put in this summary. A detailed summary of union trends in the industry



The May East Coast Strike—Clubs, teargas and motorcycles were used by N. Y. cops to smash this "outlaw" strike as the S. S. Virginia comes in with a scab crew.

is promised by a specialist in an early issue of this magazine. The idea of the federation to give greater solidarity among marine workers has taken a firm hold. Its greater growth on the west coast than in the east is indicated by the difference in

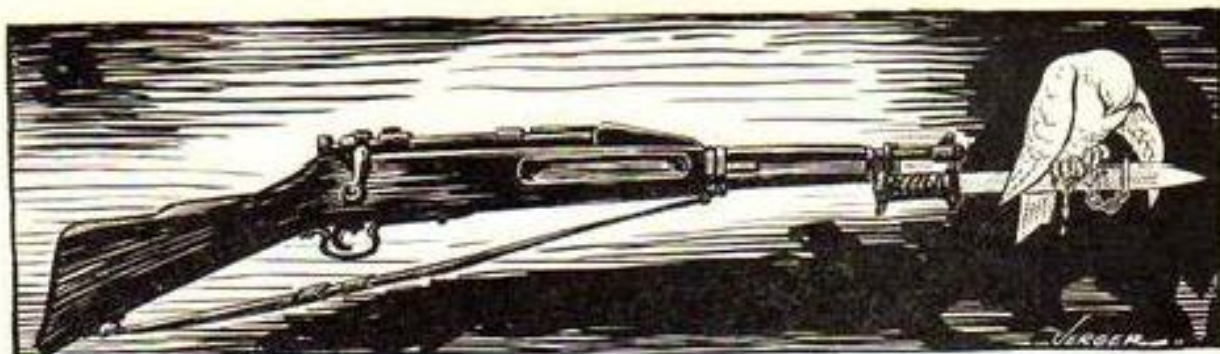
wage rates paid. On the east coast the process of getting rid of the old men of the sea who have ridden on the backs of marine transport workers these many years has unfortunately been accompanied by replacing them by labor politicians to such an alarming degree that seamen are wondering if they are better off. In all these battles for rank and file control and industrial solidarity, the Marine Transport Workers of the I.W.W. have taken a leading part, which may perhaps be measured somewhat by the I.L.A. gangster murder of Fellow Worker Ross in San Pedro last year, the shooting of Fellow Worker Haiman in Philadelphia as he stopped flinks from kidnaping a picket, or the shooting of Fellow Worker Kane in Houston as he stopped the racketeer ousted agent of Firemen and Oilers Union from walking off with the union records.

The importance of a militant industrial unionism in this industry cannot be over-emphasized. When there is the right sort of solidarity between workers, scab products will not be moved, materials will not be sent for scabs to work with, hot cargo will never be touched, the instruments of death sent against labor will never reach their destination. In putting such solidarity into practice, the unity of all transportation workers, as provided for by the Transportation Department of the I.W.W. will be essential. The effort of the Marine Transport Workers of the I.W.W. to stop the shipment of war materials to the Fascist forces of Spain, is an augury of what can be done when this developing One Big Union idea among transport workers is fully realized.

Conclusion

No summary can indicate the splendid fighting spirit that has animated American labor. Neither can any summary such as this adequately show the interference with this fighting spirit and sense of solidarity that faultily constructed unionism imposes. The new spirit of American labor is shown not only by these strikes and by the fight of W.P.A. workers and relief workers that lack of space has forced us to omit, but also by the way in which American labor, despite the Pontius Pilate stand taken by the convention of the American Federation of Labor has rallied to the support of our fellow workers in Spain.

A new era is in the making. A new spirit is in the hearts of labor. A determination to get more of the increasing product of our labor is shown daily. There is no way for this new attitude to find fitting expression except in the I.W.W. plan of industrial unions, controlled by the members, militant in spirit, working toward a new social order, uniting all on the same job in the same union, all in the same industry in the same industrial union, and uniting all workers in One Big Union of the entire working class.



Johnny Comes Home

By John Lind

Johnny was an intelligent boy. That is, if one listened to his pa and ma, and looked at his report card, one was apt to be convinced that he really was smart. Besides, he was the best local all around athlete.

His father was a well-to-do farmer, right on the edge of a small Minnesota town. Pa belonged to the Moose lodge, and was one of the pillars of the church . . . in fact when a local woman was sent to convert the heathen of Africa, he was known to donate fifty dollars all at one time. And his mother, good pious soul, brought up her six children in the fear of God and the nether regions.

When the war broke out in Europe, Johnny had just finished high school. When the United States entered the war, he was just finishing his third year in college. He volunteered. He had ideals about fair play and decency, and this was the thing to do about them. It was expected of him, not only by his parent, but by his younger sisters and brothers. He was the eldest and had an example to set.

* * *

As a private he saw eight months of horror over there, and came back. He was discharged and went home.

The eight months must have changed him. He didn't fit. Just what it was, he wasn't quite sure . . . but he couldn't quite bear the blokes that asked him what it was like over there . . . when the local parson told the congregation "we won the war," he got up and walked right out in the middle of the sermon. He knew it was an unpardonable sin, and wasn't quite sure why he did it.

Life wasn't what he had counted on, even though he had had only counted on it vaguely.

His buddies wrote him. One wrote that he had been in New York out of a job ever since he was discharged, while his girl friend kept him with enough to live on. Another wrote about being on the stem in Frisco. Of the dozen he kept in touch with only one managed to get his old job back. Several asked for loans.

Even Alice . . . he had "gone for her" in their high school days . . . even she stirred him to a strange discontent contrary to all his expectations. When she sat eating chocolates and reading Eddie Guest to him, he couldn't help but think that the chocolates were making her far too fat . . . and there was something about this Eddie Guest that reminded him of the chocolates.

* * *

He decided that it would be more comfortable moving . . . going somewhere . . . west. He told Alice. She was unaware that there was anything in this discontent for her to fathom, and wanted to know what was to happen to their engagement. He said he'd be back in a few months. She cried on his shoulder, and said good-bye . . . and he wished he had written from Fargo, instead.

His father was rather taken aback, and angry. He could not see why Johnny should want to leave a good home. They had done what they could for him. He could stay there. He could go to college. But if he was just to go rambling and rambling out west, never should he ask for any help from home, no matter what the need. But Johnny insisted he was going on a freight train, to find something or other to do that he wanted to do. The one thing he was sure of was that he didn't want to stay there.

* * *

Next morning he took the local freight into Minneapolis and looked in the yards for something

bound west. The stories he had heard while in the trenches now served him in good stead, and he was able to find his way about quite easily, always of course, relying on his ability to pick the right persons to ask questions of.

It was early spring yet. The snow was all gone, but the frost was not all out of the ground, and nights were cold. He was glad that he had had the foresight to take his heavy coat along with him. He found it useful now.

Several days later he hopped off of a freight train in Billings, Montana. Still having a few dollars left, he made his way to a restaurant, but not before he had asked a newly found friend of the road to eat with him. Johnny had taken a sudden liking to this young man, not much older than himself, but infinitely wiser. The young man had admitted that he had not gone to France, because, in his opinion the war was not "fought for democracy" but for world markets and war profits. True, he had been drafted just before the Armistice and had gone to the training camp, but, he admitted that he had very seriously considered refusing to shoulder a rifle and pleading conscientious objection. He was very glad that all that was not necessary, and that the war was over, for it saved him from declaring himself and probably from an army prison or concentration camp.

While eating they continued their discussion, and Johnny was glad that he had run into Tom. For one thing, he was conscious of finding something that he had missed ever since he was discharged from the army. For all this while he hadn't quite know what it was that he had missed; but during Tom's recital of some little episode in his own life he mentioned the term "fellow workers", which sent Johnny's thoughts back to his buddies and then he understood. He had missed the comradeship, that closest of all ties, that is born of a common cause. They had been sent three (to France) together, so "let's see it through together," had been their attitude. And especially in their contact with officers had the spirit of solidarity among the privates manifested itself. Many were the times when it seemed as if their worst enemy was, not the Boche, but "that damned tarheel non-com." They would lie, steal and fight for each other, but for the non-com and for the officers they had nothing, but invective, for most of them had not earned their stripes, and their ignorance of their own position usually made them take it out on the men.

This spirit of comradeship asserted itself now, too, and for months after that Johnny and Tommy were like Siamese twins; where one was, the other one was bound to be. They found a few day's work now and then, with which to replenish their roadstake, but not often. As it was, they had eight dollars between them upon arrival in Spokane.

Meanwhile Johnny had found that Tommy was a "Wobbly," one of them "I Won't Works," that so many dirty cracks had been made about in his hearing, even in the army. Johnny soon completely changed his ideas about the Wobblies. True, his ideas had been rather vague. But every day in Tommy's company brought more enlightenment, and the many leaflets and booklets Tommy carried in his pack-sack soon created an understanding of the "movement," as Tommy called it, which would have been impossible to secure in any other way.

Among the booklets creating the deepest impression on him were Justus Ebert's "The I. W. W. In Theory and Practice" and Vincent St. John's "I. W. W.—Its History, Structure and Methods." Besides these he found in the I. W. W. Song Book a constant source of delight. Many were the hours they whiled away either in jungles or in the yards waiting for trains, just singing.

"If you all will shut your trap,
I will tell you 'bout a chap,
That was broke and up against it, too,
for fair;
He was not the kind that shirk,
He was looking hard for work,
But he heard the same old story every-
where."

Songs were not the only thing he learned. When Tommy first talked of "surplus value" in one of his intermittent monologues on Marxian economics, Johnny had to ask that he explain what he meant. His study of economics in high school and college had seemingly not had included that term, although he did remember that Marx had been mentioned somewhere, along with Ricardo and Adam Smith.

When Tommy got through explaining, it seemed that Johnny's education had indeed been neglected, and the funniest part of it was that from a man on the road, from one who had barely finished an eighth grade schooling, he, with three years of college to his credit, was able to learn more than from all his teachers combined.

When he questioned Tommy where he had got his knowledge, Tommy raised his hand and drew it in a semicircle from the North to the East and South, then Southwest, and added as an explanation: "Experience, speakers and books." Johnny had to be satisfied with that.

* * *

They pulled into Spokane rather late one night, got a room and went to bed. When Johnny opened his eyes in the morning, Tommy was not in bed, and his clothes were gone, but his pack-sack was still thrown in the corner, so Johnny did not worry. He went out, ate breakfast and came back to wait for him. Tommy explained he had been to the I.W.W. Hall and to the Public Library.

That afternoon Johnny for the first time entered an I.W.W. hall. There was quite a group of workers there, seemingly all loggers, from the looks of their clothes. Several there knew Tommy, and a round of introductions followed, but there were so many that it was impossible for Johnny to remember their names. Anyway, they all took it for granted that Johnny was also a member, and almost everyone immediately addressed him as "fellow worker." It felt rather odd to be addressed so, but the greetings and the handclaps were sincere. Here was real comradeship. He felt at home. This must have been what he left Minnesota for.

* * *

They got in Seattle and headed first for the I.W.W. From there Johnny wrote his first letter home. In all this time he had sent but one postcard home and another one to Alice, but as he had sent them no address, he had no letters waiting for him anywhere.

Tommy was now at home. This was his country, as he explained it. He was rather proud of the fact that he worked in the "long logs". It was also his intention to show Johnny what made the "long logger" the man that he was.

First of all Tommy went to the hotel where he had checked his outfit earlier in the year, before going to Chi. Then an inventory was made of the necessities to outfit Johnny. To Johnny's dismay he found that their money would not buy even the one pair of caulk shoes he needed. But Tommy knew the ropes.

He left Johnny in the hotel for about an hour, and came back with a well-worn pair of caulk shoes. They weren't quite comfortable, but would do for a few days, until one could go to the camp commissary for new ones.

With that they left for the skidroad, scanning the employment office signs. Finally Tommy's eyes lit on one sign. What he saw there that interested him, Johnny found out a minute later at the counter.

"Where's the choker's job at?" asked Tommy.

"Up at Darrington. Got your docket?" was the answer.

"Sure." After a few more questions the two took the jobs and parted with part of their meager funds. As the camps were 100 per cent union, it was up to Johnny to take his card out now, before leaving for the camp. This was easy, but it also put a crimp on their pocketbooks and Tommy had to take a loan from a friend to pay their way out to camp.

So Johnny was initiated into the intricacies of high leads, skidders, main lines, haul-backs, chokers, blocks, "guylines," falling, bucking, loading tongs, slings and spar trees. He got to know buckers, fallers, hookers, rigging slingers, choker-

men, whistle punks, hook-on-men and donkey punchers. There was a fellow ship among them that made him feel—he belonged.

Johnny stayed West. He wrote home seldom, and when he did it was to his mother. It seemed a long time since that he had got a letter from his father. The last one told him either to come home at once, or stay away altogether. He had got that one in jail. He and several hundred others had been rounded up at a street meeting. The firemen had soaked them with water, and knocked them down with the irresistible pressure from their hose, and the police had finished up with their clubs. But that the boys felt it had been a pretty good fight. There were several bulls and firemen in the hospital.

All the forces of hell seemed turned loose on the loggers now. The lumber barons had raised the price of spruce during the war from \$16 a thousand feet to over \$160. When peace broke out the demand dropped off. To keep profits up to the level to which the war had made them accustomed, they tried to cut wages. But everywhere a well-organized body of loggers resisted their wage cuts, and resisted successfully. They set out to break the I.W.W. that held the loggers together.

In Centralia on the first anniversary of the



armistice they arranged for the parade to raid the Wobbly hall. The loggers inside put up a fight. Wesley Everest, another returned soldier, kept them at bay with his gun, down as far as the river. Then they got him, rammed a rifle butt down his throat, took him to jail, threw him bleeding on the floor, took him out at night, cut out his male organs and lynched him. The rest of the loggers who had defended their hall were on trial for murder.

With super-patriotic fervor, all hell was turned loose on the loggers and the I.W.W., whether they were returned heroes or not. Some were tarred and feathered. Others rode the rail. Others went to the big house for long years.

Somehow Johnny and Tommy got out as often as they got in, and they and their fellow workers found they had a purpose in life, something they held to more doggedly than he had ever carried on before, in football or in killing the Kaiser. It was something to which they dedicated their days and their nights.

Johnny found himself growing. He could write and speak his thoughts clearly for all to understand. He found that the long loggers to whom he had looked with awe a little while before, now looked to him. Life was full. There was comradeship with men who knew what they wanted. There were women whom he couldn't imagine munching chocolates and reading Eddie Guest. They liked to make him eat big hearty meals, and they could talk too about the endless struggle that had become his life.

It was more than a fight for more of the world's riches. It was a fight to maintain the conditions in industry that made these loggers feel they were men. It was a fight to resist the aggressions of robber barons, and the stealing of more of what was theirs. And since the lumber barons could keep profits up only by cutting wages down, and could cut wages down only by breaking the I.W.W. up, it was a fight to hold these men together in the bonds of solidarity. That word "solidarity" of all the new words that Johnny had picked up, was the one he liked the best. When he sometimes thought back about what had set him wandering, it struck him that he had set out on a quest for this combination of fellowship and purpose that he called solidarity.

Where men stuck together against their employers, they were looked upon as men and treated each other accordingly. Where they didn't stick together, their bosses treated them like cattle, and they treated each other like pigs at a trough. It was this battle for the union, as well as for the higher pay and shorter hours that could mean a fuller life.

Every little step forward in the struggle filled him with satisfaction. Every little effort that

failed found him looking for the cause of the failure. He and his fellows were determined enough in their fight to take criticism without breaking the bonds of fellowship. The going was tough, tougher than even the bitterly fought I.W.W. had ever found it before in all its stormy life, and he found a keen zest in the battle.

* * *

Johnny and Tommy were both tempered men. Young in years, they lived through a few months which made them old in experience. Tommy of the two was the more stable. If Johnny was able to do more, it was because of the able adviser he had in Tommy.

It was the spring of 1922. Johnny had been away from home not quite three years. He received a letter from his mother, asking that he come home. He answered it, but failed to answer her plea. In writing his answer he kept thinking of his father. He knew full well that in that quarter there was no understanding of the niche he had found for himself. What was more, it was probable that no effort would be made to understand it.

His mother. That was another matter. She would welcome him with open arms, no matter what he had done. In her opinion he was her oldest son, no more, no less. In thinking of her, he said to himself: "Yes, I'll go home for a short visit this spring."

Tommy, Johnny and several others completed plans at this time to break in new territory for organization work. All were young and ambitious and when an opening offered itself, none of them hesitated.

At a mill town not far from the Puget Sound country an opportunity offered itself. A Wobbly had settled down there. He wrote to Tommy, telling him of the lack of organization there, of the poor working conditions, of the low pay and the overtime worked without extra pay. The sentiment is good, he said, "come on down."

Four of them went. After looking over things for several days, it was seen advisable to settle down, too. They all looked for work, and they all found something or other to do.

Johnny went to work in a mill. The work was hard. Not like woods work. He was put on a planer, feeding lumber into it. The unaccustomed posture he had to work in, the lack of space for moving around to handle the heavy boards, and the air filled with fine dust, tired him out.

That evening, they gathered together to compare notes. Yes, all of them had noted the dissatisfaction among the workers. The speed-up on the job was terrific, the pay was small and the work-day was too long for that kind of work. This was indeed good territory for organization. But it was advisable to work some time before coming

out into the open. A better impression could be created even among those most hostile to organization and organizers, if they had worked together for some time. They were all tired, set the date for another meeting and left early to go to bed.

About four o'clock one afternoon the planning mill was stopped at the mill. Whistles blew. Men scurried about and a call was sent for an ambulance and a doctor.

But the victim was out of reach of all human help. It was Johnny. One of his fellow workers had seen the "accident." With the regularity of a clock Johnny had been pushing lumber into the planer. No doubt, he had been a trifle tired. There was no guard on that planer, as there should have been, to stop any piece from flying back that the planer would not take. There had been a big knot on the board. The knot had broken and the planer rolls had spit back the board with such a

force that it went straight through Johnny's abdomen.

One of the Wobblies grabbed the man by the arm. "Did he say anything before he died?"

"Yes, but I didn't quite get the meaning of what he said."

"What was it?"

"It was something about: 'Carry on, fellow worker, carry on.'"

* * *

Fourteen years later in a picket camp that the Wobbly lumber jacks had established in a mountain pass in Idaho in the 1936 strike for decent conditions, Tom—a bit grey now—was talking over the old times with some old-timers by their jungle fire.

Several of them had known Johnny. Yes, they agreed, Johnny would feel very much at home to be with them now.



The Canadian Labor Situation

(continued from page 11)

this province very susceptible to Fascist movements. A recently elected provincial government shows definite Fascist tendencies, and avowed Fascist organizations like the Federation of Labor clubs and the National Social party have tens of thousands of adherents. They have adopted all the tactics of the Nazis: suppressions of labor organizations, anti-semitism, violent opposition to all progressive ideas, and teaching that trusts and chain-stores are responsible for all our economic ills. An idea of the potential strength of the Fascist movement can be formed when we hear of anti-radical demonstrations in the city of Montreal with over one hundred thousand people participating. Of course, Fascism is not confined to any one province. It shows surprising growth over all of Canada, but in Quebec has reached a more advanced stage than elsewhere. And we cannot consider this movement lightly when we remember that one-fourth of the total population of Canada are in the Province of Quebec.

The trade union movement cannot check the spread of Fascism any more than it did the growth of company unionism or protected the interests of the working class.

Apart from its conflicting factions and political entanglements, craft unionism shows a decided weakness in its lack of militancy and failure to struggle when faced with a situation which demands these things. Arbitration, boards of conciliation and parliamentary lobbying have been substituted for economic action. Trade unionism has placed more confidence in industrial codes and the investigations of Royal Commissions than in its organized power. This inevitably resulted in a worsening of conditions for the workers. In a country with an immense per capita wealth and unlimited natural resources a large section of the working class has the standard of living of a coolie. Bondholders and financiers of industry have it all.

The industrial codes are going the way of the NIRA codes, the Royal Commissions' reports are pigeon-holed somewhere in Ottawa and the impotence of the trade union movement is clear; therefore, the workers of Canada are faced with the choice of taking a further reduction of an already low standard of living and eventually having Fascism, or of accepting the only alternative—revolutionary industrial unionism.



SHALL AMERICA GO HUNGRY?

The fear of hunger again looms large in these United States. Throughout the year the passing of the buck from Federal to State and local agencies has gone on. Workers, driven by the needs of their families, have occupied the legislative buildings of Wisconsin and New Jersey. Demonstrations for more relief, for more W.P.A. projects, for higher rates and against no pay for lost time on these projects have been many. In some instances it is said by those who should know that certain politicians for their own personal purposes, and not out of any liberal leanings toward the aims of labor, have encouraged these demonstrations. And now there are to be more—and a big pink slip parade to Washington.

Many feel they have been "done wrong" by those whom they ecstatically voted into office.

Such papers as the New York Post and the Philadelphia Record run an editorial: WHO WON THE ELECTION? In it they ask:

"Suppose you had been knocked unconscious in an auto accident on the day before the election.

"And suppose you regained consciousness only yesterday, picked up the newspapers and read these headlines:

"Pennsylvania to Cut 33,000 Off WPA.

"8,000 Being Dropped from WPA in New Jersey.

"WPA Artists Fight Police in New York; 219 Ejected, Many Clubbed; Protest Dismissals."

"Hundreds of WPA Workers Laid Off in Capital.

"Lying in a hospital bed with nothing to guide you but these headlines, who would you think had won the election? Roosevelt? Or Landon?"

* * *

Our question is not what should the government do about unemployment, relief cut-offs, and WPA dismissals? Our question is: What should we do about them?

That an election promise is not carried out, quite fails to astonish us. A political plank is like a streetcar step—something you go in on, not something you ride along on. This has been the way of politics for many years. We can even recall a once popular song: "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier," that became a campaign song for another "great liberal"—and we can recall the lynching bees to which it led subsequently.

* * *

In practice the question what to do resolves itself into the choice whether to do something for

ourselves, or ask somebody to do something for us.

There is the view that this is a democratic society where all are equal before the law and the government; that the government is the collective means established by us all to take such concerted action as is necessary for us all on questions of public concern. Those holding to this view are wont to continue that the increasing productivity of labor and the increased use of machinery has made it necessary for the government to regulate industry to some extent, at least to the point where it sees that industry continues to operate, and that it either provides work for the working class or taxes with which to give them relief or to make public work for them. If these assumptions are correct, it would seem very plausible to dissipate the growing fear of hunger in the face of potential abundance by legislative enactment taxing production and business for the purpose.

But there are those who seriously question these premises in the light alike of history, law, practice and everyday experience. They cite the most eminent historians on the constitution to show that it was devised by a wealthy and militant minority of our forefathers to make sure that democracy would not despoil them nor their heirs of their privileges. They point to the 14th Amendment with its provisions that no man's property shall be taken from him except by due process of law, and ask how can economic equity, or even square or oblong meals be furnished to the growing army of industrial discards by legislative enactment? They can point to many a learned jurist's explanation that such socialism can't be done by law. They can point to a long and bitter struggle between the haves and have-nots, and to many a barracks far removed from where any foreign enemy might come, and to the role of army, courts and government in general in this long and bitter struggle to cast extreme doubts upon the assumption that this is a government of the people and by the people and for the people with due powers to see that all eat. To such students of law and history and to such observers of what goes on daily before our noses, the teaching of Thorstein Veblen that this government is a "Soviet of Business Men's Delegates" seems much more accurate than the famous address at Gettysburg. Those accepting such views must find it strange to demand that such a Soviet recognize any general right to eat, especially in these days when business men complain alike of taxes, and the need for more unemployed to keep wages lower, and of the tendency of relief rates and WPA rates to stop them from the full and hearty exploitation of women and children to which they are so thoroughly attached.

* * *

Apart from the theories, let's examine the facts. It would take a production level at least 30 per



Children sleeping on the stairs of the Legislative Assembly of New Jersey as their parents occupied it in a relief demonstration last April

cent higher than that of 1929 with present wage rates and hours to reduce unemployment to the few millions of jobless that we had with us in that year. There is no prospect of such a level of production, because there is no market for it, because most people don't have the money to buy much. Of course, if wages went up enough, and hours came down enough, a solution would be possible, and there certainly is nothing unconstitutional about us organizing One Big Union and refusing to work more than six hours for less than \$6.00 for any man, woman or child.

But again, we face the sad fact that WPA layoffs proceed faster than the growth of the I.W.W. What are we going to do meanwhile? Petition the government? Without going into the conflicting views on the nature of this institution, we believe that those getting the pink slips will substantially agree with us, that even if Veblen wasn't right, then some well dressed villain has surely corrupted the dear Democracy of whom Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg, and that petitions won't do much

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The Roots of Spanish Labor

Though the C.N.T. which is aggressively carrying on the struggle for a new social order in the fight against Fascism, dates back only to 1910, the popular struggle finds its roots much deeper. Perhaps it may be said to date back to the dawn of the modern era when new social concepts tended to cloak themselves in the form of theological heresy, and consequently the rigor with which heresy was stamped out corresponded to the intensity of the social struggles that reflected itself in these new ideas and beliefs. Nowhere was the repression of such heresy more vigorously carried out than in Spain. But in its modern form, as an open effort for better economic conditions and freedom from political oppression, the struggle may be said to date from the popular uprising in 1808 against the despotism of Napoleon.

Despite the general economic backwardness of Spain in the past century, Spanish labor was well to the front in the building of labor organizations. From 1840 on, many workers' associations were established. In their early formative period these unions were heavily influenced by the anarchist thought of Michael Bakunin and his associates. Bakunin was a staunch advocate of a direct action type of unionism as well as of the international solidarity of labor. When Karl Marx and others sponsored the idea of an International Association of Working Men, and successfully launched such a body (generally referred to as the First International in writings of our own time) in 1868, Bakunin worked assiduously for its growth in Spain. As a result in 1870 the Spanish Federation was founded.

In 1876 the International, whose headquarters had been moved to America, officially went out of existence. Many factors were responsible for its unfortunate end. The political history of Europe had much to do with it. Since 1851 the second "little" Napoleon had virtually dictated as Emperor in France. Unions were forbidden during most of the regime, but persisting as beneficiary societies they had forced a place for themselves, and were among those first to receive aid in their strikes from the newly formed International of Labor. Largely to replace a growing popular revolt with patriotic fervor, war was cultivated with Prussia. At the battle of Sedan on September 4, 1870, the Emperor's forces were routed. A Republic was declared once more in France. Once again there was popular support for a war that had now become a war of defense. It was sabotaged by the politicians and their business associates who looked upon it chiefly as a splendid opportunity for graft. The Prussian army defeated everyone but the armed working class of

Paris. The resentment of these workers against the bourgeois politicians grew, and, when they attempted to disarm the Parisian workers, revolt broke out, and with the Prussian and French ruling class at the gates of Paris in alliance against French labor, a Commune was set up in March of 1871.

The International was outspoken in the cause of their French fellow workers. Horrible atrocity stories were peddled by the capitalist press much like the stories told of the Russian revolution in 1917 or of the present struggle of labor in Spain. Most workers grew alarmed at what their Parisian fellow workers were doing. The Commune was crushed and a vindictive leisure class murdered thousands of workers. The very word "International" became one at which all but the most radical workers shuddered. In consequence support for the International dwindled in England, America and other countries. Labor unionism for a brief while grew ultra conservative expending far too much of its effort in an attempt to establish its respectability. That labor does move forward, is shown by the vast difference in the reaction of world labor to the similar situations of France in 1871, Russia in 1917, and Spain in 1936.

During these troubled years a dispute as to policy, teaching and structure broke out in the International Association of Workingmen. Marx as International Secretary stood for the continuation of its policies; Bakunin with the backing of the affiliated organizations in Spain and Switzerland headed the opposition. The two men became such deadly enemies that often the death of the First International is attributed to their quarrels. Significant likewise in the Spanish struggle of today is that the Marx-Bakunin Battalion of Catalonia has served as the shock troops of the present struggle. The name Bakunin is there, because the C.N.T. has his teachings so largely as their own body of tradition. The name Marx is there, because of the militant cooperation given by the P.U.O.M. or the "Marxists," a direct action political group who split from the Communists to follow Trotsky and who later split from Trotsky to follow the class struggle concepts of Marxism as they themselves saw fit to interpret it to fit the conditions of their own struggle.

Despite the fact that the First International officially disbanded itself in convention assembled in Philadelphia in 1876, its Spanish Federation persisted more or less intact to 1881, and was a part of the brief-lived International Working Peoples Association that Bakunin formed of the portions of the old International adhering to his program.

Though organization was not always maintained, the ideas of solidarity, direct action, and a new social order in which labor, free from all coercion, would enjoy the full product of its toil, remained. A Socialist or Second International had been founded in 1890, and socialism had prospered in Spain since the days when Paul Lafargue in the early seventies had attempted to transplant it there. An International Federation of Trade Unions had been formed largely as an offspring of this Socialist International, a sort of world letter box for the unions that relied on contracts and legislative lobbying as the chief means for redressing the grievances of labor. But when the C.N.T. (the National Confederation of Labor) was launched in 1910, it was virtually a continuation of the old International, and the old Spanish Federation of Bakunin and his associates.

Meanwhile, largely under Socialist auspices, another set of unions, connected with the I.F.T.U., had been established, and federated as the U.G.T. or General Labor Union. Both sets of unions had their ups and downs and suffered their periods of bitter political oppression. The U.G.T. got the support of the larger section of Asturian coal miners and of the workers of Madrid; the C.N.T. drew its support largely from the workers in Catalonia, with the workers in the marine industry of Barcelona and the manufacturing plants there taking the lead. Up until the present struggle the U.G.T. outnumbered the C.N.T., but by its aggressive action in this year the C.N.T. has reached at least a parity with the U.G.T., if it has not outnumbered it.

In 1927 the anarchists of Spain and Portugal formed the F.A.I. (Federation Anarquista Iberica) largely as a group within the C.N.T. and have provided most of the functionaries for this federation of trade and industrial syndicates. The two are substantially inseparable. In their revolutionary struggle much of the old federalist, local autonomy, individual responsibility and initiative beliefs of the anarchists have been found inapplicable to the conditions at hand. The C.N.T. in this year's convention, before the Fascist coup, decided among other matters on a stronger degree of industrial centralization in their unions, and also that revolutionary struggles should be attempted only with the approval of the C.N.T. as a whole, and not on the initiative of any local group. The abortive and costly struggles of recent years had convinced them of the necessity of such a program. Even their bitter anti-parliamentarism was left aside in the February elections that brought in the People's Front government to the tune of direct action jail releases. Their direct action philosophy was well adapted to the needs of July 19, when the Fascists who had been tolerated by the liberal politicians started their long planned coup. Barcelona labor disarmed the fascists com-

pletely, and had it been better armed would have driven them out of Saragossa, too. The struggle against the imported army of Moors, Germans, and Italians that back up Franco's murderous effort to exterminate all labor organizations in Spain, has brought by now substantially all anti-fascist forces in Spain to the position of the C.N.T.—that this is a labor struggle against international capital and against the capitalist system itself, and that the business class and their professional politicians are not to be entrusted with carrying the struggle on. The exigencies of the same struggle has required the C.N.T. and the F.A.I. to adopt two policies that probably would have shocked many an anarchist a year ago: 1) the adoption of military discipline in the struggle, 2) participation by representatives of the C.N.T. and F.A.I. in the highest government posts.

Out of it all is growing a new social order, in which older theories may seem as much lost as oxygen is when it has combined to form water. But the oxygen is there in the water, and the old motivation toward a free social order, without gendarmes to enforce socialist policy, and the policy of direct action by the workers for the workers, is still there in Spain, and neither success nor defeat is likely to exterminate these germs of the new social life that is to be.

Francisco Ascaso

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over almost the whole of South America, at the same time broadening his horizon and acquiring a knowledge of human nature.

Thirteen months later, in July 1925, we see our fighter again in Paris. Here he remained until April 14, 1931, when the monarchy fell. Ascaso's first thought was to return from his banishment though he realized that the king had gone but the generals remained. Back again in Barcelona, he found fertile soil for his ideas. Spain was now a kind of camouflaged democracy, so long as the church and the army retained their old privileges. But July 19th was to be the hour of liberation for Spain. At the head of his fellow comrades and workers, by the side of his dear friend Durutti, Ascaso fought at the barricades. He had already conquered half of Barcelona, by July 20th he would have liberated the whole city. In Atarazanas, in the proximity of the harbor, Ascaso advanced in spite of the fascist machine guns. A rebel bullet struck him.

Comrade Ascaso is dead. But his work still lives and like lava has spread over Spain. The war front is the place where the fire of his lava burns most fiercely, the front of civil-war and social Revolution fed by the living soul and spirit of this man of action—Ascaso!

The Dishwasher

By JIM SEYMOUR

Alone in the kitchen, in grease-laden steam,
I pause for a moment, a moment to dream,
For even a dishwasher thinks of a day
Wherein will be leisure for rest and for play;
And now that I pause o'er the transom there floats
A stream of the Träumerei's soul-stirring notes,
Engulft in a blending of sorrow and glee
I wonder that music can reach even me.
For now I am thinking, my brain has been stirred,
The voice of a master the lowly has heard,
The heart-breaking sob of the sad violin
Arouses the thoughts of the sweet "might have been";
Had men been born equal the use of the brain
Would shield them from poverty, free them from pain,
Nor would I have sunk in the black social mire
Because of a poor judgment in choosing a sire.
But now I am only a slave of the mill
That plies and remodels me just as it will,
That makes me a dullard in brain-burning heat
That looks at rich viands, not daring to eat;
That lives with its red, blistered hands ever stuck
Down deep in the foul indescribable muck
Where dishes are plunged, seventeen at a time,
And washt—in a tubful of sickening slime!
But on with the clatter, no more must I shirk,
The world is to me but a nightmare of work;
For me not the music and laughter and song,
No toiler is welcomed amid the gay throng;
For me not the smiles of the ladies who dine,
No warm, clinging kisses begotten of wine;
For me but the venting of low, sweated groans,
That twelve hours a night have installed in my bones.
The music has ceased, but the havoc it wrought
Within the poor brain it awakened to thought
Shall cease not at all, but continue to spread
Till all of my fellows are thinking or dead.
The havoc it wrought? 'Twill be havoc to those
Whose joys would be nil were it not for my woes.
Keep on with your gorging, your laughter and jest,
But never forget that the last laugh is best.
You leeches who live on the fat of the land,
You over-fed parasites, look at my hand;
You laugh at it now, it is blistered and coarse,
But such are the hands quite familiar with force;
And such are the hands that have furnished your drink,
The hands of the slaves who are learning to think,
And hands that have fed you can crush you as well
And cast your damned carcasses clear into hell!
Go on with the arrogance born of your gold,
As now are your hearts will your bodies be cold;
Go on with your airs, you creators of hates,
Eat well, while the dishwasher spits on the plates;
But while at your feast let the orchestra play

The life-giving strains of the dear Marseillaise
That red revolution be placed on the throne
Till those who produce have come into their own.
But scorn me tonight, on the morn you shall learn,
That those whom you loath can despise you in turn,
The dishwasher vows that his fellows shall know
That only their ignorance keeps them below.
Your music was potent, your music hath charms,
It hardened the muscles that strengthen my arms,
It painted a vision of freedom, of life—
Tomorrow I strive for an ending of strife.

SHALL AMERICA GO HUNGRY?

(Continued from page 29)

good. Anyway, the boys down at Washington knew it already that times are tough, and that the jobs don't go round. They really don't need a reminder.

Perhaps we can rely on the growing realization that society must take care of those locked out by industry or these will have no alternative but to starve or take the industries themselves. Many assure us that this can be relied upon, and there may be something to it—not that the well fed have much more than an aesthetic objection to the unemployed starving, but that they certainly don't like the idea that they might take the industries and run them for their own use under the planned economy of One Big Union of Labor.

* * *

At any rate, we are sure of this. The folks who make the appropriations know of the needs of the jobless already. They won't do much about these needs except under further stimulus than this mere knowledge. They won't be stimulated

to much by the kicks, whines and complaints of a bunch who don't stick together, who are mere harmless individuals. The more they see labor organized, the more they will do. The more they see labor aggressively demanding part of what it has produced, still the more they will do. And if they see labor organizing "to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown," there may even be provisions for turkey and cranberry sauce.

We do not wish to discourage any pink slip parades, even though our confidence is not great in them. We do wish to discourage the idea that workers should starve slowly and quietly. And we do insist that no rights of theirs are going to receive much respect in industry or in the legislative bodies of the land unless they have enough respect for themselves and each other to organize, and to insist that these industries built by labor belong to labor, and that they are building the power to take back what has been filched from them.

The American Newspaper Guild

(Continued from page 7)

news, to raise the standards of journalism and ethics of the industry, to foster friendly cooperation with all other workers, and to promote industrial unionism in the newspaper industry."

You will note two passages—"to guarantee as far as it is able constant honesty in the news" and "to raise the standards of journalism and ethics of the industry." These were pounced upon by the publishers, during the outcry against the Seattle and previous strikes to lend weight to the charge that the Guild was attempting to direct the editorial policies of the nation's press.

While many Guild members believe that their union will be able to make significant contributions to the labor movement, they have been forced to discount these charges by emphatically pointing out that the control of the publication rests with the publisher and that the sole aim of their organization is to see that the editorial workers come in for a measure of economic security.

The publisher well knows this, of course, but it does nothing to endear him to the ANG. The unionization of editorial workers is detested by

these gentlemen for reasons other than the increases in pay and shorter hours that are bound to come, albeit they surely are not eager to make even these concessions.

It would perhaps be well to point out to those unfamiliar with the city rooms of the daily press, that reporters are not usually "told" how a story should be written or what should be left out of the paper and what should be played up. It is an old saying in the craft that any reporter who is too dumb to discover "policy" is too stupid to stay on the pay roll. In other words, all reporters know that the boss is interested in strikes only to lend what assistance he can to the employer and it therefore is wise to waste no energy giving the strikers' position in the controversy.

One of the characteristics of American journalism, as it affects labor troubles, is that much can be written but under no consideration is one to present a fair, impartial account of what the workers want. Usually strikes are "covered" by picking up hand-outs from the Chamber of Commerce or some Industrial Association. Seldom does a reporter get his information direct from the union and when he does, it is either thrown away by the editor, garbled by a re-write man, stressing an "angle" favorable to the employer, or buried in the market section.

The hostility of the publisher towards organized labor is the principal reason for the prostitution of the word "news" in labor troubles, but there is still another—ignorance of the newspaperman. For the most part, a knowledge of the labor movement is not considered an asset on a newspaper. In fact, the stupidity of some newspapermen on the question of unionism is amazing and while unions are not likely to believe it, I personally know of instances where some blows below the belt were due solely to the lack of knowledge on the part of a reporter who was, in fact, sympathetic to the striking workers.

It must also be remembered that the working newspaperman is up against the economic question the same as other wage slaves. No matter how independent he may wish to feel, his insecurity is inclined to make him adopt a "protective coloration." Because it is the safe thing to do, many unconsciously accept the ideas and prejudices of the publisher. These are the last to admit that their attitude has anything to do with holding their jobs.

Here is where the Guild has entered the picture. By giving him some security, the working newspaperman can and has adopted an independent attitude once foreign to all but a few venturesome souls. Then their active participation in the labor movement rapidly conditions their thinking—they sooner or later realize their own status in the economic scheme of things. In brief, they receive a valuable education previously missed.

This educating could be better understood, if the reader could see a young reporter attending his first Guild meeting and worrying about the boss—then a few weeks later see him enthusiastically voting a strike and going at this new activity in a deadly serious manner.

No union understands better than the I. W. W. the importance of taking one's case to the public. In the past many unions could do little to counteract the boss propaganda in the daily press. They were unfamiliar with journalistic tricks and practices and, consequently, they were practically mute at a time when speech was essential.

Whatever else may be laid at the Guild's door, none can say that it has not been militant. True the fights were forced upon it, but it did fight. As the result, there are today in the United States thousands of labor-conscious newspapermen who will and have lent their services to unions when the time comes for doing what the publishers call "influencing public opinion."

As this is written, I glance at a stack of newspapers. There are ninety of them. They are the issues of the "Guild Daily," published in Seattle during the Post-Intelligencer strike. As far as I can determine, this is the first time in the history of the United States that a group of workers went on strike but continued to work at their usual jobs. Here, certainly, is something for publishers to really worry about and here is an eloquent answer to those who condescendingly say that workers need a boss to direct and exploit them.

Within a few moments after the management of the Post-Intelligencer announced suspension, these strikers went to work putting out a newspaper. It hit the streets after a hectic night and some 20,000 were sold. Then, each day during the long strike this paper not only appeared but it grew steadily in circulation and importance. Boycotted by the usual wire services, the nation was covered by the Guild Wire Service, made up of union reporters in every large city in the country. Its policy on all questions was determined by a vote of the entire staff and it gave Seattle residents an unusually complete coverage of the city's doings. Then, also, labor news was reported accurately for the first time since the suspension of the Union Record. This is probably wandering a bit afield. This article was to discuss the question of the Guild and honest labor reporting and not necessarily the importance in general to unions of organizing this particular group of white collar workers.

One can sum it up by saying that the Guild, as it stands now, will make for honest reporting of labor news, but it will take One Big Union to see to it that these honest reports are published.

—X304230.

Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



More Reasons for One Big Union

ARMS MAKERS FARE BEST OF ALL INDUSTRY

MONGOLS FLEE NORTHWEST WAR AREA OF CHINA

DOCK WORKERS TALK 'BOYCOTT' OF FRENCH SHIPS

SURVEY REVEALS BAD CONDITIONS IN SLUMS HERE

Gives Dinner Wednesday

FEARS GROW FOR FREIGHTER LONG OVERDUE AT SOO

Break with Seamen Threatened.

FIELD'S PROFIT IS ESTIMATED ABOVE \$1,800,000

Dozen Ships Fight Peril in Blockade.

TEAR BOMBS FAIL TO ROUT PICKETS AT KNITTING MILL

Take R. STEEL OUTPUT AT YEAR'S PEAK OF 75.9 PER CENT

6 KILLED AS THEY TAKE DYNAMITE INTO SLATE MINE

Districts Are Found to be More Than Those in New York.

EUROPE AND ASIA ARE SPLIT INTO HOSTILE CAMPS

7th Seriously Injured in Virginia Blast

57 in "Human Chain" Get 30 Day Jail Terms.

Orders to P. STATE PATROL USED WAGONS TO HALL "SCABS" IS CLAIMED

Marshall Field Anticipates Best Earnings Since 1930

New Alliances Prepare War.

Firestone 11th Profit Is Best in Nine Years

BILLION DOLLAR MARKET SEEN IN FARM ENERGIZING

Westinghouse Head Says Rural Electrification Key to Farm

SURVEY SHOWS CHICAGO SLUMS WORSE THAN N. Y.

STRIKERS GUARD AUTO FRAMES IN SIEGE AT PLANT

Amazing Lack of Sanitary Facilities Revealed in Tenements.

Private Chauffeurs to Hold Exhibit of Fine U. S. Autos

CONDUCT SALES MEETING BY PHONE LOUD-SPEAKERS

Parlay with

Beneficial Benefit Ball

Boss Cop Asks Prison Camps For Jobless!

Official

Rich Want To Be Sure Their Money Goes Into "Fuselals"

Penny Scraps Company Union

MAINE DENIED NOTE

CRAFT LEADERS CONTROL TAMPA PROCEEDINGS

LABOR SHORTAGE ON FARMS IS DISTORTED

Brotherhood Organizer For 200 Clerks

Number of Executive Council Is 1

All on the same job in the same union - all in the same industry in one industrial union - and all workers in One Big Union of the entire working class. That's the I. W. W. idea.