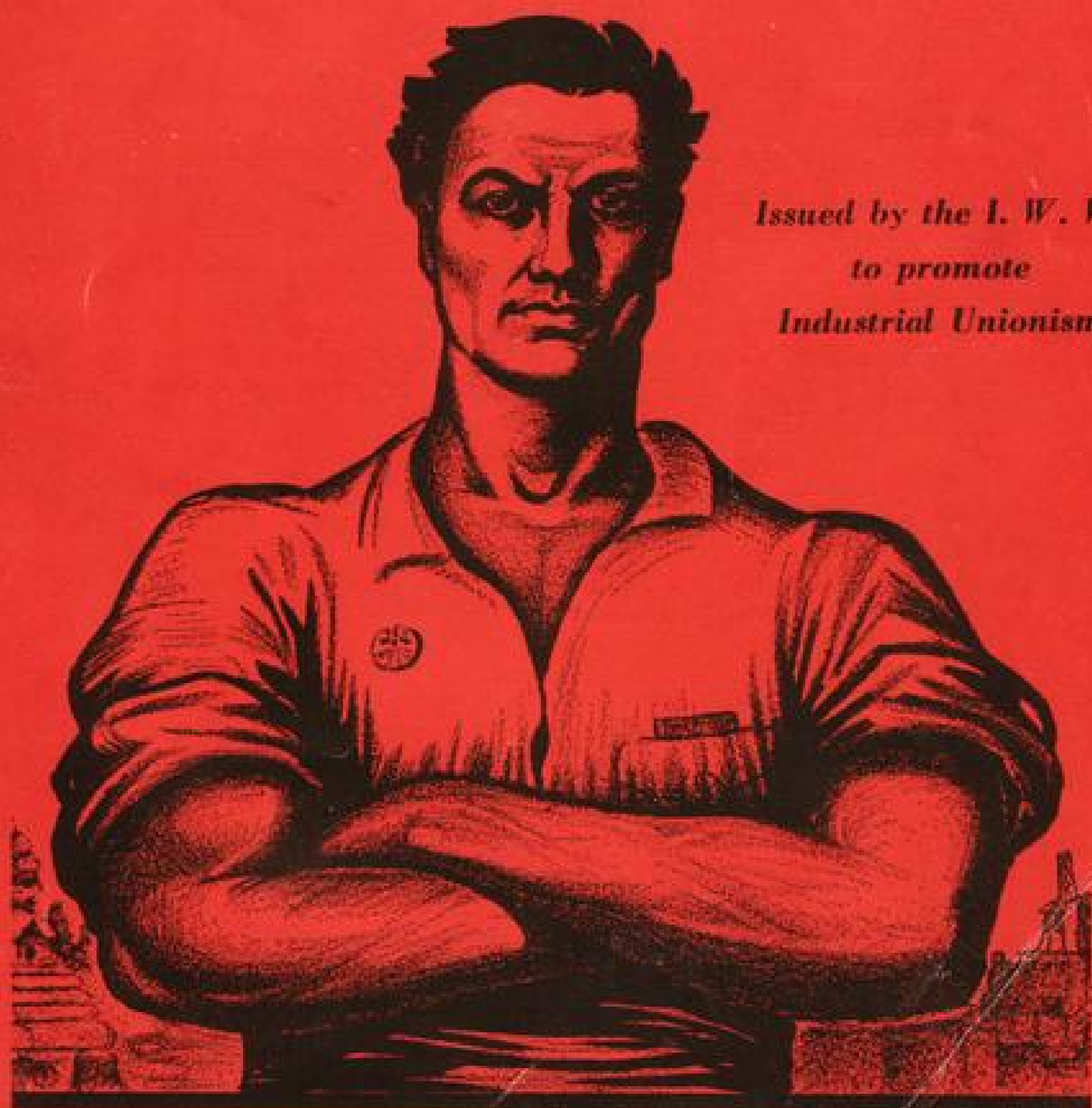
The ONE BIG UNION Monthly



Issued by the I. W. W. to promote Industrial Unionism

New Series: Vol. I—No. 5 MAY, 1937 Price: 15 cents

Are You Weak in the Hind Legs?

Waiting for George to do it has kept capitalism going. George didn't get around to doing the things for us that we should have done for ourselves, and consequently the One Big Union didn't get big enough, and hours didn't get short enough, and pay envelopes didn't get fat enough, and labor didn't get educated and organized enough to dump the bosses of our backs.

The new program in America seems to be let Uncle Sam do it. That's probably because when we left it to George to do, it didn't get done, and certainly "something ought to be done about it". Uncle Sam has so many bureaus and office staffs and committees and commissions that there's not much doubt, if it's left to him, something will be done about it.

But what will it be?

Letting the government do it hasn't worked so well for labor in Germany and Italy. Will a smiling face and a fireside voice and the benevolence of Ma Perkins change the picture here? Or will the inexorable necessity of capitalism to exploit ever more and more until it is ended, over-ride their good intentions of sweetness and light? The underlying economic force has always been the master.

Why not stand on your own hind legs for a change? It will get you what neither George nor Uncle Sam can ever get for you—emancipation, security, plenty.

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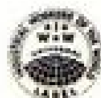

ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

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MAY DAY

By

Card Number 102287

May First, 1886, is a day not to be forgotten in the labor movement of the world. It was the first great struggle in America for the eight-hour day.

The strike at the McCormick Reaper Workers, in Chicago, the police brutalities, the consequent protest meeting at the Haymarket, and the tragedy that resulted, all have their place in the history of May Day.

At the Haymarket Square meeting called to protest against police brutalities in the strike, Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, was present. Later he swore on the witness stand that nothing said there was in conflict with the law.

Yes, as soon as he left several hundred police rushed from the Desplaines Street station, half a block away, and gathered around the truck from which Sam Fielden was speaking. They ordered the meeting to disperse. Fielden objected: "This is an orderly meeting."

Someone—no one knows who—threw a bomb. Sixty-six police were prostrated by the explosion, seven never to rise again, and one to die shortly.

Many were arrested, and eight indicted.

After a long trial seven were found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged, and one—for giving out handbills—was sentenced to fifteen years. They were charged, not with throwing the bomb, but with having produced the circumstances that led someone else to throw it.

One killed himself in prison. (Or was this another part of the conspiracy against labor?)

Four were hanged November 11, 1887, as Spies cried: "There will be a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today."

In 1873 Governor Altgeld pardoned the survivors of the frame-up, and at the same time acquitted the eight hour-day martyrs of the charge on which their lives were stolen.

We honor these men on May Day, and we honor them best by carrying on the struggle in which they were engaged. The social ills against which they fought can be removed only by the organization of the working class in One Big Union. Organize for 365 May Days each year!

The Emigrant

By Gefion

When Esther Visby landed in Chicago, they were still raising hogs in North Clark Street.

It had taken Esther two months to peregrinate from her native bailiwick in Denmark, across its many islands and belts, clickity-clack across Jutland, over the North Sea to Harwich, and six rolling weeks in a mutton and marmalade oozing steerage from Liverpool to Philadelphia.

Now there she stood. And the grunts of the porkers in the North Clark Street gutters were like the friendly greetings of home. Surely, she had heard such a concert before in the winding, linden shaded streets of Nerum back in the old land. Esther set down her battered satchel and appraised with a critical eye a sow and her litter. H'm, not much curl to the tail here. These clever Americans apparently didn't know a great lot about raising pigs. For sure, Bailiff Hahneman in Nerum would have thrown up his hands in holy horror and declared, deuce take it, that folk who didn't have any more sense about pork than to let a sow and her young's wallow in mud and slush ought to go out and cut peat for a living. Ja, mein Herr!

* * *

Esther Visby wasn't what the Chamber of Commerce would've termed a buxom descendant of the roving Vikings. Nor would the latter-day Fuehrer have classed her as a Nordic. Not by a long shot. Esther was a willowy lass with capable hands, with deep, questioning gray eyes set wide apart in an irregular face framed by a mop of dark hair. She could milk with any cowherd and get the Frau Bailiff's unmentionables on the line whiter than they had ever wafted in the breeze before. And when it came to plaice and parsley sauce, and delectable, paper-thin pancakes with jelly—well, the wench know her pots and pans.

Nor was it any outlongings inherited from the rambling Vikings that had prompted her to fold her tent and set out for America. Esther's leave-taking of her ancestral hearth was caused solely by Aunt Bertha's getting herself into the embrace of Hymen for the second time in her blessed life, and accusing Esther of pilfering a fruit cake sent Auntie as a wedding present by Bricklayer Olsen's spouse.

Now Esther didn't consider herself candidate for a set of wings. She could distinctly remember —and with glee—the nights she had tumbled from her bed chamber window and hied herself off to the dances in the neighboring village. And she could vividly recollect other nights that it wouldn't be so very healthy to tell the old folk about. But she would be eternally damned if she had ever in all her lifelong days stolen as much as a pin from anybody! And Aunt Bertha, or any of the rest of the family, wasn't going to get away with that stuff. No, Madame!

So Esther dug to the bottom of her calf-skin trunk and brought to light of day her savings and the few kroner Grandma Avgusta had left her, set out for the King's capital and got herself a ticket for America. She would as soon have gone to Greenland or Timbuktu—it was all one to her. But as America was the part of the world whence all the other lads and lasses had gone, she might as well too fare thither and make her millions. And crabby Tante Bertha could see how she would get her washing done from now hence.

* * *

Esther Visby was nineteen when the discordant serenade emanating from the North Clark Street gutters first assailed her ears. She looked about her. A singular land, indeed. And how in the world could the folk here make themselves understood by that droll speech? To Esther's unaccustomed ears, it sounded like the nocturnal opinions of the tomcats back in Nerum. Why, one couldn't separate one word from the next! Well, maybe one shouldn't be too critical of things one didn't know so very much about. One simply had to learn.

Esther felt the pouch in her bosom. The ticket had taken all her savings and Grandma Avgusta's kroner had dwindled considerably since the day in Philadelphia when that fellow had changed them into the strange coin of the new land. Well, she might as well get started making her fortune today as any other time.

II.

The Sharp Corner was a melange of barroom, eating house and hotel. It reared its wooden and fancifully carved gables at the corner of North Clark and Fullerton. At The Sharp Corner, hearses going to Calvary cemetery stopped for refreshments and to accord the mourners a last opportunity to reiterate collectively what a really remarkably fine person the remains had ever and always been. Yes, sir!

The Sharp Corner was under the regency of prodigiously proportioned Widow O'Leary. She it was who held sway in the kitchen. It was the doughty Widow who counted the cash drawer when the shutters had been put up for the night. And it was from the full lips of Widow O'Leary that fell the nightly pronunciamento whether the departed day had been foine or one not so good.

It was at The Sharp Corner Esther Visby began wooing Dame Fortuna. Here she became the factotum of the scullery and the bedrooms. Behind the bar Osvald Hummerman dispensed lager beer and galvanic whiskey. Esther made the acquaintance of the former two the day she first took up her multiferous tasks. Osvald wore a cowlick on his manly brow and a handle-bar mustachio under his straight Teutonic nose. And he said welcome to America, Fraeulein—and would the new girl have a little something to drink? Yes, Esther might partake—a little beer, please. And what beer—Himmel! Whoever made it had better get himself apprenticed once again and learn that beer should be dark and foamy, lingering and tantalizing like the kiss of one's sweetheart.

Widow O'Leary was stirring the morning's hot cakes. Her voluminous breasts were quivering like half-congealed jelly as she bestowed upon the batter all that was in her. Esther never could work up any great intestinal enthusiasm over what she called the Widow's leather cakes—wouldn't she have loved to shove one of those pot covers under Tante Bertha's pert and critical smeller!

Esther thought in fact that it would take a considerable number of runes to explain what Dame O'Leary didn't know about culinary tricks. Well, one simply had to get used to things. But, for sure, things should be done right and things should be done well. And all folk—especially menfolk—should be fed vittels that simply made them want more—toothsome dishes that made them laugh and say jolly nonsense.

Anyway, if Widow O'Leary insisted upon cooking in her own peculiar, way, there wasn't a great lot Esther could do about it. And if folk wanted to get belly-aches from such messes, well, the doctors had to live too. But on days when the Widow drove off to the down-town markets, Ether cooked for herself and Osvald Hummerman paper-thin, delectable pancakes with jelly. And on those days, Osvald hummed Tra-ra-ta-bum- de-aye.

* * *

Esther fell in love the day the bays ran away and spilt the remains of Councilman Harrigan in the ditch down Fullerton Avenue. There was hell to pay that day. The bays were under the able guidance of Chris Solberg, than whom there was no better horseman in seven counties, and as experienced a hearse driver as ever graced a pair of lines—and no mistake.

Chris swore up and down that it all happened when the Widow's pooch jumped from behind the hog pen and bit the off bay in the nose. The Widow vociferously declared it a damn loie—Prince would never have done no such a thing! She wouldn't be a bit s'prised—in fact she could smell it—that Chris had taken on a few too many. And pwhat would Drayman Hilderbrand say now? For shure, it would mean Chris' bread and butter! And, oh, me blessed soul, the poor councilman's fam'ly!

Chris said, well, for the love o' Mike, shut up! He got the snorting and rearing bays untangled and the hearse dragged out of the ditch and replaced the councilman's remains as decorously as the circumstances permitted. The cavalcade got under way once again, and the remains of the Right Honorable Harrigan were at long last despatched into the bowels of the good Earth with the lament and praise befitting the final leavetaking of such dignitaries. But on the return journey, Chris Solberg got gloriously drunk at The Sharp Corner.

* * *

Chris was singing Oh, Susanna in a fine tenor and saying Skoal and Gesundheit to Osvald Hummerman and letting the rest of the costumers know that it wasn't his fault, damn it all, that the bays beat it and spilt the councilman's carcass.

And through the serving-hole in the kitchen door, Ether was observing Chris and confiding in the Widow, to the best of her linguistic ability, that it was a shame that such a nice looking lad should make a swine of himself just because of a little hard luck. Yes, Dame O'Leary agreed with them sintimints—and he a countryman of Esther's too— but business was business and the Widow would be hanged if she was going to deprive the cash box of its just dues.

They put Chris to bed under the fancy gables and unhitched the bays. And Ether told the Widow that she was goin to the barn to look for eggs—those fool hens never would get sense enough to lay in the nests. And she gave the bays an extra measure of oats and caressed their soft muzzles and spoke tender words to them and let them know how sorry and ashamed she felt for Chris—and she was sure he wasn't a bad lad at all.

And next morning after meat, the Widow discovered that she was low on spuds and drove off for the markets. Esther watched her to the cart and the bobbing plumes of her bonnet disappeared down North Clark Street. Then she brewed a pot of real coffee. And she went to the barroom and politely asked Osvald Hummerman could she please have a glass of brandy? Javohl, Fraeulein Esther

could have a glass of brandy—anything her little heart desired—der Fraulein made such shoene pfannkuchen—Mebbe the brandy was for der landsman up-stairs? Ha, ha, ha! And der Fraeulein needn't blush.

Esther hammered at Chris' door until he finally woke from his drunken stupor. He mumbled who's there and come in. Esther opened the door and said Good Morning and was Chris feeling very badly? He was—plum rotten. And where t'hell was he and what became of the bays? Esther explained—but he had better drink the coffee and brandy and he'd be all right—and please, please don't ever do it again.

Chris sat up in bed, his blond hair tussled and eyes drunk-bleary. He gulped the brandy and hot coffee. And Ether let drop the remark that she too was from the old land. The deuce she was! What part? Oh, not much from any part—the village of Nerum. Chris had never heard of it. Personally, he was from Hillerod. Oh, so then he was a kulsvier! Oh, yeah, Chris had turned out a considerable stack of charcoal in his days—in fact, some of the best that ever heated a flatiron.

Well, even if Esther did come from a hamlet unknown to Chris, she certainly knew a decent cup of coffee—and that brandy, well, she should have many thanks.

And Chris Solberg hitched up the bays and drove off to the stables of Drayman Hildebrand to be told never, goddammit, never to disgrace the Drayman's barn with his presence again. And Chris said all right, if that was the way Mr. Hildebrand felt about it, well and good—he had been figuring on quitting anyway. And Chris set out and rustled himself another job setting cobble-stones.

And it came to pass that Chris went to The Sharp Corner of a Saturday night and whispered in Esther's right ear that she was a lovely lass and that he was plum crazy about her—in fact had been so ever since that coffee-and-brandy morning. And he taught her to dance in the way of the new land, and Ether didn't mind his nonsense at all.

Esther Visby had been with Widow O'Leary for many moons when she awoke one morning and felt that she had to vomit—and she never sick a day in all her life! Oh, well, maybe it was those leather cakes. But at a certain period in the lunar month, Esther discovered that the Widow's flapjacks were not to blame for her morning qualms. And on Chris' next visit she told him in her own straight words that she was with bairn.

But on his way home that night, Chris Solberg realized that he had always wanted to see what in the deuce Minnesota looked like anyway.

And one fine day, Dame O'Leary gazed up from her pots and pans to discover that all was not as it should be with the wench—and would she get her trunk packed in a hurry! To be shure, the Widow wasn't going to have her roof disgraced with a bastard brat.

So Esther went her way. And she wondered that maybe the new land wasn't quite so hospitable as her native heath. She doubted if even Tante Bertha would've told her to be off. Well, one had to learn. And one simply couldn't be a cry-baby.

And so Esther went her way and on Division Street she rented a small house. And one cold winter's night, Midwife Potrovsky laid in her arms a squalling girl-child that greedily sought Esther's full breasts.

And the days went and Esther rose from her bed and looked upon her child and named it Lisbet. And she went out into the world again to earn their bread, and she bore with the fools in the street who snickered there she goes, her with the bastard.

But from across the street came a black woman to look after Lisbet as she grew into a lanky girl with Esther's questioning, wide-apart gray eyes and Chris Solberg's blond tussled hair. And one day the black woman came and mysteriously held something whimpering under her great coat. And when Lisbet simply had to know what it could be—and she wasn't a bit scared—then the woman opened her coat—and there it was—the ugliest and nicest pug pup one could ever imagine. And Lisbet named him Bowser and she thought the black woman lovely—as beautifully black and lovely as Mumsy's Sunday dress.

And that night when Esther came home, Lisbet secretly told her that Bowser had a doughnut tail.

III.

The years went. One by one, they simply slipped away from under one's nose. One by one, they became chapters in the book of time—chapters to be perused years hence by learned men with horn-rimmed spectacles and bald skulls. Yes, time has a way of its own—it waits for no one.

They no longer raise hogs in North Clark Street. The Sharp Corner has long since given way to other edifices. And those again to others. Widow O'Leary of the generous behind and the prodigious breasts has years past departed this vale of tears. Osvald Hummerman is dust. Chris Solberg had daylight let through him in a gambling joint in Reno. And back in the old land, Aunt Bertha has one fine day in the long dim past found her fruit cake behind a crock of sweet pickles.

Progress had come to the new land—and no mistake. Where before the red man searched the plains for enough buffalo dung to keep his fire

going, there now sprout towns and farms. A toiling and sweating mixture of the earth's serfs has spanned the land from coast to coast with a web of railroads. And in Chicago they have hanged men because they told other men of their kind that eight hours labor out of twenty-four were sufficient. Yes, Progress had marched over plains and mountains in seven-league boots.

And Esther Visby—that willowy lass of the gray, questioning eyes and capable hands—she who had lain with Chris Solberg in their young love that night years ago when the girl-child Lisbet was conceived.—What has become of her?

Well, Esther is no longer a willowy lass. She is an old woman. The gray eyes are no longer gay and laughing. But they are still clear and questioning. And they look out upon the world and its scurrying and blundering denizens with the wisdom and toleration that come from suffering and toil.

Yes, Esther Visby, the factotum of sculleries and bedrooms, the scourer of floors and stairways, her with the bastard, she has seen the years rush by. Yes, Esther has seen them pass and she has learned many tings in those fleeing years. She has come to learn that the new land was a harsh land—that it didn't care a whit whether one lived or died. She has seen hungry men mowed down in the streets with clubs and bullets because they in their hunger cried out for bread. She has learned that Justice was not blind—that those who dispense it very well knew on which side their bread was buttered.

Yes, Esther's gray questioning eyes have seen many things and she has learnt much while youth left her and she became old and toil-worn. She has seen thousands of her kind struggle through the thraldom of crumbs. She has seen them become craven and contemptible. And she has seen others sacrifice all—life itself—so that the struggle for light and freedom might not die. She has learnt from books and papers what her own daily toil had already told her in different words. And her heart became linked with those of the other thousands and millions who suffered and toiled.

And Lisbet—and Bowser of the doughnut tail—What became of them? Bowser lies dead and cold under a stone cairn. Yes, he too became old and toothless, and one day Lisbet buried him and was lonely and lost for long days.

And she herself grew up under Esther's and the black woman's care. And Esther taught her about life, of its joys and sorrows, and she stroked the blond tussled hair of the child that had brought love and beauty into her life. And one day Lisbet too went out into the mealstrom of life to earn her bread.

Yes, Esther Visby is an old woman. And when she sits alone her thoughts may now and then flit back to the ancient beech woods and cool lakes of the old land and the days when she danced with the lads at the village inn. And her thoughts come to The Sharp Corner and she asks of the dying day—What became of Chris? Oh, we were young then!

But of a night there comes to the house of Esther a young lanky lass with wide-apart questioning eyes and blond tussled hair.

And the girl Lisbet and Mother Esther talk about this and that in the lamplight. Is Lisbet doing well? Yes, Mumsy, I'm all right. And Lisbet tells Mother Esther of her work—how she is now typing a manuscript for a book that will tell men to take the world that belongs to them, the world that they built. Yes, Lisbet tells Mother Esther this and many other things from her full young life. And she leaves her chair to lay an arm around the old woman's neck and tell her of the man she loves. She tells Mother Esther of the agitator that she loves—one who urges men from a box on street corners to organize—to become as one so that want and suffering may be swept from Earth.

And Esther's thoughts wander to Chris Solberg, and her heart is heavy and worried for her child.

* * *

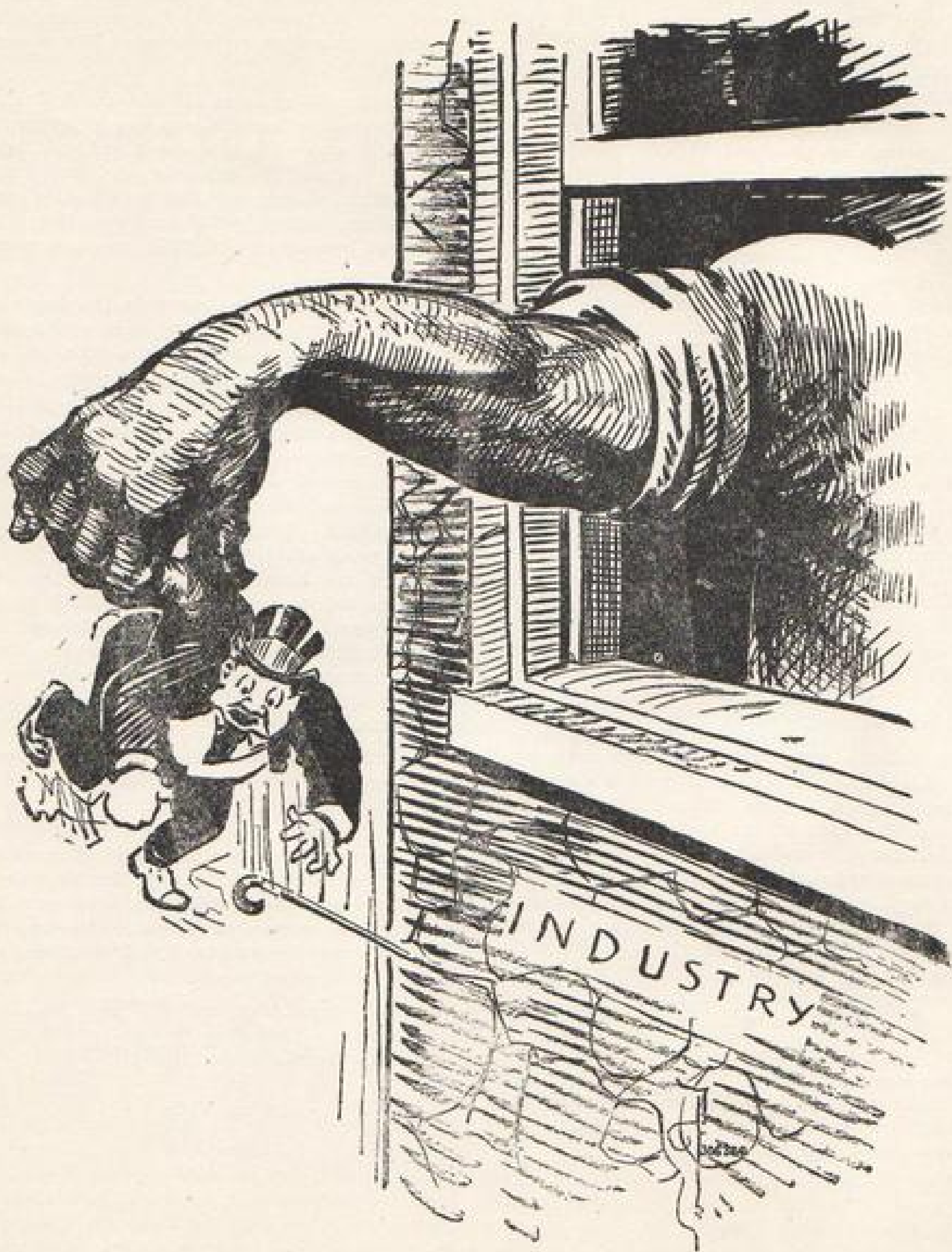
And so the years ago. Millions of men are butchered in a world of insanity. Human entrails hang putrid and maggot-filled on wire entanglements. Men have gone to prison and torture because they loved life and truth. And millions are hungry in a world of plenty.

And one day Lisbet and the man she loves stand before a tombstone in one of Chicago's cemeteries. On the stone is writ:

Esther Visby

1854—1936.

THE END.



The Solution for our Economic Problems

Wanted — One Big Union

A little sticking together has done us much good.

More would do us more good.

One Big Union would solve all our problems for us.

Whatever is worthwhile in this American standard of living is there because workers stuck together and put up some stiff fights to get it. If we are to improve that standard of living, we must stick together on a bigger scale.

That's what's back of all this recent talk of industrial versus craft organization, vertical versus horizontal unionism.

We have found out that sticking together in crafts often completely defeats the entire purpose of unionism. We join unions because we want to act together for our common good. When we join craft unions, we find ourselves pitted against each other, contracted to work while our fellow worker strikes, obliged to break his strike just as sooner or later he is obliged to break ours. Even when we strike together in crafts, we find that one craft is played against another in negotiations, and that the employing class pries its wrecking bar into every crack and crevice of our craft federations to pull it apart and weaken the structure. The seamen's strikes showed that.

So the American Federation of Labor plan of craft federation is out of the picture. We can't afford to have cracks in the solidarity of labor.

Will the C. I. O. plan fill the bill?

First let's see what specifications a union should come up to.

It should enable workers to take whatever joint action they find that they need. That's the primary purpose of unionism.

It should enable workers to come together as the problems facing them require, to decide what to do about those problems.

It should have its policies laid out entirely by the majority rule of its membership, otherwise the whole idea of banding ourselves together for our commong good it pushed aside to make us the pawns of some fellow who may look out for our well-being but who much more likely is looking out for his.

It should give the most effective support to every member in the manner that occasions the least trouble to the rest; that is, its solidarity should be efficient as well as effective.

The CIO does not come up to these specifications. It is a loose structure favoring both crafts and semi-industrial unions, easily pried apart and entering into contracts to scab on each other. The agreements of the coal miners, leaving Kentucky and Virginia still struggling prove that. The agreement of steel workers to furnish steel to scab auto workers shows that. The agreement of auto workers to work with scab steel shows that. And in all these agreements the obligation to quit direct action on the job, and to continue at the current wages no matter how rapidly prices may rise, shows that the CIO in structure and policy does not enable workers to take such joint action as they find they need.

The CIO is not constructed to enable workers to decide what action they should take. Believe it or not, the CIO has 13 members and no more. The thousands of workers who think they are CIO members, are instead members of unions that have made business contracts with the CIO surrendering most of their rights as unionists to this committee of 13 members. How little control they have over their union is shown by the auto and other negotiations, where the workers on the job were not even present. They are told by others where they got off at. It was to stop others from telling us where we get off at, that we organized for our own protection. Organizing as puppets for some one else to direct is not organizing for our own protection.

The structure of modern industry requires job unionism, industrial unionism, and One Big Union. We can afford no craft divisions to split solidarity on the job. We can afford no federation of alleged industrial unions to divide the working class into sections obliged to scab on each other. What we need is this:

One Big Union for all workers;

Industrial Departments, as transportation, manufacture, etc. built of Industrial Unions for convenience of the members in dealing with their specific industrial problems;

Job organization, always free to take immediate action on the job for bettering their conditions, or for practicing solidarity with their fellow workers on other jobs, never aiding the employer to break any strike by working with scabs, or with scab material, or furnishing material to scabs. This is the efficient, convenient and effective way to practice solidarity.

It must be an organization with all power vested in the majority decisions of its members.

It should also have a program of action proportionate to such power. The power to say whether industry shall run or not should not be frittered away in the demand for a few petty concessions while the circumstances of our lives show that labor should run the industries for the benefit of labor. A working class organized in such a One Big Union would be utterly asinine to let its own power to act for itself lie idle, while it expectantly waited for some politician or a few more Supreme Court judges to do for it, what it could much better do for itself. It would be ridiculous for such a One Big Union of Labor to aim at anything less than a world run by the workers for the workers, with that abundance for all that industry and science has made possible, and with the chronic stoppage of production and the perpetual diversion of production to such purposes as war eliminated for ever from the life of mankind.

There is such a union; and there is only one such union for one is enough. It is the Industrial Workers of the World, with 29 industrial unions in one or another of which there is the logical place for you.

Quit building obstacles across the road to emancipation and join with your fellow workers in the one organization by which labor can defeat all its enemies, solve all its problems and create the future for our children that it is your duty to furnish them.

I. W. W. PREAMBLE

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 everyday 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.

Let's You and Him Join the Army

By MELVIN JACKSON

An Old-Fashioned Melodrama of the Deep South in One Act.

Cast: Arabella, a virtuous maiden, but not so dumb.
Pappy, the father of Arabella.
Mister Hiram Anfiram, the holder of the Mortgage.
Benjamin, the stalwart young man of honor, not dumb either.

PAPPY: Well, daughter, you'd better pack your tooth-brush. In a few minutes Mister Hiram Anfiram will be here to collect the mortgage on the old homestead.

ARABELLA: O, pappy, I knew you should never have borrowed money from that skinflint.

PAPPY: Yes, daughter, I see my mistake clearly now, but I thought Mr. Hiram Anfiram was a good man; I never dreamed he would ever refuse to renew the mortgage.

ARABELLA: Boo, hoo, boo hoo *(vociferous weeping)*.

PAPPY: There, there, don't cry.

ARABELLA: But I can't help it—to think we will never see the old homestead again. Boo hoo, boo hoo, etc.

(Loud knocking, and then Mister Hiram Anfiram enters.)

HIRAM: Well, well, well, how are my good friends, today?

ARABELLA: Shut up, you old nickel-nursing skinflint. Pappy is dumb enough to trust a slicker like you who puts grease on his hair, but I know better.

HIRAM: You should not be mad at me, Arabella, I have come to *renew* the mortgage on your old homestead.

PAPPY: What? To renew the mortgage?

ARABELLA: I don't believe it.

HIRAM: Well, that is—

ARABELLA: I knew there was something fishy about it.

HIRAM: This is a time that tries men's souls and tests their spirits. The Department of War—I mean Preparedness—

ARABELLA: Ha, he said War!

HIRAM: I distinctly said Preparedness. The Dept. of War—I mean Preparedness—has declared that this country is in grave danger of its enemies.

ARABELLA: What enemies?

HIRAM: Shut up. I am making a speech—I mean listen to what I say. Our country is in very grave danger because she is rich and defenseless, while other nations are armed to the teeth. The writing is on the wall that spells our invasion and desolation. These barbarians that surround this great and glorious nation of ours—these savages ready to slaughter American men, enslave the women, and butcher the children—

ARABELLA: Who said so?

HIRAM: Why—everybody—that is, the newspapers—now shut up. We must make our nation the most powerful on earth, prepared to-to-to-to defend it against any and all who seek to endanger our supremacy. Defend. That's it—American wars are *always* defensive.

ARABELLA: Pish! What has that to do with our mortgage being renewed?

HIRAM: We must be prepared to preserve slavery in America—ding it all! I meant safety in America.

ARABELLA: You said slavery.

HIRAM: I did not, I said safety.

ARABELLA: You did, too!

HIRAM: I didn't; oh shut up! In this great and glorious democracy—in this land of freedom—

ARABELLA: What do you mean, "Land of Freedom", when Tom Mooney is in jail?

HIRAM: Shut up. That's irrevelant. We need every able-bodied man for war—I mean defense.

ARABELLA: Poo. You said war.

HIRAM: Shut up; I said defense. And there is a certain yellow-livered cringing coward in these mountains who says he don't believe in war—I mean defense.

ARABELLA: You can't talk about my Benjamin that way!

HIRAM: Everyone likes to see a stalwart, well-disciplined man. The spiritual sublimity and the glory of wearing a uniform is stupendous.

ARABELLA: They wear uniforms in jail and in the bug house, too.

HIRAM: The army—I mean the R. O. T. C.—needs him. The army—I mean the R. O. T. C.—will make a man out of him.—The rag—I mean the flag of his country is calling him.

PAPPY: Hurry up and foreclose this durn mortgage and get it over with. It is cruel enough for us to lose our home and be turned out into the cold cruel world without having to listen to your hot air, too.

HIRAM: You have to choose now. You can save this coward and make him a man, and I will renew your mortgage; or you can do nothing about him, and I will not only foreclose on your old homestead, but I will see that you are arrested for criminal syndicalism or conspiracy or being unpatriotic or something.

ARABELLA: Boo hoo, boo hoo *(more crying)*.

PAPPY: There, there—buck up, daughter. Maybe Mister Hiram Anfiram is right about the nation needing Benjamin.

HIRAM: Uncle Shylock—I mean Uncle Sam is defending you, and you should be willing to sacrifice something for Uncle Skinflint—I mean Uncle Sam.

(Vigorous knocking at the door).

PAPPY: There's Benjamin now. Brace up, daughter, and save the old homestead and your pappy from being turned out into the cold, cruel world.

HIRAM: Remember it is for the sake of American investments in the Philippines. Gosh durn it all —I mean it is for his own sake and it will make a man out of him.

(More knocking. Arabella opens the door and Benjamin comes in.)

BENJAMIN: Oh, Arabella, I have some—Why hello, pappy; and *(to Hiram)* Phooey on you, you old penny pincher.

ARABELLA: Your country needs you, Benjamin. You should be prepared to defend yourself against your enemies.

BENJAMIN: Why? I have no enemies, except maybe that bird there, *(pointing at Hiram)*.

HIRAM: O, twaddle, boy—sure you have. Japan and Rooshya, and Hitler and Mussolini. And England is a dirty double dealer that can't be trusted. You have lots of enemies.

BENJAMIN: But those fellows over there are working for a boss just like I am, so what's the use of hating them. Besides, didn't the Bible say, "Love your enemies."

HIRAM: Yes, but all the preachers and priests say Jesus said, "Think not that I come to send peace on earth, I come not to send peace, but a sword." And again he said, "And he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." That's a lot of twaddle about loving enemies.

BENJAMIN: But what the heck would I do with a sword?

HIRAM: Let's make this world safe for Christianity. We must save it from the heathen, yellow peril.

BENJAMIN: But, but—

HIRAM: I read a book one time, and it said, "He who is not ready with his life to shield the woman of his heart and the loved ones of his home from the unspeakable lust of savage aliens has not red blood enough to blush for shame."

BENJAMIN: But, but—

HIRAM: Look at Arabella—wouldn't you join the army—I mean the R. O. T. C.—to defend her?

BENJAMIN: But, but—

HIRAM: We must have war—I mean preparedness—

BENJAMIN: You said war.

HIRAM: I distinctly said preparedness. How incredibly stupid of you to think I said war. Unless we are prepared for offense—I mean defense—in a few minutes enemy soldiers could wipe our New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston off the map.

BENJAMIN: Who cares? Them damned Yankees! Let them defend themselves.

HIRAM: Don't you want us to slaughter the Japanese, I mean kill our rivals—O, curses, I mean to defend our country and save our homes? Speak up young man.

BENJAMIN: You should talk about saving our homes—you! You are here to foreclose the mortgage on the old homestead and rob Pappy and Arabella of it.

HIRAM: That's not exactly true.

BENJAMIN: You should talk about truth, you lying, insincere, mealy-mouth, deceitful hypocrite. War and preparedness can never be worked up on truth, and the more horrible the lies the better. War Departments and Scissorbills like you psychologise the world into a spasm of distrust and fear with the distortion, perversion, and suppression of truth. You would push a man to war with a bayonet in his back and whisper into his ear, "Patriot! You are volunteering. You are doing this to save your country."

HIRAM: But you should be brave—

BENJAMIN: Don't talk to me about bravery, you sneaking, lily-livered, whining, dunghill cock. You haven't the guts to fight yourself so you wave the flag and try to get others to do your fighting for you.

HIRAM: But freedom of the seas must be defended and preserved—

BENJAMIN: You greedy, rapacious, stingy, miserly mercenary. You own three shares of General Motors and you would have half a billion people slaughtered to preserve the sale of two Chevrolets yearly in Timbuctoo.

HIRAM: But I was thinking of saving Christianity from the yellow peril—

BENJAMIN: You contemptible, double-tongued, infamous hypocrite. You should talk about religion. You have nothing but self-interest and greed in your heart. You act like a Saint, while you think nothing of the manufacture of guns and gunpowder and gas to blast and maim your fellow men and to create widows and orphans and cripples and the cause of untold suffering and human misery.

HIRAM: But we must be prepared to preserve peace.

BENJAMIN: Why, you deluded, unconscious, witless ignoramous. Don't you know it is impossible to preserve peace like you want to do it. It is like trying to fireproof a house by packing gunpowder between the walls. Preparedness inevitably brings war.

HIRAM: But I am Deacon of the church and—

BENJAMIN: You prayer-whining, ritual-worshiping, self-seeking rascal. You seek preparedness, so you will be able to murder others; you use patriotism to keep people from thinking, and you use the flag as a sacred diety. You would even send everyone to prison who does not worship your idols of selfishness, hatred, distrust, and violence.

HIRAM: Shut up, you *(to Benjamin)*. It is now twelve o'clock. The time has arrived to foreclose the mortgage. *(He produces the document)*. You cannot pay for it, so you must leave. This is now my property. You three traitors leave it immediately, and if you don't leave the county by sundown I will have the sheriff arrest you on unlawful assembly, criminal syndicalism, trespassing, conspiracy, and disturbing the peace.

BENJAMIN: Hold on there, Mister Hiram Anfiram. I have brought the money to pay off this mortgage on the old homestead.

HIRAM: What!

BENJAMIN: Here is your money: Gimme that mortgage. *(He grabs it and tears it to bits)*. Now get out *(pointing toward the door for the benefit of Hiram)*.

(Curtain)

The Life of the Gandy Dancer

Intimate views of the conditions that have accumulated since the strike that did not materialize to stop a wage-cut fifteen years ago.

The word "UNION" reached my ears for the first time, when I was about nine years of age, back in 1916. I shall never forget how unionism was explained to us youngsters at that time. I can well remember what many of our neighbor farmers were saying about the I. W. W.'s They told how fierce they were, how they would balk about doing a full days work, (meaning from Sun-up to Sun-down) that they ran in bands, and many other things. At times I would even have dreams in my sleep, of being attacked by a band of them.

This ignorance stayed with me until I was about twelve or thirteen, when one of my brothers told me of a time when a little trouble started in a gang of workers, of which he was one. He told of how the Company sent in several men to take their places. When the men arrived, my brother met them at the depot and explained to them the reason they were sent to this particular job. When the strangers found out that enough workers were on hand already, they made it quite plain that they did not come to take any one's job, that they would go right back if they had just enough change to pay for a wire for a return pass. A collection among the workers provided the strangers with several dollars, and they left on the next train.

I would like to say, that this little story my brother told me of those strangers, who later proved to be Wobblies, convinced me that I no longer needed to have bad dreams about them.

In the year 1920, several of my brothers were working on a section for a big railroad company. A fake union among track laborers and section foremen was then in progress, in fact it progressed so fast that in less then a year, it was considered a union with a hundred per cent membership for that class of workers and foremen, in that territory, which was no small one. Many meetings took place and the members felt quite proud of their union pins. The company showed enough respect for the boys to issue free passes to them, so they might ride trains to their meeting places. In many cases, time was even paid the boys, while attending meetings.

This thing ran along smoothly for a while, then in 1922 the Company decided to make a wage-cut among the lower paid class. Those thousands of poor ignorant-of-the-facts union men with their bright pins on their caps and hats, decided they would take no cut in wages and voted a strike. The leader of that union was a Mr. Grable. This man Grable, notified all members to stand by for the walk-out order.

One week passed and no word came from Grable. A month passed and still no word came from their gallant chief. Fifteen years have passed and no strike has been called. The sell-out was a complete success. No one seems to know what has happened to the man who so willingly accepted the monthly dues of each of the thousands of workers who belonged to that union.

I can fully imagine what it would have meant to that great force of workers, had they belonged to the ONE BIG UNION, the I. W. W.

Before I change the subject, let me say that the fake union under the leadership of Grable, of which I was speaking, naturally went to pieces. The workers threw away their pins, while the foremen made arrangements to form a union of their own. The Company made it very convenient for the new unionites. They saved them the trouble of having to send in union dues, by deducting from their wages the necessary amount. They also saw to it that they were amply supplied with speakers at their meetings, by sending several of their big officials to do most of the talking for them. In the past few years some changes have taken place and the Company may no longer make deductions from pay-checks for union dues, therefore a good number of the foremen have dropped out of that so-called union.

I am here to say that I think, that I did my share of gandy-dancing, as I put in almost ten years of it. I think I know the bitter and the sweet of it, from one end of it to the other. From frozen lunches, to exhaustion from heat and over-work. From coming in late without pay, to call-outs without time-and-half. From $18. a week, to $6 a week, and from one pay-check deduction to six.

Let us visualize a scene in the life of a section-jerry. A large family dwells near an isolated railroad station. The father, with one arm off, is unable to support the family, so a few of the older sons go to work on the section and give all their wages to the father for the support of the family. As each son becomes of age, the father politely tells him he may from there on keep his earnings for his own.

A few years pass and this family moves to a farm. We will now put all our thoughts to one of the sons in particular. It is Fall and a few extra hands are needed on a section, to rush repair work to road-beds before the freeze-up. A man has a talk with the foreman, moves into one of the bunk-houses with a number of other men and starts to batch. The batching continues for four years and the man gets damn sick and tired of it. He finally decides he would like to become a husband and father. For two years he saves his money, and at the end of that time he finds to his credit the lump sum of $150.00 and a second handed model T roadster.

Marriage takes place despite the fact that it meant vacating not only the Company houses, but the right-of-way as well. It also meant that he would be entitled to no more free coal.

The winter was unusually cold and long. For two months the small camp was snow-bound, and no one could leave the place excepting by train. When Spring arrived the fuel was almost gone. The couple decide to board the fliver drive along the right-of-way, and pick up what scattered coal they might find.

The reward was amazing. Five sacks of coal was on the jitney, when they pulled into their yard that afternoon. The cargo was just being unloaded, when the foreman walked up and asked if they didn't know that it was against the rules to pick up scattered coal on the right-of-way. The couple was so surprised they could hardly think of what to say. The wife spoke up and answered with: "I didn't know the Company would pick up scattered coal like this, when it is so much trouble to gather it." The foreman passed it off by saying that he thought coal dealers were kicking to the Company about the coal that was being picked up on the right-of-way, depriving them of just that much business. Looking at it in one way, it seems indeed rather comical.

We next find the couple sitting by their cook-stove and heater combined. One with a Sears Roebuck, and the other with a Montgomery Ward catalogue, two of their prized possessions, they are dreaming of what they would buy, if they could ever get enough to buy it with. It was decided that if some of the less important foods could be abolished, some of the shoes worn a little longer, and no tickets to the theater for a period of about six months, then maybe they might be able to buy a small radio.

This dream came true after many months of saving and we now find the two, looking at some radios in a store about twenty miles from where they live. The chaepest six tube table model at that time, was found to be slightly over $71. They go back home, but without the radio. A Monky Ward catalogue was then consulted and the answer was found. Now they considered themselves on top of the world. That is, as long as the batteries lasted. Then it was decided that after all, radioing was not so good in Summer-time anyway, therefore it wouldn't hurt to let it stand idle from March till Christmas, for even batteries cost money you know.

The evenings for the next three or four months didn't seem quite so long, even though a three-hour radioing budget was set for each day. As they turn the knob for different stations, it is common to hear one announcer after another, thank different sponsors for relinquishing their time for a wealth-promising politician's speech. One such politician, a Governor, made a mess of his promises to labor, when he failed to act properly in a shooting which made cripples out of several laborers in the northern part of the State. The dial then turns again. This time a comedian is getting rid of a few of his home-made jokes. In one of his jokes he pokes fun at a man making only fifty

cents an hour. The wife looks up into the face of her man and wonders of his feelings are hurt, as he only makes about thirty-six cents an hour.

The next scene is where the husband comes home from work on the eve of a pay-day. He had forgotten to tear the deduction slip from the check, before he showed it to the wife. The wife wants to know what that extra slip is for. The husband explains as follows: "We pay each month, a hospital fee, for the purpose of employees who get sick, or get hurt. For example:

"If I should happen to get sick, they would send me to a Company hospital and it wouldn't cost me a thing. But if I would accidently get hurt, and the blame could be shoved onto me, which is most generally the case, then I would not only get the free use of the hospital, but also stand a first class chance of getting a modern up-to-date time-check.

"The other deduction is for the family league. It is where employees donate a certain amount each month, to be put into a fund for the benefit of families of employees who are sick or out of work for any length of time. I don't understand all I know about it, although I know of a case where an employee took sick and was off the job for over five months, spending about two months in the hospital. This man's family was in need of groceries and application for help was sent to the family league. No relief was given this family. The man after recovering enough to go back to work, notified the proper authorities to stop taking out any more family league deductions from his wages. In answer he got a letter demanding his reason for wanting to quit the league."

The husband then goes on to explain deduction number three. "Insurance and all it's advantages". In 1933 the Railroad Company circulated an insurance policy whereby employees would be compelled to pay a certain percentage of the monthly fees, thus relieving the Company of part of the burden of providing insurance compensation for its employees. It used to be free to employees before that.

To make it more clear, force was hinted to make this policy become acceptable. In one case the roadmaster made the remark that he had secured a hundred per cent that far, and he didn't to spoil the record by this gang. Also a remark was made that those who refused to sign up for it, could proably read between the lines. Of course it is needless to say that the placing of this policy upon an unorganized force of workers, was indeed a very easy task.

Listen to the husband tell his experience as policy holder for four years. "Almost four years have gone by and I decided I no longer cared for this policy. I wrote in, giving my policy number, and asked them to discontinue taking out deductions from my wages, for this policy, that I no longer cared to carry it. What do you think happened? I got a letter back telling me that they had no record of me being insured by them. There is gratitude for you. I have paid into life insurance, the approximate amount of $30.00 and the Company claims they pay a certain amount, and all this time I evidently was not insured. If I was not insured, where were my monthly payments going?"

The wife reads on down the list for deduction number four, which is "Income Tax". The husband explains that one like this: "Three and one half per cent of our wages goes to an old age railroad pension, which has so far been called, neither constitutional, nor unconstitutional. If it should finally be declared constitutional, then the low-paid laboring class are in for it again."

In order to gain any fair amount of benefits from this pension, a man would have to be in service many years, which is almost impossible for a hard working man. Who has seen many sixty-five year old section laborers? A man who has to put out the work the way we have been in the past few years, will not live to be that old, and besides there is an age limit for track laborers, only men between the ages of 21 and 45 are to be hired.

The majority of employees who will gain by this pension will be section foremen, roadmasters, supervisers etc. All these mentioned are higher salaried men and have a good chance to live out the time.

The fifth deduction is an "Unemployment Tax". One wonders why a tax has to be paid to make unemployment possible, when such a grand job of it has always been done.

Courtesy and respect for employees, by their fellow employers should also be discussed. I will begin with the time when the man and wife were called to the funeral of the wife's dad in another State. Arrangements for the usual free pass were made and they left on an early train. On their return two youngsters became quite restless. The man tries to comfort them, while the wife, grief stricken and tired, tried to catch a little sleep. A porter comes rushing through the cars with an armload of pillows, to be distributed to regular ticket passengers. The pillows flew right and left until he came to two seats with a different slip of paper on the window-shade. He could tell in a second they were riding on a pass, in other words

he could tell that the man in the group was a Company employee, like himself. Naturally no pillow found its place there. An elderly man across the aisle, saw what happened and a conversation takes place:

STRANGER—"Pardon me, but didn't that porter who just passed by, forget to leave a pillow for the little boys?"

EMPLOYEE—"No, he didn't forget it, his instructions are: Not to give employees who ride on passes, any free pillows, in other words, I am only an employee and deserve no such luxuries."

STRANGER—"Well, if that doesn't beat all, here take my pillow and let the little boys use it".

PORTER—(Coming back through the car for another load of pillows) "Say mista! Did you pay for that pillow?"

EMPLOYEE—"Why no, this gentleman here, just gave us his."

STRANGER—(Interrupting) "Listen, dark spot, if you take that pillow away from them people, I'll kick you around until **you'll** need a pillow before you can ever sit down again."

Let us picture a newly-wed man coming home from work later then the usual hour. This would be something like their conversation:

"Honey, you are late to-night, what was the trouble?"

"Oh, we had a job started that had to be finished before it would be safe, and on the way home a couple of freights delayed us some, that's why we were thirty minutes late."

"Will they pay you for being late?"

"Yes, in a good many cases they will, in fact it would be paid in every case if the foreman turns it in, but in our case to-night, the judgement of the foreman was to blame, and he does not want to turn it in, for fear it would look bad on his part." But what is thirty minutes of coming late, so long as it does not happen in the morning. If some in a gang would kick about coming in late, the foreman would soon hate their guts for it."

Some time ago, I overheard a conversation between two A. F. of L. members. One of the two A. F. of L. men, gave to a non-union man in the gang, a "Labor" paper, in which appeared an article dealing with a certain investigation that took place. It seems that some party was investigating the weekly earnings of a big number of extra gang laborers etc. It was found where, in a good many cases, laborers were making less then $13.00 a week. They went on to mention the fact that no track laborer should make less then $15.00 a week. There you have it, from the bottom of some people's hearts, comes the perfect willingness to see you make at least $15.00 per week. Considering present-day food prices, I ask you, is that a sane income for a man with a family?

Fellow section men, you owe it to yourselves, to forget that seventeen year old fake union tragedy and organize in the best union for labor throughout the entire world, the one and only ONE BIG UNION, the I.W.W. Then no longer will you have to be afraid to say a word now and then, as you will no longer be singular in strength. What could be a greater satisfaction then to belong to an organization you could be proud of, one that's interests are wholly in LABOR, and in LABOR alone?

WHAT'S WHAT IN SPAIN

Back of the fight of the mass of Spanish people against the many thousands of mercenaries and conscripts that the Fascist invaders have sent in, is a long struggle for enough to eat, for freedom from exploitation by landlords and capitalists, for knowledge and progress.

It was for these that the Spanish people so thoroughly supported the Socialists and Republicans in 1931 that they ended the monarchy and the dictatorship of Rivera without spilling a drop of blood. People were thrilled at the prospect of constitutional government, civil liberties, the promise of thousands of new schools in a country where 45 per cent were completely illiterate, and above all the promise that the great landed estates would be broken up so that peasants and agricultural wage workers could have enough to eat.

Everyone seemed confident of the future except the then relatively small number of workers who were banded together in the C. N. T. (National Confederation of Labor). They knew that even the best of promises, and those that most urgently needed fulfilling, are not always carried out, in Spain or anywhere else. And so, giving their best wishes to those who wanted the politicians to do something for them, they set out anew after the terrible atrocities to which their union —the Spanish equivalent of the IWW—had been subjected under the dictatorship of Rivera, to organize the workers of Spain to do these things for themselves. Like the I. W. W. they grew, but

not fast enough. There were too many people in Spain who spoke of them, as do too many people in America in speaking of the I. W. W.: "They're not practical enough—look how many people we can get to listen to us by hopping on some popular bandwagon, making lots of promises even if we don't organize the power we need."

The unity that ended the dictatorship in 1931 couldn't and didn't last long. The aims of unionists and their Republican employers were directly opposed; the Republicans started playing politics with the church and other land-owning groups. The promise of agrarian reform was not carried out. Direct efforts by workers in the CNT were crushed by force by Caballero. So the reactionary groups started making promises, and in the election of 1933 with the Socialists and Republicans against each other, the reactionaries won out. From December 1933 to February of 1936 these reactionaries were in power. They set aside the constitution. They established a rigid censorship. They turned back education to the narrow confines of the church. The maintained the stranglehold of a few feudal owners over the land of Spain. Women worked for fourteen cents a day on other people's land. Conditions in industry became worse for the workers. Strikes were crushed. In 1934 when a wave of general strikes broke out for better conditions, for division of the great estates, and for regional autonomy as promised in the constitution, some 30,000 workers, largely members of the C. N. T. were put in jail. But the C. N. T. took it all as just so much evidence that the workers of Spain needed One Big Revolutionary Union, and that they could not put their trust in politicians.

The political drift toward the return of Fascism —for t'hat virtually is what Spain had in the days of Rivera—was checked in December of 1935 when political scandals forced Premier Lerroux to resign. President Zamora dismissed the Cortes, and called for elections in February. Republicans and Socialists again banded together in what they called the Popular Action; the C. N. T. that has no hopes in politics wished them well even to the extent of abstaining from all criticism of the electioneering, and most of the members of the CNT went to the polls. It was a big vote. Out of 13,528,809 voters, 9,408,514 cast ballots, giving most of their support to the progressive candidates. The CNT had thousands of its members in jail. It decided not to wait for any politician to let them out, but did its most energetic electioneering ralling masses of people to the jails to free the 30,000 political prisoners. They were completely successful. And the C. N. T. kept on building up its own One Big Union insistently telling the morkers of Spain that if they wanted to be sure that their wishes were carried out they would have to rely on their own organized strength, their own capacity for direct action, and not on the shifting alliances of promising politicians.

The Popular Action politicians set in, restored the constitution, set out again on the school building campaign, their agrarian reform, and their extensive public works for highways, railway electrication, irrigation and housing. Zamora still stayed as president, and all the officers who did not speak out too loudly against the progressive politicians were allowed to remain in command of the army. The CNT repeatedly sounded the alarm that the Spanish people was building its hopes on quicksand. The forces of fascism were quite frank about their plans. Jose Calvo Sotelo, who had been minister of finance under the dictatorship of Rivera, calling all radical proposals "communist agitation" in a country where there were scarcely any communists at all, said: "If there is a moment of great danger from the communist agitation, I believe the army will step in and save it if no politician does." But Premier Azana soothed those who were worried by such threats with the assurance that "fascism is merely the pastime of idle badly brought-up dandies." He didn't even have any of the labor politicians upon whose support he depended in his cabinet, and they, rejoicing now that France too had elected a Popular Front government just like them, said they weren't anxious to run things anyway, as it might frighten capitalism to put radicals in responsible positions.

So by July "this attempt to represent a middle class in a country where there is no middle class to speak of", resulted in the fascists being all ready for their coup. The had their officers all ready to take things over in the various cities, their army basis in Morocco, and their understandings with Hitler and Mussolini all prepared. It was the prompt action of the CNT and their fellow unionists in the UGT that stopped them from an unhindered march to power.

In the gigantic struggle that has gone on since then, the CNT has been in the lead—in the organization of a military force to combat fascism, in furnishing men for battle, in the complete repression of fascist sabotage within the Loyalist territory, in building up Catalonian industry under workers control to furnish the needs of war. Steadily throughout this entire period the policy of the CNT has been shown to be the correct policy. The reason for this is plain. The policy of the CNT is to look straight for the workers' interest only, and not shift from it in search of some compromise with a shifty ally.

In accordance with its straight working class policy, the CNT has kept solidarity with all workers of Spain regardless of their various political preferences and other shades of thought; but it has frequently had occasion to complain that the various labor politicians in whose hands control

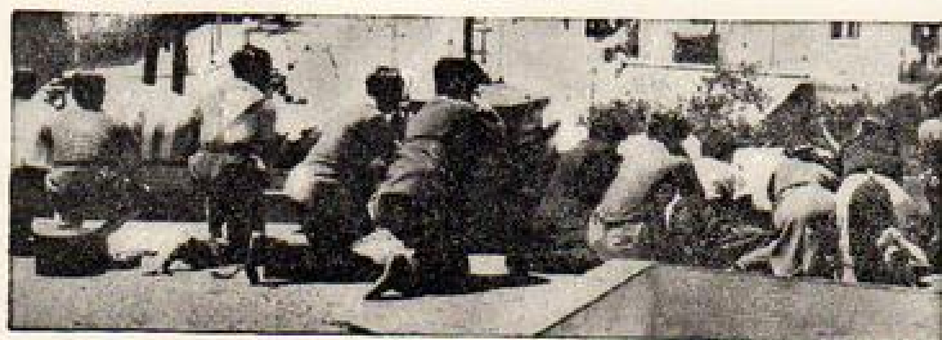
of national affairs has been placed, has not dealt similarly with it. Supplies have been furnished most injudiciously, attempts have even been made at disarming this armed and organized proletariat, but this has been futile as the industries that the CNT runs, furnish the greater part of the arms that have driven Franco back. The hopes that had been placed in the Popular Front government of France, in the "mother of parliaments" in England, and in the Soviets of Russia, have all met the same fate that throughout this long struggle has befallen all hopes placed in politicians. So the CNT is still saying: Organize for direct action. Organize to control industry. Organize to run things yourselves—for there alone lies freedom. And it has grown to become the major union of Spain.

The support of Spain by workers in all countries has been an important factor in the fight against fascism. Unfortunately this militant, aggressive and most trustworthy National Confederation of Labor has not received much of this support. Most of the unions in the rest of the world belong to the International Federation of Trade Unions, controlled by labor politicians, of the sort that look no further than the French Popular Front that has left Spain the prey of Mussolini. The National Confederation of Labor finds no place for itself in such an aggregation—so the financial support that has been given by workers in the rest of the world, has with the exception of funds sent by the I. W. W. and similar organizations, gone to these bodies who only belatedly have rallied to the fight against their enemy.

Now that defeat faces Fascism, what shall the future of Spain be? Consistently with their dilly-dally policy of compromise, Caballero and his associates say that they aim at nothing more than the nationalization of a few public service industries, and contemplate the return of the industries that Spanish workers have built up and run, to the former employers that left the ship when the workers of Spain refused to lie prostrate before Franco and Mola. The C. N. T. consistently with its record says that to restore this, would be to restore the conditions that begat fascism, that the future of Spain must be one of going ahead with the socialization and workers' control of industry that it has already started.

To our fellow workers in America we submit this frank statement of what is going on in Spain. The record of the CNT is one that justifies confidence in it. Just as its policies in the past have been proven by events to be the ones that warrant working class support, so are we confident that the continuation of its line of straight working class policy, and direct action by workers for workers, will continue to warrant that support. For that reason such donations as the members of the I. W. W. make toward the fight against Franco, have been sent to the Paris office of the C. N. T., care of A. Ganin, 41 Rue de Bellevile, Paris, 19e, France; and we urge that your support, in order that it may go where it will be used by the most reliable element in the present struggle, go to the same address. (Or if sent to the headquarters of the I. W. W. it will be transmitted at the direction of the C. N. T.) Our entire support is unqualifiedly given to this valiant group of our Spanish fellow workers.

For the same reason that we glory in the record of the C. N. T., for the same reasons that we consider it of the utmost importance that as much support as possible should now be given them at this critical time, we similarly urge that all who can see the necessity of such a program of the CNT in Spain, should consider the need for similar organization in America, and becoming members of the Industrial Workers of the World build up an organization such that we may do as well in our fight against any American Hitler, Franco or Mussolini.



IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

By WALTER PFEFFER

One fellow's notion of a stay-in to come.

Aunt Sally was very much perturbed about what the newspapers were saying about the sit-down strikes. Men and women were sitting down in the sawmills out on the coast, miners held the entrances to shafts in Butte and Arizona, and had taken possession of the important pipe-lines from the Panhadle region. Workers were holding parties in the department stores and meat packing plants and machinery factories throughout the east and middle west—and now on top of it all they threatened to go on a sit-down strike in New York's subways tomorrow.

"The government ought to do something about it," said Aunt Sally—and the newspapers agreed with her. (They usually did.) "Unreasonable Demands!" they shrieked in editorial and headlines. "Prompt Government Action Called For" they said while reporting that governors had sent out state troops only to have the troops refuse to shoot or gas their own people. "It isn't just a reluctance to kill" reported one officer but they do not wish to incur the wrath of their neighbors."

Bishops and politicians were offering their services to mediate the innumerable disputes from the pending subway strike to the lock-out of seamen and longshoremen for insisting on the right to back each other up, to the strike on the railroads that the union officials loudly denounced as "outlaw". But their services were everywhere rejected by workers who said it was mediation that had got them into this fix where they had to strike, and by employers who said that until there was a system of responsible unions under government regulation, with sane leaders who could make the men live up to their agreements, there was no sense conducting negotiations. "We cannot give in to their demands. We cannot discuss terms with them while they occupy our property. This is revolution and there is nothing to negotiate." So read a full page announcement by the leading industrialists ending with the standard inquiry "Why Doesn't the Government Do Something About It?"

Labor was equally firm on its own feet according to conversations of sit-down strikers with reporters as given toward the end of the various articles. "Who built these factories anyway?" they asked. "If we built them and work in them, who has a better right than us to live in them if we want to?" "If the corporations can't pay us the wages we ask and run the industries, why shouldn't we take them over and run them ourselves?" That last sort of crack from the sit-downers, reporters regularly referred to as ominous, and pointed out that that was the question the I. W. W. had been spreading across the country in leaflets and stickers when this last wave of strikes began.

"It's an I. W. W. conspiracy to make a revolution," said Aunt Sally in complete agreement with the newspapers, and she lay down the newspaper to say what a bad lot they were. She remembered pictures of them in her younger days, right in the Chicago Tribune, only then they wore whiskers with knives between their teeth and had smoking bombs and newspapers in their hip-pockets. There were pictures of I. W. W.'s in the paper now—decent looking men and women with nothing worse in their hands than brief cases, but she bet that beneath it all they were just as bad as they ever were.

To prove her point there were the statements of all sorts of union officials whose members had gone on strike despite their orders to remain at work. Everyone of them blamed it on the I.W.W. and their propaganda of direct action. There were disclosures by reporters of "secret councils of red professors and government statisticians with I. W. W. leaders" to take inventory of what goods were on hand in the country, what goods could be produced and where, to work out fantastic, Utopian plans of model homes for every family and an income running up to thousands of dollars per year for each. There were even sermons printed in full on the menace to religion and morality that was inherent in this I. W. W. doctrine that everybody could have all that they wanted.

* * *

Aunt Sally got so worked up over it all that John who had given up arguing with her way back in the 1920 depression, turned the radio on. But the crooner had got no further than "Next July, in the sky, I'll kiss you" when the announcer gravely said:

"This station has been taken over by the Industrial Workers of the World, on behalf of organized labor in America. The following is an official announcement by this organization:

"To assure accurate information to all regarding the great social changes now under way to assure security and abundance to all, this and every other means of communication has been taken over by the One Big Union of the working class. Because of the unwillingness of the corporations involved to come to satisfactory terms,

and because of the general desire of working people to put an end to the confusion and uncertainty in which we have all been living, they are determined not to go back to the conditions that led up to this present stoppage in the production and distribution of goods and services needed by all. To this end, they have asked the General Convention of the Industrial Workers of the World to establish a planned economy of abundance as outlined by their statistical bureaus. To this the I. W. W. has agreed.

"Starting at midnight tonight all industries shut down by strikes or lockouts will resume operations, working on the schedules to which the unions have agreed. These schedules have been worked out by our Committee on Industrial Co-Ordination to fit in with the most urgent requirements of the working class, and will vary considerably in many instances for that reason from the production schedules on which you have been working. Your plant or shop committee will have full information regarding any such changes. Go to work tomorrow morning at your regular place of employment. If you have been laid off for less than a month, report as though you had been regularly employed. If you have been unemployed longer than a month, or otherwise have no regular place of employment report as you will be directed in your local newspapers. Those over fifty and under twenty need not report for work, as they will be paid for not working. If however you who are under twenty or over fifty feel that your absence from your shop would disrupt the present working schedule, you are requested to volunteer your services until other arrangements can be made.

"To all we wish to assure that these great changes are for the benefit of all, and that they will usher in a new era of abundance and happiness for all, and your co-operation in maintaining order and harmony, and your patience with any inconveniences that these changes may entail temporarily, is urged as your contribution.

"There will be regular official announcement over this and all stations day and night, according to their regular hours of operation, and largely according to their habitual language programs. Keep your radio on if you wish to be informed. Lotta Baloney will now continue with his song "In the sky, next July, I'll kiss you."

But John and Aunt Sally did not stop to listen to Lotta Baloney.

For once in twenty years John got to speak first, Aunt Sally was that flabbergasted. "What do you make of that?" he asked. And Aunt Sally was slow in replying: "It does at least sound as though they knew what they were doing." But in a moment the uncertainty dropped out of her voice: "John, run out and get a paper!"

John seemed slow in coming back. She might have known that—it never was safe to let him out of her sight. And as the minutes went by she wondered if some terrible I. W. W.'s had built a guillotine and cut his head off. But no, there was the brute coming up the street now, slow as you please, just as if nothing mattered, reading a paper and stopping to talk to everyone on the way. She went outside and said: "John, come here!" and John completely forgetting that this was the day for the emancipation of the human race came. According to the paper the I. W. W. had a program for everyone except husbands.

Aunt Sally looked at the paper. "PLANNED ECONOMY OF PLENTY BEGINS" it said right across the page, and there were columns of official statements by the I. W. W. and a big announcement in the middle of the page "What To Do Tomorrow Morning" with addresses and telephone numbers for those of different trades if they had no jobs, and for people to call if they needed something and had no money. She held the paper at arm's length saying "Hmph!" while John was trying to tell her what happened at the corner. "Those I. W. W.'s run this too, so you can't believe word of it," she said and began to listen to what John had to say.

"Some fellows tried to rob the cigar store," he said.

"Some of those I. W. W.'s, I suppose," she said.

"No, they weren't it was some I.W.W.'s with white bands on their arms that stopped them."

"Taking the law into their own hands," commented Aunt Sally.

"Well there wasn't any policeman there."

"I suppose those villains have chopped his head off by now. Look here at what they've done—" and she proceeded to read from the paper that there would be no sit-down strike on New York's subways tomorrow, that every thing would run as usual except that the turnstiles into which patrons had to drop a nickle to get in to the waiting platforms would be removed, and everyone could ride free.

"Scandalous!" she said and went on to read that everywhere municipal transportation on regular street cars, subways, L's and buses was to be free; that in New York for instance it took more people to count the change and make sure people paid than it did to run the transportation system, and that they would be given other work to do; that it was considered more economical, and likely to make for greater safety, to have a greatly increased system of municipal transportation giving free service than to have so much use of private cars, and this would discourage their use except for purposes where they were technically better adapted.

"What's scandalous about that?" asked John.

"You know well enough that that two hundred dollars that my aunt Josephine left us is invested in the street car company. If they don't collect

fares, how will I get dividends?" she demanded.

"Most likely you won't."

"And that's all we have saved up for our old age. Oh John, what will we do?"

"We won't have anything to worry about. There's going to be plenty for everbody. I'm going to work tomorrow just the same as usual."

"But they don't want anybody over fifty working."

"But there's nobody else can run that steam-hammer right. I'm going to work. In fact I'm going over to Bill's house to talk it over with him." And out he went, Aunt Sally convinced that things had come to a terrible pass when a woman couldn't even run her own husband.

* * *

The announcer on the radio interrupted "You're a Honey, You're a Bunny" with news flashes and official releases. First a statement from the Cabinet that while they did not condone the actions taken or announced to be taken as legal, yet they considered it contrary to public policy to use Army or Navy against what was evidently the will of the majority of the people; that the contemplated planned economy was merely an extension of the strike and the stay-in which they had also not considered as legal, and that their policy in this would remain as it had been.

Next came a series of announcements of the enthusiastic approval of the action taken by the I. W. W. Convention from various unions, and the more important factories where sit-down strikes had been in progress, as well as from committees in charge of the various "outlaw" strikes.

This was interrupted by a news flash. Some owner of a rickety wooden sweatshop where a sit-down was in progress had attempted to set fire to the building. The fire had got a start because the fire department had not acted promptly, but it had been put out. The union patrols had caught the owner and were holding him in a union hall, until it could be determined what should be done with him. Some of the employees had decided to stay in the plant to make sure of its operation under the new One Big Union plan in the morning. They were put on the air to tell their story of what had happened. A girl employee who had got badly burned in trying to put out the blaze explained that he had always been a mean old skinflint, but she never thought he would do anything like this. A union patrol who modestly replied to the announcer's laudatory introduction by saying he had only done his duty explained that, since there had been talk for some time among his fellow unionists about such a step as this workers' control of industry a-coming, they had organized their own patrols to maintain order alike in the industrial, commercial and residential district, just in case the police should be negligent in keeping order in this new order of things, and how he had been suspicious of this man's actions and found him at the back of the building after he had set fire to some rags soaked in gasoline. The local secretary of the textile workers was put on the air to explain that the incendiary employer had been taken into protective custody and kept in the union hall, where on the doctor's advice he had been given a sedative and was resting nicely. He went on to express the opinion that the poor man had found the great social changes going on so rapidly too hard for his nerves, and that as soon as he got adjusted to the new arrangements, he would no doubt become a very desirable citizen. He explained that the unions had considered such instances as this quite likely to occur, and in order to avert any violence resulting from class hatred, had put all the employers and others considered likely to menace security on a parole system; and that should it be necessary to lock them up, they would find the jails much better than they had provided for workers when they had the run of things, for committees in each state were already considering what could be done to decrease the large populations that had accumulated in prison during the declining days of capitalism without menacing the peace of the community, and were planning on making these jails institutions for adjusting men to freer social relations.

* * *

Resumption of the regular radio program held no interest for Aunt Sally, and anyway an eye had to be kept on John. It was still light on this early summer evening, so she put on her shawl and went out. It seemed everybody else on that block had done the same—leaving windows and doors open and radios on to make sure they didn't miss what was coming next. They were in groups here and there, arguing and all talking pretty much at once. "Worse than an election," said Aunt Sally "I knew these revolutions never ought to be allowed, I never saw John behave this way before."

There was that windbag Major Woofle in the center of a crowd. "I was always for the workingman," he was saying as someone was jibing him about what the National Guard had done in a strike a couple of weeks ago. She loooked at Mr. Gregarity the undertaker who for once didn't seem to know just what to do, and read in his right eye the hope that somebody would be killed, and in his left the fear that he wouldn't get paid for the burial anyway.

Dwn the street she spied John and Bill in a crowd talking to a fellow who had a white band around his arm and sheafs of different colored papers in his hand.

"Should I stay on relief or report for work?" asked a woman.

"Now that's answered in full on these green pieces of paper, or no, that's the one about per-

sonal property, it's on these blue pieces," said the man with the white band. "Let's see, how old are you?"

"None of your damned business," said the woman.

"Well, here a green piece of paper, you figure it out for yourself then."

"I heard some of those I. W. W.'s talking a while back and they said that when the workers ran things, there wouldn't be any more money, that we couldn't get any wages, and that we wouldn't have to pay anything for what we wanted. How about that?"

The pestered man with the many pieces of paper pulled out a white slip headed "Report of Committee on Distribution" and said: "That's the one about that."

"Yes, I know, it was in the papers. They've going to have a new kind of money, and you won't be able to buy anything with the old kind. They're going to make a lot of things free where there's plenty of them and people aren't likely to waste them, but you'll have to pay for clothes and pork-chops."

"It's this way" said Bill while the man with the white band and the many pieces of paper took advantage of the opportunity to go ahead with his patrolling. "They had a big discussion whether to let everybody have what they wanted free, or to divide things up amongst everybody, or keep on paying wages and charging prices. They figured it would take eight years to grow enough fruit trees to give everybody all the fruit they were likely to ask for, and so on with a lot of things; that they couldn't pass a resolution for the cows to have more calves without upsetting the milk supply temporarily for instance, and they figured rationing things out would be a nuisance and an interference with liberty and would deprive some people of what they really wanted to make sure that somebody else got his fair share of something he didn't like anyway. So they figured that for the time being they'd make most amusements and all sorts of regular health service, and street car rides and such things free, for you can't get a picture show or street car ride or operation and throw it away without using it very well. But for other things for the time being they'd charge so that if some fellow didn't care much about his house but went in for fancy clothes, he could have his fancy clothes and let somebody else that wanted a good house and was satisfied with the regular line of duds, have the better house . . . that is of course until they can put through their whole building project.

"How come you know so much about it?" asked Aunt Sally.

"Well," says Bill, "I've been an I.W.W. for a long time now."

Aunt Sally figured it was time to take John home, but he wanted to know about this building program.

"Oh, they've been figuring on that for a long time. Read your paper, and you'll see how they want to modernize this town, lay out the streets so there's traffic on some, and just a place for the kids to play on others, so that the factories are all put down by the canal and the railroad tracks, and the people to live out where the air is better. They figure it will take fifteen years to fix up every place in the country like that if we all work a six-hour day and a five-day week, and a bit over 11 years if we work the 40-hour week, and nine years if we work nine hours a day and five on Saturdays. That's what we're to vote on in all the shops tomorrow, whether we want to work harder and get this old world fixed up quicker, or take our time about fixing it up."

People stopped listening to Bill to listen to some more radio announcements. A message from Mexico assuring their co-operation in working out the new American plan for abundance for all. Cables and radiograms from unions in many parts of the world pledging the support of labor in this great undertaking of American labor. An official statement from the Council on World Economic Relations that as circumstances had required a new order of things in which dividends would not be paid, it was technically impossible to separate foreign-owned industrial equipment from the rest of the productive properties, and to avoid any international complications over such matters a special commission was to be established to consider what action it would be necessary to take on this matter; and that those who had any complaints under this score should make them to so-and-so. Then some more about orders placed abroad—these would be paid for in gold on delivery in this country, and, except where it was contrary to the new foreign policy, orders on hand to be filled here would be filled.

* * *

Aunt Sally and John went home to listen to a sort of inquiring reporter program. It brought in a group of stockholders insisting that a certain factory was theirs. They were debating with a shop committee. "We own this. See, here we have our stocks, our bonds, our debentures, to show it," said one excited man. "Sure enough," said another, "you just keep your stocks and bonds and debentures in a good safe place if you want to. We'll just keep the factory."

He brought in some place where complaints and inquiries were being made.

"I've worked hard and saved every penny I could to send my boy to college," complained one old lady, "and now you're taking the railroad away from me that I invested my money in."

"Your boy and everybody else's boy that wants

to go to college can go there," was the answer, "and we haven't moved that railroad one inch. The only difference is that now if you want to take a trip on it, you can do so, and you won't have to skimp along while your boy is at college."

"But is it fair to let all those other boys go to college when their parents didn't save like I did?" she persisted in asking.

"Most of the boys that have been going to college went there because somebody whose boys didn't go to college did the skimping and saving. Run along now, and don't worry about how you'll spend all the new money you'll be getting."

"I'm not kicking," said a man, "but here's what got me. For years I've been wanting to buy a certain cello, but everytime I thought of taking my money out of the bank when I had enough to buy it, I began worrying about the years when I couldn't earn any more, and so I never bought the cello. Now my money will be no good. If I had bought the cello, then, according to these new regulations on personal property it would be mine so long as I had any use for it; and now I have money that's no good, and no cello."

"If you'd been run over by a street car and gone to Heaven with your money in the bank, I suppose you'd be making the same complaint about your cello," he was told. "You're in the same fix as a lot more people who have been encouraged to save and save and save by our late but not lamented crazy economy. The more you saved, the harder it was to find markets for goods, and the harder it was consequently for you or anyone else to get work. Now you want a special reward for having made your own lives and the lives of others drabber than they need have been. But we don't blame you—we blame the crazy system. And while I can't guarantee you your cello, especially if it's some particular cello and not something that can be manufactured in quantity, you'll have plenty, and no worries, and a better chance to hear all the good music you want, and a better chance of getting what instruments you want than ever before."

"I've got a boy in jail," complained another woman, "because he was always stealing things. Now I know the only reason he took them was because he either wanted them or wanted to sell them. Now that he won't be able to sell them if he took them, and won't want to steal things when he can get them without stealing, why won't they let him out of jail?"

"Maybe they will. They have ordered the release of all labor prisoners already, and they are going over every prison inmate's record carefully to release all that they can without endangering the community. You wait a week or two, and you'll probably hear about your son if he isn't home by that time."

Then the radio brought in a group of bankers in the county jail singing, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

"Hmph. A pretty situation," opined Aunt Sally, "turning dynamiters like Tom Mooney loose, and putting the bankers in jail overnight. I'm going to bolt every window in this house before I go to bed. I was going to do the washing tomorrow but with this pesky revolution going on, I suppose I'll have to stay up here and keep my ears open."

"Why don't you take your clothes to the laundry, Sally?"

"What—and have my petticoats socialized! I should say not!"

* * *

And so the revolution went on. The new authority in the land was labor. Labor organized in One Big Union. Here and there a few maniacs who considered it sinful for everybody to have plenty had to be put into "protective custody". Berghoff violated his parole conditions and had to be locked up. Some farmers had figured in accordance with the plans of some secret society to which they had belonged for years, to come into town and overthrow the wicked cities to protect the virtue of their wives and their pig-pens, but when they came they were taken to see some new farm equipment to pick and choose from, and sent home with some dresses and bonnets for their wives, and given a lecture by the new county agent about how they could run their farms the way they had been if they wanted to, but could get a much better standard of living if they would conduct farming as a great co-operative enterprise the same as the workers in the cities were conducting manufacture. Lumberjacks cut Douglas fir on the Olympic peninsula, workers in sawmills cut it to the standard sizes and shapes that were needed, miners dug copper in Butte and Arizona, oil wells were pumped in Oklahoma, railroad men brought cattle to Omaha and Chicago, in every city whole blocks of hovels were wrecked and new homes erected in accordance with new city planning schemes (that had really been gathering dust in city engineers' offices for years). And it was all done to fit in with a tremendous schedule that had been approved by the workers in all these industries.

* * *

Some weeks later an inquiring reported scratched his head to think up something for a feature story that nobody else would ever think of. He stirred with a bright idea and grabbed the phone to get a general information bureau. "Say, what's happened to the government, anyway?" he asked. "Oh, it's still around somewhere, though almost everybody has forgotten about it. Some of the officials came around to look for new jobs, and the big buildings with all the social security records

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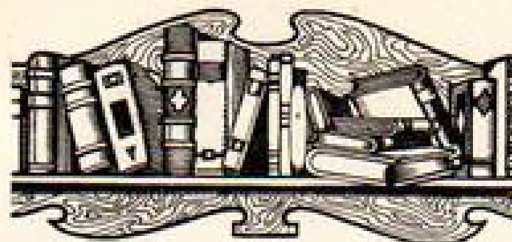

Book Reviews

Hitler Over Russia by Ernst Henri.—2,50.

History of the Russian Revolution by Leon Trotsky.—Simon and Schuster, New York.

As far back as ten years ago the communists were talking of the dangers of a capitalist invasion of The Soviet Union. At that time I discounted much of this as alarmist and exaggerated hysteria. With no change in domestic political thought but with a wider world perspective, I now concede the threatened war upon the USSR as highly probable within the next year or so. Germany is in the forefront of this projected drive.

In Hitler Over Russia we do not have a recital of unsupported statements, but rather a volume of substantiated facts, pages documented with footnotes.

For the first time the reading public is given the inside facts regarding the Hitler blood purge of June 30th 1934. At the time it was said that it was a forcible cleansing of undesirable elements, degenerates, from Nazi ranks. Now we learn that it was a ruthless extermination of the leaders of the expectant middle classes, from within the DSDAP. A sellout to the Thyssen Steel Trust.

With the middle class supporters betrayed, the workers trampled under foot, rearmament for the crusade against Bolshevism began at a feverish pace. An economic battle was fought with Mussolini for the iron ore of Austria with all its political reflections, Hitler lost. Alliances were made with the semidictatorial states of Europe for a Fascist League.

The Schlieffen Plan for advance on France is abandoned in favor of the Hoffmann Plan for an Eastern crusade on Russia.

General Hoffmann was the commanding officer of the German Army in its defeat of the Tsarist armies on the eastern front during the last war. Emulating Napoleon, this general conceived a plan for the conquest of European Russia with all its mineral and agricultural wealth. The plan was discounted by the best of Germany's military brains. Yet the madmen of the Nazi regime, Hitler and Goering adopt it and are zealously working toward its fulfillment. Will Germany win with the help of their Fascist allies? The economic resources and military and civil morale of the Soviet Union are unsurpassed. Genuine facts marshalled by Henri makes his conclusions seem logical.

History To Taste

This three volume in one history by Trotsky is on the quality list of the publishers. It is the policy of leading publishers to publish at a loss, non-fiction of an enduring character in order to maintain their prestige.

For years the publishers have been pushing this history by Trotsky. Its sales have never been large, and certainly have shown no profits, or royalties. Now comes the 1400 page issue at a bargain price. Simon and Schuster may yet find a large reader public for this partisan history.

During the past fifteen years I have followed the history of the new Bolshevik nation and have read much of its history. Yet Trotsky writes his facts different than all the rest. One writer who cannot be accused of animosity or partisanship, William Henry Chamberlain, in his history of the Russian Revolution as far as he has gone, differs widely from Trotsky. Chamberlain was Moscow correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor from shortly after the October Revolt of 1917. I would suggest that both works be read and then decide for yourself.

James Dewitt.

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

(Continued from page 24)

in them have been turned over for the use of the current inventory records and production schedules of the Committee on Technical Co-Ordination. The Bureau of Patents is at work checking up on a lot of good ideas that had been bought up to make sure that they weren't made use of . . . and the weather bureau hasn't missed a single report during the entire revolution."

"But haven't we any government—any congressmen to protest to—any Senators to demand that something be done about it all?"

"Oh no, they all got themselves good jobs tinkering around at some hobby of theirs right after the revolution started. They made some queer choices, too. The vice-president joined a circus, four senators and three representatives went into jazz bands, a bunch more went farming, and, oh yes, this might be copy for you—five of them at last are satisfying long suppressed desires to be smoke-stack painters."

THE END.

AMERICA MUST HAVE ITS NEWS

By

Eugene M. Fisher

You hear the sullen, warning mutter of the mob before your battered little car ever reaches the courthouse square. You hear it rise and fall, like the measured beat of stubborn waves on a harsh, bare shore, and you step on the gas to get there before that mutter swells to an angry roar. You've come to report a trial, and no mob is going to cheat you out of a story by seizing its victim before you arrive.

Then you swing into Main Street and see that your fears are baseless. There may be a lynching, in spite of the khakied troopers who hold the courthouse steps, but at least you're in time for it. You try to force your cheap coupe through the press of men and women and kids, and a few make way for you, resentfully. You stop, climb down, and try to push through the crowd on foot, but now no one opens a path for you. You have to fight for every step you take. One big, thin fellow with a dirty felt hat pulled over his colorless eyes curses you for prodding him.

"God-damn' bastard!" he snarls, and you're mad enough to hit him, but you don't. He's big, and hard, and among his friends, and you're not. You wouldn't have a chance. Someone else chimes in.

"Who 'n hell 's he think he is? Slap 'im down, Jerry."

That someone else isn't Jerry's type at all. He's short and round and well fed, with thick rimless glasses above his queer button nose. Well dressed, too, and his cheeks are red and fat, unscarred by the wind and sun and want that brand Jerry's face. But Jerry doesn't slap you down. He merely sneers, and you're not sorry.

Then a sudden hush whips you in the face, and above the brief hot silence of the mob you can hear a cardinal trill his gay song. You stop, startled, and almost miss the reason for this break in the crowd's mutter. Right at your side an armed gang tramps past. Six men in soiled and rumpled clothes. They all wear black felt hats, wide-brimmed; butts of long-barreled six-guns show above holsters and hip pockets. Sheriff's deputies, and they shuffle along with eyes on the ground like men ashamed of what they do.

For one hopeful second you think they're ashamed of their fellow-townsmen, ashamed of the blood-hunger that grips this mob. Then you get a good look at one of them. He's as big as that fellow Jerry, only his shoulders are wider and his body's filled out more. Behind you a woman shrills: "Lookout Jim Bell, will yuh? Reckon he'd shoot down his own kin tuh save a damn' nigger."

Jim Bell must be the one you've been watching. He raises his head and you can see misery deep in the wide gray eyes of him.

"I can't he'p whut I got tuh do, Sis."

The woman's at your elbow now. Scrawny she is, and none too clean. Her yellow hair hangs ragged about her thin face, and the yellow teeth she shows are ragged, too.

Then you see a squad of soldiers close behind the deputies. Soldiers? Well, they're wearing soldiers' clothes, anyway. Mere kids. Boys. Eighteen. Nineteen, maybe, or twenty. Not one of them any older, except that swaggering bravo with the shiny belt over his shoulder. These kids feel their importance; you can see that. They don't belong in this town, so they can be a little tougher than Jim Bell dares to be. Sometimes they shove too-eager natives aside with hard rifle butts. One blue-eyed youngster isn't doing any showing, however. His face is dead white and you can guess just how scared he is. He's biting his lip. He notices you and sees the sympathy you feel. He thinks that sympathy's for him, and he tries to grin, and fails, and bites his lip again.

Now, inside the square these uniformed kids have made, you see a colored boy stumble. He isn't very large; the soldiers almost conceal him from you and he crouches lower, trying to hide. Big eyes bulge in the pasty gray face and his cuffed hands are clenched, held tight against his thin chest as if in prayer. You try to catch his eye, let him know that he has one friend here, but he won't look up.

You find time to wonder why this picture comes to you in jerky scenes. You want to see it whole, to seize the meaning of it, but you can't because you're a part of it. Then you don't want to see it at all. You know a sudden nausea that makes you fight to get out of this crowd, out of this town, out of this whole damned country where men hunt men like wolves after a cripple deer. But you can't get out. This is your country, and if this isn't your town, it's a town just like yours. These are your people. They salute the same flag and smoke the same brand of cigarettes.

Cigarettes! God, for a smoke right now! The fragrance of tobacco might cleanse the air of some of the stench that's in it. You don't just smell that stench; you feel it. The stench of stale sweat, of unwashed bodies thrust against your own. Even these creatures' greed for murder has a stench that you can feel.

But you've a job to do. You fall in behind the last khaki-wrapped kid and follow the path that's being cut toward the courthouse steps. You see Jim Bell and his fellow deputies mounting those steps. The crowd sees them, too, and now as the climb begins the crowd can see that frightened black boy where he cringes among his guards. The mutter you've heard leaps into the roar you knew was coming. Words are being shouted, but you can't distinguish them. All you can hear is that terrible formless roar like the deep-chested thunder of storm on the Florida keys.

The madness of that chorus chills you and you try to push on faster, but you can't of course. You're on the long flight of stone steps now yourself. Above you wait the uniformed youngsters who have been holding the courthouse doors all this while, and you breathe more easily, thinking that surely the danger is past for a time.

Then, like storm winds whipped from a ready sky, the mob drives you forward. Howling men swirl past you. Arms beat against you like flails. You catch one glimpse of that scrawny woman with the yellow hair; she's screaming like all these other beasts, and you're cursing, too, just as they are, even though it be for another reason. The khakied kids about that young Negro hold fast for one short, hideous instant before they break and run. One of them goes down under that hurricane of booted feet.

From them doorway rifles bark, just once, and you wonder dimly if anyone's been hit. Your hat's gone. Your coat's in ribbons, and you try to remember how that happened. Something in faded blue overalls knocks the breath out of you with a bare, sharp elbow. You battle to keep from being trampled and try to climb toward the doors that second squad is guarding.

But not even those kids are there any more. They've all vanished. Scurried inside the courthouse doors and bolted them shut. Jim Bell and his mates are gone, too. You wonder what has become of the handcuffed prisoner; then the mob's roar tells you. There's a new note in that roar —a note that's not so new, after all. You know what it means, well enough.

The crowd about you melts as swiftly as it grew. There's no one near you but a whimpering kid in khaki nursing a broken arm. It's the blue-eyed youngsters, the one that bit his lip and couldn't grin. You turn to help him; then you remember why you're here. You came to get a story, but a long string of cars is carrying away the story you came to get. Cars of every known make and vintage. The people in those cars are making news, too— news that other people like them will want to read at home tonight while the steak's being fried. Read, and tell, and roll on their tongues like rich food.

You curse again, half aloud, and the cardinal's carol comes gaily once more from the trees on the courthouse lawn.

"CONSPIRACY TO RAISE WAGES"

By M. W. JACKSON

When this country was younger, a legal weapon used against the struggling workers was conspiracy to raise wages.

In 1741 the first trial of which there is record for this crime occurred. In New York city certain journeymen bakers were tried and convicted for conspiracy not to bake until their wages were raised. Records do not show what their sentence was.

The next case of which there is definite record took place in Philadelphia in March, 1806, before the mayor's court. The indictment stated that the eight defendants "not being content to work and labor in that art and occupation at the usual prices and rates for which they were used and accustomed to work and labor; but contriving, and intending to increase and augment the prices and rates usually paid and allowed to them and other artificers, workmen, and journeymen in the said art and occupation, and unjustly to exact and procure great sums of money for their work and labor in the said art and occupation, etc." The jury found the defendants "guilty of a combination to raise their wages," and they were fined

$8 each, with costs of suit, and they were to stand committed until paid. The defendants in this case were boot and shoe makers.

Beginning December 16, 1909, DeWitt Clinton, mayor of New York City, and two associate justices heard the case of James Melvin and others. One count of the indictment stated, "That the defendants did conspire that none of them should, after the 18th of October, work at any lower rate than for any master or employer." The defendants in this case offered to show: 1. That long prior to the strike or turn-out there existed a combination of the masters to lower wages. 2. That the wages and rates contended for were reasonable and no higher than to afford them a bare subsistence. 3. That the masters made excessive profit on the labor of the workmen.

The first and third of these offers of the defendants were not received as evidence on the ground that the action of the masters would not justify the workmen, and the second was not allowed because the prosecution had not charged otherwise. The defendants were found guilty and fined $1 each and costs.

In December, 1815, in Allegheny county, Pa., a number of cordwainers were placed on trial for a conspiracy to raise their wages. The indictment charged the defendants, "Unlawfully conspired and agreed together to form and associate themselves into a society, . . . that they would not do or perform any work as journeymen cordwainers unless for such prices as they, the said conspirators, should agree upon and regulate; that they would not permit any journemen cordwainers who were members of said society to work in the employment of any person, unless for such wages as the said society should agree upon and regulate, and that they, the aid conspirators, would withdraw from the service and employment of any master cordwainer in said borough who would not pay them such wages as they in their said society might agree upon and regulate . . ." The defendants were found guilty.

In a trial for conspiracy in Philadelphia in 1821, Judge Gibson ruled, "Every association, therefore, is criminal whose object is to raise or depress the price of labor beyond what it would bring if left without artificial excitement."

In 1827 in Philadelphia, 25 journeymen tailors were indicted for conspiring to demand higher wages for themselves and others and with conspiring to compel the re-employment of five journeymen who had been discharged by Robb and Winebrenner for demanding higher wages. The defendants were found guilty on the third count of the indictment, conspiracy to compel Robb and Winebrenner to re-employ the five discharged journeymen, and not guilty on seven other counts. The case was appealed and the final result is unknown.

According to a newspaper account in 1830, "A trial of journeymen shoemakers has lately taken place in Franklin county, Pa., on a charge of conspiracy. The testimony adduced established the facts that there was a society existing in the county, which, by its members, had given great vexation during the last summer to their employers; had attempted to raise their wages; had compelled their employers to fix on a bill of prices from which none dare vary; that they compelled their employers to agree that they would employ no one who was not a member, etc., etc. The jury found the men guilty, and the court fined them in the mitigated penalty of $10 for one and $5 for the other.

In 1836 in New York city 21 journeymen tailors were brought to trial charged with striking for higher wages and preventing others from working except for the prices fixed by the tailors' union. A Report of the Bureau of Statistics of New Jersey published in 1885 reported regarding this case, "Judge Edwards in his charge impressed on the minds of the jury that the case was not to be considered a 'mere struggle between master and journeymen.' It was one on which the harmony of the whole community depended. 'Let these societies only arise from time to time,' he said, 'and they will at last extend to every trade in the city, and there will be as many governments as there are societies. 'There was', he continued, 'no necessity for such societies. Combinations were not necessary in this country for the protection of mechanics or any other class. They were of foreign origin, not in harmony with our institutions or the character of the people.' He believed they were mainly upheld by foreigners. The jury agreed with the court and the defendants were sentenced to pay fines ranging from $150 for the president of the union to $100,00."

One hundred years ago the same type of narrow-visioned persons as today were hurling the same epithets that are being hurled today. At that time when the President of the United States, himself, was not an American by birth patriots were saying, "Unions are of foreign origin, not in harmony with our institutions or the character of the people."

Mankind has progressed much in the last one hundred years. Where a century ago two men would stand up and demand higher wages, and be arrested for "conspiracy to raise wages"; today the militias are inadequate to cope with the men who say, "Sit down and watch your wages go up"; and tomorrow no army on earth will be able to stop the working class when it says, "We are ready to claim our own!"

Murmansk

By A. YOURNIEK

An I. W. W. seaman completes his sketch of misadventure as a prisoner of the Allies in their undeclared war on the Soviets.

The Norwegian border was about six miles away, and the woods were a mile or so in that direction. The place where we gathered wood would be the ideal spot to disarm the Serbians, and the trip to the border would take us no more than two hours, may be less. By the time our escape had been discovered, we'd be half way across.

Another plan was to start our break in camp some neight, for only a few soldiers stayed awake. We'd overpower those on guard duty, take their rifles, and the rifles from the rack in the hallway, imprison the rest of the Serbians who were asleep in the other end of the building, and start our walk to Norway. We wouldn't be discovered until morning.

The trouble with both plans was that something more than guards and rifles held us prisoner. Most of the men had family ties, and feared that their families would suffer. Moreover the hope was always held before us that the English would look into our cases individually, and free us, as some had already been freed. So we kept discussing these plans until 500 more Britishers marched into camp. The border patrols were strengthened, and our hopes of escape fizzled into a dream.

With the Armistice the white guards were sent to Finland but the rest of us were kept. It was cold and miserable. The Britishers were wrapped up in so many clothes that they could hardly move. They had specially made Arctic shoes which they put on with twelve pair of socks. Over everything they pulled the long American sheepskin coats, and then their own overcoats.

A group of men were given their freedom and sent away. They never got home. They were killed by the white guard Russians. Eventually the news of our comrades' murder leaked into camp. The next batch of prisoners to be released refused to go. The British understood that we were wise to their trick; they had thought that they could send the men away and have them shot, and thus wash the crime off their own hands by blaming it on the inability of the Soviets to give adequate protection to their citizens.

Conditions kept getting worse for us prisoners. Some talked of a hunger strike. In Archangel or some other large town it might have attracted attention to our plight and had some effect. But in Petchinga, at the tip of the World, and thousands of miles away from any civilized center, it would be futile. We would all starve to death, and nobody would know or care about it.

The newspapers that the English soldiers were getting from "dear old Blighty" were now full of world news—Hungary, Bavaria, and Latvia had become soviet countries. We were shifted to another prison camp at Alexandrovsk, taken there in trawlers. Here flogging of the prisoners was common. The buildings were overcrowded, and we and a host of newcomers had to sleep on the floor. Many of the late comers were former members of the soviets that had supported the Allies against the Bolsheviki. There was an old Jew in the camp, a watchmaker by trade. He had been deported from England where he had lived for thirty years. He landed in Musmansk and opened a small shop for repairing watches. When the Allies occupied Murmansk, the English had him arrested again, and sent him to this prison at Alexandrovsk. There he died of exposure, the kind of exposure that we experienced.

The other end of the camp was occupied by French and Italian soldiers, prisoners too, because they had rebelled on the Archangel front. They were sick and tired of fighting. Many had been sent to other camps and later transferred to Petchinga. We heard too that the Americans were withdrawn from the front, because they were also considered "untrustworthy". This left the British, Serbians and Russians to do the fighting, and the British weren't in very high spirits either. I could see that from actual contact with the soldiers over us. Standing guard over their former allies was

evidently distastful, yet they readily enforced discipline.

A few days later a number of us were returned to Murmansk, but not a single acquaintance of mine was among them. The battleship Chesna was laying to her dock. She had been reconverted into a prison ship, and had already become known for her torture chambers. All third degree punishment was carried out on her, because no moans or shouts could escape her hold. On the Chesna were a couple of old friends from Petchinga. One was Dashkow, a former officer in the Tsar's army who had turned Bolshevik. He had run away from the prison camp, secured a false passport, and was living in that region. When he was caught he was given an awful beating because he would not tell where he had got the passport. The other old acquaintance was the sailor Borisov. He was beaten up too, and when he recovered he was sent to Alexandrovsk.

We were put in a camp in the back of the town. I was made a sort of foreman over the Russians. We worked under English carpenters building more barracks, and were always kept within the enclosure. Others though, whose job was to fetch the material in the camp, were going all over the town, though of course under guards. This gave them a chance to run away, and many of them skipped.

The camp was under the charge of an officer, formerly a London policeman. He was a pretty fair chap, and all of us got along with him pretty well. He in turn was under the military commander of Murmansk, Dunstan, who was noted as a strict disciplinarian. Every time anyone skipped, Dunstan would barge into camp, bawl us out and threaten to punish us all. One day he carried out his threat by withdrawing our daily rations. We countered by refusing to go to work. The rations were quickly re-issued, for the commander wanted the barracks finished.

Some friction existed between the British and Americans. The American consul took a bunch of men from the camp and put them to some kind of work on a railroad, and everybody wanted to work for the Americans. I wrote a letter to the consul for I wanted to work for him too. It wasn't answered. I wrote another letter, and neither was it answered.

A while later, after I had turned down a proposition to go on sergeant's pay as translator, because I suspected there was something fishy about it, the guard was taken over by a Captain Woods. He told us that he had been a prisoner of war in Germany and knew what it was like, and would treat us the best he could. He confided to me about the two letters I had sent the American consul. They were kept back because of charges against me. According to him I was charged with being an agitator against the Allies, and charged with Admiral Kellinsky's murder, and that anyway as an organizer for the I. W. W. I was therefore not the kind to be let loose.

One day Major Dunstan came with a young Russian officer to let us know that henceforth any runaways would be severely punished. He threatened the death penalty. Too many were running away. At work there was only one guard for every ten or twenty prisoners. Some had a chance to slip away to the nearest barracks. There they managed to shave off beards and issue forth new men with the proper permission of residence in their pockets.

In the camp there was a former road engineer at Kem, Pesnikov, who, though opposed to the soviets, turned against the Allies when they disbanded them, and not daring to persecute him as a defender of the soviets, they tagged him as a German spy. For a couple of hours, every night, he would be taken out, asked questions to which he could give no answers, then led by soldiers to an open grave, then back to the barracks.

One of the oddities of the camp was a national monarchist. He had served in the navy, and like many others he had come to Murmansk to escape the Bolshevik authorities. For a while he worked on the railroad to hide his identity. When the Allies occupied Murmansk he discovered his laborer's garb and became one of the town's leading lights. He wanted the soviets abolished; but once his wish was fulfilled, he abhored the fact that the British were the real masters of the country, and his countrymen only figureheads. Uultimately his carping and disagreements brought the wrath of the new authorities on his head. He was arrested and tossed into this camp filled with his enemies, the Bolsheviki and their sympathizers. At times in his opposition to the Allies he talked like a Bolshevik. One day the prosecuting attorney came from Archangel to look into our cases, and this monarchist had his chance to lay his case before him. A few days later, he and some others who had been imprisoned for minor offenses, were released. When he came back to pick up his pack he let me in on what he thought was a secret: "Our men," he said, "are going ahead and in a short time they'll be in Petrograd." By "our men" he meant the Allies, against whom he seemed to feel no bitterness now that he was released.

As we began to get more news from the outside world, escape became all the more urgent. It seemed plain the British would not be able by themselves to hold out very much longer; and in the evacuation they would turn things over to the monarchists, who in their hatred and return to power, would make short shrift of us. We had to get away.

By this time discipline among the soldiers was at a very low ebb. Many were punished daily for

laxity, and particularly for paragraphs in their letters on matters that their superiors considered none of their damn business.

On Sundays we carried our blankets out in the open and aired them, and we were permitted to stay outside too.

This Sunday none of the soldiers felt any too good. All night they had been carousing and celebrating the signing of peace with Germany. Here was our chance. When we had our blankets stretched out, no one a thousand feet away could make out what was taking place behind them. The bedding would serve as an excellent screen for the first break. We held a conclave, and found that only two were ready for the break; others were willing to give us a hand.

We placed some planking over the barbed wire fence. I was the first to leap over it. Reno came after. When I jumped and hit the ground, I passed out. When I came to, I thought I had been shot. With the barracks only 500 feet away that could easily have been done. But it seems I must have just landed on a rock and been injured at bit.

After a few minutes we made for the woods. The further we got, the deeper the brush was. In time we climbed over the first mountain and made our way to the South. We had already agreed to make for the Norwegian border.

We came to a river. It was pretty wide for a river it narrowed, though, somewhat, further down and we thought we could get across in that point.

We stepped into the river and began to wade across, and when we got to our chest in water the current became too strong. Doubtless if we went further, the current would buouy us up and carry us to the Kola nearby, where the river emptied into the bay.

We turned back. We went a bit further and picked a safe sunny spot. There we undressed and laid our clothes out to dry in the sun and went to sleep.

When we were awake again we decided to walk only during the nights, though the nights were as bright as the days and the sun was always shining. But in the nights it was always cooler and there weren't many people around.

We had heard of that river from our comrades in the camp.

Further up the river there was a railroad bridge. It was guarded by the British and we had to give it a wide birth.

In the evening we saw a boat scudding on the widest part of the river coming toward us. Presently it stopped and the two men in it began to fish.

Here was our chance. We discussed the proposition we'd make to these men. We called them over. We had a gun apiece and about 60 bullets between us.

The best we would agree upon was: that they being good, simple people, the chances were that they would take us over without demanding any explanations from us. But in the event they demanded papers or such stuff from us, we'd do the next thing possible and row across ourselves. We were becoming quite desperate. By now, we surmised, our escape would have been discovered and Murmansk would be upside down.

We agreed beforehand that when we got into the boat Reno would sit on the bow so he would have a better chance to draw; and I would take my place between the two men facing the other man on the stern.

They came over. We asked them if they would take us over to the other side. They immediately agreed. We stepped into the boat and took the stations we had agreed upon beforehand.

The fellow sitting on the stern talked first.

"We saw you fellows this morning and thought you might want to get across. But we were afraid to come over to you because there were too many people on the road. Now everything is alright."

It turned out that this man was a Latvian engineer on the nearby railroad. He lived there too, with some other workers.

When we got to the other side they told us the direction we should take. We told them we were on our way to Kandalashka. But when out of sight we walked the opposite way.

The bay above Kola was pretty long and we walked all night. At the end of it we could make out a few houses. Finally we came to a stop before another river.

On the other side of the bank there was a house and a boat graveled on the shore. Nearby there was a man. We shouted to him. He came over and took us to the other side. He was a native Karelian and spoke Russian poorly. He was a good fellow and told us the natives hated the British because of their tax collectors. He said, "The Bolshevicks left us alone but now every chicken is marked in a book and we have to pay taxes for them."

He gave us breakfast and told us to follow the river until we came to a village where they would tell us how to get over to Vaidacube. We did as he told us. We came to the village but couldn't talk to the inhabitants at all. Nobody could talk Russian. Finally a boy came to us. He could speak Russian. We told him where we wanted to go and he told that to the standers by. But they only shook their heads, and talked among themselves. We could see there was something wrong here. The boy then told us that there was no road there and that the country past the village was wilderness and that if we tried to go over that we'd never get over to the coast. Finally they began to see who we were. They spoke among each

other for awhile. Then the boy said: "We're from Drenevo. We have a boat moored here and we are going over tonight," and that they would take us over with them and put us on the right road.

We were a bit hesitant about this offer because going to Drenevo we would have to go by Kola, and Drenevo wasn't far from Murmansk but just on the other side of the bay. We told them we didn't want to go to Murmansk but they assured us that the dock guard was one of their own men and that everything would be alright.

We accepted their offer and shortly after we were glad that we did. We landed at Drenevo about two in the morning. We came down the bay pretty fast. We passed the English garrison at Kola no farther than a stone's throw.

Landing at Drenevo we were met by a militia man on the dock. They said a couple of words in their own language. The militia man nodded his head which we took to mean that everything would be O.K. We helped the fishermen carry the food they fetched over from the farms to their home. And the women made up something, quickly enough, to eat and about an hour later we were on our way. The boy followed us out to show the way.

We walked nearby Murmansk. The warships were quietly laying on the bay. A balloon was up, and we became actually frightened that they might spy us. About six o'clock we came off the road and picked out a safe spot where we went to sleep. Towards evening we started off again and kept a good lookout behind us.

We had to climb up mountains again. One had snow on the top. The walk was hard. Up the mountain and down the valley again, and up the mountain and down the valley. And every top we climbed, the other one got just a little higher. Finally we came to the snow capped one. And not until we were on our way down we began to see the nice things that the mountains are supposed to have. Yet we would have to climb some more before we came to the seacoast. Then we picked the telephone track. This we followed until we again came to another river. It was a large one and with a strong current.

There we had to build a kind of a raft from a couple of logs. We tied these logs together with some branches, piled our clothes upon the raft and swam across holding with one arm onto the raft.

We landed not very far away from our road and the raft was better than getting our clothes wet. This was the only time we had to do this. The other rivers across our way were small and shallow.

Finally we came within the view of houses. It turned out to be a small village. We got some bread, butter and milk.

At last we came to the shore. Many motor and sail boats were there. We went into a house and inquired where we could get a boat for Norway. We found only women in the house. We introduced ourselves as Norwegian and American journalists. They gave us something to eat.

After a while a man came in. The woman told him about us. He looked at us with suspicion and wouldn't talk. He shunned us. Finally he said the boats they had were only for fishing and they weren't permitted to go to Norway. "But," he said, "you may find somebody further down, where the boats are larger and have permits for Norway." As soon as we got through eating we left.

Towards evening we came to another village. We made for the first house. To our surprise we found one of our former brother prisoners. He had been released and was sure glad to see us. It happened to be Saturday that day and he was visiting his relatives. He was living in another village. We told him we wanted to get over to Norway and he promised to help us. "Some of our boys are going over there tonight and they'll take you over with them," he said. We told him of the house in the last village and described the conduct of the master and he looked worried. He said that that man was the local representative of the present government and that he was largely responsible for his arrest, along with that of the other members of the soviets.

We felt sore that of all the houses we had to stumble in that stool pigeon's.

Our task was now to go as far and as fast as possible. They gave us supper and after that he informed us that the boys had decided not to go to Norway this week. This news sounded phony to us. We suspected they were in this smuggling business too. But we couldn't make them to go if they didn't wanted to.

They gave us plenty of food to take along with us, and a young woman of about 20 years of age came with us to show us the way to the next village. The village was about 10 kilometers away. She walked with us for about a half an hour and we talked about the new society with her. We bid her bood-bye and she wished us all the luck in the world.

We came to the other village about one o'clock in the morning. There were many sailboats laying at anchor in the harbor. Many light skiffs too gravelled high and dry on the beach. Without delay or hesitation we decided to push one of the skiff to the water and row out to one of the sailboats, make sail and make for our destination.

But a dog made such a rumpus that we feared it would wake the whole population of the village. Everytime we put our hands on the skiff he would bark. We'd have him shot but the pistol's report would rouse somebody and that saved him.

We were about to give up when we heard the squeak of an opening door. A man came out of it and walked towards us. He recognized us right away. We had met at Petchinga where he was digging trenches for the Allies. He invited us inside and warned us that the militia man was in town, but he was staying for the night in one of the houses further up the creek. This wasn't welcome news and the least thing that we desired just then was to come face to face with an officer of the law. But our host assured us that we weren't in danger and that everything will be all right. He said that this village was about seven miles from Petchinga and no telephone connections between the towns; and that the militia man had to be very careful because none liked him. He came here to recruit men for the White Army and all the young men had taken it on the run; they were in hiding among the woods.

We let him know that we wanted to get to Norway. We had no business in Petchinga. We were looking for a boat to take us to Norway and we were willing to pay the price.

He promised to do all he could to help us. In the morning a fellow was leaving for a village close to the border and he would try to straighten things out for us so we could go with him. Then he handed us a reindeer skin. We were dog tired, stretched the hide out on the floor and ourselves upon it. It felt comfortable and we went to sleep.

In the morning the fellow who was to sail for the village next to the border came to the house and consented to take us along, and we sat down to have a farewell breakfast with our friend.

By the time the breakfast was over the news of our presence was spread and I was surprised at the large group that had gathered outside of the house to have a look at us. Among them I recognized the militia man.

I talked with some of the people about the Allies, Kolchack, Deniken, the Bolshevicks, for some time, when our boat showed up. We were picking our things from the floor when I noticed the militia man's face turn white, blue and red.

He was on the spot. As the representative of law it was his duty to have us arrested. But he knew that such an attempt would be his unmaking. Reno's gun was strapped hanging down his side in plain view. He had to put up some kind of a show, though.

He made what he considered a bold stand: he asked for our passports. I pulled out of my pocket the American seamen's certificate. He looked at it, professionally like, but I knew he couldn't understand a word of it. Then he pulled a note book out of his pocket and asked my name. I said it. As he was jotting it down his hand was shaking like a leaf in the wind. Then coming right up against me, with low voice, he said: "I've to do this as a bluff. I got to show these people my authority. Then he asked me of my partner's name. He scribbled something under the names and shouted out aloud: "Alright, gentlemen, you can go on your way. Your papers are in order."

We got into the boat and as we sailed away the people were standing up in bunches on the shore.

We didn't come to the next village until two hours later. We went ashore and had something to eat and some of the townfolk invited us to stay for the night. But no militia man could be trusted. He knew where we were headed for. Petchinga was only a short distance from here and he could have been there by this time. We decided to keep on on our way.

We paid the boatman the sum that was agreed upon, 500 rubles, and left. The way over was hard walking. We had to climb over many hills. Finally we decided to look for a place for the night. We found one and there we lay until the morning.

At dawn we started off again. There was a village ahead of us, the Warima. This village was closely by the Russian border and it was best that we should keep clear of it. On the border about Warima six patrolmen were stationed.

Just after descending a steep mountain we crossed a river. The water was cold and we waded over with it on our shoulders.

We had an idea that this river marked the border line, but we weren't sure. We followed along the stream on the bank down a little way and came to a road and few houses. Some women were standing outside the houses. But we didn't greet them. We kept on our way and made out we didn't see them.

Now we were noticing that the telephone posts weren't like those we passed. Their bottoms were soaked in creosote and the ground around them was covered with stone. The sight of these posts made us feel better. They were signs, to us, that we were over the border. Shortly after we came to another village. Reno, who spoke Norwegian, inquired of our whereabouts and we were five kilometers inside of the border and about 25 kilometers from Kirkeness.

THE END.

Behold in Spain the Symbol of May Day!

By JUSTUS EBERT

1937 May Day is a May Day such as labor has never enjoyed before. It is a May Day calling for enthusiasm and a mighty movement forward. A real May Day with international labor triumphantly fighting international fascism, the last resource of a decaying capitalism.

Years ago we rejoiced in the Paris Commune, the first attempt of the working class to rise to power. Next came the great Russian revolution. Now, as a glorious climax, comes Spain. Each successive historic episode records, barometer-like, the upward climb of the world's workers.

No longer do we dream of working class ascendancy. We see it becoming a fact before our very eyes, on a scale, too, impossible of either denial or frustration. Behold in Spain the symbol of our 1937 International May Day. There converge workers from many distant parts of the world, saying to Fascism "Thou shalt not pass"; and pass it does not.

Observe the anti-fascist armies of Italy in Spain. They flee, rather than fight their working class brothers in Spain, a fore-runner of the day everywhere when the workers will desert Fascism, and, in deserting, destroy it! Observe the Nazi bombs dropped on Madrid; forty per cent of them were duds. Some contained the salute of the anti-fascist German workers to their Spanish comrades. Observe the German, British, Italian, Belgian, French, Russian, Canadian, yes, and our own American comrades of the International brigade, all marching abreast to the defeat of Fascism in Spain, and the beginning of the social revolution throughout the world.

May Day of 1937, the real International Labor Day, we salute thee! Onward labor! Forward to the new day; to the new time no longer coming, but well on its way.

Turn now to the glorious United States, as fine a land as nature ever made, and, as ever, capitalism-defiled and devastated. What is it that makes the front pages of its servile press, and intrudes itself into the affairs of its capitalist state? It is the myriad working class, pushing its way up out of corporate exploitation into the august legislative chambers of the country's owners and controllers, the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives. Especially impressive are the sit-downers, in their prologue to the lockout of the capitalist masters of industry and America.

Never before have the naturally wonderful and capitalistically blighted United States been as profoundly stirred.

It is agitated, from its economic base up to its political and cultural reflexes. Labor is moving. Well it should, for in the language of the day, "the worst is yet to come"—the worst of, and for, capitalism, with labor involved as never before.

With 42,000,000 workers employed and 10,000,000 unemployed, with output, prices and profits rising out of all proportion to employment, wages, and purchasing power, with the war industries making the country a part of the European war system and U.S. participation in another world war and its disastrous aftermaths a certainty, with the present industrial boom heading for another and more ruinous bust, an aroused working class will be a necessary requirement to further working class ascendancy—to the social ownership and operation of industry, by and of labor, industrially organized.

Thus our 1937 May Day is not only a day of real working class internationalism, and it is not only a day of encouraging historical review and contemporaneous rejoicing, but also of future constructiveness. Ours is the working class duty, not only to rise to the mastery of our social destiny, but also to make our rise on a foundation that will admit of no destruction or overthrow. Such a foundation will be found in industrial democracy —in the real, revolutionary industrial unionism propagated and practiced by the I.W.W.—the Industrial Workers of the World.

The I.W.W. is erecting the framework of the new society in the shell of the old.

Education ★ Organization ★ Emancipation

Knowledge, like energy, is power only when it is put to work to get results.

All together, the working class knows how to make everything, how to do everything, how to create abundance and the necessary conditions for happiness for us all. But to put that knowledge to work requires organization. To get the full results that can come only from using all of it, requires organization as a class—One Big Union.

Science is knowledge organized. The I. W. W. is the working class organized—just the working class, with everybody from the coal miner to the chemist who figures out how to make a new flavoring extract out of the coal, organized to use our brains for ourselves. And it spells emancipation and a new era of abundance and security.

To start the process takes scientific industrial union education—such as you spread when you get new readers for the I. W. W. periodicals and pamphlets, pass-out I. W. W. leaflets, or put up I. W. W. stickers. Educate to organize, and organize to educate—that's the road ahead to freedom. That's where the I.W.W. is marching, and you are cordially asked to hop into the parade.

Order these stickers at
$2.00 per thousand
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