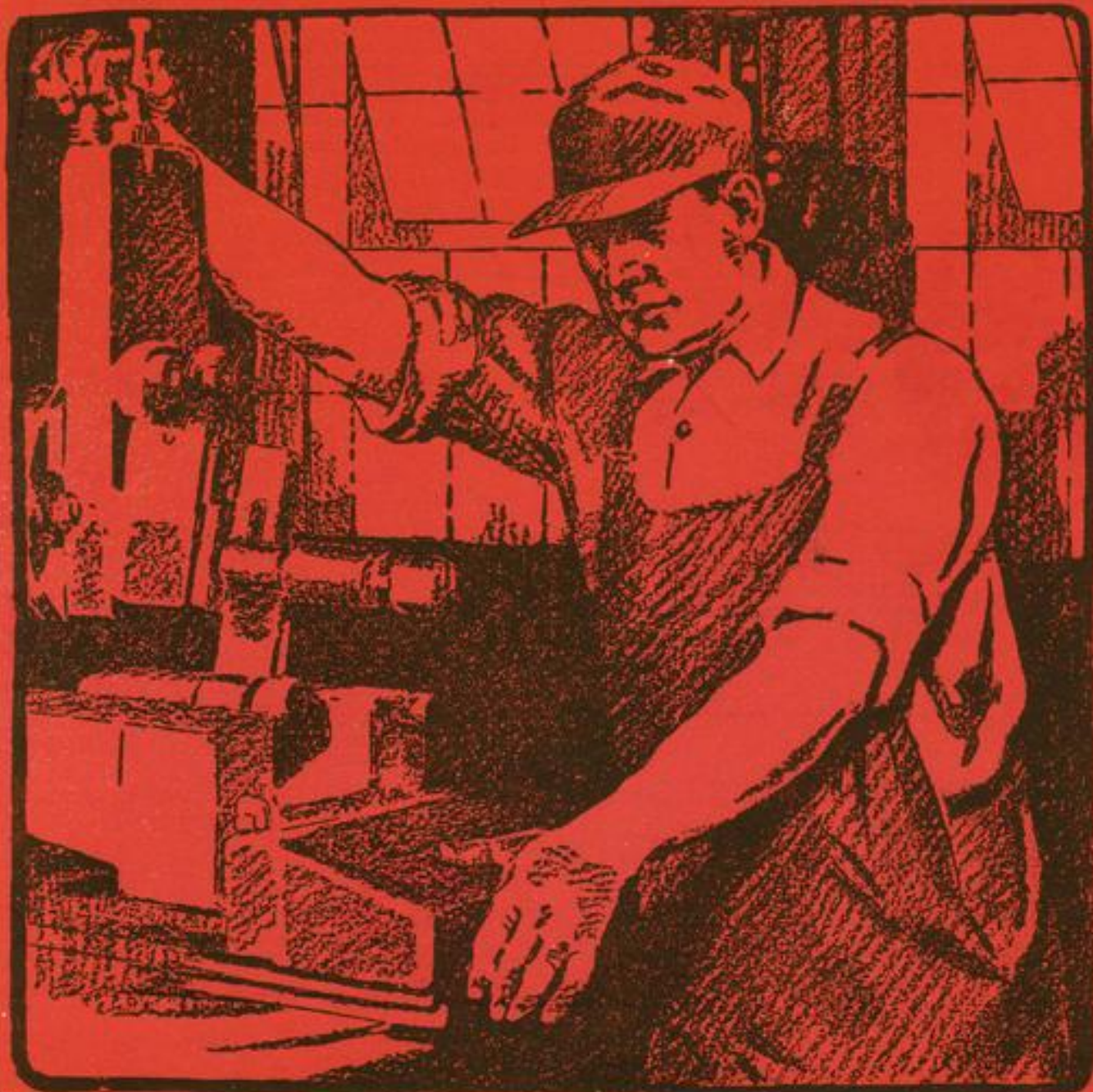


AUGUST, 1937

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ONE BIG UNION
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ORGANIZE AND FIGHT!

Our greatest weakness as a class lies in that we do not ask enough for ourselves. We have been trained to be content with what is given us and are not inclined to ask for more, and much less to demand it.

We are too "reasonable" in our demands on society and too tolerant toward those who bar our way to a better, happier living. We are patient with the pig-headed exploiters and the system they maintain; we are tolerant too, even to the extent that we will needlessly sacrifice our lives in industry and battle-fields at the command of those who are our economic masters.

Our class has patience and tolerance—but these are not our virtues, they are, rather, among our worst vices. It's no credit to us that we make sacrifices—live on little and force our children to do the same—when there is abundance available. There is no honor due to those who learn to be content in misery rather than rise in revolt against it.

Being patient with capitalism means to uphold murder, slavery, and starvation. The I. W. W. is not tolerant of those who uphold capitalism or excuse its follies and excesses.

The wage and hour demands of the I. W. W. are moderate, but this is because practical considerations make moderation necessary. The I. W. W. knows that capitalism is outmoded and unjust, and that it must be kicked off the earth before there will be a chance for the working class to really live. Let's organize and fight capitalism.

There is no virtue in submission.

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EMPLOYERS

USE

VIOLENCE

Twenty-one workers killed by company thugs in the first six months of 1937 and the number grows.



Last year fourteen workers lost their lives in the labor struggle in the United States; this year will almost certainly see that number almost doubled.

The dry, cold facts as revealed daily in the contests between employers and workers show with unmistakable clarity that there is no new era, that the masters are today what they always have been: ruthless, cruel, and determined to keep the workers in slavery no matter how many lives it may cost.

In looking over the great strikes of the past six months it is worth noting that in no case were the strikers under the influence of extreme ideas. What they have asked for an "enlightened" capitalism (if such a thing is possible) could have granted without risking the loss of prestige or power. As a matter of fact, it seems to many that the demands made in the current strikes are such that, if granted, might actually be an aid to the employers in the long run. Certainly several of the largest corporations, notably the United States Steel trust, must have looked at it in this way.

The history of the past few months shows that the ruling class is unanimously in favor of only one thing, that is, to preserve the system of exploitation at all costs. They are not nearly so unanimous on the question of what methods to follow to that end, less so now than they used to be. All capitalists will use force, brutal and unrestrained, against the workers but some of them do it only as a last resort while others are ever ready

to smear our streets with the blood of workers at the least show of restiveness.

Capitalism is not intelligently guided, it is not a coherent, co-ordinated force and it possesses no annealing solidarity to save it from its own inner conflicts. Capitalists all fight labor but they also seek to devour each other.

If then an individual capitalist or group of capitalists feel that they can improve their position by playing ball with a labor group that in no way threatens their position as masters, and that by so doing they will gain an advantage over a competitor, it is no indication that they have had a change of heart when they recognize unions and sign contracts. Actually they are fortifying themselves against the labor difficulties their more backward competitor is subject to and they are doing it at a very low price.

When other capitalists refuse voluntarily to take this way out to avoid interruption of production through strikes it may be because, being smaller or less up to date in the mechanical development of their plants, they think they can't afford the cost; or it may be because the individuals in immediate control of policy think themselves strong enough to fight it out with labor in the old fashioned way.

Throughout the history of the labor movement it has, with a few exceptions, been the smaller and least modernized concerns that have opposed improvement in working conditions most strenuously. We have, for example, the farmer who em-



employs labor, the small-scale construction contractor, the back alley sweat shop manufacturer, etc.

This does not imply that the cockroach business men are exceptionally bad, as capitalists go; neither does it mean that the big barons are more beneficent in their intentions toward labor. Their different attitudes proceed from the difference in economic status or, less frequently, to personal bias which by no means has been completely eliminated as a factor in the capitalist world.

It would be the height of silliness to assume that because U. S. Steel made a deal with the Lewis organization it is less an enemy of labor than the Ford Company or the Republic, or Bethlehem Steel. The one no less than the others, is bent on getting the most it can out of its workers. In the class war one capitalist general may find it temporarily more expedient to use poison gas propaganda while another resorts at once to the bayonet.

As for the workers, any direct action they may take in resistance to exploitation is justified provided it leads them toward ultimate victory in the struggle. For that matter any strike the workers engage in is a good one if it develops initiative and confidence within their ranks. The workers who have fought in the steel and other strikes during these past seven months have done wonderfully well considering what they have had to fight against and what they have had to fight with.

A good fighter poorly armed is at the mercy

of a much weaker enemy. Workers in the wrong kind of union are doomed to defeat. But those who died in the struggle, no matter in what organization they fought have won a place for themselves in labor's hall of fame. The following is a list of union men killed by the bosses' thugs in the first six months of this year.

The Honor Roll

Evarts, Ky., Feb. 9: Bennett Musick, killed by gunmen's bullets intended for his father.

Teaneck, N. J., Feb. 19: Norman Redwood, shot by unidentified gunmen near his home.

Son Pedro, Cal., May 27: Norman Gregg, shot by policeman while standing on a street corner.

South Chicago, Ill., May 30 to June 15: Alfred Causey, Kenneth Reed, Earl Bradley, Sam Popovich, Joseph Rothmund, Anthony Tagliori, Hilding Johnson, Otis Jones, Leo Francisco, Lee Tisdale, killed outright in the police attack on the picket line or died later as a result of injuries received.

Newberry, Mich., June 4: John Ked killed when a mob attacked strikers.

Youngstown, O., June 19: John Bogovich, and James Espereji, killed by gunfire of company gunmen.

Cambridge, Md., June 25: An unidentified picket run down by a company truck during a strike.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 25: Anthony Corbo, died after attack by employer's thugs.

Beaver Falls, Penn., June 29: George Mike, hit by teargas bomb fired by sheriff.

Canton, Ohio, June 30: Chrisanto Lopez, died as a result of National Guard attack.

The total number of dead for the first six months this year amounts to 21 and the number is growing.



CLASS COLLABORATION — OLD AND NEW

By
JOSEPH WAGNER

A timely reminder of working class political experience, and A. Shapiro's Open Letter to the C. N. T.

Alone, or in coalition with more or less "liberal" bourgeois political parties, the socialists today are in control of the government machinery in a number of countries while yet in other countries they stand in line awaiting in their turn the call of the economic masters to take over the government and to carry on and administer the collective affairs of the capitalists in the respective countries.

The conclusion of the long and destructive World War brought capitalism to bankruptcy, the bourgeois regime stood everywhere discredited physically and morally and in a state of collapse; everywhere the working class was in open revolt. The only organized force, that yet retained some moral prestige was the socialist movement and its trade unions, who, in one country after another, gallantly rushed to the rescue of the moribund regime, until recently their professed enemy.

Naturally, the capitalists very graciously allowed the socialists to resurrect and reconstruct the capitalist regime. They were allowed and even invited to form "socialist governments." Times without number these "socialist governments" proved to the master class that they are in the best of positions to save capitalism and to safeguard all their interests not only by the use of brutal military and police forces, but also by their moral prestige over the working class acquired by nearly a century of socialist party and trade union connection within the working class.

To be sure the master class never was conspicuous by its gratitude, as soon as it imagined itself strong enough to rule without the aid of socialists these were discarded, and their governments turned over to the underworld characters, to gangsters parading in differently colored shirts. A few years of experience with the gangsterdom has, however, taught world capitalism the lesson that the socialists make the more efficient and loyal servants of capitalism, after all, and at the present time the pendulum is rapidly swinging away from fascism to "socialist" or "Popular Front" governments.

Socialists the world over are proud of the role

their parties are playing nowadays, and they look upon their present, internationally approved policy as the acme of "Marxism." Yet, this was not always so.

Before the end of the last century, socialists of all shades were violently and unalterably opposed to the very idea of party members participating in bourgeois (capitalist) governments, thereby making the socialist movement, at least indirectly responsible for the acts of their respective capitalist governments. Even the acceptance by a party member of a minor, non-elective government job, was frowned upon as not kosher from social-democratic standpoint.

When, in 1900, Alexander Millerand, who with Jean Jaures, was heading one of the four or five socialist parties existing then in France, entered into the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet, a storm of protests was raised in the socialist world. National and World Congresses debated and argued the propriety of the action and in all instances the act was condemned as treason to the international socialist movement. "Millerandism" and "Ministerialism" was synonymous with treason. The arguments lasted for fourteen years, until the outbreak of the World War, when the entire socialist world suddenly became "ministerialists" and governmentalists. And so it has remained to this day.

The foregoing is all old history, but it does no harm to recall it once in a while, the more so, as in our days, we are suddenly confronted with a new "Ministerialism" from an unexpected source. This time the anarchist world is stirred with that same old question in the anti-fascist war now going on in Spain.

It would appear, that with the post war experiences, with the experiences of Bolshevism, Fascism, Nazism, we have learned enough to avoid the old and settled disputes. But we must have been mistaken for it seems that we have to overcome the same difficulties and misunderstandings at every instance of serious fight that we, the working class, are confronted with.

The old forgotten "Millerandism" or "Minister-

ialism" is and has been a burning issue in Spain ever since the present war was precipitated by the uniformed bandits of Spain. The only real revolutionary force in the present Spanish war, was the C. N. T. and its ideological reflex, the F. A. I. It would have appeared an absurdity, for anyone a year ago, to state that the old issue of "ministerialism" could bob up—of all things—in this anarchist and anarcho-sindicalist movement, in the time of the acutest crisis that ever confronted, not only these two Spanish movements (that are really one), but the anarchist fraternity the world over.

Perseus, of mythological fame, wore a magic cap so that the monsters he hunted down might not see him. I would like to have pulled such a magic cap over my own ears so that I may not see the internal fight in the revolutionary forces of the present Spanish fight. Unfortunately, I can read many languages and am in touch with revolutionary literature of many lands, and no magic cap can prevent me from seeing things I would not like to see. I am giving below a translation of an open letter of A. Shapiro to the C. N. T. I read similar open letters months ago, whose authors have fallen since, either fighting on the bloody battlefields, or through cowardly assassination by the Spanish Branch of the Russian Cheka. Shapiro is not dead yet, he is one of the outstanding figures of the anarchist movement of the world. He was for a number of years one of the Secretariat of the International Workingmen's Association. Therefore, whatever the readers of the "One Big Union" may think of his statements, I assure them that Shapiro is sincere and means what he says.

OPEN LETTER TO THE C. N. T.

We read with more surprise than interest the minimal program of the C. N. T. "for the realization of a real war policy." The reading of the program raised an entire series of questions and problems, some of which should be called to your attention.

Certainly none of us was simple enough to believe that a war can be carried on with resolutions and by anti-militarist theories. Many of us believed, long before July 19 (1936) that the anti-militarist propaganda, so dear to our Dutch comrades of the International Anti-militarist Bureau and which found, in the past, a sympathetic enough echo in the columns of your press in Spain, was in contradiction with the organization of the revolution.

Many of us knew that the putsches, that were so dear to our Spanish comrades, such as those of December 8 and January 8, 1934, were far from helping this organization of the revolution, it helped rather to disorganize it.

July 19 opened your eyes. It made you realize the mistake you had committed in the past, when, in a revolutionary period, you neglected seriously organizing the necessary frame-work for the struggle that you knew would be inevitable on the day of the settlement of accounts. Yet, today you are shutting your eyes on another important fact. You seem to think that a civil war brought about by the circumstance of a fascist putsch does not necessarily obligate you to examine the possibilities of modifying and altering the character of that civil war.

A "minimal" program is not something to startle us; but a particular minimal program (such as yours) cannot have any value unless it creates the opportunity for the preparation of a maximal program.

But, your "real war policy," after all, is nothing but a program for entering the Council of Ministry (government); with it you act merely as a political party desirous of participation in an existing government, setting forth your conditions of participation, and these conditions are so bureaucratic in character that they are far from weakening in the least the bourgeois capitalist regime, on the contrary they are tending to strengthen capitalism and stabilize it.

The surprising part of your program is that you do not consider it as a means for the attainment of some well defined goal, but consider your "real war policy" program as an aim in itself. That is the main danger in your program. It presupposes a permanent participation in the government—not merely circumstantial—which is to extend over a number of years, even if the war itself, with its brutal, daily manifestations would cease in the meanwhile. A monopoly of the Foreign Commerce (have the communists whispered this to you?), customs policy, new legislations, a new penal code—all of this take in a long time. In order to realize these tasks, your program proposes a very close collaboration, on all fields, with the bourgeoisie (republican block) and with the communists (marxist block), while almost at the same time you state in your appeal of June 14 that you are sure of triumphing not only against Franco, but also against a stupidly backward bourgeoisie ("the republican block") and against the tricky and dishonest politicians (marxist block").

You see, therefore, that even your minimal program is beset with flagrant contradictions; its realization is dependent on the aid of the very sectors against which that program is aimed. Even the freedom with which you state these two, mutually excluding, programs: collaboration with the bourgeoisie and "marxism" on the one hand and fight to finish against this same bourgeoisie and "marxism" on the other, situates your minimal program as the aim, and your declaration of June

14, becomes a mere verbiage. We would have, naturally, liked to see things the other way.

The problem of Spain's economic reconstruction does not form a part of your program. And yet, you cannot help but know that a civil war, like the one you are going through cannot bring the people to its aid, unless the victories on the fronts will assure at the same time **their own** victories in the rear.

It is true,— and many of us outside of Spain have known it long before July 19—the Social Revolution cannot be attained in 24 hours, and that a libertarian regime cannot be erected by the turn of the hand. Nevertheless, neither the C. N. T. nor the F. A. I. cared anything about pre-revolutionary organization and about preparing in advance the framework for the social and economic reconstruction. We claim that there is a bridge leading from the downfall of the old regime to the erection of the new regime erected on the ashes and the ruins of the old regime. This bridge is all the more full of dangerous traps and pitfalls as the new regime differs from the old. And it was precisely **this period of transition** that you have misunderstood in the past and that you **continue to misunderstand today**. For, if you had recognized that the social and economic reconstruction on a libertarian basis is the indispensable condition to victory over fascism, you would have elaborated, (having in view the aim to be attained) a minimal revolutionary program, that would have given the city and country proletariat of Spain, the necessary will and enthusiasm to continue the war to its logical conclusion.

But such a program you failed to proclaim. The few timid allusions contained in your "war program," are far from having a revolutionary character: the elaboration of a plan for the economic reconstruction, that would be accepted by the three blocks, could only be a naive illusion, if it would not be so dangerous; the municipalization of land is an anti-revolutionary project since it

legalizes something that a coming revolution will have to abolish, since the municipalities are, after all, but cogs in the wheel of the State as long as the State will exist.

Naturally, the elaboration of an economic program for the transition period presupposes a final aim. Does the C. N. T. consider that libertarian communism is an unattainable "Utopia" that should be relegated to the museum?

If you still think (as you did before July 19) that libertarian communism forms part of the program of the C. N. T. it is your duty—it was really your duty since July 1936—to elaborate your economic program of transition, without regard to the bourgeois and marxist blocks, who can but sabotage any program of libertarian tendency and inspiration.

To be sure, such a program will place you in conflict with these blocks, but on the other hand, it will unite with you the large majority of the workers, who want but one thing; the victory of the Revolution. It is necessary, therefore to choose between these two eventualities.

Such a program will, naturally, nullify your "war program" which is nothing but the expression of a "true" desire for a permanent cabinet collaboration. But, this proposition, this "war program" of yours is diametrically contrary to the traditionally revolutionary attitude of the C. N. T., which this organization has not denied yet. It is, therefore necessary to choose.

The C. N. T. should not allow—as it has unfortunately done since July 19—the acceptance of the tactics of the "line of least resistance," which cannot but lead to a slow but sure liquidation of the libertarian revolution.

The ministerial collaboration policy has certainly pushed back to the rear the program of revolutionary economy. You are on the wrong track and you can see that yourselves.

Do you not think that you should stop following this road, that leads you to certain downfall?

PERISH ALL TYRANTS

Perish all tyrants far and near,
Beneath the claims that bind us;
And perish, too that *servile fear*
Which makes the slaves they find us.

One grand, one universal claim,
One peal of moral thunder,
One glorious burst in freedom's name,
And rend our bonds asunder!

—Charles Cole

A TIP TO A FRIEND

By COVAMI

Or how a punk politician may become a great statesman

This is "more truth than poetry,"
But here is what I say
To all who would be "Honorable"
And Presidents today:
Keep in the limelight, brother!
Keep, keep in the limelight!
Keep, on a-talking, talking,
Morning, noon and night!

Daily in the "Record"
Your applauded remarks "extend";
Weep a weep for farmers,
The soldier boys defend;
Bawl out all the bankers,
Cuss out all the chains;
Promise all the dust-bowlers
You will send 'em rains;

Glorify the workers;
Praise the horny hands of toil;
Wail because forever
For a living they must moil;
Promise all the aged
You will give 'em what you can't—
Out-townsend Doctor Townsend
When before the old you rant;

Be lib'ral and progressive,
Conservative and sane,
Syndicalist and Communist,
And something else again.
If by then you are no statesman,
You were never meant to be
A saviour of the people,
Friend, a leader of the free.

Tell all the unemployed
Not one of them shall starve,
But each a fatted gobbler
In the bye-and-bye shall carve;
Tell all the little merchants
You will bust the trust—
Lay it on aplenty!
Raise a heap of dust!

Be sure to "save" our country,
Your faith in it declare;
By Jefferson and Lincoln
Forget you not to swear.
Be interviewed and camera-ed;
Smile and smirk and grin;
Show yourself with Capital
And Labor standing in;

Assert there are no classes
Among the Free and Brave;
The home fires keep a-burning;
The Starry Banner wave;
Give out a gorgeous platform,
One that's promisefull;
Spread the "brisbanalities,"
Go heavy on the bull.



THE LAUNDRY WORKERS — THEY CAN BE ORGANIZED

By K. T. S.

"I'm as experienced as they make them. I've been at it 28 years, but I only make \$12.40 a week, years ago it was \$18."

The worst sweat shops are found in the industries that require comparatively little capital to start. The man with a little money and a strong urge to get rich by robbing wage workers finds himself an old building facing a dirty street or alley where rent is cheap, buys second hand machinery, hires a few workers and goes into business. He works himself, if he can't get out of it, cuts the prices on his product because he has to compete with numerous other budding capitalists who have the same urge he has, and tries his best to grind a little more work out of his employes than anybody else ever succeeded in doing.

The petty cock-roach is found in every city and town, and in the country, too. He is the mainstay of the capitalist system for he inspires hope in the minds of thousands of workers, who ought to know better, that there is a chance for them to escape from the chains of wage slavery and become independent.

One of the most popular of these stepping stones to wealth and affluence is the laundry industry. There are big corporations in the business, of course, but taken as a whole it carries on its miserable existence in that marginal territory where wages are lowest, working conditions the most miserable, and hours the longest.

The League of Women Shoppers informs us in an interesting little pamphlet entitled, "Consider the Laundry Workers," that the modern power laundry got its start in California way back in 1849. It seems that the thousands of men who went out there without wives to wash their shirts and too much occupied with looking for nuggets to do their own washing, inspired a carpenter to build a 12-shirt washing machine which was run by a 10-horse power donkey engine.

Since then the laundry machinery has become standardized and the operations and departmental divisions, too, so that the nature of the work done by the employes is about the same everywhere in the United States.

The business is highly competitive and, besides, it sells a service, not a commodity, and this service is one that people can dispense with in emergency. When depression strikes, women try to save money by doing their washing at home and this causes an immediate shrinking in the volume of work done by the laundries. But since employers will go to any extreme rather than sacrifice profits they make up by cutting wages down to levels almost unbelievably low, and keep them there as long as they can after the depression excuse is no longer valid.

Another factor that helps to keep wages down is the fact that by far the greater portion of the work is done by women who are not required to be skilled. The old tradition that women work for wages and outside of the home only to earn a "little something extra" is still used as an excuse for low wages and still influences the public attitude toward these workers; even though all the evidence shows that women as well as men workers go to their daily slavery, no matter how unendurable it may be, to ward off starvation and not to by diamonds.

New York State Labor Department figures show that in the latter part of 1936, 73.6 per cent of the women employed in New York City laundries made less than \$15.00 a week. But investigators in the same area found wages as low as \$6 for a week of 48 hours; and in Brooklyn a man laundry worker was found who was getting \$5 a week for 50 hours work, and another who was paid \$6 for 60 hours.

In the New York investigation the median wage for women was found to be \$13 a week, and for men \$14.50. The union wages were found to be somewhat above the average. For instance, while a union shirt folder made \$1.95 for 100 shirts, the average was \$1.50 for 100; and while a union washer (skilled work) was paid \$40 for a 48-hour

(Continued on page 21)



America's Greatest Social Disgrace

"Child Workers in America" by Katherine Du Pre Lumpkin and Dorothy Douglas; Robert M. McBride and Co., publishers; 299 p.p. plus bibliography and index; \$3.50.

There are some two and a quarter million working boys and girls under 18 years of age in these United States. They have been driven to work by the poverty in their homes. By going to work they have either displaced so many of their fathers, or by competition so reduced the earnings of their fathers, that poverty at home has made it necessary for them to stay on as industrial workers, or has left them so poorly clothed, or with so little money for books and pleasures that even the meagre earnings available in industry appeared more attractive than going to school to receive the scorn of their better dressed schoolmates.

This study of the role of these two million boys and girls in our economic life, and of the largely frustrated efforts to curb their exploitation, seriously attempts to be exhaustive. For this reason it is a study of more than child labor. The opposition to proposed laws to restrict child labor has so entrenched itself in appeals to tradition, in arguments that children work because they are so mentally inferior that they cannot benefit from education, and in political trickery, that those who would end "America's greatest social disgrace" are put in a position where they must either give up the fight or attack the pet prejudices that serve as justifications for capitalism and expose our alleged democratic machinery as the executive committee of the ruling class that radicals have long known it to be.

When those who bring up their own young upon the exploitation of the children of the working class muster the mental testers to show that these working children leave school because they are so inferior mentally that school is of no use to them, it becomes necessary to examine the question: Are the poor poor because they are inferior, or are they culturally inferior because they

Book Reviews

By

Fred W. Thompson

are poor? The authors have not shirked the responsibility and at length they establish with the utmost scientific objectivity that the working class is not inherently an inferior lot of people; that instead their cultural shortcomings result from the environment that is theirs so long as they yield all beyond a subsistence to those who do not work for a living. Nor do the authors hesitate to ask the pointed question that if industrial employment is the proper treatment for stupid children, then why aren't the stupid children of the rich sent to work likewise? In fact a bracing irony, well barbed with pointed figures, runs through the book, to crop out, for instance in asking, when lobbyists urge that children should not be denied the dignity of labor, why it is, if labor is so beneficial to children, that the children of these same lobbyists are universally denied its much lauded benefits?

The question whether child labor exists because the supply of children looking for jobs requires business to establish employment for them, or whether it persists because of some demand of industry for the labor of children, leads the authors to probe (almost) to the foundations of capitalist economy. That poverty drives them to work is established thoroughly. That the corporations (who by the way are shown to be the great employers of children) exert every pressure to see that insufficient appropriation is made for schooling and for enforcing attendance at school, and employ parents, in agriculture and textiles particularly, only if they put their children to work, is shown repeatedly. They almost get to showing that mass unemployment is the essential condition required for capitalism—that without it the profit system could not tick. But their point—that employment for children is furnished to get bigger profits and not to provide something for the boys and girls to do—it adequately established without getting quite that far.

To those who believe that our college professors, "social scientists", welfare workers, preachers

and other leading lights are honest people, and that our legislative bodies hold their deliberations to consider what to do for the majority of people in this country, the chapters on the long fight for legislative restriction on child labor will be most enlightening. These great leaders of "public opinion" do not hesitate to appear both before Congress to urge that such matters be left to the states where, they assure their hearers, the matter will be taken care of, and then hasten to state legislatures to urge that children should not be deprived of the great pleasure, moral benefits, and opportunities to help their unemployed fathers arising from their God-given right to work. Splendid case material for a study of the functioning of the state is furnished in the same chapters. The responsiveness of legislators to the wishes of the owners of the important industries makes the modern state a most serviceable instrument of class rule while presenting the pleasing camouflage of democracy. Such proposals as the abolition of child labor find acceptance only where economic factors have made child labor superfluous. Where it is of advantage to the great owners, any law curbing it provides exception in their favor. Agriculture which absorbs four fifths of the army of child workers is regularly excepted—and the picture built in the press is that of the boy and girl helping father and mother on their own farms.

The facts here given show that such child labor is overwhelmingly performed for the benefit of owners other than their parents.

The nature of the study is such that it is necessarily a kaleidoscope of many views of the misery of America's most submerged families. The pictures of family situations are carefully etched with no waste words, and convey in full the forces that make for submission to the exploitation of children.

We see the home of the sharecropper and the sugar beet worker, the sweatshop home where the family is up till after midnight with the children stringing safety-pins or carding snaps instead of doing their lessons. We see little children in New Orleans picking frozen shrimp until their fingers are numb, and boys and girls of ten years chipping trees for turpentine for twelve hours a day. And we hear President Roosevelt pompously declare "Child labor has been abolished."

What's to be done about it? The authors pin their hopes on federal legislation. There, this reviewer cannot concur with them—they have offered too much evidence to show that we can't rely on that. Even should the amendment get the endorsement of the necessary thirty-six states in the face of a press that is circulated largely by the exploitation of "little merchants", and despite the lobbying and misrepresentation of the corporations that benefit most from child labor, and escape the trickery of those who offer the sub-

stitute proposal of requiring all products of child labor to be branded accordingly—even then, what? What standards would Congress set up for the control of child labor? Probably the standards used in the former NRA codes—and these affected only 100,000 children out of the 2,250,000 child workers of America—and it is doubtful at that if they were carried out. So long as there are poverty stricken homes to which work is sent to be done, children will be set to doing it. Outside the home, legislation is hopelessly ineffective in curbing child labor. "In 1928 the New York State Labor Department found over four hundred thousand boys and girls illegally employed in stores and factories." It would seem that legislation is about one third effective from the following figures:

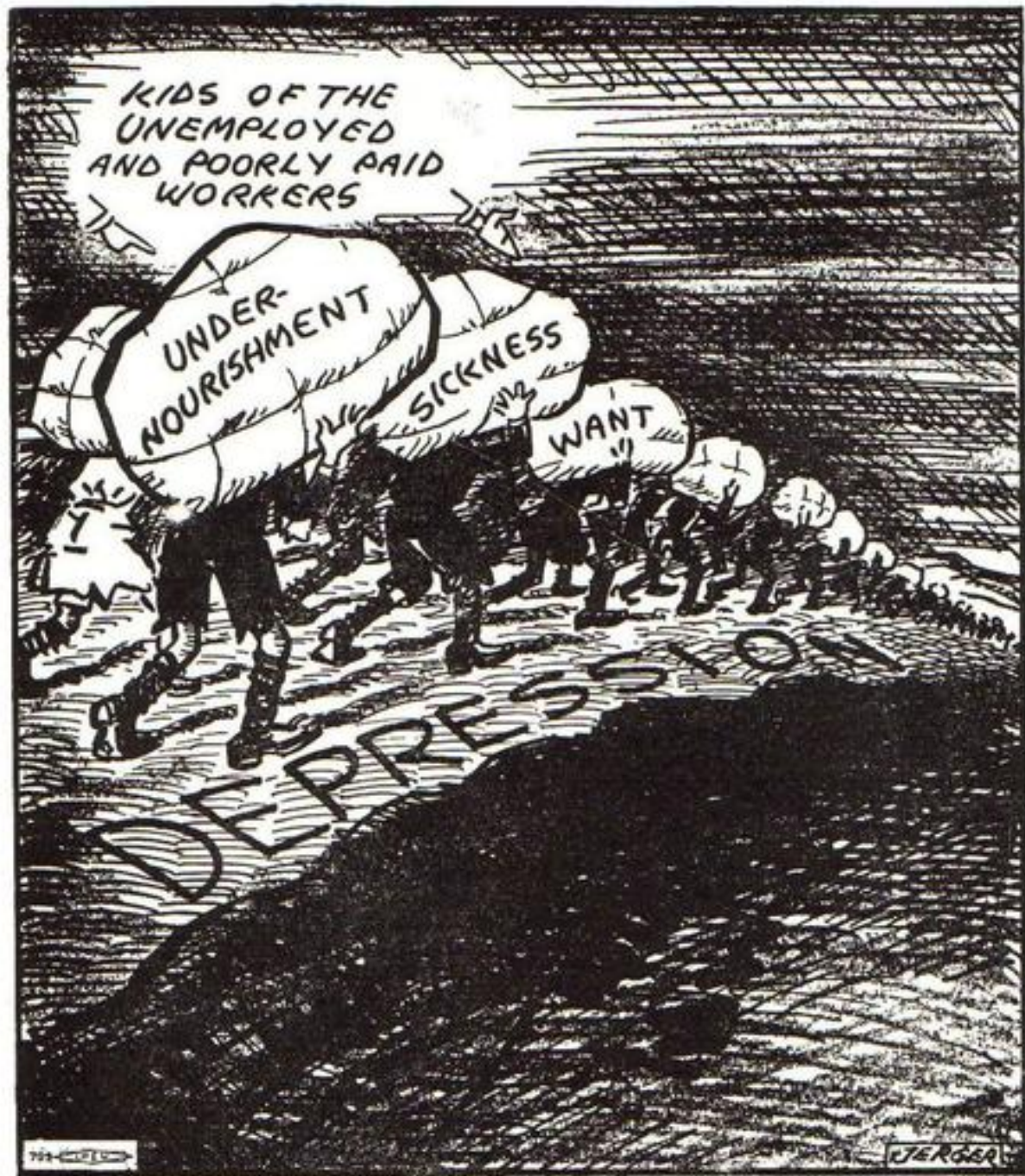
"To show the advantage of regulation, the Children's Bureau cites the fact that whereas in states having no eight hour law for cannery children 96 per cent of the children worked over eight hours, and 78 per cent worked ten hours or more, in the states that did include the cannery industry under their child labor laws, only 66 per cent worked over eight hours a day, and only 40 per cent worked ten hours or more."

Even this estimate of effectiveness is overdrawn, for cannery inspectors report that when they come to canneries at night they find children scampering into the shadows chased away by the foremen.

The proposal to keep children out of industry by making their attendance at school compulsory seems equally ineffective. In the communities where child labor is most used, the school authorities are the chief exploiters of children, and not likely to enforce such legislation. Imperial Country, California, is a great field for child labor in agriculture; it covers a couple of thousand square miles, and has only one school attendance officer, and she is neither provided with a conveyance nor allowed traveling expenses. (The object of factory inspection laws is similarly defeated by allowing no funds to carry out the inspection).

Child labor is used, and makes for greater poverty, more unemployment, more compulsion to offer one's children for exploitation, because there is a margin of profit in it. The labor union battle for higher wages is aimed directly at the poverty that propels children into industry, and if labor unionism can succeed in insisting either that children shall not be employed, or that their wages shall be raised to the point where it becomes more profitable to hire adults, we will have a much more trustworthy means to combat "America's greatest social disgrace."

Apart from their unwarranted hopes for legislative reform, the authors have woven a picture of working class life and employing class trickery and rationalization, that for completeness of view and readability, deserves to be ranked with the writings on economic history by the Hammonds.



FACTFUL FABLES *By COVINGTON HALL*

All About The Creature That Mastered Its Creator

Once upon a time there arose on a Certain Planet the most efficient institution ever devised by the mind of the Few for hornswooggling and gypping the Many. It was called "The State." Being itself the outcome of long decades of revolutionary activity, The State, as soon as the Revolutionists won out, immediately Proclaimed and Guaranteed Life, Equality, Fraternity and the Pursuit of Happiness to All, regardless of Race, Creed, Color or Previous Condition of Servitude. So, as All can see, the Forgotten Ones were, as usual, not forgotten.

True, that in Freeing the Serfs and Slaves, the State inadvertently overlooked embodying in Their Bill of Rights any article providing for and guaranteeing their ineluctable Necessity to Work and Eat. But men obsessed with Good Intentions cannot think of everything at once. So, to make Everything all right, the State brought "Law and Order" into Society. Furthermore, its Law was as perfect as Best Minds could make it and its Order was not to be sneezed at. There is no doubt about That. As wise old Anatole has observed, "The Law in its Majestic Equality forbids the Rich as well as the Poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread." And what could be fairer than That? Nothing. Unlike the Ancient Priesthoods who promised the Mummies something Hereafter, the Priesthood of the State promised the Morons something right Here and Now, if not Immediately, then Pronto after the Next Election. And, what's more, and worse, got away with it. But I digress.

De Jure, if not De Facto, the State is the Sovereign People or Proletariat, as the case may be, in Congress or Parliament assembled. Once Assembled, however, the State became One Thing and Vox Populi quite another. This Unexpected Outcome and Sorry Situation was and is probably due to the Sad Fact that States, like Peoples, must Live, and, to Live, must get the Wherewithal. It is not surprising, therefore, that as the Parasites grow Fat and Fatter the Producers grow Lean and Leaner. The Producers might have thought of that in the Days before the Dole, but it seems evident that they did not. The trouble with the Producers is that they have been so busy, and still are, hard-

scrabbling an Existence for Themselves and a Living for everybody else they haven't had time to Think. Getting in the habit of Not Thinking Straight, they finally accepted the strange, heretical and unnatural doctrine that men Lived to Work, instead of the other way around—that they Worked in order To Live. Falling under this Hallucination, it was and is perfectly natural that the Great Majority came to the conclusion that the Aim and End of All Production was to pay Profit to the Privateers of Industry and that Production For USE By and For the Producers of The Goods was, somehow or other, a violation of the Laws of God, Nature and the Constitution. So They got what Paddy shot at and the State the rest. And it served them right.

It was by virtue of this queer creed that the State became haughtier and haughtier and the Citizen humbler and humbler as time passed and Progress progressed. As it grew Greater and Greater the Citizen became Less and Less. As It expanded He shrunk. Its prosperity is His poverty. Its glory His meanness. Its might His insecurity. Its salvation His sacrifice. Arming itself Beyond the Limit, It demanded that He Disarm. The Right to Murder it claimed for Itself alone, and, what's more, got away with it again. The State promises and promises, but it is Mr. Average who Pays and Pays. But He seems to like it, and why shouldn't He? He gets all he Voted For and a Lot More that he Didn't Expect, doesn't he? He Does. Then "why Kick?" I Don't. What's got my Goat is the Sublime Gall of the claim the State has of late set up, to wit, as the Lawyers say, that "The State has a Soul of its Own into and under which all other Souls are submerged." I can't swallow that doctrine, not only because it is incomprehensible to sane minds, but because the credo makes the Professional Politician God. And I have too much respect for The Almighty to so insult Him. If that is "Treasonable" or "Counter-Revolutionary," all Right. Make the Most of It. I'm It! And I don't care what the Dictators say!

Moral

"They who surrender Essential Liberty for Temporary Security deserve neither Liberty nor Security." Neither, oh Ben Franklin, do they get it.

THE NONSENSE OF PLANNING

By
PAUL MATTICK

"Planned economy and capitalism are irreconcilable contradictions; the one excludes the other. If an economy is planned, then it has also ceased to be a capitalist economy."

The literature dealing with the problems of a planned economy has attained proportions comparable only with those of the depression which brought it forth. In all this welter of thought, we may distinguish three main currents: one which stands for the possibility of capitalist planning, another which denies it on principle, and a third which hovers between these extremes and finds its champions both in the bourgeois and socialist camps.

In view of the depression, the surviving representatives of the laissez-faire principle have a hard time defending their theoretical postulates against the planners. It becomes increasingly implausible that the market mechanism, of itself, can overcome the present difficulties. And even if it could, there still remains open the no less important question of whether society shall submit supinely to the brutal healing process in which the market produces its regulating effects or whether it shall not rather take a conscious part in this process.

In spite of the liveliness of the discussion on the part of the laissez-faires, the fact no less remains that they are historically superseded for their basis in classic competitive capitalism is drawn from under them. The enterprises bound up with free competition fall easy victims to the monopolistic forces in which the process of capital concentration still expresses itself. The resistance offered by these groups to all planning experiments is accordingly not a struggle against any socialistic tendencies of the various governments but the last despairing efforts of weaker capitalist groups against the monopolistic competition by which they are being destroyed. And so, in their agitation, they had to take flight from reality into a mystic fatalism; for monopoly capitalism has undeniably grown out of free competitive capitalism, and thus the representatives of the latter can not attack the first without at the same time striking themselves. The same competitive capitalism which in its heyday never tired of talking about its determining and forming mission in world affairs is today endeavoring to relegate to the realm of fancy any possibility of conscious regulation of the economic life. Its champions see in their own

end the downfall of society itself and raise their warning voices with the assertion that no advance is possible except through complete planlessness. However much support they may find for such a position in the past, it remains clear that the future is not destined to follow the pattern of the past but immediately that of the present. And for that reason their cry of protest can inspire no more terror or restraint than, say, that of the hogs in the slaughterhouse prior to having their throats cut. Rather, as the English champion of planned economy, Blackett, writes, "The idea of planning has passed rapidly beyond the stage of being suspect for its communist connotations and has become perfectly respectable."

II.

The champions of capitalist planned economy have the present on their side. Their darts directed against laissez-faire principles strike home, even though they are fired with closed eyes. Of course a number of economists reject the possibility of a partial planning, asserting that such a thing is a self-contradiction and that a planned economy necessarily involves the meaningful and harmonious interconnection of all processes in all economic and social spheres, to which end the most consistent centralization of economic direction is indispensable. But such a position, however correct it may be, still fails to meet the objection that a partial planning in certain circumstances is capable of suppressing some of the economic friction, of overcoming a number of minor difficulties and thus of creating new situations which in their turn can exert a more or less favorable influence upon the economic process. If this is the case, one has a perfect right to speak, if he likes, of "partial planning," and any criticism would practically only be tilting against the terminology which makes this piecemeal planning synonymous with planned economy itself.

Every planned economy has its planless aspects, and every planless economy has also its regulated moments. In the classic capitalism of free competition there were monopolies, and in monopoly capitalism there is competition, even though of a more limited sort. From general competition arose

that of the monopolies among each other, which amounts to saying that competition has on the one hand waned as regards complexity in order to wax in other forms as regards intensity. However much the classic capitalism may be differentiated from the monopolistic, still the one can not be set over against the other: monopoly capitalism is the old-age manifestation of laissez-faire, and its planned-economy phraseology is only the makeup which conceals decay.

If we identify the results of monopolization, or of the process of centralization and concentration, with the experiments in planned economy, we get away from the idle and purely conceptual dispute as to whether the planning shall, can or must be carried out completely or half way, at once or gradually. Also the question as to where the planning will lead loses all significance, so that only the question of principle remains open: whether planned economy and capitalism are at all susceptible of being combined.

III.

The major part of the theories of planning hitherto devised can be appraised only as literature, since their authors have refrained from touching upon the laws by which capitalist relations are governed. Their starting point was always discontent with existing conditions. They noted, as anyone may readily do, what was ably set forth by Hoover's Research Committee on Social Trends: that society's capacity for producing commodities is continually increasing at a more rapid rate than the purchasing power of the population, that the ratio of employment fails to keep step with the improvement of the productive machinery, and that the means of communication between nations change more rapidly than the reorganization of international relations. In brief, the rate of growth of the social forces of production is such and the forms assumed by them are such that the social relations can not be adapted to these forms, but are breaking them down. The natural conclusion, namely, that these backward relations must be swept aside, never occurs to the theoreticians of planning and can not occur to them, since they are theoreticians of planning only within the existing social relations. So they try to turn history backward and to arrest this painful growth of the social capacities, after the manner of those lovely Japanese ladies who bandage their feet in order to keep them dainty. In both cases, the actual result is simply maiming.

To the economic planners, it is a question of diminishing the productive capacity and at the same time of increasing the purchasing power. In the course of this two-fold process a time must come when the disproportion now existing between the two will be eliminated and the way prepared for a harmonious interplay. Whatever pains the theoreticians may take to work out their theses

down to the least detail, all these pretty games will be very much wasted so far as capitalism itself is concerned. To the capitalists, the problem of planning is a quite one-sided and practical matter, namely, the conversion and adaptation of their productive apparatus and of their business to the automatically contracting relations of the market and to the changes within the economic structure—as brought about through monopolization, cartelization and trustification—in order to win for themselves as much as possible of the social profit. What actual "planning" takes place would take place even without decisive modifications—even if the various brain trusts did not exist—and precisely upon the prescribed basis of the natural market tendencies under monopolistic laissez-faire. The "planning" does not change the social mechanism, but this mechanism functions today in a manner which falls in with the theories of the planners. It expanded the productivity of society in order then, on the ground of this expansion, to contract it. This capitalistic sabotage is not determined by any plans whatsoever,—the plans merely make it known,—but by the planlessness of the existing economic system. Capitalist planned economy is therefore nothing more than "planned planlessness," or more simply stated—nonsense. With the acceptance of the present economic system as the only one for all time there can, of course, be no insight into the fact that any planning within it can only be a fanciful one; the present economic system really permits no genuine conscious economy at all. To talk of planning from the standpoint of commodity production is just as interesting as to hear a blind man lecture on van Gogh.

IV.

The shares of the individual capitalist enterprises in the total social profit being dependent on the magnitude of the capitals involved, so that their owners are compelled to keep on increasing their capital in order to maintain themselves as capitalists when profits are diminishing, it follows that the hindering of the growth of the small capitals means eventually their destruction. And these capitalists are well aware of the fact that control of production means their elimination in the interest of larger aggregations; that the combining process which goes on automatically even during the crisis, by way of bankruptcies, is now to be further promoted by political means, through planned-economy demagoguery. That "freeze the status quo" is in reality the planful destruction of small capitals in order to prolong the life of the larger ones. The thing which to some (e. g. Professor Moley) is a new humanitarian adjustment in the economic and political spheres is to the others a downright selfish policy of strangulation, and these latter are justified in appealing to the laws of nature, which do not admit of a "status quo". And while their downfall is a proof

of the correctness of this conception, yet in the capitalist sense natural laws operate only by way of eruptions. Although the stagnating tendencies are doomed to remain no more than tendencies, still, so long as they work, they will accomplish their task, and the fate of many outsiders will be absolutely and forever settled through the "unnatural status quo" of monopoly.

No longer, as formerly, does the number of individual capitals increase; rather, as capitalist development proceeds, that number continually diminishes. We are going back, even though with modifications, to conditions like those which existed in the beginnings of capitalist society, when there was little distinction between expropriation and accumulation. And the reason is that at the end of capitalist society, as at its beginning, the thirst for profit and the compulsion to reaping it are greater than during its time of vigor. The primitiveness and unscrupulousness of childhood repeats itself in old age, though with more finesse. The beneficiaries of the capitalist system grow fewer and fewer, so that the struggle for shares of the social profit must grow sharper. While on the one hand there are increasingly greater possibilities for the conscious regulation of the economic life, they are more and more excluded by the property relations. What passes itself off as planned economy, that is, as a conscious taking in hand of the social process of life, is in reality the sharpening of the struggle of all against all.

So long as society is bound to commodity production, it is only through the market that its needs can be satisfied. Any limitation imposed upon the freedom of marketing is a limitation upon the individual entrepreneurs themselves and can only lead to sharpening their oppositions. Limitation of production, which can only be brought about by way of the market, has the same effect. Even if the idea of a capitalist planned economy need not be completely rejected, it can be assigned no more than a limited validity. It is only under conditions in which a certain group of interests succeeds in completely dominating all the rest of society that the idea could be justified in a conditional sense. And yet the unavoidable social convulsions arising under such conditions are probably enough again to exclude the speculation; quite apart from the still weightier factor that under such conditions, with the retention of capital production, its liability to crisis is still not done away with, for that liability is only modified by the market and has its final basis in capital accumulation itself. From this standpoint, it is impossible to see in the current planned-economy tendencies more than a new conceptual formulation of the legitimate course of the monopolistic movement of capitalism in its period of decline.

The endeavor to stabilize present capital investments at their present level, under the pretext of planned economy, is but an expression of the fact

that at a high level of capitalist development further technical progress no longer, as before, increases profits but diminishes them. Though the continuance of monopolization can not be halted, this process is at the same time the destruction of capitalist sources of existence, in that it eliminates more and more such things as capital devaluations by which the load of the crisis is lightened. The opening up of the world to capitalist enterprise, while becoming more necessary, becomes at the same time more difficult by reason of the expansion already attained, since here it is not the geographical limits but those of accumulation which are decisive. The more imperative the imperialistic conflicts become, the more dubious also their results. In short, the restriction of the productive forces is at the same time their development and this development at the same time their restriction.

It is only to one who has never delved beneath the surface of capitalist phenomena that this contradictory movement appears to arise from the disproportion between production and consumption. Though it can not be denied that such a disproportion exists, it is bound up with the material character of production and consumption, a character which in the capitalist world, however, has validity only for the individuals and not for the social movement. The commodities regarded as use articles in their material form play in the social sense no part. So that when one speaks of the spread between production and purchasing power, one must first know what all the planners completely neglect; namely, what **capitalist purchasing power** is. Human consumption capacity and capitalist purchasing power are fundamentally different things. The senselessness of destroying commodities, e. g. from the standpoint of natural consumption, is very "sensible" from the standpoint of capitalist purchasing power, and any one who gets excited about this "insanity" and wants to abolish it under capitalism simply fails to understand the prime motive of this society. The natural necessities of a certain proportionality between production and consumption assert themselves violently in the end against such inverted social conditions and form the content of revolutionary history.

Present-day society does not even concern itself with determining the consumption capacity or needs of society, in order to make a corresponding adjustment of production. It leaves this to the individuals, while the only social concern is the market on which the purchasing power depends. And since the market forces the capitalists to individual accumulation, the only decisive factor in determining capitalist purchasing power is the necessities and possibilities of accumulation. Capital itself is the greatest consumer and forms its own market. To speak of lack of purchasing power merely means that capital is not making use of its

purchasing power, and we have to inquire about the reason for this fact. Since profit is the motive of capitalist production, it must also furnish the explanation for this abstention. With this question we come up against the laws of capitalist movement. These laws are wisely neglected by the theoreticians of planning, and hence their theories can not be taken seriously.

VI.

Since accumulation is in practice the continual growth of the apparatus of production and of its productive capacity, its progressive expansion devours a greater and greater part of the newly produced social product, or, differently expressed, of the newly won capital. The same process cheapens labor and changes the proportions in which the capital is divided. General human advance, which consists in the possibility of setting in motion more and more means of production with less and less labor, and hence of turning out greater and greater quantities of products, expresses itself capitalistically in a more rapid growth of the capital invested in means of production and raw materials than of that invested in wages. This fact is evident at once from a comparison of the capital composition of fifty years ago with that of today. Capitalist profit is, however, computed on the total capital, though, since in the final analysis it is nothing but unpaid labor, it varies only with the magnitude of the wage capital. The contradiction between appropriated labor as the basis of profit and the magnitude of the organic composition of capital (means of production and labor power) leads, with the further development of accumulation, to the fall of the rate of profit and, at a high stage of accumulation, to the actual decline of the mass of profit. In a word: a greater social capital produces a smaller social profit. This contradictory movement must lead to a situation in which the diminished profits not only take away the incentive to further accumulation, since such accumulation would diminish instead of promote profitability, but in which accumulation becomes quite impossible. Absolutely, the profit acquired may be greater than before, and yet be too small relatively to the demands of further accumulation.

The capitalist crisis is but an expression of the fact that further accumulation is not worth while or is impossible. The capitalists make no use of their purchasing power, since it doesn't pay them to do so or because accumulation consumes more than is at hand for its purposes. Practically, there then takes place what the theoreticians want to 'plan': the productive apparatus will no longer be expanded to correspond with the hitherto prevailing tempo of accumulation. Of course, profits continue to be made, but those parts set aside for new investments fail to reach their destination, for, however great they may be, they are too small with respect to the demands of accumulation. They lie idle, and one gets the impression that too much

capital is present, though in reality this superfluity is a deficiency of capital: **an excess of capital arises from a lack of capital.** However paradoxical this may sound, scientific truths always appear paradoxical to that "common sense" which never gets beyond appearance.

On this basis it becomes clear that the overproduction of commodities is to be regarded merely as a result and not as a cause of the crisis. Even though accumulation is not continued and the productive apparatus is not expanded in the necessary proportion, still at first production goes on at the previous level. Since, however, there is essentially no new capital invested, so also its material embodiments, the means of production and raw materials, remain unused in their commodity form. Thereupon, production is diminished or quite suspended, workers discharged. The consumption industries also are dragged into the crisis, which soon seizes upon all the social domains. With this, the competitive struggle grows sharper, and this leads to great price drops, bankruptcies and the general predicament.

From this point of view, we see also the factors which may serve in overcoming the crisis. The crisis can be done away with only through the continuance of accumulation. Capitalist purchasing power must be strengthened. Capitalist economists stare in perplexity at the "riddle" of the crisis. If they draw the favorite parallels with the past, they say that 'scarcity' was responsible for economic complications in all pre-capitalist forms of economy, though in view of the productive capacity this factor offers no explanation for the present difficulties. In other words, these economists are looking upon the capitalist world in a manner in which it can not be looked upon, that is, as a world which serves to supply the needs of human beings. This crisis too has its basis in 'scarcity'—scarcity, however, not of use articles but of capital, and this scarcity must be overcome if the depression is to be weathered. Profitability must be reestablished on the basis of continued accumulation. Since, however, profits do not fall from heaven, but are the results of labor, they can be increased only by raising the expropriable quantity of surplus labor which the workers, because of their social position, have to perform for the capitalists. In other words: the raising of capitalist purchasing power, which alone has any importance, presupposes lowering the purchasing power of the workers. Overcoming the disproportion between capitalist purchasing power and the need for accumulation is bound up with increasing the disproportion between production and consumption. And as a matter of fact all countries, even those engaged with experiments in planned economy, show that the purchasing power of the masses in relation to production is constantly still sinking lower. The statistical material for the

(Continued on page 33)

"I JUST GOT INTO TOWN"

By
PAUL KOLINSKY

It's no easy life traveling about from place to place looking for a job, hoping for a chance to settle down but expecting no more than a few day's rest from the hardships of the road.

"Mister, can you spare a dime for something to eat?" Most of us have at sometime or another been accosted on the street and appealed to for a helping-hand. Some people respond by digging into their pockets to help the unfortunate petitioner, others just ignore him, and still others will inform the first policeman they meet about the panhandler. Whatever you do does not solve the problem of the homeless indigent. His problem is a problem of society, and society does not provide measures for his habilitation.

Prior to 1929 there were some half million people on the road. (The country had a million and a half unemployed workers.) Those that wandered around the country were called hoboes, tramps and bums by the public. In the opinion of the public these bums would not work even if they were paid a dollar an hour.

Of course this belief was erroneous for the average transient did work, most often at the menial tasks that the local laborer refused. The transient worked on farms in the harvest time, on construction jobs, and did any odd job offered him. But he did refuse to work at starvation wages, preferring to travel.

His tendency to move on and look for something better often got him into financial difficulties in strange places and he had to resort to begging. Since the public only became aware of his existence when he was broke and asking for help in his need, it was assumed that he was always begging and so the transient laborer became almost universally known as a bum.

With the economic break-down, the transients increased to several millions. Unemployed workers of farm and industry, single and with families, commenced to migrate in quest of employment. Youth from the poverty-stricken homes of the nation were forced to go out on the road. Many freight trains carried two to three hundred riders and the highways were full of thumb-waggers. Many were killed in train accidents and along the roads, others maimed for life.

These superfluous humans traveled in all kinds of weather; always on the move, in rain or sun

shine, or freezing cold. They slept in empty houses, in boxcars, in tin-covered shacks along river gullies, and on municipal dumping grounds and lived on reluctantly given hand-outs. And so they do today, though there are not quite so many of them since the worst days of the depression passed.

The indigent wayfarer is constantly harassed by the authorities. The hobo jungles are raided, the hobo's food in the process of cooking on the jungle fire is often kicked over, and the poor wanderer chased out of town without having had a chance to eat and rest.

In the southern states arrested transients are given chain-gang sentences of from 10 to 80 days. In this manner municipalities and counties get cheap labor for road and street work. Often they are put to work on farms to work out the fines that have been levied against them.

In 1936, according to *Labor*, journal of the railroad brotherhoods, 2,300,000 train riders were arrested. Civil authorities apparently hope to eliminate the movement of transients by prosecution instead of by giving relief so that the unemployed can stay home.

Transient relief, such as it is, allows a 24 to 48-hour stop-over in the larger cities. Many of the smaller communities allow their temporary guests the privilege of sleeping in the basements of court houses and in jails. Newspapers spread on the concrete floors serve as beds, and the lodger furnishes his own papers. Religious organizations usually provide this relief—or it is supplied through them. They sometimes give clothing also, but it is of little value for the best of that which is given these organizations for distribution among the needy, they sell in their stores.

For a short time the federal government provided transient relief, but since 1935 the federal setup has been done away with. The practical non-existence of relief forces the homeless to be beggars.

In the last two years the number of traveling indigents has diminished, due to business pick up and the refusal of the public in sparsely settled

sections of the country to feed the hungry. The transients now exist by begging on the streets and private homes of the larger cities. Those that still travel extensively are subjected to greater hardship and hostility than ever before.

The transient is generally able to find work for short periods in the farming districts during the summer. Rarely does it happen that he is able to get one of the more steady jobs and to start life anew. For being fundless he is usually helpless and when he does get a chance at a steady job it is at the most unpleasant work and for the lowest wages. Employers invariably take advantage of the transient workers.

The transients fortunate enough to save a little money from seasonal or other casual jobs, congregate in large cities during the slack times; here they are able to find cheap lodging and food. Often the sleeping quarters he can afford are vermin-infested and filthy and the food is horrible.

In the western part of the United States the section of a city most frequented by transient workers is known as the "skid-road." The name is reminiscent of the by-gone days when the system of logging in the West required the building of trough-like, log-lined roads along which logs were pulled to the "landing" by donkey engines. Now days a "skid-road" is found in every large city of the nation; here the less fortunate of society can live at prices to suit their pocket-books. Employment agencies offer information about jobs at a fee of from ten to twenty-five per cent of the first month's earnings. If the job is out of town the applicant must pay transportation or "beat it." Railroad companies hiring men for track work furnish free transportation and a few other employers who hire men through "skid-road" employment offices advance the fare which is then taken out of the worker's wages.



The jobs thus obtained are not permanent; often the worker is discharged after a few days, or the job is so unbearable that he is forced to quit on his own account. This, of course, is good business for the employment agent, or "shark," as he is called by those who avail themselves of his services.

The road is hard traveling; most of the transients are striving at all times to quit it. To settle down at a steady job and to acquire a permanent address is the objective of nearly all migratory workers. Some succeed for a time, and some are able to find new homes, but many fail. Today we still find great numbers wandering through the country—youth and old men, the helpless outcasts of the machine-age tyranny. There are the youngsters, inexperienced in industrial mass-production, and the old men who are unable to keep up the speed required.

The problem of economic security for the masses lies in the hands of society, it is not an individual problem. The plea of "Mister, can you spare a dime?" will continue to be heard on the streets until society does solve the problem. The homeless wayfarer has no other course left than that of begging for a living.

It is a social problem but society as a whole will do nothing for the "surplus population," except to supply it with a starvation existence in shelters, missions or jails. To one part of what is loosely called society, the migrant is economically necessary. He does a large part of the occasional and seasonal work. He filters into every crevice of the economic structure from whence comes a rumor of jobs to be had, and there swells the size of the reserve army of labor to such proportions that wages are not likely to be forced up through accidental scarcity of labor power. The dominant part of society, the employing class, will not consent to the elimination of the transient by supplying him with an adequate living in his home town.

On the other hand, when the migratory worker consciously takes a stand with that part of society to which he belongs, the productive and constructive working class, he will put himself in a position to raise his wages and improve his working conditions while he is on the job to such an extent that the days or months of enforced leisure are not made bitter by the necessity to beg his bread. When all the workers learn that shorter hours of labor are a crying need, when they demand and take the shorter work day, then there will be jobs for all.

So, though the transient presents a problem to society, its solution lies in working class organization.

If this be Un-American Make the most of it!

By ARTHUR HOPKINS

"Revolution?"

"Why, that's un-American, unpatriotic, and is an importation from Russia," so exclaim the 150 per cent true Americans."

"We are a democratic nation and all our social change comes about through an evolutionary process and through legislative means."

But our "good" American forgets the history of his country except, perhaps for a little while on the Fourth of July—Independence Day—and then he fails to draw the right conclusions from what he knows.

He praises, he honors, he lauds and eulogises the heroes of 1776. But what is the Independence Day? Who were those heroes whom he exhorts so extravagantly? Was not this great day the beginning of a Revolution? And were not the men he reveres revolutionists?

The Declaration of Independence decreed that it is the right of a people to "throw off such government when a long train of abuses . . . evinces a design to reduce them (the people) under absolute despotism." The independence of the American colonies from the mother country was accomplished through a revolution, not through peaceful, legislative or evolutionary methods.

Many of our patriotic citizens speak also of those "unwanted foreign elements," that, they profess to believe, threaten the very foundations of our great and beloved civilization.

When it is convenient for them to do so, they can forget a lot. They forget, for instance, that the one individual more responsible than any other for arousing the American colonists to resistance to the English oppressors was a foreigner—not even a naturalized American. An "unwanted seditious Englishman," that's what Thomas Paine was.

When he came to America he found the colonists clamoring for reconciliation; they did not dream of independence. They were perfectly willing to remain under the yoke of England provided only that it was made a bit lighter. But Paine gave them and the world his "Common Sense," a pamphlet which aroused the colonies to revolt. He con-

vinced them of the need of breaking away from the mother country. He argued for revolution.

Yes, this "dirty little atheist," as Theodore Roosevelt mistakenly called him, was the man responsible more than any other for the freeing of the American colonies. It was this foreigner that instilled the spirit of solidarity and inflamed the courage in the hearts of those fighting in the American Revolution. When gloom settled upon all he wrote "The Crisis" and shouted, "this is the time that tries men's souls," and encouraged them to keep on fighting.

Preach what you will, you cannot change history. Your government, your country, was founded on revolution. Its spirit of political freedom was inspired by revolution. And the spirit and the reality of economic freedom and security will be inspired and founded on revolution.

If non-revolutionary methods are to accomplish social change, why was the Civil war necessary in America? Why was not "freedom" for the Negro legislated into the United States? The answer is: Because no individuals who benefit by a social system will give up their power, comfort, and spoils without a struggle.

The economy under which we are now living is based on profits for a few through the exploitation (robbery) of the many. The prime motive of the few who make up the ruling class is profits. Human values, cooperation, mutual aid, economic security count for nothing under the present set-up. The system is based on the philosophy of rugged individualism which has been turned into a "rugged individualism." Dog eat dog, is the way of life under capitalism.

In this order of things a certain class enjoys the good things of life. It is a class that does no productive labor; it is the class that commands, that rules, and invests finances. It has no other function of life other than living on the labor of the great majority—the meek and humble workers.

Now when the working class decides to refuse to run the industries for the benefit of the employing class, and starts to expropriate the factories, mills and mines, will that class that benefits

by their present ownership give up without a struggle? Even if the improbable could happen—that laws are passed to socialize the wealth of the nation—the Morgans, DuPonts and their like would not give up without a struggle.

This is proven by the fact that they resist to the utmost of their strength when their workers demand even such comparatively small concessions as the abolition of child labor, the raising of wages, and reduction of the hours of labor. If they will slaughter their hundreds to break a strike for higher wages, what will they not do in an attempt to save their system?

There is no sense in saying, "there will be a struggle," for it is already going on with the most brutal viciousness on the part of the employing class. The war is already on, and it is a revolutionary war; the working class against the employing class. That it will develop even greater violence in the future than it has in the past is not impossible.

But as this gigantic struggle between classes

reaches a climax, the violence to which the masters are ever so ready resort may be actually reduced instead of increased. Bankers, stockholders, and so on don't do their own fighting. They have to draw their gun toters from the ranks of the working class and as the organized power of that class grows, as the workers become more class conscious, the physical power the rulers can muster must ever become smaller in proportion.

Those who do the bidding of the present economic masters will shoot into crowds of unarmed thousands but when they are confronted with millions, when they know that back of every picket line, large or small, is the organized might of the nation's workers they won't shoot—not often, anyway.

The Industrial Workers of the World is building an organization of wage workers which, to the extent it is successful, will reduce the danger of violence in future struggles. But it is a revolution that is needed, the greatest of all the world's revolutions—the end of class slavery, the establishment of industrial democracy.



The Laundry Workers They Can Be Organized

(Continued from page 9)

week, the average was only \$22 for a week of 55 hours or longer.

No wonder the business flourishes. That it does flourish is shown by the report of the Consolidated Laundry Corporation (New York). In 1936 this corporation showed a net profit increase of \$246,000 over the previous year. But wages went down, not up, during this period of business improvement.

While there was an average increase of 6.2 percent in women's wages over 1935, the wages of the laundry workers dropped about 2 percent and at the same time there was an average addition of 18 minutes a day to their working time.

It is interesting to note that three directors of this corporation, who were also officers, received salaries amounting to \$71,000 in 1935. Eight other directors, who were officers, received a total of \$125,000.

Here as in other industries the lowest wages are paid in the smaller plants, those owned by that much lauded American who is bent on giving a practical demonstration that there is room on top for the ambitious go-getter.

New York had a minimum wage law which set the minimum wages for laundry workers at \$12.40

for a 40-hour week, or 31 cents an hour. The old law has been repealed and a new one passed under which a board is to determine minimum wages on the basis of what a worker needs to exist on. Naturally the worker in the industry who does not use unfounded hope to excuse his own inaction in the fight for improvement, will not expect any more from the new law than he got from the old.

In the period in which the laundry slaves' wages were falling, the cost of living was going up. Retail food prices rose 2 percent from December to January, rent rose 11 percent, and clothing rose even more than these. It is no wonder that the laundry worker often has to apply for charity even while he or she has a full-time job.

Wages vary widely in this industry. A man who worked 10 years in one laundry received \$10 a week while another doing the same kind of work in another laundry received \$17 after only three years experience.

The hours are invariably much too long, but for some they are positively inhuman. The men get the worst of it in this respect; 60 to 70 hours a week are not unusual. But the more humane hours for women are nothing to brag about, they often are as high as 50 and the average is 43.

(The N. Y. State Labor Dept. found the hours for women to be 42.1.)

It is not necessary to state here what the living conditions of these workers are like. Every worker knows how hard it is to get along on what is called a good wage and can figure out for himself what a strain it must be to try to exist on what the laundry slave gets.

As to working conditions, the surroundings the slave has to put up with during the long hours he is on the job, these must be experienced to be fully appreciated. In this respect all laundries are bad, but some are worse and beyond description. The fetid odor that comes from laundry windows and doors and momentarily strikes the passerby like exhalations from some mysterious inferno doesn't even suggest the conditions that exist inside.

Here is what some of these workers have to say about their work:

"The ventilation is awful. There's not even a fan in the room. The walls and ceilings sweat terribly. It actually rains down on us. I really was healthy when I started but the damp and heat break you down. In two years you're in pretty bad shape. I get colds all the time."

And another:

"Nobody's health is good in a laundry. I had a breakdown from the work. Inhaling the steam keeps your throat dry and standing all day keeps your feet swollen. Some women get so weak they lose their grip in the hands and their arms."

And another adds:

"What hope have the young, if this is their future? I have worked here for 15 years. I was making more six years ago than now. Gradually we were cut to \$11 a week. I got laid off Saturday. They gave me my pay and said, 'We don't want you anymore. We have to have younger help!'"

The laundry bosses know and practice all the tricks common to employers who have their workers down where they want them. Many of them practice the 'docking' system just as old John Farmer does on his threshing crew (when he can get away with it). If there happens to be no work for ten or fifteen minutes, that time is deducted. If there is extra work, requiring overtime, it is often not paid for at all.

When there is re-washing to be done, it is usually not paid for, and the girls are expected to do the bosses' laundry after quitting time without pay. In some places the boss forces the girls to bring in their own wash and charges them the regular rate. A girl reports on one place where "they rung the bell for lunch at 5 minutes after 12 and then rung it again at 5 minutes to 1, chiselling us out of 10 minutes. And if I come in a minute late, I am docked a whole hour, but if they make me work an hour overtime, I don't get paid for

it. We work so fast that we haven't got time to count the pieces, so sometimes the boss slips things in on us."

These stunts will sound familiar to the workers in many other industries.

The only way in which the laundry workers can establish better conditions for themselves is to organize. Legislation is absolutely no good. It is a sign of the most slavish weakness for these workers to look for improvement from laws that the well-fed legislators see fit to pass and which the inspectors disregard if they provide for anything more than the bosses are willing to give. What the workers must do is to take the laundry bosses to a thorough cleaning with the help of a good union.

There are plenty of things that help make organization difficult in this industry. In many places the bosses play one race against another and in this way keep down any tendency on the part of the workers to get together. Foreigners and natives, Negroes and whites, old hands and new ones are skillfully pitted against each other by bosses who know that bigger profits depend on their keeping the workers suspicious of one another and disorganized.

Besides this and other considerations, it is always most difficult to organize workers in an industry where the wages are extremely low and the hours long. Low paid workers always are more in fear of losing a job than those that are better paid; and the long hours of hard work lessens the tendency toward and the desire for social contact with fellow workers after working hours. When their day's slavery is done, they want to rest.

Nevertheless it is possible to organize laundry workers. Recent months have witnessed many strikes in the industry, most of them spontaneous and unorganized. There is a splendid field here for the I. W. W. member to do something for his cause if he is familiar with the industry and has contacts with workers in it.

NOTE: Quotations and much of the material taken from "Consider the Laundry Workers."



"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE"

A SHORT STORY

By

WALTER PFEFFER

The consequences of industrial espionage are the same among boys in a berry field as among men and women in a factory.

Old John Farmer looked over the youngsters who had come out to pick his strawberries and gave them his usual sermon about picking them clean, and filling the boxes up so they would be full after they settled a bit, and admonished them not to tramp on the plants.

He was glad to see so many boys there to convert his strawberry field into hard cash for him—little fellows who wouldn't want to stand up every few minutes to get the kink out of their backs, fingers nimble, and all of them poverty stricken enough to be spurred to the limit by the offer of two cents a quart. He had just one worry, that some of them might be up to such old tricks as pushing up the bottoms on their boxes, or putting leaves and what-not in the bottom before they covered them with berries. It meant that he had to look over every box to make sure that they weren't playing such tricks. He recalled one young scamp who had got hold of extra basket bottoms and stuck them in so that even he was fooled when he inspected the berries. This time he decided that he was going to fix things so that he wouldn't have to worry about such matters. It was just a question of picking the right boy.

Over there in the third row was a likely enough looking lad. He was just about as big as any of them, was further along than any of the rest, and was busy putting the berries into his baskets instead of into his mouth. Besides that he wasn't chattering away with the rest like a magpie. . . John called to him:

"Hey, you there, come here and give me a hand with these crates!" The boy was so busy that he had to add "and I'll pay you for your time."

They set to work getting the crates ready for the berries.

"These young scamps are mostly a shiftless, ornery lot" opined John Farmer, "but you strike me as a bright sort of lad. What's your name?"

"Matt Waters", said the boy.

"I think I ought to make a sort of foreman out of you. I can't be around watching these boys all the time. How would that strike you?"

"That sure would be fine," gushed Matt as he stuck his chest out.

"Well then I'll tell you what you have to watch out for." And John Farmer went on to recount his many troubles—dirty berries, and dirty little crooks trying to cheat him, and him paying two cents a quart just for picking, when picking berries was really fun and not work at all. He grew so indignant that he explained about the trash that some scamps had put in the bottoms of their baskets, and how he had to be everlastingly on the lookout, and about that trick of the phoney extra bottom in the boxes.

Even Matt was moved to indignation by the thought of such outrages, and in his new role of foreman assured John that he would chase any kid clean out of the field that played such a trick.

"Oh, no, don't do that," cautioned John. "I don't want you to chase any of them away. I want them to stay and pick berries."

"Well what are you going to do about it?"

"We'll fine them. Yes, any boy that's caught trying any trick like that ought to be fined five cents, for first offense, and a dime for the second one, and not paid for the berries he brings in when he's caught. Now I don't want to look over all those berries. It takes too much time. Besides that it messes them up. I want to know where to look to catch the crooks. So don't you tell anybody about you being a foreman, but you find out who's doing tricks like that, and when they bring their berries in, you, well, just stand up and lift your hat off, and I'll know to look the berries over."

It didn't sound so dignified as being foreman, and Matt was a bit reluctant about it, but when John Farmer added "and I'll give you half of what I fine them," Matt agreed.

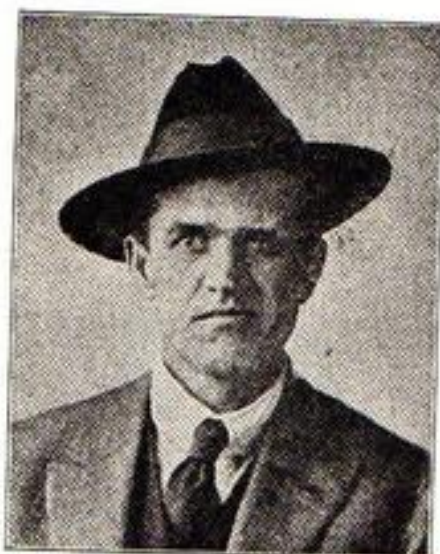
John gave him a dime with the remark: "You couldn't pick five quarts of berries that quick."

Matt was a fast picker, and with the prospects of earning something extra it wasn't so long before he had his row caught up with the others.

"What did Old Sourpuss give you for helping him?" they wanted to know. "Goah, you're lucky. I'll bet I won't earn fifty cents all day."

"You will if you stick down to business" ad-

(Continued on page 32)



FRANK LITTLE
Lynched at Butte, Montana,
August 1, 1917

TWENTY YEARS AGO

We'll remember you, Frank Little!
The papers said: "So far as known,
He made no outcry."
No, not you! Half Indian, half whiteman,
All I. W. W.
You'd have died a thousand deaths
Before you'd have cried aloud
Or whimpered once to let them
Enjoy your pain.

Shortly after the disastrous fire of June 8, 1917, in the Speculator mine at Butte in which two hundred miners were burned to death, a bitter strike for higher safety standards spontaneously broke out.

The strike lasted five months and ended when the miners were forced through starvation to return to work.

Frank Little, I.W.W. organizer and ever ready to go where his great ability was most needed, arrived in Butte in the latter part of July. He was so successful in his work of organizing the strike that he was soon marked by the vigilante thugs as a man to be eliminated.

On the night of July 31 he hobbled with the aid of his crutch (he was a cripple) to his room in the cheap lodging house where he was staying and retired. "Some time during the night a gang of six men came and took him out, trussed his hands behind his back, tied him to the rear of their car and drove off into the night dragging him, clad only in his underwear.

"What happened after that is not very well

known, except that he was horribly beaten. Next morning he was found hanging from a bridge; pinned to his underclothing was a note bearing the inscription, 'Others take notice! First and last warning! 3-7-77,' and underneath the figures were the initials, L-D-C-S-S-W. Other organizers in Butte later received copies of this cabalistic warning with orders to leave the city, which they did not do.

"For days after Little's murder, Butte was in a high state of tension. A move on the part of either the militia men, who were swarming the streets with the company gunmen, or on the part of the strikers, and a massacre might have taken place that would have had no equal in any part of history."*

The murderers of Frank Little were never brought to justice, and the Copper Kings still rule in Butte.

But surely there will be a day of reckoning; the I.W.W. never forgets.

* From "The Blood Stained Trail."

Scissorbill

Strategy

By

The Wandering Wob



We're swingin' our shanks out of a side-door pullman on the old M. C., watchin' Michigan roll by, when the rattler begins jerkin' like it was takin' down sudden with a healthy case of the D. T.'s an' the next thing we know a sign is informin' us that we're viewin' the thrivin' backwoods metropolis of Wasepi. The shacks on this branch haven't been botherin' us, so we keep on sittin', swingin' our legs leisurely an' watchin' our makin's go up in smoke, when the original, one-an'-only John Farmer comes stalkin' around the corner of the depot an' ankles up to our car.

"Lookin' fer work, boys?" he asks, with a coax in his voice.

"Depends on the work, boss," Whitey answers. "What you got to offer?"

"Farm work!" John beams. His whole face looks like he's just inherited a million bucks, an' he's goin' to split it with us out of the kindness of his heart. We can see that he just can't conceive of anyone turnin' down a nice job of farm work.

"What's the truck?" I want to know. I can't see farmers in these parts takin' on four general hands.

"Huh?"

I'm patient. "What kind of farm work, I mean?"

"Oh," says John. "Some celery, some beets, mostly onions. Two dollars for a ten-hour day. No chores, either." Such generosity makes us stare at each other.

"Found go with it?" Clyde wants to know.

"Nope," Mister Whiskers confesses, "you board an' room yourselves. The Farmers Association hires you an' sends you around to whoever needs you. Truck takes you out from town at 6:30, brings you back at noon, takes you out at 1:00, an' brings you back at 6:00 p. m."

"That's ten hours thirty minutes," Walt comments.

"Well," says our pal, "you can't expect pay

for the time you're travelin'." The rattler whistles an' begins to snort an' we see that it's either take it or leave it, so we look at each other an' then all hop off together.

"O. K., John," says Clyde, "you win. Lead the way."

By next morning we know a good deal more about the set-up. The local hicks have decided to settle the labor question in a thorough an' efficient manner indeed. They've formed a Farmers' Association which sees to gettin' 'em a good an' sufficient number of slaves. The Association sets a standard wage of two smackers a day for the whole district an' then sends the stiffs out to work wherever they're needed. They figure steady work givin' a wage of twelve a week will keep the workin' mules happy an' contented, cut labor turnover, an', above all, discourage any of them horrible labor troubles which they've heard of in other districts. Just as an extra incentive to stay on the job they sign you up with a contract which holds out a quarter a day of your wages, to be paid in a lump at the end of the season. An' if you don't stay the season, why, then, you just forfeit the quarter a day. This isn't much of a bother to the local boys who haven't ever been farther away from home than Kalamazoo, but for the 'bos they pick off the freights like they did us, the guys with the itchin' feet, the arrangement is downright irksome. All of this we learn from the boys from outside, who've fixed up a nice little jungle down by the tracks in order to slice that famous high cost of livin'.

A truck takes us out early in the mornin', just like John Farmer, whose name is Cal Krummery, said it would. We're workin' in onions today, we find. Now the workin' part of this job had been the least of my worries. Ever since I dug spuds all one fall up in the Red River Valley I've figured

that there wasn't a job on God's good green earth tough enough to feaze me.

So now I'm surprised to find I've been wrong all this while. There is a job tough enough, an' that job is onions. By the time I've waddled the length of one of them mile-long rows with the sun beatin' down on the back of my neck until I felt like one big blister, an' the wet muck, also hot from the sun, steamin' me from the under side, an' my legs wet from the knees down from crawlin' through the muck, I know that I've met my match, especially when the skin comes off my hands from tearin' out the weeds.

The outfit doin' the work is one of the screwiest bunches I've ever run across. Age ranges all the way from eight to eighty, an' both male and female slaves are represented. Most of the stiffes are locals, but about an eighth or tenth are 'bos like us. The homeguards are all happy, many of 'em singin' as they work, even though plenty of notes go sour as the afternoon wears on. An' over the whole gang is a particularly nasty mugg whose handle is Mister Simpson. Br'er Simpson's job is to go around an' see that none of us waste any of the Association's valuable time, an' his favorite sport seems to be threatenin' to dock the pay of the kids of twelve an' under because he don't think they're workin' hard enough. He starts to say somethin' about my speed to me once, but I just look at him an' he shuts up, so I know that I've got his number for when the time comes.

Not everyone, I find, gets two a day. That's only for "adult males." Everyone else's pay is graduated, down to four bits a day for the youngest kids. An' yet, when I mention how lousy things are to the guy next to me, the scissorbill opens his face in a bucktooth grin an' says yes, but ain't we lucky to have jobs?

When Whitey an' Walt an' Clyde an' I compare notes that night, we're all agreed that it's time somethin' was done to wake up this rural open-shop paradise, an' that we're the boys to do it. We especially agree when we find sores are startin' on our knees from the friction an' heat an' wet muck. Our arms are a mass of ugly red welts an' blotches, as our faces are fast gettin' to be. One of the boys explains that this is nothin' unusual.

"It's the poison sumach," he tells us. "This was all swamp a couple of years back, an' even now lots of poison sumach sprouts come up. You pull 'em along with the rest of the weeds. That infects your hands. Then you rub your face, an' there you are. Not really very much you can do about it."

Anyhow, we drift from fire to fire around the jungle, puttin' a bug in the fellows' ears that maybe a little dose of the gospel as laid down by the Preamble would give us a stake for the winter. They eat it up, an' before we turn in we've peddled everything we've got, down to the last copy of the *Industrial Worker*, an' we've written out cards for practically everybody. Tomorrow, we decide, we'll start an organization drive among the homeguards

that will put the One Big Union on the map in Wasepi.

Everything goes fine 'til noon, at which time, while we're waitin' for the trucks after lunch, Whitey is goin' at it hot an' heavy when a sanctimonious-lookin' sour-puss hops up an' allows that he's heard about enough of these un-American doctrines of high wages, an eight-hour day, an' no more child labor, an' that everyone knows that the I. W. W. is an out-an-out enemy of God, the family, Henry Ford, an' the gold standard. Furthermore, we're "com-MUN-ists", an' are these honest, law-abidin' citizens of the State of Michigan an' the town of Wasepi goin' to listen to our subversive what-you-may-call-it any longer?

The way he puts it is so out-and-out silly that we can't help laughing, an' we can see that the scissorbills are downright impressed by Whitey's answer to him, so we figure everything is still fine until we learn that sour-puss is the Fair-haired son of the local banker, an' the nephew of the leadin' sky-pilot of the community. Pa an' Uncle make him work summers for the good of his soul, but ordinarily he's a college man. Workin' in the marshes is only a neat exhibition of the innate depravity of the lower classes for his benefit. Everyone, it seems, is scared stiff of him because, not only is he a college man in the winter, but he is also able, by good or bad reports to papa or uncle, to stop credit or condemn to hell anyone foolish enough to cross him.

Well, the college part was all right, because Walt has served time there too, an' he told the fellow off in his own language, but we didn't know what to do about his influence. The way things were, it looked like he was goin' to kill our drive in short order, because he swore he'd tell the boss on us, an' with the agitators out of the way, we knew that the homeguards would sit back again.

There bein' nothin' else to do, we shut sour-puss up for the time bein' by informin' him that we'd break his lily-white neck if he so much as looked at the boss, but we knew that wouldn't hold him any longer than we could keep an eye on him. We had to think, an' think fast, if we were gonna make Wasepi safe for industrial democracy.

It hit me just as the trucks came in, an' it was a beaut. I ducked back an' high-tailed it straight for dear old Joe Krummery. His feet were holdin' down a desk in the warehouse office in his official capacity of director of the Farmers Association. I crossed my fingers an' trotted across the threshold with my hat in my hand, the very picture of what the obedient and loyal slave should look like.

"What'll it be for you, Sherman?" Krummery wants to know, wavin' his corncob pipe at me in what's probably meant to be an airy gesture of greetin'.

"Well, Mister Krummery," I gurgled, lookin' embarrassed as I can, "I didn't want to miss an after-

noon's work, an' I sort of hate to do a thing like this, but . . . well, I found somethin' out this morning I thought you should know." Old Whiskers brings his feet down off the desk with a clump.

"What is it, Sherman?" I can see that he already suspects what it is.

"I hate to bear tales, Mister Krummery . . ."

"Of course you do, Sherman, but it's your duty to tell me anything of importance to the Farmers' Association. You must be loyal . . . and if the information is valuable, it might even be possible to arrange for some slight monetary remuneration for you." The flow of it was too smooth an' I knew he'd been memorizin' Chamber of Commerce pamphlets, but that didn't bother me.

"Well, Mister Krummery, it's about Art Havens," I finally break down, givin' sour-puss's name. "He's an awful nice fellow, an' all, but bein' away to college, I guess he's picked up some . . . ideas." The way John Farmer jumped when I said "ideas," you'd have thought I'd run a needle in half an inch where it'd do the most good.

"Ideas?" he gulped. I burst out with a sudden rush of confidences.

"Yes, He's turned . . . com-MUNist. He's tellin' the men they ought to form a union an' strike, an' do all kinds of things. I thought you ought to know." John Farmer an' the Executive in Krummery were havin' a fight, an' finally the Executive won, so, instead of cussin', he got real calm an' said to me:

"How terrible! Sherman, I shall see that you're well rewarded for this. Have any of the other workers been—er—contaminated with the vidus of revolution?"

"Fraid so, Mister Krummery. Jack Oakley, Harvey Boyer, Al Randall . . ." I reeled off the names of about a dozen of the homeguards who were hardest to bring to our way of thinkin'.

"I'll see that they're fired immediately, Sherman. Immediately!"

"If you'll excuse me, Mister Krummery, I wouldn't do that." "What do you mean, Sherman?"

"Well, Mister Krummery," I explain, getting very oily, "I've seen that done on lots of jobs, but it never did any good. It just made the men angry. Even brought on strikes because the men thought it proved all the mean things the agitators said about the companies."

"Yes, I see your point. But what can I do? I can't leave those men working with our loyal workers."

"Just let them work, Mister Krummery, only tell Mister Simpson, the gang boss, to bear down on them. If you make them work hard enough, they'll quit in a day or so an' you won't have to worry about their bein' able to make trouble." The sun was risin' all over Krummery's face.

"You're right, Sherman," he cooed. "That'll do it! Yes, indeed. Thank you, Sherman." My work was done, so I trotted out of the office.

Walt took my tip an' went to work to persuade Art Havens to stay with us. "Just a couple of days," Walt explained to Art. "After all, life is a great school. You'll never get another opportunity like this to study the psychology of the migratory worker. A social misfit, ture; but very worthwhile to understand. Many of our most eminent scholars have done it—Flint, Parker, London, Minnehan, and Williams, to mention only a few." And, as young Havens hesitated,—“Anyhow, you owe it to them to give them the benefit of your superior training, to show them the errors in their reasoning, and, in turn, to hear their arguments before your report them.”

That settled it for our budding plutocrat. He trotted home with Walt in tow as our private precaution to see that he didn't change his mind—an' told his folks he was goin' in for the big sociological experiment.

I did have to hand it to Simpson. He sure knew how to ride a person. I'd have busted him one in the nose within an hour if he'd picked on me the way he did on Havens an' the dozen others I'd told Krummery about. Bein' well-trained slaves, though, they took it an' kept their traps shut. But by nightfall they were sure a lot friendlier to the One Big Union idea.

By the evenin' of the second day after that we were worried, though. We knew that we couldn't keep Havens much longer; our arguments just didn't seem to be dentin' his surface. We saw that he still had enough influence over the homeguards to make things fall pretty flat. Then, about 9 p. m., while Whitey an' I were sittin' guard by him to make sure he didn't wander off, he looks up at me all of a sudden an' says:

"Sherm, write me out a card." I nearly fell off the log I was sittin' on. "Write me out a card!" Why, it was just like a stroke of lightning out of a clear sky. An' you can bet I didn't waste any time gettin' out the riggin'.

"What's the idea, Art?" I asked him, friendly-like, after I'd handed over the book.

"Idea?" he grits, "idea? What'd you think? You've just rammed some sense into this thick head of mine. While I've been sitting in classes listening to pot-bellied professors who never did a day's work tell about the innate depravity of the working class, you fellows have been out on the job, listening to real, live bosses tell you to get the hell going, and to pull the rag out, and to get off the job if you couldn't earn your pay. You've been getting two dollars or less a day for working till you couldn't see straight. Well, I see straight now, and I'm with you. Let's tie this place up so tight that they can't weed an onion or pull a stalk of celery."

"S'funny," Walt says, "I got the same idea you just got a few years back."

It was clear sailin' after that. With Art on our

side, aided unconscious-like by Simpson an' his nasty tongue, we lined up the whole section of the Wasepi Farmers Association. It took just two days of strike to make those whiskered sons-of-guns come across. You should've seen their eyes bulge when they saw Art Havens on the committee. His dad nearly had kittens right on the spot. An' you could've hung your hat on those farmers' eyes.

We gave 'em nice easy terms. Eight hours a day from town to town. Fifty cents an hour. All your pay whenever you wanted it. Equal pay for everybody. No kid labor under sixteen. An' all labor

carryin' red cards. A ninety per cent vote to remove any gang boss. Oh, it was somethin' to make your open-shop boys turn green with envy.

Now that things were goin', though, Clyde an' Whitey an' Walt an' I couldn't see ourselves stuck in Wasepi. You know, itchin' feet. So, havin' nothin' better to do, we decided to head north for the Upper Peninsula an' the lumber country. We caught an M. C. rattler out of Wasepi, the only town I know of where a good Wobbly played scissorbill an' stool-pigeon for the good of the I. W. W.



A Letter from Apeland

By Card No. X141738

This work is affectionately dedicated to those untiring rebels in the American labor movement whose sense of humor has made it possible for them to endure the evil scissorbilism of our present scissorbilistic age.

I have had the strangest experience of any contributor to the One Big Union Monthly. I have recently returned from an extensive journey across the sea of imagination.

On this voyage I chanced upon the land of Apata and there encountered the Apevillians whose conduct and behavior I wish to describe for the benefit of students of sociology and economics.

The city of Apeville is located by the river Mawillit in the northwestern part of the land. This river flows some hundred miles below Apeville into the Pigsific Ocean. At the mouth of the river is another city, a little smaller than Apeville but populated by the same kind of curious creatures. However, it is mainly the Apevillians that I shall deal with here although Apeville is only one of many cities in a vast country the exact size of which I did not learn.

The Apevillians resemble our own race in a great many respects. But they also have much in common with apes as the name of this city may already have suggested to the reader. The average height of an Apevillian male is six feet; weight 176 pounds; span of life 52 years.

During my short stay in Apeville I learned from Apevillians versed in the history of their race that at one time all their progenitors had tails varying in length from almost nothing to as much as six feet but that now only a few possessed tails and that these few remaining ones concealed them under clothing of about the same design and manufacture as our own. It was explained to

me by an Apevillian scientist in terms indicating profound scientific learning that some five or ten thousand years ago their forebears had quit wagging their tails as a sign of joy and had instead started the habit of putting the tails between the legs as a sign of humility and resignation and that in this manner the tail had gradually come into disuse and by evolutionary process had been eliminated.

I did notice, however, that on occasions of great merriment, and at public entertainments, the main performance of the females especially, was that of wagging the buttocks to which their ancestors at one time had had tails attached.

The province in which Apeville is situated is governed by a huge man-ape by the name of Tiwtin Nirtam. At the time of my visit this man-ape was already way past the average age limit of his race and was suffering from an ingrown tail, that is, his short tail had curved upward and grown into his body causing him great pain at times. Whenever this man-ape had a spell of pain in the lower regions he would give way to the most primitive and base emotions. He would rattle sabers and swords and would threaten his subjects in manners most disconcerting.

He would accuse some of his subjects of being "reds," which in the language of Nirtam meant that they were bad indeed. He would forbid his fellow Apemen the right to organize except in slugging committees commanded by himself. He would order such slugging committees to swoop

down on Apevillians, who in defiance of his orders had organized into unions. He was a dangerous man whenever his ingrown tail caused him pain or worry.

Now most Apevillians are a law-abiding people—in fact too much so for their own good as we shall soon learn. The basic principles of their laws were formulated by one of their forebears by the name of Moses Mosesson a few thousand years ago. No one seemed to know for certain how long ago it was; but most Apevillians were satisfied that it was far enough back in time to make the laws sacred, which was considered the important thing. It was said of Moses Mosesson that he conceived his laws at a time when he was old and senile and when his whiskers reached the ground. This last fact made his laws binding on all forthcoming generations, said the Apevillians, on the ground that at this time the oldest lawyer was always considered the best and that an Ape's age, as well as his wisdom, was determined by the length of his whiskers. A smooth shaven Apevillian youth assured me that no one in the history of his race had ever been able to equal the illustrious whiskers of Moses Mosesson.

The Apevillians have a law forbidding certain kinds of co-operation. For example: It was considered a criminal offense to cooperate to the end of raising the living standards of the working Apevillians. This law was called the "criminal sense law." Thousands had been executed, so I was told, because unknowingly they had violated this statute.

The first day of my visit to Apeville, I saw an Apevillian hung by his toes for having offered his aid to a kinsman in dire need. I was naturally shocked by this event, and I insisted that his sentence be at least reduced to something less severe. But a law enforcement officer explained to me very solemnly that this was really the only way to maintain continued harmony among their race.

He explained further that punishment was meted out very democratically to all offenders. The victim over whose fate I had been so "unduly aroused," said he was offered the choice of hanging by his thumbs or his toes until dead, but had declined to vote for either method, wherefore a high tribunal of Apemen judges had decided on the latter. "The fact that the victim failed to choose neither thumb nor toe hanging," argued my informant, "proves conclusively that he is opposed to our democratic institution, does not believe in political action, in short, is a red. For this reason," he continued, "a special court is now in session deliberating on what method to employ in the destruction of all the victim's relatives and friends."

The reader can readily imagine the agony of my heart when I learned of these horrible acts of the Apemen which they evidently planned and ex-

ecuted with perfect calm and placidness. I feared that I might unknowingly commit some untoward act for which cause I would be dispatched to a world of eternal silence before having had time to communicate my observations to the readers of this journal.

On the night of my first day in Apeville while my heart was still heavy from the horrors I had witnessed, I wandered aimlessly about the streets, looking into Apemen faces in hopes of finding some sympathetic soul to whom I could confide my grief. My steps led me to the river's bank where I saw a dog of considerable size being played with by a half a dozen Apemen children.

I could see from the outset that the youngsters belonged to the working class for they were poorly clad and showed definite signs of undernourishment. The dog was heavily furred, moved about with great caution, and showed intense interest in the poor children, who romped about him.

Seeing me advance toward him, he fixed his philosophical eyes on me questions-like, yet with invitation. I could not resist stroking his heavy fur; while doing so I exclaimed half aloud, "I sometimes wish I were a dog." "You are not the only one," replied the dog. I was startled beyond description to learn that this dog spoke very good English.

When I had sufficiently recovered from my surprise I directed a few questions to the dog, whose name I learned was Mush.

"Where did you learn English?" I inquired. "An American sailor," said the dog, "taught me English, and many other subjects, in return for which I gave him information about this country and the people living here. The sailor got so disgusted with the odious apes who run this town that he committed suicide five years ago," continued the dog. And he added, "You are the only man I've seen here since he returned to the elements of his origin."

"I have," said I, "suspected these people of being man-apes, or in other words something in between apes and men. I thought at first that I had found the "missing link" in the evolution of the species, of which a noted scientist of my race once spoke. But I hear you refer to them as Apes?"

"Yes," said Mush, "and Apes they are, and of a most stupid and obdurate kind, if I may say. Look," he said, pointing with his right front paw to the group of Apeville youngsters who were now preparing to depart, "these young lives would not be here today had I not brought them food and drink. Their progenitors were killed because they failed to pray for rain when ordered by our mayor."

"Ye gods!" said I, "who is this monster ape who thus misuses the power of his station?" At these words the dog showed signs of great discomfort.

It was palpably obvious that it pained him to reply to my question. After a short pause, during which time he evidently labored to calm his emotions, he cleared his throat with a doggish bark, then with his former equanimity regained, spoke to me as follows:

"Alas my friend, the monster's name is Rasnac Phejos; he is my master and my benefactor. It is from him I steal food to feed the starving youngsters. Today I left him with the explanation that I was to visit the banker's bitch who is giving a party for wealthy canines. Accordingly, he ordered his servants to provide me with a basket filled with relishes with which to seek her favors. I brought the basket here instead so that the little Apesters would not want. My master, Phejos, was elected to his office through the financial support of the banker. He now repays him by passing ordinances in his favor and bestowing gifts upon his silly female. Phejos gained the admiration of the rich when, as a member of the Hysterical Legion, he led many violent attacks on the toilers of this burg. He also has accumulated quite a fortune as a cheat poker player for which reason the rich Apevillians regard him as a business genius well trained for the task of his present office. He has, in conjunction with the governor of this province, framed a law which provides that all female workers in the land of Apata are required under penalty of death to marry and give birth to at least three sets of twins. The object of this law is to raise living material for a large army, which is billed to be destroyed in a war already agreed upon. The rulers of this nation fear that they may not have soldiers enough to kill, hence the law providing for larger families. While arguments on this bill were heard in our senate, one of the senators of a liberal tendency dared suggest that the law could not be enforced for biologic reasons because the ape females were by nature uniparous. The senator in question was booed down by the whole nation and his argument dismissed as being "visionary and impractical." I started to write a poem once about my master when I was in company with the sailor who I told you committed suicide some years ago. It went like this:

Oh, Rasnac Phejos, what a
fool thou art!
What manner of clay does
keep thine ears apart?
How could you live so long,
yet know so little?
Your mental vacuum is
indeed a riddle.

"My friend, you may secretly think me a little short of principle for accepting the hospitality of this MONSTER as you call him; but I ask you, what is a poor dog going to do in this land of

Apes?" Without waiting for my reply, he said, "If I don't take it, somebody else surely will; so it may as well be my meal ticket."

I awoke early the morning of my second day in Apeville having slept but little during the night. No need here to explain the reason for my insomnia as it must be obvious to the reader. I returned to the city and found it rustling with the most useless of activities. Useless is hardly the word—the Apevillians were destructive. I saw several crews engaged in constructing boats of various sizes and dimensions. It was all contract work, and the Apes would work as though possessed by evil spirits. The boats had to be finished at a certain date, the contractor explained; or he would lose money on the deal. I learned that a number of completed boats had been taken down the river early in the morning to be sunk in the Pigsific ocean.

I dared suggest that this was certainly a stupid thing to do after Apes had worked so hard to make them seaworthy. One of the idle Apes, standing by and watching the work like myself, introduced himself as an expert economist and proceeded to show me by various arguments and figures that it was not stupid at all to build boats and sink them afterwards. "Continued employment," he argued, "is the very basis of real prosperity. And what better plan could be found to provide work than building boats and sinking them?"

The contractor favored it because the more boats he built, the more money he made. The Apeville ship Sinking Company favored it because it had a contract on sinking the boats for the City of Apeville. The City Administration favored it because every boat was properly insured, and they collected so much money on every boat sunk. The insurance companies favored it because it gave them a chance to sell more policies to the City of Apeville. Insurance on boats was paid by the City from funds collected through a sales tax on all food products. Even most of the Ape toilers favored this "continuous work progress plan" because as they put it, "without work we would be left to starve to death?"

The Apevillian professor in economics told me, with pride, that it had taken a brain trust five years of scientific study to formulate this plan of continuous work and profit and to frame it in such a way that no one would lose on the industry. This project was initiated by the City of Apeville for the purpose of showing private industry how things could be run for the benefit and in the interest of all Apevillians."

A few blocks from Apeville's northern waterfront was a huge factory manufacturing wooden legs. This was a private enterprise owned and managed by one Ape who had gained monopoly

of the business some years ago. It was considered one of Apeville's most respectable businesses, and the owner was highly honored by both church and state. The market for wooden legs was maintained artificially through contracts with logging companies who for certain sums would have the legs of their loggers smashed so as to keep the wooden leg factory running. The logging companies also furnished the wood for the wooden leg manufacturer; so that both had mutual interest in each other's business.

There were some working Apes in the logging camps, who questioned the logic of the wooden leg industry. These were called foreigners because to question anything in Apeville and in the whole country of Apata for that matter was considered a foreign thing to do. Professors in the high institutions of learning in Apeville praised the wooden leg manufacturer and the logging contractors, who furnished him wood material and smashed legs, for the great service they were giving society in providing employment for so many people. Were it not for smashed legs, they argued, all those engaged in wooden leg manufacture would be thrown out of employment. Wooden leg workers agreed that this was certainly a truth that no one could deny.

Cutting off legs was a regular industry in Apeville and there was a leg-cutters union of those who worked at the trade. There was an agreement between this union and the wooden leg manufacturer. This agreement featured a clause providing for leg amputations of all union members who violated any of the rules governing the industry.

This clause pleased the wooden leg manufacturer because he could sell a wooden leg to every offender who survived the operation. It also pleased the union leg cutters because they could have work making the extra wooden legs. The civil courts respected the agreement because of its "common sense" qualities.

The leg cutters union was one of the very few favored by the employers and the local authorities. Even the ferocious Nirtam, governor of the province, was very much pleased with this union and styled it an "association of the Apes that would go far in helping to civilize the world and to bring about a close and more sympathetic relationship between employer and employe."

It may interest the reader to know that in matters of advertisement the Apevillians were every bit as progressive and peptimistic as our western business men. Another most striking similarity between the Apevillians and the westerner is the ready response of the Apevillians to the seductive power of billboard and repeated sales signs. The city was literally plastered with advertising of every conceivable kind and size. Huge

billboards showed comely females wearing wooden legs. Huge signs would extol their virtues.

Signs such as these were to be seen everywhere: "For digestion's sake wear a wooden leg." "When weary and despondent, put on your wooden leg." "For that youthful figure, buy a wooden leg." "Remember your dad on Father's Day—buy him a wooden leg." There were other commodities advertised, of course, but the wooden leg industry seemed to have the most imposing signs. Signs such as these did also abound. "Comfortable graves at cut-rate prices—buy your hole in the ground now!" "Let us lose your money—save time. Apeville Losing Insecurity Company." "Drink our poison—Union made—Best in town. Apeville Suicide Supply Company." "Lets in Hell or Heaven cheap—selling out. Buy now on installment plan." "Bombs, Electric Chairs, Machine Guns, Poison Gas, Ropes for Lynching Parties, etc. See Apeville Sunday School Association."

It was a tragic sight, to say the least, to see poor ignorant Apes of both sexes and of all ages hurrying from store to store to buy as though the advertisement they had read were commands of the most high—things which in the end would only serve to injure if not destroy. And it was pathetic, to use a mild term, to see little Apesters playing with electric chairs and poison gas and older Apes giving instructions in the use of them. Youthful and well shaped Apes wearing wooden legs "to boost prosperity;" elderly and sickly ones paying out their hard earned money for lots in heaven sold them by unscrupulous sharks.

But one thing which moved me more than all else I had seen in Apeville was a parade of young Apevillian males who, bubbling over with a sense of patriotic duty to the lumber industry, were parading up and down the streets wearing wooden heads and carrying banners which urged the populace to increase the use of wooden products.

The reader may want to know who it is possible for any living creature to wear a wooden head and still live? I can only assure you that I am as puzzled as yourself on this question. True, I posed this very question to one of Apeville's most prominent citizens; but he only shrugged his shoulders in a most dismissing manner as much as to say that such a question was too foolish to merit a reply from such a great Ape as he. I shall therefore have to leave the solution of this biologic question to some daring scientific genius, who perhaps inspired by the observations I am now relating will venture a visit to the land of Apata in the interest of scientific research. But whatever may be discovered and explained about the habits and social behavior of Apata's Ape-people in the future, I shall feel completely content with having been the first to report their case in part to the world at large.

The Age of Innocence

(Continued from page 23)

monished Matt in his new responsibilities, and started to set example to match his advice. No sooner had he got ahead of the others than it struck him he couldn't be watching them and listening to them if he didn't stay back with the bunch. So every now and then he stopped and sat down to eat berries. But the morning dragged slowly by and not one did he catch doing worse than picking berries a bit dirty. He warned these that the farmer would raise particular Cain if he found them picking them with leaves and little green ones. He felt he had to do this as foreman even if it didn't mean any fine for him to share with the farmer. And their conversation gave him no profitable clues to follow up. The hotter it grew, the less they talked, and when they did talk it was about the heat, and how they would like ice cream sodas, and what they were going to do with their money. Perhaps he would make more money if he went ahead as fast as he could—but then he couldn't find any of them cheating the farmer. He felt as uncomfortable as the unbiased mule that stood midway between the two haystacks.

Down at the crossing the sawmill whistle blew. It was noon, and all took themselves over to some trees by the well to eat their lunch.

With half the day gone, it was time to check what they had earned against what they had hoped to earn. All were disappointed; but their disappointment was not pent up and stopped up as was Matt's. He wouldn't tell the bunch how much better he had expected to make out than he had. He munched his lunch glumly and resolved that if he didn't catch someone inside of an hour, he was going to step on it and pick berries even if he was a foreman incognito, and get at least the dollar that his mind had been set on before the day began.

The hour was up—and still no victim—and it was getting so hot that he didn't feel like putting on more speed. He was a bit ahead of the rest, and stood up to rest his cramped muscles. Bill Riley in the next row looked up to say: "You are always up with the rest and yet you're resting half of the time. How do you do it?"

Matt had a bright idea. He went over to Bill and talked very low: "I don't want all the kids to know it, but there's ways to fool Old Sourpuss. He can't look at every basket we pick. He don't seem to be looking them over at all. And once he takes your basket in, and gives you a slip for them, he can't tell who picked them can he?"

"No," said Bill.

"Well get wise to yourself. Fill some of the bottoms up with leaves and stuff—not too much, but every little bit helps—and then fill it up good on top with berries."

"Is that what you're doing?"

"Sure, but don't tell anybody. See," he added as he got the additional bright idea that the farmer wouldn't find out if he did pull such a trick, "I'm starting off a new box this way."

He went on with his work, and a bit later decided to tip off Walt Gallagher in the other row next him. Walt decided the idea was a mighty fine one. When Bill had got his tray of 12 pint boxes filled and headed up to turn them in, Matt stood up, lifted his hat and scratched his head a bit. John Farmer nodded, and looked Bill's berries over. By the time he had got back, Walt was on his way up, and Matt gave the signal again.

Bill told him what had happened. "Here I picked twelve cents worth, and don't get a penny and get fined a nickle besides." Matt agreed that they'd have to be careful and not get caught. Bill was sore, so Matt decided to comfort him a bit. "I'll tell you how we can get even with Old Sourpuss," he said. There's one trick even better. Get a few extra baskets, knock out the bottoms, and put them in this way so that if he does turn the basket up he'll see a good bottom, and not know but what it's the right one. That'll fool him for sure."

"Boy, that is good," agreed Bill and set to work to vent his indignation in a better trick than ever.

Matt went on with his work and Walt came back to tell him his hard luck story. It was a temptation to spring the double bottom stunt on Walt, but that might look too suspicious to John Farmer. Besides these were the two boys working alongside of him, and there were fourteen boys in the field beside himself. They were at the end of the field now, ready to start back soon, so Matt took advantage of the handy situation to get a couple more here and there started on putting leaves in the bottoms. Of course second offenses paid better—a dime fine and a nickle out of it for himself. He'd have to get them all started at it before they started talking to each other, but they were pretty well spread out by now, so there was still some chance to catch victims.

When Bill went up with his double bottom baskets, Matt gave the signal again, and tapped on the bottom of a basket. A whole nickle earned, he figured to himself right there, and when Bert O'Leary and Bob Cramer, the other two lads that he had got to put leaves in the bottom went up, he signalled once more. Bill figured nothing more sinister out of it all than that there was a Jonah on him, and Matt convinced him not to go talking about it to anyone, or Old Sourpuss might catch on that he was doing it too. Bert and Bob had evidently passed the leaves notion along to some of the other fellows, for John Farmer was catching a couple more that Matt didn't know about, and they were all talking about their offense and the fine and the fact that they didn't get paid for their berries either. Too bad, thought

Matt that it was too late in the afternoon to catch them a second time and get a nickle out of each victim. In fact he figured he had better lay low except for giving a couple more the idea about the phoney bottoms, or else they might suspect him.

When he took his own tray of berries up next time he asked the farmer to look some of them over so that the rest of the boys wouldn't wonder why his baskets weren't searched too. He came back to report gleefully to Walt that Old Sourpuss "missed the baskets I phoned up on."

The mill whistle blew one more, and the youngsters figured that since they had started two hours ahead of the mill in the morning they could only work one hour after the men got through. Matt figured he'd have to content himself with eight first offences and three second ones. That made forty cents and thirty cents, seventy cents in fines all told, thirty-five of it for himself, almost as much as he would have earned if he had picked three more trays full. If he filled his tray before quitting time, that would make 72 cents for the berries, and \$1.07 for the day. Pretty good he thought to himself—but then again if he'd stepped on it all day he might have made as much and not been worried about the boys finding out about his foreman job. They wouldn't like that a bit.

He finished his tray while most of the boys were still trying to get their last tray for the day filled. He went in with it, and Old Sourpuss wanted to know if he hadn't maybe put some bad ideas in their heads. Matt assured him he hadn't. "It's funny," went on Sourpuss, "they didn't do nothing wrong in the morning—just in the afternoon." But Matt's honest face was most disarming, and the farmer wanted to know what he figured he had coming. "Seventy-two cents for berries, and then I caught eight of them, and three of them the second time." While the farmer was figuring out that the meant thirty-five cents for Matt, Matt was figuring it meant thirty-five cents for Sourpuss, and 12 trays of practically good berries for nothing that he should have paid \$1.44 for getting picked.

He doubted if he was getting the best of the bargain at that, and wished the farmer would get through figuring it out before anybody else got around.

The last of the boys got their pay, while all hung around because the farmer promised them a lift to town when he hauled the berries in. On the way they recounted the misfortunes of the day. Matt felt sort of bad about it all, and crossed his fingers in the hopes that they wouldn't figure he had anything to do with their tough luck. But there was Billy Scott talking about how the farmer had looked when he found him cheating the second time, and Matt hadn't known about that at all.

"Say," he asked, "how many of you fellows got

fined?" They started checking up—there was Bill Scott, he been caught twice, and so had Bill Riley and so had Walt Gallagher even though he had used leaves both times, and Spud just once, and Ben twice, and . . . well it all added up twelve caught and six of them caught twice. Matt got so indignant that he forgot himself. He was up front in the back of the truck where they rode on top of the crates, and there was an opening up to where Old Sourpuss sat driving. "You old cheat", shrieked Matt, "you promised me half of the fines and you know damned well you owe me twenty five cents more. You . . ." and then as he felt himself getting pulled back by the shirt collar he realized what a dead give-away it was. One boy sat on his face while another punched him in the ribs, and a third took his money out of his pocket. When they let him up he managed to turn their wrath against Old Sourpuss himself. "He's the fellow you ought to be sore at. He's got eighty-five cents that he fined you besides the thirty-five cents he gave me, and besides that means 18 trays he didn't pay for picking that's—12 eights are 96—yeh, that's \$2.16."

It worked. They were hollering to Old Sourpuss that if he didn't give them back their fines, and pay them for the trays he hadn't paid for, off his damned berries would go in the ditch. They raised so much humpus that Old Sourpuss promised to pay. It gave Matt his chance to slip off—he had to explain at home that he lost all his money out of a hole in his pocket. But that alibi didn't last long. The fact is Matt's "foreman job" made matters so mighty disagreeable for the whole Walters family, that old man Walters decided to pack up and go to Oregon.

The Nonsense of Planning

(Continued from page 17)

United States is at hand; it shows that even after the march of the NRA the disproportion between the purchasing power of the masses and the actual production became greater. And it was precisely in this way that a rise occurred in capitalist purchasing power and production advanced temporarily. But to denote as planned economy the further impoverishment of the population is after all a bit strong.

VII.

The various exponents of planned economy are well known. Whatever may be the nature of their particular proposals, they all share with John Dewey the habit of viewing the problem from the side of distribution, even when they speak of production. Various proposals with reference to money, credit, banking, tariff, cartellization, and control of profit are designed to govern the market and, with it, the whole economy according to pre-determined plans. The legitimacy of the market,

though first rejected, is now to be controlled and again made into the regulator of the social life. However, the market and competition have a meaning only in so long as they work their pernicious effects; if their operations are controlled, they are deprived of their regulating functions and we arrive at the opposite of what we set out to attain. Any market control becomes the privilege of the groups already favored by that market. The individual interests are not governed according to the planning, but this planning can only adapt itself to the existing interests already established as a result of the previous development.

Competition is made responsible for the overdevelopment of the productive apparatus, though it is only this continuing over-development which is the secret of prosperity and its limitation is nothing but the philosophy of crisis. Competition is to be reduced through the further cartellization of enterprises, in spite of the fact that this trustification is a result of competition. It may be true that within the cartels the overproduction of commodities may be hindered (a matter which plays no decisive part). Still the cartellization does not hinder competition between the cartels. Nor does it hinder the overexpansion of the productive apparatus; such overexpansion is facilitated by way of monopoly profits, since each of the cartellized enterprises improves and expands its plants in order to make differential gains and raise its production quota. Capital-formation and control can never be attained from a planning station so long as production remains in private hands. The enterprises as well as the individual monopolies can cross the plans of the central bureau in hundreds of ways and, as a matter of fact, it has been shown in practice that ways have been found for getting around the plans as fast as they were made.

And so, in the face of these numerous contradictions, the planners take refuge in the illusion of a stationary capitalism. However senseless such a demand may be, it is nevertheless the logical consequence of all capitalist planning, which thereby, though of course ruefully, establishes its impossibility. A stationary capitalism is only another name for the permanent crisis: and even here the term fails to hold water, since any permanent crisis can only lead to collapse and is accordingly not stationary. But it is only with a stationary, i. e. illusory, capitalism that planning is possible, since any revival promptly throws all planning overboard. And if the planners endeavor, nevertheless, to make the impossible possible and, for example, believe that in spite of technical advance it will be possible to hold on to an accepted price level—that is, if they fancy that prices can be juggled with like balls—there is concealed behind these dreams nothing but a total ignorance of the real nature of prices. Technical progress, which changes all values, obviously changes also the prices to be deduced from values; a matter

which, in view of the decline of prices which has accompanied the whole of capitalist development, is hardly worth mentioning.

As a proof of the possibility of capitalist planning, we are often referred to the control of economy in countries at war. However, the monopolist economy of war time was only a means to capitalist accumulation, to perpetuating planlessness. A man takes castor oil in order to get well. But it will not occur to him, merely because he can, to live on castor oil exclusively. And yet such mental derangement is actually attributed to capitalism. During the war, the national economy was not subjected to the military necessities, but the military necessities, i. e. the necessities of the strongest capitalist groups interested in the war, subjected all other groups to themselves and forced their will upon them. Here also the technical possibility of planning was not proved, since this economic distastefulness remained tied up with the market mechanism.

VIII.

Even though individual theoreticians of planning go so far as to raise the demand for a "World Economic Council," most of their theories stop short with autarchy. The national economy is to be made independent of the movements of the world market. Capitalist society is, however, bound up with international trade, as of course the whole capitalist development is identical with the creation of the world market. From division of labor within the separate nations arose international division of labor, and the latter can no more be got away from than the first. It may be objected here that individual countries, such as the United States, are capable of a self-sufficing economy by reason of their manifold natural wealth and are to be distinguished from countries less blessed. Nevertheless the very possibility of autarchy at the same time precludes it as an actuality. The very diversity of the geographic, climatic and cultural conditions of the United States are an obstacle to their unified coordination, for this diversity, under capitalism, is nothing other than a multiplicity of mutually hostile interests which are not very distinguishable from those of the continent of Europe, even though their forms are different. However small may be the part of foreign trade in statistics, it is nevertheless a question of life and death to whole social groups. However decisive may be the domestic market, when over-accumulation sets in the imperialistic compulsion becomes the dominant factor, for the insufficient profit at home compels to the conquest of additional sources of profit. While as regards industry, autarchy is impossible even in "war manufacture," so as regards agriculture, as the best experts bear witness, it is quite out of the question. Planned economy and capitalism are irreconcilable contradictions; the one excludes the other. If an economy is planned, then it has also ceased to be a capitalist economy.



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.



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Solidarity in the I. W. W. means unity with industrial freedom, not industrial slavery; it means a fellowship of all the workers organized in a One Big Union to direct their own activities. It does not mean a great aggregation of workers herded together in a "labor front" under the direction of a dictator.

The C. I. O. is not like the I. W. W., it is not a One Big Union, it does not practice class solidarity; it permits one section of a union to scab on another even to a greater extent than does the A. F. of L. It is not "a step in the right direction," it is, rather, an aid to fascism.

Take the I. W. W. road for your own betterment and the emancipation of your class.