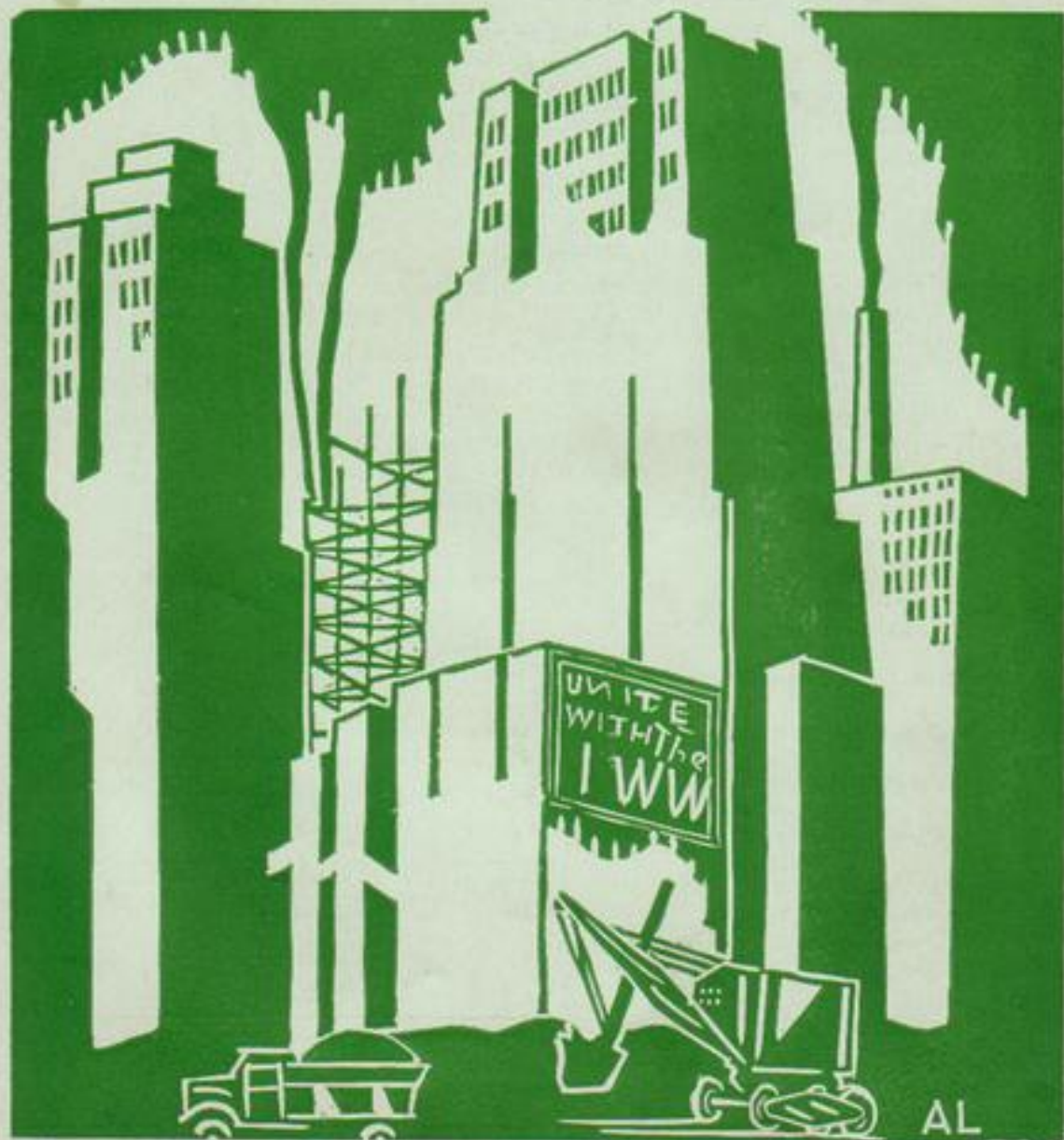


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# END CAPITALISM

If our capitalist masters were content to be just plain parasites like fungi on a tree or like the vermin that infest a mission flop house, there might be reason in their being tolerated by a good natured working class. After all, feeding a bunch of no-account idlers, even in the luxurious manner to which they are accustomed, would not be an impossible burden. Though, of course, it would still be a most unreasonable thing to do.

But our parasites are not like that. They are not satisfied with robbing us; they want to rule us as well. They want the whole economic machinery directed in a manner to suit their needs. They're arrogant about it too, and object even to the most apologetic protests from their host, the working class. It is as though a bunch of fleas undertook to order the dog around.

Workers go hungry, go to war, and eat beans when they prefer steak because the parasites want it that way; they rear their children in slums, work too hard and long at difficult tasks, and allow themselves to degenerate in mind and body because the lordly lice (the non-producing owners of the earth) declare it must be so.

This insanity has gone much too far already. There is not one sound, sensible reason to be found in all the world's philosophy why it should be allowed to continue. There is, on the other hand, every reason why wage workers should join the I. W. W. as quickly as possible and help to cleanse the world of the most obnoxious and dangerous parasite that has ever sucked undeserved sustenance from it—the modern capitalist class.

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# THE GENERAL STRIKE

*The author throws more than a little light on the question of how the transformation of society from capitalism to industrial democracy can take place.*

By

BERT RUSSELL



William Z. Foster, in his autobiography, pays his respects in a true C. P. conformist manner by relating the "folded arms" concept of the general strike as being held by the syndicalist. It is too much to look for the fact in this panegyric of the "correct line" that this idyllicism was treated as "childish" as early as the Paris Congress of the syndicalist C. G. T. in 1900, and that the term earmarks but one of the many phases of development in the general strike idea.

The point of view of the general strike, as with every important idea, has changed a good deal since it was first promoted as a revolutionary method by the pamphleteer, William Benbow, in England during the 1930's. And that which has changed, modified and transformed its value and tactics has been the practical experience of workers participating in general strikes.

In accord with the utopian ideas of the time, Benbow calls the general strike, the Sacred Strike, and spoke of it as a Holy Day. Previous organization and planning was not considered necessary to even mention, and the feeding of

the people was to be dependent on the good heartedness of the owners of the foodstuffs. The utopian reasoning, that the poor were poor and miserable only because the rich were ignorant that the unequal distribution of wealth, of which they were the beneficiaries, was the cause, is reflected in Benbow's outlook. Therefore, the general strike was but a means of drawing the attention of the rich to the results of their riches. Once aware of the real condition the rich would immediately correct these evils.

His whole attitude is summed up in the way he solved the question of feeding the strikers for the duration of the month of the proposed strike. Pointing to the cattle in the fields, he suggested that the strikers send a "committee to plead" to the lord for these cattle to feed the people. If the first committee did not get the desired results (the cattle) then the committee was to be increased to plead "still more respectfully and energetically." With each succeeding refusal the number of the committee was to still increase "until the lord's cattle were forthcoming." It

was perhaps with irony that Benhow suggested that the larger the committee the more respectfully would it plead with the noble. He was practical enough to suggest that the committee plead more energetically and that the larger the committee and the more energetic they acted the better chance they had of getting the lord's cattle.

However, in the first recorded general strike, called the Plug Plot because the strikers stopped the mills by pulling the plugs from the boilers, it was evident that lack of organization was disastrous and that the lord's cattle were not forthcoming to feed the poor. Neither did the rich see the error of their ways and make haste to correct the abuses. And they haven't until this day because enough workers have still not learned the lesson of organization and the real nature of the rich.

#### In France

France has been the most fertile field for theories regarding the general strike and this may partly be accounted for by the fact that the workers there have never engaged in a general strike. Talking, writing and passing resolutions in favor of a general strike are not a satisfactory substitute for the general strike. Nor are those most favorably inclined to the general strike the ones that do the most talking, writing and passing of resolutions.

The unions affiliated with the General Federation of Labor in France passed resolution after resolution favoring the general strike but when faced with the question of taking this action they did not bother to reply to the questionnaire sent by the committee, "Are you in favor of an immediate general strike in the event that the railroad workmen should declare a strike?"

Nor did the politicians miss the benefit of this great talking point. Aristide Briand gained his popularity among the workers because of his great speeches in favor of the general strike when other politicians were opposing the measure. But after winning a high position in the government he called the railroad workers to the colors to operate the railroads under military control when a strike was initiated on the railroads.

During this period the French workers' ideas of the general strike was influenced by the experiences of the workers in the Belgium general strike, the Swedish general strike and 1905 strike in Russia. Without engaging in such action themselves they did learn from the experiences of others that a "folded arms" general strike was a "childish" conception. Zig Zag Foster apparently does not give the common herd the credit for learning from experience.

There have been general strikes in many countries and for many reasons and, with excep-

tion perhaps of the Plug Plot, all have been initiated and conducted by organizations of labor existing and functioning prior to the strike. Therefore, there is sufficient reason to believe that any future general strike will be initiated and conducted by labor organizations. That, at least, should be without question.

And the events of past general strikes, and even those not general, are sufficient evidence that the employers will attempt to break the strike with the use of militia and terrorism spread by vigilantes. Whatever name the vigilantes use, whether Citizens Committees of One Thousand, as in the Winnipeg general strike, 1919, or American Legion, Silver Shirts or Bergoff operators, they will be there to do their dirty slimy work.

Another condition, and less evident than the others, invariable characteristic of a general strike, though sometimes present in comparatively small strikes, is that the striking workers through their own elected committees assume some of the administrative functions of the political government. A dual government is set up by workers!

#### Workers' Control

Robert Owen foresaw this form of dual government developing from unionism, aside from strikes, when he addressed the convention of the Grand National Consolidated Labor Unions of Great Britain, 1835. He said in effect that "today there sit in London two governments, the political government in the Houses of Parliament and the workers' government in this convention, and some day this government will take over the functions of the other."

W. H. Crooks, from his wide studies of the general strikes, draws the justifiable conclusion that the essential nature of a general strike makes necessary the formation of this dual form of government. To substantiate his views he relates many incidences among them the following:

(Quoted from Strike Bulletin, Milan, Italy, about 1905): "The Chamber of Labor, in the name of the Milanese proletariat, has virtually taken possession of public power, and practically works the administrative and political mechanism of the town, which facts assume a profoundly revolutionary significance, showing the proletarian capacity to manage the proletarian commune."

(Quoting from the UNION RECORD, just prior to the Seattle general strike 1919): "Not just the withdrawal of labor, but the power of the strikers to manage will win this strike. Labor will not only shut down the industries, but labor will reopen, under the management of the appropriate trades, such activities as are needed to preserve public health and public peace." (The NATION on the same strike), "Before the (strike) committee appeared a long succession of business men, city

officials, the mayor himself, not to threaten or bully, but to discuss the situation and ask approval of the Committee for this or that step." (emphasis ours).

The formation of a dual government by the strikers during a general strike is more definitely stated by Winston Churchill, when he was approached by the union officials during the 1926 general strike in England, with the proposal that the unions cooperate with the government to operate certain trains. He replied, "What government in the world could enter into partnership with a rival government, against which it is endeavoring to defend itself and society, and to allow that government to sit in judgment on every train that runs and every lorry on the road?"

The assumption of power over administrative functions considered the exclusive jurisdiction of political government is not confined to general strikes alone. Even small strikes assume some part of this power in controlling highways and closing saloons and keeping order. Nor does this assumption of power make a strike a social revolutionary strike even though the workers intended to maintain this control permanently. So long as the industrial control remains intact in the hands of the employing class the worker's control of governmental administrative power remains but a reform measure.

A general strike becomes revolutionary where the workers proceed further and assume the industrial administrative functions.

Where workers through their committees have taken over governmental administrative functions to protect society in the environs of the strike from pestilence, disease, hunger and terrorism, the period of their exercise of these powers is limited by the available stock of consumable commodities. Then, unless preferring to starve, they must relinquish their powers and end the strike, with or without the demands won; or, the strikers can extend their jurisdiction over the control and operation of the industries where these necessary commodities are produced. Producing for themselves, the strikers can maintain their strike indefinitely. But time would bring increasing needs for raw material and machinery to maintain efficiency of production and necessitate a constantly increasing field of industrial control and in its train the transformation of the economic basis of organized society. The employers would be locked out. This consolidation of their control in the industries would minimize the risk of political adventurers taking control to build a dictatorship with its probable loss of freedom to the workers.

Thus the modern influences, that theorists contend makes the general strike less possible of success, such as oil burning ship, canned foods, air

navigation, radio and automobiles, will tend to make the revolutionary general strike more possible of success because they will be under the control of the workers. Even the army marches on its belly and the belly of the army is filled from the industries not congress.

Even temporary effectiveness of a general strike is not possible unless a large number of workers are organized in labor unions. And unless there is a strongly organized group who know what they want and have sufficient knowledge of industry and technology to take the initiative, a group that has the confidence of the majority of the workers because of their previous actions and education among them, there is little chance of a general strike with reform demands developing into a successful revolutionary general strike.

#### A Lost Opportunity

For instance, though the workers of Germany were strongly enough organized to pull a general strike to beat off the fascist putsch of Von Kapp in 1922, they did not have the kind of organization or sufficient education and confidence to take over the industries then and run them for themselves. Instead, they looked to their political saviours to tell them what to do, with the result they left the industries in the hands of the employers who have since, with the aid of the workers' politicians, ground them under the control of the nazis.

But in Barcelona, Spain, not only were the industrial unionists able to take "time out" to settle the hash of the fascists but were able, because of their previous organization and education, to go back into the industries and run them for their own good. Unless they had been able to do this, their victory over General Godet would have netted them fascism but a few weeks later.

Had the Barcelona workers been content to become party to assuming just governmental administrative functions nothing substantial towards the social revolution would have been accomplished. But sufficient numbers of them were organized and educated to direct the movement into revolutionary channels and within a few months such accomplishments have been made which, irrespective of the final outcome, will stand as a concrete example of the capacities of our class through our unions to rebuild society on a basis of workers' control and ownership. It proves conclusively that the working class will not perish without masters.

The step that marks the revolutionary general strike is workers taking over control and operation of the industries for themselves, whether it takes place under civil war conditions as in Spain, or whether in times of comparative peace, it is an outgrowth from a general strike with reform

as an issue. The time will not be chosen and we can't predict it. But it will be workers organized and educated for the purpose of running industries previously to the event who will be the ones to put it into effect.

Predictions have been made, theories have been worked out, and they could be again. But no good purpose would be served by doing so. We cannot set the time or call the event into being but we can prepare for it, because we know what it is going to take to do it. It will require the technical and working force organized according to their function in the industry of production and distribution of the necessities of life, prepared to take the step when the opportunity arrives.

Three questions are all that we need be prepared to give a practical answer to:

1. How would the job we are working on, or last working on, be run in the event we were faced with the problem tomorrow of running them on our own?

2. Where would we get the raw materials we use on this job?

3. How would we distribute the commodities we produce on this job?

If enough workers can answer these questions of industrial procedure and organize now in accordance with the manner of carrying out these practices, the revolutionary general strike will not be a theory to talk about. It will be something to do.



### THE GREATEST GENERAL

The radical press is the hope of the nation, of the world. Often it is crude, coarse and banal,—what would you have from the unrespectable?—but always honest and straightforward. What it prints is the truth as it sees it, the utterance of honest men and purposeful. Support it, you who stand for love against hate; freedom, sympathy,

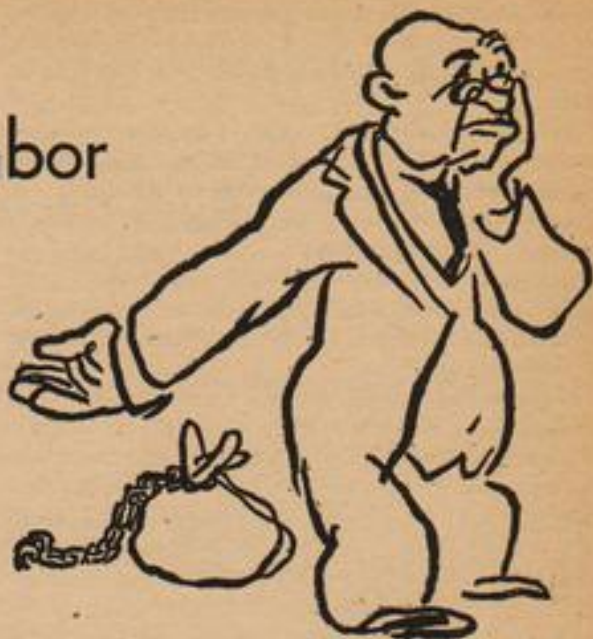
kindness to human beings against poverty and exploitation. Support it, you who hope for the dawn. The commercial press is—commercial. In the radical press you will find the two words that make the Captains blanch—General Strike!

That will be Manhood's move against Money's federal courts—if it comes to that.—Luke North.

# Yes, We Have a Labor Government

By VIOLET CLARKE WILKINS

Card No. X216219



No doubt you will have read about our recent federal elections here in Australia. The farce and futility of the whole business was very apparent in states like Western Australia, where we have a so-called Labor Government in office.

The present gang of labor fakers have been in power here just over four and one-half years, yet we find on their own official figures that there are over 5,000 men on relief work, and likely to remain on it permanently.

The Labor party when it won the state election in 1933, introduced a relief work scheme which is based on an allowance of one shilling per day per head in each family. They allow a man to earn one pound per week over and above that, to pay to the landlord for rent. For example, a man with a wife and three children is allowed to earn 35 shilling per week, plus 20 shilling for rent.

The maximum that a relief worker is allowed to earn is 59 shilling per week, so any of them who are unfortunate enough to have more than five to feed must feed the surplus ones out of the allowance of the others.

The Labor government also amended the police act so as to make it a criminal offense for anyone to "obtain relief work under false pretences."

### Politicians Live Well

For example, men have been sent to prison for failing to notify the relief department that one of their children had died, and continued to work for and draw as wages 7 shillings per week more than the Labor party reckons they are entitled to do!

The Labor ministers who enforce these conditions draw on an average 30 pounds per week in salary; and the ordinary members of Parliament draw 12 pounds per week; and yet, whenever they are asked to increase the relief work scale their invariable answer is, "We would like to do it, but there is no money to make it possible."

Any sane person knowing the conditions the relief workers have had imposed on them by the State Labor government would realize the utter futility of wasting time and energy trying to have the same party elected to the Federal Parliament as a means of getting better conditions for the workers, but the commies, as you fellow workers in the U.S.A. call them, or the comics, as we call them here, came out in full support of the Labor party, even though the Labor party turned them down with contempt!

This latest twist of the comics only goes to prove, of course, that the workers should shun all parliamentary crooks, under whichever label they travel, Republicans, Democrats, Labor, or Communist. They are all fundamentally the same and their first objective is to grab a well paid job for themselves and for their friends and relatives next. By the time these are fixed up, there is nothing left for the bulk of the poor mug workers who voted for them.

### Comics Attack I.W.W.

One gratifying thing about this election was the large number of informal votes cast, showing that large numbers of workers are alive to the humbug and hypocrisy of the politicians.

When these people are ready to take the next step, line up with the I.W.W., and fight on the industrial field, then we workers will be able to get some, or all of the good things of life for ourselves instead of for the slimy politicians, as at present.

At the beginning of this campaign we were honored by a visit of Mr. J. B. Miles from Sydney, the boss of the Communist party in Australia.

At a public meeting here when our members criticized the policy of the comics in supporting the Labor party, Mr. Miles got very abusive and after refusing to debate the subject, made the astounding statement that the I.W.W. had "scabbed" scores of times in America.

Our members demanded that he produce proof of his statement or withdraw it. He would do neither, so he was called a dirty, rotten liar, and the meeting was held up. He then said he didn't mean that members of the I.W.W. had worked when there was a strike on, but that the I.W.W. had gone against the line of the Communist party in regard to the seamen's strike and elsewhere.

Of course, he was made to look like a fool but we all know that politicians have hides thicker than a rhinoceros, and little things like being proved to be dirty liars do not seem to worry them.

Perhaps many workers in the U.S.A., although they know that it makes not the least difference whether the Democrats or the Republicans are elected, may be under the impression that the election of "Labor" or Communist politicians would make a great improvement in the standard of living. The example of how "Labor" governs in Australia should help to dispel any false hopes in this direction.

As long as the present system of wage-slavery is allowed to continue, it makes no difference whatever as to how the boss labels his puppets who run the State machine for him. He may label them Labor, as in Australia; Popular Front, as in France; National Socialist as in Germany; Fascist as in Italy; Republican and Democrat time about, as in U.S.A. The system by which the workers are exploited is the same regardless of the label under which the exploitation is carried on.

So away with all crook politicians, "Labor" or Comic, Republican or Democrat. Line up with the I.W.W. and fight for the good things of life where they are produced.

### The Prophet's Curse

The Prophet-soul can never rest:  
It cannot see, What is, is best;  
By a strange demon 'tis possessed—  
It has a conscience in its breast.

—COVAMI

# When There Isn't Any Money

BY COVAMI

When there isn't any money  
There isn't any honey  
On the battercakes and bread;  
And tho the sun is shining  
One cannot help repining  
And a-wishin' one were dead.

Nor can we help implying  
That the Experts all are lying  
'Bout "prosperity is here!"  
For when we're feeling hollow  
It is tough to have to swallow  
All this cheerio and cheer.

It is well for those who're eating  
To advise us to quit bleating  
For the bacon, beer and greens;  
But I doubt they'd pep-talk, sonny,  
If there wasn't any money  
In the bottom of their jeans

### Moral

If you want to go to eating,  
Can the grouching and the bleating,  
And go organize the crew!  
For we'll face but stormy weather  
Until we get together  
In the O. B. U.!

### EXTRACTS FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS OF SCHOOL CHILDREN:

1. Heredity is a bad thing and ought to be abolished.
2. All brutes are imperfect animals. Man alone is a perfect beast.
3. The theory of exchange, as I understand it, is not very well understood.
4. You can't really do so good when you have things on your mind and nothing on your stomach.

### ITA EST

Stars and suns may perish,  
Empires wax and wane,  
But the law of struggle  
Eternal shall remain.

Ragnar Redbeard.



# PROGRESS IN THE MEN'S CLOTHING INDUSTRY

By

A Clothing Worker

Origin and development of a labor misleader and of an organization miscalled a labor union.

In the year 1911 on the advice of my relatives I started my career in the shops where men's clothing is manufactured. My aunt paid a woman \$5 to teach me how to make hand buttonholes in men's coats. That teacher was the first exploiter I came in contact with before I reached the big shops.

Small contractors brought unfinished goods to her house and she would make the girls work on the coats while she charged them from \$5 to \$10 for the privilege of working. Most of the girls were young Europeans and put in months working for nothing in order to learn the trade. Actually it required only a few days to learn, but the teacher played all kinds of tricks to prevent the girls from learning too soon.

She would teach them how to make the button-hole but refuse to show them how to put in the last stitches so, after a girl had made a whole coat, the boss would put in the finishing touches in another room so the girl would not have a chance to learn how to go on her own. This teacher would tell us of Polish girls who worked for her for many years. She expected us to do the same.

But after working four weeks as an apprentice I started out looking for work. I went from shop to shop until I landed in the Leopold Morse Co., in Boston, Mass. The company employed 500 people all of whom worked piece work. The wages earned were from \$25 to \$45 for the men and \$14 to \$18 for the women or girl workers. There was a 54-hour week. However, there was no clock to punch and workers often came late.

We younger workers hated the piece work system because we had to fight for the work and because of other unpleasantness that goes with piece work, such as the better work being given to the ones that bribed the foreman and the harder work to the newcomers in the shop.

During the noon-hour workers would talk about the piece work system, about the contract system, and about the 54-hour week; the general conclusion was that "we must have a union in Boston."

In February the Boston workers in our industry went on a general strike. Five thousand tailors were out demanding the abolition of the piece work system, shorter hours, and the abolition of the contracting system. We were out for three months under the leadership of the United Garment Workers of America of the A. F. of L.

While we were picketing the shops in zero weather and while many pickets took trips to the hospital after being hit by policemen with clubs, the union shops in New York and other cities were making coats for the Boston market.

However, with the coming of the spring season it seemed that the Boston manufacturers needed their own particular brand of suits so two great men came to Boston to settle our strike. They were the late Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation, and the late Congressman Meyer London, the socialist.

It took them less than two hours to settle the strike. We were not asked to accept the terms, we were just told that the agreement had been signed. We did not get week work or the abolition of the contract system but we were told to celebrate the fact that we had union recognition and the 48-hour week, which was a provision of the state law.

## The Contract System

The bad thing about a contractor is that he is a man with small capital who convinces the big manufacturers that he can produce better garments at less cost than the inside shop can.

This is the way a contractor cuts costs. He rents a second or third rate loft, badly heated and badly ventilated, and drives the workers to the limit of human endurance. He drives in over time and straight time and always holds the threat over the workers' heads that if they don't produce, if they don't hurry—well, he is a poor man and will not be able to meet the payroll. And many times he cannot meet it anyway, and so the workers have to wait.

Those of us who listened to the many speeches during the strike and learned from them that a union is the workers' Training School and something about "in union there is strength," after the strike was over religiously attended union meetings.

The first meeting we attended the secretary told us that we should be out in the park for a walk and discussed the color of our stockings. We waited for the meeting to start, but we went home disappointed; there was no meeting. We discovered later that meetings were held, that certain people attended but that our presence was not needed.

When the war broke out in 1914 in Europe the American clothing manufacturers were hungry for the war profits. In order to get all the war orders would yield, the clothing bosses needed two things: They needed absolute peace in the industry and the MAN to do the job of regimenting the workers for that purpose.

#### The Bosses' Man of the Hour

In the cutting room of Hart, Shaffner & Marx, Sidney Hillman was cutting under-collars. Someone said that he attended night school, that he knew something about spouting radical phrases, but he was vouched for—he could be depended on.

He was coached by the manufacturers in what to do and how to do it. At the 1914 Men's Clothing Workers' Convention, Sydney Hillman caused the split in the union with his radical phrases and his talk of industrial unionism, and with other things that he suggested to the corpse that was the United Garment Workers. He had his faction organized, in the 1914 convention the split came, and Mr. Hillman proceeded to organize the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. The tailors became revolutionary over night and shouted for industrial unionism, through the mouth of Sydney Hillman.

No one knew where his traveling expenses came from but he traveled from city to city with his running mate Joseph Shlossberg, the S.L.P. man, in 1915.

The crusaders for industrial unionism for the tailors arrived in Boston. Many meetings were held and there were a lot of secret meetings somewhere. But the slow New England manufacturers did not respond to the call so quickly as did the manufacturers in other towns. They had to be sure of their share of the spoils before they would sign with any union, industrial or otherwise.

Those shops that needed the union label sent for the A. F. of L. men to keep the workers on the job, I remember a fat-necked man named McCarthy who came from New York and made a speech in the middle of the shop at Leopold Morse Co. telling us that "this man Hillman is a bum," and that we should be thankful to our good company for giving us a chance to work, also that he had arranged with the Boston Police Department to give us full protection against anyone who dared to

stop us from earning an honest living; and finally, "that the good American Federation of Labor is working with the city government for American unionism." To prove that he was not telling lies he pointed to the door where two uniformed police were stationed for our benefit.

I felt a cold chill in my bones and a lump in my throat. I was not able to understand that one union was scabbing on another. There was something wrong somewhere, but where I did not know.

However, I couldn't work under police protection, the scissors fell from my hands and my eyes filled with tears. I walked out into the street to be greeted by 50 other workers who honestly believed Mr. Hillman was a revolutionist and worked for the benefit of the tailors.

#### The War Comes

The year 1915 was a slow one for the tailors in Boston. There was not work enough in the shops, so for one year I went without work because I sided with the Amalgamated against the A. F. of L. The Leopold Morse Co. was the only one working.

The next year was the beginning of America's war preparations. Uniform orders began to pour into the shops; EVERYONE that was able to hold a needle was put to work.

One day the shop foreman stood near the button-hole makers' table where two girls were working on a navy officer's overcoat. He kept on shouting, "Faster, girls, faster, the boat is leaving at 3 p. m." One girl collapsed and was taken to the sick room. The foreman asked everyone if they had a cousin or a friend who could work and whom they could bring in.

The same situation prevailed in every department and in all the shops in the clothing industry. In May, 1916, Mr. Hillman and his crew came to Boston and signed agreements with every shop and then announced the establishment of the Industrial Union for tailors, the A. C. W. of A. We received books with constitutions and preamble. The preamble was very revolutionary and the last paragraph read, "The industrial and inter-industrial organization built upon the solid rock of clear knowledge and class consciousness will put the organized working class in actual control of the system of production, and the working class will then be ready to take possession of it."

I looked at this preamble and felt that the one year I lost when I left the Leopold Morse Co. was not in vain; at least we have a union for the workers, a union that will be our educational institution, that will abolish the nationalism and the many petty, ugly things, including piece work and the contract system.

The war was on. We were too busy and tired to think of meetings. We worked all hours—Saturdays and Sundays. The orders had to go out, that was all. If anyone refused to work he was obstructing the government in saving the world from the German tyrants.

## We Make Demands

In 1918 the war was over. The shops were packed with work, prosperity was riding high in the clothing industry. We began to attend union meetings and to search for this education we had been promised.

The Russian revolution was on and we read something about shop committees. I asked for shop educational classes, for industrial union schools for the tailors. The younger workers agreed with me. We were making demands that union money be spent to teach the workers about industrial unionism and that a shop bulletin be issued.

Someone nominated me on the joint board. I saw that a rush was made to the next room where elections took place—loud noises, the paid officials were in a rage when they came out. I was not elected.

That day I was called into the office by the local secretary, Mr. Albert. "I want to talk to you privately, please," he said. The panicky look in his eyes and the slimy, sugary smile on his face when he put his fat hand on my shoulder made me feel like someone was emptying a sack of ants on the back of my neck. I looked at the man without asking him anything.

He began to talk rapidly. "We have known you since 1911, we know you went to night school and we are glad that a girl that works in a tailor shop finds time to educate herself. I have an offer to make you—a very attractive offer. You will never have to work in a shop again . . . You're married, I venture to say? . . .

"Who's is talking of marriage? I want to offer you a job in my office, you will be my assistant secretary. Your pay will be \$48 a week. Listen, young lady, forty-eight dollars a week, that is more than you can hope to earn in a shop or in any office."

"Are you creating industrial union classes?" I asked.

"What classes? What do you bother with such nonsense for? The tailors don't need industrial unionism."

At this point his sugary smile vanished. He grew red in the face and began to shout, "Your job is to keep your mouth shut, sit in my office, do as you are told by the union officers, and attend to the clerical work around here."

I pictured myself in that dingy office taking orders from Mr. Albert. "Thank you very kindly," I answered, "but I would rather work in the shop." And so I walked out of the office feeling that our union had been stolen from us—or perhaps it had never existed.

## We Get a Convention

The 1919 Amalgamated Clothing Workers' convention was held in Boston, in the Tremont Temple. The delegates were chosen by the paid officers.

A meeting was called of all the tailors to inform them that they were assessed \$1 each for the entertainment of out-of-town delegates.

We didn't get a chance to discuss the things we wanted the convention to take up, especially the abolition of piece work. We didn't get a chance to say anything about the things that concerned us. The chosen delegates were busy phoning sight-seeing bus companies about the cost of showing the delegation from out of town the important sights in Boston.

In our shop our bookkeeper took up a collection for flowers to be sent to the convention. I was astonished. This shop that was the hardest to organize in 1918—many union picket heads had been cracked at the door of this boss—now out of a clear sky, he ordered the bookkeeper to take up a collection for flowers for our convention.

Why, if we wanted to send flowers to our convention that was our own affair—we should have discussed that among ourselves, but if the boss orders flowers for our convention there must be something wrong. I personally, refused to contribute . . .

Great men were to address the convention and everyone was invited to attend. The Boston capitalist sheets printed a lot about the convention. We all went to the largest hall in the Tremont Temple to hear the great men.

The then great revolutionary artist, now a lik-spittle of the Communist party, Robert Minor, put his hand on Sydney Hillman's shoulder and said, "Friends and comrades, I take great pleasure in presenting America's greatest labor leader, Sidney Hillman."

Hillman's voice sounded as though it came from a distance. He said a lot of things about what industry could or could not do. In concluding he was very much concerned about the industry. No one really know what he meant. He was followed by someone who told us that we must organize banks and explained the nature of banks. An elaborate band played some songs and we went home, cold and disappointed.

The next day a grand ball for the delegates was to conclude the convention's business. At the ball I asked Minor how he as a revolutionist could say about Hillman what he did.

"My dear Rebel Girl," he said, "you don't understand strategy."

The 1919 convention gave the tailors banks and the banks own large apartment buildings, where the petty bourgeoisie enjoy modern comforts.

In 1926 I lived in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. There I found that two large shops were making men's coats. The machine work was done in the shops with scab labor, while the finishing was done in the homes by housewives and little children. Upon making inquiries I found that the coats were cut in New York by union cutters.

"How about the A. C. W. U.? Don't they know about this?" I asked.

"Sure they know, but they are not interested in organizing the tailors, they are in the banking business."

#### In San Francisco

In 1930 I landed in the shops in San Francisco, Calif. I found that the largest ready-made clothing shop in town, the Strouse shop, was controlled by the A. C. W. of A. The firm borrowed money from the Amalgamated bank and the workers were forced to take a reduction in wages on that account.

Finally some of the workers rebelled and they were told by Mr. Rinish, the union manager, if they didn't like it they could go home, and that he could get plenty of cheaper help from Los Angeles.

One girl in the Strouse shop slapped Rinish in the face for a personal insult because she objected to continuous wage cuts.

The House of Oliver, another Amalgamated shop, asked the union to permit them to put in piece work. The workers objected because it was a special order shop where one worker has to do several operations. The workers called a shop meeting in their union hall. When they came for the meeting they found the hall closed.

The local union president and vice-president called a local union meeting to discuss the Oliver shop situation. They found that Mr. Rinish had six professional gangsters there. They took the vice-president, Bill Roads, by his hands and feet and threw him through a glass door, cutting the ligaments in his feet, while Mr. Rinish told him, "that is what you get for objecting to piece work."

Bill and four other workers, including myself, were fired from the shop of the House of Oliver for talking against piece work. The boss wanted piece work, therefore there should be piece work.

Mr. Rinish was later killed by a worker from the Strouse shop because he brought that worker from Los Angeles and because, when he arrived in Frisco, he found wages so low that he objected. Rinish told him that if he didn't like it he could quit and that he would get him another job. One day the worker asked Rinish where that promised job was.

Instead of answering him Mr. Rinish simply spit in his face and told him to get out. The worker, crazed from hunger and humiliation, pulled out a gun, and killed Mr. Rinish. He was later caught by the sheriff and killed for resisting arrest.

#### A Perfect Sellout

In January, 1937, Mr. Sidney Hillman signed for a 10 per cent increase in wages for all tailors. The tailors were not consulted. The agreement was signed in January but the raise was not to go into effect until May 1. The clothing manufacturers immediately began to run their shops full speed, over time and Saturday work—nothing extra for

over time. They filled the stores and stock rooms. After the raise went into effect the shops closed and the tailors are walking the streets. Edward Levinson in the N. Y. Evening Post tells us that:

Mr. Hillman is president of the N. Y. Amalgamated Bank;

Mr. Hillman is president of the Chicago Amalgamated Bank;

Mr. Hillman has been president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers union for 23 years with a steady income;

Mr. Hillman is a member of the Labor Board and a member of the Committee for Industrial Organization (C.I.O.).

The offices of the A. C. W. of A. are more elaborate than the bosses' offices. The business agents are dressed like bankers, but there is never a union meeting to discuss shop conditions. The workers in the shops experience double fear: They fear the boss for if they should get fired the union will not help; and if they get reported to the union as being kickers they will sit in the employment office of the union for months and never know the reason why they don't get jobs.

Knowing these facts from experience the worker accepts his fate like a slave that is chained for life. The boss extracts the union dues from the pay envelope. Business agents and employment office clerks are never changed. There are always the same names on the ballot. No one knows who nominated them. The wages in the shops are exactly what they were in 1911, before we had any union at all. The girls average from \$14 to \$18 a week, the men average from \$25 to \$35 a week. We all work piece work.

#### It's not a Labor Union

During the New York City municipal campaign all the shop chairmen were told to call the workers to a special meeting in Webster hall. When the workers came in after work, tired and hungry, the well-paid business agents closed the doors and the workers had to stay to listen to speakers urging them to vote for Mayor LaGuardia and all Labor Party candidates. Later we read in the capitalist press that the Amalgamated gave \$5,000 to the LaGuardia campaign.

The tailors walking the streets, wondering if their next month's rent will be paid by some friend or relative or if they will be forced to go on relief, have nothing in common with this union or this union's president. The great Amalgamated banks will not give them one penny and LaGuardia, after his victory, will not stop the sheriff from evicting tailors any more than he will stop him from evicting any other slave who is dumb enough to delegate his power to a politician.

Those workers who are shouting "hurray" for the C.I.O. type of industrial unionism will do well to examine the A.C.W. of A. In 23 years the cloth-

ing bosses have become richer than they ever were, the tailors are poorer. They have nothing to say in their union. Mr. Hillman, between trips from New York and Washington and attendance at White House dinners, has long forgotten what the inside of a tailor shop looks like. His well-dressed, well-barbered \$75-a-week business agents are continually telling the tailors that they should be glad they are working, and when they are not working the business agents lock themselves in their offices and are not to be seen.

The capitalist press well appreciates the services of Mr. Hillman and sings his praises. Another World War is about to come. The workers are to be regimented on a national scale. The men that will help lead our young to be slaughtered and our older industrial slaves to help gather the gold that the next slaughterfest will yield for our exploiters, have been chosen—and how well they have been teamed!

Mr. John L. Lewis, mill owner, mine owner, and faithful servant of the American coal companies; Sydney Hillman, bank president, and faithful servant of the American men's clothing manufacturers; David Dubinsky, well-paid servant of the ladies clothing bosses; and all the other well-paid men and women in the C.I.O. controlling group who have demonstrated to the boss class their ability to prevent workers from gaining anything or learning how to gain anything for themselves.

The intelligent working men and women of the United States who are capable of reasoning and who can see that only through industrial solidarity can the working class, as a class, make this world a better place to live in, must help to build the only workers' organization—the Industrial Workers of the World. Make the workers in the shops, mines and mills be the legislative body for the interests of those who perform useful work. Lawyers and politicians will never do it for them.

## UNAUTHORIZED

BY C. M. RUPEL



The "leaders" said with manner most emphatic,  
"We never planned or authorized this strike."

And the union cannot function  
For it hasn't got our sanction  
And it's bound to be erratic  
When the bosses cannot rule them as they like.

But the Workers calmly went on organizing.

They said, "We'll build it of the rank and file.

We'll ignore the would-be leaders,  
And dispense with trouble-breeders,  
And results will be surprising,  
Now we've let them know we do not like their style."

Now, it's good to know the hours have been shortened,  
And it's good that the wages have been raised.

Every self-respecting worker  
That is not a chronic shirker  
Or a hopeless scissorbill, is truly heartened,  
And gladly will admit those methods should be praised.

# Failure of the Workers Alliance

By L. NICOLAS

In La Revolution Proletaire

Translated by JOSEPH WAGNER

A split in the Spanish U. G. T. is  
engineered by the Communists.

Readers of this magazine will no doubt recall the pact that was concluded towards the later part of July, between the National Confederation of Labor (CNT) and the General Union (UGT). The entire press in loyalist Spain hailed the act as "an historic event." Yet, in the two months following the event almost no attempt had been made to put any part of the adopted plans in operation. Of the numerous Liaison Committees, elected by the two organizations for the purpose of creating local united councils, the press has mentioned only of one case where such a thing was accomplished, that between the metal workers' unions in Madrid. The only statement issued by the National Liaison Committee to the press, mentioned other cases without, however, naming the localities. (*Solidad Obrera*, Sept. 9.)

The sabotaging of the alliance between the two unions is mainly due to the deep set hostility of the communist agents within the UGT; the communists are fundamentally displeased with the pact; because of that, they are contesting the right of the General Executive Board to conclude such a pact without submitting the question first to the National Committee of the UGT, which is made up by the Executive Committees of the Federations affiliated with the UGT. It would be a mistake, however, to believe that in their action the communists were prompted by a desire to uphold democracy within the union; they are simply relying on the fact that by devious maneuvering, of which they are past masters in all countries, they managed to obtain a majority favorable to their policy in the National Committee. They want to accomplish at any price the complete domestication of the labor union movement in Spain. They make use of every possible method in order to attain that purpose: towards the CNT they are using cunning and flattery; in the Levant they did not hesitate to create a peasant organization, in opposition to both the UGT and the CNT organizations; and in the UGT itself, they managed to create a split. The following are the facts:

The Stalinist agents being aware that the majority on the General Executive Board is composed of left elements grouped around Largo Caballero, decided to destroy the Board. Through the Executive committees, with communist majorities, of the different Industrial Federations, an ultimatum was forwarded to the GEB of the UGT, ordering that body, in virtue of article 33 of the Constitution of the UGT, to call a National Committee meeting within a week. They based their ultimatum on the fact that the signatories constituted a majority of the said National Committee. The order of business they proposed for the meeting was extremely important: Report of the GEB; the aid to be given to the Popular Front government in carrying on the war; the problems of production and workers' control of industry and the adaptation of the most important of them to war conditions; the intensification of agricultural production; cooperatives and collectives; the scarcity of food and the fight against speculation; the municipalization of city services; the unity of action with the CNT; election of officers to vacant posts in the unions . . .

The General Executive Board answered the ultimatum through a letter addressed to the signatory Industrial Federation Executive Committees. We reproduce the essential passages of the letter from *Claridad* of Sept. 9.

"The Executive Board received the document bearing your signature, demanding the calling of a meeting of the National Committee. We are astonished to see that you are basing your claim on article 33, since in conformity with article 9, your federation is suspended for non-payment of its taxes to the UGT. Seeing that at the last National Committee meeting several federations that participated, debated and voted in that meeting, without having the right to do so, the GEB decided that this should not be done again and so it unanimously decided to apply to your federation the first part of article 9."

(The first part of Art. 9 says: "Organizations in arrears with taxes for two consecutive quarters, stand suspended.")

The ruling affected nine federations, miners, leather workers, clothing, gas and electricity, drugs, wood, teaching, banks and exchange, and oil, representing a total of 200,000 workers. On Sept. 6 the GEB sent communications to all the local unions of the suspended federations, inviting them to communicate directly with headquarters in order to re-establish the bond between them.

The Stalinites retorted with a violent campaign making much of the sentimental arguments, that the exclusions were hitting at the heroic Asturian miners; they evoked all the technical arguments on the one hand contesting the validity of the debts, on the other hand offering to pay them up. On September 24 the suspended federation committees invited all the Industrial Federations of the UGT to a conference where the question of suspensions should be examined. Of the forty-two federations affiliated with the UGT thirty-one answered the call favorably and participated at the conference. Three federations: Transport workers, Agricultural workers and Metal workers remained loyal to the GEB. The excluded federations and those in sympathy with them declared themselves the only regular organization and elected a new General Executive Board. Thus the split within the UGT became an accomplished fact.

Viewed from the angle of democracy within the labor movement, it would have been more logical to have called a special convention which could have settled the issue, instead of invoking the delinquency. However, such a call for convention was difficult under the actual conditions. How can a true representation be obtained from such a highly industrialized district as Asturia where the war was raging, or from the Bay of Biscay district, occupied by the fascist forces?

Naturally, men of the Caballero type deserve to be treated with the greatest circumspection. The fact of having radically changed his political attitude three times in six years, is by no means a guarantee of stability for the future. The massacring of socialist and anarchist workers in 1931 and 1932; the enacting of drastic legislation for the defense of the bourgeois republic against the workers, and then from that position flopping over to a camouflaged Stalinism, contributing to the bolshevization of the socialist party and of the UGT, in order to arrive finally to the idea of labor unionism free from political party domination, the road he traveled in six years was indeed a tortuous one. But, in spite of all, the left wing of the UGT contains many sincere rank and file militants, and their present position of barring the road of Stalinism, is in conformity with the interests of the working class.

We give below some of the arguments used by them in the *Correspondencia de Valencia*, in an-

swer to the open letter of the Political Bureau of the communist party, tendering its "outstretched hand" to the anarcho-syndicalist CNT. The first article as reprinted by *Solidaridad Obrera* of Sept. 17, follows:

"The document published by the 'Bureau' is one more irrefutable proof of the theoretical and practical inconsistency of that group of would-be leaders, who for so many years past was dragging after them what they call the vanguard of the revolutionary proletariat, in all the quagmires, and who so often in the past acted in a manner becoming to the sixth column.

"Just as on the day when they abruptly decided to jump into the workers' alliances after having fought against them with fire and blood; just as when they suddenly decided to fight with all their energy for the democratic and parliamentary republic after having demanded, holding the knife at our throat, that we break entirely all the ties that might have attached the working class to the bourgeoisie; just as at the time when of a sudden it threw itself at the feet of the socialists after having for so long vowed that their unity with the revolutionary socialists would not be accomplished until all the reformist roots would be first pulled up; just as at so many other culminating moments of the revolutionary development, these apostles of iron discipline and of the firm and immovable 'line,' made a complete turn and upheld that which the previous day they absolutely condemned."

The second article contains a warning to the CNT. We take it from *Solidaridad Obrera* of Sept. 19, where it was reprinted:

"The communist party persists in its eternal false position; its present attitude lacks all seriousness. We were right, when speaking of the document of the Political Bureau of the communist party, we said that nobody will trust them any longer; that all they wanted was to make a toy of the CNT pretending to be for unity and for the restoration of the Popular Front.

The communist party has once more betrayed those who naively would have liked to see in that statement of the Bureau, a change in their tactics. The communist party is not causing anti-fascist unity. It shook it up and broke it and today, by following their suicidal tactics, which the Bureau itself declared to be incompatible with the interest of the war and the revolution, makes the solution of the problem of unity more difficult. It creates an atmosphere of hostility, using the most repulsive methods against the two great labor union federations. These are the great merits of the communist party."

The *Correspondencia de Valencia* has been suspended since. The stranglehold of the Stalinists is so strong not only in Spain but in other countries as well, that the disappearance of Largo Caballero's publication passed over in silence. *People*, the organ of the French General Confederation of Labor

(CGT), and the *Populaire*, organ of the French socialist party, did not even mention the fact to their readers. And yet, a few weeks before, Largo Caballero was for these papers the grand champion of Spanish democracy. What sort of a convention would that of the UGT have been in such an atmosphere, where even a Caballero or an Araquistain cannot freely publish a paper, or speak at a meeting? And what can be the status of the common rank and file militants?

The explanation of this despotism is that there is a widespread discontent and grumbling within the unions. The appreciations of *Claridad*, a strongly communistic paper is extremely significant in this connection. We reproduce from its Sept. 6 issue:

"Every meeting is a fight in which no quarter is asked or given; in which, at times, one encounters the same passion as in the battles carried on in former days with the enemy class. Every election for any union function, brings forward, with bitterness and strife, all the instruments of agitation and propaganda, which we workers were in the habit of using when the bourgeois governments were calling us to the ballot box. Vote soliciting for candidates, anonymous tracts containing dire threats, strange behaviors and uncalled for manifestations. Such are the outward consequences of these suicidal battles, that some forces are interested in fomenting within the locals of our glorious union. But have those trouble makers given any thought to the internal repercussions of these fights? If they have, then surely they would have put the brakes on some of their activities of which we are complaining. Such negatively aggressive policies will damage the labor unions most of all. These damages are manifesting themselves by a lack of activity, by the absence of energy with which to confront the actual and momentous problems of today. This road leads nowhere except to the entire discrediting of the unions, making them unfit for the special tasks that are incumbent upon labor unions.

"Calmly but earnestly, we take the liberty to warn the unions. We are forced to seriously consider the situation. The present time is certainly not the proper time for us to indulge in internal fights that will weaken our forces and further divide the energies of the working class. We have consistently urged the unions that they hold regular meetings and conferences. We have done so with a positive point of view; we believed that the unions, through their meetings, could realize a constructive plan of work, of which the immediate result would have been increasing material support to the government in its war work; overcoming the shortages in production by intensifying the work, putting in operation all the wheels of industry and agriculture, and generally orienting themselves towards the objectives that should be the same for all of us. But, if union meetings and

conferences are to serve only for maneuvering, by using methods of Ignace Loyola, for breaking up everything that is now united and preventing the unity of that which is still separated, then it is better not to hold these assemblies."

The Stalinites certainly must have run up against serious resistance in order to make them speak thus.

#### The Opinion of the Left Socialists

The Madrid socialist organization makes known its appreciation on the situation in an open letter addressed to the Executive Committee of the Socialist party of Spain. This Madrid organization has in its ranks such outstanding socialists as Largo Caballero, Araquistain, Pascual Thomas and Llopis. We are reproducing parts of the letter from the *Information Bulletin* No. 49, of the FAI-CNT:

"A people is invincible on condition that it is not made to lose confidence in its aspirations of liberty, on condition that it will not see emerging from its own bosom and from its collective sacrifices, a new tyrannical power, and internal despotism that would freeze up its enthusiasm in the fight for freedom at home and in the long run its resistance to tyranny from the outside.

"... Its knowledge that there is a political organization that is working above anything else, for the increase of its own power, having the secret ambition of becoming the sole organization both during and after the war, shatters the morale of the fighters on the front and of the workers of the factories and fields.

"... We are referring to the Spanish section of the communist international. We are holding this party mainly responsible for the misfortunes experienced by the republican cause in the last three months, and we hold that party responsible for the even more serious disasters that will come in the near future unless an immediate remedy is found.

"... Until three months ago there was a real unity of anti-fascist action in Spain. All parties and the labor unions were collaborating directly in the control and responsibilities of the conduct of the war. That unity of purpose and action has been diminishing from day to day. By whose fault? By the fault of the communist party in the first place, because it was they who first set up a conspiracy to remove from power the people and the organizations that would not submit to the orders imported by the communists; later they slandered the very personalities whom they have raised up on the pedestal, when they saw in them an obstacle for their partisan schemes, whether on the war front or in the state offices. They took the ridiculous attitude that political parties, and particularly the communist party, are privileged bodies of almost divine origin, charged with the mission of directing public conduct and that the labor unions were



only good to do the work and blindly obey the newly selected aristocracy, as if people who follow a manual or professional calling had less capacity for the affairs of State than those whose calling is nothing but politics, and at times, what sort of politics!

"The communist party declared war to the death to those in the UGT and in the CNT who were opposed to its totalitarian policies, which is by no means a dictatorship of the proletariat. It broke the cordial relations existing between that party and the left wing of the socialist party since the October revolution and during the first months of the military insurrection in 1936. And now they even have the nerve to state that it is our party that has changed policy.

"The left wing socialists are now the same as they were before. They are not responsible for a single act of hostility against the communist party, but the communists are guilty of many such acts. The left socialists still desire the political unity of the two parties, subject however to three conditions which were formulated and established as a basis of discussion by a conference of their groups in April 1936.

"The united party should be at all times subject to an exclusively national direction and responsibility; in any case a national convention should have the right to terminate the unity.

"We are disavowing the campaign of force and persecution carried on by the communist party on the war fronts and in the rear; it is revolting to the socialists who are upholding the dignity of their party and their own dignity as men and Spaniards. The injustices and the favoritisms introduced by the communists were never considered favorably in Spain; the misguided leaders of the Spanish section of the Communist International should have taken this in consideration . . .

"Something more was destroyed: a government that was more truly Spanish through its aims, and was the most efficient both internally and internationally than Spain has had since the beginning of the war; this government was for the unity of all the parties and of the labor unions; thus it was for the comprehension of all the parties and of the workers supporting political unity. By the destruction of that government the confidence of the soldiers on the front and of the workers in the rear was shattered. In spite of the fact that the war was a tragic affair, costing rivers of popular blood, the communist party did not hesitate to profit by it in order to further its policy of absorption and of speculation.

"If the recent unfortunate war operations at Brunete, which have been rejected several times in advance by the military technicians, who con-

sidered them fated to failure, if these operations were due only to military errors, we would keep quiet about it, and would only ask for the discharge and the punishment of those guilty of having wasted so much of the people's blood; but in these operations the military objectives were subordinated to petty political ends: to the glorification of some communist chiefs, who conducted them, in case they would have succeeded. The intention was to demonstrate the superiority of a government that could come back and save Madrid, in contrast with a government accused of having deserted the city; to demonstrate also that if such an easy victory was not won sooner, this was due to the unreasonable resistance of those who confounded inaction with prudence, of those who confounded the opposition to the partisan passions of communism with the anxiety for not spilling criminally torrents of popular blood. The pitiful results have demonstrated to who was right."

Summing up its position towards the communist party, the Madrid socialist organization concludes:

"Policy of division and spectacular policy at the cost of thousands upon thousands of dead and wounded without any strategical gain, such was the policy of the communist party. If we would be as evil minded as they, we would say that these policies are made for the purpose of creating the moral and the material conditions for a complete defeat.

"We prefer, however, to believe that it is only a question of errors of judgment, and of the maneuvering of poor and mechanized intelligence that can believe that victory is near and that the communist can attain it by themselves.

"If that is the case, they are erring profoundly. Victory will be the result of the combined anti-fascist forces or there will be none. For, of two things one: either the communist party will alter its policy which leads to defeat, or it will have to be removed from public affairs as the enemy of republican Spain."

The open letter adds that in justice it is necessary for it to state that even if the communist party is the most responsible for the present situation, yet it is not the only one. Without mentioning the socialist party by name, the authors of the open letter are accusing the socialist party of unexplainable complicity inside of that party:

"There are an infinite number of forms of treason. But that of wanting to liquidate one's own party for the benefit of another party, that is unprecedented . . . of such an act only an anti-revolutionary, anti-democratic unscrupulous minority, seeking power for the sake of power could be capable."

# Playing With Words

By CHAS. J. MILLER

The greatest universal indoor game is Playing with Words. It is the favorite passtime of educators, trade union leaders and politicians of all shades. Next time you hear one, note how the words roll out, tumbling, twisting, turning inside out, somersaulting. You will be surprised what tricks they can do with words.

The game is as old as language itself. But at no time in history has the game reached the heights that it enjoys today. In the early days there were no telegraph, telephone, news reels; no newspapers and news systems as we know them today, no loud speakers to carry the words, no radio hook-ups that reach into the far corners of the earth.

When a person played with words in those days, if he spoke the words they could reach but a small number of persons and if it was the written word it did not reach so very many. It was a slow process. Today, when the President of the U. S. plays with words he is heard around the world.

There is another important factor involved in the game of words. In the early days the ways of living, the system of society was comparatively simple and the words to explain them were simpler and nearer to the root. Today, with the highly complicated system of living and with the rapid changing within the system the words used to describe the changes are so far behind the changes that many of the words used to describe the changes are meaningless and often silly when applied to reality.

What are some of these words and combinations of words? Here are a few that are overworked today. Heading the list I would put down, Democracy, and Democratic Countries. Then you have, the

Public, the Consumer, the Rights of the People, Identity of Interest between Capital and Labor, Arbitration to Settle Disputes between Capital and Labor to Secure Justice, and so on.

Now, when people hear that word, Democracy, they immediately see a picture of a country that is governed by representatives, collectively elected by the people who are politically and socially, equal. There is not a country that could stand up to this test. So long as some people control the means of living of other people a Democracy is impossible.

Next, you have the play on the words, Public and Consumer. Now, these two words mean the same people. We all come under the head of the Public and we all are Consumers. But when the player on words uses these terms he invariably means that the public's and the consumers' interests are identical. It is only when you examine who the public is or who the consumers are that you realize that you cannot lump them together under either head on the assumption of identity of social interests.

The public is made up of two separate economic classes whose interests are opposite. One of these classes controls the means by which the other class lives and as long as they do control the means of living there can be no equality between them in the social, political or economic sense.

And the same holds true in regards to the other term, consumer. It is true that we all consume, but, there are two totally different forms of consuming. One is destructive consumption, the other productive consumption.

If you consume to reproduce or you produce more than you consume you are a productive consumer. But if you consume without reproducing, then you are a destructive consumer.

A fire that consumes your home is destructive. A fire under a boiler that generates power to run a plant is productive.

The working class is the productive consuming class. The capitalist class is the destructive consuming class. You cannot lump these two classes under one heading because their social interests are opposite.

With these brief explanations you can readily see that to accept these words at their face value as used by these players with words is a dangerous practice and will account, in a great measure for the confusion and mess we are in.

Starting on such false premises you cannot possibly arrive at a sound conclusion. We must not take the Word for the Reality. It is the reality that counts.



# IN THE COURSE OF EVENTS—

By *GEFION*

When Larry Holman was fourteen, he came to the conclusion that he was fed up. The old man's grumbling, when he came dragging home from the mill at night, made him so damn sick and tired that he couldn't stick it any longer. The squalor of the ramshackle dump where they lived was getting his nanny. The everlasting bickerings of the old lady, the howling and squabbles of his half-starved kid brothers and sisters were getting in his hair. The stink of unwashed diapers hung in his nostrils wherever he went. So one fine afternoon, Larry rolled up an extra shirt and his other pair of socks, went to a can in the wood shed where he had planted a dollar and sixty-five cents, saved from his paper sales in town, and beat it. At any rate, he thought, it will be one craw less to fill.

Larry skirted the town till he came to an up-hill grade where the trains for Seattle slowed down. He laid down behind a stump and waited. Over him crept a feeling of release—a feeling as if he had just escaped a nightmare. His plans for the immediate future were hazy. He had no clear conception of where he was going or of what he intended to do. He thought vaguely of going south. Anyway, things would shape themselves somehow.

Night came. From behind the hills, the moon rose full and with a benevolent grin on its golden face. It climbed over the tree tops and flung a dancing streamer of silver through the green waves of the Sound. A steamer coming in from the Pacific sounded two hoarse and emphatic warnings at an outbound lumber schooner. It growled back angrily, as if to say: "I heard yer the first time, Stupid."

Larry lay drowsing behind the stump and let the noises of night soak through his being. He was not worrying about what the old folk would say or think of his sudden and unannounced departure. He didn't feel sorry for them nor for himself. Somehow, he felt that the tears shed over his disappearance wouldn't cause a tidal wave. He knew the factor that would determine the parental feelings would be: "Well, it's one less to feed and clothe." And, anyhow, he would drop them a line as soon as he got somewhere and connected with a job. Then from the north came the shrill, warning whistle of the southbound freight.

Larry had thought that he was alone. But out of the night there came men. Young and old men—straight and bent. Men with bed rolls up on their backs. Grouchy men and humorous men. Working stiffs without a dime in their pockets. Stiffs with a dollar or two in their jeans. Human beings with empty guts. Some who had been lucky enough to connect with the flesh pots. They came from behind stumps and trees. They came clambering up over the embankment. They drew back in the shadows, waiting. Larry kept to himself, waiting, and with fear hammering his ribs.

Then through a cut in the embankment, the locomotive's headlight cleaved a blinding channel through the night. A long-drawn whistle, then two short ones and the train began slowly to gather momentum again. Larry sprang from behind the stump and swung himself up on the rear end of an oil tank. He saw the others come from their hiding places like distorted figures in a flickering film and scramble aboard—some with the agility of youth, others with the angular stiffness caused by the calcified joints of old age. And the train with its freight of goods and humans was swallowed by the night.

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Larry's dollar and sixty-five cents had gone with the wind long since. The seductive movie houses of Seattle had gotten most of his hoarded wealth. Jobs were as scarce as hens' teeth. His overalls looked like an introduction to a washtub wouldn't harm them any. Fuzz was sprouting on his chin. He had in his mouth the vapid taste that comes from the missing of meals, and he didn't feel any too favorably disposed toward the world in general. But he would be damned if he would slink back to the old folk—not for all the tea in China.

He was mooching up Yester Way. On the corner of Second Avenue, he felt the eagle eye of the patrolling flatfoot rest suspiciously on the back of his neck. He geared his steps a notch faster and succeeded in making the corner before the Law could make the prescribed inquiries as to his right, if any, to be on earth. He drifted down toward Washington Street and got talking to a kid of his own age—a wise punk, who knew the ropes. They decided to beat it to Tacoma.

And from his new-found partner, Larry learned the gentle art of bumming back doors for lumps.

He absorbed the intricacies involved in making the right approach for nickles and dimes. He learned that in the dark crevices of life there were practised certain sexual peculiarities which were not strictly in accordance with Hoyle. And his normal instincts revolted against the whole lousy affair—bumming and all. He told his sidekick what he thought of it. They had a row and parted.

So Larry began making the rounds of the shops and mills—only to be told, "Nothing doin'." More back door bumming—one had to eat. More job hunting. Then one glorious morning, Lady Luck took Larry gently by the paw and lead him into the golden valley of jobs. He was taken on as general roustabout in a box factory at the bank-busting salary of two and a half per diem. And Larry clung to his job like a green cowhand to a bucking mustang. For months, he felt he was on the road to riches. He sent the old folk a five spot, telling them how well he was doing, and best regards to the kids. Then one fine day, the can was tied to him and several others—Reduction of force necessary, due to seasonal lack of orders, the notice by the timeclock had it.

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Life is a stage. You are the master of your soul. Life is what you make it. Don't watch the clock if you wish to succeed. Every cloud has a silver lining. Half a loaf is better than none at all.

Larry had heard all these chin-whiskered bromides, and many others, time without number during the course of his young and hopeful life. His school teachers had drummed them through his skull. He had read them, set off in bold type, among the intellectual claptrap of the papers he had peddled in his kid days. His old man, twisted and toil-worn, had mumbled the one about the half loaf whenever there had been a wage slash at the mill.

Oh, yes, Larry was well acquainted with them all. And he had come to believe that they just about epitomized all the wisdom that had ever emanated from the brain pans of the wise guys.

When Larry got canned from the box factory, his visible means of support consisted of eleven dollars and four bits. He had on a pair of new overalls, a warm logger's shirt, and his feet were encased in a pair of fairly good brogans. And hard knocks had begun to teach him a thing or two. This time he didn't blow his dough on the movie joints. Oh, yes, he took on one or two—mostly depicting the remarkable adventures and lion courage of Hollywood cowhands wiping out, single handed and by the bushel, foul villains and slaving seducers of fair maidens. But he had been taught a lesson in moderation when his dollar and sixty-five cents had gone by the board. And he knew that if he failed to connect with a job of

some kind before his present eleven bucks were shot, there would again be the old song and dance of, "Madam, will you please—?" And, dammit, he detested that.

But jobs were hanging as high as the rowan berries that the fox couldn't reach. Larry rustled the shops and mills early and late—Nothing today—Sorry—May come back some other time. And his wealth dwindled until once more he found himself on the bum.

And so Larry Holman grew into manhood. Now and again a job. Then back on the bum. Thirty days for vag. Lousy—Boiling up in the jungles. Sick in the county hospital with pneumonia. Kicked out half cured, weak on his pins, without a dime. Every cloud has a silver lining. You are the master of your soul. Life is what you make it. Ha, ha! This guff, Larry came to realize, didn't quite jibe with the sharp-edged corners of reality. Well, what t' hell, one had to learn!

Yes, Larry trod the pathways of life. He learned a little here, discarded a screwy notion there. He learned to see and to listen. He found the delights of libraries. The kicks in the pants that life gave him did not make him bitter or sour—he realized that he had a lot of company—but he preferred to be alone. When in the company of others, he spoke quietly and he learned the knack of finding out indirectly what others thought and believed. He paid attention to their words, but most, he observed their actions. When in the jungles, he would sit off by himself and let the talk of the other stiffs drift through his brain. Now and again a truth floated to him and stuck. He would roll himself a pill and mooch off, meditating the while on what he had heard and on how it shaped up with actualities.

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A manifested freight was rumbling south through the night-blanketed land of sunburnt California. The monotonous grey hills billowed in the distance as if they were dirty circus tents that the wind was trying to lift from their moorings. Somnolent farms and villages fitted by and in the pastures cattle were lying in the dim moonlight like models in the relief map of some enterprising real estate shark. From the top of the train, they were no larger than Nurnberger toys, out there against the dark earth.

Larry Holman sat on the top of a refrigerator and watched the cars on the highways zoom by. They looked like swarms of enormous beetles that were scurrying from their burrows, trying frantically to escape some impending catastrophe. Overhead an aeroplane was buzzing its way eastward like an angry gadfly.

Once again in his life, Larry wasn't quite positive as to destination or immediate plans. He had been north as far as there were land and jobs. He had been east and gotten a gutful of

mass production and the speed-up. But he had never yet feasted his orbits on that boasted-about, bragged-about, screamed-about chamber-of-commerce paradise known as Sunny California. So, now, here he was and he felt somewhat like Mark Twain in *Innocents Abroad*—a lot of blah—nothing much to get excited about, at least not as far as first impressions went. Well, he would hold her down till he struck the gold-paved avenues of the City of Angels and see for himself if the aborigines of that burg were of a clay different from that of ordinary saps.

Larry turned his back to the wind and rolled himself a cigarette. He lighted it under his coat and sat gazing into the night. He was getting on to twenty-five now. Hard work had put tough muscles on his bones and he looked out into life unafraid. He had learned self-reliance and how to think. In his busy life of helping to build up the bosses bank accounts, he had found out several things as to how this little hen yard, called life or society, is thrown together. And he had come to the conclusion that as matters stood, they were rather dizzy. The hinges could stand a little oil. It was tough mathematics to strike a balance. On the one side, warehouses stuffed to the rafters—out here, John Workox with just about enough dough, when "gainfully" employed, to buy back a mere handful of crumbs from what he had turned out. To say nothing of the millions of workless pounding the sidewalks looking for non-existing jobs or for dimes. It was worse than trying to figure out a Chink lottery ticket—it couldn't be done, at least not by the equations used by the good bosses' yes-men.

Once in the jungles, Larry remembered, an old bewhiskered stiff had stood up from his java can and declared to a gang of wise buzzards that the working class and the employing class had nothing in common. And, further, that there could be no peace so long as hunger and want were found among millions and the few who make up the employing class had all the good things of life. And he had furthermore declared that, goddamn their dirty scissorbill hides, all the moron wise cracks in the world wouldn't alter the case.

Old Whiskers' statements had drifted to Larry through the smoke from the fire and the laughter with which the others tried to ridicule him. Larry had then thought that the statements originated with the old stiff and he had come to the conclusion that they weren't badly thought out for a broken down old dingbat. Later he found out his error. But it didn't matter. They were the truth—the kind of truth he and all the other pack mules needed before they could do much about getting accounts balanced.

And now he sat here on the top of a rumbling freight and thought about life and its peculiarities. The moon had disappeared over his shoulder and

was sinking behind the coast range. Now and again a dog barked at the passing train. Cows rose from their sleep and the earth steamed under them. They humped their backs to get the stiffness out of their joints, then they lowed a throaty welcome to the morning's milking time. In the distance, roosters were proclaiming to their seraglios that it was time to shake a feather. Slowly the sun crept up over the eastern hills and bore on its pale rays the first gray light of a new day.

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Larry didn't find the City of Angels a New Jerusalem. Nor did he discover any vestal virgins daintily treading avenues of gold—at least not around those parts the burg set aside by the best people for the scum of earth—Nay, nay! On the whole, Larry thought it was the dreariest hoosier lay-out he had laid eyes on in many a moon. And as for its denizens, well, he found them on par with the rest of Moronia—no better nor worse—just another cross section of dear and beautiful life.

Larry set out to explore the city and its sand-blown environs. And he couldn't, for the love of Pete, figure how a couple millions of bipeds had gotten corralled in this gray and joy-forsaken corner of the globe. But when he made inquiries, those who had been in town long enough for a clean shirt looked at him as if he had been goofy enough to ask: "Why does one enter Paradise?" He went out of town and gazed at the mountains and came to the conclusion that the bloody things looked like Sahara set on end. Well, well, each to his own taste. He was damn certain that he wasn't going to make the burg any more crowded than it was.

Larry was meandering down the skidroad. The sour stench from eating joints that hadn't changed grease since they were first opened filled his nostrils and brought vivid olfactory recollections of the acrid diapers that had been part cause of his leaving the parental gables. Bleary-eyes winoes were guzzling barrel wash in the doorways. He met stiffs he had slaved with up north. Things weren't so hot, he was told. Not t' helluva lot going on and wages lousier than ever. Same old tale. So Larry decided that it was time for him to get out of this crummy hole and rustle a master in some other part of the great open spaces.

## II.

The strike on the Sherman Dam, Federal Reclamation Project, was rolling into its fourth week. Larry Holman had been on the picket line practically day and night since the morning when the duly elected strike committee had let it be known to their kind and benevolent bosses that from now hence it would be nix on low wages, rotten chuck and lousy bunkhouses.—Here are our demands, look 'em over and let's have your answer by eleven.

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At eleven, the Brains, with befitting calm and kindly-stern mien, had informed the committee that the demands were simply preposterous. Why, the present wages were positively as much as could be paid. And hadn't they themselves on several occasions partaken of the food served in the cook-shack and found it excellent? They certainly had! The boys had better go back to work. The boys should realize that altho the project was being done by contract, they would virtually be striking again' the Gov'ment, and that simply wasn't done. Yes, the boys had better return to work and they, the Brains, would sincerely see as to what could be done in regard to the bunkhouses. They would, they admitted, grant that the sleeping quarters could possibly stand a little improving. The committee said, "Oh, yeah?," and turned on its respective heels.

A meeting was called of all the stiffs. The refusal to grant the demands was reported by the committee. The stiffs voted nuts on going back to work and a strike was called immediately. So, now, Larry and his fellow workers hiked the picket line for miles, keeping out scabs. And they sang songs of class rebellion and solidarity.

Larry reported to the nightly meeting at the picket camp that he expected trouble. The chairman wanted to know upon what he based his assumption. Larry said that he had observed several new mugs being added to the company's gunmen, and that some of the pickets in town had sent word that the company apparently was figuring on moving a gang of scabs in from some eastern point. So Larry thought it best to be on guard and warned the other pickets to watch out.

Larry's suspicions proved true. Up over the yellow desert road that lead to the job there came several mornings later a convoy of trucks loaded with a collection of derelicts and barrel house scum. Each truck was amply protected by company gorillas. The picket line closed its ranks, tensely awaiting developments. Larry stepped in front of the first truck so that it either had to stop or run over him. It came to a standstill. A gunman jumped from the driver's seat and pointing his sawed-off shotgun at Larry, he wanted to know what in the goddam hell was the matter here. Larry said, "Do these men know there is a strike on this job?"

The plug-ugly let Larry know that it was none of his damn business what they knew.—Them guys was gonna go t' work and no goddam red was gonna stop 'em, see? The thugs from the other trucks put in an appearance. Like a row of mephetic figures from the exhibition of a venereal disease quack, they formed a fence across the road. Pickets went out around them and yelled to the human flotsam in the trucks not to scab. They answered with a barrage of empty booze bottles. The pickets retreated toward the road. A bottle missed the line and struck a gunthug on

the skull and laid him flat. The one next to him whirled and emptied his shotgun into the ranks of the pickets. Larry saw three men go down and lie struggling in the yellow sand. His heart pounded against his ribs. He sprang at the gorilla and before he had time to turn, Larry had the gun twisted from his grip and rammed the butt of it into the base of the thug's skull. He saw him make a half-turn and drop with a dull thud in the middle of the road. Then it was as if an army trampled him underfoot and all became night.

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Larry vaguely felt himself floating up from a deep shaft of darkness. A strip of light crept between his eyelids and a sharp smell of disinfectant filled his nostrills. He tried to open his eyes, but they felt as if two heavy weights had been placed upon their lids. He could dimly see a barred window. A white-clothed person came toward him as if he were emerging from a fog. Larry wanted to know where he was and what had happened. The man answered: "You're in the hospital ward of Las Palmas county jail—What happened is none of my business."

Larry tried to sit up, but pains shot through his head and chest. He fell back upon the cot and discovered that his head was wrapped in bandages. He tried to remember what had happened—then he saw the gorilla drop in the road and remembered the other thugs laying him out—"Christ, my skull is busting—the mugs must surely have given me the works." He asked the attendant if any bones were busted. "No, but's a wonder—You've been out for two days."

In the afternoon two gumshoes came—Name, birthplace and age? And they let Larry know that he thought himself a tough guy, eh? Well, he was going to get the rope for this. Larry wished they would get t' hell out of the joint and let him alone. The next day a bespectacled lug came and droned through a warrant, charging that on such and such a date, anno so and so, at or about 7:30 o'clock A. M., Larry Holman, aged 27, had wilfully and with malicious forethought caused the death of one Jess Bullock, special guard, Sherman Dam, United States Reclamation Project, Las Palmas County, State of New Mexico, by forcefully striking him at the base of the skull with the butt end of a shotgun, wrested from the hands of aforementioned Jess Bullock, now deceased, by the herein named defendant, said Larry Holman.

Larry twisted himself up on an elbow and looked incomprehensibly at the mug that had done the reading: "Did I actually croak that fink?" he asked.

"Yuh evidently did—He's as dead as a door-nail—And who's yer attorney? It's a federal charge, ye know, bein' committed on Gov'ment property."

Larry told him that he didn't have any mouth-

piece nor any dough to hire one. He would have to think the whole jumble over before he could decide on anything.

Two days later, he was removed to the jail proper. Larry crept around his stinking cell, trying to work some of the pain and stiffness out of his joints. Several days later, he was brought out to the visiting pen. Three stiffs from the picket camp yelled at him through the double screen:

"How are ye, Larry? We'd been here long ago, but the Law wouldn't let's. How are ye making it, old boy? Got any smoking? Anything ye need? We've wired the Committee in Chi and they are sending a lawshark down here to take charge. We're taking up dough for yer defense."

Larry said never mind to trouble about him. What he wanted to know was how it came that the finks didn't bump him off. The stiffs from the picket camp yelled that they had charged the gorillas as soon as they had knocked Larry for a goal. They had gotten several of their guns away from them and told 'em that the healthiest thing for them to do was to scam before they were made into salt and pepper shakers. The finks and the scabs had scattered all over the damn desert like a flock of flapping buzzards. But before they could get Larry out of the way, a gang of bulls from town had rushed them and put the pinch on him. The guys that the gunfink had fired on were doing okay, and Larry needn't worry—they'd stand by him till hell froze over—"And, goddamned, we won our demands—no more scabs after the last performance, and the dear bosses suddenly had a change of heart. All the guys went back to work yesterday, but we was elected as a committee to see about yer defense—and we're figuring on pulling another strike in protest against yer being in the can."

Larry said nix on that—the stiffs needed the dough and never mind him.

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A deputy marshall unlocked Larry's handcuffs and told him to sit on a bench inside the railing separating the space set aside for spectators from the court room proper. The room was alive with buzzing voices and craning necks. From the streets came the rumble of traffic. Larry sat quietly and gazed at Lady Justice, hanging in glum fly-specked righteousness above the high-backed oaken chair intended for Hizzoner. His attorney nodded him a greeting and motioned him to sit over at his table. They spoke together in low voices—defense, jurors, witnesses.

The jury box was filled with twelve good men and true. They sat solemnly with hands crossed over their bellies. Some were young, some middle aged, some fat and others lean, but it was as if they had all been molded by someone who simply had refused to variate. They had not all been accepted yet, but Larry's attorney whispered that he thought they would do—best that could be ex-

pected in a hayseed community. Mebbe the prosecution would challenge one or two more, but he didn't think so.

At the press table, the reporters were yawning and sharpening their pencils. A lone woman sat among the half dozen men. She was a mere slip of a girl. Her hair was golden and bobbed in a manner that gave to her face the expression of a whimsical kid. She wore a simple dress of black with thin white stripes, and her only ornament was a broad white collar falling over her shoulders. She seemed the only one among the reporters to whom the outcome of the trial had any interest. Now and again she would look over at Larry with gray, deep eyes set widely apart as if to evaluate what kind of person he might be. She also seemed to know his attorney as now and then she passed him a slip of paper and received from him in reply a negative shake or an affirmative nod.

A paunchy bailiff in horn-rimmed spectacles and with a mug that looked as if it had been painted with permanganate of potassium, stood up and droned, "Hear ye, Hear ye!" A door leading to the judge's chambers opened and a white-haired, withered mummy in black robes scuttled across the floor and seated himself in the high-backed oaken chair. A moment later, the clerk of the court came trailing in with an armful of ledgers and documents. He boomed at the attorneys and the court room in general that the case of the United States vs. Larry Holman was now called. The prosecuting attorney thereupon got on his feet and let it be known that, may it please the court, the jury was acceptable to the prosecution. Hizzoner looked boredly at Larry's attorney. Yes, he, too, accepted the twelve good men and true.

And after the prosecutor had stood up and in a lugubrious and solemn voice had told the court and the jury what a culprit the United States intended to prove Larry Holman, he proceeded to march forth his army of witnesses. The Brains from the Sherman Dam came. Yes, a strike had been called on the project prior to the day—four weeks or thereabout—when our Mr. Bullock met his untimely death. Yes, the strike had been caused by the unreasonable agitation of the defendant, Larry Holman, and other agitators. Yes, on several previous occasions, the pickets, as they called themselves, had prevented willing and eager workmen from entering the job. Thanks, sir, that's all. The defense may take the witness.

And the defense took the witnesses and succeeded after much hemming and hawing on the part of the Brains to bring forth spluttering admissions that all the men had voted to strike when their demands were rejected—that all the men had walked off the job when the strike was called—that the demands—"Do you recognize this copy?—were for better wages, better food and the improvement of the vermin-infested sleeping quart-



ers. And was it not also a fact that all these demands had now been granted? Yes, they were—the job simply had to be finished at a certain time.

The Brains further, and with equal reluctance admitted that Larry Holman knew his onions when it came to the work he had been called upon to perform on the dam—further, that he had always been a peaceful and unassuming person.—That's all.

And forward swaggered or slunk the company gorillas and stool pigeons. They stood up, one by one, raised their right mitts and swore to tell the whole truth and nothing but, so help me. Yes, they knew the defendant. Yes, they saw him in the court room—that's the guy sitting over at that there table. What happened on or about such and such a date, at or about 7:30 o'clock A. M. on the road just where it enters the United States' reclamation projects, commonly known as the Sherman Dam? Would the witness please turn to the jury and in his own way tell the gentlemen of the jury just exactly what took place on said morning? The witnesses would and they did tell the story in their own way. Now and again there came from the defense attorney an objection as to the statements being immaterial, irrelevant or mere hearsay. "Objection overruled—Proceed."

Yes, the witnesses told how they had been sent to town with the company's trucks to bring out a group of workmen shipped from the east to go to work on the dam. How the pickets had prevented them from getting to the job by blocking the road, how they had refused to move on, and how finally, after calling the men in the trucks foul names, Larry Holman had wrenched a shotgun from the hands of Mr. Bullock and struck him over the head with it, then and thereby causing his death.

And the defense took the gorillas and finks in hand and after much squirming on their parts forced them to admit that Bullock had first fired into the ranks of the pickets and wounded three persons before Larry Holman had twisted the gun from him and struck him down—and that had it not been for the other pickets' coming to Larry's rescue, the gunmen would in all likelihood have killed him. And was it not a fact that Larry Holman had been confined in the medical ward of the Las Palmas county jail for several days, due to the beating he had received at the hands of the gunmen? And was it not also a fact that the company had the preliminary hearing and the trial postponed until the effects of said beating had disappeared? Here the prosecutor objected to the defense's "leading" questions. "Objection sustained—Proceed."

Recess came and Larry was permitted to walk in the corridor after he had come back from lunch with the watchdogs. Two deputies were stationed at the end of the corridor to prevent escape. Larry stretched his legs and wondered how much longer the show would last and what the jolt might be,

when the girl from the press table came up and offered him her hand. She said:

"My name is Ella Brant—I'm reporting the trial for the Workers' Voice."

Larry said: "It's a pleasure to know you—I was wondering who you could be—but you shouldn't have come all the way from Chicago for this affair."

He looked into her face and decided that her gray, wide-apart eyes were as clear and beautiful as the lakes of his native north. They walked together and talked about many things under the watchful eyes of the deputies. She said, she hoped for an acquittal, but one could never tell when it was the case of a worker. Larry thought one could nearly always tell—It generally resulted in the stiff getting a jolt. "But," he said, "this is the class war, and until John Workox learns to organize—and to organize right—that is all we may expect." Then the deputies yelled that it was time to get back into the court room.

Larry walked to the witness chair and in his low and calm voice answered his attorney's questions as to what lead up to the killing of the gunman. The prosecutor then took him in hand and among many other things wanted to know if he wasn't a red, eh? Larry answered:

"If you mean, 'Am I a union man?', I say, Yes. If you mean, 'Am I radical—that is, a person who wants the workers to receive the full product of their labor, by their owning and operating the machinery of production and distribution?'—if that is what you mean, then again, from the bottom of my heart, I say, Yes."

The prosecutor looked at the twelve figures in the jury box with a smirk: "I thought so—That's all." \*

The prosecutor had just gotten through fanning the air. His voice had taken all the hurdles of the oral racetrack. It had soared to a hoarse, shrieking crescendo as he painted to the drowsy after-dinner-belching twelve good men and true a lurid picture of all Larry Holman's nefarious tendencies and murderous activities. It had nose-dived into a string of low, fear-quavering gulps as he unraveled for the bilious gentlemen the horrors that would overtake the sacred American home and their own law-abiding bailiwick should they fail to heed his plea for the infliction of the death penalty upon that self-declared red culprit—the murderer of that respectable and peace-loving citizen, Jess Bullock—"Gentlemen, your duty is clear!"

Larry's attorney stood up. He begged the jury to disregard the good prosecutor's attempts at taking impassioned flight. He drew an outline of the underlying cause of the strike and what lead up to the killing of the gunman. He told of the low wages, the poor food and the filthy bunkhouses that the men had to endure. He depicted the life of the migratory workers—the misery they had to

put up with. He reviewed in details what had happened on the road the morning when the gunman had fired into the ranks of the unarmed pickets, and concluded with a plea for acquittal.

One of the prosecutor's apprentices had the final say—a bumptious paraphrasing of what the big shot had already spouted.

The mummy in the high-backed chair fumbled with his notes. He wheezed his instructions to the jury as to what was the law and what wasn't. He summed up, more or less, what the prosecution had contended took place. And, on the other hand, what counsel for the defense had maintained was the case. They, the jury, could find the defendant guilty either of murder in the first degree or of manslaughter.

Larry Holman's twelve peers came back six hours later. They filed into the jury box and slumped into their seats with all the solemn bovinity and bucolic dignity that they could muster. Larry was rushed from the county hoosegow. Once more, King Tut's second cousin emerged from the tomb in his funereal garb. He seated himself in his oaken chair and mumbled:

"Have you reached a verdict, gentlemen?"

The gents had. The foreman of the gang stood up and stated that they found the defendant, Larry Holman, guilty of manslaughter.

The jury was thanked by the Court. The prosecutor looked glum. Larry grinned at his attorney and said, "Well, that's that." Ella Brant's hands clenched and opened spasmodically. She looked at Larry and said it was a damn outrage. The stiffs in the court room tried to get to Larry, but the deputies said it was simply against the rules. Larry's attorney stood up and moved for a new trial. Larry pulled his coat tail and said nix on all this boloney—let's have it over with—and don't waste any more dough on an appeal, either.

Three days later, Larry stood gazing at the flyspecked Justice. Had the defendant anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him? Larry said that he didn't have a syllable to say—wouldn't do him any good, anyway—Just let's know what the score is. Ten years in the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas.

### III.

The sun also shines over prison yards. It rises out there in the world over mountains and plains. It lifts itself into the heavens and its rays are reflected in the blue gun barrels of the guards as they, puppet-like, walk around the towers that like old world newspaper kiosks perch on the corners of the prison wall. Yes, the sun shines over prisons, too. It comes, bright and carressing and its warm light explodes against the high, barred windows of the cell houses and ricochets into the clear air in minute crystal threads. Yes, it comes and brings greetings from the world that is no more. And because it asks: "Do you remember—?" the days become long, they become long, dreary years.

It was Larry's first Sunday in the yard. He had been mugged and finger-printed. He had been taken by a runner to the bath house and shaved while stripped naked. He was now turned loose, a new fish, among thousands of other sons, who for one reason or another, or for not much of any reason, trod the fool's parade. He looked down at his monstrous Sunday garb—blue pants of a thick, undeterminable kind of cloth, coat of similar vagueness—where it touched the flesh, it felt scratchy—an ill-fitting cap. It all stunk of mothballs. Across his back, and across his pants legs there stood forth in jet black figures his convict number.

And so a new world began. A life of being counted. A life of being questioned and ordered around by officials and guards with mentalities that would make Hottentots appears college graduates. Long silent lines, long whispering lines, waiting for the signal of a club to move forward. Food that must have been made uneatable by design. Yes, Larry learned a few additional facts about the shady side of life. He came to discover that questions which were of no consequence in the outside world in here often became mountains of importance—Little pin pricks turned into deathly hatred—Drops of gall that made men kill. He learned of vile degeneracies bred in the dankness of prison nights, in the mouldy shadows of deadening prison days—whispered from cell to cell. Yes, Larry learned that it is not good for man to be alone. But of all this, the kind ladies and gents being shown the prison as if it was a zoological garden—of this they were not told at all.

He learned of prison finks and rats—guards and warden's pets. But Larry also learned that deep friendship may bloom behind prison walls. He learned of men who had stood pat, men who had gone to the hole rather than to snitch on a pal or fellow con.

And now and again, the prison's wildcat siren splits the air. All hands are herded to their cells. Guards excitedly count and recount the galleries. Finally the missing number is located—One short on five! At regular intervals, the siren shrieks its warning blasts out over the Kansas hills. Out in a ditch, or in a lone barn, the escaped prisoner lies hiding, his heart pounding in wild fear—"The bastards have found that I beat it!" Out on the Kansas hills, Kansas hoosiers are getting their shooting irons ready, slaving at the mouth in greedy expectancy of the hundred dollars allowed for the capture of an escaped convict.

Perhaps next morning it is whispered that he was brought back. A few weeks later, he emerges from isolation, pallid and shaky. He blinks against the strong light of day. A large red 3 has been placed above his convict number. He has now to make himself accustomed to the fact that all his good time is gone—that it will be a long time before the 3 will be removed so that he may again

have his petty, but all important privileges restored. Larry kept his promise to Ella. His first weekly letter went to her. It was short and laconic—he had not yet become used to having a prison censor peer into his privacy. He told her he had arrived—how to send her letters, should she want to drop him a line—am getting along as well as could be expected—Take good care of yourself.

But Ella had already found out a few things. From the authorities, she had learned what a prisoner could and could not receive. And to Larry, she sent the limit. Every other week a package of fruit. Now and then a money order for tobacco—but best of all—books. And for weeks, Larry's weekly letter became indignant protests. He returned her money. A few days later he finds in his cell a slip from the record clerk to the effect that such and such an amount has been placed to his credit. In the evening, a letter, properly opened by the censor, is thrown through the bars by the guard. It is from Ella, requesting him not to make things harder for himself. She is working—May she not, please, do little things for him to make his life a little more bearable? And long letters come from her regularly. They become the bright points in his life.

And Larry settles down to prison life. From the record clerk's office he receives the information that with the prescribed time off for good behavior, he will see the outside world in six years and eight months. In the day time, he works in the stone shop with a number of others—post office bandits, counterfeiters, mail defrauders—some intelligent and keen witted, others as stupid as Paddy's pig. He trains himself to forget the outside. He bends all his efforts to keep himself in trim. His spare hours, he spends reading and digesting what he reads. With all his might, he must forget that he has to spend six years here—perhaps ten, all depending upon future fickle circumstances.

Yes, Larry learns all the ropes, all the ins and outs of the Big House. The days go. Summer comes to an end and one fine morning the prison yard is covered with a glimmering carpet of beautiful snow. For a day it lies there white and lovely. Then it becomes specked and foul with soot from the power house smokestack. And then Christmas comes. A tender letter from Ella and the little presents he may receive. There are a few extra things on the tables in the mess hall. The prison band blares forth tunes appropriate for the season. On the visitors' gallery, two girls appear and sing Heilige Nacht. The convicts stare at them greedily. Then life settles back into prison routine again and winter creeps forward on leaden feet toward another spring.

And the years became pages in the tome of time. Larry tried to make of the outside world a mere haze of faint memories. He tried not to think of what lay outside the red brick wall. But Ella's letters came as constant reminders that the world was there as much as ever. Larry tried not to think

of her. But at night when taps had been blown and the light went out, and he lay gazing through the barred windows at the stars in the black sky, she came to him. She came vividly. He could recall little things about her that he thought he had never noticed in the court room. He saw again the dark dress she had worn and the soft white collar on her shoulders. He saw her as she walked with him in the corridor. He looked again into her gray, wide-apart eyes, clear and beautiful as the lakes of his native north. Yes, she came to him in the sleepless prison nights.

And as his time came near the end, she wrote to him that she was going to Seattle—"You will come there to me, won't you?"

\*

Larry was walking down the long corridor leading through the administration building to the outer gates. He had been dressed out. A runner was leading the way. In his hand he held a white slip. As they came to the double barred outer gates, he handed it to the guard. The gates swung open and Larry Holman stood on the outside again.

There comes to a man now and then a day in his life he will never forget. Over the Kansas hills lay the warm light of a late Summer's day. Here and there, the leaves of the oaks were turning yellow—harbingers of autumn. Larry stood still and looked up into the blue ether. His gaze followed the horizon.—How immense the world was! He had been given a ticket for the street car going to towa. But Larry wanted to walk—to feel the earth under his feet again. A dog came toward him. It wagged its tail, as if to say, "You're a pretty good Joe, aren't you?" Larry stooped to pet it. It lifted its head and licked his hands—thus he received his first greeting in the outside world.

\*

The train was speeding westward through the night. Its wheels sang their staccato clickety-clack—clickety-clack. Larry could not sleep. He sat gazing into the black, wooly night. Now and again, he would take from his pocket Ella's last letter and re-read it. He tried to figure in what part of Seattle the address she had given could be. And morning crept over the plains and in the west loomed the sawtoothed pinnacles of the Rockies. Now and then a stiff with a bundle on his back would stand off on the right-of-way while the train speeded by. He stood there so alone as if he were the last human in the world. And the groaning train began to climb the grade through the mountains. Larry saw again turbulent streams roar through ravines. He felt in his nostrils the warm fragrance of sun-heated pines.

Another night with stars glittering in the dark sky like islets of fire in a black sea, and the outlines of Seattle came through the morning's haze.

Larry sprang from the train and walked through the station. His eyes sought Ella.—Well, it was early and maybe she had misunderstood his last letter as to the time of his arrival. Or perhaps she

had changed in those six years to the extent that he didn't know her. He walked to the street and there by the side of a taxi cab, she stood.

Laughing and with outstretched hands, she came to him. Free and unashamed, she kissed him. Larry looked into her gray, widepart eyes.—Yes, they were lovely eyes, clear and beautiful as the lakes up north.

She gave an order to the driver. He swung the cab and speeded across the lower part of the city toward West Seattle. Before a small house perched high on a hill, he came to a stop. Ella said:

"Come, this is where I have been waiting for you."

They walked through the rooms together. Ella asked questions. Now and again she would stop and look at Larry intensely as if to make sure that her senses were not playing her false. Then she said:

"And now, we shall have breakfast—You and I, Larry—the first meal we ever had together."

And with deft hands, she prepared the food and the fragrance of coffee filled the rooms. They sat eating together and chatted over the thousand and one things that came into their minds. They talked of the future—of their future together. Larry had to tell of the prison. In a few simple words, he told her of what she had meant to him in those years. He told her what the books she had sent him had meant—of what they had taught him. He said:

"Soon I shall go out and hunt myself a job. I

shall try to take up life where I left off—only now we are two. I have learned in the years that have passed where I fit in. Through practical experiences and reading, I have learned what this class struggle means. I feel no compunction over the fink that I had to bump off—it was either him or my fellow workers. They took six of the best years of my life, and that is okay with me. I shall enter the ranks of the workers again, just as another worker, and I shall do what I can to help enlighten those who still believe that there is a pot of gold awaiting them at the next turn of the road. I shall help to make them see that the only solution, their only way out, is through organization, through the power of class solidarity."

In the night, they sat together under a tree on the hillside. Below them lay the bay with the light of the city gamboling in its rolling waves. A ferry was crossing from Seattle. A hoarse blast from a steamer gave warning that it was on its way. And on the hills of Seattle, the lights shone in the mansions of those with limousines, in the shacks of those with only weary feet to carry them over the roads of life. They sat together. Ella said:

"It is lovely to have you here.—It is good to know that you are free."

But Larry sat silent. He drank in the night. He let the presence, the fragrance and loveliness of the woman by his side sink into his hungry being. Then he said: "Yes, it is good to be here."

The End.



### So What?

The iniquitous Taff-Vale decision was reversed in 1906. The Labor Party claimed a victory. But the truth of the reversal is that union strong boxes had been looted by the government's habitually handing down decisions favorable to the prosecuting corporations, and the workers began ominously to murmur and grumble against this too obvious collusion between "their democratic parliamentary government" and autocratic organized capital. The change in the law was motivated by the desire on the part of the government to avert serious industrial conflicts, the inevitable crystallization of working class moodiness. It was clearly a victory for direct action—not for the Labor Party.

From 1911 to 1914, the English toilers, weary of the promises of labor politicians and leaders, were forced by the sheer economic pressure of decreased wages and increased prices to resort to the syndicalist tactics of direct action. Strikes flared in one industry after another, and frequently in several industries at the same time, to the horror of the bourgeoisie who feared a revolution at hand. Workers decided it was better to starve in idleness than add to hunger and privation the added pain of labor. The flames of unrest leaped to new heights in the history of the British Labor movement, only to be smothered by the smashing thunderclaps of war over Europe.

Conservative labor leaders collaborated with the masters to convince the workers via press and public speech that German competition was the root of English working class poverty, and enlisted the lives and services of the wage-slaves to fight again another war for the benefit of the master class.

The embalmed villain of our piece, floridly called for peace amidst ubiquitous cries for war, a voice in the wilderness. His attitude made him internationally conspicuous. Despite all his labor treacheries, some radicals of today try to mitigate his crimes against the working class by exaggerating the courage of his stand against the mass murder of war; but upon a more studious inspection of his life, it can be discovered he succumbed to the philosophy of the bitter-enders.

In a letter to the mayor of Liechester he wrote, "Victory, therefore, must be ours. England is not played out. Her mission is to be accomplished. She can, if she would, take the place of esteemed honor among the democracies of the world, and if peace is to come with healing on her wings the democracies of the world must be her guardians. There should be no doubt about this. We cannot go back now, nor can we turn to the right or left. We must go straight through." And in parliament he tersely proclaimed, "This country, if it retains any shred of honor at all, cannot accept a peace which means the sacrifice of Belgium's sovereignty to any extent."

The foregoing paragraph is hardly evidence of

unbending pacifistic bravery. It leaves one with the conviction he was opportunistic even in his objection to war; that, while trying to create an enduring reputation as a pacifist, he capitulated to the greed of the war-mongers.

After the war the dole and unemployment insurance were granted, in order to forestall an imminent revolutionary clash of the classes, according to the testimony of Lloyd George and Lord Derby.

The rotting corpse, the ghost of our story, was alive to the issues then, writing pamphlets, tracts and treatises against syndicalist activity in a country where the peaceful ballot was available to the workers. He proved himself a capable defender of the status quo and won the undying admiration of a frightened capitalist society, without estranging himself from the working class.

### Miners

In 1921, miners faced coal operators who demanded an increasing pillage of profits from the black wealth wrung from the toil of those who sweat in the murky bowels of the earth. To assure the success of their impending strike the support of the transport and railway workers was solicited, creating the "Triple Alliance" of British labor. However, the leaders of the railway workers decided against the will of the rank and file, and cancelled participation in the proposed strike. The betrayal has become famous as the "Black Friday" of the English labor movement, and is connected always with the name of J. H. Thomas, official of the railway workers' union, and later member of three cabinets in the country's "Labor Government."

The miners suffered the cruellest defeat in the annals of British labor, accepting humiliating wage cuts totaling \$2,500,000,000 yearly. The labor leaders and pink political charlatans injected through the hypodermic needle of class-collaborationist propaganda the virus of working class defeatism from which the British wage-slaves have not completely recovered to this day. The only sop for the bitter tears of misery the outstanding labor champion could throw to the beaten workers was: "The defeat of the miners in the coal lock-out turned the tide toward political action. The effect has been to emphasize the political aspect, the importance of public opinion and parliamentary control. The British labor movement is at heart more political than industrial in its emphasis and is conscious of this." Thus the workers were asked to cease fighting for higher wages and shorter hours and to bend their energies toward putting new faces in high places of government.

In 1923 the King estimated him the only man capable of restoring a modicum of England's parliamentary glory, the only man who could dress the windows of decadent capitalism and give them

the effect of scintillating brilliance. He was royally asked to form a cabinet.

Three years later the miners, facing a deeper wage-cut were ready to resist the masters' greed for increased profits once more. Direct action again was showing its effective fist among the workers. Economic pressure, not a lofty intellectual appreciation of the logic of direct action, forced its use in this instance, even as it determines, in the last analysis, all human conduct and shapes the course of history.

The King's Cabinet Former again attempted to channelize the wrath of the miners with . . . "There is talk about the miners, railwaymen and engineers coming to an agreement. No greater calamity could come over the country than that there should be raised a great block of unions on the one side and capital on the other engaged in a great suicidal fight in industry. What I want to see is a real combination of workmen demanding their rights and doing their duty to society while they are making that demand, and so appealing to the moral and intelligent sense of society that public opinion would stand by them and see them through their difficulties. The biggest union that can support the miners is the union of public opinion and reason. I want to see every right-thinking man and woman, whether railwayman, engineer, or in any other trade, stand by the miners in their claim for a living wage and decent human conditions; I want to see all organs of public opinion, the churches and the chapels, the House of Commons itself, stand by and see the miner gets his due and is not sacrificed to profit-making capitalism."

In brief, this messiah of England's working class, endeavored to assure the wage-slaves their hopes lay in the sickly altruism of the very institutions and side-shows of capitalism!

## The Big Strike

Three million workers abandoned their jobs on May 3, 1926 in sympathy with the miners. Day by day the strike grew in numbers and momentum, until it acquired the earmarks of a General Strike. The King's union, representing the Labor Party, and J. H. Thomas of "Black Friday" fame were on the General Council in charge of the strike. Both declared themselves opposed to the whole demonstration. Both did much to officially break it. The strike was called off ten days after it began. The cause of the miners was again defeated.

Claiming to be a socialist, he served the propertied interests with scrupulous conscientiousness; as a leader of labor, he strained every energy to deprive the workers of their power to strike; as a man of broad internationalist feelings, he deprived exiled radicals of the right of asylum on British shores; as a nemesis of fascism, he violated every capitalist-democratic precept by withholding information from his "peers and his people." While appealing to the working class, he spoke and wrote in the terms of "the people," "the whole people," "the nation," "the community," never in the terms of "the workers," "the working class," or "labor."

This is not so much a condemnation of a man as it is the condemnation of an economic system that creates the type of human being he exemplified. In the battle for more of the good things of life, too frequently talented men of working class origin will attempt to acquire them at the expense of others. The gullibility of an improperly educated working class is their opportunity. The life of any labor leader, honestly delineated, should be a warning to the wage-slaving class that until it turns to itself, spurning all offers of assistance from governments and powerful personalities, every day is lost!

J. Ramsey MacDonald is dead! Long live faith in direct action methods!

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## QUOTATIONS:

Maybe a rich man doesn't go to haven, but he doesn't go to jail, either.

Oscar Ameringer.

It's a funny world where we pay men less in order that we may have more, John D. Rust, inventor of mechanical cotton picker.

It is an observation of one of the profoundest inquirers into human affairs that a revolution of government successfully conducted and completed is the strongest proof that can be given by a people of their virtue and good sense. John Adams, second President of the United States.

To learn what is true in order to do what is right seems to be the whole duty of man. Huxley.

The history of the world is one of revolts heresies, idol-smashing and the consignment of precedents to the everlasting junkpile. — I would swap a whole cartload of precedents any time for one brand new idea. — Luther Burbank.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Way of Knowledge lies in UNlearning all they taught you in schools of State and Churches, my Girl and Boy.—Covami.

# FACTFUL FABLES

*By Covington Hall*

## *All About Civilizing The Uncivilized*

Once upon a time the Coming ruling class of a great empire called Samsland decided the time had come, to Expand some more. Looking around for a place to dump their Surplus Products, ere long they fixed their eyes on the Land of Dixie as the best Undeveloped Market in sight. The more they gazed on it, the Jucier the Plum Looked and the Easier the Pickings.

Soon, therefore, their Patriotism and Indignation was stirred to the Nth Degree. "This Land," they said, "is indeed a fair and plenteous Prospect. It is a Shame to allow it to remain Undeveloped. The trouble with its inhabitants is that they are Too Lazy and Unprogressive. They have too much to Eat and too little Progress. We must do something about it!" And they Did.

After talking it over, and all Compromise failing, the usual happened. The Coming Class decided to declare a war "to make the Continent safe for Human Liberty and the Union." This was done, only the war lasted Four Years instead of the Ninety Days the Military Experts set for convincing the Dixicans of the error of their ways.

Anyhow, the Coming Class won the war, as usual. Having won it, they, of course, proceeded to carry out their Good Intention, which was to Civilize the Uncivilized. It was a long and painful process, but, finally, it succeeded. The Slaves were Freed. They were thereafter no longer attached to their Jobs, nor their Jobs to Them. They were now, like their White Competitors, perfectly free to hunt a Master and, if they could find none, it was Just Too Bad for them, and that was all there was to it. Furthermore, their "O! Marseters" were also freed. Planters could now become Plutocrats, that is they could provided they had the Wherewithal. If they didn't, well, they, too, had to Work for a Living, just like Everybody Else; for all were now, under the New Dispensation, Free and Equal. Besides the Right to Work, if not the Opportunity, was generously guaranteed to all Able-bodied Citizens, regardless of Race, Creed, Color, or Previous Condition of Servitude. Better Still, Everybody, except Women, Imbeciles and Convicts, were given the Ballot and allowed to Vote as to whether the Republicans or Democrats should do the Talking and Skinning. Conquered and Conquerers were all Equal Before the Law. Nothing that bayonets could do to promote Progress was left undone.

It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that the Land of Dixie was soon on its way to a Highly Civilized State and destined to be one of the most Profitable Enterprises ever initiated. Its mines, forests, fields, water-power and petroleum ponds were seized on and so rapidly and Efficiently Developed that, today, one making a Survey of the Situation is compelled to admire if not approve of the Devastation accomplished in so brief a space of time. It is Perfectly Wonderful what the Coming Class did to their First Conquered Province. Schools, not only for the Supreme Whites, but for the "Niggers" even, rose on every hand. Churches and Factories and Slums blossomed side by side everywhere. All the Blessings of their Old Home Town, the Coming Class brought with them to the Land of their Desire. There, Down in Dixie as elsewhere, Progress and Poverty marched hand in hand, both, according to the Coming Class, being "God ordained" and "un-escapable." "As it was in the Beginning," they said, "so it will be in the End. Some men come into the World ready Bridled and Saddled and some Booted and Spurred ready to Ride them, by the Grace of God, Thomas Jefferson to the contrary notwithstanding." And did they ride? They Did, and No Maybe about it, for everywhere the Coming Class was triumphant.

Not a Superman or Slave is left in Dixie. Only Princes and Paupers dwell therein today. Where once Bumper Crops were regarded as Blessings showered by the Almighty on His People, they are now looked on as Calamities visited on them by a Malevolent Diety bent on taking away their Constitutional Right to a Fair Profit.

The Situation is, indeed, terrible to contemplate; for no sooner had Henry ben Wallace, the Greatest Secretary of Agriculture since Joseph ben Jacob, finished plowing under Ten Million Acres of Blooming Cotton in a Laudable Attempt to put more Rags on Naked Backs than here comes Father God and Mother Nature undoing all his Good Work by producing a Perfect Season which, in turn, enabled the Inefficient Sharecroppers to flood the Market again! This time with 18,243,000 Bales, the Biggest Crop of Cotton ever produced by the Backbones of the Republic.

As a consequence of this act of God, Nature and the Backbones in Sabotaging F. D. R.'s Plan to Produce Less in order to Have More, a dire

peril threatens the Land of Dixie. This becomes clear, or should, when it is Known that Too Much Cotton down there means Less Clothes on their Backs, Less Food on their Tables, and More Bankruptcy, Want and Misery everywhere for Everybody. Yea! it means Even Worse—it means No Money to send North and East for Radios, Autos, Frigidaires and, and, **Everything**. Worse still, it means Unbalancing the Budget again, And that

means, as you know, or Should know, the End of Everything in Sight.

Civilizing the Uncivilized is Alright, but what's the use of Producing So Much of Too Much and being Forced thereby to go Naked and Hungry for our Pains?

It's a funny World in which we Pay Men to Produce Less in order that we may Have More," says John D. Rust. It sure is, it sure is!



## For a Virtuous Working Class

By T-BONE SLIM

### Always too late!

Yesterday they made a raid on subway spitters. A good way to win a home for the winter. Just splash out a mouthful of Copenhagen in the subway and another mouthful of Billingsgate in court and you're all set—90 days on the Island.

Cost of living coming down all the time—but you must live in jail.

### Industrial Giants

An industry that can't support its workers should be junked. No use fooling around with it. Hang up our teeth properly on a nail and dedicate them to posterity. Let the politicians master the ceremonies, workingmen's friend preferably—you know it wouldn't do to have workingmen's enemies in there all the time.

Ten thousand dollars per annum they get for being labor's busom pal. Gawd! Heart and soul, and I don't believe they'd do it for a cent less.

An employer that can't so manipulate his slaves that they have plenty of salt herring and burlaps should be sent to an elementary school, and a child be put in charge of his works, to begin with. If then he doesn't learn, we can always use him peeling spuds or walking the dog. Industrial Giant! Put the glass on him or polish your specs.

All that blundering can't be ignorance.

### Helpless

A country that can't nurture its workers or suckle its young may as well declare itself bankrupt and cease being a country, and sub-divide itself into cemetery lots (we've got to find use for it somehow).

A working class that can't pry a living from too much of everything is pretty helpless—pretty helpless . . . well, not pretty, but helpless. They even have to be told to join the I. W. W.

Politicians can't give you anything, they can only take away from you—a one way street. You pay their wages. They tax you and then give you some of it back when you get pale around the gills. Don't get pale, that's bad . . . Here, have a plate of veal fricassee, I hate to throw it to the hounds.

### Virtue

"Capital and Labor are just a big happy family," says the press. I suppose that means Capital is master and Labor is mistress, am I right? And the squaw does all the work? Right again? And never goes on squat-down strike?

Lena and Axel had busted a chair trying to sit on it both together. There was much racket and the missus upstairs hollers, "What are you doing, Lena, are you fighting?"

"No, missus, just loving."

"That's nice, Lena, don't fight."

Collaborate? So, Mr. Labor, if you're going to collaborate you may as well join the bosses' union where he can get at you better. If you already collaborate you are already in a bosses' union—a girl that listens is already seduced; a citizen that stops is already bummed.

Join Labor's One Big Union, put the bosses on the bum; learn to worship, honor, and obey your class and we'll hold a big communion, for to us all things are come.



# Loyalty of Slaves vs Solidarity of Workers

By A. B. COBBS

The dictionary tells that the word "loyalty" means allegiance or obligation to government, a superior or to a principle. But from A to Z you will find no complementary word to express "allegiance or obligation" of governments or superiors toward inferiors. This is no oversight but results from the fact that the institutions that run the world take no heed of the welfare of those who toil. Whether a man comes from the farm, logging camp, mine or factory; regardless of his previous value as a producer; regardless of his docility to church, government or party, the day his needs prompt him to ask some show of appreciation, a mite more of what he has produced, every organ, every group that he has been loyal to, turns against him. He is a pariah, an agitator, a red, "He stirreth up the people, crucify him." Loyalty on our part is returned with contempt plus hatred.

A good place to see this one-sided loyalty in its simplest form is in a new country like the great plains of the West. Many years back Wyoming was seen to be a fine grazing place for all kinds of stock. The cattle-man came first with large herds to fatten on the rich grasses. Wyoming is a high plateau, not adapted to farming, and much of it is still government owned. It has had winters requiring much hay for winter feeding. Many men are needed in the summer to put up the hay, and to care for the cattle. In the fall the cattle are gathered; some are shipped to market, the rest pastured close to the hay-yards. The men who did the summer work are turned out to get through the winter as best they can.

## An Age-Old Struggle

Into this paradise, slowly but surely the big sheep men drove their flocks. They, like the cattle kings, had use for many men during the warm months, to put up hay, take care of the lambs and shear the sheep. Like the others, they turned out the workers in the fall, to eat sage-brush and snow-balls until spring.

Now cattle and sheep do not get on well together. Sheep eat the grass close to the ground and tramp down much more than they eat. So the cattle men decided to fight. The land, being government-owned, legal methods could not stop the sheep. So the cattle-men decided to use force. At first the "loyalty" of the men was relied on to maintain the rights of the owners: cow-punchers murdered herders and herders killed cow-boys.

Later, both sides were reported to have hired professional bad men and killers from the cities. A small war developed, troops were called in and a sort of compromise effected. But to the present time, jealousy and ill feeling smoulder in all the plains country; sometimes it breaks out in a small way.

After the World War and the tractor had made horses scarce, some big companies were formed to buy western horses. Some were used for work purposes, some were butchered and canned for the European trade where horse meat is eaten. As soon as the horse outfits began to buy hay-land and to run in the wild horses, sheep-men and cattle-men almost forgot their old enmity to combine and make it hard on the horse runners.

But as the years go by a new feeling has developed and is further developing among those who do the work. Men who drive horses from the desert one year may work sheep or cattle the next. Towns are closer together and the auto makes travel and communication easier. Men who once fought each other, now eat at the same table and drink at the same bar. Experience has tamed the wild unreasoning loyalty of the early days.

## Class Consciousness

Nowhere is manhood and loyalty held in higher regard, but time and hardships have mellowed and broadened the outlook of those who do the work in summer and have to ride the breadline in winter. The feeling of brotherhood and solidarity has taken root and in time will bear fruit.

That time will come sooner if we who see the need, will do what we can to cultivate and irrigate that feeling: we must fertilize it with the knowledge that loyalty to property and its owners breeds poverty and injustice: while solidarity with our fellow worker will bring a better world order.

The struggles between the cattle, sheep and horse ranchers were small compared to the events that transpired after the discovery of precious metals, the war with Mexico, and the freeing of the slaves in the South. People swarmed from every country on the Globe in an endeavor to obtain some of the new-found wealth. In this mad stampede all other feelings were crushed by greed for gain.

In a few years, however, the resources of this vast empire passed under the control of a few large corporations. Exploitation of the producers

became as direct and raw as it had been under chattel slavery. The new conditions brought out a new form of loyalty, class solidarity, which found expression in the Western Federation of Miners and later in the formation of the Industrial Workers of the World. Under the banner of the latter organization the word "Solidarity," synonymous with the "One Big Union of Labor," had more meaning and was carried farther than ever before in the history of the world.

Ideas, no matter how valuable, must have an organization to back them up if they are to materialize. So when the World War came it found the new idea of Solidarity unable to withstand the attacks of age-old prejudices fostered by the phony institutions that support the owning class. State, Church, Press, and even the theater were used as advertising agencies to deceive the people. We were told that we were to fight for Freedom, Liberty, and "To Make the World Safe for Democracy." As soon as the war was over they told us brazenly that it had been a war for markets and to safeguard some loans Wall Street bankers had made to certain European nations.


The spirit of Solidarity was not dead: even in the midst of war it broke out in strikes, insurrections and finally in the Great Russian Revolution. Hope was entertained that a new and better world was to be born; but this dream turned into a night-mare. Labor unions were spied upon and disrupted; insurrections of workers and peasants were suppressed by fire and sword and Russia, with armed intervention from without and internal dis-

sension within was turned into a land of desolation.

The effects of the Great Revolution were almost as disastrous in other countries as in the homeland. In all the world there was enthusiasm and hope for the new experiment. Yet there were thousands of cheap characters who used this feeling of Solidarity for their own advantage. The number of rats, finks, and shysters was so large in some of the radical groups that honest workers were crowded out. One organization was so foul that a judge stated from the bench that it appeared as though it had been promoted by the U. S. Department of Justice. The mental and moral equipment of the leaders of other-Pro-Soviet groups is so low that today the remark of Judge Anderson seems quite appropriate, when applied to them. Their conduct even more than events in Russia has turned the sympathy of the American people into suspicion and contempt.

But in spite of these back-sets the spirit of Solidarity moves forward. The English worker knows that the conquest of colonies lowers his own standard of living to that of the conquered races. The Italian worker will receive no benefit from the rape of Ethiopia; the German will get no good thing from the Nazi intervention in Spain. If Japan should conquer all of China, the Japanese workers and peasants will not receive one little grain of rice more than they do now. Loyalty to capitalist institutions has brought disaster to the workers: Solidarity among those who produce wealth will bring a better world.





## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

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

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

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

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

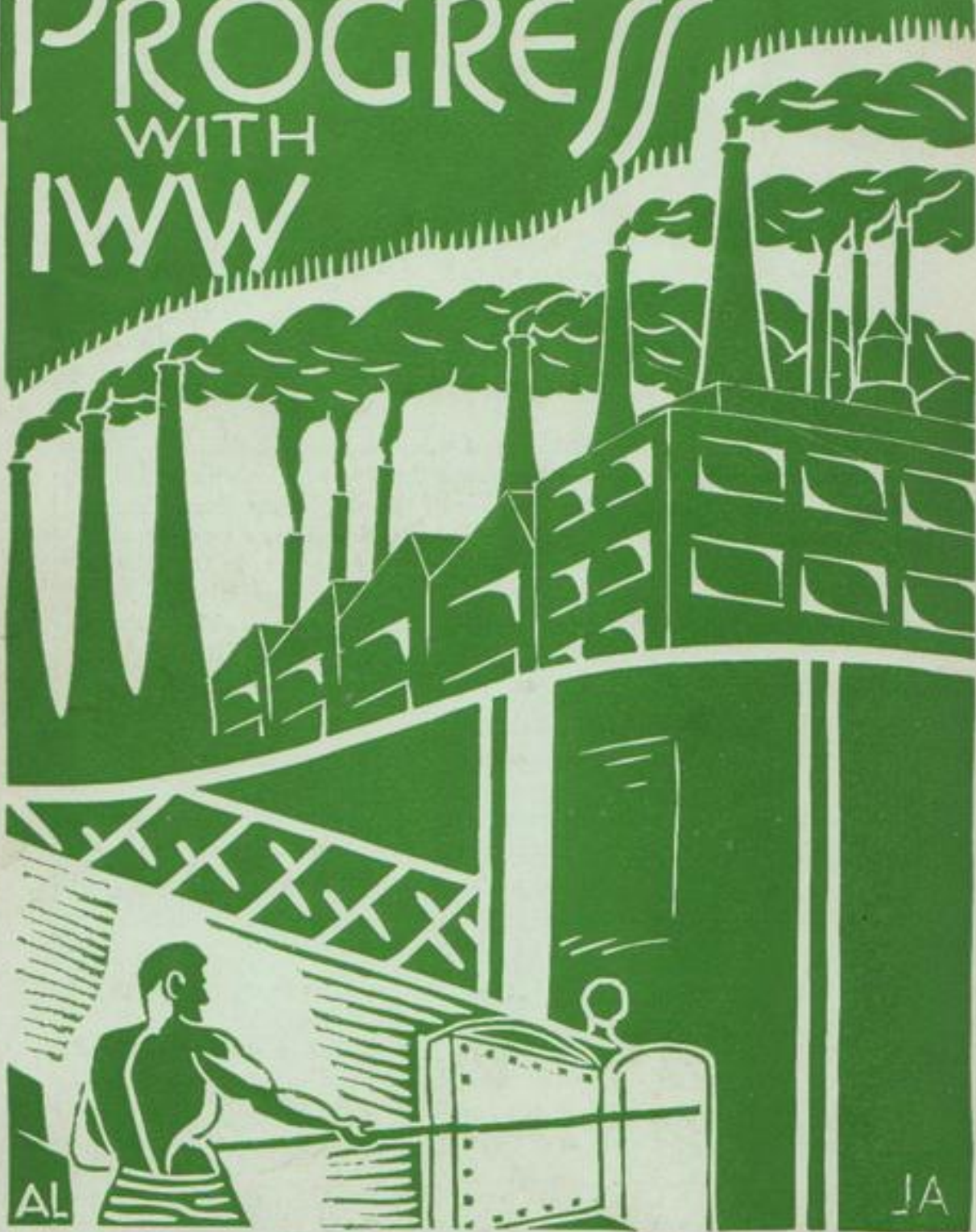
Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

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



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