

The **ONE BIG UNION** *Monthly*

OCTOBER

1937



Published by
THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

New Series: Vol. I-No. 10

Price, 15 Cents

The Source of Strength

When black reaction settles on a nation's workers, when democracy is dead, and the ballot box thrown into the discard; when free labor unionism is outlawed and the heavy hand of a dictator seeks to crush out every vestage of working class freedom—where will resistance to tyranny be born again? Where will aspirations for a new freedom find expression in fruitful action?

Fellow Workers, it will be on the job; in the industries. For workers to whom the command is given to produce, always and ever have the power to stop production or to slow it down. As long as production is in charge of workers (and how can it be otherwise) they have a power of which they cannot be robbed. Tools in the hands of workers are more than implements, they are, in a sense, weapons also, which can be used with effect in the class struggle.

Once there was a time when there was no ballot box for workers to use, and when unions were illegal. But workers were not stopped from taking economic action, or from eventually organizing unions in spite of all prohibition. In the depth of their slavery they still had their one indispensable source of strength—that power to act on the job that is the workers' even in wage slavery.

The power to act on the job, now and always, is the only one that cannot be taken away from workers by the employing class, and so the I. W. W. is right when it says it is the only power they actually have under any circumstances.

Let opportunists say what they will, organization of economic power is the function of a workers' labor movement.

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ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY
\$1.50 per year; \$.80 six months

published by

**THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS
OF THE WORLD**
2422 N. Halsted Street
Chicago, Ill.

Entered as second class matter February 26, 1937, at the
post office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

POWER OF FOLDED ARMS

*All the wheels be standing still
If thy folded arms might will!*

By
W. E. TRAUTMANN



The protest of the workers is seldom directed by the inflexible laws of the class conflict consciously applied in defense or attack. Were it not so energies, once spent in such demonstrations, never could be diverted into the quagmire of capitalist-dominated organizations.

When accumulated discontent manifests itself it may be directed into one of two channels which flow in opposite directions. One leads to beneficiary achievement for the whole class of wage workers; the other feeds the wheels of detriment to the interests of working class solidarity.

From the outset of manifested protest the course taken depends upon what group, as exponents of clearly defined objectives, assumes responsibility of intellectual leadership and is accepted in that capacity. Let us review some of the periodically appearing events in the "Social Protest" within the United States of America.

As everybody seems to think that **SITDOWN STRIKES** have blazed a new short-cut to the millennium, the purpose of the present analysis must be weighed by the **Power** wielded by **Folded Arms**, and the **Facts** of bayonets in the hands of soldiers animated by the commandment: Thou shalt not kill!

That law should take precedence over other laws, although it may be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Courts of Germany, Italy, Hungary, and the United States.

1874—1884

The native American wage worker on the railroads had made a courageous stand against the abominably merciless power of the first combination of employers in the transportation industry, headed by Jay Gould. Martin Irons, that irrepressible rebel, clean and incorruptible in his concept of social responsibility, had been forced into an outcast's life. It had availed little that the aroused people of Pittsburgh, Pa., had scattered the ranks of the state troops on their march to the roundhouses where they were to be quartered.

Little did the world know that school children had captured cannons from retreating militamen and were parading them through the districts where miners and mill workers lived. When locomotive tenders filled with oil were dispatched from hillsides, ablaze with infernal heat, along the switch-locked tracks into the roundhouses and the central railroad station, starting a conflagration that threatened to engulf the business district in a pandemonium of destruction, it only served Jay Gould as a welcome pretext to start in Wall street the "Black Friday" with all the nauseating orgies of self-destruction by speculators and brokers.

Reward of violence

A servile court later assessed all the damage done against every property owner in Iron City, which they finished paying—principal and interest—only a few years ago.

A new precedent was established as a warning. Henceforth the petit bourgeoisie in other places would know the penalty for sympathizing with workers in protest, although such outbursts might in the future repeatedly be directed against other industrial despots of the type of Jay Gould.

While Martin Irons and a few of his associates were driven across the continent as exiles from further opportunities in their own native land other exiles crossed the Atlantic in flight from political tyranny in lands across the sea. Martin Irons fell by the wayside from hunger and exhaustion; his body was dumped into a pauper's grave, a victim of the power of predatory interests that could not corrupt that great American but killed him by slow starvation.

Another outstanding leader of America's railroad men, Eugene V. Debs, writing his memorial tribute to the dead pioneers on new frontiers, learned the lessons of the defeat that followed heroic resistance—where, as stated by one of the participants who later became an outstanding editorial writer for William Randolph Hearst, "dynamite mixed with coal went into fireboxes of the engines and hell popped high in the roundhouses of the Erie line."

Rebel Emigrants

The exiled rebels from European lands, finding asylum in the United States, for want of other opportunities filled the rapidly growing manufacturing plants in the middle-west.

The branches of the International Workingmen's Association gathered the rebels in their folds. The **Amerikanischer Turnerbund** and the **Bohemian Sokols** (gymnastic unions) directed the agitation for a "Sound Mind in a Sound Body." In their co-operatively controlled halls—12 in Pittsburgh, 8 in Cincinnati, 12 in St. Louis, etc.—the cultural needs of a new pioneering class were stimulated and led into agencies for constructive action.

Insisting on the constitutional right that American freemen must not be restrained from carrying arms for purposes of defending the right to a free press, free speech, and free assemblage, there were organized the **Lehr- und Wehr-Vereine** (To teach and to defend societies). They flourished in every large city in the Middle-West and exercises were held in training camps established in suburbs of these towns.

In the central councils of Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other places all societies of liberal thought and for constructive endeavors gathered for consultation on matters of policy and for the advancement of a **United Cultural Front**.

However, in the East, particularly in New York City, things had come to pass which threatened to encompass the "socialists and anarchists" in a civil

war with workers not conversant with the radical way of waging the class struggle against the exploiters of labor.

Organized Scabbery Appears

Samuel Gompertz, emerging from the slum districts of London, came to the United States, not as an exile but rather as an ordinary emigrant. After being engaged for a few months by a relative to roll a few packs of stinkadores every day, he was engaged by a daily German socialist publication, the **New Yorker Volkszeitung** as reporter and editorial writer. In this position Gompertz,—then terming himself at the "Round Table" at Schwab's place on East Second street, New York, a philosophical anarchist—had gained support for a scheme to defeat the conservative policies of the Knights of Labor cigar makers assembly which had adopted a "White Label" as a trade mark in shops where Knights of Labor were employed.

The blue label of the International Cigar Makers union was placed in competition, and members of the International filled the places of Knights of Labor members in this "first jurisdictional fight" under the direction of said Samuel Gompertz. Mark that down in your mind!

Quite a different course was pursued in the territory west of Pittsburgh. Among the exiles from European countries were many students from leading universities.

It happened that the breweries, packing plants and restaurants absorbed many of the exiled rebels. They kept close company in the meetings of the International Workingmen's societies, in the Turnvereine, and Bohemian Sokols. They planned and schemed—how to establish rights in the workshops, curtail and abolish abuses under which they suffered more intensely than those who never had the courage to rebel against the kind of despotism they had tried to escape by seeking refuge in the United States. Theirs was this keynote: The power to produce, as a social function, conferred power also to stop producing if anti-social tendencies were to be combatted.

The slogan of **Folded Arms** to make the wheels stand still led to the first test of power in the Jackson Brewery company in Cincinnati.

The Power of Folded Arms

In those days the workers in breweries were quartered and boarded in a special confinement called the **Schalanders**... The working hours were unlimited. Every man had to be obedient to beck and call any time during the day or in the night. So the **Schalanders**, by habit, and by strict construction of law, was a collective home.

One day in mid-summer 1884, the resolution to stay at home and let the bosses take care of the work themselves found its concrete expression in a Folded Arms demonstration. The bosses and the underlings of the Jackson Brewery company protested. They were told politely to leave the premises. As they went out—down 120 steps of stairway hewn into the rocks—they swore that everyone of the employes would hang by the neck for the outrage of locking out the employers.

State troops were called out; cannon rattled over the cobble stone paved streets of the Cincinnati hill district.

The Jackson Brewery was a solid structure, huge vaults having been hewn into solid rock. But as the troops were marching to take possession, the men in the brewery built barricades of barrels filled with beer and water, on the terraced hillsides.

The *Lehr- und Wehr-Verein* patriots were also on the march; intent on defending with arms, the constitutional rights of men to protect their homesteads, even if it were the *Schalander* in a brewery in which they lived subject to the master's absolute power to summon them to the tasks of brewery peons. "Brewery peons" is the correct translation

of *Brauerei-Knechte*, as the men in the breweries were then called.

The siege lasted a few days. There were enough provisions in the *Schalander* storage vault for several weeks. The bosses hoisted a flag of truce first, to allow a committee to proceed unmolested to parley with the embattled workers. Peace terms, revolutionary in character for those days, were agreed upon—without one solitary socialist lawyer being permitted to wisecrack on the constitutionality of the procedure.

There wasn't any violence. There wasn't a drop of blood spilled, but barrels of amber fluid flowed down the throats of state troopers before their departure.

Industrial Unionism

The triumphant brewery workers summoned by wire representatives from the food producing industries to meet in convention for the formation of the first real industrial union of wage earners in the United States. The United Brewery Workers organization was formed with the objective of embracing every man and woman, regardless of whether skilled or unskilled, in one solid rank and



Boss (arguing with striker): "ME work???? An who in hell'l be left to pay ye yer wages ye fool!"

file alliance for the purpose, plainly expressed in the declaration of principles, to educate the workers for the task of operating the industries when they shall become socialized institutions in character and functions.

The bakery workers organized on the same lines. There were no high-paid officials then to bargain with the bosses how to fill the places left vacant by protest-demonstrations.

The meat packing employes everywhere rushed into Knights of Labor assemblies. In the packing-house plants of Chicago the eight-hour work day was established after a 24-hour Folded Arms Demonstration. Terrance Powderly, then Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, claimed that to his credit, as was to be expected; while Samuel Gompertz was just finishing the filthy job of displacing, in New York City, Knights of Labor cigarmakers by organized strikebreakers of his own union.

This all happened two years before the call, emanating from the Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Mill Workers and financed from funds furnished by an agent of Andrew Carnegie, the Iron Master, was sent out summoning delegates to Pittsburgh to launch the craft union movement under the auspices of the American Federation of Labor. All rival organizations were to be scabbed or slugged out of existence, in due course of time, Mark that down in your mind.

1894

The urge to solidify their position, to consolidate interests, to close their ranks, is ever present among the wage earners no matter how backward otherwise the masses appear to be in the understanding of their social status.

In the field of railway service the employers, through their agents, had followed up advantages gained in crushing every semblance of rebellion. They gained a "Peace at Warsaw" by fostering a state of understanding with the high officials of a few separate brotherhoods. Chief Arthur of the Locomotive Engineers and Chief Garrison of the Railway Conductors under that alliance were fortunate enough to accumulate immense fortunes in their own names.

In vain did the men in the service try to break the unholy alliance. Sporadic rebellions were subdued by filling the places of recalcitrants with recruits from obedient groups. Smarting under the ignominies of this policy Eugene V. Debs, high ranking official in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and editor of the *Locomotive Firemen's Journal*, had challenged the right of these alliance chiefs to barter away collectively the rights of the railway workers as a class.

A Challenge to Fakerism

Despite appeals by some of his friends, who held that he could successfully bore from within by playing the game, Debs had given up all official positions in the brotherhood and had started out to form One Big Union of railway service men.

Just one flying trip in the engine cab, brought almost every employee on the lines of the James Hill interests into the folds of the American Railway union. To forestall discrimination a silent, passive resistance was inaugurated. The Northwestern system became completely demoralized; yet there was no suspicion of a regular strike or walkout.

Before Debs had reached Chicago from the flying trip, James Hill himself was frantically calling for a settlement. But only two men, Debs and Kelliher, could speak for all the employes. The whirlwind trip on a special engine, which was furnished Debs and his committee, for a conference with James Hill to settle the "folded arms" protest, is one of the record events of those days.

There was not one engine demolished, not an act of violence recorded; nor were there any lawyers permitted to prevent a direct agreement with the industrial ruler of the Northwest.

That victory spelled the doom of craft union bargaining, the tragic play of pitting worker against worker in the war for spoils to be garnered by the head masters of the bargaining counter. Indeed the country was astir. But organized scabbery was the stock in trade of the head masters of the craft union movement.

Gompertz Shows His Hand

Ten years had passed since the days when Gompertz had scabbed the Knights of Labor cigar makers out of their jobs and their security. **Why not get recognition of organized strikebreakers as the sole bargaining agency?**

The workers in the Pullman shops near Chicago had at last revolted against the outrageous peonage established in the company-owned dwellings of the employes. Their appeal to the American Railway union resulted in all the lines controlled by the James Hill interests declaring that none would pull out a train to which a Pullman car was attached.

Instantly the Railway Managers Association took up the cudgles for the corporation. Pullman cars were ordered attached even to freight trains, so as to provoke resistance by the railroad workers. Subsequently work on all lines centering around Chicago came to a complete standstill. Yet there was no disorder, no violence.

But provocation was furnished by thugs of the Thiel and Pinkerton Detective agencies, under the command of one George Wahl. They set fire to

thousands of cars lying idle in the freight yards. This and alleged interference with U. S. mail gave the pretext for ordering federal troops to Chicago, by executive mandate of President Grover Cleveland over the vehement protests of John Altgeld, then governor of Illinois.

To offset this, Sovereign, Grand Master Workman of the Noble Order of the Knights of Labor, appealed to all labor and progressive organizations throughout the country to send representatives to meet in conference in Chicago so as to form a united front of labor and farmers. From headquarters of the American Federation of Labor came orders to ignore the summons; while Samuel Gompertz—now Gompers—in derision and contempt openly announced that he was going to drive the last nails into the coffin of the American Railway union. (For reference see reproduction of A. F. of L. exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair as incorporated in published records of the first I. W. W. convention.)

In that conference appeals were made in vain to Samuel Gompers to consider the noble purpose of America's railroad workers in going to the aid of the "foreigners" employed by the Pullman company. Gompers held out for strict obedience to the law as laid down by Federal District Judge William H. Taft in an injunction—the first of its kind ever issued to prohibit workers from suspending services for the adjustment of wrongs—an injunction seemingly issued in connivance with the craft union leadership. Gompers demanded his pound of flesh, and took it. Tens of thousands of wage

earners in railroad shops were forced back into the craft unions before they were re-engaged for service. Mark that down in your mind!

Debs, Kellher, Hogan, and others were held on charges of contempt of court. They refused to accept the service of lawyers, and thousands of dollars contributed by the United Brewery Workers for a defense fund were returned by Debs with thanks. He and his associates went to jail for one year. The folded arms methods were condemned as Un-American in courts of law and from the pulpits; and Gompers and associates were once more placed on a pedestal of fame as the greatest patriots of the age. The organization of gang leaders was in the saddle to stay put!

The job of scabbing the Knights of Labor cigar makers out of existence being completed, the United Brewery Workers were given the ultimatum, in 1895, to sever their connection with the Knights with which they had been affiliated as Industrial and Trade District No. 37. They had voted in Chicago to support the plea of the American Railway union. That was a crime in the eyes of the capitalists and their labor lieutenants. Fearing that Gompers would make good his threat to fill their places by unionized scabs, as he had done in the New York cigar manufacturing trade, the United Brewery Workers at a convention held in Cincinnati in 1896 were compelled to repudiate bonds of solidarity with all these other industrial workers and cultural progressive organizations.

(Continued Next Month).

The Slave

They set the slave free, striking off his
chains . . .

Then he was as much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility,

He was still manacled to indolence and
sloth;

He was still bound by fear and superstition,

By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery . . .

His slavery was not in the chains,

But in himself.

They can only set the free man free . . .

And there is no need of that;

Free men set themselves free.

—James Oppenheim.


FACTFUL FABLES

By Covington Hall

All About an Obnoxious Visitor

"Once a queer ol' Monkey-man,"
Said little Sam, de chile fiel han',
"Come ter visit dis here lan'.
He looks aroun', and den he say;
'Why does humans live on hay?
Why don't de workers do dey stuff,
Call de big Guns' han', en bluff?
Why don't dey eat de grub dey raise,
'Stead o' starvin' so?' he says.
'Why don't dey open up dey eyes?
Git tergedder? Unionize?
Has you all los' yo' brains en guts?
Is you crazy, or just nuts?
Dis sho'ly is a looney lan'!"

Growl de queer ol' Monkey-man.
Den Ah says: 'Here, can dat bunk!
We is humans, Mr. Monk!
Ah don't lak yo' talk a bit!
Go back where yo' come from! Git!
Wid dat he laf out, 'ho,ho, har!
You sho' is suckers from afar!
Us monkeys eat the grub we raise;
Us don't get ol' afore our days;
Us got mo' brains dan yo' po' guys—
We's got de sense ter organize!
Wid dat he left en, fum erfar,
Ah herd him laffin, 'ho, ho, har!'"



An Alabama Idyl

The Adventures of a Boy Hero in search of the Eats and Overalls

By Covington Hall

The shades of night were falling fast
When thru a Dixie village passed
A youth (he didn't have the price)
Whose banner bore the strange device:
"I want a job!"

He plodded on with weary feet
Down country road, up city street,
And all the bosses passed him by,
Tho far and wide they heard his cry:
"I want a job!"

And then he left us all once more,
The Texan jungles to explore;
And mother asks, with eyes afright:
"Where is my wand'ring boy tonight?"
(I don't know, but I hope)
(he's organizing.)

The sheriff didn't like his ways;
The judge he gave him "ninety days";
And now he's working like a hoss,
Employed by the chaingang boss.
He's got a job!

The boy at last came home to maw,
The saddest sight you ever saw;
And when she kissed him on the head,
He cried aloud and, sobbing, said:
"I want a job!"



A Challenge to Organized Labor

By JOHN SERSHON

As challenging as the "Cry of the Children from the Brickyards of Eangland," are some of the accounts describing the ravages of silicosis. Unfortunately few of these accounts ever reach the attention of those who might profit by them.

The Gauley Bridge tragedy of last year momentarily focussed the eyes of the industrial world upon this finally recognized scourge. But the accounts in the capitalist press, which the working class is suckled on, were incomplete and un-instructive, therefore, most workers are still in the dark as to what silicosis is, how and where it is contracted, and how to protect themselves

when endangered by it. For these the story of Gauley Bridge bears repeating.

In 1930 the New Kanawha Power Co., a subsidiary of Union Carbon and Carbide Co., contracted (Rhinehart and Dennis, contractors) to drill a three mile tunnel for water power at Gauley Bridge, West Virginia. Gauley Bridge, at that time, was an all but deserted industrial village, which a half dozen years before had been engaged in the mining of coal. Now the mines were exhausted of their wealth—hence the desertion.

Profits Before Life

The few remaining natives passed their empty days with much talk of the Hawks Nest Tunnel,

Note: The Cry of the children from the Brickyards of England—a social book written by George Smith, an English man in 1885.

speculating upon the jobs that would be open to them, and of the progress and prosperity that the tunnel meant. Many of the natives did get jobs as well as hundreds of outsiders, in the days that followed.

The engineers found that the hard rock through which the tunnel was to be driven, was a mountain of almost pure silica (99 per cent in some parts). Any rock containing more than 25 per cent of silica is dangerous, and is known to be dangerous by all civil engineers. Nevertheless the West Virginia Department of Mines forewarned the company of the danger of silicosis, but because they had no authority over tunnels they could act no farther.

The warning was completely ignored by the company, but incidentally, an agreement was made with a factory in the state to sell them the silica removed from the tunnel for use in a commercial product.

Every state mining law was summarily broken by the exploiters who provided no ventilation at first, and used dry drills and no respirators. Dust was so thick in some sections of the tunnel that men could see no farther than five feet, while collisions of locomotives and other accidents occurred because of it. Workers who breathed the dust during the ten-hour day, complained of irritation of the throat and lungs and of a cough. "That," the company informed them, "is only tunnelitis." Many quit work and went away, but their places were quickly filled by others. The labor turnover was very high.

By the fall of 1930 hundreds had already died, allegedly of pneumonia, and when the tunnel was at last completed in September 1932 at least 2,000 men had lost their health and from 200 to 500 workers had died.

So rapidly did the workers succumb that the company was obliged to take charge of those who died. This it did with the greatest expedition possible. The men, their clothes still white with silica dust, were buried without benefit of clergy enmasse. One hundred sixty-nine of them were buried in a corn field.

Village of Dying Men

These and other ghastly facts were revealed before a Special House Labor Committee which investigated the case. Officials of the company, did not appear during the investigation, but in private conversations called the report of the deaths "gross exaggeration" and claimed that "the company used every modern device."

Vanetta village, which is near Gauley Bridge, was the subject of a Federal Emergency Relief administration report last year. It was this report which acted as a percussive cap to the government's investigation. Fifteen wage-earners, fourteen of

them suffering from silicosis were shown to be providing for ninety-one people in the village. Almost every home had a victim or two dying of the disease. Added to this was starvation. There was no longer work and none fit to work. The government gave two or three dollars relief a week per family, for which those able were obliged to walk fourteen miles.

Shyster Lawyers brought suit against the company on behalf of the Gauley Bridge victims, but if any compensation was ever paid the lawyers were the chief gainers.

Senator Rush Holt of West Virginia called this working-class epic, "the most horrible industrial disaster in the history of the world and a permanent black mark on the record of American industry." Labor has often been enjoined to remember such things as the Alamo and the Maine, but it would be more in keeping with common sense if they would keep in mind—Gauley Bridge. However, Gauley Bridge is only one instance of silicotic deaths. The great mass of them are unknown and unheard of.

Worthless Legislation

The caterpillar Tractor Company in Peoria, Illinois gave its 1,400 workers in the foundry department a physical examination including an X-ray of the chest, in September of last year. On November 13th the company shut the foundry down until new machinery could be installed to comply with the new Illinois Occupational Diseases Act. One hundred seventy-nine of the men found a note in their pay envelopes advising them to appear at the company's personnel office on November 20th. Twenty at a time the men were admitted into the sanctum of the personnel manager. Here they learned for the first time that they were silicotics. From 80 to 100 were first class silicotics, which means that they had it bad, and the rest were second and third class. So with the deep regret of the company's spokesman 179 first, second and third class silicotics were given the air.

The new Occupational Act went into effect on December 1, 1936. It is similar to legislation passed in other states and as utterly worthless. It pretends to compensate silicotics and holds the last employer of a silicotic liable for damages. Our last advices have a few of the survivors still awaiting the decision of a federal court.

We can perceive from these cases that silicosis is just as bad as it is cracked up to be, but what are the causes and symptoms of the disease?

Causes and Prevalence

"Silicosis is a disease due to breathing air containing silica." It is but one of many similar diseases caused by breathing foreign material into the lungs. The result of breathing hematite (common iron ore) dust into the lungs is called "sider-

osis"; of chrysotile dust from which asbestos is made, "asbestosis." Anthrocosis is produced by breathing coal dust. All of these diseases are classified under the term "pneumonconiosis" (dusted lung), but silicosis which is much more dangerous than any of these is only caused by inhaling silica dust, though different terms as, grinders rot, miners consumption or phthisis, stone masons' phthisis, potter' asthma, etc., are used by workers in different trades to identify it.

Silica is one of the most common minerals of the earth's crust and is found in most rocks. Free silica is found in quartz, quartzite, flint, sandstone, chert and chalcedony. Silica in combination (silicate) is found in feldspar, mica, talc, soapstone, various clays, chrysotile (asbestos) garnet and sericite. These minerals are widely used in industry.

The Second National Silicosis Conference of February 3, 1937 called by Secretary of Labor Perkins showed that of 49,000,000 workers, 1,000,000 or two per cent were exposed to silicosis, one per cent or 500,000 to a serious hazard. 110,000 have silicosis and 4,000 to 5,000 are affected seriously, being too disabled to work.

The working hazard for silicosis is acute in metal mining, anthracite mining, quarrying, drilling, tunneling in granite, gannister and sandstone; in smelting and refining; in foundries, potteries, glass works; in stone product industries, grinding, buffing, and sandblasting. Note: Booklet, "Silicosis" of Met. Life Ins. has a complete list.

Factors causing silicosis are:

(1) Amount of silica dust in air breathed by worker, (2) the rhythm of work on which depends depth of breathing, (3) length of exposure, (4) individual's own power of resistance.

Dust particles must be very small, below 10 microns in diameter (1 micron equals 1/125,000 of an inch), before they can be floated in the air and gain access to the air cells in the lungs. Silica dust in the lungs produces fibrous tissue similar to scar tissue. What produces the fibrosis is a moot question, the mechanical theory was first advanced followed by the chemical theory in which the silica was thought to act as a poison to the tissues, later physico-chemical. The Canadian Medical association Journal in its July 1937 edition tells of how physicians and investigators at the University of Toronto are working upon a different theory (Sir Fred Banting discoverer of insulin is one of them). Some of their experiments with animals seem to show that aluminum dust taken in the lungs reduces the effects of silica. Nothing, however, has been proved, and silicosis is still an incurable disease.

Symptoms

The principal symptoms of silicosis are shortness of breath, the spitting of blood and a reduction

of breathing capacity due to the air sacs being scarified and filled up with silica. The chest wall is inelastic during respiration and there is a cough with recurrent pains. During early silicosis the patient may even gain weight. The disease is so insidious in its nature that as a rule the victim is unaware of having it until it is too late. Silicosis usually takes several years to develop—seven being the given average, but there have been many cases where less than one year was enough to bring death. Death from silicosis, though, is seldom unaccompanied by some acute respiratory infection, usually tuberculosis.

In a survey by the Sepecial Industrial Disease Commission in Massachusetts (report Feb. 1934) "7.6 per cent of the granite workers examined were found to have silicosis and tuberculosis, while it was noted that foundry workers were particularly susceptible to pneumonia 'about one fourth of all foundry men being found to succumb to this disease'." (Clark and Drinker, Indus. Med.)

In a study of anthraco-silicosis in Pennsylvania conducted by the U. S. Public Health Service in 1935, 616, or 22.7 per cent out of 2,711 examined had the disease. 106 of them being in advanced stages. These affected suffered from pleurisy, pneumonia and severe colds. One hundred twenty-four or 4.6 per cent of those examined had tuberculosis. The mine dust in this case contained 35 per cent pure silica.

The following typical cases of silicosis is taken from the Lancet of October 1930. The two young women spoken of were engaged in packing, cleaning powder in a London factory. Death followed in both cases shortly after symptoms appeared.

Quote: "The two girls, one of whom was 17 years of age and the other 19, had been employed for 2¼ and 4¼ years, respectively, in packing a cleaning powder containing ground silica. The first girl reported at a T. B. dispensary on April 27, 1928, complaining of a slight cough and pain in the chest. She was admitted to a hospital on April 30 and rapidly became worse, dying on June 4. The second girl was admitted to a hospital May 3, 1928, and died June 16, 1928. In the first case no tubercle bacilli were found in the sputum nor at autopsy, but in the second case the post mortem examination showed tubercle bacilli to be present. In both cases the lungs did not collapse upon opening the thorax (chest) for the post mortem examination but when removed from the body were bulky and very heavy and preserved their correct anatomical shape. On section they were extremely tough, grating as the knife went through the tissue. They were of a greenish-gray color resembling in a general way something of marble, and in the first case the lower lobes were almost entirely solid while the upper lobes still contained air but were tougher than normal. In both cases there were fine gray nodules throughout the lungs, and

in the first case there was extreme fibrosis and in the interstices of this fibrosis there was a finely granular black or brown deposit." The soap manufactured was found to be 75 per cent pure silica with 25 per cent soap powder containing sodium.

Preventatives

We have seen something of the nature of silicosis—how can we prevent the disease?

The means of prevention are not always easy but among them are these:

1. "To suppress dust at the point of origin in such operations as rock-drilling, handling, pulverizing, and milling rock and ore; grinding metal on grindstones, abrasive wheel cutting of granite and sandstone.

2. "To prevent the redispersion of dust that has settled on the floors, walls and other surfaces, such as in the granite industry and in foundries.

For the suppression of dust at the point of origin, the Kelley Dust Trap, is about the best arrangement. It is used in all forms of drilling (including jack-hammer), grinding, buffing etc. Other forms of suction exhaust hoods are also effective. The use of water and oil to lay dust has

proved of great value. Good ventilation and the use of respirators with filters and supplied air if necessary (list from U. S. Bureau of Mines) are indispensable, while accumulated dust can be picked up with special vacuum cleaners, etc. Substitutes for materials containing silica.

Silicosis which is industrial disease number one, can be eliminated if we the workers by economic action, force those in power to comply to the health standards that the working class needs. With our economic power we can also force our parasitic masters to compensate those already stricken, so that their families if not they themselves can breathe fresh, clean air.

There are no state or federal statutes to protect the workers at their work and only eleven states give compensation to silicotics. (For an example of this see Monthly Labor Review May '37—Wisconsin Workmen's Compensation.) Clearly, it is with the industrial worker himself that protection lies.

The Ptolomies knew about silicosis, Aristotle and Pliny wrote about it, a mining engineer's book warned of it in medieval times. Now the workmen of today should hear of it—and act!



Other valuable scientific accounts of industrial dangers to which the workers of today are exposed, and that will remain a threat to future generations of workers as long as the greedy and profit-hungry capitalist class remains in power, will be given by the same author in future issues of the One Big Union Monthly.

IF ONLY — — —

A STORY

By GEFION

Karl Meisner, Chef de Cuisine, Hotel d'Allemande, Copenhagen, was a punctilious man. Promptly each morning at 4:13, he threw his well-muscled legs from under the feather quilt and hit the floor wide awake. He could as well have pounded his ears to five, but the extra forty-seven minutes were exactly what was needed in order that Chef Meisner's 190 lbs of flesh and bone might be kept in trim. No big gut for him—donner und blitzen, nein!

At five o'clock he would step forth from his spick and span rooms to finish his morning's constitutional with a brisk walk along the wooded and venerable promenades of the ancient city. Fifty-three would find him at the famed and spacious kitchen of d'Allemande. A cup of Mocha, a Bogdanoff cigarette, and Chef Meisner swung into action.

* * *

Karl Meisner had come out of the gutters of Berlin. The sole reason he had become a chef was due to the idea of old Mutter Meisner, who one cold and snowy night had lain tossing on her straw tick, trying her damndest to figure out how to provide wurst and kraut enough for her multitudinous brood. She had slowly come to the decision that Karl at least should not go through this vale of tears with an empty belly. She was going to see to it that he learned to be a cook—Ja, that was it! The other kinder? Well, she would have to scheme for them later—one at the time.

And by much wheedling and conniving, she had at last succeeded in getting the youngster placed as chef's pupil in the Berghof. And from the start, Karl proved to be a natural. He took to the concocting of piquant sauces, flaky butter dough pastries and epicurian courses as a duck takes to water. But the Berghof chef had a colossal paunch and was a no good schweinehund, and to his dying day, Karl Meisner hated blubbery guts.

* * *

To the Berghof there came one day another pupil. But this embryonic Savarin was not a guttersnipe. Nor was he a Deutscher. He stepped from the Copenhagen-Berlin Express, shiney

satchel in hand, well brushed, well washed behind the ears and superbly well recommended by Hr. Schoolmaster Barfod of the Copenhagen Latin School. Yes, the recommendation set forth that Viktor Remmel, aged 14, had been an exemplary pupil, high in languages and exceptionally well grounded in history and geography. But the kids with whom Viktor had smoked cigarettes and with whom he had learned that the tale about the stork was more or less unreliable, had surmised on the q. t. that this gushy document might have been prompted by the little fact that Papa Remmel, Collector of Royal Revenues, 3rd Class, now and then played a game of l'Hombre with Schoolmaster Barfod. But mebbe that was neither here nor there.

Anyway, the Berghof chef puffed out his hanging jowls like an adder and read with care the German translation of Viktor's virtues and after due formalities accepted his application. And thus it came to pass that another apprentice was added to the Berghof staff.

Karl Meisner looked upon the new arrival with disgust. Viktor spoke a precise and academic German that jarred upon Karl's ears as so much high-brow blah. He didn't mind the kid's being an outlander—a guy couldn't help where he was born—but, Godawmighty, that cream-puff palaver! So one fine day in the cobbled courtyard of the Berghof, Karl Meisner, chef's pupil, took a healthy Berlin guttersnipe swing at Viktor Remmel's chin and found to his dismay and surprise that the cream-puff knew how to duck. And before Karl had time to recover from his painful discovery, Viktor had him flat in one of the ivy covered corners of the ancient hostelry.

But Karl was no heel. He took his tamping-up philosophically. Old Mutter Meisner and the slums of Berlin had taught him not to be a louse. As Viktor backed off, he got to his feet, wiped the gore from his swollen beezers, stuck out a paw to Viktor and let him know that for an outlander and a rosebud, he hadn't done so damn bad at that. And from that day on, they were kameraden. Viktor showed Karl a trick or two about straight

punching, upper cuts and sundry other items needed in a man's repertoire if he didn't want to get his can knocked off. In fact, he proved himself so effective an instructor that one day Karl sneaked over a smack to Viktor's whiskers that made him discover stars others than those listed in the astronomical text books.

Karl paid his debts to Viktor by declaring that if he didn't intend to be taken for a pansy the rest of his days, he'd better lay off that kursaal lingo he was using. Viktor protested that it was perfectly good and correct Deutsch—hadn't he received an *udmaerket godt* for it at the Copenhagen institution of learning, and Hr. Barfod certainly was an excellent teacher. Karl said nuts on Barfod and insisted that Viktor's German was as stiff as a Prussian lieutenant on parade. Well, if it would make Karl sleep any better, then, of course, Viktor would be glad and willing to throw grammar and perfection to the wind and take up the Hottentot argot Karl was jabbering. And so Karl set to work unraveling the mysteries of the Berlin slang and slum vernacular for Viktor. And on their days off, they toured the beer kneipes together and found out a secret or two about the Berlin janes that they thought it best not to mention to the Berghof meister koch—ha, ha, it might make the fat slob lose a kilo or two.

* * *

Five years at the Berghof and Karl and Viktor were told that they had absorbed all the culinary wisdom possible to impart by that kitchen. So they were presented with diplomas, duly signed and with red wax seals attached, and informed solemnly that they were not finished products yet—not by a long shot. Nein, they now would have to go out into the world and gain the experiences of other lands and foreign kitchens. And always—always—hold in high honor their art and profession.

And so they clicked their heels and made the proper salaams before His Nibs, the big pot-gut, shook hands with the staff all around, pinched the cheeks of a few of the chamber mädchens, were wished Glückliche Reise a thousand times over, went to the Rathaus and obtained permission from the military and municipal big shots to depart in peace and with legal sanction, made the last round of the beer kneipes, danced for the last time at their regular dive, went to Munsterstrasse and dried Mutter Meisner's maternal tears, and set out for Hamburg on foot and from there across Germany for the borders of Switzerland. But first Viktor dispatched a weightly epistle to Papa Rimmel, Copenhagen, B, Denmark, telling him that he was on his way out into the wide world, and for Mama not to worry, he would take plenty of clean socks along, and send her an Edelweiss from the Alps.

Kursaal: A reception room at a health resort.

Ah, days of freiheit! Oh, wunderschoene nights of adventures and bliss! Hamburg—Sankt Pauli! The Elbe River. Magdeburg. Halle. Nürnberg, Stuttgart. München—Switzerland. Mighty mountains and blue lakes. Months of work and added knowledge. Paris—three years of extensive studies, French and English for Karl—new delicacies, new tricks.

And then a letter with the Imperial Eagle sprawling all over it, telling Herr Karl Meisner to return forthwith to Deutschland and military duties.

They left together. Once more they walked the streets of Berlin and felt the greetings of the old scenes. But Mutter Meisner had returned to her ancestors and the Berghof chef had departed this terra firma one morning in a fit of apoplexy.

Viktor remained in Berlin long enough to take a snapshot of Karl in his infantry regalia—and to let him know that he looked verdammt funny. They went out and got gloriously drunk together—told each other that they would be friends till hell froze over, barged through their old haunts the night through and parted next day with swollen heads, never to see each other again.

* * *

Viktor landed in Copenhagen on a morning when the old town lay bathed in warm sunshine. It was good to be here again. The cobbled streets and squares, the golden and verdigris towers said, "Hello—so you're back!" Lovely girls and women looked at the foreign cut of his clothes and smiled into his face. He took the stairs to the parental flat in a few jumps. Papa Rimmel said, "Welcome home, my son." And Mama through her tears and kisses confided that the lingerie Viktor had sent her from Paris was ever so charmant and chic, but, oh, a little too risque for a matron of her years.

And next morning, Viktor arose quietly and served for his loved ones a breakfast of Petites Croustades a la Genoise.

* * *

On the Langelinie promenade, Viktor met a jaunty golden haired nymph. She came down the graveled path with an easy and free swing to her walk. Viktor pushed his hat back on his head and said, "Hello, little one." She smiled faintly and kept on down the path. Viktor turned to watch her and she blew him a kiss as she disappeared among the trees.

He met her again the next evening. He tipped his hat and let her know that he thought it a nice evening. She laughed deep from her chest. Yes, the light nights were lovely, weren't they? And wasn't that moon out over the Sound just beautiful?

They stood together by the boulders where the Little Mermaid lies gazing sorrowfully in her bronze beauty out over the surf. Viktor said, "You're as lovely and beautiful as the mermaid—"

and what is your name?" She said, "You are a flatterer, and my name is Bertha—Bertha Helm—And yours, fresh one?" "Viktor Rimmel, chef par excellence, the Berghof, Berlin—Switzerland, Paris—several recommendations as to morals and splendid character—a medal or two for haute cuisine—at the present unemployed."

They lay together in the anemones under the trees. Viktor told her of his life—of the Berghof, of the fat meister koch, of Berlin, of Karl Meisner and the glorious days and nights when they had tramped together across Germany into Switzerland, of Paris and its loveliness.

It was the light nights. In the trees and bushes the birds were twittering sleepily. The waves murmured across the rocks on the shore and sprayed the kneeling mermaid so that she became burnished gold in the moonlight. And it was as if they had known each other forever.

And one day Viktor Rimmel sat down and wrote a letter to Karl Meisner, Private 57, 159 Infantry, Potsdam, Germany, and told him that he had married the loveliest mädchen in all the world, and that next month they would leave for America. He would write more from there—Auf Wiedersehen, old friend.

II.

In the famed and spacious kitchen of d'Allemande, the staff was whispering, "What is up with the Chef? Is he going off his nut—or what? He is as excited as a kid taking his final examination. Mebbe he has decided to get spliced—hope we get a hint to attend the wedding."

Oh, yes, Karl Meisner was excited all right, and no mistake. But he wasn't figuring on sharing his bed and board with any of the jolly Copenhagen dames—no matter how much they fished, no such a thing. But in his pocket he had a letter from Viktor Rimmel, New Orleans, U. S. A., stating that he is sending his one and only son, Hugo, aged 10, to Karl Meisner, in order that the kid may get his hand in early, and so that he may, so Viktor hoped, become a second edition of the one and only Karl Meisner. He knew of no one else in whose charge he would intrust the kid, and now that the old folk were gone, would Karl also please arrange for the boy's schooling in Copenhagen. And good luck, you old bum, and all good wishes from myself and Bertha—and P. S.—Could Karl remember their last night together in Berlin?

And Karl Meisner read the letter and re-read it. He phoned the steamship company so that he wouldn't miss the kid. And he thought of Viktor and their days in Berlin and Paris, and he would have given his right arm to have those days back—and fame and a fat salary could go to hell. And he wondered what the kid would be like, and he swore a donner und blitzen that he wasn't going to let his friend over there among the wild Indians ever get a chance to say that he had let him down.

Karl Meisner, chef de cuisine, stepped from a taxi in the front of d'Allemande. He turned and gave his hand to Hugo Rimmel and ordered the driver to take the baggage to Karl's rooms. They entered the kitchen and the staff stood gaping as if they were seeing old Nick himself.

Karl Meisner said, "Colleagues, this is a new pupil—Hugo Rimmel from America—the youngest ever to be accepted by d'Allemande and the first ever to come from America—and that all by himself."

The maitre d'hotel found his voice and said, "But Herr Chef, he is only a stripling—he should be home in the nursery." Karl Meisner merely repeated, "He is the new pupil."

Hugo had taken in the whole scene—a queer land this was, he thought. Everybody talks Danish. Oh, yea, he understood that all right—Papa and Mother Bertha always spoke it at home—but here everybody speaks it—Why don't they also talk English? He gazed wide-eyed at the vaulted kitchen with all its shining pots and pans and its ranges and utensils. He looked at the immaculately white dressed army before him and he was awed. He would have given four marbles to be back home in New Orleans and his dad's cafe.

Karl Meisner took him by the hand and lead him through the kitchen and down to the cavernous wine cellars. Hugo looked up at the walls and thought that a swarm of the goblins Mother Bertha had told him about might jump from behind the mysterious looking strawdressed bottles. He sniffed the wine fumes and must and thought that this was the most exciting and dangerous cave he had ever gotten into.

They walked to the further wall. Karl Meisner stopped before a small barrel. He took two small glasses, frail and delicate as Tonder lace, and drew them full of pale-golden liquid. He handed one of the glasses to Hugo. "Drink that, Viktor's son, that will chase your sea legs away."

Hugo drank his glass empty: "Gosh, that's good—What it is?" "That, Hugo, is forty-year old St. Croix rum—a drink fit for men only—Makes your belly tickle, eh?"

He bent over the boy and lifted him into his arms. He looked into his face and studied him in silence. Then he said, "Now we go home for the day and tomorrow we go to work."

* * *

It is morning. Through the open windows of Karl Meisner's rooms comes the rumble of the first milk wagon. Charwomen are clattering along the sidewalks to their jobs, and in the wild chestnut trees, the birds are greeting the new day with a rhapsody of glee.

Karl Meisner is on the floor with a bounce. It is 4:13. He turns to Hugo's bed and shakes him—time to get up, you lazy pup. Hugo sits up and

thinks that this is one tough world. Karl Meisner throws the quilt aside and Hugo gets to the floor. Together, they do their exercises—one—two—three. One—two—three. And Hugo stands naked on a bath rug and Karl Meisner sponges him with icy water. And he tells him of the value of strong belly muscles—keeps a feller straight and makes him able to take a smack to the guts. No fat, see! Or I'll beat your ears off. And Hugo says okay and rubs himself until he tingles. And he thinks Karl Meisner a pretty swell guy, even if he does speak English like a fool highbrow.

And under the trees on the promenades, men and women scurrying to work look at the burly chef and the gangling kid—a queer pair. Wonder who the kid can be? Mebbe one of the Hr. Chef's wild oats—Ha, ha! And they say Good Morning, Hr. Chef,—swell morning, eh?

And in the famed and spacious kitchen of d'Allemande, Karl Meisner, chef de cuisine, sips his morning Mocha and enjoys his Bogdanoff while Hugo drinks his coffee and munches brioches, thinking meanwhile that the latter are just about tops when it comes to eats.

And so work begins. Hugo is again one of the pupils—no favors from the Hr. Chef, no pampering, no coddling. Karl Meisner stands over him—You loemmel, I tell you once, twice—the third time—look out! And Hugo learns that this Big Brute, whom he calls Onkel Karl when off shift, is a pretty exacting mug when in the kitchen.

Eight o'clock and Hugo is off for school. And he has as teacher no Hr. Latin Schoolmaster Barfod. No, over him hovers a giant with a beard that would have made the mug of Erik the Red look like the fanny of a new born babe. When he whispers, the City Hall tower shakes. And on one's birthday he hands you a ten ore piece and says, "congratulations, old scout, and many happy returns."

And next to Hugo sit no cream-puffs—nay, nay. Row upon row, they are all sprouts of the folk who do the dirty work. And Hugo acquires a lingo delightful to the ears of Karl Meisner—a lingo that would have made Mother Bertha swear that the brat was heading for the gallows. And now and again, Hugo Rimmel, chef's pupil, shows up at the famed and spacious kitchen of d'Allemande with a facade battered and blotchy—and not a damn word of sympathy from the Hr. Chef—that big hunk of a so 'n so!

Three o'clock and Hugo is back to work. The weeks grow into months, the months become years. To Hr. and Frau Viktor Rimmel, New Orleans, U. S. A., Karl Meisner submits reports punctiliously—The lad is doing well, a little headstrong and pretty tough at times, but nothing to worry over. Things are so and so over here—Hope you won't get scalped, and when do you figure on returning to civilization? Leb wohl, old man. Best to your-

self and Frau Bertha—Verbindlichst, Your friend, Karl Meisner.

And Hugo Rimmel is fifteen and out of school. And he learns a thing or two about the Copenhagen tarts that he thinks it best not to mention to d'Allemande master kok—The big stiff might get tough about it, ha, ha!

But of a night, Karl Meisner and Hugo Rimmel walk the streets of the ancient city together. And under the trees of the Tivoli Gardens, they sit in the witchery of the light nights and drink their beer. Life flows by, and in Hugo Rimmel, Karl Meisner sees again the friend of his youth. They talk together about Hugo's plans and his future. Soon it will be his turn to go out into the world with a red-sealed diploma in his pocket. And Karl Meisner feels lonely and lost. But life flows on. Laughing girls, men and women from all the world come to this old and lovely garden of joy and fun. And Karl Meisner sits thinking and planning for the son of his friend.

* * *

Then came 1914 and the world went verrückt. To Karl Meisner there came for the second time in his life a letter over which sprawled the Imperial Eagle—Reservist Karl Meisner was hereby commanded to report for mobilization duty forthwith.

They walked their last night together through the old streets. Now and again Karl Meisner stops and stares on the sidewalk as if he expected an answer to his perplexities written there—What was he to advise Hugo? Would the war last long? What was he to do about the whole crazy affair?

They went to the La Bodega. The place was crowded with excited men and women. The headwaiter came to their tabel and laid the wine card before them: Would the Hr. Chef have to return to Germany? Karl nodded and ordered Tokay. They drank their wine in silence and went to their rooms and packed Karl's trunks.

The kitchen of d'Allemande was a morgue. Reservist Karl Meisner, former chef de cuisine, famed for his art far and near, shook hands with the staff. Perhaps we shall meet again—Perhaps. They drove to the central station. Hugo took Karl Meisner's hands in his. They looked deep and long into each others faces—"Auf Wiedersehen, Onkel Karl!"—"Auf Wiedersehen, Hugo." A shrill whistle, and the Copenhagen-Berlin Express began its journey once more across the Danish land, onto the Gedser-Warnemunde ferry, back into the Deutschland that Karl Meisner had not seen for ages.

* * *

The little barrel in the cavernous wine cellars of d'Allemande had become nearly empty since that day years ago when Hugo had first tasted its pale-

Verrückt: Crazy.

golden liquid. During all these years, Karl Meisner and Hugo had visited it on festive occasions and whenever a letter came from Viktor Rimmel and Mother Bertha.

Now Hugo stood before it for the last time. Today he was to leave d'Allemande. He took one of the small glasses, frail and delicate as Tonder lace, and drew himself a drink. He looked at it long and his thoughts wandered back over the years. It was now months since Karl Meisner had gone into Germany and the bloodbath. Hugo had heard little from him. Now and then a laconic letter—He was well—Had succeeded in getting out of being a mess cook, couldn't have stood that—Was in the infantry at a sector near the Bethune road—Couldn't tell him a great deal about the war on account of the censor—give my best regards to your folks—take good care of yourself—you are in my thoughts always.

And Hugo shook himself out of his reveries and emptied his glass. He said farewell to his friends in the kitchen—No, he didn't know exactly what he was going to do. No use trying to travel—the damn war had closed everything in that line. Perhaps he would stay in Copenhagen and work until the insanity was over and Karl Meisner came back.

But he didn't go to work. He was a Karl Meisner pupil and offers for jobs came galore. He turned them all down. He roamed the streets of the old city and was lost and desolate. He cursed the war that had taken Karl Meisner out of his life and had blasted his plans and dreams. He drifted to the harbor with its traveling cranes, its bedlam of whistles and foghorns, its ships of all nations. He drank with Malayan deckhands and Copenhagen stevedores, and their talk drifted through his brain like water through a sieve. What in t' hell did it all mean to him.

He sat in the cafes and amusement places and heard the excited jabberings of cutthroats, speculators and whores. And down near the Bethune road, Karl Meisner was floundering in mud and putrefication.

Then came a letter from the old folk, suggesting that he return to America until the war was over. He felt it would be deserting Karl Meisner and wound up by writing him a letter, telling him that he was going to America and in the future to address his letters to New Orleans.

III.

The new land—the land of Hugo's birth, the land he had not seen since he was a kid—it was booming. Yes, it was on the up and up. The sales and exports of such little playthings as cannon, rifles, TNT and ammunition for the game of strafing going on across the pond had caused golden rivulets of assorted shekels to empty themselves into the bank vaults of the land sentried by the uplifted torch of Liberty.

Hugo went to see the old folk. They sat together in the sticky heat of New Orleans and he told Viktor Rimmel and Mother Bertha of Karl Meisner, of Copenhagen and the horde of vultures that the war had brought to its cafes and amusement places.

He went to New York and took a job in a swanky joint—one had to live. And he, a mere youngster, a pupil of Karl Meisner, knew more in his little finger than all the meatburners working with him. He found the land of his birth a queer lay-out—Rush, rush, rush! And what in t' hell was all the shooting about? When they had guzzled their so-called steaks and make-believe French fried, their dabs of this and that, they shoved off at sixty miles per for some more pushing and mauling hours, and only to repeat it all over the next day.

And disgusted and amazed to the core, Hugo began to drift. Without realizing it, he became a floater. He worked in hotels of the widest advertised virtues and high class plumbing. He cooked in dives where four bits were the top. And nowhere did he find the traditions, the respect for his profession and its men, that Karl Meisner and his dad had hammered into his skull as far back as he could remember.

And Hugo Rimmel found out several additional items in his rambles. He discovered that there were men who journeyed by box cars, by blinds and rods. And he took up that mode of travel himself—nothing like learning. He found out that men ate and slept in places called jungles.

Now and again he dropped a few lines to the folk in New Orleans. He wrote long letters to Karl Meisner, telling him of his new experiences, hoping and hoping that the war would be over soon so that they could meet again and become human beings once more.

And then one day the bankers and the ammunition manufacturers made up their minds that America was going to take a hand in the job of saving the world for democracy, and Hugo's letters to the German, Karl Meisner, were returned by the postal authorities as nixies.

* * *

The jacks in the Silver Lake logging camp swore that Hugo Rimmel was the best goddamned mulligan mixer that ever struck the cookshack—Christ, did that bird know his onions! He might be just a snot-nosed punk, but, did he know how to put the chuck on the plank!—and no damn kowtowing to the bull o' the woods, either. And the cookhouse and the flunkies—Why, the whole show was as clean as a whistle—no noise, no racket—everything like clock work. No mistake, the kid knew his grub. The rigging slinger went so far as to state that if Hugo had worn skirts, he would've proposed long ago.

Hugo laughed indulgently at their ravings. He saw before him the vaulted, the famed and spacious kitchen of d'Allemande. He saw again Karl Meisner's deft and masterful hands as he patiently explained this or that little touch in order that things might be perfect. Ah, Karl Meisner. No letters, not a word for months now. Damn the war. Goddamn all the bastards! If only a letter would come.

And at night after everything was spick and span in the cookshack and all in readiness for next morning's breakfast, Hugo would walk across to the bunkhouses and listen to the talk about the war, the draft, about strikes, about union men in prison. He would scan the newspapers for information on the war. Every word indicating that the end of the slaughter might be near set his heart beating—soon—soon. He denied himself all luxuries so that he would have money for his fare as soon as he received the first sign from Karl Meisner—and he must have money for him, too, so that he could get back to life.

And summer draws to close and the 11th of November is hurled across the world. Armistice! Revolution in Germany! And Hugo watches the timekeeper's office for mail—nothing comes. He writes to New Orleans—no, no word yet.

The bull o' the woods was reaching for his third wedge of pie. He was of the opinion, so he told the hooktender, that times might get kinda tough now the war was over—wouldn't be a bit s'prised. Furthermore, he was wondering why in t' hell the timekeeper was late for supper. Well, mebbe he had got delayed sorting the mail down at the mill.

But the timekeeper showed up before the meal was over. He laid a large envelope on the serving table for Hugo. Hugo glanced at it eagerly and recognized his old man's handwriting. He would see what was in it as soon as things were cleaned up—Maybe, maybe there might be news from Karl Meisner—three months now since the armistice.

* * *

The flunkies had gone. Everything was cleaned up for the night. A single light burned in the cookhouse. Hugo sits under it and with shaking hands he tears open the envelope from New Orleans. A letter from his father falls out and two letters neatly tied together. They bear the postage of Germany. Hugo rips the letter on top open. It states briefly that Karl Meisner, Private 57, 159 Infantry, fell in action before the Bethune road, November 4th, 1918. And according to a request found among his effects, a letter had been forwarded to Hugo Rimmel under separate cover—Horting, Kommandant.

Hugo shrieked at the empty cookhouse, "It's a lie! It's a lie! He is not dead!" He tore open the letter addressed in Karl Meisner's handwriting. He read:

"Hugo:

"We have just come back from four days up at the front. Out of the company, there are four of us left. How long we will last, I don't know. In every human brain the thought beats that he will be the exception. That is nonsense. A bullet or a chunk of shrapnel cares no more for individuals than nature does for life. It is all a question of law and circumstances.

"Soon, we will have to go up again. We do not speak our thoughts—in fact, we do not think. We are past all of that. We snatch from the few days we may have left the joys we can find—a scrap of pork rind for our nettle soup—a night with a girl—then the mud and butchery once more.

"There are four of us left. Once I loved life. It has become filthy—I love it no more. Behind a mutilated wood here, there are rows of crosses. I often think, 'If only one lay there.' They have turned life into filth.

"Soon we shall go up again. We go like automatons. A bullet whines through the air. A human jumps as if electrified. He flails the air with his arms for a moment. He sinks into the mud with a shriek of agony, or he slumps silently as if he were a lump of putty. And in a short while, we who still breathe are enveloped in a sickening atmosphere.

"Words have come that we must go tomorrow. So if this letter comes into your hands, you will know that one didn't come back. But I cannot leave without telling you that once I loved life. I loved your father, my comrade of youth. When you came, you were he. Out of you, I was going to mould a master—one who would be Viktor Rimmel and Karl Meisner in one. The scratch of a pen by someone in Berlin changed all of that.

"And so, Hugo, if this comes into your hands, you will know that it is Gute Nacht, Gute Nacht—Karl Meisner."

Across in the cook's bunkhouse, the flunkies were singing One-Ball Reiley. The chorus depicted vividly how Reiley's girl friend lost her virtue. From down in the valley came the long drawn whistle of a train. Then the night becomes silent. Only through the pines around the camp, the wind sings its song—a song of birth and death, of life, a melody as old as the morning of time.

And under the light in the cookhouse, a human sits thinking—thinking.

The End.

OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

BY
A. B. COBB



In some parts of the world the theory of organic development is taught in the primary schools, not only regarding man as a product of natural evolution but teaching also that his institutions have grown out of simple units into the present infinite complexity. These truths are as well established as that the earth is round and revolves about the sun; they are absolutely essential to the child if he is to understand himself and his place in civilization. Yet in most of these forty-eight states these important truths are suppressed in the schools with the intention of allowing children to grow up in ignorance of their own origin and fate.

But the normal child, alert to the contradictions between what he has been taught and the facts of nature, will learn from the billboards, the zoo, the magazines or the library. As Pegler said lately about the sex question, if the children are not properly instructed they will learn in the coal shed or the hog lot. From the newspapers and from observation they will learn that the institutions they have been taught to revere deserve anything but reverence; that there is always an alliance between politicians and criminals; that the constitution was not made to promote the general welfare but to protect property.

Says Prof. Hutchins, "We are a faithless generation and take no stock in revelation." Whose fault, brother, if not yours and your education?

Dr. Hutchins bemoans the chaos in the world. "The most characteristic feature of the modern world is bewilderment. We do not know where we are going, or why; and we have almost given up the attempt to find out. A strange circularity afflicts us. The state of the nation depends on the state of education; but the state of education depends on the state of the nation."

From the last statement one might think that he was willing that the educational system share the blame. But in an interview as reported in the press he was quoted as saying, "Society is to blame." Thus whitewashing himself and his fellow educators.

George Eliot must have had such people in mind when she said: "The ladies of St. Ogg's had their favorite abstraction, called society, which served to make their consciences perfectly easy in doing what satisfied their own egoism."

And how does the professor propose to break this strange "circularity"? How end the chaos and demoralization, to say nothing of wars, revolutions, the breakdown of a great civilization? His answer is simple—too simple:

"If we can revitalize metaphysics and restore it to its place in the higher learning, we may be able to establish rational order in the modern world as well as in the university. Not any specific theological or metaphysical system . . . I suggest that we shall get a better one if we recognize explicitly the need for one and try to get the most rational one we can." (He means plausible, not rational.)

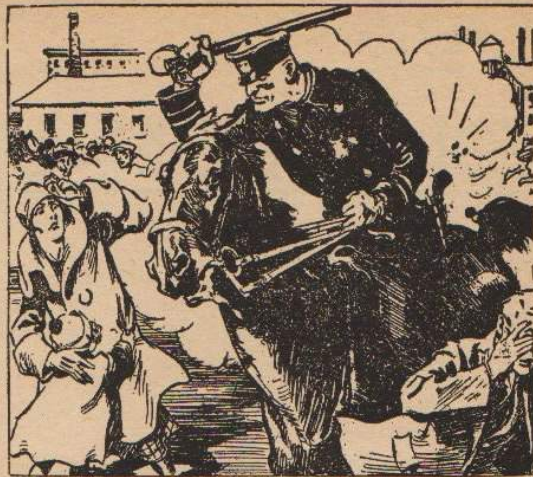
In the above statement we find merely a tencent store imitation of the old reactionary motto, "Religion must be preserved—for the benefit of the people." All systems of theology and metaphysics have this one thing in common: they maintain that the things of this world are cheap, transient, and worthless. But beyond the reach of human vision, location unknown, there are real, stable, priceless, everlasting good things for those who are cheated in this world or who wisely choose "pie in the sky."

Under capitalism," says Marx, "every institution
(Continued on page 21)

The General Defense Committee - -

20 YEARS OF ACTIVITY

October 1917 - October 1937



As long as this can happen the General Defense Committee will render valuable service to the working class.

Two score years of eventful labor history have passed since the General Defense Committee was organized and during that time it has supplied legal defense to more than 5,000 worker victims in the class war, and furnished relief for prisoners and their families.

It was back in 1917 when in Seattle, Washington 74 workers, mostly loggers, were held in the King county jail waiting trial on charges of murder that the need for a permanent defense organization was recognized by the members of the I. W. W., and it was on October 5 of that year that the General Defense Committee was born.

The 74 intended victims went free. A competent, well organized defense proved to the court, and to the world, that the Everett Massacre was the result of an almost unbelievably bloody and ruthless frame up on the part of lumber trust flunkies to keep the I. W. W. out of Everett. The trial was a climax, and at the same time a beginning; persecution continued and grew even worse during the war years that followed, but organized strength of the workers grew too, and the General Defense Committee became firmly established as a part of the I. W. W. fighting machinery.

The next big job of the committee was the defense of the 101 I. W. W. members arrested under the espionage act—the trial of 101 in Chicago, of 33 in Wichita, and of 51 in Sacramento. These cases were “lost” in the sense that the prosecution obtained convictions, but they were won in another sense. The attempt of the prosecution to show that the industrial union movement of the I. W. W. was a plot hatched by the Kaiser failed and the

popularity of the organization grew as workers joined by the thousands.

In 1919 the lumber barons of Washington engineered another major raid on the I. W. W. This time it was in Centralia. Workers defended themselves and their hall, raiders were shot, an I. W. W. was tortured and lynched, and once again the lumber trust called on its servants to frame union men. And once again the masters won. Eight lumberjacks went to prison. But had there been no adequate defense many important facts of the case would never have been brought to light and the villainous degradation of the capitalist court and press would not have been effectively exposed.

During the “Deportations Delirium” which employers nurtured, and fanatical 100 per centers promoted, the General Defense Committee handled hundreds of cases. In the course of this work it has been established that membership in the I. W. W. is not cause for deportation.

With the gradual decline of the war hysteria the masters found it necessary to use other means to oppose the vital and growing I. W. W. movement. Criminal syndicalism laws were passed in 36 states. The committee fought these cases—sometimes successfully, some times not,—in states from Maine to California. In California, where the fight was the severest, over a hundred members went to prison with sentences of from one to twenty-eight years. The General Defense Committee through persistent effort drew one tooth after another from this monstrous law until it has become relatively harmless.

In the great Colorado Coal strike of 1928-29 the committee did splendid service for the fighting I. W. W. workers who there won a memorable victory against the Rockefeller coal interests.

It was at this time that the committee was reorganized on a basis that allowed persons not members of the I. W. W. to become members of the General Defense Committee. Locals were set up and many people not eligible to membership in the I. W. W. have since then taken part directly in the committee's work.

Among the thousands of cases of persecution of working people by the employing class that make up the day to day work of the General Defense Committee are many that never attain wide publicity—people are not startled by revelation of the fact that a union worker can be sent to jail for from a few days to six months in many parts of this country merely because some local big shot employer wishes it. Yet such cases are of the greatest importance to the labor movement. Where petty persecution is allowed to continue unchallenged it is hard to build organization.

Though the Yakima case of 1933 is not exactly to be classed among the lesser cases, since it involved trumped up charges of criminal assault

against men who defended themselves on the picket line, it illustrates the importance of having a defense organization on hand ready to fight with legal aid and publicity machinery at a moments notice.

Among the more important fights the General Defense Committee is now carrying on is the defense of Mike Lindway. Lindway is in the Ohio State prison, having been convicted of illegal possession of dynamite in connection with a strike in Cleveland in 1935. The frame up, the illegal use of evidence, the prejudice involved in this case have repeatedly been brought to the attention of American workers by the committee. The case is still in the courts on appeal and it appears now that it may be taken to the U. S. Supreme court a second time.

Twenty years of useful activity has amply proven the value of the General Defense Committee. Not all of its work consists of fighting court battles. Soon it will remind the workers of America again of their fellow workers who are in prison for labor's cause, and start collecting for the annual Christmas Fund which the committee raises for and distributes among those who have fallen in the struggle.



OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

(Continued from page 19)

wears a mask." We should be thankful to friend Hutchins for partially and, no doubt, unintentionally, tearing aside the disguise under which our educational system is working to demoralize the young by systematically withholding the truths of modern science.

Thanks to scientific methods we can produce abundance for all and our youth will not be content with theological "pie in the sky," nor with metaphysical pork chops. One car in the garage looks better than ten of the supernatural kind. Science marches forward regardless of the efforts of stooges of "Big Business," the most vicious of whom are our "educators."

When Chief Justice Hughes stated that, "the arch enemies of society are those who know better, but by indirection, misstatement, understatement, and slander seek to accomplish their concealed purposes or to gain profit of some sort by misleading the public," it is doubtful if he had the teachers in mind. But the shoe is a perfect fit, and most educators are conscious of it and hate

to have a man in the position of Dr. Hutchins blab the secret to the whole world and even try to make conditions worse.

Some time back there was an editorial in the "Social Frontier, a journal of educational criticism and reconstruction, regarding the qualifications of American teachers. It stated in part:

"It is admitted without argument that American teachers as a group are timid and docile. Their mental horizon does not reach significantly beyond the three 'Rs.' They are for the most part strangers to literature, to music, and the plastic arts. **POLITICALLY AND SOCIALLY THEY ARE ILLITERATE.** Seldom is the distance between what a profession thinks it is doing and what it is actually doing, so great as in the case of teachers."

We are witnessing today a world-wide reorganization socially and politically. It is vain to expect any guidance from educators that are too ignorant to understand what is taking place and are too cowardly to tell the truth if they know. Let the younger generation beware of the educators.

Counter-Revolution in Spain

Introduction and Translation
By JOSEPH WAGNER

By R. LOUZON, in the Paris
"La Revolution Proletarienne,"
under the title "Notes on Spain."

INTRODUCTION

The articles on Spain, prepared by me, for the One Big Union Monthly, consisting largely of translations appearing in the current and two previous issues of this magazine, were not meant to serve as news articles of the Spanish War Front.

The news about the ups and downs, of victories and defeats, on the various fronts of fighting Spain are abundantly covered by the papers of all shades and creeds. Each of them colors the news according to the interests or the principles of the writer writing them up, or of the publication printing them. The lessons drawn from the developments of the events, differ from writer to writer and from publication to publication. That cannot be helped, and perhaps it should not. The questions involved in the Spanish struggles are much too complex to be lightly disposed of.

Neither was the intent of these articles to pass judgment over what is being done in Spain by the anti-fascists, and to take sides with one or another of the various contending parties and groups, that grim circumstances brought together in a common fight against the gory beast of fascism.

But even though we are not so situated as to take a direct hand in the great struggle on the Iberian Peninsula, we are greatly interested in it, because, as workers, and as revolutionists, we feel that the struggle going on in Spain is our struggle as well.

Different political parties, radical groups with varying philosophies are thrown together to form the anti-fascist front. And although they have one common aim, these component groups are separated by class interests and by philosophical and political views. In the course of the war in Spain the political supremacy of what is called loyalist Spain, has shifted more than once, and before the end comes there will be very likely more shifts taking place. With these shiftings, tactics of struggle also change. The ones at the helm at a given moment are prone to claim credit for every victory that

takes place while they are holding the reigns of government, blaming the opposition for the reverses taking place. The opposition looks upon it in just the opposite way.

Because of the complexity of the question, I intended to place before the readers of the O. B. U. M. the views of serious working class observers, and who, moreover, had first hand knowledge of the situation, and speak not by hearsay, but from actual observation.

In this issue I present an article by R. Louzon, one of the founders and present editors of that admirable and well known semi-monthly, French syndicalist magazine, "La Revolution Proletaire." The article appeared in the second July issue of the magazine mentioned.

Fellow Worker Louzon is one of the old guard of the pre-war French General Confederation of Labor. He is still a French syndicalist with the old revolutionary, non-political meaning of the term. He was personally acquainted with Haywood; has closely followed the development of our own I.W.W. with great sympathy ever since the I.W.W. was founded. In spite of his multiple activity in the French labor movement, he has been closely watching our own General Defense Committee cases and at times has made financial contributions towards them. At the outbreak of the Civil War in Spain, where Louzon is well acquainted in the revolutionary world, he went over immediately to Catalonia, to secure first hand information and to be able to write understandingly in his magazine. He has visited Spain often in the last year, and made faithful and objective reports of his findings to his readers. The following article is one of his latest.

NOTES ON SPAIN

When I wrote in this magazine, nearly a year ago, my "Notes on Barcelona" they were notes on **Revolutionary Spain**, as the subhead indicated. My notes of today, however, are on the **Counter-revolutionary Spain**.

I left Spain by the end of May; I returned there at the beginning of July. One month is a tremendously long time in revolutionary . . . of counter-revolutionary times. During that month of June the events have succeeded themselves with great rapidity. Things, that could be dimly outlined as possible hypothesis in the May days, have since been realized in an accelerated rhythm.

The present situation in Spain can be summed up in two facts:

First: total loss of power by the working class;

Second: transfer of power into the hands of the Spanish fascists, by the intermediary of the communist party.

Working Class Loses Power

When I say that the working class lost the power, I am, naturally, not alluding to the fact that now the CNT has no longer representatives either in the Valencia or the Catalanian governments. Cabinet ministers are but cogs in the bourgeois-capitalist State machinery, therefore it is not by its participation in the machinery of the bourgeois State machinery, but by the creation of its own institutions, that the working class develops its own power.

If the working class of Spain was partially in power until recently, that was due to the fact that alongside of the bourgeois State power the working class was able to impose the power of its own organs: the labor unions, workers' committees, etc.

Today, this power of the working class is non-existent. It cannot be stated too often, that political power is essentially—one can almost say, exclusively—a power of repression; it is the police force and the armed force. Today the working class of Catalonia no longer has police or armed power.

The "Patrols of Control" of Barcelona and vicinity, of which I spoke in my former article in this magazine, have disappeared. This workers' police force, that was functioning since August 1936, alongside the police force of the State, was dissolved last month, and this time not only on paper, but in fact: all of its members have been disarmed, the most active of them were imprisoned, the leading militants have "disappeared," an euphemism signifying **murdered**.

The same holds true of the workers' militias. Wherever these militias existed, whose duty it was to enforce revolutionary order upon avowed or camouflaged fascists, especially along the extensive frontiers, they have been completely disarmed, their best elements were imprisoned, a certain number of them murdered.

In Barcelona and in the entire Catalonia, nothing was left in the way of organized armies except the mercenary corps of the State police: the assault guards, the civil guards, carabinieri.

The same has taken place with the army. Working under the Catalanian C.N.T. War Minister, the C.N.T. formerly had the control over the army of Aragon; after this Cabinet post was taken over by General Pozas, an appointee of the Valencia government, the commanding machinery was lost by the workers' organizations and it fell into the hands of the State.

The labor militants, the creators of the militia, who after the "militarization" were supposed to merely transfer their title, from "delegations" to army "ranks," are now obliged to ask the Minister of War for confirmation of such transfers and the Minister confirms those of whom he thinks he has nothing to fear, while postponing indefinitely the confirmation of those he doubts, thus eliminating the ones and placing the others in the position of being under obligation. By this twofold scheme the entire hierarchy of the army passes under the direct control of the State.

Thus, the workers' police and army has been done away with. To be sure, there are still men on the police force, especially among the assault guards who are at heart with the working class and with the C.N.T.; certainly the soldiers of the Aragon front and a good number of "confirmed" army officers have not forgotten their origin and when the day comes they will be on the side of the people and not with the State. And certain it is that besides the visible arms, there are plenty of hidden arms, for the Catalanian proletariat, it seems, has conserved its hidden arms. But, all that does not alter the fact that today there are no longer any regularly and publicly functioning workers armed institutions. The working class still has means of fighting the power, but it no longer possesses organs of power.

Removed from the police force and from the army, the working class is, just as naturally removed from all auxiliary institutions of power. The representatives of the F.A.I. (Iberian Anarchist Federation) have been excluded from the popular courts of law, where the representation of the workers have been reduced to a feeble minority. The C.N.T. representatives likewise have been excluded from a large number of municipal councils that have replaced the former municipal revolutionary committees (but which were nothing in reality but committees, since they had been composed of representatives of all the anti-fascist organizations, in a determined proportion) under the pretext that the C.N.T. has not repudiated their protest movement in the days of May. The district workers' committees can no longer function and there hardly passes a week without some new decree being issued suppressing the representation of the C.N.T. as well as of the U.G.T. in this or that Council or administration.

Everywhere the State, the bourgeois State, con-

stituted in its traditional forms, re-establishes its sole and entire power. In Catalonia as in Valencia, the working class is now completely excluded from power: **It has lost the power.** Such is the first truth that we have to establish, but there is a second.

What the Spanish Communist Party Is

The much lauded policy of the Spanish Communist Party, as dictated by Stalin, is well enough known by now: it is the defense of the bourgeoisie and of the private property; no more expropriation is to be countenanced; the landed proprietors to be re-established into their "rights"; the small and so small employers to be organized in "labor" unions. Such is the program. A program of hindrance and of destruction of the conquests of the revolution; a program of bourgeois defense.

Such a program of bourgeois defense, naturally should have attracted the entire bourgeoisie, and it has not failed to do so. The bourgeoisie flocked in masses into the communist party and into its annex, the Unified Socialist Party of Catalonia, as well as into the Catalanian U.G.T. (General Workers Union), founded for their convenience. They joined partly because the communist party program was their program, their class program. But above all, they joined for reasons of personal security. To be suspected of fascism, was until recently, a very serious matter. But, by the very nature of things, the bourgeoisie is always in danger of being suspected of that very thing. What better way of avoiding suspicion than of having in his pocket a membership card in the communist party or in one of the locals of the U.G.T.?

The Spanish communist party and its annexes have, therefore, become bourgeois organizations not only in virtue of their program, but also by their social composition. But this first fact was bound to be soon followed by a second: Of all the bourgeois, the most interested in averting the suspicion of fascism were the very ones who were actually fascists. And that is how the communist party in its composition, soon became not only bourgeois, but above all, **fascist bourgeois**. Whether in Valencia, where the district secretary of the Gil Robles party, among others, is at present a member of the communist party, or in villages far removed from Catalonia, the most active members of the communist party are former members of the "Patriotic Union" of the CEDA, etc. etc.

Republican Spain Passes into the Hands of Fascism

It naturally follows that the Spanish communist policy is not only a bourgeois policy, but actually, a **fascist** policy. Through the racket in connection with the furnishing of arms to the Spanish gov-

ernment, the Russians having succeeded in giving the State powers to "their" party, the fascist followers of the communist party made the party follow a policy favoring Franco and the Russians were much too dense to notice it. The facts, however, are evident.

While hundreds of the militants of the anti-fascist organizations were murdered and thousands imprisoned, and while the help rendered to Spain by the foreign organizations were systematically sabotaged, the **Falange**, yes the Spanish Phalanx, the Phalanx of Franco, is making open propaganda and is recruiting almost openly in Catalonia. The Falangistas arrested by the workers' Control Patrols (before their dissolution), for attempts of sabotage, are now free. And while the anti-fascists arrested during the last two months, especially the foreigners, are lamentably treated, kept in airless cells from which they are not taken out for a moment, and are forced, like the prisoners in Calle Corcega in Barcelona, to go on hunger strike, the imprisoned fascists enjoy all manner of favors, so much so that the anti-fascist prisoners of Carcel Modelo of Barcelona demanded that they be granted the same rights as enjoyed by the fascist prisoners in the same prison! Finally, as they cannot absolve all the fascists without too much open scandal, the authorities decided to free them on bail of several thousand pesetas. The most notorious fascists, who are rich or who have rich friends, can thus leave the prison . . . for an indefinite time.

Government of Defeat

The facts related above are serious enough, but what follows is even more so. It is openly said that the fall of Bilbao was due to treason. The fall of Bilbao is the masterstroke realized by the fascists, through the medium of the communist party, by the overthrow of the Caballero government in May.

To relieve the pressure on the Biscayan front, the Caballero government had prepared a vast offensive to the south of Madrid, where the front is not far from the Portuguese frontier, with the intention of cutting the rebel armies in two. Everything was ready for the offensive that was to begin early in May: 75,000 men had been assembled with adequate war materials on hand.

But, a couple of days before the launching of the offensive, the communist party torpedoed the Caballero government, forcing his cabinet to resign and replacing him with the Negrin government, whose first task as government head was to countermand the prepared offensive; the assembled troops were scattered and during the entire month following nothing was done to relieve the hard pressed Biscayan front. The Basque minister's letter of resignation (because of lack of aid from

the central government) was prevented publication by the censors, and the Madrid journal C.N.T. was ordered suspended because it had published it nevertheless. But nothing was done to save Bilbao; it was necessary for the city to fall, for so it was decided by the fascists in the Stalinist party.

Only after the fall of Bilbao—and the fall enabled Franco to withdraw, without danger, a part of his northern troops—that they started an offensive, for after all it was necessary for them to appear doing something . . . especially at the wrong time.

The sum total of all the above facts cannot leave room for doubt: The Negrin government is entirely dominated by treason. The cleverness of the fascists, acting under the cover of the Stalinist stupidity, makes the Negrin government, nilly-willy a government of defeat.

If the Negrin government holds out, if the evil forces that brought them to power are not destroyed, the defeats will succeed each other continually. That will be certain victory for Franco and the certain defeat not only of the revolution but of the republic itself. This is the second truth that needed telling.

Causes for the Defeats of Russian Imperialism

The defeat of the Spanish republic will also be a defeat of Stalin. And on this subject it is interesting to note that the serious defeats suffered in the last ten years, by Russian imperialism, are all due to the same cause.

The Stalinist imperialism had experienced two notable defeats: that of China with the boosting of Chiang Kai Chek, and that of Germany, with the ascension of Hitler to power. Spain is reserving him a third defeat, for he will either be beaten inside of republican Spain by the other anti-fascist forces, or, if he maintains his hold over the Spanish republic, it will be beaten by Franco. But the cause of these three defeats are one and the same. Odd as it may appear, that cause is Stalin's absolute lack of understanding of the class struggle: in all three cases the policy that lead Stalin to defeat consisted in his disregarding of the class antagonism.

In China he imagined himself able to marry the fish to the hare: the bourgeois Kuomintang to the revolutionary workers and peasants. To hinder such a marriage, the Kuomintang massacred everything that was Russian. After having furnished Chiang Kai Chek the means with which to conquer all China from Canton to Peking, Stalinist imperialism found itself expelled, from one day to another, by this same Chiang Kai Chek.

In Germany, Stalin imagined that the revengeful Hitler will turn to be a better support for his struggle against Poland and the other neighbors

on the western border of Russia than the timid social-democrats. The two dictators could divide the existing spoils if the States emerged from the Versailles treaties, just as their royal and imperial predecessors had, in the past divided up and annexed Poland. Therefore every time, before the advent of Hitler, the communists of Germany were ready for action, the Communist International sternly forbade them doing anything.

But, the attraction of the "corridor" did not cut much figure in the class interests of Hitler's backers. No matter how anti-socialist the Stalinist regime had become, the absence of private property in Russia was not agreeable to them; no matter how opposite to the October revolution Stalin's regime was, to the bulk of the world proletariat, and especially to the German working class, it appeared to be the continuator of that revolution and the symbol of their emancipation; hence the fight inside of Germany against communism and against the working class was not compatible with an alliance with Russia. That is the reason that Hitler, brought to power by the Ruhr magnates to extirpate communism and socialism in Germany, could not base his foreign policy on a Russian alliance, but on the contrary on a struggle against the U.S.S.R. From Hitler's coming to power Stalin expected a strengthening of the Rapallo treaty; the first act of Hitler was the destruction of Rapallo.

Under different forms, this same misunderstanding, of the fact that the class struggle dominates the foreign as well as the domestic policies of States, is the cause that leads Russian imperialism to its defeat in Spain.

It was Russia that saved Spain last November. The fact is incontestable: it is foolish to deny it or to belittle the fact. Without the Russian planes and without the International Brigade—which was a communist creation, it would have been all over for republican Spain. The blockade of Mr. Blum—the greatest treason ever committed by social-democracy in the entire course of its history—was accomplishing its work. Just as it was Russian help that enabled the Kuomintang to conquer China, it was Russia that enabled the Spanish republic to save Madrid . . . and the rest.

But, again, the same as in China, where Stalin, believing thus to best serve his imperialistic interests, ordered the communist party of China to collaborate with the Kuomintang, to uphold the interests of the Chinese bourgeoisie, just so in Spain, he forced his party to defend the Spanish bourgeoisie against the revolution.

The result will be the same: as in China where one nice day, Stalin saw his followers massacred at Nankin and at Hankow by the soldiers of Chiang Kai Shek, so in Spain, he will wake up one of these days to the fact that his party is but

an annex of the Falange, which has secured victory for Franco.

The C. N. T. Continues to Live

In the presence of the situation as described above, what is the C. N. T. doing? How does it react to the loss of power by the proletariat and to the fascist control of the bourgeois power?

The C. N. T. is playing dead. It keeps itself carefully from reacting. The C. N. T. allowed without the least protestation the disarming of the Patrols of Control; it forbids any retaliation for the murdering of its militants (official figures: 60 C. N. T. members "disappeared"), and against the imprisonment of its members (official figures: 800 C. N. T. members imprisoned) it is opposing only respectful interventions and legal defense.

In the meantime its forces—so it seems—are intact. In Valencia as in Barcelona, the C. N. T. press is the most widely read. One comrade even claimed—and his claim seems to be very nearly the general opinion—that the C. N. T. never was as strong as it is now, for the prestige it may have lost while participating in power, it now has regained, and the Stalinists's stupidity makes them grow stronger every day.

On the other hand, it is certain that it still retains its arms, keeping them in the most unexpected places.

Finally, the economic attainments of the revolution are being preserved almost entirely. As a general rule, the labor unions and collectives are functioning the same as before. Stripped of political power, the working class still retains economic control.

Thus in Puigcerda, of which I said last month that I don't know whether the work of collectivization, that I have seen in February, is still in existence, and which is one of the places where the exclusion of the workers from power was most complete and most brutal (seven murdered since the end of May, without counting former murders; 50 imprisoned. Continuous presence of 500 guards in a town of 4,000 inhabitants), the collectives are still in force almost entirely, according to what one of the local militants told me, whom I met in the middle of July: only the rayon cooperative was closed; a few tailors and certain other bourgeois elements belonging to the UGT have seceded from the cooperative, "but, added the comrade, this was fine, for on account of them we were obliged to admit representatives of the UGT in the administration of the cooperative; now that we are to ourselves, we can go ahead more openly than before."

The C. N. T. unions in Puigcerda have been dispossessed of their hall, but they have simply occupied another hall, a little less imposing than the old one. And, they are only waiting for the arrival of their paper supply, in order to resume publication of their local Libertarian Youth paper, SEMBRADOR (The Sower).

Thus, under the storm, the Puigcerda comrades have bent down, after the storm they are straightening out. And this is not a specialty of Puigcerda; it is, I believe, the traditional policy of the C. N. T.: "let the storm pass."

To let the storm pass and saving everything that can be saved. Advancing step by step, and maintaining its least attacked and most solid positions as intact as possible. These positions at present are the economic sectors. Not to engage its forces in order to save them for the favorable moment, when circumstances are favorable for a new offensive.

However, this is not a new tactic with the C. N. T. and the F. A. I.: it is their traditional, historical tactic. When the foreign comrades, alarmed by these repeated retreats, of these abandoning positions of primary importance without a struggle, communicate their fears to the Spanish fellow workers, they invariably receive the following answer: "This is not the first time that we are persecuted, we have known many others; after every persecution we came out stronger than before. It will be the same now as it happened in the past."

The optimism that results from the strength of the C. N. T., a strength that is not based on the mass of its members, nor on the wealth of its treasures, but, if I may say, on the morale.

Through their principles, through their manner of being and of acting, the C. N. T. and F. A. I. have deep and manifold roots in the entire Spanish proletariat. Due to that, they dispose at any moment, an important number of active militants who can, at the first favorable opportunity raise the flag and take spontaneously the necessary action. The labor union action and the anarchist morale are at present so rooted into the body of the Spanish proletariat that they cannot be separated; that bond cannot be severed without destroying the proletariat itself.

It is that, no doubt, that explains the expectant tactics followed at present by the C. N. T. and which perhaps justifies it.



West Coast Chaos

By Card No. X13068

THE CIO-AFL INTER-UNION WAR

Labor history now being made on the Pacific Coast bids fair to be a chapter of which the working class can in no way be proud. Inter-union strife between officials and labor fakery of the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. using every method of attack on each other and promoting violent wranglings and even sluggings not soon to be forgotten among their rank and file members, who, in not a few cases, are only dues-paying pawns in the hands of unscrupulous union bosses with political or other anti-working class ambitions, is fast sapping the unity of Coast labor.

Added to the natural union jurisdictional fight are the everpresent so-called labor party promoters, those jackals who take every opportunity to feast on the vitals of labor.

The writer of these lines is a member of neither the C. I. O. nor the A. F. of L. and nothing here said is intended as a defense of either group. It is an attempt to portray briefly what is now going on in these unions of the Pacific Coast.

Teamsters vs Longshoremen

The struggle is centered between the powerful A. F. of L. Teamsters union, and the International Longshoremen's Association which recently left the A. F. of L. and joined the C. I. O. Disregarding the frantic supporters of both sides who do things through emotion without applying logic, it is necessary to point to some of the purported leaders.

For a long time prior to 1933 the I. L. A. and other maritime unions were of no consequence in the Coast labor set up. In that year a campaign was put on which succeeded in establishing the I. L. A. locals in all ports. The seamen's union also had a revival in their part of the maritime industry. By the early summer of 1934 these unions were going strong enough to challenge the shipping masters.

Strikes of 1934-1937

The 1934 maritime strike was a hard-fought and bloody battle. This memorable struggle ended in victory for the unions in all ports. One outcome of the 1934 strike was the formation of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific.

This organization, embracing all the maritime unions, was hailed as a progressive step in promoting solidarity and in giving the maritime workers a potent weapon for concerted action. The

1934 strike closed solidly all important ports except Los Angeles (San Pedro harbor). The chief supporter of the strike was the Teamsters union which had strong locals in all ports except Los Angeles.

Along with union action the teamsters poured thousands of dollars into the strike relief fund. The refusal of the other port unions to sign agreements unless all ports signed, forced the notorious Los Angeles harbor also to recognize the union.

This unity between the maritime workers and the Teamsters union proved an unbeatable combination, not only in 1934 but also in the strike which started in the autumn of 1936 and ended early in 1937.

Due to the refusal of the ship owners to try to recruit scabs the 1936-37 strike was a strange affair. Continuous negotiations were carried on with some near-clashes over perishables and medical supplies. Again the Teamsters union and other A. F. of L. unions poured money out for strike relief. The teamsters also strengthened their organization all along the line, getting a strong foothold, even in Los Angeles.

At this time under the direction of Harry Bridges the I. L. A. started organizing warehouse men, in some instances far removed from the water front. This was a move that would obviously cause a clash with the teamsters. It should be remembered that at this time the Pacific I. L. A. was still a part of the A. F. of L. The Maritime Federation of the Pacific never had an opportunity to test its mettle under fire and is now probably doomed to die, and with it the solidarity of the maritime workers for a long time.

Industrial Background

To get the proper perspective of labor on the Pacific Coast it is significant to point out that there are no great mass production industries such as are found in autos in Detroit, rubber in Akron, or steel in other eastern and mid-western cities. There are branches of the various eastern manufacturers but they are comparatively small and employ hundreds where in the East thousands work. Consequently the C. I. O. strength has been chiefly recruited in the West by raiding already organized A. F. of L. unions.

This raiding is, of course, vigorously fought by the AFL. In the view of the writer who believes that both the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. are con-

servative unions it puts the C. I. O. promoters in the position of being more or less union splitters. Further, the great horde of unorganized agricultural workers are as yet not an objective of the C. I. O. As with the A. F. of L., these most exploited workers are not considered important enough for the C. I. O. leaders.

The suspicion arises that, again like the A. F. of L., the C. I. O. knows that 20 to 30 cents an hour agricultural workers will be unable to pay the high dues and assessments charged by them. Certainly the C. I. O. slogan to "organize the unorganized" which was carried out in the automobile and steel industries is sufficient excuse for their existence. As much as one might wish to find that same excuse on the Pacific Coast it is not apparent, search as you may. The wrangle in the Northwest is over the withdrawal of already organized A. F. of L. unions in the sawmills.

No Clearcut Division

The outlook for the workers would be better and the position of the C. I. O. more secure if it were true that there is unanimity in the ranks of the recently withdrawn A. F. of L. unions which are now C. I. O. But the I. L. A. itself is split on the question, and even though the I. L. A. majority voted C. I. O. there is a grave danger of the formation of the not insignificant minority into new A. F. of L. locals which will create further havoc on the water front in case of a strike.

In every port these minority groups are active and are pointing out the obvious instances where appointed C. I. O. officials did not consult the rank and file of their unions on serious moves.

Then there are the other maritime unions besides the I. L. A. which are not affiliated with the C. I. O. Chief among these is the Sailors Union of the Pacific which is very much anti-C. I. O. Neither is it in good standing in the A. F. of L. due to the charter-revoking scandal of a year or so ago. The S. U. P., no doubt, is an outstanding exponent of rank and file unionism. This union's record since 1933 is the most clear cut of all the maritime unions. The S. U. P. in spite of threats from both bosses and other maritime unions went down the line in refusing to accept the Copeland fink book. While on the East Coast the only outstanding support they got was from the I. W. W. Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union No. 510.

The Sailors' Stand

Those who are now promoting the National Maritime Union (N. M. U.) branded themselves by advocating the acceptance of the fink book. There is now no compulsory continuous discharge book, The S. U. P. in other instances has taken an excellent stand, such as on the minimum wages and hours bill for seamen and on the present effort of another Copeland bill to abolish the hiring halls. At least one C. I. O.-N. M. U. representative favored this union-wrecking bill.

Harry Lundberg, secretary of the S. U. P., seems to be a different sort of official and consequently is not popular with Harry Bridges, Joseph Curran, or the communist Western Worker which is blatantly supporting the C. I. O. Some of the other maritime unions, such as the Marine Firemen, Oilers and Water Tenders, are taking the same stand as the S. U. P.

Beck and Bridges

The recognized boss of the Pacific Coast Teamsters union is Dave Beck of Seattle. There is nothing to be said in his favor. He is a typical A. F. of L. ruthless labor faker. But the Teamsters union has an estimated membership of over eighty thousand, and the teamsters are traditionally not kid glove performers in any kind of dispute.

In a recent case in Los Angeles the leaders of the C. I. O. wrote long letters to the chief of police demanding police aid in fighting the A. F. of L. teamsters. In at least one instance they had members of the Teamsters union arrested and taken to court for assault and battery.

The present director of the Pacific Coast C. I. O. is Harry Bridges who was appointed by John L. Lewis. Bridges rode to popularity and power from the I. L. A. strike of 1934. Although an unknown before that time he rose from the I. L. A. local in San Francisco on the cry for rank and file rule. Yet it is to be remembered that he sought and accepted an appointment from Lewis while an official of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific without bothering to ask the sanction of the Federation in advance.

No doubt Bridges is an able man and he has a large following who are his fanatic supporters. As to his course—it depends on whether one is anti- or pro-Bridges. He has been given undue publicity in his activities. During the 1936-1937 strike his name went on all advertising in box-car letters while the strike itself went in smaller type. Bridges is, to the outside observer, a cagy performer and certainly appears definitely committed to the formation of a Farmer-Labor party. Which is true also of the whole Pacific C. I. O. leadership. He is supported by the communist publication, the Western Worker, and this may well be one of his handicaps.

Harry Bridges is at a crisis in his career. Regardless of his sincerity he has yet to demonstrate the possession of unerring tactical knowledge necessary to take him to the heights of labor captaincy to which he so obviously aspires.

Further light on the Bridges' position may be obtained from the files of the Voice of the Federation. In the published charges against an editor by Bridges the careful reader may draw a clear conclusion of Bridges' idea of correct action.

(Continued on page 33)

A Little Economics for the Home

By WALTER PFEFFER

Warning!—This is not a play— it's just a conversation!

Workingman's front porch. "The Missus" is on a hammock.

I. W. W. Organizer: (walking up the steps) Is William Jones home?

The Missus: What do you want with him? I haven't seen you before.

I. W. W.: I wanted to see him about some plans that the men down at the shop are making for themselves.

The Missus: I'll bet their plans are for no good.

I. W. W.: The general idea is to get a raise for William.

The Missus: That's different. Oh Wil-yam! Come here!

William has been working long and real hard, and he should get a raise the way prices are going up.

William (coming outside): Er, ma, this is one of the organizers that have been trying to get all of us down at the shop into a union. I've been figuring on joining.

The Missus: Oh—he's one of these blamed trouble makers that I've been reading about in the paper—and here you come and tell me that you wanted to see Bill to get him a raise.

I. W. W.: That's why we want the union, and don't let the papers fool you, ma'am. You've been having lots of trouble trying to make ends meet long before I ever met your husband. Lot's more people have had plenty of trouble trying to get a job at all. We're not here to make trouble. We're here to fix things so that people have less trouble.

The Missus: And the first thing you want to do, I'll bet is to take some of Bill's hard-earned money to make him belong to the union.

I. W. W.: That's exactly what I called to do.

The Missus: I'll say that you're brazen enough about it anyway. Why don't you go to work and earn your living?

I. W. W.: Now that is an idea, ma'am, I can run a press just as well as William, and I suppose the

boss down at the shop would be so glad to see me stop organizing the men that if I told him you wanted me to quit organizing and go to work, he would even give me Mr. Jones' job. Would that please you better?

The Missus: It wouldn't be fair at all.

I. W. W.: As long as they have no union down there, you can't make them fair. And even if I didn't take Mr. Jones' job, I'd be taking Mr. Somebody Else's job. . . and I suppose Mrs. Somebody Else would say that wasn't fair either. I really prefer this job of getting men to stick together and win higher wages for themselves. In fact I'm pretty good at it, and because of the work I've done at it, there are thousands of workers who have more money to spend; they have the power to insist that seniority rights are observed, and that things are run closer to their idea of fairness. They are more secure in their jobs. They are better off all the way round. So what good would it do you if we quit organizing? You'd just find it that much harder to make ends meet, and you'd be sitting around saying somebody ought to do something about it.

The Missus: That's just what I told Mrs. Logan down at the butcher shop. Porkchops are forty cents a pound. It's outrageous! But if Bill pays you to go into your union that won't help us buy any porkchops. We'll just be out so much good money. That's the trouble with Bill—he never did have any sense.

Bill: Oh yeah?

I. W. W.: Do you tell the butcher what you will pay for porkchops, or does he tell you what you will have to pay to get them?

The Missus: Ain't you got no sense a-tall? Certainly he puts the price on a card and sticks it right up on a little stick right over the porkchops.

I. W. W. If he let you set the price, would he be able to make ends meet, and keep in business?

The Missus: I don't suppose he would, for I can remember when porkchops were ten and eleven cents a pound.

I. W. W.: Now, Mr. Jones, do you tell the boss what he should pay you, or does he tell you what he's going to pay?

Bill: Fact is, we're never real sure what we're getting until pay-day. There's hourly rates, and piece-work, and bonus, and gang-piece-work-bonus.

I. W. W.: So you sell your life at so much per hour, and let the boss set his price on it—in fact you wait until what you sold of it has been used up before you find out the price—and Mrs. Jones wonders why she can't make ends meet when everyone who sells her anything does just the opposite of what you do.

The Missus: What do you want me to do, pin a price tag on William?

I. W. W.: In a way, yes. Mr. Jones can't set his price on his labor himself, but he and his fellow workers can, if they organize, and tell the company what their wage rates will be.

Bill: Yes, ma, all the men figure we ought to get together and tell the company a few things about wages, and hours, and time and a half, and a few other things.

The Missus: And then you'll get fired and have no job at all.

I. W. W.: There's millions of men in this country with no job. It isn't because they belonged to unions and asked for too much. It's because there wasn't enough unionism, and they didn't ask for enough.

Bill: And when we have a union, the men will stand back of each other, and we won't be afraid to speak up for our rights.

The Missus: So you have to go through all that to get a raise. Why don't you just speak up for yourself and tell them that you're worth more, and that I had to pay forty cents a pound for porkchops, and that rent is up. Believe me if I worked there, I could tell them plenty and not bother with any fancy union business about it either.

Bill: The foreman can't change rates for just one man. He has to change it for all the men on the same job.

The Missus: So if the rest of the men get a raise, you'll get one too.

Bill: Sure.

The Missus: Then why do you have to spend some of your perfectly good money on a union card?

Bill: I don't want to have the rest of the men

get a raise for me by joining up, and me not going with them. That's too much like stealing pennies from a blind man's cup, or waiting at the post office for somebody else to push the revolving door around for me.

I. W. W.: Besides, if too many wait for the rest to get a raise for them, there won't be any raise.

The Missus: I don't see what good a raise will do you that everybody gets, for then prices will go up too. That's all been explained right in the morning paper, right in this cartoon on the front page.

I. W. W.: No, don't let the papers fool you ma'am. If the higher wages were added to the price, no company would put up such a fight to stop the men from going after more money.

The Missus: But that's just what they do. I remember during the war, how Bill kept getting more money but it didn't do us any good because the cost of living kept going up faster and faster. And it was all on account of these unions.

I. W. W.: Prices went up because so much was being used up and destroyed in the war. How well off would you have been if your husband's pay hadn't gone up too? The unions kept raising wages where they didn't have contracts to stop them, to keep somewhere near the rising cost of living. Prices are going up again, and if your husband doesn't organize and raise his wages, you'll be most decidedly up against it.

The Missus: What union is it you want him to join?

I. W. W.: The I. W. W.

The Missus: Oh them terrible I Won't Works.

I. W. W.: The papers go to a lot of trouble to give the wrong idea about our union, and it's just because it's such a good union for the workers, and the employers don't like to shell out with their profits.

Bill: Sure, if we let the boss pick our union it would be one of these inside company unions. That's why we figure on the I. W. W. It must be good to have such a reputation. See, my card costs \$1.75.

I. W. W.: Yes.

Bill: Say, ma. I need another quarter, I've only got a dollar and a half here.

The Missus: It don't make much sense to me, but I'll give you the quarter. And you better be a good union man from now on so I can get my money back.

I. W. W.: O. K.—you'll get it back many times over in wage increases, or I miss my guess.





The I. W. W. In Theory and Practice

A BOOK REVIEW

"Industrial Unionism the C.I.O. and the I.W.W. in Theory and Practice" by Justus Ebert. Published by the Industrial Workers of the World.

How the Industrial Workers of the World fits into the present day industrial scene and how it lays the ground work for the industrial commonwealth to come is plainly and interestingly set forth in the new I. W. W. booklet entitled, *Industrial Unionism, The C. I. O. and the I. W. W. in Theory and Practice*, written by Justus Ebert.

Though this timely work is based on and is to a considerable extent a revision of the earlier *I. W. W. in Theory and Practice* by the same author, the new data it contains makes it in a very real sense a new and striking contribution to the literature of working class revolt against the capitalist system.

In approximately 150 brief pages (at this writing the work is still in manuscript form) the author has succeeded in depicting those conditions which in recent years have given so many knotty problems to the American worker for solution. The new deal, the new politics growing out of capitalist integration and technological development, and the pseudo-industrial unionism promoted by reactionary labor leaders are discussed fairly and thoroughly. Contrasting the I. W. W. with the C. I. O. the author says:

"The A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. are both essentially the same. . . They both believe that the capitalist system is a final one. They have no social outlook beyond capitalism. They are bulwarks against socialism, or any other upward workers' movement. Accordingly they resist the new society. They join the capitalist class in the persecution of those who advocate one; and expell them from their membership.

"The I. W. W., on the other hand, believes that capitalism is but a phase of social evolution that is breaking down. The I. W. W., accordingly, organizes industrially to prepare to carry on society when capitalism shall have collapsed as it gives

every indication of doing. It welcomes all workers at work in industry; or unemployed because of industrial maladjustment."

In discussing the democratic structure and policy of the I. W. W. he contrasts these with the autocratic leadership system that obtains in other unions, pointing out especially the C. I. O., of which organization he says:

"The C. I. O. is even more highly centralized than the A. F. of L. in this respect (centralization of power). Where the A. F. of L. international union heads only dominate their own individual unions, the C. I. O. heads dominate all of the C. I. O. unions. They have the most highly centralized control in all American labor unionism."

The book also has more than a word to say about the "anti-working class socialist-communist politics" which "in the name of Joseph Stalin and Karl Marx supported Roosevelt to save the workers of the country from relief cuts and fascism."

With the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. in existence, is the I. W. W. needed as a labor organization? Ebert asks this question and answers it with a clear and unequivocal, yes. He succeeds in showing, in fact, that "the I. W. W. is the only labor organization in the country today."

The book gives a thorough and easily understood account of the I. W. W. as it functions, of its ideals, motives and objectives. With such complete coverage of theoretical and practical material there is, of course, not room left in the book for a detailed history of the I. W. W. but even so enough of this has been included to give the reader an excellent picture of the eventful past of this organization.

This new "Theory and Practice" is a book that will make a place for itself in every labor library but what is more important, it will prove to be an eye-opener to every worker who reads it. Its predecessor has for years been used as text book in labor unionism in half a dozen different languages. There is every reason to expect that the present work will do even better.—C. K.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS

By A Tannery Worker



Way back in 1849 there were in the United States 6,686 establishments engaged in the production of leather and there were 25,595 workers employed in the industry.

Since then some noteworthy changes have taken place in this industry which is one of the few that has not been affected tremendously through introduction of new machinery, showing that the concentration of industry into fewer and fewer hands goes forward even without pressure of great technological change.

By 1919 the number of establishments had decreased to 680, only a little more than one-tenth of number operating 70 years before. Side by side with this rapid decrease in plants there was an increase in the number of workers employed up to 1919, when there were 72,476 workers who had jobs in the industry.

But after 1919, along with a continuing decline in the number of plants, there has been also a decrease in the number of workers employed. In 1935 there were only 384 establishments and 50,877 workers. The decline in both the number of plants and the number employed has been steady, year by year. Between 1923 and 1935, about 9,000 workers were dropped; this number would have been more than doubled had it not been for the shortening of the work hours from 48 to 40 a week in this period.

In spite of the rapid decline in the number of plants, the typical leather manufacturing establishments still remains small compared with the size of plants which prevail in many other important

industries. Even relatively large leather plants employ fewer than 500 workers on the average.

A considerable amount of the work done in leather tanneries is performed by hand. Hardly any of the machines in use can be called automatic, and almost every process involves some manual skill. Hides are easily damaged by unskillful handling and at some stages they deteriorate rapidly if not put through with due promptness the routine of operations involved in the manufacturing process. Because of these factors a high premium is placed on skill and training.

What the workers get

Just the same the workers in this industry are not well paid—far from it. In a recent issue of the *Industrial Worker* there was an account of wages and conditions in Elkland, Pa. where the “biggest sole leather plant in the world” is located. Here, it appears, that these skilled workers with fairly steady employment live practically in a state of peonage in spite of their skill. However, the U. S. Department of Labor gives the average annual wage of leather manufacture workers for 1935 as \$1,095. With this as the average it is certain that the majority receive much less; so it is a fair inference that even outside of Elkland the leather makers have a standard of living barely above the subsistence level.

Productivity

In 1935 a wage earner in the sole leather tanning industry produced an average of 20.70 pounds of leather an hour. This was an increase of about

18 per cent over the average of 17.51 pounds in 1929. Comparable data for the years further back are not obtainable but it is estimated that the increase in productivity between 1923 and 1935 was about 32 per cent.

These increases in productivity were not due in any substantial measure to the introduction of new machinery for few new machines have been introduced into this industry since 1923. The gains have practically all been achieved through "better management" which, to the workers, is merely another way of saying, "harder and faster labor."

It has come to be an old story. With an ever growing population there is a progressive shrinkage in the number of workers employed in useful pro-

duction. Increasing numbers of workers are forced into unemployment or into socially useless or even harmful occupations. More labor is expended for munitions and battleships, more for the protection and pleasure of the rich; and less for the production of food, clothing, and shelter.

The progressive degradation of the common man is a theme that can be illustrated a thousand ways from the facts of modern industrial life. Humanity needs shoes, lots more than it is getting, so we are compelled to make guns, something humanity doesn't need, instead; or we walk the streets doing nothing.

It's high time that the people who have been running the world for us producers be given a permanent lay-off.



WEST COAST CHAOS

(Continued from page 28)

Animosity Grows

At this writing, mid September, the fight is on in earnest in San Francisco where the teamsters have practically stopped cargo movement to and from the docks. Only the state-owned Belt Line railway is reported as moving I. L. A. handled cargo. This dispute was precipitated by the I. L. A. warehouse argument. There are so many charges and counter charges from each set of leaders that it is hard to get straight story, but it is all a part of the same mess.

In the Northwest the A. F. of L. and Teamsters have succeeded in closing a number of lumber mills because they are manned by one time A. F. of L. unionists now C. I. O. At Long Beach in Southern California, the California State Federation of Labor convention in session is busily purging itself of the C. I. O.

All this wrangling is likely to spread more, and to result in more open warfare. The capitalist press gleefully gives columns of space to this worker-against-worker strife.

C. I. O. Record

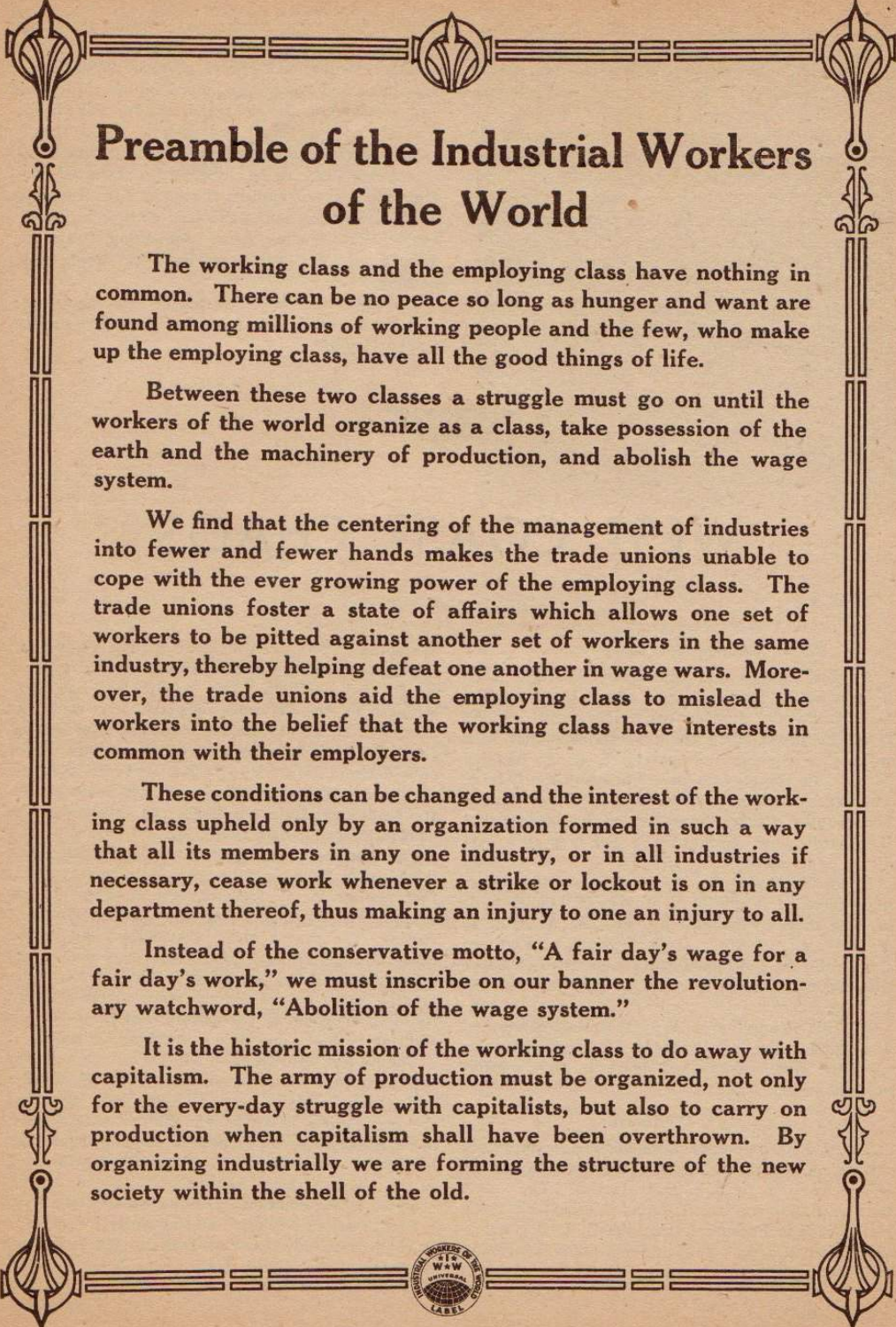
The C. I. O. unions have conducted few important strikes on the coast. In some instances they have shown amateur form in their tactics. The most notable fiasco was the Douglas Aircraft sit down strike of last February. Also the C. I. O.'s notorious Mine Mill and Smeltermen's union bungled a strike of construction workers on the Los Angeles

Water and Power Project near Bishop, California; adding to the long, infamous record of this formerly A. F. of L. affiliate. This union also had some strength on the Colorado aqueduct. It is now conducting a strike at Banning, California on the unfinished Colorado aqueduct tunnels. Since their only demand is a signed agreement of union recognition and no demands for shorter hours or better conditions, it is not likely to succeed. The aqueduct is a 48-hour week job.

The outcome of all the confusion in Pacific Coast labor ranks remains to be seen. It is now apparent that neither the C. I. O. nor the A. F. of L. can win all. The A. F. of L. certainly has the strongest footing. The reader may favor either one or the other of these two official-ruled groups and expect unity eventually to be gained. The writer sees nothing to be gained for the working class except its disillusionment in movements that keep workers fighting workers and unions scabbing on unions.

The leaders on both sides will have their publicity and high pay. The communist Western Worker will become a daily paper. Those queer creatures the communists whose magic glasses make yesterday's misleading traitor appear as today's peerless leader and union man, will add another pock mark to the pages of labor history.

There is one solution. Let the workers say: "To hell with all you fakers" and organize industrially as a class as advocated so long by the Industrial Workers of the World. Until then—?



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.



You Can't
Throw a Natural
Unless the
Right Spots Are
On the Dice



Once there was a small boy who went fishing for salmon in a wash tub. He didn't catch anything but he was only a youngster and had a good time pretending.

This boy had a grown up neighbor who got the goofy notion that he could find apples growing on sage brush. Of course he didn't find any and, because he persisted in his foolishness, he was finally safely stored away in an asylum.

There are thousands of workers who think they can get industrial unionism through the C. I. O., and other thousands who hope the A. F. of L. will give them economic security; and, strange as it may seem, there are still others who believe that a labor party holds some promise for suffering humanity.

No, they are not out of their heads, but just over credulous and misinformed.

When the workers sit in the game of labor politics, or craft unionism (old or new style), or Lewisized "industrial" unionism, even the greatest of good luck can't make them win. The right spots are not on the dice. They never have been there. Those are games so fixed that the workers always lose when they play them.

In the I. W. W. the rank and file members make their own rules and set their own goal. They may not win every time but of this they may be sure, they are not played for suckers.



ONLY ORGANIZED LABOR CAN STOP THIS INSANITY

