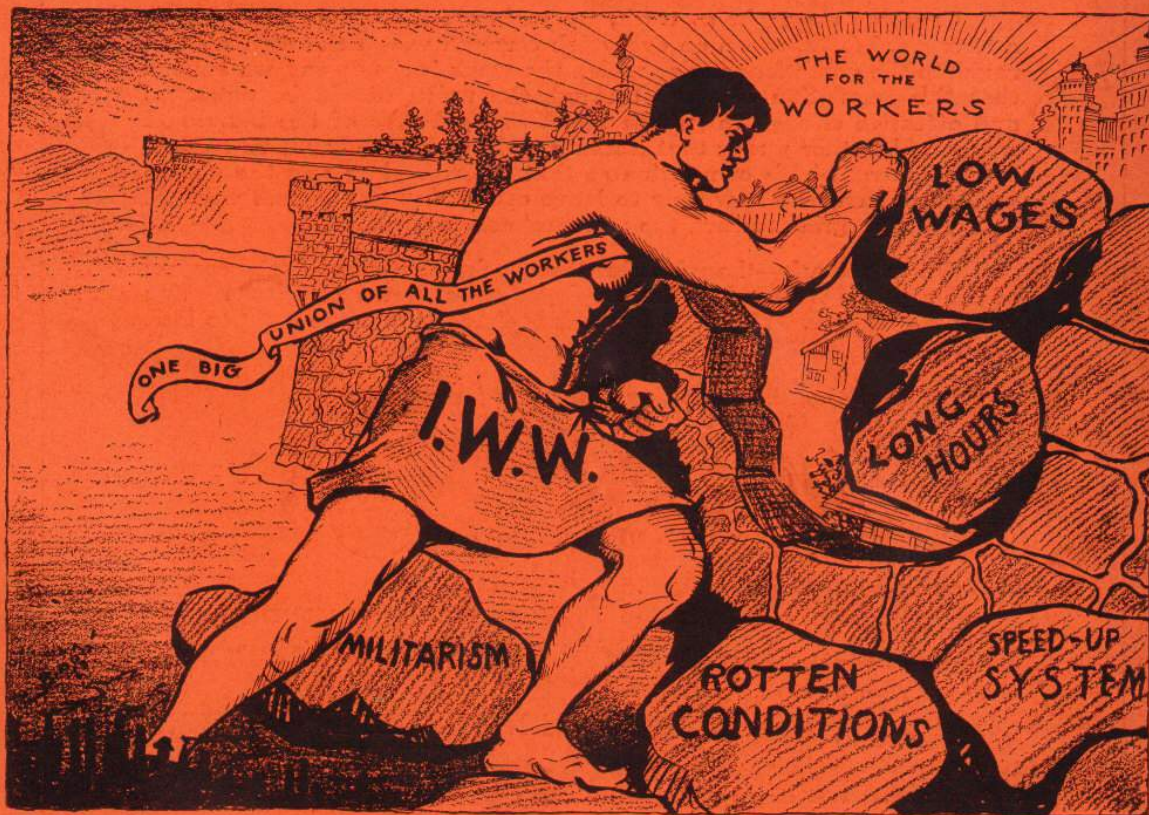


The **ONE BIG UNION** *Monthly*

Published by
THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD



SEPTEMBER, 1937

New Series: Vol. 1.—No. 9

Price 15 Cents

THE RIGHT TO WORK

It may be true, as many employers under pressure of union demands for higher wages are preaching, that the "right to work is sacred." We are not trying to pass judgement on what is and what is not sacred. But it does seem certain that no one's right to work extends so far that it becomes just and proper for him to do so much work that there is not enough left for the other fellow.

Neither does the right to work, if it exists at all, carry with it the privilege of cheapening work so that it becomes impossible for anyone to live on the wages paid for it.

Nor does the right of the individual to work together with other people go so far that he is immune from interference by his fellow workers as to the conditions under which he exercises his right.

Granting the right to work, we maintain that what is needed is a strong I. W. W. union on every job through which the workers can regulate the conditions under which the work is done; and we believe that this regulation of work through the union should be extensive and effective enough to govern the working habits of the individual worker. In other words that a man's right to work should be subject to the control of his own union so that the work-hog and the simple minded person who is willing to leave everything to the boss will not hold back progress toward the workers' commonwealth.

We might ask—though it has been asked before: What becomes of the right to work when the employer closes down his plant? You know the answer. The right to work is changed into the right to look for a job.

Let's get the four-hour day and make 'em like it.

Also Issued by the I. W. W.:

THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER
A Weekly Labor Paper
\$1.50 per year; \$1.00 six months

BERMUNKAS
A Hungarian Weekly
\$2.00 per year; \$1.00 six months

IL PROLETARIO
Italian Fortnightly
\$1.00 per year; \$.50 six months

INDUSTRIALISTI
Finnish Labor Daily
\$4.25 per year; \$2.50 six months



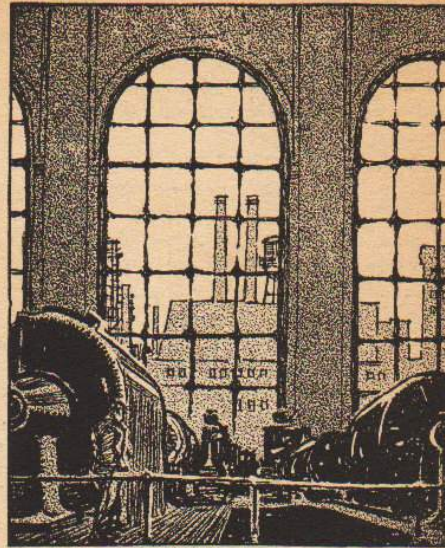
ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY
\$1.50 per year; \$.80 six months
published by

**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.

Noise -- An Intolerable Working Condition

By
JOHN SERSHON



... "might gague a man's intellectual capacity by the degree of his intolerance of unnecessary noise."—Herbert Spencer.
... "a torture to intellectual people, and the true murderer of thought."
—Schoppenhauer.

Civilization, if it is at all worthy of the term, needs as a first requisite, healthful and happy living conditions. Culture, refinement, and the removal from savagery that the word "Civilization" denotes are abstractions if those conditions are not generally possible.

Health and happiness are dependent upon many things for their realization; the houses we live in, the bodies we are born with, the clothes we wear, the food we eat, the kind of work we do, and everything in our environment which is conducive to an agreeable or a disagreeable personal response.

Some things in our environment, such as climate and heredity it is not possible, at present, to predetermine, but most of the socio-economic conditions can be readily changed. That beneficial change is such a laggard when the knowledge for change has long been at hand is an outstanding characteristic of capitalism.

How capitalistic poverty, disease, crime, ignorance and war trample rough-shod over intelligence to the detriment of civilization, are subjects which have been treated with some adequacy (though insufficient) by generations of writers. Other subjects which are subordinate phases of these are

either badly neglected or forgotten entirely. The condition of "noise" is such a subject.

A Machine Product

The Industrial Revolution with its increasing use of machinery brought many disagreeable things in its wake including noise. It is gradually becoming recognized as a public health problem, which as Engineer Stephen E. Slocum says, "will, within a generation, vie with disease unless the same mechanical ingenuity that has called the mechanical robot into existence shall be able to endow it with a soul of quiet."

Medical authorities have long realized the deleterious effects of noise and in some cases have made strong protestations against it, but though noise already vies with disease, little has been done in the way of its effective control. Hodge-podge individualism, as usual, finds only superficial ways to prevent the nuisance of "unwanted auditory stimulation." Nevertheless great credit must be given to those individuals who in the face of our unsocial "system," have tried to make life under capitalism more tolerable.

The first serious attempt (of any noteworthy extent) for the reduction of noise was begun in October 1929 by Commissioner of Health, Shirley W. Wynne of New York City with the appointment of the "Noise Abatement Commission." The commission comprised a large group of technicians engineers, and medical men from different branches of that profession. A survey of New York City was made to obtain all the possible facts about noise—its source, its intensity, its ef-

fect and its abatement. Some of the results and findings of the commission are included in this article.

Psychologist Donald A. Laird, conducting independent tests at Colgate university found that "four expert typists typing a standard letter over and over increased their speed under quieted conditions to 7.4 percent for the fastest typist, 3.6 percent for the second fastest, .08 percent for the next to the slowest, with no increase for the slowest. The energy expended under noisy conditions showed an average increase for all subjects of 71 percent during typing as compared with resting period, while under quieted conditions the average increase was only 51 percent. The fatigue effect was shown by the fact that under quieted conditions the average time for the last five letters at the close of the two-hour period required seven seconds less than for the first five letters, while in the noisy phase the average time for the last five letters was five seconds more."

The difference of 20 percent increase of energy output shown in this test is a demonstration of the increased fatigue that millions of factory workers undergo because of noise. Noise of between 80 and 90 decibels (deafening or close to deafening) is common in many factories, many others having 100 decibels or more.

Normal Man Dreads Noise

E. L. Smith and Laird found that noise of 80 to 90 decibels decreased normal stomach contractions by 37 percent, which accounts for the hostility with which workers regard running machinery during the lunch period.

Watson (Behaviorist) is authority for the statement that noise and falling are the only two things feared by a new-born infant.

Smith and Laird considered the physical reaction of noise as a "fear response," since the muscular tension and attendant effects were so similar. This fear-response inherited from our ancestors who were conditioned to fear noise as the approach of danger, surely must super-impose a most terrific strain upon the worker striving with might and main under a scientific speedup and the glowering eye of the bosses. That is indeed the case as is amply proved by R. Nyssen and J. Helmsmoort, Jr., whose report shows that "intense auditory excitation directly increases arterial pressure." Or by Dr. Morgan whose experiment at Northwestern University showed that fifty subjects at work reading a paragraph, to keep minds at work (with noise) caused an increase in breathing while speed decreased.

Professor A. T. Poffenberger's metabolic studies show that "the extra effort caused by noise creates an extra strain on the nervous system, a final reduction of capacity for sustained work, clear-thinking, and energetic action."

More spectacular, in a sense, were the revelations of Dr. Foster Kennedy of the New York commission. Several patients, otherwise in perfect health, whom past operations had left with part of the skull-bone removed and the scalp replaced, were used in the tests. "An accurate written record of the pressure of the brain was made by placing a small drum containing a partial vacuum over the soft spot area of the head. This was painless to the subject. One of the experiments, in which paper bags were burst, raised the brain pressure to four times the normal for several seconds. Thereafter this pressure, though not remaining as high, did not come back to normal until thirty seconds had passed." Sudden noise, it was found, raised the brain pressure more than morphine and nitroglycerine, the most powerful drug shocking agents.

A Menace to Health

In factories where workers were subjected to loud noises both the temporary effects of fatigue and the permanent impairment of health and hearing were produced by the exposure.

From the imperative emissions of the factory whistle (the constant reminder of working-class servitude), to the turning of wheels, the grinding, drilling, scrapping, and pounding of a hundred different kinds of lathes and dropforge hammers; the factory is producing, along with its products, "neurasthenic and psychoasthenic" human wreckage of great loss to a possible civilization.

N. Losanoff, who used rabbits and dogs in his nail factory experiments, found inner-ear lesions resulted from the intense noise. The experiments of Wittmaack and Yoshii with guinea pigs under boiler-making conditions caused inflammation of the inner-ear. Similar effects are produced in human beings in thousands of factories, close to thirty different trades at the present time causing deafness.

"Impairment of hearing caused by continuous moderate occupational noise develops gradually and it at first hardly noticed. In the beginning, many workers do not feel the influence of noise in the workroom. Examination by an ear specialist often reveals the impairment of hearing in such persons not aware of their injury." (Ger. Soc. of Indus. Hygiene, 1929.)

The noise of industry can be alleviated or arrested in several different ways. Buildings can be sound-proofed greatly by the use of any soft material used as wall and ceiling covers, or by painted or decorated sheets of steel backed by felt, and perforated to break up sound waves. Sheets of fibre-board (also perforated) can be made of the refuse of sugar cane stalks (bagasse) or cornstalks, etc. Everything within the building from the windows to the ventilation ducts must be insulated, while the machinery itself must be

treated to prevent vibration. The distribution of machines and the machine foundation are equally important (formula by Walter Ritter, German technician). Silent chains, noiseless gears, etc., can easily replace noisy parts. Sound-proofing can reduce noise by as much as fifty percent, but where it is not in use, insurance indemnity should be paid, either by the state or by the employer to the workers deafened or otherwise incapacitated by the neglect.

The Remedy

In addition to the above, there are several different "ear-defenders" which can be used to directly protect the ear, the "Tommy" (English artillery), Mallock-Armstrong instrument, and the wax cones used both by swimmers and Italian gunners. The simplest protection is to use cotton, wool or rolled gauze saturated in glycerin with the air bubbles squeezed out (air carries sound) or vaseline worked in.

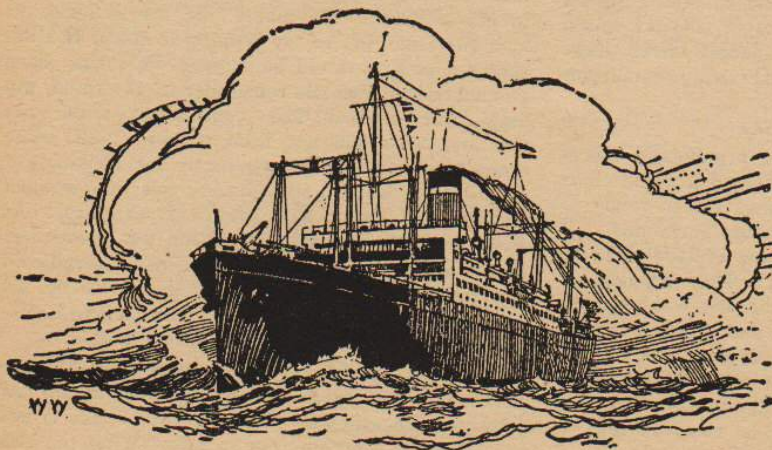
Incessant noise in the laboring class neighborhoods, with the resultant fear-response muscular tension, has been advanced seriously by medical men as an important cause for crime and accidents.

Jazz music and the lack of appreciation of true beauty is also attributed to noise. "In thirty percent of the schools in New York City some classrooms were found to have been made useless by noise; in this city alone noise was interfering with the education of 477,400 children." Hospitals also are notoriously noisy and a long article could be written on the harm to the sleeper, the growth of children, and the invalids.

Streetcars, elevated and subway trains, and automobile traffic are the main cause for outside noise. Methods have been found which will eliminate most of them, but since profits are involved little is done.

Protection from noise, increasing the efficiency of the worker and the profits of the employer, may stimulate the employer to make use of it, but for his own health and happiness the worker should insist upon it. He should organize his insistence in One Big Union of the working class so that he will be sure of his results; One Big Union that will rebuild the homes and workplaces and cities of the nation so that, among other things, there will be reasonable quiet.

I Decide to Become a Wobbly



By A SEAMAN

For eighteen years I have joined, worked on, and sailed ships. Through the course of my wanderings I had circled the globe a number of times. As a result I learned the location of many har-rooms, shelters, hide-outs, and places of ill repute. Places where one can get into trouble and out of trouble, as well; places where one can drink, curse, fight; where one can do as others

do, or set the pace for others to follow; places where everything goes and nothing is barred.

I have been on the beach in some of the major ports and on the beach in some that are seldom used for a port of call. These experiences taught me much,—a hard school but a practical one.

While I was never keen on observation, many events did impress themselves indelibly on my

mind. Nothing possessed great enough importance to cause me undue worry or thought. I have witnessed and taken part in brawls that resulted in serious injury to some and death to others, the weapons used by the combatants depending upon the geographical location—knives, guns, clubs, feet, etc.

It seems that when ashore the foremost thoughts in mind are of ships, and when at sea the topic of discussion was usually something that happened while ashore. Ashore or at sea I always added my bit by narrating certain episodes to the delight and interest of some, and to the evident disgust of others, which did not mean a thing to me, for my memories were precious.

In my travels I have met men of all descriptions, from all parts of the world and from all walks of life. I have been shipmates with college graduates and illiterates, with men who spent the major portion of their working lives in offices, and with others from factories, mines, and fields; some were sons of the rich but most of them were sons of the poor, and there were some who were labeled as sons of—well, taking them all in all, they were a representative section of homo sapiens. Some of those men were rational and spoke with conviction while others spoke merely to make a noise.

As for the ships, wages went up and down; on some the hours were long and the work was hard; the food, living conditions and quarters were lousy. There were others that, in comparison, were fair. On most ships there would be at least one man who would insist on discussing the difference between ships. And the question was often enough raised as to why all ships should not be good ships, with high wages, shorter hours, the best of food, easier work, larger crews, large comfortable quarters and good living conditions generally.

We Talk Strike

I placed little stock in those arguments; others did. I favored no union. I preferred to stand alone but with my mind made up that I'd be ready to help anyone of them when occasion demanded.

My last ship was outbound for Philadelphia. On it there were a few wobblies. They brought up the subject of the impending strike along the West Coast. They spoke also, and at great length, of how the East and Gulf Coasts would benefit by striking at the same time. These Wobblies warned the rest of the crew to be ready to leave the ship when it docked, should word be received that a strike was under way.

I told them that I could be counted on at a moment's notice.

Sparks told the gang that the West Coast had some out on October 29. The watch below were all mustered in the sailors' foc'sle and a meeting was held on the proposition that the entire crew take a definite stand on piling off the tub. The matter was threshed out under the guidance of the Wobs who were the only union men aboard.

The tub docked November 2. Immediately a Wob dashed ashore for information. When he returned all members of the crew who were not work bound mustered in the foc'sle to listen to his report. He reported that a sympathy strike was called in all ports of the East and Gulf Coasts. From the strike headquarters the orders are to see whether the majority of the men are willing to come off. If so, then to declare the ship as struck; if not then wait for more news. From the Marine Transport Workers hall (IWW) the word was to strike the ship immediately. "You all know what we agreed upon at sea," said the Wobblies, "pack up and hit the docks."

The Wobs were all set. I helped convince a few doubters that it would be best for them to get off. All the unlicensed men did get off. The licensed men promised to do the same—three of them did.

Down at strike headquarters all was confusion and hub-bub. Too many men trying to do each other's work. The headquarters was located at the MFOW hall at the start. The strike was called by no one union. Men from all the unions, and men who belonged to no unions responded. For that reason a lot of the strikers thought it best to have the headquarters removed to some hall that did not carry the banner of any particular union. That was done as soon as funds on hand permitted.

On The Picket Line

I was dispatched with four others to picket a dock with orders to stay until relieved. Upon arrival at the dock we saw men coming out of and going into the piers. Thinking that all men were to be stopped from returning to the ships I started to accost them. My mates told me to leave all men come and go, to say nothing to them. If I did then no backing would be offered. That was hard to understand. For the remainder of the watch my mates were studied. The conclusions were not pleasant. Two had not been to sea at all. The other two questioned the reasons for striking.

The relief watch had orders to sand like wooden Indians and await their relief from duty. At strike headquarters an explanation was demanded. Seven hastened to advise. Each one contradicted the other. I did not know what in hell to do. So I searched further for advice. Then I had someone explain the meaning of "direct action."

The next watch was quiet; except for the appearance of the prowler car and the voice of the law who told the watch to "Beat it, your strike is not legal." After searching me he said, "What the hell are you on strike for?" You are not a union man. If I see you again I'll run you in." He was informed that he would see me again.

Headquarters had the news on hand before we came back from the waterfront. They told all men to "Stay there regardless of what the cops say. If they run you in we will jerk you out in an hour." The first lock-ups netted ten men. Four Wobs, four West Coast men and two ISU

men. One Wob got 30 days. The other three Wobs and the four West Coast men got ten days each. The two ISU men shook hands with the magistrate and promised to be good. They went free. Many more were to be arrested. A large majority served their sentences . . . all of them arrested for the heinous crime of striking and picketing. When they came out it was right back to the picket lines.

From that day on things got lively. Scabs who were brave or careless at the beginning were rather hard to find after a few finks slipped on bannana, peelings and had to be taken to hospitals for treatment of bruises. In the days to follow so many finks hurt themselves that it became impossible for finks to be recruited to replace them on board ships. Efforts were made to man the ships, of course. What few finks boarded a ship had to be escorted by members of the police force on foot or in cars.

I saw two finks delivered to the docks in prow cars. Two other scabs in a large packing case, on a truck with a cop as guard, and in other ways. I'll never forget the faces of the cops who stood watch for the Merchants and Miners Line. If a scab wanted a drink or smokes—a cop would escort him to a dump close by, and wait until the louse was ready to return to the ship. The good cops were always on hand. The same escorts were used by the United Fruit Co. for its faithful employees.

Some outfits would not trust to the watchfulness of the coppers. Beer, whiskey, supplies and women were brought on board ships for the scabs. Cops were beneath the level of the women, whom they protected. The limbs of the law, in all their

majesty, accepted cigars, whiskey and cash from the company agent; and from the finks too.

The Wobblies For Me

I was close by when Haiman was shot in the leg by a Burns cur. I rushed over to aid others in blocking the escape of the louse who used the gun. I with five Wobs tried to get at the fink herder. We did not succeed or now he would still be recuperating. I heard Haiman address the rat and say, "If you'll lay down your gun, you son of a bitch, I'll punch your ears down."

And I knew Johhy Kane who was shot and died from it in Houston. And Haley who was knifed in Galveston. And the many Wobs who took their bits during the strike and grinned.

I knew Kane, Haiman and Haley for years. Was shipmates with them and other Wobs. This strike has borne out all that they told me. This strike has proven to me that the organization to which they belong is right in its teachings; that its members possess plenty of savvy and the guts to tell others about it. And so I have joined them to carry on in the struggle.

I want to mention one more man and pay tribute to him for his strike activity though he belonged to no union. His name is Mike Pashak. He was arrested, promised defense, at the last minute his counsel (ILD shysters) disappeared. He was given five to ten years . . . handed a stretch because he defended himself against the attack of a hoosier who was prompted to start it. Mike Pashak worked in the interest of the strikers—which is more than can be said for the LEADERS who forsook him in his hour of need.

AIN'T IT SO!

By COVAMI

Cent by cent and dime by dime,
Swift away the dollars flow;
Count 'em fast or count 'em slow,
That is how the dollars go.

From our pockets, how they hie,
How the dollars slip and fly!
How we hustle, how we slave,
From the cradle to the grave;
How for them, until we die,
All God's children scheme and lie!
Dime by dime and cent by cent,

That is how my dollars went:
'Fore I got 'em they were spent!
Count 'em fast or count 'em slow
Lordy, how the dollars go!

PRODUCTION FOR USE

By COVINGTON HALL

(Being an open letter to the editor of the Jamestown (N. D.) Sun.)

In a recent editorial titled "Production for Use—its real meaning," the editor of the SUN has this to say:

"The next time you hear some one talking about 'production for use,' stop and think it over. A moment's reflection will show you **that all production is for use**, and that the phrase, unless further explained, simply doesn't mean anything."

Evidently the editor has not paused to take the "moment's reflection" he advises others to, else he certainly would not assert so confidently that "all production is for use"; for, under the present economic system, generally known as Capitalism, nothing is **produced for use**.

True, all commodities produced must have a **use value** if they are to find a market; but, under Capitalism, goods are not produced for use but to be **sold at a profit**. No profit in producing, no goods produced, as the present "depression" and all past panics prove beyond controversy. In other words, the **driving force** behind production under Capitalism is the **profit** hoped to be made by private individuals and corporations and not the use values of the commodities, either to society or to individuals. Necessarily, by the very laws of its being, Capitalism takes count only of the market. If it considers use at all, it considers it only from the standpoint of **what can be sold**, of how much the market can absorb at a **profit to the capitalist**.

If that profit is not there, then no matter how direly consumers may need commodities, no goods will be produced. Worse, usable goods will be wantonly destroyed, as they have been in this country and all over the so-called civilized world during the past two decades. Capitalism will produce only such goods as can be sold at a profit and, as all recent evidence proves, will bring about an artificial scarcity to maintain profit, even though by so doing millions are faced with homelessness and hunger. No, under the present insane economic "system" nothing is produced for use. All our magnificent natural resources and all our splendid machinery of production, distribution and exchange will lie idle **unless the private owners of the people's capital can make a profit off the people's needs and toil**. From first to last the history of the monstrous system styled Capitalism

bears witness to the fact that **profit and not use** is the motive behind all production under it.

The "Real Meaning"

In dealing with "production for use," the editor assumes to state "its real meaning." No where does he do so. Referring to the proposals of "Socialists, Communists, and various shades of radicals," he asserts: "But the object is precisely the same in both cases, to produce as many goods as possible and distribute them as widely as possible." That is not so. Capitalism never has and never will "produce as many goods as possible," for, to do so, would bankrupt the system. Its beneficiaries, I repeat, produce only as "many goods" as **"can be sold at a profit"**. No profit, no goods; and, if this is not an assertion based on known facts, then why the closing down of fields, factories, mills, mines, banks, etc., etc., with the resultant DISemployment of millions of willing workers and the resultant bankrupting of millions of farmers and merchants during the "depression" that began in the Autumn of 1929 and is still with us, despite the strenuous efforts of the "New Deal" administration to make "an evil tree bring forth good fruit"? The truth is there for all to see who use their brains for the purpose Father God or Mother Nature, as you choose, gave it to men and women for—to think with.

Profit is the sole motivating power behind Capitalist production and distribution of goods. The Capitalists themselves freely admit it, nay, they falsely assert that our Constitution "guarantees" it to them. It does nothing of the sort, the Supreme Court to the contrary notwithstanding. The Constitution merely guarantees the so-called "right of private property," not that it shall be profitable. Our forefathers were not that insane. Further, the gigantic corporations that today dominate the entire life of the American people are not **private** but public institutions; and when we allow them to be used as instruments for producing private profit for schemers and gamblers, it speaks ill for our intelligence.

"Who Has Done Better?"

But "who has done better" than the Capitalists? queries the editor, citing the wide distribution of mortgaged autos, radios, telephones, refrigerators and other gadgets. Granted that Capitalism has

done all he claims, what of it? Are not the masses of men entitled to share in all the accomplishments of modern science, especially when it was the labor of these masses that alone made possible the wide distribution of these good things? And speaking of "much cheaper electric light bulbs," why didn't the editor or his "big electric company" in their advertisements tell the home folks that a bulb has been invented that will not burn out and, further, that the power trust has bought up the invention and "frozen" it, lest profit disappear from the bulb industry?

If anything should make the "common people" discontenanced with their lot, with their everlasting insecurity in a land of potential plenty, it is this everlasting carping on how many more gadgets and robots we can use as compared to our forefathers and mothes. What if the King of France in the year 900 did squat on a wooden stool throne while in 1937 John Farmer, Bill Miner and Jim Fastoryhand can luxuriate in an imitation mahogany chair? Does that in any way justify Capitalism for all the insecurity, misery, war, famine and homelessness it has inflicted on society? I leave that for those who think for themselves to answer.

For USE, Not Profit

"All very well," you say. "Denunciation is easy. But, just what do **you** mean by 'Production for Use'?" Your question is justified.

By Production for Use we mean an economic system the direct reverse of Capitalism. First, we mean leaving in the hands of those who render useful service to society the **purchasing power they alone create**. This we aim to accomplish by paying to each individual worker, whether of "hand or brain," the **full social value** of his or her labor or service. We are certain this can be achieved if the American people declare their natural resources and socialized industries **common property** and, thereby, abolishing rent, interest and profit, the three great use-ries that are the prime cause of panics, disemployment, bankruptcy and war.

Receiving the full social value of their toil, the producers of goods and services will be enabled to buy back from each other value for value, thus ridding themselves forever from the fear of "over-production," the alleged cause of all Capitalist panics, wars and revolutions. Under such a system, there will be no need for "public functionaries hired by the State to make decisions" for any of us. Holding in our own hands the purchasing power we alone created, we, the People, will automatically and individually make our own decisions as to what we shall spend our incomes for.

Second, there is a vast gulf between the Co-operative Commonwealth and the Capitalist State. The first is a Social Organization, the second is a

Class Institution. Neither can be operated by the administrative machinery of the other, as witness the failure of the attempts of the "New Dealers" to gain co-operative good by means of capitalistic methods. It has not worked, and will not, as witness the fear openly expressed by Secretary Wallace and others high in the "New Deal" lest the bumper crops of cotton, wheat, corn, etc., now coming on the market plunge the country into another and far worse "depression." No. Capitalism cannot be mended; it must be ended if the human Race is not to starve, physically and spiritually, in the midst of boundless abundance.

Third and last, if this be Socialism, then I answer that the only question before the American people today is, not "whether we shall have Socialism or not," but **whether the Socialism that is ALREADY here shall be an Industrial Democracy or an Industrial Autocracy**—whether we shall preserve the principles of democracy by carrying them into the gigantic trust corporations that today dominate the lives of all of us and, by so doing, **democratize the corporation** and, thus, overthrow Kingship in its last stronghold—in industry and banking.

To accomplish this—the overthrow of Kingship in industry—is the purpose of production for use. The piddling Politician as well as the plundering Plutocrat must go if the People are to do what President Roosevelt and many of the ablest engineers now say we can do—conquer poverty.

That, to end poverty in the United States, to abolish insecurity and hunger of soul and body in a land of plenty is the aim of all—and there are now millions of us—who are organizing to bring about production for use by declaring the United States an **Industrial Democracy**.

We who have to depend on incomes derived from wages and salaries and who, according to President Roosevelt, now number "Ninety per cent of the American people"—we no longer have any interest in maintaining the "right of private property" in the **common means of life**. All our welfare and, therefore, all our interests call for its abolishment in order that our JOBS and the incomes derived therefrom be made secure. To secure this, it is our intention to bring about an economic system whereby goods will be produced for consumer use and not for the private profit of Uncrowned Kings.

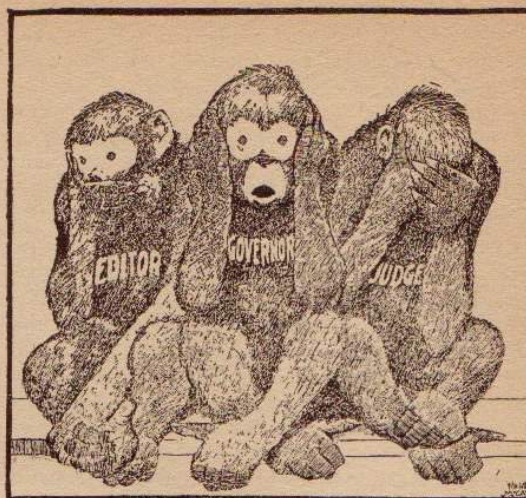
Finally, we have no intention in "escaping the tender mercies of the Plutocrats to fall under the loving kindness of the Politicians." That is why we stress forever the idea of Industrial Democracy, **economic freedom**, without which all other freedoms are vanities of vanities.

Let's end poverty before it ends us. We CAN DO IT.

Another Letter From Apeland

By

CARD NO. x-141738



It is Sunday morning in the city of Apeville. All is quiet save an occasional groan from devout worshippers. It is not just an ordinary Sunday. On the contrary, it is my good fortune to be in Apeville to observe the annual crowning of the most successful priest of the year. This is the greatest religious celebration ever in Apeville. Apes come from near and far to view the magnificent splendor of the church; to partake of the wisdom that flows from the lips of eloquent priests; to have a multitude of sins forgiven them (for a fair price) and to receive the blessings of the saintly, if the payment be large enough.

I now wish to conduct the reader to the Temple of the Holy Apes. It is a large prison-like structure (viewed from the outside) occupying a whole city block. Its seating capacity is 10,000. The altar is of solid gold. The walls are covered here and there by costly drapery. Between these are paintings, by Apata's masters, representingimps chased by vertuous angels, martyrs getting their heads chopped off, saints with long whiskers etc.

At exactly 10 A. M. the sounding of a gong announces the begining of the ceremony. The congregation rises and chants a moanful melody, led by an ape wearing a single black robe reaching to his feet. Next they get down on the floor, put their feet back of their necks while an automatic praying machine (resembling our phonograph) prays for them at the rate of 250 words per minute. After twenty minutes of mechanical praying they occupy the pews again but only for a minute; the church organ thunders forth music of some sort at which time they rise singing in a monotone a melody without words. The services are gradually working up to a climax. Now the

music stops. Ten priests, wearing two black robes one on top of the other, come down the isles sprinkling something on the crowd. But it is not water—believe it or not, it is fleas, holy fleas.

In the land of Apata fleas are holy and woe to the Ape who is caught killing one.

While the priests are thus engaged, worshippers open their garments to better allow the holy fleas to enter; they sway their bodies from side to side, all the while singing in a low voice:

"Praised be the flea from whom sweet blessing flow.

Praised be the flea in voices soft and low."

After half an hour the fleas are properly received and their praises roundly sung. A gong is now sounded three times. Eight priests dressed in three black robes one on top of the other, enter the stage and take their places four on each side on the first elevation next to the altar.

I must tell you before I forget that the stage consist of three elevations. On the uppermost elevation is a throne. In front of the lowest is the altar.

Now the gong is sounded four times and six priests, wearing four black robes one on top of the other, take their station on the second elevation of the stage. They turn their backs to the audience, bow deeply and line up three on each side. The gong is sounded again, five times, but much louder than before. Four priests wearing five black robes enter the stage and take their places next to the throne after having bowed as the previous ones. We are approaching the climax of the ceremony. Apevilles greatest is about to enter.

The audience await him in eager suspense. He

has promised to speak words of wisdom relative to the times, depressions, strikes, wars and so on. All eyes are fixed on the door on the left side of the stage from which he is expected to emerge. There is not a whisper in the crowd; not a sound except that of fleas changing locations. (Apeville fleas are a lot noisier than ours). At last the sounding of the gong. The audience rise. The door on the left side opens and in steps an old ape dressed in so many robes that he resembles a huge cabbage head. He walks majestically to the throne. The two priests nearest assist him to the throne. After he is seated the other two proceed to remove his shoes then kiss his feet with a smacking of the lips. This done the great priest raises his hands heavenwards, blinks his eyes, then speaks with long drawn out syllables singing-like; "Ee-nie mee-nie mi-nie mo." The six priests on the second elevation of the stage sing out in a chorus; "Aint it the truth" whereupon the eight next to the altar reply with one stentorian "AMEN."

This ends the great priest's contribution of wisdom. A crown of gold is placed upon his head after which he retires from the stage. The audience now arise upon signal from the dignitaries on the stage; the organ pours out thunderous music, and for one full hour they sing praises and hallelujas to the learned priest who has, by the words "eenie meenie minie mo," contributed so much wisdom to apekind."

The following day the Apeville News comes out with a special issue filled with more praises and hallelujas to the "learned one, who by the magic words has made of Apeville a beaconlight casting its rays of learning to the four corners of the globe. (In Apeville, by order of its mayor all globes have four corners). Never has Apeville ever heard such a profound lecture delivered with such eloquence" etc.

From my good friend Mush I learned the secret of the great priest's success. He held a monopoly of the soulsaving business in Apeville. Had already made a fortune on it. Had started branching out his monopoly to other cities. Was now on his way to become Jehovasson's (Jehovasson is the undisputed god of all Apatans) personal advisor for the whole country. Small wonder that he was crowned as the most successful priest in Apeville.

Anyone with the writer's point of view would naturally experience a feeling of indscribable disgust after having witnessed such folly as I did that day in the Temple of the Holy Apes. To see a priest of such obviously limited intellectual qualifications held up as a paragon, and still nourish hope for a better Apekind, would have required a stronger belief in the apes' ability to progress than I at that moment could claim. I

felt an urge to solitude. I wanted to get away from it all. Thus, on the afternoon following my day in the temple, I started hiking away from Apeville toward a timberlined horizon.

Scarce had night checked my retreating strides before I was overtaken by Mush, who, I learned, was on his way to the "outlaws' convention" which was being held at that time some 30 miles from where we met, down deep in the forest. He proposed that I go with him there the following day. To this I readily agreed. "Anywhere to get away from Apeville." We arrived there 7:30 p. m. the next day. My heart was all aflutter with expectations of new but more pleasant excitements.

It was here at the "outlaws' convention" that my hope in Apekind's changeability to the better was reborn. The convention was attended by some fifty serious looking apes. They had met to consider ways and means of ushering in a better society for apes to enjoy. They were for this very reason called "outlaws," "reds," "foreigners," "bandits," "freethinkers," "blasphemers," "radicals," "nuts," "rebels," "god-killers," and so on. Constituted authority would destroy them at once could they only find them.

Some of the delegates spoke a refined and cultivated language. Some were very emotional and oratorical in their addresses. Others employed the simple parlance of the lowly. But all of them impressed me as being honest about their tasks and also highly intelligent. My attention has been called to the need for brevity but I do wish to report one speech which stirred me more than the others. The speaker was introduced as a delegate for the agricultural workers. Here it is:

"Listen to me you gloomy looking, long and short-tailed apes. Some of you mugs are getting impatient because we aint making enough progress with the muttonheads. But I am a telling you that Apeville wasn't built in a day and you aint a going to get socialism in a day neither.

"The monkeys in the Valley aint ready for no revolution yet. We can't have a revolution and stop all this monkey business until the apes are ripe for it. And the apes won't get ripe until we make 'em that way.

"Some of you grey-whiskered stiffs aren't going to live long enough to see it; but I am a telling you that one of these days there is going to be hell-a-popping in this country. And look out! When these guys finally wake up and shake the holy fleas out of their tails we are going to go places—and how!

"Where is it we are going? We are going as far toward an ideal system as we got strength enough to go. That calls for a lot of educational work on our part. Because our strength will depend, not only on numbers, but also on how much knowledge there is in the bunch. These monkeys has

got to be told where to go and how to get there. Otherwise they will be like two blind monkeys leading each other by the tail and both pulling in the opposite direction. I can't get nowhere that way.

"Now I propose that we take a day off tomorrow to boil up (wash clothes). Then the next day we should each return to his field and carry on from where we left off before we came here.

"I propose a strike be called against all ship sinking companies to determine how many apes are opposed to solving the unemployment problem that way. For it stands to reason that as long as they are in favor of sinking ships just to have something to do that they are not quite ready for a revolutionary change.

"I propose that we make a determined effort to prove to all and sundry that fleas ain't holy at all. Of course, for myself, I would be in favor of killing them as I come to 'em, but you know, and I know, that such a radical policy would not go over with the masses at this time.

"I finally propose that Mush here and this stranger—pointing at me—be made honorary members of our Order."

There was storming applause at the termination of this speech and rightly so for he had spoken wisely, this all agreed to.

In the beginning of this copy I said that the Apevillians resembled us in a great many respects. From the above related case it may be seen that there are tendencies at work in Apeville and in Apata which resemble certain tendencies in our own society generally, though it is apparent that there is great difference in the details.

I have much hope for Apeville and for Apata for within their borders struggle noble souls. It may take a long time but with the untiring efforts of the outlaws they shall have a better civilization. I hope to return to Apeville some day to find happier apes at work and play. Who knows but what they will be able to get along without fleas and monkey business some of these days.



MIGRATING WORKERS

By B. R.

Though they are now without organization their clannishness will some day be directed into channels that will make them a potent force in the abolition of the evil conditions they have helped bring about.

MARYSVILLE, Calif.—"Go west, young man," advised a New York journalist sometime in the last century. No one heeded him and just kept on coming as they intended to anyhow. They came on foot, on horseback and covered waggons. They are still coming much to the despair of those who are there before them.

The Exodus: But No Moses

But there is a great difference in the spirit of the westward surge now than that of even a few years ago. Then it was the expression of the spirit of adventure, of the creative pioneer spirit seeking an outlet, an effort to live a fuller life than that of the stifled eastern states. Now it is with a feeling of despair and hopelessness they drift west, less a seeking for something new than it is a flight from what they have known. Behind them is drought, hunger and murky dust storms. Ahead, is the unknown but less feared than the known.

They pour over the mountains on the highways; vehicles piled on back, top, sides and front with all the possessions they could dig out of the dust

of the old homestead. Men, women, kids, dogs, cats bedsteads, kitchen tables and old fashioned bureaus, all spew onto the side of the road when the day's travel is done or the car breaks down. At daylight the stir begins and with great creaking and groaning the old bus is coaxed onward. The "gum bums" move on. The ferment continues until the fruit valleys of California are reached and over night new settlements spring up along the highways. The stir subsides temporarily.

The papers talk of the good wages picking hops, peaches, pears and grapes. They are not ripe yet but the promises are necessary to hold the labor supply still. John Farmer is delighted with the vast army of labor to harvest his crops at the going wages. In the meantime it is a source of speculation of but a few what will be the outcome of this immense immigration which circumstances destines to be nomadic.

For several miles outside of any fruit center, on either side of the highways are parked the makeshift trailers and their occupants. It looks like

an open air auction sale. Grown boys and girls in impromptu getups for clothing, barefoot and none too healthy looking, children, torn-trousered men and women: eating, sleeping and vegetating along the crowded roadsides. Any bit of brush over six inches in height affords the only possible place of sanitation. It hides from sight but not from smell. The hot cakes and grits are pretty thin and the green fruit doesn't stay with one.

Nor will these conditions be bettered when the fruit is ripe. No better places will be afforded by the farmers. By that time the camping places will take on what is called "atmosphere" when applied to slum quarters of old cities. Happily the children will not have to stay in them all day. They will help pappy make up a tolerable day's pay and the going wages, when there is such a plentiful supply of unorganized labor, will require plenty of pooling to make a half decent day's pay for one man. Age is no object here. Anything with two hands, or even one hand, that can glom hops or fruit will find work aplenty. The childrens' education will be that kind that is advertised by correspondence schools, "Earn while you learn."

When the crops and the going wages are gone the migration will start again for another industry, that of lumbering. Work is what they want. Wages are not a consideration. Conditions do not matter. They are like a blight. No matter where they light it is the same story. Conditions and wages go down and hours go up and the workers formerly engaged in these lines cannot compete and are forced out. Their traditional clannish prejudices prove an obstacle to any idea of organ-

ization growing. It is a setback to those who have labored for years to build better conditions and wages but it must be but a temporary one to the march onward of organized labor.

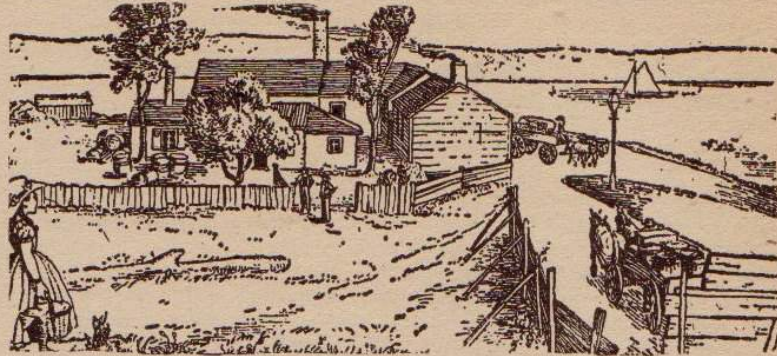
Plenty of Labor Prophets Necessary

There has been a good deal of hard feeling aroused towards the newcomers and unless a different and more tolerant attitude is adopted the time will be interminably slow in coming when they will come to the realization that the things the workers have here that they have not in the dust bowl and "down yonder" states are the results of labor organization. The workers who have been here longer should take into consideration that they did not take kindly themselves to organization so very long ago and the newcomers have had a far different environment and past to overcome before they will begin to see the wisdom and benefits of unionization. And in this we have one thing to be thankful for and that is the very clannishness that is proving such an obstacle at present. This spirit of clannishness, when union conscious and directed along this channel, will be a tremendous power in building the solidarity needed to overcome the ill effects of the present conditions they have brought about. The organization that taps this force first will gain the unflinching loyalty of first class fighting men and women as the battles in which their kin have participated in the past has shown. To the labor movement and its propagandists they are but another group of workers to be educated. So have at it.



THEY ARE FINE PEOPLE

By
CARD NO.
x-302661



The Odyssey of a Farm Hand

I started out in the world when I was fifteen years old, and went to work swamping in Mitchell & McClure's lumber camp at Baker, Minnesota, in 1889.

I was raised mostly on farms, so in the summer I would go to North Dakota to work on the farms, and put in the winters in the lumber camps, and what grief I did have!

I went to work for a farmer by the name of Abner Abbey at Tilby, North Dakota, my first bad job. I got \$15 a month for eight hours work—that is eight hours in the morning and eight in the afternoon.

The old lady says to me one day at the table: "My goodness! but you do use a lot of sugar!" I had put two spoonsful in my coffee, so the next day she put the sugar bowl alongside of her plate. There were ten of us at the table including two school teachers. She says to the whole crew: "Do you use sugar in your coffee?" When they said yes, she put the sugar in herself—half a spoonful. When she came to me she said: "I know you do," and put in the same amount.

I tasted the coffee, and said: "Pass the sugar please." Then she jumped up and had a fit. She says: "I put sugar in that coffee." I said "not enough." She grabbed the sugar bowl, but the old man grabbed it away and passed it to me. Then I did use sugar. I put six spoonsful in my coffee.

That was at dinner, so when I sat down to supper, I noticed two bowls of sugar on the table, one in front of my plate. Some one said: "Pass

the sugar please." When I started to pass them the bowl by my plate the old lady speaks up and says: "Don't pass that sugar. That bowl is all for you." So I says: "Thank you."

We had lettuce for supper, so I put eight spoons of sugar in my coffeer, filled my plate with lettuce, and turned the sugar bowl upside down over it.

When supper was over, the old gal sneaks up on that empty bowl, and talk about a fit! She called one of the teachers: "Miss Roberts, come here quick! Look at that! My God! that man has gone and ate a whole bowl of sugar for supper!"

They had two sections of land worth \$150,000. They had a boy 15 years old. He drove a team in harvest. He and I and the old man ran the three binders. I got up at 3:30, went out to the barn, fed all the stock, cleaned the barn, and curried and harnessed twelve horses. That was quite a chore. After breakfast I went out and turned out the horses to the water trough. Then they hitched them up. At noon they turned their horses to the trough and went in to dinner, while I, poor sap, put away the horses and fed them. Then at night they did the same thing. I had twelve horses to unharness and take care of while they ate supper and went to bed.

This lasted three days, then in the morning I told the farmer I was leaving. He would not let me take my clothes. So I went to the granary and got two of the shockers. They went to the house and made the old guy give me my clothes.

The farmer wouldn't pay me so I went to the

Justice of the Peace. Some justice! He said I had nothing coming because I quit before the eight months for which I had hired out was up. Some time later I landed a haying job in Caryville, N. Dak. The hardware man roped in me and my partner, Bill, and told us Mr. Bloodgood would be in at 7 p. m. to take two men out to his farm. "They are fine people and it's a fine place to work," says the hardware man. So we says, "All right, we'll go out with him."

Bloodgood turned out to be a chin whiskered old farmer with a high-pitched voice and a daughter about 20 years old. He sized us up and remarked that "if you two men don't stick any longer than the last two I had you won't pay for the gas I burn up hauling you out."

This didn't sound so good but we went out with him anyway in his model T Ford. The daughter, who rode in the front seat, let us know that she was just back college and did her best to impress us with her superiority.

Well, next morning we were called at four o'clock and the farmer says, "Boys you can clean out the barn, curry and harness those eight horses while I milk the cow." After doing that we went in to breakfast.

There was a big silver napkin ring with a white napkin at each of the plates except Bill's and mine. When the hired girl brought in the bacon and eggs I noticed that there was one egg and one slice of bacon for each of us. But before we had a chance at it the old lady bowed her head and thanked the good lord for the bountiful repast.

When we had all been served there was one egg left. The old lady passed it around saying, "Would you care for another egg?" Bill and I refused it, though we wanted about six more, so the old man swished it onto his own plate.

Right after breakfast we hitched up four teams to hayracks and wondered where the other two men were. Finally, when we were already to go, out bounced a big fat kid about 16 years old saying, "Am I late, papa?"

When we got to the hay field about five miles from the house kid takes two teams and puts them on a buckrake, the old man gets on the stack and leaves me and Bill to pitch the hay up to him from the ground. The fat kid trots the teams back for each load and gives Bill and me hell until noon. Then we got two bacon sandwiches and a thirty minute rest.

That night at 7:30 I looked at my watch—we were still pitching hay—and I says to the old man, "What time do we quit?"

"Oh," says he, "have you got a watch?"

"Yes," I answered, "to keep you darn farmers from working me all night."

"Well," he says, "we better go home."

So he and Fatty hooks a team on two hayracks

and Bill and I pitched on two loads of hay. Then he and Fatty gets on the other two racks and Bill and me loads them up too. Then we drove home.

As soon as we got in the yard Fatty says, "I'm awful tired, papa."

"All right son, you get your supper and go right to bed." Then turning to us the old man says, "You boys take these four loads of hay back of the barn and unload them with the hay fork." This was at 9 p. m.

Bill handled the fork and I drove the team. Well, with the first forkfull I got the team on the run and never stopped until I had shoved that fork full of hay through the other end of the barn. The old man raised hell so Bill and I decided we would leave him in the morning.

So the next morning when we sat down to the one-egg breakfast, Bill reaches in his pocket and takes out two red harness rings and puts a big red bandana handkerchief in each of them and lays one in front of my plate and one in front of his own for napkins so we would be in style. You ought to have seen the old dame's eyes pop out!

When Bill asks for the eggs I hand him the plate and he takes the whole six of them and starts eating. Then I asks for the eggs and Bill says at the top of his voice, "There aint no more."

The old lady comes in from the kitchen, took a look and says, "Mary, fry this man another egg and let the hog kill himself."

After breakfast we told the old man that we were leaving. And he says, "I didn't think you would stay very long."

Fine people.

Well, I got another job haying at Highmore for \$20 a month. "I have a big treat for you folks tonight," said the farmer's wife at the supper table, and she brought out a piece of cheese. Nobody wanted any. "Isn't that too bad," said she, "I bought a whole pound." There were 12 at the table.

My next job was at Chinook, Mont. Here another man and I were haying and milking 17 cows. One morning I woke up and I caught the boss setting the clock ahead an hour. We had been getting up at four and that wasn't early enough for him. The other hired man told me he did that regular: he would set the clock ahead an hour in the morning and then set it back again after dinner.

Well, I bawled him out about it and he quit monkeying with the clock but every morning he would get up at three and bang the screen door. Then he would stand on the porch and call his ducks. He would stand there next to our room and call, "ducky, ducky, ducky"; and the damn ducks would gather around and say, "quack,

(Continued on page 33)

Schools Peddle Dope

By
A. B. COBBS

For many centuries thinkers called attention to the paralyzing effect of formal religions. Since the age of the cheap newspapers they too have carried a share of the blame for the blind, chaotic condition of the world. But "strange as it seems" our educational system has grown into something more demoralizing than church and press combined, without receiving proper attention from the critics.

We are all more or less aware that the balanced, double entry editorials of Arthur Brisbane were well rewarded because of their befuddling effect on the readers. Few, however, realize that a deadly dualism permeates our schools, from the bottom to top. A recent news item illustrates the degradation of our educators and the bewilderment and confusion in the world.

At Beach Grove, a suburb of Indianapolis, a quotation from Van Loon's "Story of Mankind" written on the blackboard, brought a preacher and a part of his congregation to the school. The principal of the school is reported as answering the complaint they made by saying that none of the teachers believed the theory of evolution and, further, that they were not competent to teach it. The state superintendent of instruction is quoted as saying: "The theory of evolution is not, and should not be advocated in any school in the State of Indiana."

The inevitable effect of such hypocrisy will be to make hypocrits or fools of the children. On the first corner from the school they are likely to see the picture, life size, of a dinosaur with the words, "MELLOWED A THOUSAND MILLION YEARS," under it. They will know that someone is lying. They will go to the library (Indianapolis has a good one) and in the end will distrust both preacher and pedagogue.

This hypocrisy and dualism follow the student through the grammar school, high school, and into the university. Teachers are promoted and rewarded in proportion to their ability to submerge science to the fantastic dogmas and fables of antiquity. Then these same educators have the crust to blame the younger generation for the demoralization which they as leaders have created. In China they shoot dope peddlers; here they are considered pillars of society.

We of the herd look up to the institutions of higher learnings as places where dualism is left behind and science reigns supreme. The victory

of science over nonsense is in sight but not yet won. That the march of progress is hurting the reactionaries may be seen from the antics of the hoosier preacher, or better still, from the loud laments of Dr. Huchins of Chicago University.

He regrets the idea of democracy in education, the idea of evolution, the idea of progress, the idea of character building, and the idea of adjustment of the student to the world he is to live in; and, above all, he seems to bemoan the advance of science. "The sciences one by one broke off from philosophy and then from one another, and that process is still going on. At last the whole structure of the university collapsed and the final victory of empiricism was won when the social sciences, law, and even philosophy and theology themselves became empirical and experimental and progressive." What most people call the advance of science he calls the collapse of the university!

To rebuild the universities that have "collapsed" he suggested a return to the metaphysics of the Greeks and the theology of the Middle Ages! "For the intellectual love of God"; as he says. His idea of a scientist is this: "It is not necessary for the physicists to know the nature of science, because the technique of experimental and theoretical work in physics are so well established that they cannot escape them."

And how will this university or this educational system that he longs for, treat the student? In this three-ring circus where the metaphysics of the Greeks, the theology of the Dark Ages, and scientists who do not need to know the nature of science, entertain if they do not enlighten, what about the students? "They will have learned," he says, "to think for themselves."

There is a common saying that only one in a thousand can think. Anyone wanting to know why should make a careful study of Huchins' **Higher Learning in America**. Those who are able to think are probably the ones who never went to school at all. For an educational system that glorifies the superstitions of the past and belittles the advance of science, cannot help being just another and more powerful opiate for the people.

As an antidote for such poison, educators, parents, and all who are interested in human welfare would do well to make a careful study Dietzgen's **Positive Outcome of Philosophy**, where it is definitely proven that "metaphysics is possible only as fantastic speculation."

WHAT IS A SCAB?

By ELI HILL

Scabbery is the worst enemy of solidarity. The two most important words for the workers are: DON'T SCAB. It is time that someone explained in the simplest words just what a scab is. The matter is important to the leisure class as well as to the workers.

The leisure class dreads scabbery too, but they have been a bit more successful in keeping scabs out of their ranks than the workers have, and this accounts for the fact that the workers are still being kept under the iron heel of the leisure class.

When workers learn just what scabbery is and what it means to them they will know also what is meant by solidarity for one is the opposite of the other. Where there is solidarity there can be no scabbery and where there is scabbery there ends solidarity.

Workers some times scab without being conscious of what they are doing and there is a lot of scabbing going on that is not recognized as such. In fact, most of the scabbery going on is unrecognized but its effect, killing solidarity, is just as bad as where it is openly recognized and acknowledged.

The Unrecognized Scab

An unrecognized scab is one who goes to work for a smaller wage than his fellow workers are getting on the same or similar work. He scabs when there is no strike on. This is forced on him or her by suppression and the results of suppression.

Workers are thrown out of employment continuously and continuously they are on the look for new jobs. The bosses, taking advantage of their need, offer them wages lower than those paid to other workers; some of the workers sooner or later, driven by hunger, accept the offer and they become scabs unconsciously and often against their inclinations.

This unconscious scabbing, of course, tends to cut the wages of other workers, and workers who won't stand to have their wages cut are forced to quit or they are fired. So the unconscious scab has done the employing class a favor and injured his own class no less than the worker who takes a job in shop where there is a strike going on.

There is another type of unrecognized scab. It is the worker who works longer than the scheduled hours on a job. He may be a timid soul who starts to work before the regular time and stays a little past the regular quitting time because he is afraid to say "no" to the boss. When he does this he is most certainly scabbing for his actions hurt his

fellow workers. Every minute of work counts. In the first place the worker isn't getting enough for his labor within the scheduled time of work. He is being robbed even then, because every employer makes a surplus on what is produced. Out of the surplus he derives his profit. Profit is stolen labor. When a worker's puts in a few minutes overtime without getting paid for it he is just helping the boss steal a little more from the working class. That's scabbing.

Some of these scabs are work-hogs because they are anxious to please the boss. They think that they will be the last to be laid off when slack time comes or that the boss will reward them with a better job. There is no worse scab in the world than the one that tries to climb to a higher position with better pay by tramping on the necks of his fellow workers.

If all the workers got easier jobs, then who would do the hard jobs? The question answers itself. The way things are run now there are not enough easy jobs to go around and the scab who does his best to please his boss by working harder or longer than the rest of the workers, more often than not, finds himself out of a job so much the sooner because he worked too much. Or, in the end, he finds that a younger, stronger worker who can out-scab him takes his place.

If scabbing means to do something that hurts your class, than the scab on the job who tries always to out-do his fellow workers is one of the worst of all scabs. Since there never are enough jobs to go around, he scabs on the unemployed by making it possible for the employer to get along with fewer workers. Also, since there is an end to almost every job, the speed-crazy, work-hungry scab hastens the time when he and his fellow workers will be idle, waiting for another job to show up. As the old Wobbly song had it:

Do it all today and you'll soon find out

That tomorrow you're nothing but a go-about.

The piece-worker

Now, the piece-worker is often to be classified among the unconscious or unrecognized scabs. Why do so many employers prefer the piece-work system? They save money by it, that's why. In many lines where piece-work is established the worker furnishes his own tools; that saves the boss bother and extra investment. If a piece-worker's saw is broken or stolen it's no loss to the boss and, anyway, it's a few more dollars he doesn't have to tie up in equipment.

(Continued on Page 20)



School Days at Work Peoples College

BY FRED THOMPSON

Economics for boys and girls from 12 to 17? Sure.

An instructor has recalled to their attention that with modern spinning machinery and looms, combines and flour mills, we can clothe and feed ourselves with much less labor than in the days of the spinning wheel, the hand-loom, the scythe and flail and old mill stones. They have even worked out some of this increase in productivity as

arithmetic problems. In general discussion they have reached the inevitable conclusion that if we can produce so much more than we used to, and do not live more than a couple of times as well, it must be that the working class is gypped of a good part of what it is now able to produce. Then comes the question when and where is the working class gypped? Is it because they are paid too little, or is it perhaps because they are charged too



much when they go to buy? It is apparent that it must be one case or the other. It is up to the instructor to provide them with a way to think the problem out.

He asks: Suppose some of you have no money to buy candy and ice cream, and others have. Suppose that there is a general complaint that where you buy your confections they charge such high prices that you are robbed. Will those who have no money to spend there be robbed? All agree the answer is "No." Will those of you who have fifty cents to spend be robbed more or less than those who spend only a dime? It is agreed

that those who spend the most would be robbed the most. Is it possible to explain that one class with plenty of money, and spending plenty of it, lives without working, by assuming that when people go to buy, they are robbed by high prices? And so these 12-year-old economists conclude that the gypping of the working class must be perpetrated by the time the worker gets his pay check, that "exploitation occurs predominantly at the point of production."

These 12-year-old economists seem even brighter than our worthy Congress when it comes to coping with such practical problems as unemployment.

Here's a question they were given. If 40 million people in this country try to make a living by working for wages, and 12 million of them can find no job, and those that do, work average nine hours a day, what must be done to have them all work? It was just a question in arithmetic for them. They took out their pencils, subtracted 12 from 40, got 28 for an answer, multiplied that by 9 and then dividing the consequent 252 by 40, uniformly decided that if such were the facts, everybody would be at work if only they averaged 6 hours and 18 minutes a day. (And these as yet unspoiled boys and girls figured that out without any theory about solving unemployment by dividing the available work among the available workers.)

Of course, they didn't spend all their time on such questions. They learned somewhat of the great struggles in which workers have battled for more of the good things of life. They made short speeches on all manner of things from these strikes to how we could cope with mosquitos and heat under a social order run by workers for workers. They learned how to conduct their own meetings. And in their meetings they arranged their own social life for the four weeks that they were at the I. W. W. summer school.

It has been a valuable experience for these boys and girls; and they like it so well that they always come back year after year. How about sending your boy or girl to the Work Peoples College next summer?

Of more immediate concern: How about you yourself, or your grown up boy or girl, coming here for the four months adult courses that start December 1? The work in the classes is so arranged that workers can carry on whether they quit school years ago and forgot a good part of what they learned, or have just recently left high school or college. The subject of these winter courses is to make the students more useful to the labor movement. To that end economics, history of the labor movement, industrial unionism, organization methods, public speaking, labor journalism, and such other subjects as the students require to become all-around useful members of their industrial union, are taught. The greater ease with which these subjects can be mastered under the conditions of continuous residential study is self-evident. And the total cost for room, board and schooling is only \$30 per month.

Incidentally, the social life at this school in the suburbs of Duluth, with ample facilities for recreation indoors and outdoors, means that going to school is no longer a punishment. "Knowledge is power." Let's get it and spread it. For information about the school write Box 39, Morgan Park Sta., Duluth, Minn.

WHAT IS A SCAB?

(Continued from Page 17)

Piece-work is about the best known way of cutting down wages, for it gives the worker the idea that he can make more than the average worker by speeding up. When the boss finds out that his workers really can make more, he cuts the piece rate on them. Then if they speed up still more, he cuts it again until they are working with all the strength and speed in them and getting no more in wages than they were at the day-rate. They are turning out more production and getting less for it; they are helping the employer swell his profits at the expense of their own class. That is scabbing.

Where the piece-work system is established the workers "are their own bosses." This means that they drive themselves and the employer is saved the expense of hiring foremen to see that workers keep at their tasks. Under this system when the worker accidentally spoils a piece of work it is the worker's loss. Another saving for the boss. The piece worker does more work than the men who work by the hour. Moreover, they make a greater profit for the employer and freeze other workers out of their jobs.

The employer wants greater production with fewer workers for two reasons: 1) greater production has greater value, greater value means greater profit for himself; 2) he wants to have all the workers' time possible occupied in his work so they cannot have time to think of their troubles and to discuss ways and means to get more pay and less work. That is the thing the employer fears most of all.

The employing class scab

Competition develops scabbing among employers as among workers. When one capitalist undersells another he is scabbing. There is a lot of this going on but the capitalists, being better organized than the workers, keep scabbing in their ranks under better control than the workers do. Aside from this the pressure on the worker-scab is greater than on the employer-scab.

When the worker allows himself to get into a cut-throat game of competition for a job he is very often, goaded on by the threat of actual starvation. On the other hand, what the employer stands to gain or lose is usually an additional profit which is not a matter of life and death to him. When the worker takes a loss (loses his job) he goes hungry; when the capitalist takes a loss it's only a cut in his stolen surplus.

The Recognized Scab

We will take the workers who belong to this class into consideration. The worst and the most disgusting one is the man who does not belong to a labor organization. If he doesn't know why he should belong to a union, if he doesn't know why he should be organized against the capitalist class who are robbing him and his class, and if he doesn't know that the capitalists are organized against us in trusts, corporations, associations and alliances, then he doesn't know anything. Every worker knows, even if he won't admit that he does, that we've got to be organized to fight organized power. What could one do to a whole army? It takes an army to lick an army. Therefore if a worker isn't organized, he is playing right into the hands of our common enemy, the capitalist, and he betrays his own army. It follows that he is a scab. A traitor.

The next worst recognized scab is the one who goes to work during a strike when his fellow workers are battling the capitalist, our common enemy, on the point of production the only right way to fight them. The capitalist teaches us this himself, if we are only wise enough to pay attention in this school of life we can see that. The capitalist's rule rests on the industries from which they derive their riches and economic power. They must have economic power just as well as the workers should have it, to rule. Economics pertains to production, distribution and consumption. Here is what economic power means; "The class that controls industry, **rules.**" Capitalists control it now!

Conclusion

As we go through this hard grind of life, we investigate all the ways and means by which the capitalists keep us under control. By fighting them in the same manner we can reach our goal. There is an old saying about beating one at his own game. Economic power has already been mentioned as their most important means. The next is the keeping out of scabs from their ranks. When a capitalist scabs, he is quickly put out of business by the power of the trusts. He is nicely told that "if you like the working class so much, you may go and join their ranks," which he is forced to do if he can stand the thought of doing honest work.

That is just what the workers should do to a scab in their ranks. Make him a marked man by advertising the fact to his fellow workers. They must see to it that this scab's life is made as miserable as possible. Every worker should boycott him. They must see to it that he doesn't get work any place without being sneered and jeered at by those that he has betrayed. Steps should be taken to keep him out of a job as much as possible. Since he has been favoring the leisure class, let him live in leisure then.

There is one specimen that could be called the two-faced scab. That is the middle class. First they betray the capitalists by underselling them. They also try to dethrone them so they can take the seat of honor with a state dictatorship. They promise the workers a paradise if the battle is won. When it is won, the workers have to suffer greater exploitation than ever.

They scab on the workers during a strike, by organizing vigilante mobs to club and lynch the workers. They are scabbing when they do this because their existence depends on the workers. If industrial freedom was to come today, the middle class would surely have to stick with the industries and those who run them, the laboring class.

The petty bourgeois' head is so full of capitalistic ideas that he does not realize that the big capitalists use them as mere tools to keep the workers in submission. The middle class is made up of professional men such as: doctors, lawyers, judges, detectives, stool-pigeons, etc. When a union leader is arrested he is thrown in jail by a policeman; prosecuted by a prosecutor; found guilty generally by a petty bourgeois jury; sentenced by the judge, another capitalist tool; and held in prison by a petty bourgeois warden. The union leader, in the first place might have been framed by the planting of false evidence by detectives, who are also capitalist tools.

If all the petty bourgeois took time off to read something else besides capitalist literature, they would be doing themselves a favor. They should read what an industrial democracy would be like; of all the health and happiness and absence of greed and exploitation. They themselves would be better off then than they are today. After reading about industrial democracy they would open their eyes and quit being tools of the capitalist class. When the capitalist has lost his tools, then he is lost himself and industrial democracy will come automatically.



If he doesn't know enough to organize
he doesn't know anything.

A SOLDIER RETURNS

The One Big Union Monthly and the Industrial Workers of the World are heart and soul for the success of the anti-fascist fight going on in Spain but we see no reason why we should stick our heads in the sand and pretend not to be aware of the capitalist class element within the Spanish United Front government that is trying to rob the Spanish revolutionary unionists of the fruits of victory.

No matter what our opinion may be as to the wisdom of the syndicalists' policy of co-operation with political government, the information and arguments contained in this letter from a rank and file fighter in the cause of working class freedom, and in other articles appearing in this magazine, cannot but be valuable reminders that there are still working class enemies among those who favor "democracy" as opposed to fascism.—EDITOR.

Marseilles, France

Fellow Worker:—

Received your letter the other day in Barcelona. I typed three pages in reply but could not smuggle it out of the country, so I tore it up.

I am out of Spain. The reasons are numerous. I was not wanted by the government as I was in the Durrutti International Shock Battalion. The government sabotaged us since we were formed in May and made it impossible for us to stay at the front. No tobacco unless you had money. All of the time I was in the militia I received no money. I had to beg money for postage stamps, etc. I was sent back from the front slightly shell-shocked and put in a hospital in Barcelona. When we registered at the hospital I told them I was from the Durrutti International Battalion and they wouldn't register me. In fact they told me to go and ask my friends for money for a place to sleep. I explained to them that I was from Canada and had no friends in Barcelona, then they tried to make me a prisoner in the hospital. I called them all the lousy—I could think of. Anyway, I ran away from the hospital one day to the English section of the CNT-FAI, and the people there insisted that I see the British consul for a permit to leave Spain, which I did, though I hated to leave.

Spain is wonderful country. At present it reminds me of the stories I have read of the O. G. P. U. in Russia. The jails of loyalist Spain are full of volunteers who have more than a single-track mind. I know one of them from Toronto, a member of the L. R. W. P. I wonder if they will bump him off. The Stalinists do not hesitate to kill any of those who do not blindly accept Stalin as a second Christ. One of the refugees who came over with me from Spain was a member of the O. G. P. U. in Spain, which, by the way,

is controlled by Russia. Every volunteer in the Communist International Brigade is considered a potential enemy of Stalin. He is checked and double checked, every damn one. If he utters a word other than commy phrases he is taken "for a ride." This chap (ex-O.G.P.U.) is like all the other commies coming out of Spain, absolutely anti-Stalin and anti-communist. He skipped the country by flashing his O.G.P.U. badge on the trains etc.

I believe the I. W. W. has lost some members here, as I doubt if they would keep quiet at the front in view of what is taking place.

It was only through sabotage that the government succeeded in disbanding the International Battalion of Anarchists. Four of our bunch died of starvation in one day. Our arms were rotten, even though the Valencia government has plenty of arms and planes. They know enough not to give arms to the thousands of anarchists on the Aragon front. We could have driven the fascists out of Huesca and Saragossa had we had the aid of the aviation. But the Anarchists form collectives where ever they advance, and the comrades would rather let Franco have those cities than the CNT-FAI.

Fenner Brockway, prominent labor leader in England, exposed the way the communists were treating those boys (volunteers) in the International Brigade. They will not let any of them come back unless they are racketeers of the Sam Scarlett type who will say anything they are told as long as the pork chops are coming in.

The CNT-FAI seems to have lost all the power they had in the army. There is a good fort on top of a hill overlooking Barcelona which the Anarchists captured from the fascists. When I left for the front it was still in the hands of the

FAI but when I came back the communists had it. The workers of Spain are against the communists, but the latter don't care. They are making a play for the support of the bourgeoisie and other racketeers. As far as the industries are concerned the CNT has a lot of power, far more than any other organization.

Well, Fellow Worker, one day has elapsed since I wrote the above. Last night I had a head ache and had to postpone finishing the letter. I am eating good since coming to France.

I believe the British consul is going to send me

to England or to Canada. If I wasn't such a wreck I would ship on a British ship for Spain. Wages are double on the Spanish run, and ships are tied up because of a shortage of men. I have been on English ships and none of the crew would speak English.

I met two more men from the International Brigade this morning. They say many Canadians are in prison in Spain.

With best wishes for the I. W. W., I remain

(Signed)

Bill Wood.



The Spanish Civil War

By JOSEPH WAGNER

Much has already been written on the subject of the Spanish Civil War, and a lot more will be written about it in the years to come. This is natural, for the subject is of tremendous importance, by far transcending the boundaries of Spain, and it is far from being as simple, as imagined by the bulk of writers, critics and historians of this epic battle.

To some of these, the struggle in Spain is a clear cut fight between bolshevism and fascism. To others it is a life and death struggle between democracy and dictatorship, to others again, it is the final struggle for the final liquidation of all systems of exploitation of one man by another man, or of one class by another class, and the inauguration of a classless society of free producers.

The Spanish fight is, on the contrary, a very complicated one and far from being so simple. To be sure, here and there, are taking place clear cut fights but in the generality of cases, people of different ideas and with fundamentally antagonistic objectives are compelled to contain temporarily their differences and fight loyally side by side against some immediate common danger, such as a renewed major assault by the international fascist hordes.

The immediate danger over, the elements composing the anti-fascist blocs are reverting their attention to the realization of their own objectives. Bitter antagonisms exist among the elements on both sides of the barricades, which complicates matters even more.

But, just because of the complex nature of the Spanish struggles, it is important for us to follow carefully developments taking place behind the general news of battle, such as of lost or gained trenches, villages or towns. We may, and should learn from the painful experiences of our Spanish fellow workers, of the C. N. T., as this knowledge may be helpful to us if, and when, we should be confronted by like, or similar circumstances.

For, it is certain that capitalism will not last forever; it is certain that since everything that has a beginning will also have an end, capitalism cannot be an exception to this rule. But, how, when and under what circumstances will capitalism pass out? And what will follow in its place?

We are all acquainted with the revolutionary events in Russia during the World War. Under a prolonged strain of war, all the old moral and coercive institutions of Russia collapsed. All political and social organisms had been ground to pieces. About the only organized body left at the time in Russia was relatively insignificant fraction of the Socialist Party—the Bolsheviks. Due to the concurrence of unusual circumstances, the Bolsheviks were enabled to make themselves masters of that vast country and establish their form of government.

That Russian event had a tremendous effect on the labor and socialist movement of the whole world. A large enough quantity of material was printed since on that subject to fill many large

sized libraries, and the end is not in sight yet. Innumerable conclusions—most of them of necessity faulty—have been deducted not only from the faulty—have been deducted not only from the “Russian experiment” (proletarian dictatorship), and from their revolutionary act of “expropriating the expropriators” and realizing socialism, but also from their method of “taking over the power.”

History seems to be continually repeating itself, but of course, not in its details but only in rough outlines as it is now the case with Spain in respect to the Russian revolution. In the chaos created by the military fascist rebellion in Spain, practically the only consciously organized, compact revolutionary body was the National Confederation of Labor (the syndicalist CNT) and its spiritual reflex, the Iberian Anarchist Federation (FAI). The socialist and republican-bourgeois parties, panic stricken and demoralized, were almost out of the picture; there was no Bolshevik party to speak of at the time.

It fell, as a matter of course, to the lot of the anarchist and syndicalist movement of Spain to cope with the internationally supported, military fascist rebellion. They proved equal to the task: the fascists were disarmed in the principal cities, part of the navy came over to the workers after drowning or chaining their officers; the workers' armed forces took up energetically and successfully the offensive on all fronts.

Behind the lines, socialization of the economic life had started: factories and shops were placed in the control of the labor unions, the rural landed estates were put in charge of the agricultural workers union collectives. Revolutionists and progressives all over the world were watching with great interest to see how these libertarians, (who do not believe in force and compulsion) would carry out the difficult task of social and economic transformation, with libertarian, non-dictatorial methods.

Unfortunately, our libertarian fellow workers failed in the fulfillment of the expectations. Disagreements arose among the militants, as well as in the ranks, as to the best tactics to be used. Large and small capitalists were reluctant to be expropriated of “their” shops or factories, and they resisted as much as they dared; land owners would not volunteer to part with their land in favor of the workers' collectives.

What was to be done to carry out the program? Use force against the recalcitrants? But that would be using bolshevik dictatorial methods and our libertarians are opposed, in principle, to dictatorship. Some of the CNT-FAI were in favor of force while others were in favor of liberty. This disagreement in the libertarian camp on this important question slowed down considerably the work of socialization started so auspiciously at

the beginning of the Civil War. And this slackening increased the dissatisfaction of the more extremist CNT members. The tactics of the CNT-FAI became more equivocal, hesitant and vacillating. One fraction was in favor of uniting at all costs with all the anti-fascist elements in order to be able to stem the tide of the fascist armies, which with the direct aid of Portugal, Italy and Germany, and the camouflaged aid of England, were becoming a serious menace not only to socialization but to democracy as well. The other, uncompromising faction opposed such tactics.

In the meantime, on account of the CNT-FAI reluctance to rule with a strong hand while they had a chance, the socialist and bourgeois-republican parties somewhat revived; the bolsheviks, through their well known tactics of intrigue, grew in numbers and prestige. The responsible element of the CNT-FAI were then compelled to adopt a policy of compromise with the other anti-fascist elements even to the extent of being represented in the National and the Catalan governments.

The argument between the two wings of our libertarian organizations is going on in a more or less bitter spirit. I am submitting here two articles that appeared in the French organ of the IWMA in Paris, *Le Combat Syndicaliste*. The defender of the compromise policy is Brandt, editor of the Spanish paper published in New York, *Cultura Proletaria*. He has been in Spain for quite a while. The article representing the uncompromising policy, in answer to Brandt is by the Secretary of the International Workingman's Association (IWMA), Pierre Besnard. Both of the fellow workers are outstanding figures in the labor movement.

The reader will perhaps be surprised by the way both of them use the term “counter-revolutionary,” applying the term not only to moderate republicans, but also to the Spanish socialists and communists. However, as a matter of fact, the term is correctly applied. The real objective of the CNT-FAI in this Civil War is the socialization of industry and the rearing of a socialist commonwealth. They have realized this objective in a number of districts.

On the other hand, the objective of all the other elements in this war is the establishment of a democratic republic in Spain. This includes the socialist parties as well as the communist party. As a matter of fact the Stalinist communists seem to be the extreme right of the Popular Front. The realization of their program implies necessarily, the unscrambling of the CNT omelette, that is, the turning back of the already socialized land and factories to their former owners. In that sense they are called, rightly, counter-revolutionists.

CATASTROPHIC REVOLUTION

By BRANDT, Editor *Cultura Proletaria*.

Translated by JOSEPH WAGNER

Bilbao has fallen. The heroism of a people has been defeated by the superiority in armament of the fascist hordes. That indicates that the international fascist bloc is still stronger than the anti-fascist bloc. Bilbao in our hands signified a fair chance of victory for us, because that industrial center enabled us to manufacture the war material necessary for the maintaining of the Northern Front.

Bilbao in the hands of the fascists signifies that victory is inclining toward the enemy's side. If the entire northern front falls into the fascist hands, they will be able to withdraw a large part of their men power and war material and concentrate them on the other fronts.

Let us have no illusions. The Spanish Revolution is in its most critical hour. In spite of all the enthusiasm and all the faith of our fighters, the brutal force of arms is about to conquer us. Even with our forces united, we were too weak to stop the fascist beast; what will happen then if our fighting forces break up the anti-fascist block?

It is in the light of the Bilbao tragedy that the catastrophic events of the revolution should be judged. I want to refresh the memory of those who are preaching 100% revolution regardless of any consideration, by pointing out to them the Bilbao, catastrophe, which opens the way to a complete fascist conquest of Spain. To be sure, comrade Besnard, very nice to place the revolution above the war; but it is the war that is imposing itself upon us taking precedence over the revolution. The war got hold of us and we have to fight it out whether we like it or not. We can temporarily suspend the struggle against our Spanish capitalism, but we cannot, for a single instant, stop the fight against fascism. The revolution depends on our volition, but the war is imposed upon us. We cannot devote ourselves to the revolution if we have not first liquidated the war.

To believe that the anarchists by themselves could defeat the fascism of four nations—of Spain, Italy, Germany and Portugal—and at the same time fight against the counter-revolution represented by the anti-anarchist coalition of all parties—from the communist to the bourgeois parties—is to greatly over estimate our forces. We are strong, to be sure, but not strong enough to defeat all the fascist enemies and all our anti-fascist "friends" at the same time. Whether we like it or not, we are forced to remain tied to this coalition of anti-anarchist "friends" in the common struggle against fascism, even at the risk of being stabbed in the very heart of the revolu-

tion. It is a danger one always is exposed to when in order to fight a common enemy, it is necessary to associate with other parties. In order to save yourself from death at the front, you risk being knifed in the rear.

This is the situation in which anarchism finds itself in Spain. We are traveling between two precipices. Seeking to save ourselves from the fascist catastrophe, we are risking to perish at the hand of the counter-revolution. A tragic situation indeed! Anarchism compelled to go hand in hand with the counter-revolution, in order to fight fascism, which is too powerful for us, while within this same counter-revolution that calls itself anti-fascist—there are many elements that would feel more at home on the other side of the barricades. It is a situation that entirely paralyzes our forces. The comrades outside Spain cannot understand the terrible dilemma confronting us in Spain if they will not understand first that, with the repressive forces of the government against us we are not strong enough to defeat the bourgeois counter-revolution while the communists—these traitors to all revolutionary aspirations of the Spanish working class—are associated to this counter-revolution.

It is an idle dream to believe that, by ourselves, we could not only block the counter-revolution, but also destroy fascism. Voline, in *Tierra Libre*, says that since there are elements in the C. N. T.-F. A. I. who are opposed to the tactics of compromise followed by these two organizations, it follows that these tactics are equivocal. But, then, by the logic, the opposition's tactics are also equivocal. Isn't that so Voline?

The fact is that this line of compromise made possible the maintenance of a semblance of an anti-fascist unity, and made possible the creation, out of nothing, of a military force that was capable of holding up the fascist armies, while a fight carried on in the rear would have paralyzed this effort.

If the CNT-FAI followed the line of compromise, it did not do so by choice but because it was compelled. They would have much preferred to carry on the straight fight for the social revolution. Like the opposition, the majority of the comrades who accepted the policy of compromise, knew that the revolution is imperiled by the counter-revolution, and they all would have desired to crush it. But, the crushing of the counter-revolution would have weakened the anti-fascist front. These comrades considered fascism as the greatest immediate danger, because, without defeating fascism there could not be a 100 per cent revolution, nor for that matter, a one per cent revolution. With the triumph of fascism, anarchism will be exterminated entirely and the working class masses reduced to 100 per cent slavery.

Could they, the CNT and the FAI, take at such times the extremist risks of a fight against the counter-revolution, when faced by such an overwhelming danger for the future of the Spanish proletariat?

*

"If the counter-revolution succeeded in so greatly strengthening itself, it is because the anarchists made too many concessions," say the opponents of all compromise. The opposition in other countries, as well as the opposition in Spain, is overlooking the reality of the anti-fascist struggle. The CNT and the FAI have been compelled to swallow the bitter pill, of giving to the counter-revolution the possibility of strengthening itself because the revolution was in need of arms, rifles, machine guns, canons, tanks and airplanes in order to triumph over fascism. The revolution had raised much enthusiasm, much faith and courage, but it lacked the offensive weapons necessary to arm this courage, this faith, this enthusiasm.

Even though the psychological and idealistic factors were powerful weapons in the fight, they were not all-sufficient in themselves. For, when facing death, even a coward—even an enemy in the fascist camp—will defend himself and even attack with the same energy as an anarchist fighting for his cause. The revolution possessed the psychological elements in abundance, but lacked absolutely the physical factors necessary for the defeat of the fascist armies.

In the month of May, Franco's army numbered probably 400,000 soldiers formidably equipped with the most perfect armament possessed by modern armies: thousands of machine guns, artillery of all calibers in abundance, numerous tanks, hundreds of bombing planes brought over by the fascists of foreign countries, in addition to Franco's 150,000 soldiers of the regular army.

To those, who are ceaselessly demanding that the anarchists fight in the rear as well as on the front, we now are posing, somewhat bluntly, the following question:

What are you revolutionists of foreign countries doing towards stopping this fascist invasion that is strangling the revolution? You make collections, you are loudly protesting, you are writing fiery articles. Excuse us for our impertinence when we say that fascism will not be destroyed by collections and fiery articles. Moral decency and human sensibility demand that you do more than that.

Your duty, the duty of the world revolutionary proletariat, is that this fascist invasion be prevented.

Your duty, the duty of the world revolutionary proletariat, is to prevent your democratic governments from blockading our sea coasts, our frontiers, while allowing the fascist invasion. And your duty,

at this moment, is to prevent your governments from maintaining that control that is strangling us.

But to do that it requires revolutionary action on your part, and fighting on the streets; but you also, find yourselves unable to do that because, like us, you are surrounded by fascists and counter-revolutionaries.

To the 400,000 armed soldiers of fascism an equal number of anti-fascist fighters should be opposed. How is such a formidable army to be armed and equipped? Our factories can produce but a limited number of arms, of tanks and of planes, that formerly could not be manufactured here.

That cannot be done offhand. The machines and the raw material for their manufacture are lacking. We are entirely destitute. The only solution would be to obtain them outside of Spain, in sufficient quantities, on a scale possessed by modern armies. They are being secured from many countries, but neither in sufficient quantities nor of the best of quality. I have been in all the trenches of all the fronts. I have seen rifles of all calibers, of all models, of all ages. I have seen in the same company rifles of a dozen different models, among them the oldest kind that require an extravagant rifle practicing. To find munitions for all of these models of rifles, is a Herculean task. The confusion that is created among the fighters, during a fight, is enormous.

What efficacy could an army so equipped have, confronted by the formidable armaments of the fascists? Our fighters have to sacrifice their lives as a substitute for good weapons. Better arms, in abundance should be secured.

Russia—in accord probably with France and England—offered some.

But his offer was not disinterested. To abandon for the time being our revolutionary advances, was the price that had to be paid. The bolshevist-democratic clan would not have it otherwise. Another condition imposed on us was the toleration of bolshevization in Spain.

It was necessary to either accept these terms or perish at the hands of fascism. The anarchists of the CNT-FAI preferred to run the risk of bolshevism, rather than the certainty of extermination by fascism. Revolution had to choose between a probable death and a certain death.

Today, we are still finding ourselves in the same tragic dilemma, **fascism is about to defeat us**. Who can even consider starting a conflict in the rear, now? Counter-revolution may fear a triumph of an anarchist revolution more, than a triumph of fascism; while we, we are determined to entirely destroy fascism so that we may have the possibility of carrying on the social revolution.

With tears in their eyes—like many of those who are compelled on May 7, to give up their arms—with rage in their hearts, the anarchists

found it necessary to be tolerant, to show a measure of tolerance to counter-revolution, until the day, when perhaps, not being able to longer bear up with the continual provocation, they will react, and that may bring about the catastrophe at the hands of the fascists. And who knows? perhaps that is exactly what the counter-revolution desires.

The two jaws of the pincers are holding anarchism in Spain by the throat: fascism on one side, imperialist, democratic, bolshevik-bourgeois counter-revolution on the other side. What will the revolutionists of the world do to save Spanish anarchism, and with it the Revolution?

ANSWER TO "CATASTROPHIC REVOLUTION"

(By Pierre Besnard, General Secretary of the
I. W. M. A.)

Translated by JOSEPH WAGNER

We have never been unaware of the difficult tasks that confronted our CNT comrades. But we do not agree with Comrade Brandt concerning the character of the armed force, charged with the defense of the revolution. Basing ourselves on the lessons offered by history, we stated long before the outbreak of the Spanish revolution that, **a government army is essentially a counter-revolutionary force**, which will strangle the revolution, the instant the masters of the State deem it favorable, even if the revolution is on its descending phase. We never ceased telling our Spanish comrades that a **confederal militia**, on the contrary, constitutes the essential instrument of defense of this revolution.

Brandt claims, that in order to win it was necessary to accept the militarization of the popular militia columns. We do not agree with him.

In spite of the precisions he gives—and which we have known before—we continue to believe that it would have been possible:

- a) **to organize the united command;**
- b) **to realize the unity of armaments;**
- c) **to obtain the unity of provisionment**, by the establishment of technical organism, to function in accordance with syndicalist (labor union) principles and under the permanent control of the labor unions (syndicates).

Like all the others, this problem was essentially a **problem of organization**, and the CNT—or the CNT and the UGT—were perfectly qualified to resolve it.

As for discipline, "the principal force of the army" as they say in the French barracks, it was just as easy to obtain it from the fighters of the front and of the rear. And we add that, having the consent of the men **who would have to apply it**, the discipline would have been infinitely super-

ior to that imposed on the men by the constraining order of the State.

BRING DISCUSSION BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL FRAMEWORK

Meanwhile, we are aware that Brandt, who was not there at the initial phase of the revolution (the ascending phase), could not be convinced by our arguments unless we bring this discussion back to its original framework; therefore, let us try to do this so that the debate develops in all its clarity.

At the outbreak of the **fascist counter-revolution**, on July 19, 20 and 21, the working class forces led by the CNT and the FAI, crushed this counter-revolution and immediately took the offensive against the fascists on all the fronts.

They were **absolute masters** of the situation on the front as well as in the rear. The followers of the CNT-FAI represented **85% of the effectives** in Catalonia; they were in the majority in the other regions of free Spain, with the exception of Madrid.

Was it not possible then, for the CNT-FAI, the **inspirators and initiators** of the movement against the fascist forces and, enjoying, in this two fold capacity, the **full confidence of the masses**, to definitely and for all times rid themselves of the politicians and of the governments, to decree—**at least in Catalonia**—the mobilization of all the wealth, as was demanded even by Duruty himself?

And was it not possible, **with the product of this mobilization**, to acquire the necessary arms with which to take Huesca and Saragossa—these two keys of the war—from the fascists and to open up the road to Madrid where the frozen and immobilized gold was awaiting to be put to use?

And further, was it not possible, to cut off supplying Madrid with foodstuff from Catalonia and the Levant if Caballero would have persisted in not understanding that his duty was to give aid to the rest of Spain in arming and reconstructing?

And was it not possible to have tried a **Moroccan capital diversion**, that would have chased Franco out of there, with no hope of ever returning?

Was it, finally, not possible to combine this action in Morocco with the starting of a revolution in Portugal, where the C.G.T. (General Confederation of Labor) was only awaiting the word to begin this revolution, being assured in advance of 80 percent support from the army and the navy, and of 100 percent support from the population?

Who would dare assert that all of these were not proposed by the I.W.M.A., at the very beginning with **practical support for their realization**?

These are, it seems to us, something totally different from mere collections and fiery speeches. The National Committee of the C.N.T., possessing,

as it does, all this data in its files, knows the truth of them better than any one else.

It is not the fault of the revolutionists outside of Spain that they were not listened to, that their advice was continually ignored. Wasn't it from outside, my dear comrade Brandt, that came the plans for the economic and social reorganization as well as the plan for the proclamation of the revolution?

Inform Yourself

Ask of the outstanding militants of the CNT and of the FAI for information on this subject, they will answer you. Also ask the comrades of Catalonia, Aragon, Levant and of the Center whether the authors of the plans had not come there themselves, in person, to aid and supervise the application in detail of these plans?

There is no doubt about your unawareness of all the above—and of many other more important facts besides—made you speak so lightly of the comrades outside of Spain. However, perhaps this is not an excuse and you could have informed yourself on the subject before putting your thoughts down black on white, no matter how valuable your thoughts may be.

Let us now come to the question of fascism itself. Do you believe that the problem is as simple as you present it? No, it is altogether different. You will allow us to state that if there are **anti-fascist counter-revolutionary forces** today, it is because they were allowed to come to life, to organize themselves and to conquer for themselves a position not at all justified by conditions on July 19, 1936.

Had the C.N.T. and the F.A.I. been aware of **their strength**, and had they acted in such a manner as to attract into their orbits all the elements that today are composing the **counter-revolutionary anti-fascism**, this thing would have been reduced to its **simplest expression**.

Having failed to act in the right manner, the CNT-FAI allowed these forces to develop by their side in their own protecting shadow. At the beginning, these politicianist forces—who were working entirely under orders from Moscow—"represented nothing," as the saying was then. In a word they did not exist.

Today, and for some time back, they are the absolute masters of the situation: masters of the governmental apparatus, of the army, of the general administration of the country. Why? After the foregoing, asking the question, is answering it.

Why Was the Communist Peril Denied?

That is where the under-estimation of the peril, that the foreign comrades have ceaselessly been pointing out, led to. These forces should have not only not been allowed to grow, but they should have been wiped out and the fight in accordance

with our principles in all its strictness should have been carried on.

That they should have been able to impose their law, it was necessary for them to encounter none of that active resistance which such an attitude on their part should have provoked at the beginning of the events of Barcelona.

It is natural that there should now be difficulty in fighting against them and that, on account of that difficulty, the revolutionary efforts should be diminished by that much; it is also natural that the situation should now be deemed insurmountable, because of the way the fight against the counter-revolutionary anti-fascist elements have been conducted at the time when the C.N.T. was the only force.

But it is an enormity that you should believe, comrade Brandt, that a revolutionary objective to the war be abandoned; that you should think that we would accept the **law of least resistance**, without any attempt to react; that you should subordinate everything to the winning of the war—the objective of which is the restoration of the Democratic Republic.

Enthusiasm Should Be Re-created

Our opinion is that efforts should be made to re-create, by **actions conformable to our strength**, the conditions that evoked the enthusiasm of the beginning, which brought about the veritable revolutionary realizations on the morrow of July 19, 1936, of the July 19 that reappeared again on May 6, 1937, and was passed up . . . in order to avoid responding to the provocations.

For, today it is from the interior of Spain that the revolution is receiving its greatest support. This support is not forthcoming from the outside except when there are successes in the interior which permits the broadening of the revolution. Never has a revolution followed a different course from 1789 to our own day. It is often only after a long lapse of time that a victorious revolution finds an echo in other countries.

Our international movement, numerically feeble, has done everything it was possible for it to do; there is no sense to say and write that it has not done its duty. Its weakness does not prevent it at all from having a clear vision and we are convinced that after all is said and done, the revolutionary masses will act in the sense they always indicated: against fascists and against the counter-revolutionary anti-fascists; that is, against all the combined forces of capitalism, among which the workers, with good reason, will not differentiate . . .

And in conclusion, allow us to state that we are just as much realists, and less "catastrophical" than you.

THE C. N. T. AND REFORMISM

By ONOFRE DALLAS

A reply to "Class Collaboration—Old and New" which appeared in the August Number of the One Big Union Monthly.

In the August issue of ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY, fellow worker Jos. Wagner writes an article pointing out the fact that socialist governments have been in the past the last resort of capitalism, and suggests that the C. N. T. in Spain is now following the same path. In an attempt to prove his assertion he cites and reprints an open letter written by A. Shappiro, former Secretary of the IWMA and well known anarchist.

I believe that, since a big issue is involved, as the actions and tactics of the CNT, whether right or wrong, will undoubtedly have considerable bearing on the future tactics and methods of revolutionary workers, a thorough discussion of the matter should be carried out to decide whether, under the circumstances the C. N. T. was justified in changing its tactics, whether any other way was open to them, except self-effacing, sterile 100% straight revolutionary action. We shall also see whether the CNT has duplicated the actions of the Millerands, Eberts, McDonalds, etc. When you know all the facts, I hope that you'll agree that, under the circumstances, the C. N. T. has acted in the only possible manner to save the Spanish working class from utter destruction, and that the assertions and conclusions of fellow worker Wagner are wrong and most unfair.

Now, let us see how the situation stands. Has the CNT joined the government to save it from the social revolution? This charge could easily be dismissed by pointing out the accomplishments in the line of collectivisation, and socialization of industry and agriculture in the face of the opposition of the petit bourgeois (republicans) a large part of the socialists and the whole communist parties. The bloody events of Barcelona should be a most flat denial of that unfounded charge. How many factories, farms, industries, or capitals have the Millerands, the Eberts and Scheidemanns and the McDonalds expropriated from the capitalists of their respective countries? Now, compare the record of expropriations by the CNT in this field and you'll have a further denial to the charge of their being saviors of capitalism.

It is true that the CNT deviated from the old revolutionary tradition as outlined by Bakunin and other teachers, but then Bakunin was never faced with a fascist insurrection that required the

unification of all the antifascist elements including the petit bourgeoisie in order to withstand the attack of the stronger enemy and eventually defeat it. Again, the CNT is anarchist-inspired and anarchists are not followers of any particular man, for all men are fallible, and if Bakunin or Kropotkin were right in some things, they were wrong in other things. Anarchists are somewhat eclectic.

Let us examine the actual facts and view them in a realistic manner. Let me put it in the form of a few questions, and in the answer you'll have the key to the whole matter.

Can the CNT, alone that is, without the cooperation of the socialists and communists, make a successful revolution in Spain? Can the C. N. T., alone, make a successful revolution against the bourgeoisie, the socialists and the communists? Can the C. N. T. make a successful revolution against the bourgeoisie, the socialists and the communists plus the well equipped, well organized fascists having the full backing of Hitler and Mussolini? And a final question: Can the C. N. T. wage a war for any length of time against either the fascist front or the petit-bourgeoisie-socialist-communist front, the former fully supported by Hitler and Mussolini and the latter with the full support of Russia, France and England instead of the lukewarm, conditional support of today on the part of Russia, the platonic sympathy of France and the doubtful neutrality of England? The answer to all these questions is an emphatic NO.

Since the C. N. T. cannot go any farther than it did in its revolutionary path for the reasons I have enumerated, and since circumstances make it imperative that all the antifascist elements unite in order to stop the onslaught of the fascist hordes, to follow the old tradition which would involve warring and sabotaging on the government, etc., would have been suicidal. Inasmuch as cooperation is the watchword (it is not the fault of the anarcho-syndicalists if other anti-fascist sections are not sincere) the CNT, by reasons of its numbers and militancy, should have something to say in the conduct of the war, and although despite the efforts, of the CNT and the anarchists, most of the conducting of the war had been done from the offices of the government rather than from

the labor unions, the CNT decided to have some of their men in those government offices to take a hand in the direction of the war, without however neglecting the bigger and more important tasks of the C. N. T. unions in their work of reconstruction, collectivisation and socialization. The aim of the C. N. T. leaders and the rank and file, both in and out of the government has been to make the labor unions the real "government" in Spain, and since every worker is organized, that would mean that the affairs of the nation would be managed by the workers, without however eliminating the petit bourgeoisie altogether for the time being, for even the most extremist anarchists realize that it is essential to keep the goodwill of Russia and France and a more or less neutral attitude on the part of England. It is admitted by both friend and foe that a "soviet" or "anarchist" Spain would mean open intervention on the part of Hitler and Mussolini as well as England and possibly France, which would put a quick and bloody end to the totalitarian experiment.

I cannot understand why men of intelligence like Shappiro and other European anarchists who have attacked the path followed by the Spanish anarchists and syndicalists in this war, should fail to realize the abnormal situation in which the Spanish anarchists and syndicalists find themselves. Do they want the Spanish anarchists to play the heroic role and waste their energies and their blood fighting the other antifascist sections and allow Franco to break through in the meantime to finish them up, thus opening the way for the ultimate triumph of the rebel cause in Spain and worldwide fascism?

It is rather interesting to note that in this matter

as in many others, extremes meet. Thus we have the elements most opposed to the anarchists participating in the government (there must be a reason for it) in Spain are the communists, whereas the same attitude is taken by the extreme anarchists in Europe, particularly in France, and now (apparently) Joseph Wagner, of the I. W. W., in the United States.

It goes without saying that the C. N. T. has replied to the attacks and the critics of both friends and enemies. Therefore, in closing I will quote from the manifesto just issued by the CNT and signed by Mariano R. Vazquez, Secretary of the National Committee. It reads:

"Allow us to go ahead. We accept all suggestions; all the initiatives, all cooperations. We accept them and we need them. But, with what material do you criticize and reprehend us? What do you know of our tragedy? What do you know of the difficulties of the struggle in Spain?"

The sacred principles would have been saved. Of course. No doubt. But the fascist beast would have plunged the Spanish people into the darkest of tyrannies, into cruelest of despotism, into the most appalling misery. The story of the German and Italian tragedies would have been repeated. And we, with or without your approval, with or without principles, with or without compromises—we shall discuss that some day—are determined that the tragic history of fascist victories shall not be enriched with one page more. We want before everything else to crush fascism and, side by side with the pennants of victory, raise the banner of freedom that will guide the world proletariat through the path of its emancipation."



FACTFUL FABLES

By Covington Hall

All About The Sodbusto-Simian War

Once upon a time the papers told about a strange war that had broken out in Southwest Africa. It seems that after the Germans had taken the country from the Hereros and the British had taken it from the Ueber Alles, the Sodbusters invaded the land and proceeded to take it away from the Monkeys and Baboons. This unwarranted and lawless act of Homo Sap-iens, the Simians bitterly resented; and no wonder, seeing that the Sodbusters, as usual ruthlessly and senselessly

proceeded to destroy all the fruit, root and berry patches of the Simians, leaving them nothing for it but to die or go on the Dole.

But, strange to tell, unlike Homo Sap-iens in the same fix, the Simians chose to do neither without a scrap. Neither did they scrap with each other over who and which was to get the biggest hunk of the Garbage the Sod-busters charitably handed them out of their unsaleable Surpluses. On the contrary, they seem to have noted the ways and manners of the Sap-iens and to have

profited by their observations and experiences, a thing the Sap-ians seldom seem able to do save after centuries of travail. But, as usual, I digress.

Noting the way in which the Anglo-Teutons had gone about taking the country from the Hereros and the manner in which the Sod-busters had expropriated it from them, the Simians seem to have concluded that what was sauce for the Goose was catsup for the Gander. Having, in their simplicity, arrived at this conclusion, it did not take any extraordinary stretch of imagination for them to note and act on the ancient Sap-ien principle that "they Take who have the Power and they Keep who Can."

Therefore, no Missionaries having ever bothered to convert them, they proceeded to act, not as "Reasonable Beings", but as their Evil Natural Instincts urged them on to do, which was, first, to Eat when Hungry, second, not to Starve in sight of Plenty.

Acting on this Evil Urge, the Simians raided the fruit orchards, berry, potato and vegetable gardens of the Sod-busters and feasted themselves and their kids on the best grub in sight, and all regardless of the Holy Institution of Private Property, of which they knew nothing, they being subject only to the laws of Nature. So blame them not if, unlike the Civilized, they in their ignorance and innocence thought the Fruits of Earth were there for all creatures and not merely to sell at a profit.

Undoubtedly it was due to their ignorance of Civilizer Procedure when the Simians titfortated on the Sod-busters; but, as "Ignorance of the law Excuses no one," and as "All are Equal before the law Expropriated and Expropriators alike, the Sod-busters naturally, and again as usual, flew into a rage and proceeded to set snares, trapguns and poisoned bait for the Simians. "And did the Simians take it laying down?" They did Not, that is if all latest reports coming from the Front were correct they didn't. Instead the Monks and Babs, again unlike Homo Sap-ians in a like hole, declared War, not on Each Other, but on the Sod-busters. Gathered on the hillsides and cliffs, armies of Simians would hurl rocks, sticks and anything else that came handy down on the Sod-busters passing, whether on foot, horseback, in

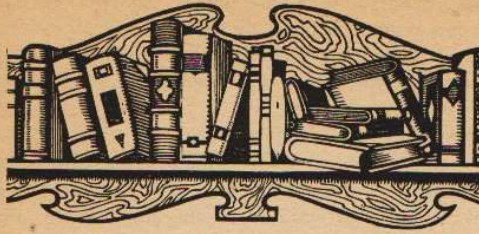
wagons or in autos. At last accounts, it was Simply Fierce. The poor Sod-busters could hardly stray out of their Mortgaged Shacks without running danger of getting their coconuts cracked by a rock thrown by some Savage Simian who had no respect whatever for "The laws of Civilized and Christian warfare."

"How did it all end?" Well, son, I don't know. The papers seldom carry news after its first Sensational Value has worn off, for, you must know, the Sensational is to the Kept Press what Sin is to the Church—the Raw Material out of which is manufactured Prestige, Profits and Power. Hence the said Raw Material must never be allowed to become Stale or it will not be effective in Keeping the Pot Boiling. Darn it all, here I go digressing again! But when Silly Simians act in certain ways so much like Super-Sap-ians, only with more hossense, how can a feller help making observations he ort not to? Anyhow, the Simians didn't take it laying down or thanking Eff Dee Arr or any other Magician or Magicians for handling them Scraps in lieu of their "Unalienable Right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." On the contrary, the Simians seemed, if all reports are true, to have acted on the principle of "Give us Liberty or give us Death!" And, not being themselves Civilized or armed with Civilized Weapons, I guess the Simians finally got what the Unregenerated get when they go up against the Elect. If you don't know what that is, read the horrible history of Africa since the "Civilizing" of the Dark Continent began and, when you have finished, if you don't agree that the Negroes of Africa have a better right to a White Devil than the Supremewhites ever had to a Black or Red one, then I give up.

Moral

Quit libeling the Monkeys. Men are not descended from them. No Simian of any tribe ever starved in sight of plenty or allowed his kids to grow up anemic and rickerty because the coconut groves had "Produced Too Much Milk." No Monkey ever was guilty of that cruel imbecility. Only Homo Sap-ians produces for Profit and not for USE.





Book Reviews

MIDDLE CLASS REVOLUTION

BONAPARTE BY EUGENE TARLE. Translated from the Russian by John Cournos. Knight Publications, Inc. New York. \$4.50.

Today's school of biography is either debunking or laudatory. Seldom do the authors search for material reasons to account for actions. If you like either of the first two types, then Tarle will be to your liking.

To really understand Bonaparte, we must first understand his historical epoch. We may appreciate his capacity for planning, his ability for organization or his military strategy, yet we will be unable to comprehend his favorable milieu, unless we are aware of the fundamental social changes then taking place.

France was breaking the chains of feudalism, being transformed from a social order dominated by landlords and the church, to one controlled by the rising middle class. This latter class had obtained the assistance of the peasants and the artisans in fostering and promoting the revolution of 1789 in France. These moving masses of aroused peoples would have gone farther and done irreparable damage to the new French acquisitive society, had they had a sincere and capable leader.

Bonaparte fresh from military exploits in Egypt was not that leader. He hated and feared the lower orders. His dreams of imperialistic conquest of Continental Europe dovetailed into the expansionist ideas of the now unfettered bourgeoisie.

This imperialistic conquest served two purposes. It diverted the aroused revolutionary energy of the French masses into acts of aggression against still feudal states, and it brought trading profits to the middle-class supporters of Bonaparte.

These same bourgeoisie were content to allow Bonaparte to root out all semblance of free election, of the beginning of democratic methods in France. Why? Because it stemmed the tide of revolutionary but unguided mass fervor. After 1789 the church had been deposed from its position of arrogance and its estates had been confis-

cated. In 1812 Bonaparte made a Concordat with the new Pope Pius and restored the church to a state of eminence in France. Bonaparte had expressed disbelief since his cadet days, but he well knew the advantage of controlled mass opinion.

Such appetites as those of the middle classes were whetted by Napoleonic victories, such as that at Austerlitz. As long as glorious military conquests brought in new revenues and opened new trading markets, the bourgeoisie stood by Bonaparte. When it became necessary to use the best French soldiery as garrisons of occupation, when unseasoned youths met defeat against the combined continental armies, when the Napoleonic Wars became a drain rather than an addition to the French Treasury, the bourgeoisie lost all desire for further imperialistic conquest and made peace at any price over the protest of Bonaparte.

Returning defeated to a disgruntled and war impoverished France, Bonaparte was still enough of the popular leader to have led the people to overthrow the bourgeoisie regime. He spurned this opportunity to go down in history as an emancipator and accepted exile. His temporary return was but a middle-class plot.

Bonaparte was the Middle-Class Dictator. Twenty-five years of research by Tarle compacted into this volume of 450 pages with an excellent bibliography, brings forth a new school of life stories of great men and what made them great.

James Dewitt.

* * *

MINNEAPOLIS STRIKE

AMERICAN CITY by CAHRLES RUMFORD WALKER. Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50.

To constant readers of the labor press the memories of the bloody truck drivers' strikes of 1934 in Minneapolis can be refreshed by this book. To those of recent union acquaintance, this story of the actual strike warfare and its antecedents will prove to be a behind the scenes glimpse.

It is hard to understand why the Citizens Alliance and the vigilante augmented police of Minneapolis were so vicious, unless we know the open

shop, frontier exploited history of the prairie capital. Here was the stamping ground of the Jim Hills and the Villards, the early robber barons (actually called captains of industry). The followers of the early tradition of the "public be damned" are today's Pillsburys, Washburns, DeLaittres and the whole coterie of Minneapolis' Lowry Hill aristocrats.

It took men of calibre to fight against this lineup. To build a union in the face of violence and apathy, and make that union the most powerful transportation union in the middle west prairie states. The leaders of this union of hard fisted family men of determination were a small group of expelled communist party members, the Dunne

brothers and Carl Skoglund. Of course there were others, but these members of the radical splinter group had much to do with the policy and strategy of the strike.

In this volume is traced the growth of the Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota and its climb to power with Olson. According to this book, Olson first sent the militia to the Flour City with the intention of suppressing violence on both sides in the strike even though it meant the breaking of the strike itself. He was dissuaded by the union and thereafter the militia became an aid rather than a hindrance. Walker has his sympathies but they do not prevent the book from becoming readable.—James Dewitt.

THEY ARE FINE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 15)

quack, quack," until it was impossible to get another minute's sleep.

Some fine man.

The next was a ranch at Drummond, Mont. The first time I sat down to the table the old man says, "I had an awful good man last summer."

"Yes," says the old lady, "and he was such a small eater."

This guy was always saying, "We will leave that for Sunday."

Every damn Sunday he had enough work left, branding calves, shoeing horses, or cutting pigs to last us all day.

Two days after I declared myself against any more Sunday work I was laid off.

The next place was another one-egg-for-breakfast layout. Once, when the lady was in town, the other hired man and I fried six eggs apiece for ourselves. When she came back and saw the signs on our plates she gave us hell, telling us "those eggs are to sell and not for you to eat."

But here comes the worst of all. I hired out to a man at Cherry, Wash. He did feed good but he worked 16 hours a day.

One day we were two and one-half miles out in the field at 11:45 and I asked him if it wasn't time to quit for dinner. He says, "Boy, I came out here to work and not to watch the time. I don't think much of a man who carries a watch on a farm."

"Well," I answers, "what do you call quitting time?"

"You can't have any quitting time on a farm," says he.

By this time I knew a little more than when I first started working for farmers and so I said,

"I'll make a quitting time for you." And after that I quit every day at 11:30 and 5:30 and he never said any more about it. But he used to send me up the road a couple of miles or so when he could think of something to do there just before quitting time so I would be out late any way. He didn't gain anything on me though because I would just half do the job when he did that.

This farmer talked a lot more about work than he did. He would sleep after dinner until three or four o'clock and then go out until nine in the evening. He expected the hired man to do the same—but without the afternoon nap.

In the end he couldn't stand my methods for he blew up one day after dinner because I stopped a few minutes after eating to read the paper in the dining room.

Yes, friends, I love the poor farmers, the worst exploiters of labor in the world.

THE GOOF SAYS:

That a substitute for the I. W. W. is better than the real article;

That Hitler is sent by God to free the German workers from exploitation;

That it is the Spanish people that are helping Franco and that Hitler and Mussolini are only looking on and not helping him;

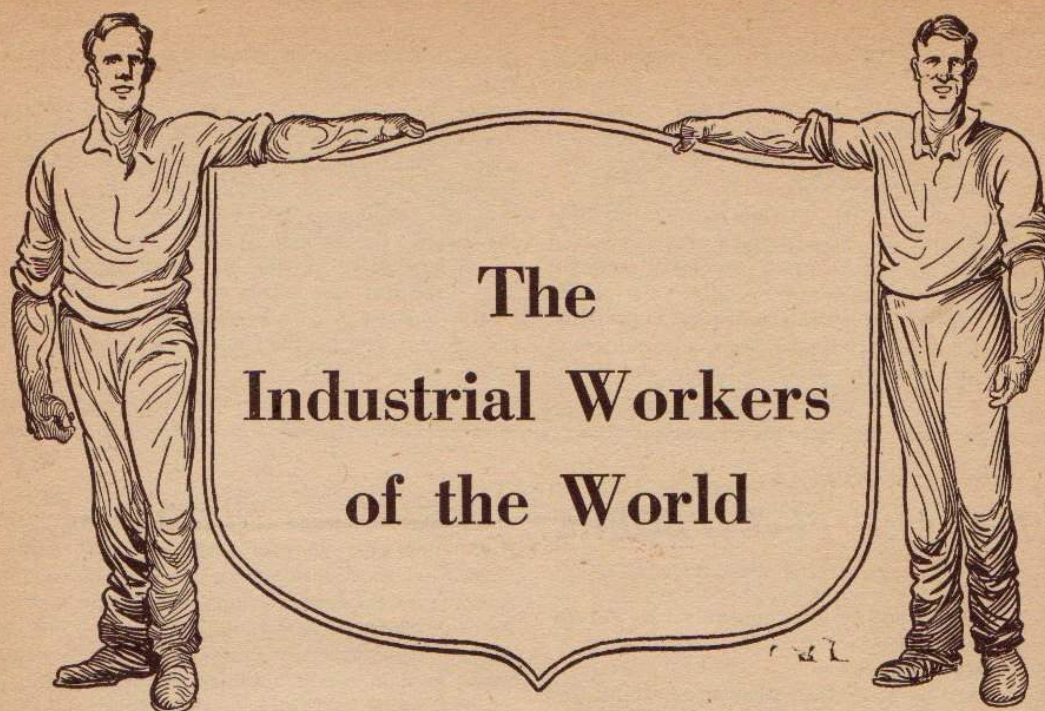
That without the capitalist there would be no capital;

That the way to freedom is to give up all freedom to a dictator;

That it is better to vote than to organize;

That you must have leaders to lead you and that he, the goof, is the one to lead the workers, "so elect me dictator and all will be well."

—Novo Campo.



'TIS ONLY THEY

By COVAMI

"All things swift pass away," the Master
said;
"The True Triumphers are, at last, the
Dead;
Today's Wild World by Yesterday's is
ruled—
The Savage well the Civilized have
schooled.

"Earth's Greatest thrill to it, the Jungle
Call—
The Bloodlust holds the Christian in its
thrall—
The Hierarchs who hail him "Christ and
King,"
They bless the Brothers Brothers murder-
ing.

"Howe'er we Whites may boast the Ape's
defeat,
It still can madden us—the Tom Toms
Beat;
We still the Crown of Crimson Feathers
prize,
The Flaming Cities watch with Gloating
Eyes.

"The Scientist e'en serves the Cause of
Cain—
The Supreme Pontiff cheers the Fiends in
Spain—
'Tis only Labor's strong Rebellious Sons
Can save the World from Worshipers of
Guns;

" 'Tis only They the Freedomcides can
halt,
The Race arouse and Liberty exalt;
'Tis only They can give the New World
birth—
'Tis only They can end the Hell on Earth!"

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.

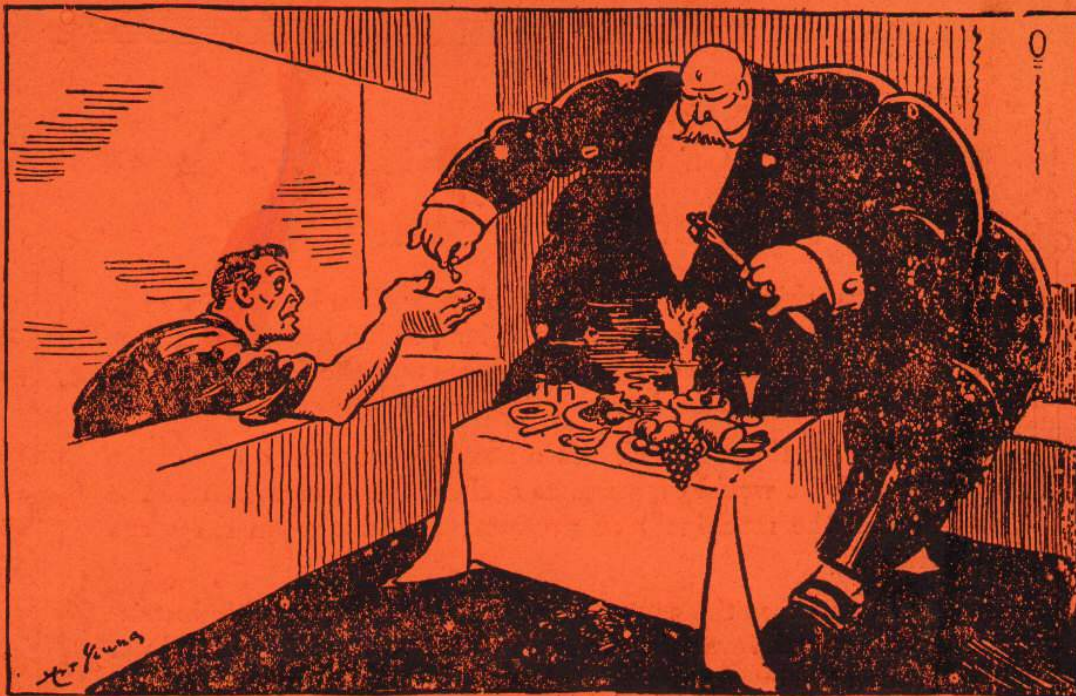
We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the 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.





THE MINIMUM WAGE

When the workers of the world organize industrially for economic action on the job they will no longer be compelled to go begging for permission to work, or for a hand-out.

When they build the One Big Union of wage workers they will be able to enjoy the full fruits of their labor, asking no man's leave to live and enjoy life in a world that their labor has created.

