

Vol. I-No. 4

APRIL, 1937

Price: 15 Cents

The **ONE BIG UNION** *Monthly*



In This Issue Read: "THE ECONOMICS OF FASCISM"

LET'S HAVE PLENTY!

Each family can have a modernly equipped six-room home if it wants it—one that would rent for at least \$2000 today.

Each family can have an income equivalent to \$4000 or better to buy the goods of modern mass production industry.

It can have an additional income of some \$300 to put into the more fanciful odds and ends that modern industry does not provide.

In addition to all this, it can have the necessary medical, dental, educational and recreational facilities in full that most families either have to dispense with today or at best use very niggardly.

Over and above, though inestimably more important than these, it can have a decent community where everybody else can have the same standard of life, and the security that they will have this without saving and insurance and worry.

The National Survey of Potential Product Capacity establishes the possibility of these figures as the **STARTING POINT** of a new era of plenty.

But statisticians can't bring these figures to life. Workers organized in One Big Union of Industrial Unions, resolved to use industry to carry out such a Planned Economy of Abundance, doing what their union decides and telling the boss to go to hell, will find it very simple to achieve all this and more. But nothing short of One Big Union can hope to accomplish this.

Are you with us?

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

TIE VAPAUTEEN
Finnish Monthly Magazine
\$1.75 per year; \$.90 six months

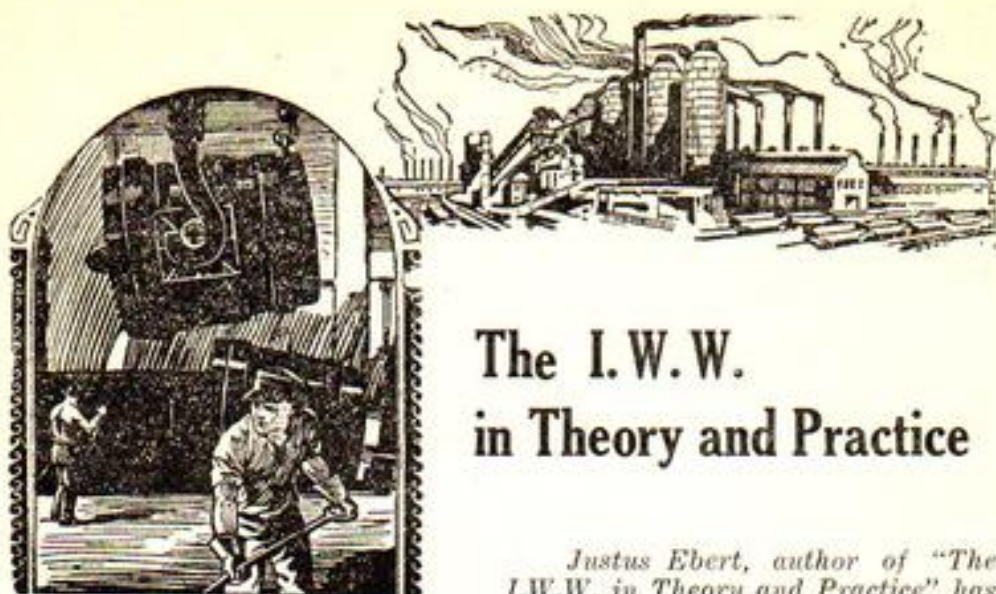
INDUSTRIALISTI
Finnish Labor Daily
\$4.25 per year; \$2.50 six months



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.



The I.W.W. in Theory and Practice

By JUSTUS EBERT

Justus Ebert, author of "The I.W.W. in Theory and Practice" has again undertaken to revise the booklet and bring it to date. Announcement will be made when it is available. Here is the new introduction to the sixth edition of this well-known work on the I.W.W.

This is the fifth revised and abridged edition of this booklet. First published in 1920, to date over 50,000 copies of it have been sold. It has been translated into eight languages. Chapters have appeared in weekly labor papers in many parts of the world.

In as simple language as possible, it aims to tell just what the Industrial Workers of the World, better known as the I.W.W., is.

Briefly stated, the I.W.W. believes that the workers should organize according to industry, instead of trade or craft. In this way they will be better able to secure more wages, less hours and improved conditions wherever employed. Having first organized to this end in 1905, the I.W.W. anticipated the Committee on Industrial Organization by just thirty years.

Unlike the C.I.O., however, the I.W.W. urges industrial unionism so that, as the workers run the industries, they may also own and operate them as well. Especially so that they may, through industrial union organization, be prepared to take over and operate the industries for the good of all, when capitalism shall either be broken down, or been overthrown. This capitalism gives every indication of doing, either under the stress of de-

pression, or war, in all the advanced industrial nations.

In brief, while the C.I.O. would tolerate and perpetuate capitalism for the profit of capitalists, the I.W.W. aims to organize the means by which it can be transformed into a social system for the benefit of all; and that with the least possible violence and disaster to all.

Recent history has proved the soundness of I.W.W. industrial unionism as the economic basis for successful social change. In Russia, the revolution would not have lasted two weeks, in the words of Lenin, were it not for the social reconstruction made possible by the Russian labor unions. They, despite their numerical weakness and the backwardness of Russian development, performed many municipal and state functions, while carrying on industry to the best of their ability and the success of the revolution.

More recently in the fascist rebellion in Spain, in Catalonia particularly, the organized workers, via their unions, took over and operated for the common good, factories, mines, transportation systems, department stores, banks and other basic functions necessary to the smooth performance of community life; all of which had been abandoned by the corporation owners and would have, con-

sequently, been detrimental to the loyalist success and the social welfare, had not the unions stepped in and made the resumption of daily activity possible.

Can we in the U.S.A., with our more highly technological-industrial development, survive a capitalist breakdown, come in whatever way it may—depression, war, revolution—without an industrially organized working class ready to take over all economic functions and exercise them for the benefit of society as a whole? Viewed in the light of recent events, including our own depression, the answer is obviously, no; we can't. Why wait, then? Why not organize industrially, now?

Others in America than the I. W. W. have glimpsed the truth of the I. W. W. theory. For instance, the Plumb plan, with its part management of the railroads by the railroad unions. Then there is Thorsten Veblen's plan of industry controlled by a council of technicians, co-operating with organized labor; a plan born of this great American thinkers' I. W. W. contacts during the world war period.

Even the enemies of labor recognize the soundness of industrial unionism. Accordingly, they rob it of its social intent and pervert it to anti-social capitalist ends. We've all heard of the "corporative state", a political machine organized allegedly, on the basis of corporations representing all of the industrial divisions. In Italy, "the corporative state" is defined as "industrial unionism without its revolutionary implications", that is, without its changes for the good of all. "The corporative state" aims to perpetuate, — to "freeze" — the status quo. The NRA was said to be an embryonic "corporative state" with liberal labor features.

This country also has other perversions of I. W. W. theory. They exist in company unions, employee representation and employee participation in stock ownership plans, works councils and labor fronts not in labor union control. The corporations of America know how to turn a good labor idea to their own advantage. American labor should, therefore, be eternally vigilant, lest it be the victim of fake industrial unionism, detrimental to the social good.

William Cullen Bryant

The Antiquity of Freedom

O Freedom! Thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old war; the massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a dozen fires
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

So You Need A Maid!

By S. I. STEPHENS

A Skit in Two Scenes for Six Women

CHARACTERS

Helen Brown, clerk in the Ace Employment Agency.

Miss Carver

Mrs. Swenson

Miss Schmidt

Miss Fiorelli

Miss Letitia Bascom

} The
Unemployed

N. B.—This skit is based on real experience of a group of unemployed women.—Author.

SCENE I

TIME:

An early spring morning during the depression.

SETTING:

The Ace Employment Agency. There is a door at left and one at right. Near door at left is desk with a chair behind it and one before it. On desk are telephone, pencil, pad, file. Along wall at back of stage is a row of 5 chairs. Four of them nearest desk are occupied by women. Above chairs on wall is a placard: ACE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY—SUPERIOR JOBS FOR SUPERIOR PEOPLE. Telephone rings as Miss Brown, a young woman with a serious yet childlike air, enters from door at right. Evidently this is a somewhat new job for her.

BROWN: Good morning! (*Crosses room, bows to 4 women. They respond with forlorn smiles. She sits down at desk, picks up receiver*): Ace Employment Agency, Miss Brown speaking . . . What is the name? . . . Mrs. Sweetwater? (*writes on pad*) You want someone for housework? . . . Well, Mrs. Sweetwater, I'm certain that I'll be able to get someone suitable—we have so many capable and refined girls . . . Oh! (*faint amazement creeps into her voice*) You don't want anyone refined! . . . Someone with muscle? (*4 women along wall listen attentively*) . . . I see . . . I'll do my best, Mrs. Sweetwater. Thank you. (*hangs up receiver, tears slip off pad, places it in file, with a slightly bewildered expression on her face*).

CARVER: (*Young woman with worried air, carrying a suitcase, rises from 1st chair, approaches desk*) I'd like to register with your agency if I may. My name is Carver.

BROWN: Sit down, please. (*Miss Carver takes chair before desk*) Just what type of work were you looking for?

CARVER: I'm a library school graduate. (*Hesitates*) I thought there might be an opening in one of the department stores—that is, in one of the book departments (*watches Miss Brown's face eagerly*).

BROWN: I'm sorry, we haven't anything like that just now, but if you'll leave your name and ad-

dress— (*breaks off, eyes Miss Carver curiously, for Miss Carver turns her head away*).

CARVER: (*speaking to herself*) Address? My address? (*looks down at suitcase. Miss Brown and women along wall stare at her. Finally, she turns toward Miss Brown*): I have no address. I was forced to give up my room this morning. The landlady wouldn't allow me to keep it unless I paid something on my back rent. (*Speaks with quiet desperation*): Isn't there something I could do? I've tried so long to secure a library position—but all the libraries are closing or cutting their staffs.

BROWN: Would you do housework?

CARVER: I'll do any work for my room and board.

BROWN: (*searching through file and pulls out card*) Why, I believe I have something right here that might help you, Miss Carver. Mrs. Norton wants a mother's helper to assist with housework. \$2.00 a week. I'll write down the name and address and you can apply at once. (*Writes on pad. Miss Carver rises with a smile of relief. Miss Brown hands her the slip*).

CARVER: Thank you so much, Miss Brown. I hope I'll make good.

BROWN: (*smiles*) I know you will. (*Miss Carver goes out through door at left*). Next, please. (*A middle-aged woman, shabbily dressed, rises from 2nd chair*) Oh, good morning, Mrs. Swenson!

SWENSON: *(standing before desk)* I come for job.

BROWN: I'm sorry, Mrs. Swenson, but I don't believe that I have a thing for you. That position in the dressmaking shop didn't materialize. Mrs. Miller said business was so quiet she couldn't think of hiring another woman in the alteration department.

SWENSON: *(lowering head)* I mus hev someting.

BROWN: *(searches through file)* Would you take a housework job?

SWENSON: *(clasping hands together)* Oh, ya, anything, Mrs. Brown.

BROWN: *(takes card from file and purses lips thoughtfully)* Well, I have something here *(looks up at Mrs. Swenson)*. Have you ever done any cleaning, Mrs. Swenson, any heavy cleaning?

SWENSON: Oh, ya, Mrs. Brown, I always do my own cleaning after work. Den after they depression I hev many yobs—cleaning office buildings, cleaning homes.

BROWN: Well, this woman, a Mrs. Sweetwater, wants a husky woman for cleaning. It's permanent, and besides that, Mrs. Swenson, it pays more than anything I have listed today—\$3.00 a week, and our fee is low for housework jobs.

SWENSON: *(smiles cheerfully)* Det is fine, Mrs. Brown. Den I hev no expense—my kids, dey stay vit my sister.

BROWN: *(writes on pad, tears off slip, hands it to Mrs. Swenson)* Here's the name and address. *(Mrs. Swenson goes out.)* Next, please. *(Telephone rings. She picks up receiver):* Ace Employment Agency, Miss Brown speaking . . . You need a maid? . . . Mrs. Henry Cotton, Jr., 5050 Country Club Drive? *(writes on pad)* . . . A nurse maid? Two children? *(writes on pad)* No experience necessary? . . . Fifty cents a week . . . Thank you, Mrs. Cotton, I'll do my best *(hangs up receiver as a woman with a prim, spindly air comes through door at left and sits down in 5th chair from desk. Mrs. Brown tears slip from pad, places it in file while a young girl, with her hat set at a jaunty angle, rises from 3rd chair, sits down before desk. She crosses her legs, assumes a nonchalant air, yet underneath it all, she is uneasy.)*

SCHMIDT: I s'pose it's useless askin' for an office job?

BROWN: Well, yes, it really is, Miss—

SCHMIDT: Schmidt's the name.

BROWN: What kind of wark do you do, Miss Schmidt? How much experience have you had? You see, we don't bother to register people with less than two years' experience in office work.

SCHMIDT: *(leaning forward eagerly, resting elbow on desk)* Oh, gee, Miss Brown! I've had 4 years' experience—typing and switchboard. For 2 years I was with the Pure White Laundry

Company. I did typing, filing, and switchboard work. Then, I had a chance to do just switchboard work at the Giltmore Hotel. I took it. *(Looks down at her purse.)* That was my last job.

BROWN: Why did you leave?

SCHMIDT: *(shrugging)* I had to. The hotel was half empty. Mr. Gardner said two could handle the switchboard.

BROWN: He was your superior?

SCHMIDT: I guess, you'd call him that. But he wasn't so superior if you ask me, let me go without notice. That was 6 months ago. I'd like to see that big stiff now. I shoulda slapped his face—

BROWN: Why, Miss Schmidt?

SCHMIDT: Well, you would, too. When I told him I didn't have any money an' didn't know where I was goin', he says to me, "What's the matter, ain'tcha got a boy friend?"

BROWN: Why—

SCHMIDT: An' I says to him, "Yes, I have but he's in the same boat I am. He's a truck driver—only he ain't got a truck to drive. I'm a switchboard operator—only I ain't got a board to operate."

BROWN: How have you managed these last six months?

SCHMIDT: Sponged on relatives. *(Miss Brown searches through file. Miss Schmidt eyes file dubiously)* I s'pose it 'll have to be housework.

BROWN: I'm sorry—there's nothing else just now. *(pulls card from file)*. Do you like children, Miss Schmidt?

SCHMIDT: Sure, I like kids.

BROWN: Mrs. Cotton wants a girl, no experience necessary, to look after her two children. No heavy work.

SCHMIDT: Can I go out and apply now? *(rises)*

BROWN: *(nods as she fills out slip)* I'll send you out right now. *(hands slip to Miss Schmidt with slightly embarrassed air)* The pay is only fifty cents a week, but if she likes you she'll pay more later—is that all right?

SCHMIDT: Sure. *(hesitates)* You know, I've always detested the idea of havin' to take housework, but gee, in these days a girl ought to be willing to do anythin' so she won't have to sponge on relatives or go on relief. Don't you think so?

BROWN: Yes, I do. *(Miss Schmidt turns to go)* Good luck! *(at door Miss Schmidt pauses to give a salute, then goes out. The 4th woman in row rises during this interval and seats self before Miss Brown's desk. She is a young Italian, wears gold ear rings, carries a large purse, and every now and then an animated smile, revealing a naturally sunny disposition, breaks through her mood of depression.)*

FIORELLI: Mees Fiorelli—I am embroidery wark-

er (pauses to look at Miss Brown) But you no have embroidery wark?

BROWN: (shakes her head) Only housework—would you do that?

FIORELLI: (with a droll air picks up purse from lap, opens it, turns it upside down, and shakes it) Sure, lady, I take housework. (leans back in chair and waits for Miss Brown to speak).

BROWN: (suppresses smile) I'll see what I can do. (searches file).

FIORELLI: (no longer able to repress her feelings) Oh, lady, I do sooch lofelee embroidery wark—so beautiful—de ladies dey lofe eet (sinks down in chair with disconsolate air) but they no can pay. (Miss Brown looks up from file, with card in her hand. Miss Fiorelli revives) I mek flowers, all kine a flowers—so beautiful—roses, daisies—oh, every kine, but de ladies dey no can pay when depression come. I mek leetle leafs outa da green, I mek da fancy steetches, every kine a fancy steetch—

BROWN: (gently) Yes, I know. (looks at card) Now here is a place—they will pay seventy-five cents a week, no cooking, just assist with housework, and she doesn't care for an experienced girl. It's permanent, too.

FIORELLI: (rising) I go.

BROWN: (writes on pad, tears off slip, hands it to Miss Fiorelli) All right, Miss Fiorelli, and the best of luck to you. (Miss Fiorelli smiles and hurries through door at left. The office is now empty save for the 5th woman in the last chair who still remains seated). Won't you take this chair, please? (Miss Brown indicates chair before desk. Fifth woman, with chin high, comes forward quickly, sits down before desk).

BASCOM: My name is Letitia Bascom. (She is prim, unsmiling, full of pride.)

BROWN: Yes, Miss Bascom, and what type of work were you looking for?

BASCOM: Bookkeeping. I've had 25 years' experience. I can furnish the best of references.

BROWN: I don't doubt it, Miss Bascom.

BASCOM: I was never discharged from a position in my life. I held my last one for 12 years. When I was let go because of poor business, my employer complimented me upon my faithfulness and loyalty to the firm.

BROWN: That's a splendid record, Miss Bascom. How long have you been unemployed?

BASCOM: A year and one-half.

BROWN: That's a long time.

BASCOM: (with considerable feeling) I lost twelve hundred dollars of my life's savings. I had it invested in a firm that's been doing business for years and years.

BROWN: Yes?

BASCOM: Wattard, Wattard, and Wattard—you've probably heard of them—stocks and bonds.

BROWN: Yes, indeed.

BASCOM: I never dreamed they'd ever go under.

BROWN: (searches through file) Would you be willing to do housework?

BASCOM: Of course, I'll do housework. Five generations of my family have lived in this country. My great-great-grandfather was a Minute Man in the American Revolution. No Bascom has ever had to accept a penny of charity. And, certainly, nobody shall ever say that Letitia Bascom was so indifferent to her country's welfare that she was willing to place an added burden upon it by going on relief. (takes a deep breath at close of this speech. Miss Brown regards her with mingled awe and surprise) Of course, I'll do housework.

BROWN: Your spirit is—is certainly amazing, Miss Bascom. (Both women are silent for a moment. Miss Brown draws card from file). Now, then, I have something here I believe you can fill nicely. I have a request from two maiden ladies—they're around 70 years of age—they want a refined woman to assist with housework in exchange for board, room. There'll be no fee for this, of course. They want someone who will appreciate a good home.

BASCOM: (softens slightly) Well, that's very nice of them.

BROWN: (writes on pad, hands slip to Miss Bascom) I think you'll fit in there very well. That's the address.

BASCOM: Thank you, good morning. (She goes out through door at left. Telephone rings).

BROWN: (picks up receiver) Ace Employment Agency . . . Oh, yes, Mary, how are you? . . . I've been quite rushed this morning. So many housewives are looking for maids and so many girls want work . . . I've sent a number out already, but I'm really ashamed the pay is so low . . . Yes, we charge a small fee . . . Exploiting them? . . . Oh, I don't know . . . the girls are desperate, it's either housework or relief . . . All right, then, I'll see you at lunch. Good-bye. (hangs up receiver).

TIME:

One week later.

SCENE II

SETTING:

Same as Scene I.

BROWN: (Seated at desk with chin cupped in hands, stares thoughtfully ahead of her. Finally, she picks up receiver) Central 5577 . . . This is Helen, Mary . . . I feel terrible about this whole business, but I think I understand again? . . . 25

South Main street. (Through door at left a noise of scraping feet and murmuring voices is heard) . . . All right, Mary, I think some of them are coming now . . . I'll see you later . . . Good-bye. (Door at left open. Miss Fiorelli, Miss Career,

with suitcase under arm, daubing eyes with handkerchief, Mrs. Swenson, walking as though her feet and back hurt, and Miss Schmidt, looking tired and worn, troop into office. Silence prevails, Miss Brown rises from her seat while women arrange themselves in the chairs. Mrs. Swenson drops into first chair against wall and rubs her ankles. Miss Schmidt drops into second chair, leans head against its back, closes her eye. Miss Carver takes seat before desk, sniffing and daubing her eye with handkerchief, while Miss Fiorelli, who seems less fatigued and more cheerful than any of them perches herself on corner of desk farthest from audience. Miss Brown leans forward, palms of hands resting on desk's edge. She speaks with earnestness) Oh, girls, I don't know what to say. I feel terrible about this whole business, I feel responsible for all your horrible experiences —

FIORELLI: (consoling) Nev' mine, Mees Brown, you no can help.

BROWN: Please believe me when I say I never dreamed —

SCHMIDT: (opening eyes and sighing) That's all right, Miss Brown, how was you to know?

BROWN: When some of you called me on the telephone I was amazed. (sits down) I want you to tell me all about it.

CARVER: (begins to cry) I was never so humiliated in my life — never. (Miss Fiorelli pats her shoulder. Everyone waits for Miss Carver to speak. She stops crying) That morning you sent me out I was so hopeful, Miss Brown. Mrs. Morton was leaving just as I came. She was going out to a meeting of the Association for the Alleviation of the Pangs of Poverty—it sounded so kind-hearted. I thought she was going to be nice—and I was so happy.

SCHMIDT: (rubs her eyes) That was the way with the dame I worked for—in an affected voice) simply love-lee, girls—but, oh, boy, after the second day! (pauses to yawn) I'll never get caught up on sleep!

BROWN: Go on, Miss Carver.

CARVER: She was housecleaning, she said, and I was to start with the attic. Later, when she came home from the all-day meeting of the Association for the Alleviation of the Pangs of Poverty, I found out why. The attic was to be my room.

SWENSON: (looks up from ankle she has been nursing) You was lucky, Miss Carver, I slept in de basement vit an ashcan at my head. (Miss Brown shakes her head)

CARVER: (vehemently) Don't you think people should treat their employees decently?

BROWN: I've just begun to realize that you have to force them to do that.

CARVER: (looks at Miss Brown) There are so many things—I don't know where to begin.

BROWN: Go ahead, Miss Carver.

CARVER: Well, I cleaned her house from attic to basement. It was hard work, too. Everything was in a frightful mess. And she was so stingy. Tuesday she scolded me for using cream in my coffee. The cream, she said, was for her husband, her two children, and herself. And then, she had the nastiest habit of counting everything that was left over after dinner—the number of chops or potatoes. In the morning she'd check again. I was so embarrassed by it.

BROWN: Is there anything else, Miss Carver?

CARVER: (looks embarrassed) Well — yes, (The other women appear much interested)

BROWN: (gently) What is it?

CARVER: Her husband — he made passes at me all the time — (pauses) That's why she turned me out last night. (looks down at suitcase in her lap) I simply couldn't discuss it when I telephoned this morning.

BROWN: And she turned you out?

SCHMIDT: Where'd you stay?

CARVER: (begins to cry softly) In the railroad station.

SWENSON: (shakes head) Tch — tch — tch —

BROWN: Tell me about it.

CARVER: (controlling herself) Last evening Mrs. Morton went to a meeting of the Ways and Means Committee of the Association for the Alleviation of the Pangs of Poverty, and the children went to their scout meetings—Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, you know. Mr. Morton and I were home alone.

SCHMIDT: Go on, Carver, this sounds good.

CARVER: (with an effort) I was cleaning the kitchen. It was about 9 o'clock. Mr. Norton was in the living room playing the radio. Finally, he came out into the kitchen and teased me to dance with him. Of course, I refused, but he was so insistent—grabbed my wrists, kissed me, tried to pull me into the living room—(stops) The kitchen door leading into the front hall was open, and anyone standing on the front porch could see us scuffling in the kitchen—well, someone was standing on the front porch, and it was Mrs. Norton. (looks down at suitcase)

BROWN: What happened then, Miss Carver?

CARVER: She threw this suitcase out on the front lawn and ordered me out of the house. (Overwhelmed by emotion again) Oh, Miss Brown, she talked dreadfully. She said poor people were such ungrateful wretches and that if anyone didn't have a job these days it was his own fault. She said she had spent a lifetime working for the poor in the Association for the Alleviation of the Pangs of Poverty and she was through forever. (chokes back tears) Then she said something about a serpent in her nest. After that she slammed the door.

BROWN: And you slept in the railroad station. *(Miss Carver nods her head, cries softly)* Try to calm yourself a little, dear, sit over there in one of the chairs until I hear from the rest of the girls. *(Miss Carver rises, takes third chair against wall. Miss Brown glances at Mrs. Swenson who is rubbing her back)* Never mind, Mrs. Swenson, just sit still. Don't get up. You can talk just as well from where you are.

SWENSON: *(sighs)* Dere's noting to tell—Yust verk. Mrs. Sweetwater's relation is coming, an' she vant da huse cleaned. All da time I sleep on a cot in de basement—de ashcan was nearby. *(rubs back)* Ven I vas tru vit da husecleaning she say I can go—dat vas las' night.

BROWN: Did she pay you your —

SWENSON: Ya, Mrs. Brown, she pay de tree dollar, but she say dere is anoder agency vere she can get da verk done sheeper. *(pauses as door at left opens and a very weak and pale Miss Bascom staggers into office. Miss Fiorelli, Miss Carver, Miss Brown rush to her assistance, lead her to a chair. Miss Bascom, seated in chair, rests her head against its back. Everyone in room stares at her)*

BROWN: Miss Bascom—what's the trouble?

BASCOM: *(waits a long time before replying, then looks up at Miss Brown)* I guess I'm just hungry.

BROWN: Hungry! Why, Miss Bascom—*(walks over to desk and opens her purse. Miss Bascom lowers her eyes as Miss Brown turns toward Miss Carver)* Miss Carver, will you run across the street to the restaurant and bring back some milk and a sandwich?

CARVER: *(rises from chair)* Certainly! *(takes money and leaves through door at left)*

BROWN: Won't you tell me what's happened, Miss Bascom?

BASCOM: I'd rather—*(chokes)*—rather eat first.

BROWN: *(softly)* I'm sorry, Miss Bascom. *(addresses Miss Schmidt as she sits down at desk)* Will you tell me about your experiences? You went out on that nursemaid position with Mrs. Henry Cotton, Jr., didn't you?

SCHMIDT: *(rolls her eyes)* Nursemaid? Say, that woman needs a perpetual motion machine. I never got any rest. I started out as a nursemaid the first day, but after that I was maid-of-all-work, wash-woman, and cook. I brought her breakfast to bed, did her spring cleaning, her washing, and some of her sewing, too.

BROWN: A regular mother's helper.

SCHMIDT: That's it—she never seemed to like to see anybody getting any rest except herself. She stayed in bed until noon every day. Then, she'd get outa bed, call her friends, and talk about her new maid. I guess she never had one before.

SWENSON: Dem is dere first kind. *(Door at left opens, Miss Carver enters with milk and sand-*

wich. Everyone casts furtive glances at Miss Bascom who begins to eat greedily.)

SCHMIDT: Last night she was goin' out to a dance and she wanted me to manicure her nails. I wouldn't do it. We had a big row. I told her what us girls doin' housework needed was a union. *(The women stare at Miss Schmidt. Alert expressions leap into their faces at this suggestion)*

CARVER: *(thoughtfully)* Union. *(A faint smile hovers around Miss Brown's lips)*

FIORELLI: *(raises forefinger of right hand)* Union—all da time dat ees what my pop talk about when I am leetle—union, one beeg one.

SCHMIDT: When I mentioned union, Mr. Cotton called me an agitator and said I should be deported. God's knows where—I was born here—and this morning I got my walking papers—and my fifty cents.

FIORELLI: I get da same, Mees Schmidt, las' night *(shrugs)* only I get da seven'y five cen's.

BROWN: *(with despairing sigh)* And that was supposed to be permanent, too?

FIORELLI: Oh, no Mees Brown, on'y da spreeng house clean, she say las' night—she no want girl after da house clean is done.

SCHMIDT: What we need is a union. *(Mrs. Swenson nods her head. Miss Brown regards Miss Schmidt thoughtfully)*

FIORELLI: Alla time dat is what my pop say when I am leetle. He say warkers should have da union. My pop say da union ees like da shield, but da bosses an' da papers dey lie. Alla time dey mek da buzzing in da warkers' ear—da union no good. Alla time dey mek da buzzing in da workers' ear so da warkers no listen when you talk da union.

SCHMIDT: An' the unemployed need some kinda union, too.

SWENSON: Dere is trut in dat verd.

CARVER: I guess people can't get anywhere without organization. *(For a moment silence prevails. Miss Bascom has finished lunch.)*

BROWN: How do you feel, Miss Bascom?

BASCOM: Stronger, thank you.

BROWN: It is dreadful—anyone going hungry in this rich land of ours.

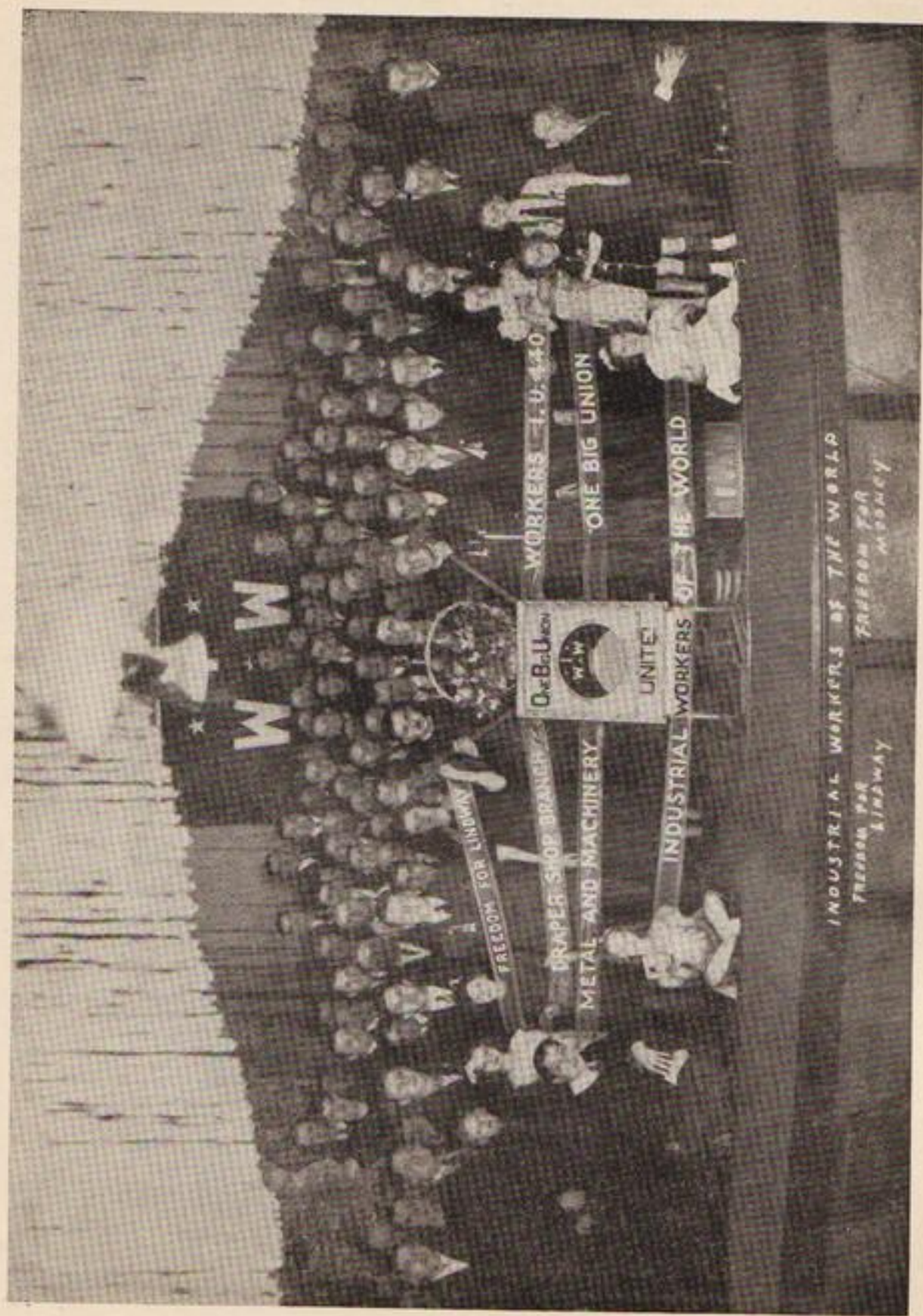
SCHMIDT: Ain't it, though?

BASCOM: *(clearing her throat)* When I went out there, Miss Brown, I was certain that I was going to like it. The Misses Talbot were extremely refined ladies. They treated me fairly well—I can't complain there, but—*(her voice drops to a whisper)* they ate like two birds.

BROWN: Just what do you mean?

BASCOM: I've always prided myself on being a delicate eater, but I could not live and keep up my strength on what those two ladies ate—I

(Continued on page 27)



INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD
FREEDOM FOR
LINDBERG
MONEY

Is Your Job 100% I. W. W.?

On the opposite page is a picture of some of our members working at the Draper barrel plant in Cleveland. Only about half of them managed to crowd on the stage, and of course the children don't work there. Neither does the woman up front. She's Mrs. Mike Lindway; Mike is still in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio. While he was on strike at the National Screw plant to make that company live up to its promise of a general wage increase, the "vandal squad" went into his home and proceeded—without any witnesses of course, and without any search warrant—to "find" dynamite bombs in his cellar. His lawyer quite properly told him that according to all precedent such evidence could not be accepted in any court; and considering this, when members of the police force told him that should he take the stand to deny that the bombs were his, they would kill him, he said nothing at the trial except "not guilty". But contrary to all legal rulings, the evidence was admitted, the jury convicted Mike, and despite the finding of the Appellate Court of Ohio that this was all contrary to proper legal procedure, both the Supreme Court of Ohio and the "nine old men" in Washington have decided that Mike must stay in jail. This picture was taken at an affair that the Draper shop branch of Metal and Machinery Workers Industrial Union No. 440 of the I.W.W. recently arranged to raise more funds for new efforts by the General Defense Committee to win freedom for Lindway.

All this goes to show that these good union men in the picture believe in solidarity; and while they are organized to make their job as good a job as they can, they are mindful of the fact that a union has concerns outside the walls of the factory. Incidentally this shop is organized 100 per cent; it has been that way ever since a twelve-week strike in the summer of 1934 convinced the management, and those of the workers who hesitated about joining the I.W.W., that that was the only way barrels would be turned out. Now all in the shop are enthusiastic about their union which has won them substantial improvements in wages and conditions. A nickle raise per

hour last week brought them to a 60 cent minimum.

One hundred per cent organization, or close to it, has been achieved in a considerable number of other metal working plants in Cleveland by our go-getting fellow workers there. In the Ohio Foundry in Cleveland, also 100 per cent organized, a ten per cent increase all around has just been negotiated. In the American Stove plants, the management has agreed to time all piece work to a minimum of 65 cents per hour. The Republic Brass workers, another 100 per cent I.W.W. shop, are asking now for a 20 per cent increase, and Cochrane Brass for ten per cent.

In these and other metal working shops wholly or partly organized by Metal and Machinery Workers Industrial Union No. 440, the I.W.W. brand of industrial unionism has proved very effective in doing for workers what they want a union to do.

Is your shop or job organized as well as these? With some of the enthusiastic effort that produced these results, it can be repeated where you work . . . and now is not the proper time to go to sleep about organizing it 100 per cent either.

How to do it? Arouse some interest in the I.W.W. program of real industrial unionism perhaps by a few stickers, or any other means that may be handy. Talk to a few of your fellow workers in whom you have confidence; explain to them the superiority of the I.W.W. over all other organizations. Get their applications, and form a committee to organize the job. They will know of others in whom they can put confidence, just as you knew them. Make arrangements for the message of the I.W.W. to be given to all on the job, by literature or otherwise. Arrange for a meeting where those talking will know what is what on that job, what improvements can be made by organizing in the I.W.W. Get your fellow workers to join, and to elect a job committee, and to instruct this committee what to tell the management.

These are days of high speed in all things, even in organizing your job. To keep up with the pace we must ask every member to be an organizer as well as a member—and the job you work on is probably the best place in the world to organize.



MR. SCISSORBILL OBJECTS

By EVERT ANDERSON

A scissorbill is one of those unfortunate hybrids — a worker from the ears down, but a capitalist from the ears up.

Mr. Scissorbill is raising his objections to the I.W.W. Quote: "But my gorsh, gee whizz, there's got to be some head to things." Unquote.

Right, there needs to be some head to things. There needs to be some direction to human endeavor.

What we need is planned economy. Our main objection to capitalism is that it has no plan for human welfare except in a few cases where the "private profit" plan happens to coincide with the welfare of the community. The capitalist head to things is where their feet ought to be, and their feet are where their head ought to be—and it's a cloven hoof at that.

The devastating effects of capitalist direction can be seen in our destroyed forests (and what little is left is being destroyed as fast as capitalist direction and means of destruction will allow). About \$75,000,000 worth of forest is destroyed yearly by fire. Much of this destruction is preventable but not under "private business" management. The two billion or so board feet of timber destroyed every year would make a lot of nice homes for people to live in. But even here on the coast where fine trees grow thick and tall, lumber jacks have to live in ramshackle houses.

The I.W.W. objects to these things. The problem is surely not settled by informing the speakers. "If you don't like this country, why don't you go back where you came from?" In the majority of cases the I.W.W. speaker comes from here—America. It is not the country we of the I.W.W. object to. It is the capitalist destruction of our resources for profit's sake, causing untold misery to millions of our class, that we object to. Production for profit must go. "Production for use" is the coming and most logical system of human relationship.

There is probably no department in American production where destruction is more glaring than in the fields of agriculture. Thousands of farms in the middle west have been carried away by storms. Thousands of others have gone with the river to the ocean. These disasters have been termed "acts of God", which is only one way of misplacing the blame. No wonder the old man turns a deaf ear when you pray for rain.

The real cause is to be found in the present capitalist method of farming. Too much land broken up by the plow all at once. Too many wheat crops on the same fields for too many years in succession. The same may be said of corn, cotton, tobacco. Too many trees cut from the hillsides so that when it rains, the water runs off too fast, taking part of the farm along with it to the river—there being nothing to check it. When the expropriated business farmer finally joins the WPA, he may blame the Lord, Communism, or the I.W.W. for his troubles; but that won't replace the dust that once was his farm.

A few feeble attempts to heal some of the wounds in agricultural fields have been undertaken by the government, but private business interests will not allow a complete solution of the problem. What to do about it: Make the land along with all of American industry the property of the working class of America. Start planning on a large scale for the service of mankind—"production for use." Production for profit must go!

In the manufacturing industries (machinofacture is really a more descriptive word now than manufacture), thousands of items are made and later forced on the public by high-pressure sales methods that any sane socio-economic organization would consider a crime. You buy hair tonics that do not tone; antiseptics in which bacteria reproduce; tin cans with no tin in them; leather shoes soled with cardboard boxes; woolen garments made of cotton shoddy; chewing gum that no one save the worst criminal should be sentenced to chew on; and oak wood furniture made of any kind of wood plus deceptive paints.

There is one industry, however, where the utmost care is taken to turn out the real article—the armament industry. The government has summoned the learned men of science—chemists, physiologists, bacteriologists, technologists—to make sure that the poison gas they make will really choke you; their shells wreck your home; their bacteria poison your drinking water. Death and destruction are the objects of capitalist warfare and they want to be sure that they have the very best in the world to do the job with. It seems to be the sole purpose of capitalism to have a lot produced so that they will have lots to destroy.

Mr. Scissorbill speaking: "But my gawd, we gotta have some kind of government to keep people from fighting all the time, ain't we?" No comment on Mr. Scissorbill's speech just yet.

The American economy is most certainly divided into two distinct classes—the Roosevelt victory to the contrary notwithstanding—the working class and the employing class. When the American state was organized, the working people were too busy making a living for themselves and for the capitalist loafers to pay any attention to government. While the workers were thus busying themselves clearing land, building fences, making huts for themselves, and good houses for the loafers, the employing class went ahead and organized the "slugging committee of the ruling class"—the American government. The loafers were, of course, too fond of leisure to become active in the government themselves; so they hired some lazy mugs with strong arms and weak brains to do the slugging for them. They hired older men for judges and politicians who did not have much brains either; but they differed from the strong arm sluggers in that they insisted on using their brains every now and then which proved both disastrous and costly every time they did so. Of course the rich loafers didn't mind much because in the end all damage was paid for by the working people anyway. But just the same what they like the best is to have presidents similar to "Sir Erbert 'Oover" and "Silent Cal", who leave everything to the good Lord and the policeman's club. There is some talk about Roosevelt being a communist since for good business reasons he be-

came a friend of the Soviet Union; but don't let 'em kid you—he isn't.

Essentially, the purpose of the capitalist government is to keep the working people down—to make good use of the club whenever a group of workers get a notion to get up. The government doesn't keep people from fighting. On the contrary it maintains schools where sons of working people may learn how to ram a bayonet into each others guts and to give it a half turn so as to do the most good. Indeed, it is the government that officially declares wars, during which millions of working stiffes succeed in eliminating each other. It is considered very manly to die in such wars. Lately they have started wars without declaring them, but the munition companies furnish moral support and ammunition in either case without any argument.

Scissorbill, commenting on the strike situation: "My goodness gracious, why don't these strikers get together with the boss and find out what he wants—like Father Hagen says they ought—so as they'll get somewhere?" Let us restate the fact that present-day society is divided into classes—the working class and the employing class. It would be far more descriptive and to the point to call the latter, the robber class; but their robbing game has been legalized by themselves for which reason a great many working people feel a deep founded respect for this system. Every now and then workers go on strike, protesting the rate at which they are being robbed. When the victim of a stick-up artist starts protesting, he is uncere-moniously shot. It wouldn't do to attract a big crowd; and, anyway, the thief isn't going to stand for any arbitration unless he absolutely has to. However, as a rule, when a sucker is rubbed out, he can't be robbed any more; so you can readily see that a much better policy is to keep him alive and break the sucker into the habit of being robbed so that the stick-up can be repeated. That is why in time of strikes, the employer hires some gunthug to KILL A FEW WORKERS ONLY so that the others will get scared and go to work. It doesn't always work however, and that's when the employer starts scheming for more subtle methods. "Let's get together," he says to his worker victims. "Let's talk these things over. No reason, John, why you and I can't come to some kind of understanding. Sit down, John," he says, "And let my book-keeper and this lawyer of mine prove to you with figures cold and sober that I am really losing money on the business right now." (He's got nerve, trying to tell us that he is losing money robbing us—what do you think?) Should Johnny still persist in his demand for higher wages—even after the boss's lawyer has told why he should be content with his lot—the employer calls upon his government to "get rid of these un-American reds,



Mr. Scissorbill wants to know how the capitalist can afford to rob us less.

anarchists, and I.W.W. foreigners." Thus the nature of the relationship between boss and bossed is such that it is rather difficult and, indeed, quite ridiculous for the worker to try to get together with the boss. Quite as foolish as it would be for a hold-up victim to try to arbitrate the issue of the stick-up with his 45 caliber opponent. The right thing to do would be to gang up on him (organize) and then take away his gun. Of course he would object to this direct action method very much on the ground that it would "destroy all of our most sacred American institutions." He would appeal to the public that "it is about time it took a hand in this matter that concerns the welfare of the community so much." That unless something is done pretty soon we'll sure have Communism in this country if not something still worse—IWWism. "And then what will become of your home, your wives, children, religion, and the right to work for whomsoever you choose?"

Scissorbill: "Well anyway, it's always been this way; and it will always be the same. Pop's grandpop said it's human nature, and you can't change it."

Institutions, human behavior, and habits are always changing. The institutions change very slowly compared with methods of production, and this causes a helluva lot of trouble from time to time. But nevertheless we are subject to change. People used to eat each other—cannibalism—and they kept it up for some time until it finally gave 'em such a belly-ache they had to cut it out. In the meantime they had discovered better stuff to stew up on. People used to have so many gods that they simply couldn't keep track of 'em—rain gods, mountain gods, valley gods, uphill gods, downhill gods, snow gods, harvest gods, thunder gods, silent gods; and god knows how many more. But the god business has concentrated into fewer and fewer hands so that now it is a highly centralized affair run by only a handful of gods, one might say. Even some of these are in the process of elimination. People used to live in caves. Now they live in steamheated apartments. Of course, many sleep in box cars and under bridges, but it's a change just the same. People use to have to scratch the soil with a crooked stick from sun-up until dark to make a poor living. Now machinery does the work, and we can produce much more than we need. Of course, it's true that we stand there like a bunch of dummies and "starve in the midst of plenty"; but the world is changing though; and some day we'll have spunk enough to help ourselves and not wait for the boss to pay us off with soup.

Scissorbill: "I don't believe in any kind of union; but if you fellahs have to fool around, why don't you join in with the boss so as he will give you a chance to get somewhere. My gracious! You don't think he will let you join the I.W.W., do you?"

It is not what the boss wants you to do; it is what you need to do. The boss doesn't want you to join anything. What he likes the best is to have you stick up your hands and close your eyes while he plucks you. But if you must join something, just for the sake of joining, he would rather have you join a company union, or the A. F. of L., or the C.I.O. and help him promote the stick-up game. In order to discourage working people from joining anything detrimental to his business, he has passed a law called the "Criminal Syndicalist Law". Criminal Syndicalism means criminal unionism. In other words, in the eyes of the boss, anybody that tries to stop his racket or get the best out of his "slugging committee" is



Mr. Scissorbill dashes to the commissary for the Evening Crimes.

a criminal. The boss will not permit any working class scissorbill to join with him in the Chamber of Commerce. Occasionally he admits a hard-working farmer with plenty of money to join him, but only long enough to fleece him of his dough.

Scissorbill: "Well, that's more than you fellahs will do. You won't even let a poor farmer join the I.W.W." The American farmer is a business man. He differs from his more well to do "Babbits" in the city only in that he is a poor business man. He thinks in terms of buy-cheap and sell-dear; and even when his farm is traveling east, in a sandstorm at the rate of 80 miles per hour, he still thinks this system is O.K., if only wage-labor were cheaper, freight rates lower, and the price of wheat higher at the time he has some for sale. During harvest, he turns the town-clowns on Wobblies, who fight for higher wages; so you can see why we don't want such goofs in our union. You see, the I.W.W. organizes only those whose economic interests are identical—the wage working class. Fortunately, for the ultimate program of the I.W.W., the wage labor class is the most numerous. Its ranks are being augmented yearly by those whose buy-cheap and sell-dear game did

(Continued on page 32)



John Farmer Is All Washed Up

By
RAYMOND CORDER

America today, like England 90 years ago, finds its foreign market for steel and autos and money itself, dependent on the sale of agricultural products to America, and the politician faces restricted production and imported meat while out to catch the farmer's vote.

Thus financial imperialism undermines "the dirt farmer" and makes the industrial organization of agricultural wage labor all the more necessary to cope with the powerful Farm Corporation.

The American farmer as a rugged individualist, combining the characteristics of business man, land baron and employer of labor, is being compelled through inexorable economic forces, to step aside and make way for a new system of agriculture. The coming of larger units of agricultural production is as inevitable as taxes and death. Until 1920 agriculture lagged behind the heavy industries in this respect, but since then, due to various causes, such as the loss of export markets, the shutting off of immigration, a declining birth rate, the crash of land values that left the farmers staggering under a top-heavy debt load, and the foreclosures of this depression, the centering of lands into the hands of the banks and insurance companies has brought agriculture into step with the heavy industries and hastened the day of agricultural monopoly and eventually of socialization.

The individual farmer is doomed. He cannot continue as a business man, and though he may pound with futile fury and bleeding knuckles against the economic barrier that wall him off the land, he must go, not only because his methods are obsolete, but because he as a type is of a day now past. Corporate farming under capitalism, and under fascism should our folly compel us to go through that too, will replace individual farming practices.

The Farm Corporation, a great holding, com-

posed of many farms and ranches, is following the trend of capitalism to concentrate wealth and production into the hands of financial oligarchies. Industrialization of the land will be the result and its erstwhile owners will be reduced to the status of industrial workers and tenants. We are not dealing here with subsistence farming, but with business farming. The stump rancher and the hillside farmer, who raises some corn and turnips on which to subsist, may resist and resent any progress that would bulge him from his manure pile, and be with us for some time, even in a new society; but the business farmer is doomed.

The trend toward the oligarchial ownership of land is inevitable as was the ravishing of small business and manufacture by the trusts that grew up first in the capital and durable goods industries. And just as the trustification of the heavy industries, throwing the ownership for the production and distribution of durable goods into the hands of financial oligarchy, paves the way for social ownership and management, so is the Farm Corporation fulfilling a like historic destiny.

With the centering of ownership and management of all industry, including agriculture, into the hands of the financial oligarchy, the next step is socialization. It is inevitable because capitalism is not static, must keep moving, can't move backward, and must move forward. This forward drive

was little impeded when there were new frontiers to be conquered and settled; but by now the habitable portions of the earth have been so well populated, and the investment in capital goods, as factories, railroads, mines, steam ships, rental properties, etc. have been so extensive, that today the world's capitalists fight like cats and dogs for the exclusive right to sell their goods in the few remaining exploitable areas. There is left one of two things to do: plunge into the holocaust of war that may well wipe out so-called civilization, or bow to socialization. They will never accept socialization, and as we workers do not want to be exterminated in any such useless and brutal manner, it is up to us to organize for the overthrow of capitalism, and to take over and run these industries that have been brought, consciously, to the threshold of socialization.

But to get back to John Farmer. To understand the economic shift of agricultural production as a big business, we must review it historically in both its national and international settings. Before the world war the United States was a debtor nation—foreign investments here exceeded the investments of American capital abroad. "From 1850 the country was slowly being transformed from a basically agricultural into a basically industrial economy." As the country expanded industrially an ever expanding market was needed. Congress passed the Homestead Act in 1862, throwing open the public lands for free settlement. The greatest spur to the settlement of the West however was the repeal, back in 1846, of England's protective corn laws. (The political influence of British manufacturers had excelled the influence of the landowners, and by free trade cheaper foodstuff was to be secured to add to the exploitability of industry's wage workers even though it meant less income for the landholding aristocracy.) London, Manchester, Liverpool, were to be opened to American agricultural products. "The existence of great agricultural surpluses permitted American capitalism to grow to maturity . . . for our export of foodstuffs made possible the importation of the raw materials and capital needed for the development of American industry."

"1. Louis M. Hacker, "The Farmer is Doomed," John Day Pamphlet.

The expansion of both industry and agriculture in the United States was made possible partly by buying the needed equipment and materials with agricultural products, partly by borrowing and paying the interest with these same products. "We fed England while she engaged in the industrial exploitation of Europe . . . To make possible the mass production of industrial articles with which the world could be flooded, cheap foodstuffs were necessary . . . English agriculture was weighed down with an agrarian economy already in its decline . . . high rents . . . and impoverished soil needing renewal . . . Its abandonment was necessary. This is what the rising industrial capitalists of England effected when they decided to put an end to those tariff duties and import restrictions which had been protecting the English growers since the days of the Tudors" (Hacker.)

It was a grim political fight in England to accomplish this. It meant the dominance of the business class instead of the dominance of the aristocracy. It meant a transfer of income from the aristocracy to the business class effected through lower prices for grain, lower rents for agricultural land, lower wages for labor, higher profits for capital. It also meant that countries supplying England with foodstuff could buy equipment and materials, could



Where Are The Agricultural Surpluses?

The following figures from the United States Department of Agriculture show the percentage of increase required to furnish the men, women and children of America with an adequate diet:

	Present production or supply	Required for an adequate diet	Percentage increase required
Dairy cattle	23,100,000	40,800,000	76
Beef cattle	11,200,000	16,100,000	43
Veal cattle	8,800,000	14,800,000	68
Hogs	69,400,000	84,900,000	22
Sheep and lambs	21,000,000	29,900,000	42
Poultry, stock	458,900,000	627,300,000	36
Vegetable and truck acres	2,320,000	7,091,000	204
Citrus fruits, acres	565,000	854,000	51
Other tree crops, acres	4,605,000	9,799,000	112

pay interest on investments, could become debtor nations and provide a market alike for British goods and British surplus capital accumulating as it did from the wealth that British industrial workers turned out in excess of their wages.

Today the shoe is on the other foot. The world war made the United States a creditor nation. It turns out a surplus of production goods. Its investments and loans abroad exceed the foreign investments here. American capitalists, grown to a maturity undreamed of by the English repealers of the corn laws, have repealed wheat and little pigs by plowing them under, and we eat Argentine beef and Australian grain, in order that American automobiles and other manufactured commodities may be shipped abroad. *Our* agrarian economy is in its decline, and *our* depleted soils are being blown and washed away.

Politicians are bad economists, and the farm business is based on false economy. The government has tried, and continues to try, to plug up the holes with alphabetical formulas in order not to lose the farm vote: but bad economics is unworkable, especially so in the hands of vote gatherers, and all their efforts at remedying the situation are foredoomed to failure.

One of the most misleading words in the dictionary is "*Surplus*". Politicians believe that if the farm surplus is wiped out, everything will be hotsytotsy, and prosperity will come out from her hiding around the corner. But there is no surplus of any

of the basic commodities. There is not enough corn, or cotton, or hogs. If every man, woman, and child in this country were put on an adequate diet, nothing fancy, but of well balanced meals necessary to keep them healthy and vigorous, more food stuffs would have to be raised, not plowed under. The percentage of increase needed for this is shown in the accompanying table. Look it over. Where are the surpluses?

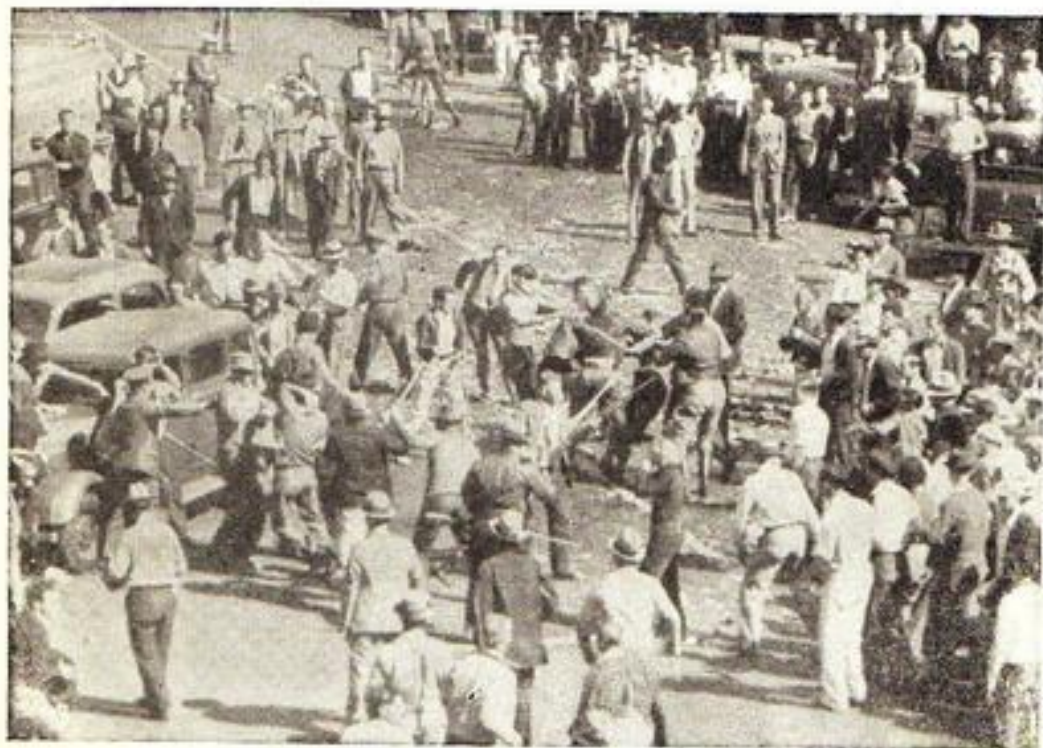
Search among the fumbblings and gropings of the conservative and liberal economists reveals no remedy for this situation were with food production far below what is needed for an adequate diet, even this is plowed under to remove alleged "surpluses". They readily admit that the economic structure is out of plumb, that it will collapse in time, and that they are fearfully uncertain of results: but their theories and tables of statistics all end with question marks.

One thing is certain. John Farmer as a business man is all washed up. His inefficient methods, his individualism, his spirit of "me first and the devil take the hindmost", are outmoded in the face of lost export markets and the necessity of efficient methods of production to prevent soil erosion. These bar him as a competent provider of food-stuffs for the domestic market. The general tightening up has made mass production of food stuffs necessary, so here is where farm corporations, many of them subsidiaries of canning and

food packing interests, come into the picture. They are in the logic of the trend of things whether we like them or not. John Farmer will become a wage worker, and it is to be hoped that no rugged individualism on his part will make him a troublesome scab in the economic battles between the organized farm workers and the farm corporations.

Here also is the reason why agricultural workers must organize industrially. To fight an agricultural monopoly for more pay and better conditions is a very different matter from fighting John Farmer, the erstwhile landbaron. The opposition

is better organized. Another reason why workers must organize industrially is that the historic role of the monopolists is to organize industry to the point where it becomes socialized in function and thus ready for socialization in management and in ownership. It will be up to the workers to run the industries, and they must be organized in such a way that they can run the workers efficiently. Agricultural Workers Industrial Union No. 110 of the I.W.W. is such an organization. It will have to fight monopoly farming for a living, and eventually take it over. The little business man, John Farmer, is all washed up.



Such conflicts as this of the Salinas, California, lettuce strikers last September may be expected more frequently as large corporations take control of the distribution and production of agricultural products. It will take a fighting industrial union to win.

The Economics of Fascism

I.

In the days before fascism was heard of, the question whether socialism was inevitable was sometimes approached from this viewpoint: May not the contradictions of capitalism which make its indefinite continuation impossible, be dissolved by the more complete organization of the employing class, or even by the trend toward the concentration of wealth into the hands of some oligarchy small enough to apply an intelligent paternalism to modern productive forces?

The contradictions were there and were real enough. The swing of the business cycle regularly proclaimed that the growing order and planning inside the factory was not balanced by any such planning in the economy as a whole, and thus the best regulated of plants must periodically close its gates for the lack of market. The market was not there because the growing productivity of labor, which had increased several thousand per cent in the great advance of mechanization since the end of the 18th century, was not balanced by any such increase in the capacity of the proletarianized mass of the population to get and use this wealth, for their living standard at the best times reflected only about twice the purchasing power they had before the industrial revolution.

This disparity was kept within workable limits only by the increasing internal wastefulness of capitalists economy, which often enough spends more to market a product than it does to make it, and by the re-investment of the surplus in new industries at home, or imperialistically, abroad. But every rational growth in capitalism, its trusts and cartels, lessened this easing wastefulness, and the accumulation of capital either enhanced the productivity of labor at home or exploited cheaper labor at the far ends of the earth. The one substantial release on this growing and unused productivity was the military aspect of imperialism which often spent more to gain some object by war than it would have cost to buy it outright.

The function of industry was social, doing in a large collective way what previously had been done in a small way in men's homes, but there was little or no social control. Mild-minded professors were fully aware of this, and likewise aware that much more of the unpleasant disturbance of life, all the way from increasing nervous disorders to crime waves, was the result of the contradiction between the social function of the productive equipment and its private control. They reasoned

optimistically that regulation by commission of democratic governments would be found increasingly necessary, and would step by step establish the needed balance, thus subordinating socially functioning industry to the public interest and re-establishing the supremacy of human intelligence over the industrial Frankenstein it had created.

To such liberals, the efforts of labor alike in its strikes or in its building of a philosophy of class struggle, were viewed as just so much more unpleasant disturbance—something that eventually would be regulated or ironed out by a commission appointed in the public interest. The efforts of labor to remedy the great disparity between production and earnings was discussed by such professors under the head of "The Labor Problem." That there were such workers as the I.W.W. deliberately "fanning the flames of discontent and preaching the doctrine of an irreconcilable struggle between capital and labor", appeared to such thinkers as a most lamentable thing, as an unintelligent disregard for their text books and their liberal teachings to be excused only by comparison with such other monstrous things as the plug-ugly labor policy of U.S. Steel. To them this class struggle appeared only as another factor holding back their Utopia of social regulation by commission in the public interest.

Today this dream of the liberals is fulfilled so far as it can be, in fascism. Now that the omelette is cooked, it is not to their taste, and, still mild-manneredly as befits them, they ask that the eggs be put back in the shell. The public interest that is being served isn't their public, and their whole scheme of democracy is squashed. The standard of living under fascism goes down instead of up. Its regulated economy instead of furthering world peace as they had thought a regulated and rationalized economy would surely do, promotes world armament on an unprecedented scale. And man's intelligence, instead of becoming supreme, is almost completely removed as a disturbing factor in fascist society by being outlawed and sent to a concentration camp.

So there must have been an error somewhere in the reasoning. Were the stresses and strains, the impacts and blows, the ups and downs of unregulated capitalism due merely to the contradiction between the social function of the productive equipment and its private control? Or did they result from a quite separate contradiction between productivity and earnings? Could the social regula-

tion of the business cycle, even with the most complete restrictions on boom speculation and the best planned postponement of public works to slack times, and the most complete of codes to restrict the insane modern editions of competition, erase the fact that labor does not own what it produces, and that a surplus is produced regardless of whether it be produced evenly or unevenly? And didn't this contradiction between expanding production and limited earnings only express some still more basic contradiction — that those whose tremendous productive power could undertake the most gigantic tasks of linking oceans, or digging tunnels, or girdling the globe with copper cables, were still powerless to say whether their children should eat or not? Was the labor movement with its persistent demand for "more and more and more" and its philosophy of class struggle, just another unpleasant disturbance of capitalism, a problem to be solved by some commission, or was this labor movement, considered as an element in the historic process, by its continuous struggle for power over production, power over the means of life, the one agent that could dissolve the contradictions of capitalism?

That the answer is yes, is confirmed by an examination of the question: Why doesn't fascism work?

II.

An examination of the economy of fascism should disclose many things. One very useful bit of information it should yield is what and where this fascism is that we are fighting.

First it should be understood that fascism is not just political dictatorship, not just militant reaction, not just the abridgement of civil liberties, not just the old rough and ready way of trampling on labor, and not just a process of Jew-baiting either. We have had all these things with us before. None of them needed the corporative state; none of them tried to take the whole life in tow and regulate it to a plan; none of them sought to invent a new type of society. Neither should fascism be understood as the social realization of a philosophy. Back in 1921 Mussolini said: "During the two months which remain before us, I should like to see us create the philosophy of Italian Fascism." It was created voluminously within those two months as trimmings for a far more substantial reality.

Fascism is this militant reaction detested by liberals set to the task of realizing the liberal's regulation of economy in a public interest—the public in fascism as in any other phase of capitalism, being those who pay the regulators.

An examination of who pays to keep fascism going and to get it started will readily disclose that it is not a phenomena confined within the

boundaries of Italy, Germany, or any other nation. Back in 1934 in the "Fortune" article that led to so many disclosures of the internationalism of the armament makers, Adolf Hitler was disclosed as a champion promoter of arms sales on behalf of all the armament makers. Fritz Thyssen, "King of the Ruhr" provided a large part of the fund to get him started. The directors of the large Skoda works controlled by Schneider of France, but in which Vickers-Armstrong of England is also interested, also contributed. And in 1933 before his coup, Adolf paid a most peculiar fine for contempt of court; he had brought suit against a German journalist for stating that he had been financed directly by Schneider-Creusot, French armament makers; in court he was asked the question direct; he refused to answer, and paid 1000 marks fine for contempt of court rather than answer. The French press, controlled by the armament makers, welcomed Hitler with a shriek for further defense, and the investment in Hitler paid well, as France became the leader among nations of the world both for armament and for the export of arms.

Hitler is not only an excellent arms salesman, but quite willing to reciprocate in mustering up adequate means for other nations to participate properly in our mutual extermination. As Willson Woodside observes in the February Harper's alongside of idle textile mills, margarine factories and packing plants, idle for the lack of a market, the metal industries of Germany are working overtime, and are far behind in deliveries. They are not only arming Germany, but busy making equipment for England as well; and of 668,000 tons of construction underway in German shipyards, 104,000 tons are for Britain. This fascism is an international undertaking and not confined to the internationalism of the armament makers. Fascist economy, for various reasons to be explained later, runs on a deficit; it is not up to non-fascist capitalism in efficiency; it is kept going by the support of world capitalism. There have been direct loans, unpaid. In 1927 Mussolini was saved from a crisis by a \$100,000,000 loan floated in the United States. Last year he had Italian interests sell their control of Mosul Oil Fields Ltd., to the British Iraq Petroleum Co. Last September he floated another \$236,000,000 loan purchasable only in foreign currency, not officially floated here because under the recent Johnson Act those governments defaulting on war debts cannot borrow here. Such deals, and the complaisant way in which the government of the "democratic nations" have financed exports to Germany and Italy, and the credits directly extended by such exporters, should all set at rest any notion that non-fascist capitalism desires to check the advance of fascism, and may ally itself with labor in order to do so.

The internationalism of fascism has shown itself in many ways apart from these financial transactions. Class conscious capitalists (and despite their professional patriotism they are all by the nature of their investments good internationalists) saw that their press from 1922 on welcomed Mussolini; and the feature writers who howled over the Bolshevik atrocities presented Benito as a rather jovial administrator of castor oil. The international solidarity of capitalist nations and their labor politicians in aiding Franco in the fascist invasion of Spain, should puzzle only those who forget that in 1934 it was Italian aid in arms and money that upset the liberal government in Austria and drove Vienna's socialism underground. Hitler states quite openly his willingness to perform a like service for international investors in Czechoslovakia. That this can be done agreeably to all capitalist concerned, is shown by the fascist seizure of the Rio Tinto copper mines in Spain, with the result that shipments previously delivered to Britain are now delivered to Germany; yet there has been no complaint lodged by the British owners. Fascism enters the world at a time when capitalism is well developed as a world economy, years after a world war in which allied soldiers were killed with equipment obligingly furnished by their own nations, and long after the typical business unit had become the corporation selling its stocks and bonds and debentures on all the exchange of the world to any buyer who wished to buy. It is most decidedly an international venture, maintained by international support rendered alike morally, politically, and financially.

Why does international capital support these ventures in "deficit economies?" The answer is largely why capital supports government in the first place. To the investor in stock in the proper German enterprises, fascism is not a deficit economy at all. Since 1929 the profits of German employers have risen six-fold, from 500,000,000 to 3,000,000,000 marks. This has come from a cut in wages by over one half. The employers did not get the full advantage of this extra exploitation of labor; a very substantial part of it as of everything has gone to the official racketeers; but even so a six-fold increase in profits is tempting. Wages are down to an average of 25 marks (about \$10) per week; but to pay for this service of smashing up unions, stopping all strikes, and restricting civil liberties as must be done to achieve such wage levels, the taxes run to 9,000,000,000 marks or three times the profits. Even this pays only one half the current budget . . . And beside the taxes there is a tremendous amount of outright graft and forced donations to the Nazis. Incidentally the resources for future exploitation are being ruined. The shortsightedness of Fascist planning

is shown by the depletion of the forests that since the days of Bismarck have been nursed with the utmost of care. Says Herr Goering: "The say I am using up too much of Germany's forests . . . but if I have struck too deep into them so far, I shall strike two or three times as deep, for I had better destroy the forests than the nation." The physique of the working class deteriorates in a manner that will undermine eventually their productivity and their military usefulness. In relation to world economy, a most necessary element for successful exploitation is the inventiveness to keep technique on a competitive par with the rest of the world; the deterioration of German science and learning in general undermines this perhaps most important resource of all; the inventions made in concentration camps do not usually come under the head of the productive arts. But fascism by its very nature does not look far to the future.

Why is fascism economically a failure? Why can't the complete regulation of capitalist enterprise result in a more efficient use of resources and equipment than the unplanned and chaotic capitalism of the rest of the world? The answer to this question also answers another: Why, if fascism is internationally endowed, is it so intensely nationalistic?

A planned economy must be a relatively self-contained economy. Thus Mussolini's famous, though unsuccessful "Battle for Wheat", his draining of marsh-land, and his latest supreme effort to colonize Italy and Ethiopia alike in the style of the emperors from Constantine on, his adscription of agricultural labor as serfs to the soil. He calls this serfdom "deproletarianization", but frankly says that Italy must have "genuine peasants, attached to the soil, who do not ask the impossible, who know how to content themselves." It is a form of sharecropping but with payment in kind that takes Italian agriculture back many centuries and results in some 6,000,000 rural workers, according to an official survey made in 1934, living either in caves or hovels, or in houses, as the report put it "almost absolutely uninhabitable." The same fact is back of Hitler's battle for "Rohstofffreiheit"—to need no foreign imports of raw materials. You can't plan capitalism, and keep it a part of a chaotic world capitalism. At the same time to step out of world economy is most uneconomical. With the free interchange of the products of various parts of the earth in an unbridled competition, goods are normally produced where they can be produced cheapest. Germany pays for "freedom in raw materials" by using ore of 35 per cent iron content which costs four times as much to smelt as Swedish 65 per cent ore—and now she is mining 5 and 7 per cent deposits in the Hartz Mountains! On the first steps along the old "Berlin to Bagdad" route lie bauxite for

making aluminum and oil, and these may explain much of the internal politics of this region, as Germany lacks both.

But if the failure of fascist economy is the result of an attempt to replace the use of the world's resources with the uneconomic spoilage of the fascist nation's own, then would not fascism succeed should it blossom out, as it threatens to, in a world fascist economy, or even in some region, as these United States, where nature has endowed the land with most of the resources needed? As to the latter, even the United States could not maintain its present population long without imports; there is scarcely any industrial process in which we engage that does not absolutely require some import. But perhaps world fascism is possible. To capitalists it is not a desirable state of affairs; it means that all but a handful of capitalists would be reduced to the universal serfdom; and the regulation of a world would be most costly. Though the bourgeois historians write of the latter days of the Roman empire as a time when the hand of the state was everywhere regulating all things, the modern business man reading such history understands that this hand of the state was everywhere grabbing things too.

World economy could readily enough be co-ordinated on the basis of a community of interests to effect the highest possible standard of living for all—if run by producers for producers; but to co-ordinate world economy under an iron heel, on the basis of discordant interests, where every petty official of the supreme oligarchy was looking for his graft for doing this dirty work, where everyone was discontent, where the military command was incessantly needed to maintain order and thus made mindful of its own opportunity to become the supreme oligarchy, is to enter a period of even greater chaos and waste than we suffer from now.

Fascism is not a forward looking plan; it is not even to be explained in terms of a far-sighted rationalism on the part of those who support it; it is the blind retreat from the threshold of new order that offers abundance to all, and thus privilege, prestige, and the sundry other perverted desiderata of a class society to none. It rallies its support with an irrational appeal, and is not to be fought by any other means than power. The road to fascism is paved with liberal good intentions. Its means of operation is the regulation of the disturbances of capitalism in an alleged public interest. All planned control of economy not vested in labor, and not run by workers for workers, is grist for its mill. Every regulation over workers, either by union officials or by public bodies on which such union officials sit, is another brick for its world-wide jailhouse. And the



materials are being accumulated rapidly the world over.

Against this drift to Mussolini's serfdom there are tremendous forces that can be rallied—the great dynamic power that has brought the world forward to this alternative of going back to serfdom and famine or forward to a greater freedom and plenty. Capital establishes fascism, albeit reluctantly, for the same reason that it establishes and supports any form of government, hollering the while for "more business in government and less government in business. It is done to "police the poor." It is done on an ever increasing and more costly scale because capitalism is ever the breeder of a profounder discontent. Capitalism requires and produces a working class schooled and trained and brought into the contacts requisite for building revolutionary class organization; the most able class that ever in history submitted to exploitation by a class of idlers. It creates abilities that it cannot use; and unused ability is the great disturbing factor that fascism cannot put down.

The contradictions of capitalism—the great basic ones that are involved in the working class struggle for power over the means of life—can not be ironed out even by an iron heel. They persist as a driving force toward a new society, but as a force that can build this new society only if organized as a class force, on the basis of class struggle, by workers vigilantly avoiding every restriction to their own activity, whether from inside their organization or outside it. Therein lies the greater historic role of the I.W.W., more readily visualized today than ever before—by the planned economy of plenty that can be effected by One Big Union of labor, to complete man's conquest of nature through the establishment of the supremacy of human intelligence over the industrial Frankenstein it has created.

Pioneers in Solidarity

"Workingmen should stick together."

This is the idea back of the I.W.W. It isn't an idea that the I.W.W. invented, but one that workingmen have had in mind these many years. During these years they have persistently pushed the boundaries within which they applied it further and further as the growth of industry has made it plainer and plainer that more and more workers must stick together to get the results at which this solidarity is aimed.

In these days when people are still claiming that our worthy president gave us the right to organize, it is well to look back to those pioneer years of the labor movement when workers first claimed and established this right. The business class supreme, the Law Le Chapelier was enacted forbidding all organization of workers, as a vestige of the guilds of the old order they were destroying, as an interference with the free play of the economic forces that had become their new deities; but this law expressly provided however that the chambers of commerce were not to be forbidden. That was in 1794. But the unions persisted. Often they had to disguise themselves as mutual benefit societies for certain crafts, providing homes for their members as they traveled about the country, their major officials strangely enough being the old ladies put in charge of these places, but nevertheless they performed the functions of a union in regulating wages and working conditions. It was the persistence of the unions, ever performing their functions more openly that even in the second empire, in 1869, substantially established the legal right of the workers to stick together. Out of it in the 1890's grew the General Confederation of Labor, achieving new levels in the solidarity of labor.

It was the same story in England. With the invention of power driven textile machinery new industrial cities such as Manchester were being built, and the workers in them were learning that it was necessary for workers to stick together. From 1799 to 1824 unions were forbidden. Workers were arrested. Some were sent to Australia, then a penal colony, for persisting in "sticking together"—but their persistence resulted in the repeal of the law. It wasn't long before British workers pioneered in a truly amazing forecast of modern ideas of what solidarity should aim at. In 1835—a year by the way when workers in all industrial nations were "kicking over the traces" winning the ten-hour day by a general waves of

strikes in the New England states, while the silk weavers of Lyons made a social revolution on a small scale—the Grand National Consolidated Union was founded in Great Britain. It was a true forerunner of the I.W.W. not only in attempting a One Big Union of the working class, but in visualizing a great historic function for itself—that its organization of workers should supplant the august parliament of Great Britain, replacing the government of men with an administration of things, truly attempting to "build the structure of a new society within the shell of the old."

In America too, as in the history of all modern nations, there was the same attempt to outlaw unionism. Had American workers quietly submitted and given up unionism when their members were convicted of conspiring to raise wages in 1804 to 1814, perhaps we would have needed a Roosevelt to tell us we could organize—though without unions in which to organize already existing it is certainly to be doubted if the superfluous permission would ever have been granted. American labor answered the conspiracy indictments by going ahead with the building of unions.

The developments of the union movement in America as elsewhere is as irregular and planless on its surface as are all the other historic adjustments of man's relations to the environment that he is always changing. But there is a logic to its structural development. First there were local bodies of men engaged in the same craft. That served well enough in the days when transportation was so inadequate that craftsmen of one town could not readily compete with their fellows elsewhere. To provide some local means of general working class solidarity the first city central labor body was formed in Philadelphia in 1827. Next in the logic of the evolution of the labor movement was the craft union that would unite craftsmen in different cities, and check their competition with each other. The printers in 1835 pioneered in this direction, and were followed as railroads and canals brought workers of other trades into competition with each other by a rapid growth of national trade unions particularly in the twenty years of 1850 to 1870.

But the problems confronting labor were more than trade problems; they were class problems. To face them, the ever-shifting and largely non-proletarian political programs that were offered workers were found inadequate. A union of the working class was needed, and the new departures

in American labor from 1866 when the National Labor Union was founded, were efforts to fill this need. The National Labor Union lasted a mere six years, confining its efforts mostly to eastern textile fields. From 1873 to 1875 Industrial Congresses were held, accomplishing little, but making the question clear: How should American labor organizations build one organization to combine them? Should labor organize locally on a craft basis, combine the local craft unions into city central bodies, and these into state federations, and on the basis of these more local efforts at working class solidarity by a federation of city central unions build a general federation of labor? Or should the local craft bodies constitute national craft unions, and some federation aligning these craft bodies provide the general means for the working class to act as a class? In the Industrial Congresses an effort was made along the former line, the one that eventually was adopted successfully by the French General Confederation of Labor. But practical unionists rejected this procedure for they noted that the city central bodies and state federations were concerned far more with political issues than with the organization of the working class and these men quite logically feared that a general organization of American labor consisting of representatives taking their instructions from such local bodies would degenerate into a futile political conflagration. Thus American labor was destined for some time, largely as a reaction against non-worker intellectuals, who wished labor well, to accept craft unionism in a world of growing industry.

But American labor wanted more than this, and for some time it seemed that the Knights of Labor, formed as a secret body of garment cutters on Christmas Day, 1869, would give American workers an effective form of solidarity. In 1875 it came out in the open, and by 1886 more workers had flocked into its various local unions, craft and industrial so-called "districts", than had ever been organized in one organization before. Officers of the international trade unions (so-called because of their locals in Canada) were as worried about the losses of their members to the Knights of Labor as they appear to be today over the secessions to the C.I.O. In 1881 these craft bodies had established the forerunner of the A. F. of L. as the Federation of Organized Trade and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada, and in 1886, in the tense moment of hesitation and reaction that followed the eight-hour strikes and the Haymarket tragedy, they met to concert their forces as the American Federation of Labor to do battle with the Knights and put them out of business. Craft unionism won the battle, largely because the Knights refused to do battle with them,

and were far from certain what they wanted to do—whether to organize the working class, fight landlords in Ireland, or preach temperance.

But industry went ruthlessly on while the A. F. of L. fought down all efforts of workers to achieve a larger measure of organized solidarity. Within it the demand for industrial organization grew. When various organizations of coal miners merged together in 1890 to found the United Mine Workers they insisted on jurisdiction over all workers in and about coal mines, and got it over the protests of carpenters, engineers and the various other crafts that objected. In the three years 1893-96 that the Western Federation of Miners belonged to the A. F. of L. the same battle for industrial jurisdiction for metal miners was fought as it has had occasions to put up since its return to the A. F. of L. in 1913.

Outside of the Federation the need for industrial organization was apparent. Railroad workers from 1863 when the engineers organized faced a truly modern industry requiring industrial organization. The Trainmen's Union that in the great strikes of 1877 sought to unite all running trades in one organization was one answer. The American Railway Union that Gene Debs formed in 1893, five years after his plan of railroad federation had been rejected, was another glorious though short-lived attempt at solidarity. Out of the Harriman strike of 1911 to 1915, and again out of the "outlaw switchmen's strike" of 1920, it seemed that one big union of railroad workers might eventuate. But persistent as the demand is for greater solidarity, defeat has met these efforts.

Throughout the years since 1905 when the I.W.W. was established to give labor its One Big Union, the other efforts to achieve some advance toward solidarity by a less radical departure than that of the I.W.W. have been enough to fill a book. The departments and federations within the American Federation, such secessions as that to start the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in 1914, and the innumerable outlaw strikes, and "illegal councils" that included alleged "dual unions" even to the short-lived "soviets" formed in various cities in 1919, have all expressed the felt need of a greater measure of organized solidarity than the traditional labor movement permitted. The wave of strikes since the days of the new deal have all shown a strong sense of community and industrial solidarity that has been frustrated by the structural limitations of the unions in which these workers were organized. The C.I.O. today attempts to exploit this demand for a great measure of solidarity to build another organization in which its members can expect to experience the same frustration of the impulse to stick together that miners

(Continued on page 34)

A New Age Begins in Spain

By PIERRE BESNARD

Secretary, International Workingmen's Association

Translated by Onofre Dallas

Preceding the French Syndicalist delegation composed of members of the C.G.T.S.R., and the C.G.T.¹, I went to Puigcerda on December 10, together with some comrades from the Local Federation of Barcelona and the Regional Confederation of Catalonia. The welcome organized by our friends in Puigcerda was most cordial.

The following day we visited the dairy, a magnificent plant established last August, which is producing at present nearly 10,000 cans a day of condensed milk for the front, the hospitals and the babies.

This enterprise, collectively at the beginning of the civil war, is run by the workers. Though the technicians left the factory, production is orderly and methodical, from the making of the cans to the packing of the finished product. Production has increased by a good third; the wages, which are the same for everybody—men and women—have been raised 30 per cent, yet the "profits" amount to 30,000 pesetas per week. The working week is forty hours.

Barber shops, tailor shops, everything has been collectivized and is running under workers' control. In general Puigcerda is a center where the intense effort of all makes a little of the past disappear everyday, and everyday makes the real figure of the new order appear more distinctly. We returned late at night to Barcelona by way of Ribas and Vich.

The following day in the morning, guided by our Catalan friends, we visited the artillery barracks in San Andres, the first barracks captured by our comrades of the CNT-FAI. It was there that they found the arms to put down the fascist uprising quickly. Though the walls show the marks of the fight that took place then, they are still in excellent condition. Everything is in order; the recruits and those on leave are taken care of and are given abundant meals², and we often had lunch with our comrades there.

In the afternoon we visited the Portland Cement plant in Moncada. This establishment, of Europe-wide importance, has been collectivized and runs under union control. Although the technicians with the exception of an engineer who has been won to our ideas, left the factory, its operation is perfect. The output has increased by 25 per cent, and the salaries by 30 per cent. Everybody works with joy for the revolution, and the workers put in an hour a day extra for their peasant comrades.

In Mollet we visited the largest Spanish leather factory. Production there is also intense; stocks representing nine months work by 800 workers now await export to France, England, Holland. Here in this accumulation of leather there are millions of pesetas temporarily idle, but they will be exported shortly and turned to use. In the same locality we visited a factory that makes both natural and artificial silk, employing 650 workers. Modern equipment, full sunlight, cleanliness and order as everywhere else, and of course, collectivization and union control.

On the 13th, we left for the Aragon front to visit the agricultural towns. We passed through Lerida, capital of one of the four provinces of Catalonia, and the frontier between full libertarian communism and collectivization, for Lerida is the last locality on the way to Aragon where money still circulates.

From Lerida we went to Fraga, a city of 7,500 inhabitants, where we were received by our comrades of the local committee. They explained to us how from the very beginning they have socialized the lands, organized the work and the distribution of goods, and done away with the use of money. They showed us their consumers' books, their work cards, and explained the operation of the practical organization of work by groups.

All the able-bodied men and women work without exception. The sick, the old, and the children have all their needs fulfilled.

The next day in Bujaraloz, former general headquarters of our unfortunate Durruti³, we found the

1. The C.G.T. is the General Confederation of Labor, the major union organization in France; the C.G.T.S.R. is the left-wing Social Revolutionary General Confederation which split from the foregoing when it grew conservative and patriotic during the war.

2. According to later reports the war has reduced the food supply to a dangerous low since that time.

3. Durruti, an outstanding anarcho-syndicalist military leader, was shot from ambush while in the defense of Madrid.

4. Ferrer, noted libertarian educator and exponent of decentralization, did not welcome the spreading of education in working class circles. He was executed in 1909 chiefly because he had aroused the animosity of the clergy who sought to retain a monopoly on teaching, and that more and more accepted in educational technique, was

There is under consideration a project to give the prisoners held and those sentenced, the benefits of modern comforts, and above all, the possibility of re-education. I want to add that I have

would always be afforded the prisoners. the carrying out of justice would be done in a normal way, and that all guarantees of defense their cases would be taken up immediately; that mistreatment, or of the meals. I was assured that justice they live in common; none complained of oners, belonging to all nationalities. As in Mont divisions, where there were approximately 100 prisoners, I was particularly interested in visiting the foreign

In the Model Jail there are several divisions, and decided shortly.

His case is not grave and it will be examined. left the front and had not returned to his column. found only one Frenchman, a militiaman who had been able to secure adequate legal defense. I the movements against the working class. All have called liberal professions who have participated in former priests, merchants, members of the so-fascist elements; old officers, old functionaries, In Montjuich there are practically none but

a day.

the outside. Everything is delivered to them twice and can bring them in anything they want from their families visit them every day if they care to, means, they say, are acceptable; the cells are clean; them. None complain of the prison regime. The smoke, play cards and dominoes. We questioned already condemned. They all live in common, they fascists of all kinds, some of them accused, others where Francisco Ferrer was executed, we found its enormous mass the red Barcelona, in Montjuich In Montjuich, an old fortress that threatens with the old Montjuich prison and the Model Jail. those who conspire to make it fail. I have visited it, and make sure that no harm can be done by assure the safety of the revolution, to watch over For the present it is necessary first of all to

them and locking them up.

dishonest, and dangerous, instead of condemning care for and re-educate those who are deficient, our comrades can begin to prevent crime, and to any longer the application of our philosophy, and fascist enemy is crushed, when nothing opposes maintained. They will be abolished later when the revolution fails unfortunately still have to be I have also seen the jails. To safeguard the

full enjoyment of the spirit.

work with joy. They create real art, freely for the now working here for 15 pesetas a day, and they

frances per month in the Paramount studios are ing picture stars who earned as high as 100,000 Actors who earned 2000 francs per night, mov-

fascism and establish a new social order. he worked if it is necessary in order to crush There are no unemployed, and more hours will hour. The average working week is 40 hours, being created, developed day by day, hour after without parasites, and the new social order is thing new; new applications are made, new real-izations, new co-ordinations, and without masters, ence! They are replaced. The mind discovers some-That the technicians left? It makes no differ-

revolution. active working to win the war and consolidate the running under union control. Everywhere men were from barber shops to soda water plants. All were water, gas, and electricity, the collectivized shops transportation system, the underground system, the all that. One after the other we saw the surface ports, its factories, its shipyards. We went to visit teeming with activity, with its transportation, its In Barcelona we again saw the immense beehive by the air of the libertarian revolution.

yesterday lived in fear but today breathe free-

cult terrain, sparsely inhabited regions, towns that man mark his conquests step by step over a diffi- tion both rich and rough, where the efforts of Returning to Barcelona we went across a sec-

labor.

in these poor lands inhabited by men hardened by ably, and material well-being will soon be a fact ing the Ebro will increase productively consider-

Irrigation on the Aragonese plains by demand-

dead, forever.

but they can not turn back. The past for them is their conquests and give their lives if necessary, bosses and the clergy. The Aragonese will defend was not enough to pay the debts to the political don't cry. Formerly the product of the harvest the first time, we are told, the women of Aragon satisfaction to all those involved. This winter for and the other had not. This system gives full two countries one of which had suppressed money place in the same manner as they would between consumer's books. In short, the interchanges take the inhabitants against the presentation of the sent on to the towns which distribute them among spot. The articles and products are immediately is made through purchases made direct on the the basis of the current exchanges and the supply money still circulates the interchange is made on kind, as no money is used. With towns where work. The interchange of products is arranged in while they explained to us how the interchanges there. We took some specimens for documentation, sumers' books and work cards were shown to us

same evidence of libertarian communism. Con-

had the satisfaction of not finding in jail a single anarchist or anarcho-syndicalist!

On leaving Spanish soil for a while I want to take this opportunity of thanking all comrades for the facilities allowed me in fulfilling my purpose. I leave under the impression that since my last visit in October, the revolution has taken an enormous step forward. Tasks which are hardly outlined at that time are now fully realized. The socialization of the land is almost complete, the collectivization of the industrial enterprise is being carried out rapidly, and the union control of production is more and more pronounced.

Of course there is much yet to be done . . . much to be done! The food industry appeared to me

particularly behind the others, especially as regards the habits of waiters in a great number of restaurants, cafes and hotels. Some have remained obsequious and servile; others show themselves arrogant with the humble and submissive towards those whom they think rich or powerful. But I am sure that the CNT will know what to do about this.

The Spanish revolution represents more than an immense hope. It is already a living, concrete, indisputable reality. It is our revolution, the revolution of all the workers of the world, to be defended by us in all our strength, and by every effort possible to compel the governments of the world to do their duty with regard to anti-fascist and revolutionary Spain.

So You Need A Maid!

(Continued from page 9)

could not. The noon I reached the Misses Talbot's home we had tea and toast and lettuce. For supper we had tea and toast and a little cold meat. *(pauses)* Later I found an old grocery bill—it was seven dollars and fifty cents for the whole month. *(the others gasp)*

BROWN: Seven-fifty!

BASCOM: They looked like two skeletons. *(Silence. The women look inquiringly toward Miss Brown)*

CARVER: *(leaning forward, looking more cheerful)* We must have some kind of an organization to help us and to protect ourselves.

BROWN: Yes, whether you're employed or unemployed, you need an organization of some kind.

BASCOM: I'm putting my pride away—I'm taking relief. I will not starve.

SCHMIDT: We gotta organize and get other girls not to go out and work for these women for such low wages. I got too much pride to scab like that. I'll take relief any time.

SWENSON: And we vill hev to fight for decent relief, too.

FIGORELLI: Alla time we gotta organize and fight. *The women's faces as they sit there grow more hopeful)*

BROWN: That's it, you've got to fight. *(picks up slip of paper from desk)*

CARVER: If there isn't an organization for us, we'll have to build our own. *(shakes her head)* We've certainly learned a lot.

BROWN: So have I—and there is an organization already in existence. A friend of mine has been telling me about it—she's joined herself.

FIGORELLI: Ees eet da place wid da sign—wan beeg union?

SWENSON: Everyvun shude stick togedder —

BASCOM: I guess we can't do anything for ourselves alone. *(There is a slight pause)*

SCHMIDT: *(rising)* Well, I'm going down to that place. *(turning to others)* How about the rest of you dames? *(Women rise)*

TOGETHER: *(voices mingling)* We'll go—of course, we'll go—What's the number?

SCHMIDT: Yes, what's their address, Miss Brown?

BROWN: It's 25 South Main Street. *(Women move toward door at left)*

CARVER: 25 South Main? *(Miss Brown nods)* We'll go down right away.

SWENSON: We'll see you again, Mrs. Brown. *(Miss Brown goes to door, stands near it as they leave)*

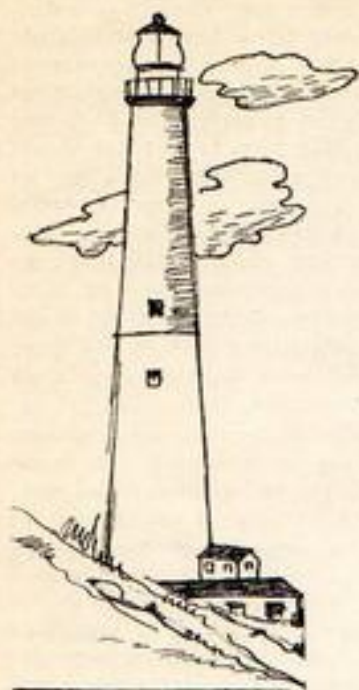
SCHMIDT: Goodbye.

BASCOM: Goodbye, Miss Brown.

FIGORELLI: Goodbye, Mees Brown.

BROWN: Goodbye, everybody. *(Women leave through door at left. Miss Brown resumes seat. With chin cupped in hands, she stares thoughtfully into space. Finally, she gets up, crosses room, and disappears through door at right. A second later she reappears with her coat and hat in her hand. For a moment she pauses in center of room, looking about her. Then, spying the placard on the wall, ACE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY—SUPERIOR JOBS FOR SUPERIOR PEOPLE, she walks over to it, turns its face to wall, and goes out quietly through door at left)*

— E N D —



Murmansk

By A. Yourniek

This Wobbly sailor has previously described how a dispute over food for the crew with the captain of his ship had led to him and other members of the ship's committee being left in Russia during the Kerensky stages of the revolution. Last month he told of how the Allies cultivated a base for themselves for a fight against the Soviets by various promises to the people.

It led to a mass meeting in Murmansk where the only opposition to this plan came from the crew of the Russian cruiser Askold, which he had joined meanwhile. After this mass meeting conducted by the British General Poole, the crew returned to the Askold wishing for reinforcements.

As usual next morning our boat went ashore to fetch those members of our crew whose homes were nearby and who were staying home for the night. It was a hazy, chilly morning.

We were eating our breakfast when somebody called our attention to a boat adrift on the stream. We rushed to the gun ports. It looked like one of our own boats, bobbing apparently empty; but still, oddly enough, the oars were cocked up in readiness to be dipped.

We stood there for a while watching, our breakfast going cold, when suddenly a head popped up over the gunwales. Just as suddenly it was followed by another, and the men resumed their position and commenced to row toward us.

When she pulled alongside, the body of a sailor was stretched out lifeless on the bottom of the boat.

A man slung the dead man on his back, brought him on the cruiser, and laid him on the gangway. All that the men could tell us was that they had been fired upon by a machine gun.

The chief deck officer ordered the motor launch ashore to ascertain the cause of the shooting. Arrais, a friend of mine, was captain of the launch. It shoved off, but as soon as it came within firing distance from ashore, it too was fired upon by a machine gun. Arrais, at the helm, straight away swung the boat around and headed for the Commercial Wharf, but bullets were swishing from that direction also. He again swung around and

managed to get behind the battleship Chesma. The firing ceased, and the launch returned to the ship perforated by bullets but with everybody luckily unharmed.

We suspected that something was lopsided ashore and that we hadn't been otified about it. Signals were hoisted for the cruiser Glory. After a while a launch drew alongside with General Poole's adjutant, a young Scotchman who spoke Russian well. Quietly he informed us that the Allies had taken over the defenses of Murmansk, and that all our representatives ashore had been held in their homes under arrest—but of course this would last only until matters were cleared up. He expressed his regrets for the killing of the sailor and blamed it on some overzealous officers at the post. "Maybe they were a little excited and fired too soon."

We used to get bread for the Askold from ashore. We told him that we had to get some pretty soon. He assured us that if we attempted to go ashore we would be fired upon, but he would go to the Glory, inform them of what happened, and report back with the permission for bread.

When he shoved off machine gun fire was immediately opened on his boat too, but nary a bullet struck his Excellency's launch. "You see," he exclaimed brightly when he came back, "even my launch was shot at." We paid no attention to him. We knew who was responsible for our

mate's death, and that Mr. Poole was just trying to make a good fellow of himself by shifting the blame to some poor soldier down in the ranks.

With the permission from the *Glory*, we left for shore. I was one of those in the launch who was to carry the bread. Along with us came our commander who had just come aboard. He was living ashore and had missed all the excitement. The chief engineer was with us also. We marched up town to the bakery.

We returned to the launch, but it was gone. At the same time we noticed a trawler alongside of the *Askold*. She pulled away with a bunch of our own men, and put them on the landing pier. We couldn't quite understand what had really taken place, but the chief did. He became quite excited. He told us the Allies were taking the crew ashore, that they were going to take up the gun keys, and that we were to be made prisoners. We decided to walk over to the landing pier.

The landing was about a mile or so away. Half way over the Chief's excitement subsided. It was an opportune time for me to fathom this man out. I started by talking about the political situation in England and America. He had listened to my stories before, when in the recreation room I would tell the boys about the free speech fights the I.W.W. has put up in Spokane, Fresno and San Diego, or about the strikes at McKees Rocks, or Ludlow or Lawrence. This time I drew the chief out.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I'm a Social Revolutionist. I took you and Arrais for nothing more than a couple of Bolshevik propagandists, and though I liked your stories and found your ideas very interesting, I never did believe a word of what you said. But the things that have happened these last few days have opened my eyes. Now I realize that our Allies aren't what they're supposed to be. We can't trust them any longer."

After a couple of hours we were taken back on the ship. And what a sight met our eyes there! Everything in our quarters was topsy-turvy. The worthy defenders of private property, the prize crew, made up of Englishmen, Americans and French, had not only picked the gun's locks but had taken with them every big and little thing that was portable. Razors, watches and money were gone. I had my money on me, but I lost my fountain pen, watch, scarf pin and razor,

and also the gun that I had bought with my own money before I went on the ship.

We had left aboard only a small skeleton crew to keep up steam and look after the dynamo. When we came aboard this skeleton crew was locked up. All the room doors were smashed with fire axes. The old *Askold* looked as though she had weathered a violent hurricane or had just come out of a naval battle.

We signaled for the *Glory* again. She answered by sending us the young Scotch adjutant. We showed him the mess his underlings had made. He said he was sorry, that some of the Americans had got out of control, and that if we would make a list of our losses, he would report the matter personally to General Poole.

Next day our ship's committee was summoned to the general's headquarters. Poole was presented with a list of our lost belongings. Casually he promised that he would take care of the matter and that's the last we heard about it. Then with a change in his old, ready-to-please face he gave us an ultimatum. "You can either enlist in the Anglo-Russian battalion—if you do so everything will be forgotten—or you can remain in Murmansk and do longshore work. If you don't accept either of my offers I am going to deport you inland."

On the *Askold* we tried to come to some understanding what would be the best thing to do.

One suggested, that—as we don't recognize Poole as the representative of our government—we ask him to permit us to take the *Askold* to Archangel, where still the Soviets were established. This plan was rejected as impractical. It was unthinkable that Poole would grant such request. Another suggestion was that we take the ship and get out at sea without bothering our heads about permissions. But this plan too had to be rejected. Had the ship been anchored close to the entrance in the lower part of the bay, we would then hazard a getaway. But we were actually anchored ahead of the American and British war ships and in a getaway we would have to sail down close by them, and we hadn't full complements of crew and guns. Her full crew was supposed to be 700 but we only had 200. A getaway undertaken under such circumstances would be suicidal.

At last we decided to accept the offer to be sent to central Russia. We took a survey of the many new uniforms and other brand new clothing that was aboard. Clothing at that time was very scarce in Russia. We split equally among ourselves, and packed up ready for the departure.

Late in the evening the orders were sent aboard for the first 100 men. The ship's committee made up a list of the first batch that was to go. Among them I chanced to be one. Shortly after we were taken ashore in a trawler.

At the landing we were met by a detachment of British soldiers. We were escorted to a nearby railroad track where we were piled in an empty box car. In the back and front cars were our guards armed with machine guns and rifles. Few of the townspeople came to see us off; even the few were mostly women who were kept at some distance by the guards. Rations were passed out for the trip, and we were on our way.

At Kandalashka the guard was changed, and Serbians substituted for British. When we pulled in at Kem the new guard ordered us to unload. The guard was increased and we were ordered to string out all along the cars in which we rode. British soldiers jumped in the cars that we had evacuated and threw our things out while a captain, dressed in a Scotch uniform, told us that the new clothes which we were carrying into Soviet territory were to be confiscated as they needed them for the new navy. Everything that looked new was piled on one side, and the older but still good clothes were thrown under the train where the Serbians picked them up. Most of us had civilian apparel but this went to the Serbians too. The woolen sweater that I had paid \$5.00 for in New York, my woolen underwear and my sea boots all went the same way. When I called the attention of an officer to that he said: "Oh! I've been looking for you all this time." He called on some nearby English soldiers and I was marched out of the line and taken to an empty box car out of the way. There I was told to strip off all my clothing.

Kem is the place where the three Soviet representatives were shot. In Murmansk I had become acquainted with some Latvian soldiers who had been against the Cossacks; they had told me that neither side took prisoners; all captured were shot; that first the victims were stripped of their clothing as to shoot them clothed would smear the clothing with blood, so they were shot stark naked.

I took this stripping as preliminary to being shot, and looked desperately around for a possible way of escape. The box car door was ajar; but two armed guards stood by it on its either side with drawn bayonets. Should I make a dash through this door I'd surely be shot on the run. I was trapped. I wished I'd the gun with me and then, at least, I would try to shoot my way out. None can imagine that feeling of helplessness. One must come under the same conditions to feel it.

As I was taking off my clothes two soldiers and a sergeant would gather them up one by one and go through them, searching, as if looking for something very important. They ran their fingers all along the seams, turned the pockets inside out, examining them very carefully. Then to my surprise and relief they handed them back and

told me to put them on again. I was taken back to where my shipmates were and I was ordered to pack up.

I remembered the argument between the sailor Andreyef when packing and the local railroad engineer. The engineer was shrieking to Andreyef: "We got you sailors now and pretty soon we'll get Lenin and Trotsky, too. And when we get them we'll put them where they belong."

As soon as I packed up I was ordered to march. I picked up my bag and with two armed soldiers I was escorted to a box car in the end of our train. There I found six or more sailors and among them my friend Evsenko. He and I had been together on the Sawaty. One more sailor from the Askold was there, but the others were total strangers to me. They were from a nearby station, and from these men I learned a lot of what had taken place.

It appeared that the armored train that had been constructed in Murmansk for spring use against the Germans was instead being used against the Russians. It ran over the country, and where it met opposition, the local commissars were put under arrest. At Kem it had met the most vigorous opposition. The local people and soldiers did not accept the honeyed promises. A group of soldiers under the command of the brother of Maria Spiradonova had blown up the bridge there, and with a handful of men from the other side of the canyon made



it impossible for the British to repair the bridge. So at two in the morning the train went back leaving us prisoners in the box car.

In the morning I was questioned first by the Scotch and then by the French, and taken back to the box car. A Serbian colonel came over and whined how it was downright lousy of the British to make the Serbians guard the Russians . . . that all Serbians and Russians were brothers, and . . . At last he left us alone and we were glad of it.

In the afternoon the Scotch captain came over to the box car to say that General Poole wanted to see Evsenko and me at his Murmansk headquarters, and that we should get ready to go on the next train. During the trip to Musmansk the guards photographed us. They said they wanted the pictures simply as souvenirs.

Next day General Poole came and greeted me with his usual politeness and asked how I was getting along. I asked what the hell he wanted of me. Without a word he walked away and I never saw him again. A couple of days later with many others, I was marched down to the docks where we were put to work unloading a freighter.

There I had a chance to talk with some of the men working with me. They too were prisoners, picked up from different towns in the Murmansk region, uncertain where they were to be despatched next. They told me that a prison camp was being established, just where they did not know; but rumor had it that a batch of prisoners a few days ago had been consigned to Petchora, the northernmost point of the state of Archangel . . . A couple of days later we were on a trawler wondering what kind of a damned spot this Petchora might be.

But when the trawler got out of the harbor she swung to a southerly course. We were glad of that. None of us wanted to go to Petchora. There was a little swell running and the trawler rolled a bit. Most of the prisoners and the guard grew sea sick. Evsenko and I considered the possibilities of taking the trawler over, running it to Norway, and being interned there. But we had to discard the plan. Next day we pulled alongside of the Cochrane in Petchinga, and we were taken aboard and thrown in her brig.

Later we were taken ashore and marched under a Serbian guard to a two-story house where we saw men carrying bricks. In the evening when these men came in they appeared happy, and greeted each other as old acquaintances. That night we all stretched out on the floor and slept.

The building had been started by the monks during more peaceful times, as a shelter for pilgrims, but the war broke out and left the building unfinished. We were put to work putting in floors and building stoves from bricks. There I became acquainted with an anarchist bricklayer,

Parahin, who had served two terms in Siberia, one of ten years, and one of four. He had Kropotkin's "Conquest of Bread" with him, and always carried it along. Many were the arguments stirred up by that book.

Our camp was under the command of Colonel Elliot, a Britisher. All our complaints and other business had to be given to a sergeant Dearlove, who would relay it to the higher ups and bring us back their decisions. Some of the men had been there a month before us. At first there had been only nine prisoners, guarded by young Russian junkers, deadly enemies of the Bolsheviks. These nine had been so maltreated that they sent in a petition requesting that they be shot. The petition bore fruit. The junkers were transferred to the front, and Serbians were sent in their place.

This did not stop maltreatment. We prisoners were divided in three groups, and not allowed to talk to one another. Sailor Borison had a friend in the other barrack. He sent a note by another prisoner named Chokash who was to give it to another prisoner and thus reach Borison's friend. They were caught while this note passing was in progress, and punished by the Serbian guard officer. With their hands tied behind their backs, they were hoisted from the ground and left hanging by their arms until they fainted. This torture lasted for from twenty minutes to half an hour. After that cold water was dumped on them, and when they came to they were left in that condition on the ground until strength enough was revived in them to drag themselves away.

This brutal method of punishment by the Serbian officer aroused all the prisoners. Sergeant Dearlove was summoned. We gave him a note of protest. He came back and told us that the officer would be taken off guard and such punishments not permitted. Soon, but chiefly it seemed because of fear over spies among the Serbians, English soldiers were substituted as guards.

New prisoners arrived from Murmansk—sailors who had been the shore representatives of the various navy craft, and who refused the Allies' offer to join with them. Another new arrival was Stankevich, the former commissar of the militia in Murmansk, the same who had spoken at the mass meeting in favor of breaking with Moscow. As proof of his sincerity he had enlisted in the Anglo-Russian regiment under General Poole, and had been made a sergeant. A couple of months later though he and six others were exiled to Petchinga. They weren't supposed to be under arrest, still wore the English uniform, and received the regular soldiers' rations and their pay. But just the same, prisoners they were. He protested and asked the Allies to live up to their promises. They answered by politely sending him to our camp where he

could talk about the united front to his heart's content. We prisoners included not only the Bolsheviks and their supporters but also their opponents, some white guard Finns that our men had captured in the spring German prisoners of war, and six Hungarians. The revolution had freed these war prisoners, and they had decided to make their homes in Russia. In fact the Murmansk railroad had largely been built by prisoners of war. Many had perished from the cold and the vicious treatment that they had received from the Russians. Hundreds had contrived to escape to Norway, but they had either frozen or starved on the way in that sparsely inhabited country.

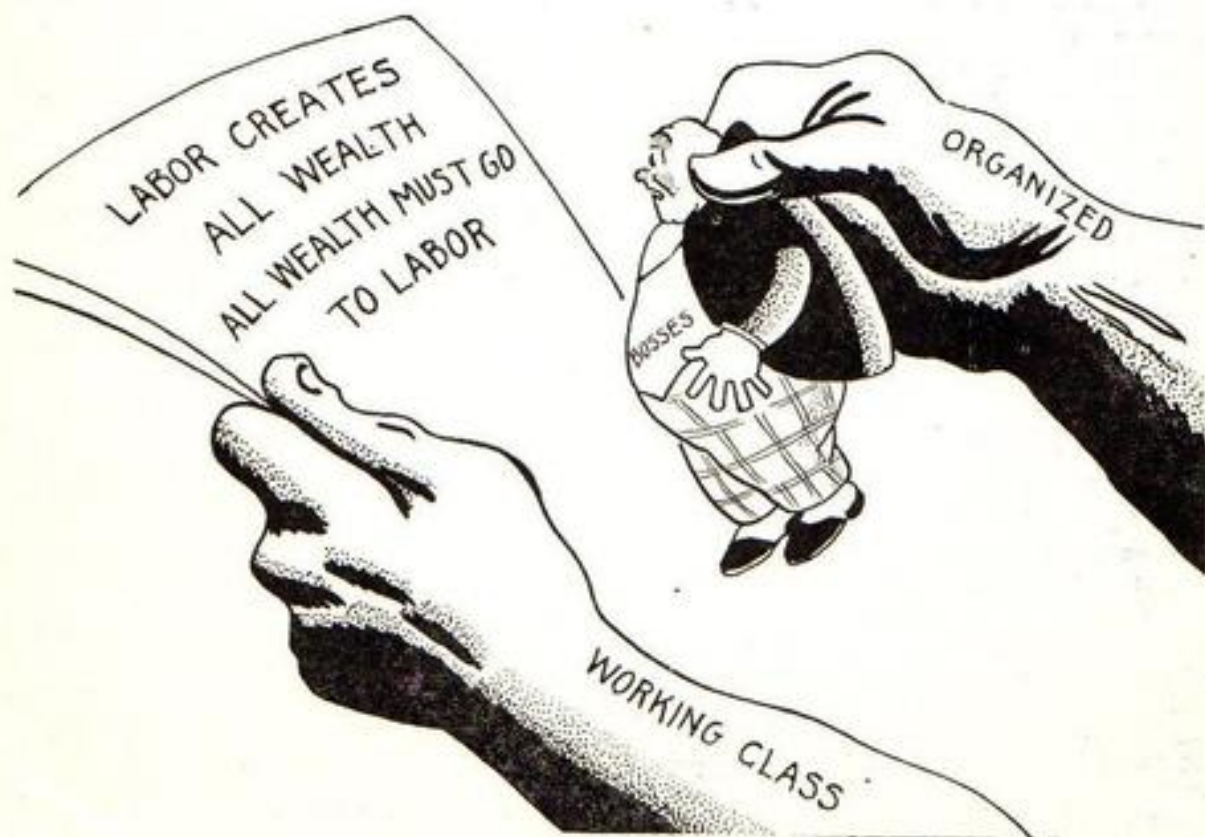
We were busy building barracks for the soldiers who were to arrive there soon. The monks had a sawmill and a brick yard. We had to carry the construction material from there. It was cold. That we lived through this harsh treatment was due only to our good health. Later on I was taken into the confidence of some of the prisoners who were devising ways for a jail break. Our plan was to escape on some evening when we were taken out into the woods to gather firewood for the camp. On such evenings about 40 of us were taken, with only four Serbian guards to watch over us.

(To be continued next month)

Scissorbill Objects

(Continued from page 14)

not piggly wiggly right. Thus the wage working class is constantly increasing, but the competition for jobs is growing proportionally worse at the same time. When the capitalists have plucked the working class for all it is worth, they begin to eliminate each other, almost like the gangsters in Chicago, only with more finesse—"freeze out" schemes, "mergers", "consolidations", etc. And that accounts for the fact that wealth is concentrating into fewer and fewer hands. It has gotten so now that a handful of tricksters have control of the whole caboodle. Wherefore I say that it is about time all of you guys lined up (Scissorbill: "I think I'll go to the commissary and see if the Sunday funny paper has come in yet") with the Industrial Workers of the World. The purpose of organization is to render united defense against the wage-cutting and work-day lengthening onslaughts of the employers; to cut the hours of labor so as to make room for the unemployed; to raise the wages at every possible opportunity—thus cutting down the boss's altogether too big profit swag; finally to challenge the existing order of capitalist gangsterism and to introduce into human relationship the "planned economy of plenty", intelligently directed by an industrially organized democracy of labor.



What's the Difference?

A. F. of L.

structure

"Not an organization," said Gompers, "but a federation of organizations." Originally composed of craft unions, a number of semi-industrial unions grew in it despite craft resistance. Federal locals have been tried for the mass of workers. Loosely held together by city central bodies, state federations, etc. whose functions are mostly political.

methods

The A. F. of L. itself has no industrial methods, merely a political policy of rewarding friends and a general policy of cultivating the good will of employers. Its unions' methods range from selling labels to the boss, preferring to deal with him than with workers to the well-known methods of the teamsters. When unavoidable, actual organizing of workers has been resorted to.

who runs it?

The officers of the stronger international unions run it. They last for life in many cases. In very few of the internationals is there any rank and file rule.

purposes

It hasn't any unless "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work" and the perpetuation of capitalism can be called a purpose.

C. I. O.

structure

Not an organization, but a self-appointed committee for industrial organization. Has no structure yet, but is building one much like the A. F. of L. to unite the semi-industrial and craft organizations that despite their own structure and their regional and district agreements have rallied to the support of this mis-named committee.

methods

To date preliminary behind-the-scenes conversations between John L. Lewis and the industrial magnates seem to constitute the chief method; also large scale publicity in papers normally very hostile to labor helps to gather in the members. The direct action methods used in strikes have been the strikers' own methods disclaimed by C.I.O. organizers.

who runs it?

The self-appointed committee runs it, when Lewis' health permits. Detail is carried out by organizers appointed by the self-appointed committee. There has been no convention, and there is no constitution; officers of unions affiliating with it make contracts with it.

purposes

Like the A. F. of L. it is content with capitalism, though it wants a few trimmings like six more judges for the Supreme Court, and perhaps John L. Lewis for president.

I. W. W.

structure

One Big Union composed of industrial departments and industrial unions. These in turn comprise job branches, industrial union branches, district industrial councils and such other structures as different industries require to effect the solidarity of all workers within them. Free universal transfer from one industrial union to another.

methods

Direct industrial action by the workers themselves in whatever manner they deem most advisable—sit-downs, slow-downs, walk-outs, boycotts, or the direct enforcement of union decision on the job. All negotiations are made by the workers themselves with their employers; no agreements that obligate members to scab are permitted. Workers are organized instead of the bosses.

who runs it?

Absolutely the members themselves, in their job and union meetings and by vote on referendums; constitution requires this.

purposes

To gain every concession possible from the employers, and to "organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system . . . By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of a new society within the shell of the old."

Pioneers in Solidarity

(Continued from page 24)

and others organized in the so-called "industrial unions" forming it have painfully felt these many years.

If labor is to stick together it requires an organization designed for that purpose. The substitutes for such organization down through the years have only interfered with the effective practice of solidarity. The organization whose structure is in line with the logical development of the labor movement is the one established in 1905 to provide labor with the maximum effective solidarity.

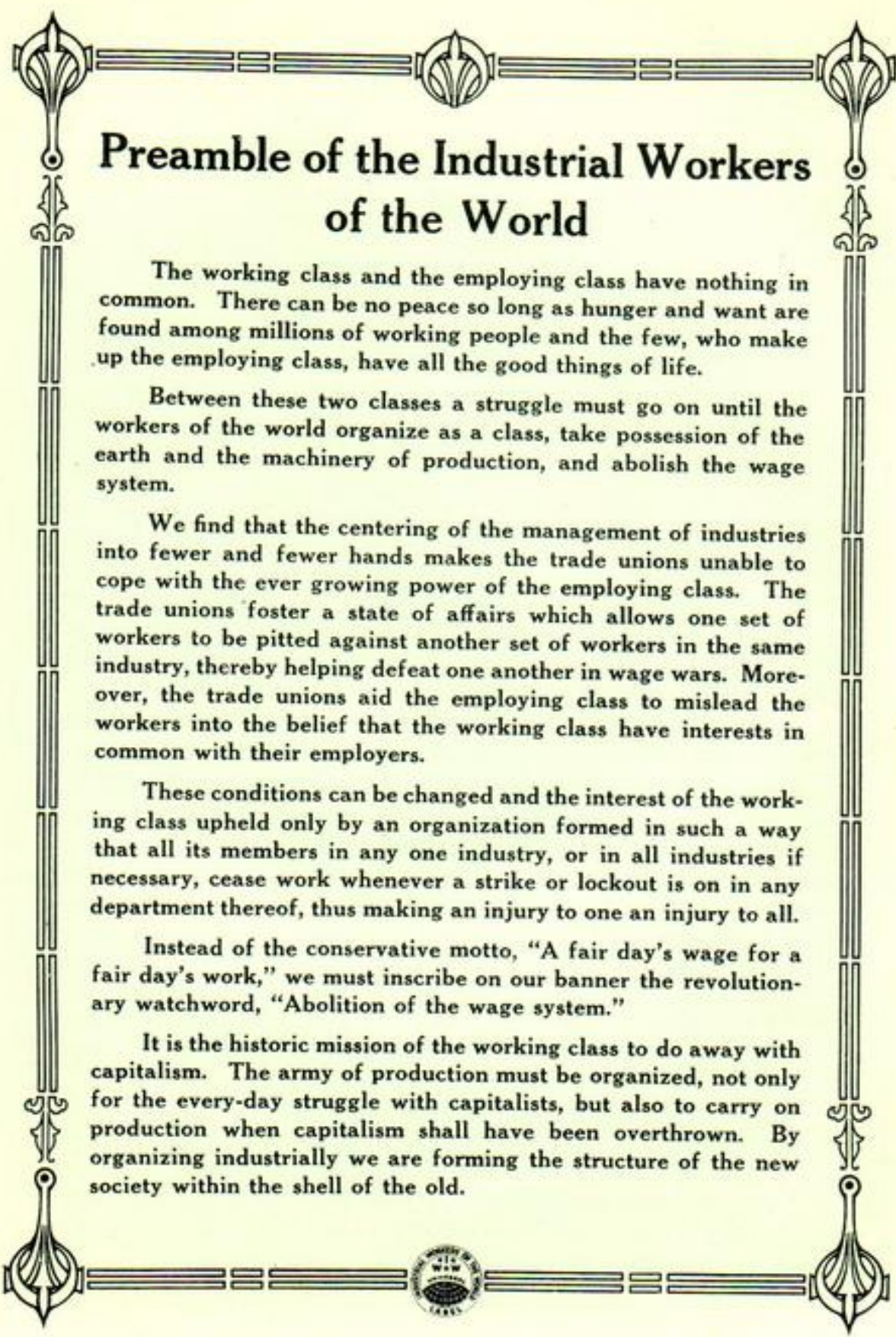
The changing structures of unionism are adaptations to the conditions of the struggle in which these unions are engaged. In this change of course the lag resulting from the sundry influences of existing bodies stops the new structures from being exact adaptations to the conditions at hand. When the development gets started along a line that is contrary to the general development of industrial conditions, progress can not be made by uniting the structures developed along that line. The experience with federations of crafts, even with departments and federations within the federation to group allied crafts, has clearly shown that the unity of labor is not to be reached by traveling in that direction. Not only do the vestiges of craft structure interfere with the complete unity of action needed, but the fact that many crafts cut across a number of industries makes such a structure awkward and unwieldy.

The general structural program of this C.I.O. that is now offered to meet this demand for a greater solidarity, is one of industrial organization for mass production workers, craft organization for craftsmen. Such a structure is preparation for

indefinite internal bickering in regard to negotiations— a device in which craftsmen can be played against "production workers" and vice versa. Even if the crafts were completely absorbed in the industrial unions covering the industries in which they are employed, and a federation of industrial unions was offered, would this meet the demand for a convenient and adaptable structure by which workers could express their solidarity? Even this would not work. There are no clear lines definitely demarking one industry from another. The structure of modern capitalism is so complex that frequently one industry appears as a composite of sections of various other industries — for instance the steel industry includes sections of the metal and coal mining, the railroad and marine transport, lime quarrying, as well as blast furnaces, rolling mills and the direct fabrication in which the steel companies engage. It is necessary to back these workers up, and they would find a mere federation of industrial unions as inadequate as a federation of crafts.

The structure that will suffice is a One Big Union of Labor subdivided in departments and industrial unions, none of which can make agreements which would oblige their members to scab upon any group of workers by working with their products or furnishing goods or service to help break their strikes. Such a structure must allow the utmost freedom of action to its component parts. Its job branches and other local structures should be free as the joints of one's fingers; its industrial unions should be free as the fingers of one's hand; but these job branches and industrial unions, should be likewise free to come together into the formation of the mightily clenched fist of all labor in one solid fighting body. That is the structure of the I.W.W.





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.





We're not sure who these fellows are. They may be the two fellows who said, "We never belonged to nothin' and we never will." Or they may be members of two craft unions in a jurisdictional dispute. One may be a staunch supporter of the A. F. of L. and the other of the C. I. O. They may be almost any workers outside of the One Big Union.

No matter which the case is, we have hopes for the fellow who asks "Where in hell are you going?"

If he's persistent enough he'll land in the right place. He won't accept the answer that Mr. Baer the coal magnate gave on behalf of the capitalist class that "The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for not by the labor agitator but by the Christian men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given control of the propertied interests of the country." Neither will he be satisfied with the answer that Mr. Van A. Bitterner gave on behalf of our "labor leaders": "The acts of our local unions are guided by me and the other officers of our organization."

He'll much prefer the answer of the I. W. W., that we're organizing the working class so that it can decide what it wants, and do what it decides. And with the power that comes from organization in One Big Union, we're ready to gamble it will decide on plenty—and take the earth to make sure of having plenty.