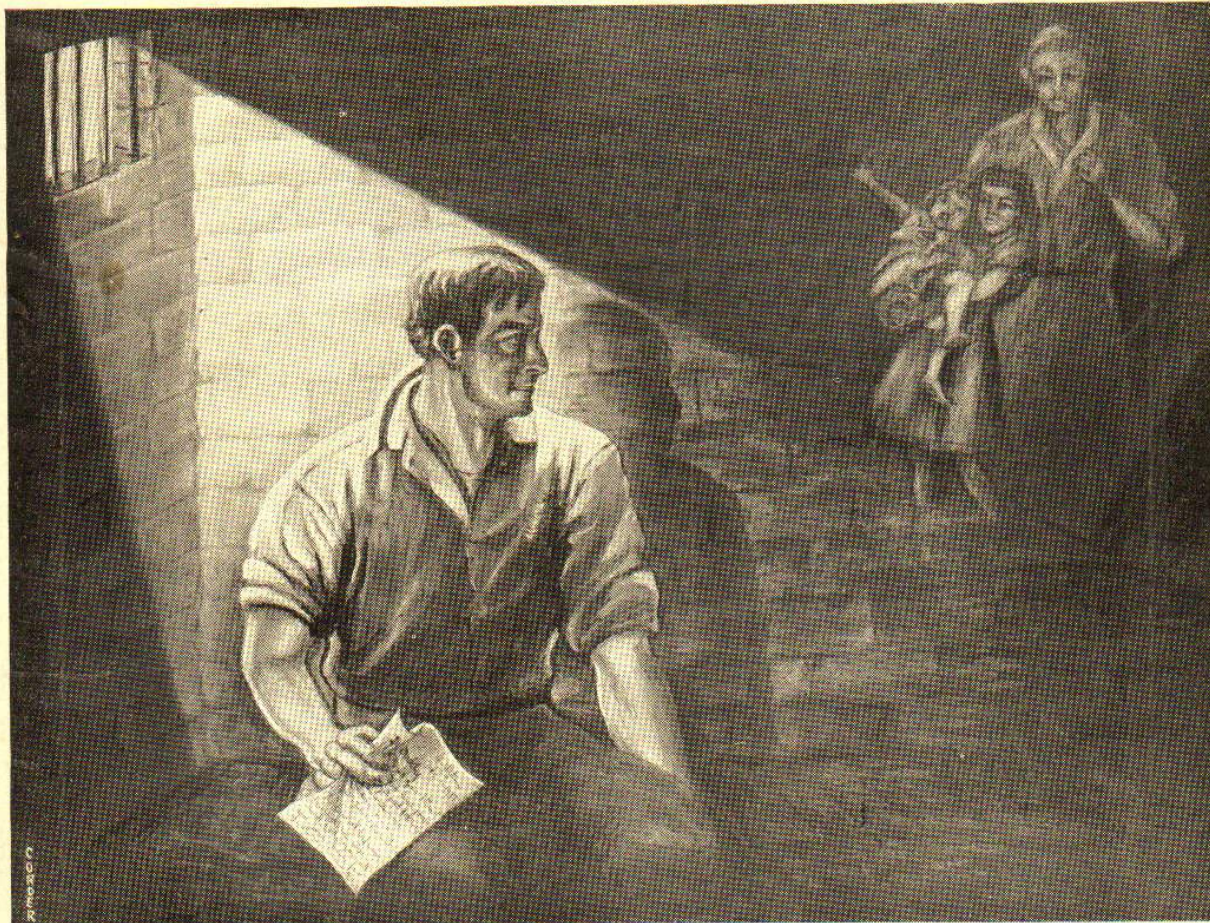


The **ONE BIG UNION** *Monthly*

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CHRISTMAS IN PRISON

When at the time of year we now call Christmas, our pagan ancestors decorated their homes with holly and green pine boughs in celebration of the return of the sun from the winter solstice there was often great scarcity in the land. People went hungry because there was not enough food to go around. Man was at the mercy of nature because he had not learned how to produce with the aid of machines.

When the sun rose higher above the horizon and the days started to lengthen, giving promise of another spring with warmth and a fresh growth of things for him to eat, he rejoiced in the prospect.

An age has passed since those days and there is now plenty in all the lands of the earth. There is equipment to produce still more, to produce in such abundance that there need never again be a man, woman, or child in want of anything needful to life and happiness. But that abundance is withheld by the owners of the world's wealth from the workers who produce it. Those who have more than they can possibly use allow the many who work only enough for a bare existence.

So the workers of the world still look forward to a new day, to a more cheerful world. There is an ever-growing number of these workers who are not content to wait for the better time to come. Knowing that there is power in organization they are building organization of the dispossessed to combat the criminal economic masters responsible for the darkness that now envelopes the world.

Some of these organizers of labor have been falsely accused of crime and sent to prison. The masters are afraid of them; they want them to suffer so that their plight may discourage others from organizing and demanding for all that which rightly belongs to all.

Labor must organize to free these champions of its class from the prison cells where they will spend this Christmas. Labor must organize to abolish a system where such injustice is possible.

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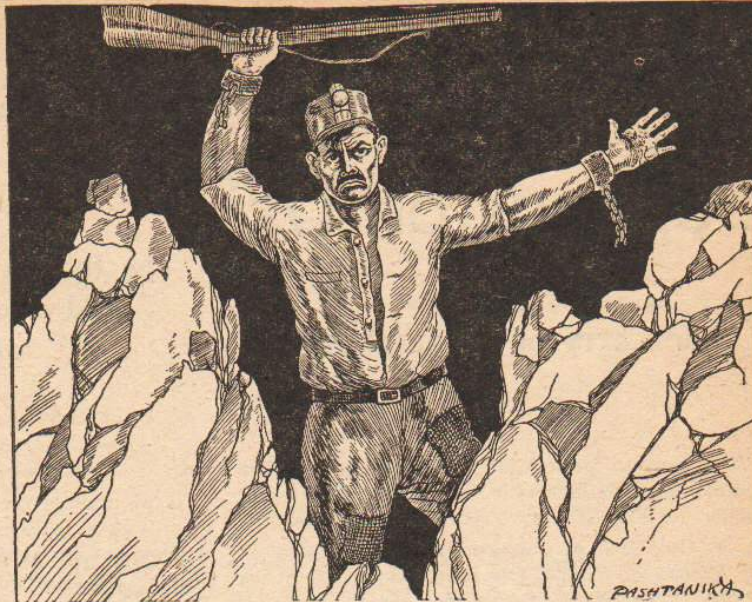


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Sacrifice of the Asturian Miners



In 1934 the miners of Asturias (in northern Spain on the Bay of Biscay) rose in revolt against a government striving to set up a fascist government after the model of Italy and Germany.

That was the famous October revolt. It proved that Spanish fascists, then set on making of Spain another prison pen, would not succeed as Mussolini and Hitler had succeeded in crushing the labor movement without help from the outside. Though the heroic miners suffered defeat in that encounter, it was accomplished only through the use of savage Moorish professional soldiers brought into Spain for that purpose from Spanish Morocco.

Anti-Fascist Spain was saved from imminent danger of a fascist upheaval, was given time to prepare for the epic struggle that was to come so many months later—in July, 1936.

Now, after more than a year of incessant fighting against fascist forces armed by Germany and Italy, the Asturian miners have gone down to defeat. Cut off from the rest of Spain and poorly armed they succumbed to the superior forces of the fascist murderers.

The Asturians could have received help from other countries—from democratic France and England. But the "Popular Front" government of France was and is too capitalistic, and therefore fascistic, to help a people who were and are bent upon making freedom for workers a full and complete reality; and England, as always, was concerned only for her right to continue exploiting workers in the rich mines of northern Spain. And so, while Franco's forces were well supplied with Nazi arms, the fighting miners looked almost in vain for ships coming to their ports laden with

the things they needed to repel the invader.

Though admission of the fact may dim a hope that the democracies will some day arise against the maurading fascists of the world, the world's workers had better face the reality now that no nation is against fascism in principle. Only class conscious workers are against it, and in a position to develop effective resistance against its expansion. There are many lessons to be learned from the conflict in Spain, but this one stands out so plain that no worker who reads and thinks need be deceived by the soft words of "democratic" politicians.

The workers of Spain, particularly those organized in the C.N.T. in Catalonia have shown us that labor intelligently organized to fit the conditions of economic development can take control and operate industries, can successfully protect their gains from their own master class, and that they can even carry on where international capital supports their enemies. But we have been shown also, as in the case of the Asturians, that national or local labor fighting alone against an organized international enemy cannot win.

Labor must take these lessons to heart. Labor must organize first of all to control production and distribution of goods to such an extent that it can refuse to make goods for or ship them to any fascist country engaged in a maurading expedition. This would be a real economic blockade, real "sanctions"; intelligent, just and effective. Let labor once undertake to shape world events through its own organizations and the nightmare of fascism and its parent, capitalism, will soon be wiped out.

"Resistance Against Fascism Depends on Us"

From
BOLLETIN DE INFORMACION

The Iberian Anarchist Federation
Addresses the Libertarians
of the World

The Spanish proletariat is maintaining a war against three nations who are invading Spain and supporting Franco's cause with arms and men.

The Holy War of the absolute monarchs against the French revolution, and the capitalist countries against the Russian Revolution (1918) is being repeated, improved and intensified against Spain and the Spanish proletariat.

In spite of the heroism of the people, in spite of the combatants, in spite of the superhuman efforts already made, the attack of the fascist countries against Spain, tolerated and even approved by the cowardice and the interests of the European democracies, seriously threaten our cause. Let us add to that the contemptible behavior of the socialists and communists, the silent torpedoing of the revolution by the bourgeois republicans in defense of their class interests, and we have an approximate idea of the gravity of the situation in which anti-fascist Spain finds itself at the present time.

The Workers Will Win

We do not say "desperate" because we know the inexhaustible energies of our people, the tenacious combative spirit of our men, which permits, even today, the Rio Tinto miners and the Gallician fishermen to carry on the armed struggle in the very heart of fascist Spain, risking their lives a thousand times a day.

We know, however, that if the world proletariat, including all the socialist tendencies, do not consider the cause of Spain as the crucial cause of liberty, of progress, of improvement of human conditions all over the world, we may be reduced. Once again, therefore, we address ourselves to our comrades of all nations, to all men of free conscience, asking them to do everything possible to rouse morale, to arouse the working masses in order to compel the so-called democratic countries to oppose Italian and German imperialism, barefaced invaders of our unfortunate land.

Position of the Libertarians

If we wanted to speak out we could say much . . . With a sense of responsibility that the other sectors do not have, we have kept silent in the face of the destruction of the work accomplished by the peasants in the agricultural collectives, and carried out under the inspiration of the communists frantic maneuvering for the annihilation of our movement.

They stopped in time because they realized how suicidal was their policy, and because they learned soon enough that ours was not a force to be easily destroyed. We kept silent when we lost Bilbao, victim of the blackest betrayals. When Santander fell, only two CNT-FAI companies fought to the bitter end, while the others either fled or arranged for the surrender of the city.

We are still keeping silent when we reject all responsibility for those unfortunate events which were taking place at the same time as the absurd attacks against the revolutionary conquest of the people. And the latter, now more than ever, are turning to us and placing all their hopes in us.

We are where we have always been, richer, if possible in the tremendous lessons of an incomparable experience, and in the certainty that we shall follow our road with a firmer step than ever if the more immediate and more dangerous enemy, fascism, is crushed and the revolution is not throttled by the hordes of Hitler, Mussolini and Franco. More: we solemnly affirm that if Bakunin were living in Spain today and going through the revolution, he would be working in the same spirit as we are, under the pressure of a long and tragic struggle, cut off by a world that is sacrificing us, for an illusory peace to an egoism maddened by the bloodshed and the moral and material disaster of the World War. Malatesta, Kropotkin, Cafiero, all our theoreticians and fighters, would have been doing the same if they were facing our situation, forced to solve the problems with which we are beset.

It Must Not Happen in Spain

For us as well as for the libertarians of the entire world, the most important question is and should be that of the life or death of the cause of liberty throughout the world, that fascism does not triumph, that the only hope for liberty in Europe, SPAIN, be not suppressed, and thereby allow humanity to sink abruptly into the darkness of the Middle Ages. If that were to happen, would not our libertarian principles be relegated to the limbo, condemned to death and disappearance, brought to collapse by social democracy which, vacillating and cowardly, prepared and permitted the triumph of fascism in Italy and Germany, as well as by communism, which did not know how to organize the great masses of the world proletariat under the control of a revolutionary banner, sacrificing them to the necessities of their international policies in the face of the Russo-British alliance such as panslavism has always pursued from Peter the Great to Stalin?

For Spanish libertarians, for all libertarians with a realistic spirit and a general understanding of our problems, the fundamental task is to defeat fascism, to fight the totalitarian states, to arouse the revolutionary spirit of the wage-earning masses.

The future of our ideas depends on the latter, the ability of our movement to win the emancipation of the exploited; our influence in every realm of human activity, and the very basis of our ideas: the philosophy of progress, now interrupted, the theory of evolution, and our trust in humanity, ever seeking its well-being and liberty; all this must be opposed to fascism and must push on the slow development toward federalistic and libertarian socialism.

What We Ask

The entire resistance against fascism depends on us. Thanks to us, who have suffered so many injuries and so much injustice, including even illegal persecution on the part of our political opponents, the Cains who forget their origins and raise an armed fist against us, preferring to risk the loss of the war rather than permit libertarianism to strengthen its position and continue being the greatest force in Spain; thanks to us, we repeat, the anti-fascist block is being maintained. We are keeping it up, not for what it represents in our country, but for example it offers to other countries, threatened by fascist aggression in the near future. Anti-fascist unity, the pact of non-aggression and of mutual aid against the enemy, fascism,

sealed with the blood of the July fighters, left republicans, socialists, communists, and anarchists, we want to keep it at all costs.

It is the lever that can save us, the given line, the possibility of victory in the cause of liberty throughout the world. If others guilty, conscienceless, break or threaten it, we don't want that guilt to be ours.

Furthermore, we are the only united movement that forms a single body with three branches: FAI, CNT, and the Libertarian Youth. While the Marxist sectors are devouring each other, engaging in public conflicts from the platform and in the press, reaching the point of insult and the most ferocious persecution—the annihilation of the POUM (Workers Party of Marxist Unity) by the Communist Party is an example—our movement offers the people the robustness of a united movement, a single line, always firm, facing reality and preaching unity by example, maintaining itself compact internally, and fighting energetical-



Part of the international brigade—The Tom Mooney Battalion

ly to impose anti-fascist unity among all the sectors who are today fighting among themselves and censoring each other so bitterly.

We have a right to give the workers of the world our opinion regarding aid for Spain. Although we are grateful for all the aid given us, for the outburst of romanticism that brought so many workers of brain and brawn to fight on our soil in the International Brigades and in the anti-fascist militia, working in the munitions factories and enthusiastically supporting all activities and aspects of the struggle, there was a job to be done that international libertarianism did not do, that the revolutionary workers abroad did not do. Far better than the solidarity of individuals who had come to our land would have been direct action

against fascism carried out abroad. Better, and more effective, organized and calculated, converted into an expansion of the revolution capable of wounding the enemy by a flank attack and in the rear to such an extent that it would have greatly impeded the arming of Franco's fascist hosts, and the absolute impudence of Italy and Germany.

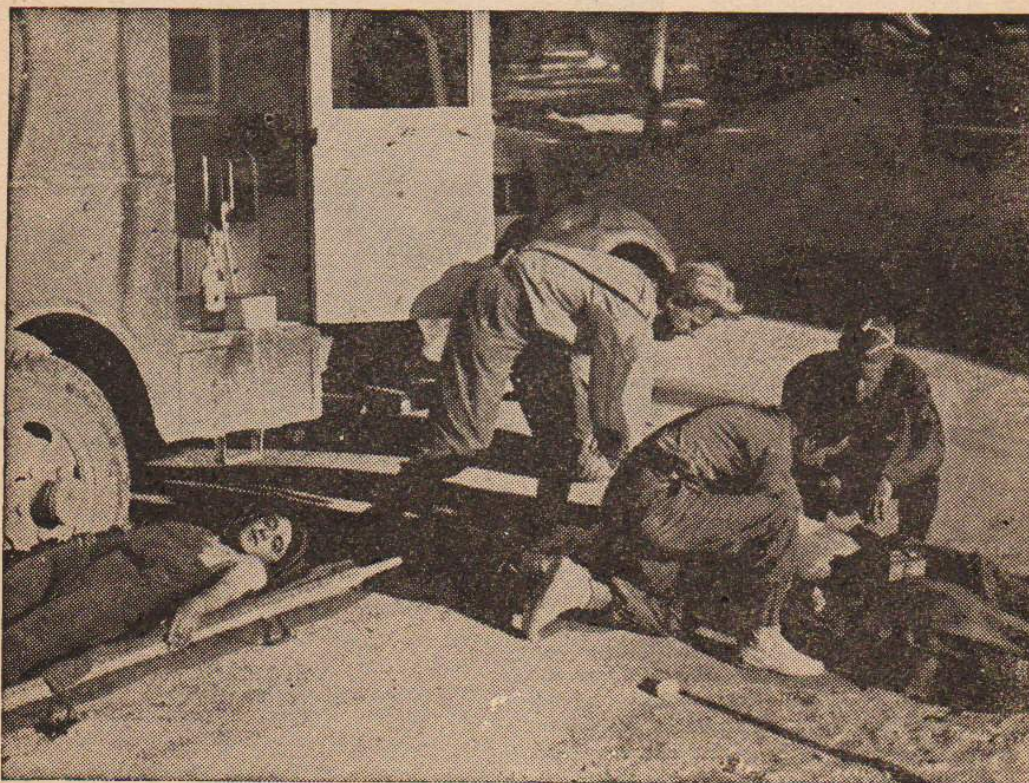
These words are not an accusation. They are a recognition of an error on the part of the international revolutionary movement, that can always be repaired. Let the libertarians in Europe and America think this over; let the masses of anti-fascist workers in general who do not know what to do to help us consider these words carefully.

The Great Asturias Tragedy

Finally, we appeal to the whole world, the proletariat of Europe, which is watching in anguish,

its great heart gripped by what is and by what is yet to be the tragedy of Asturias, which, isolated from the rest of the Peninsula, is fated to be destroyed, razed to the ground, annihilated by the fascist hords unless international solidarity comes to the rescue.

We know that the dozing, old heart of Europe is hardly stirring. But we are addressing the libertarians, defenders of all just causes, eternal fighters for liberty and justice. ASTURIAS CANNOT PERISH, BECAUSE THE ASTURIAS IS THE REVOLUTION, IT IS THE LIVING SYMBOL OF OUR STRUGGLE AND THE CRUCIBLE FROM WHICH THE RESISTANCE AGAINST FASCISM CAN ARISE, MOLDED AS IT IS IN THE BLOOD OF ALL THE MARTYRS OF OCTOBER, WITH ALL ITS PASSION AND THIRST FOR REVENGE.

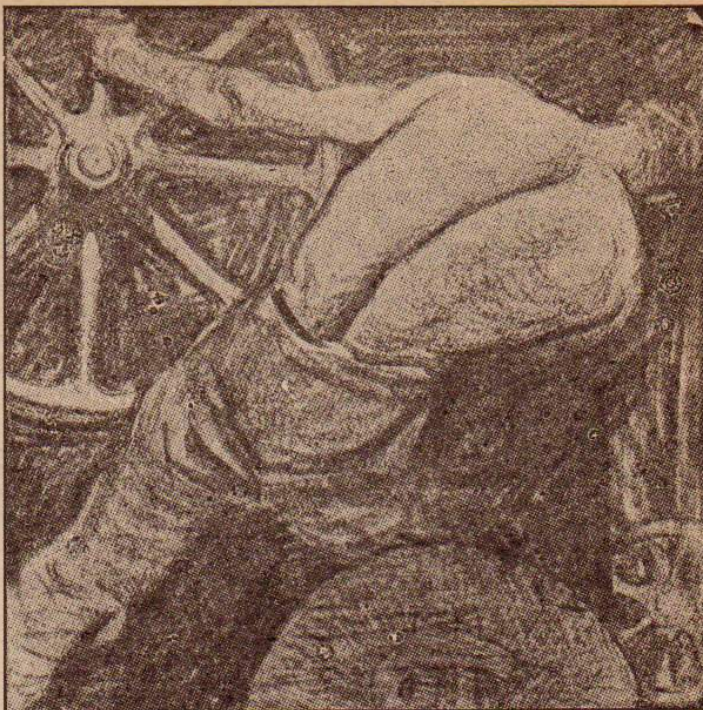


Loyalist soldiers, wounded in action, are shown being cared for by Dr. William Pike, American doctor who went to Spain with a unit of the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy. The ambulance at the left was bought with American contributions.

The I.W.W. on High Seas and Waterfront

A History and Tradition of
Action that Presages Great
Things for the Future.

By
JOHN S. MORGAN



It's the same wheel in any industry, put your shoulder to it.

Briefly described Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union is, within its industry, a mass One Big Union; it is also a vanguard union in marine transportation. Comprised of wage workers only, it is democratically governed by its members **whose enrollment is at all times voluntary**. It does not go into time agreements with the employers.

Background and Tradition

The Industrial Workers of the World organized the M. T. W. I. U. actively in 1914, propagating the program of "One Big Union" for workers both on the ships and on the docks. For a time it functioned as a minority group within the old corrupt craft unions.

But in 1917 the M.T.W. pulled a strike of 4,000 longshoremen on the Clyde Mallory Line Docks for higher wages. The same year it carried on a strike of seamen for higher wages on the Atlantic coast. In both cases the demands were granted by the ship owners and stevedore contractors. As a consequence of these strikes the A. F. of L. unions—International Longshoremen's Association and the International Seamen's union—were given time agreements. They cashed in on the efforts of the M. T. W. I. U.

Also in 1917, this I.W.W. union organized a

strike of 8,000 longshoremen at Philadelphia, won demands for 85 cents an hour, time and a half for overtime, and complete control of hiring and job relations. Before the strike wages of only 45 and 57 cents an hour were paid.

Helping the Revolution

In 1919, when the democratic nations were supporting the Russian imperialist whiteguards against the revolution, the union struck an effective blow against reaction by striking in protest against the attempted shipment of ammunition and other war materials to the Czarist General Kolchak in Siberia. The centers of that strike were Philadelphia and Seattle. The ships held up in Philadelphia, Chester and Camden alone numbered 268.

Again in 1919 it participated in the five-day joint general strike in Seattle and cooperated financially with the Winnipeg general strike which lasted nine weeks in the face of an A. F. of L. international opposition.

In 1921 the ship owners, wishing to effect a wage cut, locked out the organized seamen and, owing to the corruptness of that union, 115,000 seamen stampeded out of the A. F. of L. International Seamen's Union; 35,000 of them came into the M. T. W. I. U.

Under the banner of the M.T.W., 5,000 New Orleans longshoremen went on strike in 1922 for higher wages. The strike was won; the owners raised the wages and gave a contract to the International Longshoremen's Association of the A. F. of L.

Moscow Wrecking Crew

The communist party at its Red International of Labor Unions Congress in Moscow laid down a program to wreck the I.W.W. (1922) because the I.W.W. refused to go under the control and domination of the Moscow Communist International. From that day to this the communist party has been trying persistently to wreck and discredit the I.W.W.

The first international convention of the Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union of the I.W.W. was held in 1922 at Chicago. In 1923 it pulled a seamen's strike, stopping all movement of shipping at San Pedro harbor and a large part of the shipping on the rest of the Pacific Coast, the Gulf and the Atlantic. The demands in this strike were: three watches, the eight-hour day (at this time most ships were working two watches of 12 hours each, and the release of class war prisoners.

No signed agreement was asked and none was offered. Owners and government announced a wage increase and three watches on deck, some of the prisoners were released. The strike was called off.

In 1923 the M. T. W. I. U. organized 4,000 longshoremen and opened a branch hall in Hoboken, fought a pitched battle against political gangsters and police of Tammany Hall, who were supporting the I.L.A. of the A. F. of L. This latter outfit, always a racketeering job trust, was supported in its fight against the I.W.W. union by the communist partyites.

International Solidarity

In 1925 the M. T. W. I. U. actively supported the British seamen's strike by tackling and picketing British ships in American ports. Then in 1926 the M. T. W. I. U. was the only organization in the marine transport industry to actively support the British general strike. In the face of organized opposition from the A. F. of L. and the communist party the M. T. W. I. U. picketed English ships in American ports.

From 1927 to 1933 the union carried on job action on individual ships, organized a direct action union for marine workers' relief of the unemployed, held many propaganda meetings, distributed educational literature propagating the One Big Union, shorter hours and the employment of more men on ships and docks.

In 1934 it was the M. T. W. I. U. membership that comprised the militant minority group of workers that precipitated the May 1 longshore-

men's strike in the Gulf ports for higher wages. The A. F. of L. interfered in this strike and called it off for a time agreement between the I.L.A. and the bosses with an increase in wages.

Then in the same year, the M. T. W. I. U. organized a strike of the seamen, May 18, in support of the Pacific Coast strike and that of the Gulf longshoremen. When the A. F. of L. got the Gulf longshoremen back to work, the I.W.W. members within reach were placed in prison. This caused the disintegration of the mass of striking seamen; they went back to work despite the efforts of the I.W.W. to keep solidarity with the West Coast.

The communist Marine Workers' Industrial Union played the part of Judas in this strike when they circulated a leaflet stating that the strike was no strike and urging the seamen to go back to work. The title of the leaflet was, "A strike or a Shakedown?" It was issued by the Marine Workers Industrial Union, a paper organization of the communist party.

The Perpetual Judas

In 1934 the M. T. W. I. U. members comprised the vanguard of the big strike of unorganized maritime workers on the Pacific Coast; the A. F. of L. called it off for arbitration. In 1935 many job strikes on individual ships were called by members of our union.

In 1936-7 in the big maritime strike on the Pacific, Atlantic and the Gulf coasts, the M. T. W. I. U. members participated actively. Two members were killed and two were injured while on picket duty.

In this strike the communist partyites interfered with the strike funds. They managed to get the inside track to the cash box. On the Atlantic and the Gulf the money they got control of was diverted from the strike. It passed into the hands of lawyers and politicians in fake injunction appeals to the state and the courts while the strikers were half starving on the picket lines. To some extent the strikers overcame this difficulty when a little beef was brought in off the range for the Gulf under the able supervision of the direct ac-



tionist I.W.W.'s. A piece of meet in the soup stimulated the energy of the strikers, thanks to the M. T. W. I. U.

In the spring of 1937 the union took the initiative in organizing the marine transport workers of the Great Lakes. A new hall was opened at Buffalo, N. Y., and preparations are now being made for a real One Big Union on the Lakes at the opening of navigation next season.

The I.W.W. Will Win

The bosses, the A. F. of L. and its offshoot, the C.I.O., and the Moscovite communist partyites, or

red fascists—these constitute the triple alliance against the One Big Union. They are forming all kinds of fake federations and confusionist moves to stave off the progress of the One Big Union. But despite that opposition Marine Transport Workers Industrial Union of the Industrial Workers of the World progresses and stands out as an authority in marine transportation and as the only real hope for the marine transport workers.

The only organization in the world, the One Big Industrial Union, democratically governed by its members, is the Industrial Workers of the World—the I.W.W.

Royalty is Out of a Job

By
BERT RUSSELL

There Isn't Much Work for Kings Any More but the King Business is Trying to Stage a Come-Back.

The ranks of the unemployed kings were increased by one when Edward of England was unkinged. Just as when Alphonse, the Kaiser, and Salassie were demoted, the sale of newspapers and the amount of tea drank was increased tremendously for a few weeks. But in all other respects the job of living and industry went on just as though he had not up and quit the people of England.

The poor and miserable workers of Wales for whom the late king said during his visit there, "Something must be done," are still poor and miserable. The coal mines where they had been working still remained closed and the ones that were operating are still doing so if it is profitable to the owners. They will continue to until such times as other kinds of fuel will make it unprofitable to operate. Kings haven't much influence on industry any more.

Several hundred years ago a king's actions affected all of his people's lives. And he did pretty much as he pleased. He could marry anyone he pleased and get rid of them when he was tired of them. If anyone said anything about it they lost their heads. If the king's actions weren't in accord with the religious belief of his millions of subjects it was a simple matter to change the religion of these millions until it was in accord with his actions. The king's actions were justification in themselves, the theme of plays and stories. But now about all they can use his skylarking around for is to get the peoples' minds off unemployment, wage cuts and killing of thousands of their fellow

workers in Spain.

Whether to put Edward on the dole or find another job for him must have been a hard one for the unemployment administration there to decide. There isn't a lot of other things that a man can do if all he has been trained for since he was a kid is to be king. When you have a highly specialized guy like a king on your hands it gets you to thinking what in the world use can he be.

Displacement of Kings

There was a time when if a king lost his job he could create another by copping a sneak on some other fellow who was losing his popularity. The king served a useful function then, according to the prevailing ideas of usefulness. If a community ran out of food or clothes, or good looking women, it was the king's job to organize his men to go after some in another place. And if some other community ran out of the same things and they came robbing the king's people he had to get busy leading a fight against them.

Things developed so that there came to be an over supply of kings and shortage of kingdoms so some of them had to call themselves "Pretenders." It is funny to think of an unemployed king with an army pretending to be king. It is something like what Franco is doing in Spain. He has an army but no people or government, but Hitler and Mussolini are kidding him along into thinking that he is the dictator of Spain and his government, which doesn't exist, is the lawful government there.

In England they have been cutting down on their allowance of kings for quite some time. About a thousand years ago they had seven of them in England alone. But they kept laying them off until about a couple of hundred years ago they got down to one king and a Pretender. Finally they formed a trust of the kingdoms and put one king on the job for the whole British Isles. In the last few years they have managed to get along for short periods without a king at all.

This is going to show people a lot of things about kings they didn't know before, or if they did know them, they didn't let on. For instance, they put his brother on the job and even considered putting his brother's little girl in the position. Now if they can put a man who has never been trained for "Kinging" or a little girl who has just learned to write her name (and that is a pretty big job considering the length of some of them) to take a king's place it just shows how much is in this king stuff today. Anyone could do it.

The Job Isn't What It used To Be

Just think what would have happened a thousand years ago if a king took out on his subjects like Edward did and some other king got to hear of it. The other fellow would just muscle in on the ex-king's territory and the whole job of living and the industry of all the people would be disrupted trying to pay off the new gang of robbers. But now if a king quits, the ones that are hungry remain hungry and the ones that have a job will continue to have one so long as the boss permits them and, in general, nothing is disturbed. If another king is put in his place, industry still goes on as usual.

No one raids England on the chance that the defenses are disorganized. The king doesn't have anything to do with the defense of the country or conduct of war. The people may say all they want about how they love their king, how important he is and how they would die for him or without him, but even a king could get wise just how important he really is when they go on running the country to suit themselves without paying any attention to him.

It might have been the thing for a king at one time to do a little "can-can" dance to propitiate the spirits to make sure of good crops, or to do a little leading to get some extra things to eat that the neighbors had, but modern methods of production have made these obsolete. Now if you want good crops you fertilize. And if you need more water and there is none due to fall in the area, irrigation brings it. And if there aren't enough shoes, machinery can be speeded up and that it all there is to it. Kings aren't necessary here anymore and if they did hang around a factory in their long silk stockings or two-foot fur hats they would be in the way.

Facts vs. Tradition

Divine rights, blue blood, and a family tree running back to the one that Eve picked the apple from, play as little part in the making of automobiles as does ancient witchcraft in fighting the bubonic plague. Modern technology recognizes facts not traditions nor wishes. If a tradition gets in the way of making a stream-lined train then it is too bad for tradition. Any movement built around a tradition of things as they once were, with its eyes closed to changing technical arts and subsequent social changes, will be crushed by the onward march of progress.

Our technological progress is smashing through our accepted traditions like a rotary snow plow through a snow drift. Facts move faster than minds and many are frantically clinging to the old way of things as a frightened man clinging to a sinking ship. As with the frightened man, our safety lies in casting off so we will not be sucked down with the ship of old ideas. The increasing capacities to spew goods and services in abundance on every one in society knocks the pins from under our old ideas and traditions.

As the aristocracy of learning was destroyed by the printing press and the aristocracy of royal blood was scattered to the winds by the changing mode of living, so the aristocracy of labor is fast joining its brother aristocracies in the garbage can of history. To attempt effectively to rebuild society on the basis of traditions and divine rights, as they are doing in Italy and Germany and other absolutist countries, is to attempt to roll back the wheels of history. Attempts to organize labor on the foundation of skill and in crafts is likewise reversion to a nigh forgotten age before the super-power machine. The development of the technical arts, the assembly line, and electric eye, has destroyed alike the need of kings and craftsmen.

American craftsmen may smile at and jibe the Englishmen for their adherence to royalty. But the I.W.W. sees a similar "living in the past" in the craftsmen's futile attempts to stay the march of progress by exalting skill as a basis of organization instead of the machine. The non-sensible authority of traditions blinds them to the present and turns their back to the future.

A few years ago this labor aristocracy was a sizeable minority. Their skill as craftsmen was zealously guarded and protected from encroachment by their unions. Birth and heredity began to be, the necessary qualifications for membership. Democracy was scorned even within their unions. The Aristocracy of Labor was founded.

But those kings are not getting the chance to abdicate for love. When they do it is not their love of some one else but the bosses' love of profits. They abdicate willingly only when they can't keep up the pace. Machinery has debunked their aristocracy. The Green Bottle Blowers is an ex-

ample. To be a Knight of the Green Bottle cost one thousand dollars. Knighthood was in flower. Along came the machine and the last rose of summer faded. The Owens machine took the skill on which another union, whose initiation was eight hundred dollars, was based. The ousted aristocrats sank into the ranks of the lowly commoners.

For the first time in the history of civilization, mankind has reached a point where the means of satisfying its needs are in excess of those needs themselves. As the method of production abolished the belief of divine rights and the machines have abolished skill, so the same advancing technology has antiquated all social theories based on scarcity. Thrift and incentive to thrift, back breaking toil and compulsion to labor, the fear of insecurity—all are of the past. And as extinct as dodos are the moral values of scarcity.

They Try to Come Back

The idea of king does not die easily, nor of its own accord. As men came to understand the natural laws of the universe so they gained confidence in themselves. When they gained confidence in themselves they lost confidence in kings and witch doctors. When there was no confidence in kings they became unemployed. But the age of kings is building for a come-back. It is appearing in many guises. They have changed their names to El Duces, Fuehrers and Commissars. They pose as being in accord with the time, and assume an interest in technology, invention, social conditions and, as the ex-king of England is coming to America to do, in housing.

Their promoters are those who have lost confidence in themselves to meet the situation developing from the changing methods of production, workers whose jobs have been wiped out with machinery and effect of technology on society. Like a scared child crying for its mother when faced with unfamiliar surroundings, they ardently pray to the traditional guardian of the tribe, the

King, to save them from the unleashed "devils" of science. Asking a king to fix up modern technological development is like asking a Sandwich Island chief to fix a no-squint-no-squat radio.

Working people's courage and confidence in themselves and science, which has made possible the steamships, the railroads, radios and television, dwindle before the social necessity of the consumption of abundance. As their confidence in themselves diminishes so the thousand mile span between superstition and science fades away; as their confusion and fears increase the age of kings is ascendent. The dictators, the El Duces, the Fuehrers, are the modern Moses and tribal kings. Only renewal of confidence in ourselves, as working people, and our capacities to organize and build, can save us from a reversion to the age of kings, scarcity, the thumbscrews, the concentration camps and Siberia.

A World of Free Men

"I see a world where thrones have crumpled and where kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth.

"I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces have by science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race."

Thus began Robert Ingersoll's "Vision of the Future."

It will remain a vision if we do not retain confidence in ourselves as workers but put our faith in the Edwards, the Benitos and Adolphs. Dreams are made reality only by those with the confidence in themselves to go ahead and attempt to make them so.

"Daring, daring and more daring," said Danton, when fighting the King of France.

"Confidence, confidence and organization," says the I.W.W. when fighting the "Kings of Scarcity."



To Those Who Preach Passivity

You bolster exploitation with your creed
 Though blood upon its whiplash never dries.
 You do the work of hired thugs and spies;
 Like them you serve the System for your feed.

The world's great Wrong cries out; you do not heed,
 But drivell rot with heaven-uplifted eyes,
 Then creep away behind a cloud of lies
 To kiss the palsied hand of murderous Greed!

This is the work for which you get your pay:
 To keep the world unchanged in sullen "peace"
 Where serf-men toil at tasks that never cease,
 Heartbrokenly, from bitter day to day—
 The Crime upheld by preachers and police
 While Lust, unhindered, battens on its prey!

Soybeans

*The Story of a Worker's
Education in Economics*

By **Ralph Verlaine, x229442, I. U. 620**

It was June, 1932. The champion of the Forgotten Man was comfortably installed in the White House. A "lame duck" session of Congress was engaged in increasing the heat and humidity of Washington D. C. with the argumentative hot air of politics. Headlines in the brass-check journals were dedicated almost exclusively to the meaningless mouthings of ranting Democrats. Amidst all this fanfare and hautbois, I was graduated from a Roman Catholic institution of higher education not a mile away from the United States Capitol.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt distributed the diplomas and received an honorary doctorate in philosophy for his efforts. He spoke of a new day dawning whose noonday would be effulgent with promise. With honesty, it must be admitted I was touched with the visionary spectacle of a new world of wider opportunities being erected under the benevolent direction of this enemy of laissez faire capitalism, this re-incarnated Pericles. The picturesque word-tapestry of a delightfully changed existence wrought under the beneficent leadership of Roosevelt was pleasant to contemplate. My education in the brutalizing realities of working class life was nil. After all, I had studied six years for the Roman Catholic clergy and my scholastic life had given me no basis for an appreciation of the fallacy of his remarks.

During my last two years of university life, I was possessed by ranking doubts of the validity of religion. Penetration into the sciences of biology, chemistry, and physics, worked havoc with my religious faith, and I was not averse to carrying my precious little heresies into the classrooms to fling them into the faces of the professorial clergy. At first, I shot embarrassing questions at the theological doctors, but when they barricaded themselves behind the smoke screens of metaphysical evasions and sophistries, I changed my tactics to open challenge and fought them grimly to the glee of a small group of comparatively free-thinking students and to the undisguised horror of the larger group of the complacently pious.

Shortly before my graduation, I wrote to my four brothers and five sisters (mother and father

were dead), announcing my withdrawal from the church, stating elaborately, almost pontifically, my reasons and welcomed them to take similar action. Their joint answer was couched in the bitterest terms of denunciation. I was disowned! I was the Anti-Christ! I was the agent of Satan! I was the epitome of everything connoting evil! It was too tragically funny to warrant a reply. Recollecting their attitude evokes from me a peel of spontaneous laughter even to this day. However, there was a discordant note in the chorus of anathematizing. One sister independently wrote me, mildly congratulating me, but chiding me for antagonizing the family and storming against the citadels of the whole of Christendom, painfully pointing out the economic comforts and advantages I was losing by not currying favor with the Church, and by refusing to pander to the petty prejudices of its followers. Shades of Machiavelli! She expressed the desire to attend my graduation, but declared that to do so would invite the wrath of her intollerant brothers and sisters and jeopardize her comfort. She sent her good wishes accompanied by a check for fifty dollars.

My professors emitted a sigh of relief when I left the familiar hallways; but I felt a lingering hesitancy to leave. The thrill of manipulating test-tubes, of dissecting small animals, of peering down a microscope, and the delicious madness of rancorous debate on the battlefield of religious philosophy, were realities evaporating into mere reminiscences. I regretted the transformation. It had become such good fun tilting with the clerical windmills!

II.

Under the spell of Rooseveltian optimism, I set out to find these new worlds to conquer, to seek the bright dawn of a re-born civilization, only to discover very shortly that Mr. President was indulging his warm imagination, projecting chimeras and mirages with careless abandon. I made fruitless rounds to the banking houses, newspapers, hotels and congressmen. Applications for positions were easily acquired, but real jobs never materialized. I was impressed with the glaring fact that I

was not alone in the search for work. I had a lot of company comprised of some hopeful, some discouraged, some rebellious.

My money was running low and I was perilously near to being broke, when I decided to work with my hands. I accepted a job as a hod-carrier at thirty-five cents an hour. The work was hard and there was obviously too much of it for one man. Each bricklayer worked with ease because there was a superfluity of them, or so it seemed to me. They kept me hopping with their shouts for materials.

"Hey, there! Bring me a load o' that Irish pud-din'!" roared a husky son of Erin.

"Irish pudding? What's Irish pudding?" I asked a worker close by.

"Cement! Ya goof!" he bellowed.

All morning long I took abuse from the brick-layers who seemed organized in a conspiracy against me. When I laid the materials down near them they never missed a chance to squirt a stream of tobacco at my legs, and make caustic statements about my clumsiness. Once, when I was running with a load of brick, a giant of a fellow maneuvered a stick between my legs and I went sprawling headlong into a heap of rubbish. Laughter from all quarters went up over my plight. Their sadistic cruelty was beyond my understanding. Scratched, bruised, and limping, I went to the foreman with my troubles. He talked to the men rebuking them mildly for their conduct, adding that he would chastise them by firing me and in that way force them to carry their own materials! This curious speech in my defense called forth low laughter from the men as they bent over their work and renewed their campaign to dis-comfit me. It was all very bewildering.

The noon whistle blew. Workers dropped their tools with the alacrity of a child pulling his finger out of the fire, and reached for their black tin lunch boxes. I went to a nearby restaurant with an appetite completely out of proportion to my new income. After eating heartily, I proceeded to walk back to work followed by three men who ran up and intercepted me.

"You're the new hod-carrier, aren't you?" asked the huskiest of the three.

"Sure he is!" said another before I could answer. "What are ya stallin' fer? Plug 'im!"

"Yes. I'm the new hod-carrier. It's the first work I've found since I left college. Why do you ask?"

"A collitch bred scab, huh? Lemme slug da rat!" begged the noisy one, but the husky spokesman of the trio prevailed upon him to be patient.

"We belong to the International Hod Carriers Union, fella, an' we're on strike for six-bits an hour. We're workin' on the job you're workin' on but we struck 'cause we can't eat on the wage you're gettin'. You're doin' the work of three guys

an' you ain't even gettin' wages enough for one," he said calmly and logically.

His two co-strikers clenched their calloused hands into four formidable fists ready to fly at my already bruised face.

"A scab's a scab!" insisted the third, "and dere's nuttin' ya can do but pick it off!" anxious to use his knuckles on my face.

At this point a policeman strolled over and curious, asked,

"What's goin' on here? Fight, eh?"

"No, sir. Just a friendly debate, sir. We have no intention of fighting. The bruises I have are the result of an accident I had, sir."

"Wot are ya debatin' about?"

"The state of nation, sir, and the difficulty one meets keeping his job."

"Reds, huh?"

"Oh no, sir, Democrats."

"Well, git along. Don't block the sidewalk."

The four of us swung around the corner and walked several strides in silence when one of the belligerents broke the tension.

"That was white of ya, mug."

"Yeh, you're a good egg," corroborated his side-kick, "I thought ya wuz gonna squeal to da copper."

"What are you gonna do 'bout the job?" the spokesman asked.

"What do you want me to do? I'm late for work already."

"Walk off an' stay off!" volunteered the side-kick.

"And if I don't . . .?"

"We'll bounce ya off, see? We'll bounce ya off!" huffed the big bad wolves in broken chorus, forgetting what a "good egg" I was a few moments before.

"Listen, why do I have to walk off and stay off? Why can't I walk off and stick it out with you, win with you, and go back to work with you? The idea of seventy-five cents an hour appeals to me."

"Ya don't belong to da union!"

"Can't I join? What does it cost?"

"Ten bucks to our local!"

"Ten dollars! That's an impossible fortune! It's apparent you don't want new members when you put up a protective tariff like that. The jobless and hungry have no recourse but to take your jobs when you leave them."

"We don't want none of ya chatter. Ya ain't goin' back to work, ya see?"

III.

I saw that a return to work was plainly improbable. I had to retreat to the ranks of the unemployed, or suffer broken bones, and missing teeth at the hands of three strikers bent upon winning their demands for increased wages. It was my first contact with the wage system, and the American labor movement. I was not favorably im-

pressed by either; both left me frankly puzzled; but my mind received its first real impetus to think along economic lines.

With no money to pay my room rent I was in the streets. Hungry, dishevelled in appearance, my courage waning, I thought frequently of returning to the Church, of rescinding my convictions, and throwing myself at the snug mercy of my family, a repentent prodigal. But the thought was not pregnant with action. To concede they were irrevocably right and I was unalterably wrong would be too intellectually and morally humiliating.

In long-faced despair, I dragged by weary feet toward the railroad yards. A freight weighted down with young and old of the dispossessed, chugged to a stop with brakes squeaking and bumping cars clattering noisily. Crowds crawled from the tops of the box-cars, and scurried over the tracks. One youthful chap with a smutted face walked toward me and begged a match.

"How's moochin' in this burg, buddy? Any good?"

"I don't understand, young man?" I was not familiar with the unique jargon of the road. My young friend seemed surprised.

"How's the food, I mean?"

"Oh, it's good, if you can get it."

He proved quite capable of getting it and he taught me the art. I was an apt student, frequently besting my instructor on many of our foraging campaigns amongst the petty bourgeois bakers, butchers, and grocers. On one occasion a grocer growled his refusal to give my companion food, threatening to call the police when my colleague consigned him to a six-penny Christian hell amidst a torrent of uncomplimentary epithets. Promptly taking up the cudgels in defense, I delivered myself of a flow of oratory on the manifold miseries of the wretched creatures who huddled themselves around jungle fires seeking protection of the damp night air and a little warmth for their chilled bones. The grocer stood mesmerized. Shoppers came in and enjoyed the drama. I wound up by appealing to him as a man of Christian virtues, saying that what he does "for the least of these, His children, he does it unto Him!" The bourgeois repented his decision, giving generously of foodstuffs, enough to feed a dozen. My sharp buddy rose magnificently to the occasion and passed his dirty cap amongst the shoppers, collecting nickels, dimes and quarters.

My prestige in jungle society shot up like an arrow. My friend never tired of eulogizing me to the tramps, hoboes, and disemployed workers who filtered through the camp. He was a superb press agent, and his Wamba-like antics and enthusiasm irritated me to laughter—laughter in the jungle! Humor in the dark basement of a Dante-esque hell!

I lost my instructor. He failed to make a train under the watchful surveillance of railroad bulls. We had planned to go to New Orleans together to get a job hauling bananas. It was his idea. I missed him miserably—him and his quaint resourcefulness. I dropped off the train in Macon, Georgia. It was impossible to hold it down to Louisiana. My belly told me so. My eyes were bloodshot and burning with lack of sleep.

While standing before a restaurant window, gazing longingly at simmering hamburgers on a grill, guessing at the liberality of the chef, a gentleman brushed by me, hesitated, came back and asked if I were hungry. Upon receiving my frank reply, he invited me to dine with him. I waxed eloquent of my recent experiences while smoking his cigarettes. He was the very essence of tenderness and solicitude. Impressed with my eagerness to find employment, he declared he would do his level best to put me to work.

IV.

We drove in his car to the edge of the city, parked and walked a block. His attitude quickly changed. My whole world changed! I was thrown in a crowd of thirty or more men with scared, cowed looks in their eyes. They were manacled one to another. I demanded an explanation! I "stood on my constitutional rights as an American citizen!" only to be silenced by a strong fist wielded by a khaki-clad guard.

My charming benefactor of a few hours ago, received the munificent sum of two dollars for delivering me into the hands of these sadistic Georgia satraps! It was a frank and open "deal." Judas of biblical fame struck a far shrewder bargain. When I was safely manacled to my fellow prisoners he walked up to me and extracted from my shirt pocket the half package of cigarettes he had previously given me, sneered, and walked off with an air of having accomplished a clever feat.

We were pushed into trucks and hauled off like cattle to a dreary spot several miles from the city. Our manacles were exchanged for shackles around our ankles with eighteen inches of heavy chain from shackle to shackle. Our sleeping quarters were rolling iron cages, with iron bunks, crawling with a hundred varieties of vermin, and with a labyrinth of chains from bunk to bunk interlocking the wrists of the prisoners in their slumber thereby prohibiting a change of position while sleeping. If a strong prisoner turned in his sleep, he did so by taking up the slack in the chains and wrenching the arms out of the sockets of a weaker brother-in-bondage.

Into the night I wailed against injustice. I did no wrong! No charges were preferred against me! I appeared before no judge! I was not sentenced! Why? Roosevelt spoke of the dawn of a new day!

The Rights of the Forgotten Man! Piddling politicians! Deceivers! Liars!

I raved until sleep stilled my cries like a gentle opiate. The guards aroused us at dawn with brutal shoves and brutal words. Before the cage lay a washtub of the tenement variety. In it was water to splash into our faces. Sanitation on a chain gang!

We were marched into a big tent that served as the commissary and messroom. A tin dish, a leadish spoon, and a tin cup were given each prisoner. Into the dish was dumped steaming unseasoned oats; into the cup was splashed black chick-o-re heavy ladden with salt peter. That and a chunk of dried bread constituted our unvarying breakfast diet. Many times the same thing appeared at supper. There was no noon meal. Upon very critical inspection, a piece of something faintly reminiscent of a carrot or a bean might be distinguished in the Dada-istic hash.

Our work consisted in clearing acres of rocks and tree stumps and levelling off the land. But for refusing to eat the breakfast slop, I was put to cleaning out the vile open-air latrines. The stench sickened me and I fainted, falling into the human excrement around me. When I opened my eyes a guard was standing a few paces away to avoid the smell, bellowing orders at me. I started my second rebellion, yelling my defiance in a stream of profanity that would have burned the pink ears of my pious professors in the Catholic seminary.

My action did not go unpunished. My face was rubbed in the stuff of the latrines. I was beaten with hard fists and taken to the blacksmith who sharpened and repaired the shovels and picks, and had several links chiseled from the chain between my feet so that I would trip and bash my skull on the ground if I took a normal step. Before I was to leave the chain-gang most of the links were struck from my chain so that I shuffled like a geisha girl, or hopped.

As days wore on, I received a broken nose, lost weight; and skin eruptions, the result of prison diet, broke out on me from head to foot. (The Job of Messianic times was a piker next to me. He was fortunate in having stray dogs to lick his sores, but the baying blood hounds in this prison camp were trained to bite—not lick.) The fierce August sun blistered my back so that sleep was frequently impossible.

One prisoner in the cage suffered weakened kidneys. Chained, he could do no more than react to the urge for relief while lying in the bunk. He tried hard not to, so that the rest of us would not be exposed to the odor. The strong nauseating smell of dried urine compelled some of us to vomit making a stinking hell of the cage. There was no cleaning these messes until daybreak.

An elderly colored worker with white hair bunked opposite me. He was a man-mountain with rippling muscles in his back and arms. In early youth he worked lifting bales of cotton on the sidepaddlers on the Mississippi River near Memphis. His right hand lacked fingers; the rest of the hand was smashed into a hideous mass of contorted flesh. He lost the use of it while slaving for Henry Ford in Dearborn, Michigan. There it was where his economic education began. He was well-read, and having a special affinity for the quibblings of philosophy, familiarized himself with the works of Plato, Aristotle, Voltaire, Schopenhauer, Godwin, and a host of others. Withal, he concocted a peculiar philosophy out of the material of his own experience.

V.

"I don't like to see you punished, son. But there is nothing so beautiful as a slave in rebellion. I rebel, too. But in a different way. When I'm out in the hot sun I'm supposed to work. But I don't. I just go through the motions when the guards are looking. When they're away, I don't even do that. Every now and then I break a rake handle. It makes the guards think I'm working hard. That's called sabotage."

Sabotage! The word sounded like sweet music. The logic of his philosophy was tantalizingly irresistible.

"When I lost this hand I resolved never to work for Henry Ford again, and to avoid all work, if possible. But, it's impossible sometimes, isn't it?" he said chuckling. "Son, I'm convinced the world is crazy. Suppose you and I were marooned on an island abounding in ripe fruits and eatable animals. We'd pick the fruit and eat it, wouldn't we? We'd hunt the animals and eat them, wouldn't we? We'd build a shelter and live in it, wouldn't we? Surely, we would. In spite of the fact that I'm tan and you're all white. America is just like the island I dream of. Everything is here. But here we build mansions and sleep in box-cars! We raise fine food, and eat garbage! We make automobiles, and walk! Why, America is one big nut house!

"When those chains are knocked off your ankles, don't imagine you're free. You're still a prisoner chained to the task of creating the good things of life for others to benefit by. You're a slave to the class that pays you wages. Yes, and robs you of the full product of your toil! I'm sure that here we're working for someone else, aren't you? I'm convinced we're not going to benefit from all this, aren't you?"

The old philosopher did not stay with us long. Gangrene was crawling up his left arm. It was the result of a filthy wrist chain chaffing the skin. He was removed to the hospital for its amputation.

After eighty-four days I was released. Sick, with sores and boils, coughing, I was a ghost of that fat young lad who dared to argue with priests.

I borrowed from clotheslines, a shirt from this one, a pair of trousers from that, until I acquired a regalia that suggested a miscellaneous column. To the Gulf Coast I went and basked in the warm rays of a Texas sun, regaining my strength. Then to New Orleans to haul bananas off the ships from the British Honduras and to be "discovered" by an erudite and young technical worker who steered me into a good position. I worked with youthful engineers, architects, and the like, freshly recruited from American universities. My own position bestowed upon me the grandiose title of "statistician." I worked until the mid-summer of 1933 when I was fired for lampooning the upper classes in swingy verse, and for my humorous tirades against politicians.

The losing of the position cost be no regret. I was suffering an acute nostalgia for the familiar faces of my old friends of yesterday before the world changed . . . changed me. I was curious to know what they were doing, so I welcomed any excuse to return to Washington.

With the fascination a criminal is alleged to have for the scene of the crime, I went to Macon,

Georgia. Nearly fifteen miles west of Macon I came upon a few familiar landmarks that identified the place. No evidence of a chain-gang here now.

I stood in a setting sun that was casting its red glow over fields of soybeans . . . soybeans, waving listlessly in the warm breeze. The fields seemed drenched in blood . . . hot, human blood. I shuddered as with ague as I recalled in panorama the horrifying events that took place at this spot but a brief year before. Impossible! The wails of a youth crying out for justice in a world bereft of justice. His cries stifled with the hard fists of an agent of the State, the hard fists of a servile servant of . . .

I walked along for many yards inspecting little white signs with bold black letters imposed upon them, shifting my gaze intermittently from the signs to the soybeans. In my heart welled up an uncontrollable hate that sent a sweat to my brow. In the flash of a moment I became class-conscious with a vengeance! I found myself uttering repeatedly a vow to organize my fellow workers to fight.

Each sign boasted in bold letters . . . FORD MOTOR CAR COMPANY! FORD MOTOR CAR COMPANY! FORD MOTOR CAR COMPANY!

20 Years after!



To a Hard Working Lumberjack

By Carl Madsen, Card No. x193962

When your day's work is done and you are dog tired, and the boss tells you that you are fired—Jack, do you ever have a thought wondering why you have never fought the bosses who have imposed on you such conditions that the devil must be ashamed of the system?

It is the greedy master that keeps you there, eking out an existence bare. Did you ever stop to wonder why, after your day's labor you could not buy plenty to eat and plenty to wear? Then don't you realize that you were robbed out of your share at the point of production by an idle beast who does not worry or care the least if you have shoes on your feet or shirt on your back?

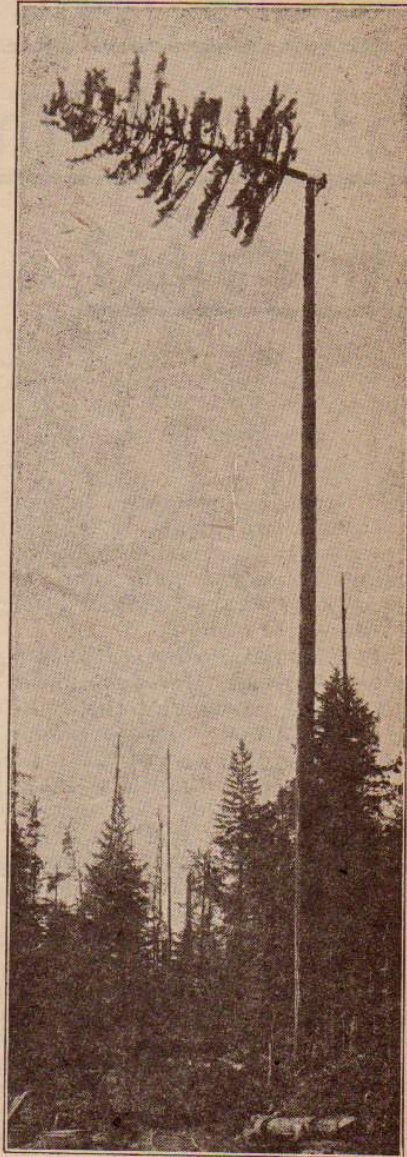
All HE is after is to pile up the jack. Oh, why must you always be humble and meek and perform like a band of wooly sheep? You have heard before and will hear again of a brave body of working men who are fighters now and have always been—the WEDGING POWER of all the workers, known by the name INDUSTRIAL WORKERS.

While some of you have stood close by and heard the moans and painful cry as the masters' tools and all their stools beat some of them up because they dared—the tales of exploitation to the world they bared.

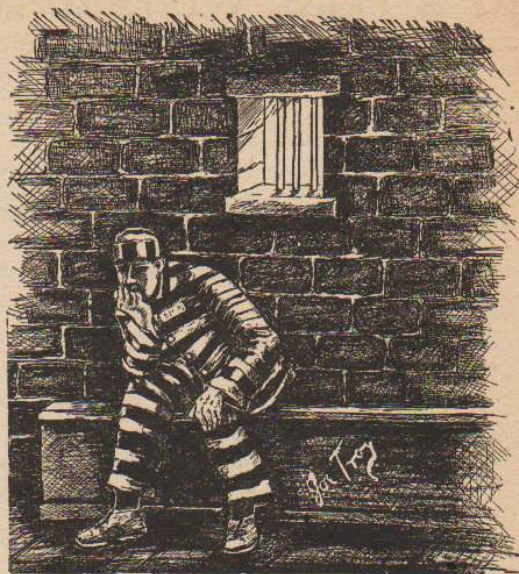
Now, slave, do you ever stop to think that you might have been a potential fink as you sat on the fence with the unorganized mob, your only concern a menial job? You did not care if the hours were long, or how many workers you added to the unemployed throng.

Do you think it is right to speed up on the job while all around you—can't you hear the sob of destitute children or a workless working man?

It is up to you to do all you can, to organize yourself and your fellow man, in the ONE BIG UNION GRAND.



What Will Labor's Men In Jail Think This Christmas?



Christmas is celebrated in most prisons by having two meals instead of three. There is also an earlier lock-up, and the inmates have that many more hours with little to do except to contemplate what the outside world is doing.

In these prisons there are all manner of people—a regular cross-section of the outside world, except that the well-to-do are not there. Among these prisoners there is a sprinkling of men who are locked up for no other offense than that they did their utmost to make this a better world for all of us to live and work in. They are the Class War Prisoners of America. It is with them that the General Defense Committee is particularly concerned.

Some are young and some are old; some are famous and others unknown. There is Bart Dudek, for instance, in the State Penitentiary of Ohio. He is a young man, little known. Early one morning during an I.W.W. strike in Cleveland against the National Screw & Mfg. Co., he drove some of the girl strikers down to their picket line. On previous days these girls had been attacked by the plug-uglies hired to break the strike. So this time he had a revolver in his car. Police stopped the car, searched it, and that is why Bart Dudek will spend this Christmas—the fourth such Christmas

for him—in the penitentiary. With him is Mike Lindway, another victim of the same strike, framed-up by the simple device of walking into his home without a search warrant and walking out again with some dynamite bombs and the story that they had found them in his cellar.

When the guards go their rounds this Christmas, and lock their charges up shortly after noon so that they themselves may go and make merry elsewhere, we want Bart Dudek and Mike Lindway in the “big house” at Columbus, and Jim McNamara and Warren K. Billings in Folsom, and Tom Mooney and Matt Schmidt in San Quentin, and all the other Class War Prisoners of America to know, when they contemplate what the outside world is doing, that they have friends on the outside who think well of them.

We want these men to know that their dependents also are not forgotten. When Mike Lindway thinks of his little girl this Christmas, we do not want him to have a picture of a sorry little waif who got no Christmas presents, and who is told by the neighbors that Santa doesn't come to her house because Mike is a “bad man,” locked up in the penitentiary. We want Mike to know that little Mary Leona has her presents, that his wife is not in want, and that

if the neighbors are curious enough they will find out that there are enough good people in America who are back of these Class War Prisoners and the ideals for which they suffer, to bring them these substantial tokens of friendship and good will.

Lindway's Chance for Freedom

The best thing that we can do for these men and their dependents is to get them out of jail. That of course is the chief concern of the General Defense Committee wherever it is possible. In the case of Mike Lindway in particular, we feel that it is possible, and that by fighting for his release we are erecting a safeguard against future frame-ups of a like nature. Without a search warrant or witnesses Kurt Gloeckner of the Cleveland police, bent on "getting" Mike, according to their own declaration, went into his home when he was away, and came out claiming to have discovered dynamite bombs in his cellar. Since it is possible to secure any desired evidence in such a way as this, the General Defense Attorney, Morris Wolf, moved to have the alleged evidence arrested. This was denied and a conviction obtained. The Court of Appeals agreed with us that such evidence was not admissible, but the Ohio Supreme Court set aside its own previous decisions as to the rules of evidence to keep Mike in jail.

We took the case to the Supreme Court of the United States but the "nine old men" said nothing. We took the case then to the



Mike Lindway

Federal District Court, and we plan to take it, if necessary, back to the "nine old men" on a basis where they will have to say something—either that the rules of evidence must be changed to keep Mike Lindway in jail, or that Mike goes free. It has cost thousands of dollars to fight this case, and we expect to spend thousands more on it, for the security of every person whom powerful interests might seek to frame depends very largely on the ultimate decision in this case. If we have enough after such expenditures from our fund as our customary gifts of \$25 to each prisoner in jail, and \$50 to his wife, mother or other chief dependent and the various other gifts to other dependents, we will use it for the costs of this great legal battle.

The Harvest of Hate

But there are other casualties in the struggles of labor than men in jail. Sometimes the courts have ordered labor's spokesmen to be hanged. Sometimes instead of bothering with the courts, the great interests have their gunmen kill and cripple those who dare to strike.

Fifty years ago, on November 11, 1887, four advocates of the eight-hour day were hanged in Chicago for their participation in an orderly protest meeting at the old Haymarket. Last year when we sent our present to Lucy Parsons, the widow of one of these men, and the last living tie we of this age have with these men, she wrote back:

"I received your check for \$50, and I thank you many, many times. You address me as 'Fellow Worker.' I am a 'Fellow,' but sad to say, not a 'worker,' for my life consists of yesterdays. I have only a few tomorrows left."

We who enjoy the shorter hours that these men gave their lives to win, should not let this sole surviving widow of that tragedy spend her few remaining "tomorrows" thinking the world has forgotten the good men who were hanged in 1887.

Dalton Gentry

Paralyzed by a gunman's bullet in his spine, Dalton Gentry lies on a hospital bed in Orofino. He was one of the lumberjacks who struck in the summer of 1936 against the filthy camp conditions in the Idaho white pine belt. They wanted single bunks, clean sheets, shower baths, better food, higher wages, and in general the conditions that organization had previous-

(Continued on page 29)

Who Will Make an End of War?

***Labor Can Stop Capitalists Wars
and Labor's Interests Demand
That it Do So***

By

Card No. x226183



Pacifists in theory are opposed to war under any circumstances. In practice they go to war or remain at home according to their individual desires or government edict.

Liberals are opposed to all wars excepting war for humanitarian purposes, such as making the world safe for democracy, or others with similar slogans.

The communists are opposed to war unless it benefits the diplomatic plans of the Soviet Union.

The capitalists favor war when their profits are preserved or increased thereby, at other times they are uninterested. Capitalists never go to war.

Governments merely reflect the capitalists' wishes in regard to wars and declare them when the capitalists bid them to do so.

Workers aren't supposed to have any views on wars either and, like the governments, are declared to be sitting in the game when the capitalists say so. Workers just do the fighting and leave the planning to others. "Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die," says the poet.

And because up to now the workers have been content in the role of doing and dying, they are not taken into consideration when war and peace plans are made by the pacifists, the capitalists and their governments, the liberals and the communists. A case in point is the slogan, "Take the profits out of war."

The workers never make profits out of war anyhow, so their abolition wouldn't concern them. This concerns only the capitalists and those communists and liberals who have money invested in armament factories. And so with all plans in preparation for or against war. Workers are supposed merely to

accept the outcome of the conniving of government diplomats acting for the capitalists.

The position of the U. S. government in regard to the Spanish situation is determined solely by American capitalists' investments; and the investors' sympathy for their brother investors in Spain. There isn't enough American capital at stake to declare active intervention on the side of the fascists but, nevertheless, the international brotherly spirit of capitalists imposes on the American capitalist, through the government, a position of neutrality that favors the fascists.

The liberals, though criticizing the neutrality act of the government, preferred the isolationist position until the Roosevelt speech suggesting the quarantine and "collective security." Since then the liberals have been devoted to justifying intervention. The liberals are like back-seat drivers, they will rant and rave about the way the ship of state is being driven but they will go along with it no matter where it goes.

The Slogans

In the event such collective action as suggested in the Roosevelt speech results in international warfare, the emotional and jingoistic slogans are already being prepared by the liberals. "If Japanese aggression—indeed fascist aggression in general—is to be stopped it will have to be by prompt collective action growing out of the nine-power conference of October 30." "The situation calls for strong and prompt action . . . the kind of action that will end the long successful game of bluff and bluster played by the fascist powers." (NATION, Oct. 23.) From these two quotations

the slogan for another international war can be gleaned. It is going to be a "war against Fascism," or a war of "Democracy versus Fascism." In any event it will be a war that workers will have to fight, a war in which they will benefit no more than they did in the "War to end Wars."

One thing is interesting in this promoted war against fascism. To fight fascism in another country we will first install it here in America. According to the Industrial Mobilization Plan considered by Congress (reviewed in the INDUSTRIAL WORKER by Melvin Jackson in May and June, 1936) virtual fascism would be installed in the U. S. within twenty-four hours of the declaration of war. Just as we abolished all evidence of democracy to fight a "War for Democracy," just as we went to war to build peace, so it is proposed to install fascism in this country to endow the blessings of democracy on the "furriners."

The fascists will like it. The capitalists will like it because it will abolish all genuine labor unions and working class opposition. The government will agree with the capitalists, and the liberals with the government. The communists will consider it a victory for, having no democracy in the USSR, they wish to abolish it in other countries. And it is from the quarter that will benefit from fascism that we can expect the war fever to be stimulated.

Spasms like that in the NATION of October 23, "that we prefer support of a concrete program calling for collective economic assistance to the aggrieved nation and for embargoes against the aggressors" demonstrates the confusion of liberal opinion. Already the Neutrality Act, as administered toward Spain, has shown the one-sided purpose of government activities. The demand for the same sort of action toward the Sino-Japanese quarrel shows conclusively that liberals learn not one whit from experience.

Functions of Government

It is not embargoes or boycotts that are at fault. These are effective means. But the function of capitalist governments is to govern for the capitalists and to assist other governments in governing for the capitalists. To expect a capitalist government to administer boycotts and embargoes in favor of the working class is unreasonable.

If we want boycotts and embargoes to work for the benefit of the working class in other countries, then we, the working class, must administer them; and to do this we will have to use our own organization and not those of the employers.

The proposed boycott of oil to Japan by governments might work, and it might not. It depends on whether the governments want it to work. The patrol of Spanish waters by foreign governments worked in favor of the fascists. But if the workers on the oil tankers decide that oil is not going to Japan, whether or not an inter-

national boycott of governments has been imposed, oil is not going to Japan. And if the workers of the world decide that armaments are not going to be shipped to Franco, and they organize to this end, Franco isn't going to get any arms. If the workers of the world are determined not to buy Japanese goods then all government edicts in the world can't make them.

That workers will use direct action internationally regardless of the attitude of governments is not just a theory. It is a tendency that has been exhibited many times. When the government of England was going to ship armaments to the counter-revolutionists in Russia the workers said no. Armaments were not shipped. The I.W.W. longshoremen refused to load cargo for the same Russian counter-revolutionists.

Solidarity in Action

On September 11, 1936, at Philadelphia the Marine Transport Workers of the I.W.W. struck the United Fruit company S. S. "San Jose" because it carried dynamite which was to be re-shipped to the fascists in Spain from some South or Central American port. Members of the Sailors Union of the Pacific forced the "Admiral Nulton" to give up the loading of war gasoline. Unfortunately the I.S.U. seamen worked the ship that the I.W.W. members struck and the C.I.O. longshoremen loaded the war gasoline on foreign ships to be taken to the scene of war.

The boycott of Japanese goods shows how effective this action can be whether or not the government approves. Many other incidences could be mentioned of this kind of action during the Italian "civilization" of Ethiopia, but these few demonstrate that it can be done.

Direct action like this by workers is the most effective manner of stopping this country from getting tangled up in some foreign war and the best way to help our fellow workers in other countries. It is the best way to gain their respect and international support. And, last but not least, it is the best way for the working class organized in many different unions, to build up confidence in itself as a class.

Not one organization in America is strong enough today to carry out this program of direct action by itself. But all the labor unions have in one way or another proved that there is a militancy that can be directed into these direct action channels against war. Maybe they can be united in time to offset the confusion spread by the war mongers, liberals, and communists.

If the solidarity of labor can be practiced in time of war then it can be practiced in time of peace. The working class can control production and transportation to stop famine, unemployment and depressions. On the solidarity of labor depends all.

The Growth of Wage Slavery

By
JOHN SERSHON

Development of the Process of Wage Slave Exploitation from the Beginning of the Capitalist System.

The background for American Wage Slavery had its practical beginning several hundred years ago in England. It had its beginning with the advent of the factory, which in turn owed its origin to the invention of machinery, especially machinery for the weaving of woolen and cotton cloth.

Before the birth of the factory the work was performed in the home by the weaver on a hand loom. This manner of working in one's own home is now called the "domestic system." A later phase of the domestic system was the "putting-out system," by which a capitalist enterpriser put into the hands of cottage labor wool or cotton to be spun into yarn or woven into cloth by the various weavers' families who took the work.

The first real step in the direction of our present capitalism was when an enterpriser with capital set up a building of his own with improved machinery for the manufacture of yarn.

Weavers' communities would grow up around these factories, because the yarn made by the improved machines was cheaper to buy than to make by hand, and the weavers wanted to be near the source of supply.

Gradually with the appearance of new inventions all of the weavers' work was done in factories.

It was not until about 1830, however, that weaving machines seriously threatened the former hand looms.

The advance of the factory system and factory civilization, if it may be called that, is coincident with the advance of technology and machine invention.

The tempo of the industrial revolution, which usually is dated from 1750, was quickened immeasurably with the great textile inventions. Kay's fly-shuttle (hand weaving, 1773), Arkwright's roller spinning frame (1769), Hargreave's spinning jenny (pat. 1770), Crompton's loom (1779), Kelley's self-acting mule (1792), Cartwright's power loom (1785).

The invention of the steam engine by James Watt (1769) was an infusion of power which has carried over to the present day, although electric power in modern factories is more widely used. "It was first used in mining, but in 1785 it was applied to cotton spinning in some of the New Nottinghamshire factories and after that its use was

extended so rapidly that King Wool was dethroned by King Cotton."

Not only was the textile industry revolutionized but also the mining and iron industries. Steam engines were used in the mines for pumping water, sinking shafts, hauling up coal and ore, and in other ways.

Such new methods and inventions as the system of steam blasts discovered in 1788, and Nelson's hot-air blast (1829) plus the huge demand for iron for new machinery, and for coal in smelting, was responsible for the great development of mining and iron manufacture. Bessemer's cheaper process for making steel came into use in 1866. The advance of transportation during this period was accelerated tremendously by the invention of the steam blast and the locomotive. New inventions of farm machinery brought about an agricultural revolution along with the industrial revolution. From these inventions and conditions there grew the system of economic production and social control that we call capitalism.

Workers Resist Wage Slavery

One of the characteristics of the new social order was the transformation of relatively free workmen to wage slaves. For at the very time that the worker abandoned his tools and his home as a place of work, selling his labor power to the enterpriser who now furnished the machinery and workplace (factory), he became a wage slave entirely dependent upon the master for his economic well-being.

"The aggregation of workers (in the factory) created new problems of discipline. When work was done in the household no regularity of hours was necessary. The craft worker enjoyed considerably freedom as to the manner and time of doing such work as was necessary for his support. Even when the 'putting-out' system had become elaborately organized it was not possible to exert much pressure on workers as to the time of finishing the work allotted to them.

"The aggregation of workers in factories made it possible to improve the timing of the productive process, the work could be made to flow along without interruptions; no groups of workers were obliged to wait for the group engaged on the earlier stages of the work. The division of labor that

existed under the 'putting-out' system could thus be more effectively carried out, but on one condition—the subjection of the whole body of workmen to a systematic schedule.”

The cottage weavers with their hand looms and personal job control were the envy of all the working class neighbors who did other work. “With all its usual distress and degradation, the trade of single hand weaving (requiring a minimum of strength and skill) offers half the liberty of savage life for which the uninstructed man is almost tempted to sacrifice half the enjoyments of the civilized. Thus, there is a well known feeling among farm laborers, the bricklayers and other ordinary artisans in this district, that it is very hard on them to be turned out at early hours every day instead of being able to take whatever hours they please, like the ribbon weaver, and like him, take Saint Monday and Saint Tuesday too, if they choose.

“Precisely the counterpart of these feelings is also found in the other sex. Notwithstanding the wretched state at which, until recently, the trade had been, it was impossible for respectable families to procure domestic servants. There is the greatest difficulty in prevailing upon parents to let their children come to service. The young women looked down with scorn upon it, and preferred the liberty of the Monday and Saturday, the exemption from confinement, and the little finery, with the liberty to wear it which the loom furnished them.”

The supervision of every detail of the work, without any change in the general character of the wage contract by the capitalist employer, gave him authority over the workmen which was deeply resented. This resentfulness on the part of the new wage workers (now slaves) is given as a possible cause for the slow development of the factory system. “The great attraction of hand loom weaving was the degree of freedom enjoyed, the weavers refusing to leave their cottages for the factories even when the factory offered higher wages.”

It was the efficiency of the factory machine which “ultimately forced the workmen to accept the discipline of the factory. As long as there was some measure of freedom of choice between cottage and factory the workmen preferred the cottage.”

Neither riots nor machine-wrecking could prevent the fulfillment of the Industrial Revolution. It has continued its course to the present day.

Division of Labor Efficiency

One of the most striking features of industrialization was the increased use which was made of what is termed division of labor. With division of labor a workman made no complete article as before, but only one part of the whole product. In the manufacture of shoes, for instance, one man

cut the leather, another sewed a part of the leather, another put on the soles, etc. The proficiency gained in repetitive tasks, coupled with the added use of machinery, increased the total output of goods to a degree never known before.

However, though the hours of labor were long and the discipline, as noted before, had its inception when the factory system came into being, not until recent times was there any completely scientific system for the performing of labor tasks.

Frederick W. Taylor as far back as 1895 was introducing scientific ways for causing the worker to increase his labor productivity. His two books, “The Principles of Scientific Management” and “Shop Management” laid down his theories of industrial management. There was a flare of public interest in Taylor's ideas about work in 1911 and 1912 but this interest soon petered out.

During the war the need for greater output for the murder of foreign workers revived interest in Taylor's principles in every country in the world. A conspicuous example was France, where Premier Georges Clemenceau early in 1918 called on the heads of all military establishments to study and to apply the methods of scientific management. Even in Bolshevik Russia in April 1918, Premier Lenin declared, “We must introduce . . . the study and teaching of the new Taylor system and its systematic trial and adaptation.”

By invoking the patriotism of the men, the speed-up system was fastened upon the working class of the world with a vengeance. When the war was over the great task of repairing the damage wrought by four years of destruction was used as the basis for the continued use of scientific management.

How this work has been carried on until today is current knowledge. For those whose knowledge of scientific management is incomplete, however, let us review some of the outstanding features.

More Work Per Man

Scientific management, as the name implies, refers to the scientific methods used in running an industry, as opposed to industries run by casual or traditional methods of trial and error. Scientific management involves a minute appraisal of all of the elements having to do with the productive process. Workers and machine processes, materials and tools, and equipment are all thoroughly scrutinized with the expressed object of exacting the greatest possible amount of wealth from the capital invested in a given industry.

“Labor control periodically furnishes the facts which govern the settling of base wage rates. In order to carry maximum net profits, a business must pay the least amount in wages and welfare work which will secure loyalty and satisfaction sufficient to result in continuous quality and quantity production.”

Time saving is the mainstay of scientific man-

agement and to that end machines are made faster and more efficient; workers are regimented and reduced to the ignominy of a number and are speeded up in their work with mathematical precision that is diabolical. The strain of doing a single repetitive task in one rigidly specified way thousands of times in a day, and day after day is a monotony that is almost unendurable.

Scientific management is best divided into two elements, the element of "motion study" and the element of "time study."

"Motion study is concerned with the layout of the plant, the department, and the work place, and with methods or motion sequences employed by the workers. Motion study endeavors to establish the best way to do the work and to train the workers to do it that way . . . Time study is concerned primarily in establishing the correct or standard time for performing an operation according to the method determined upon. Each operation is broken down into its elements; each element represents a distinct series of motions of the worker covering a short interval of time convenient for study. A sufficient number of stop watch readings are taken of each element on different workers to be assured that the correct time for doing that element has been determined void of all unnecessary 'delays' and 'coasting.' All readings are 'speed rated' so that variations in the speed will be properly compensated for in the establishment of the final standards."

In studying the motions made by a worker in performing an operation a motion picture camera is sometimes used to determine the exact motions to be used in doing a particular task. The result is called a micro-motion study and after the right motions have been selected, the time for doing the work is divided into seconds, hours, etc., for the necessary fulfillment. Or as they are sometimes termed, "man minutes," hours, etc.

The very energy of the worker is also sounded in this way and by a process sometimes called the "survival of the fittest," after Herbert Spencer, only the strongest and the swiftest are hired by the capitalist masters as factory fodder.

"All possible motions performed by any worker are resolved into seventeen types or classes. For example, to reach for an article and place it closer to you would consist of four motions, namely, transport empty, grasp, transport loaded, and release.

"Graphic symbols and charts are used for designating the major steps taken and for tracing the flow of materials and man; also for recording the path of travel or motion sequence of right and left hand of each worker. These symbols and charts are then studied with a view to determining which major steps and which motions can be shortened or entirely eliminated.

"Revised charts are then prepared based on the

proposed layout and methods. Unnecessary travel is eliminated, distances are shortened, production lines are straightened out, machines, tools and materials are brought nearer to workers, surplus motion and often entire operations are removed, two hands are made productive instead of one and material is conveyed by gravity, instead of by hand from one operation to another."

Incentives

In order to bring about the cooperation of the worker "in striving to reach or better the task time" two incentives are made use of, "the financial and the non-financial."

The financial incentive for practical considerations dictate that the incentive for industrial workers should take the form of bonus or premium based on the worker's regular rate of pay, whether this be computed by the day or by the piece.

Needless to say if the wage rate is "too high" the employer will see to it that there is an immediate reduction. "Unduly high wages have repeatedly demonstrated a tendency to make many workers irregular in their attendance and, frequently, more or less shiftless, extravagant, and sometimes dissipated. Men tend to become more thrifty when they receive such proper recompense for their effective days work, live rather better, save money, and work more steadily. In short, they more fully realize the value of money."

There are a number of piece rate systems based on time study and "recompensed" by financial incentives. All of them follow or are later adaptations of the original Taylor method. Some of these systems are the Henry L. Gantt plan, F. A. Halsey plan, the James Rowan (Glasgow Scot) plan, the Carl G. Barth premium plan, the Charles E. Bedaux "stretch-out" plan.

The Bedaux system of B units is "a system of wage payment in which work is subdivided into units equivalent to the number of minutes that a task should take and the payment of the worker on the basis of the number of points of work accomplished in a given length of time."

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co. makes use of the Bedaux plan and Bedaux claims that more than 1,000 plants in some twenty-two countries, involving more than one million men are now using his system. Foremen under the Bedaux system receive a bonus for speeding up the workers under them.

Some of the qualities of a "good" foreman are, "1. The foreman shall know all about the work which is done in his department. 2. That he be a good disciplinarian. 3. That he shall have the ability to crowd work through and get it out quickly." In short, the Bedaux and similar systems are a means of speeding up production without the use of greater man power.

The non-financial incentive is the manner of inculcating the workers with the idea that they can

promote themselves to better positions by working harder, improving the quality of their work, by bringing out a pride in good workmanship, etc. Countless books of a psychological nature have been written for this purpose.

Labor saving machinery and scientific management are responsible along with the profit system for the great number of unemployed in capitalist countries today. This combination is also responsible for the degradation and robot like miseries of the working class.

A social scheme which places machines and profit making before the life values of human beings

should be destroyed. Not destroyed in the sense of destroying factories or breaking machinery but by adopting the philosophers' dream of making the machine the slave of men a reality. The machine and machine civilization made use of in the right way would give to humanity an abundance of the necessities of life with an amount of leisure which is almost startling to contemplate. To do this we must be prepared to "take over the machinery of production and abolish the wage system." Only industrial organization can accomplish this satisfactorily, and only the Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W.) is equal to the task.



The C. I. O. in Lawrence

By
A Lawrence Worker

Without Opposition from Employer or Police the Almost Indifferent Employes of the World's Largest Woolen Mill are Organized in a Lewis Union. "No spontaneous Striking," was the Organizers' Most Effective Argument.

In Lawrence, on September 15, some 9,000 employes of the American Woolen Company's Wood mill, world's largest woolen and worsted mill, voted on whether C.I.O.'s textile workers organizing committee shall represent them in collective bargaining.

The following day, 2,000 employes of the company's Ayer mill voted on the same question.

The two-day election was the largest yet conducted in New England by the National Labor Relations board. Of the 11,000 workers in the two mills, about 6,500 voted for the C.I.O., 3,500 voted against, and 2,000 did not vote. This gave the C.I.O. a majority and the power to represent workers of these two mills.

Outside of Lawrence, very little is known of the real situation in Lawrence and how this election was brought about. The following report will throw some light on the methods used by the C.I.O. to try to get control in the textile industry.

At the time of the vote of the Wood and Ayer mills the C.I.O. did not have one hundred paid up members in these two mills.

For months the Lawrence committee for Industrial organization with the help of Boston volunteers, had canvassed the workers' homes, and had asked the workers to sign pledge cards. The pledge was that in case sixty percent or more of the workers wanted the C.I.O. they would join the

C.I.O., and only when they had 60 percent of the workers pledged, would the C.I.O. leaders approach the mill officials on the vote question.

Friendly Police

There has been hardly any interference by the police with the C.I.O. activities in Lawrence. In fact, most everything they asked for was granted, such as permit to pass out leaflets, etc.

In past attempts by other organizations to organize the workers they have always been met by vicious opposition by the police. The present attitude of the police is in part attributed to the open policy of the C.I.O. of being opposed to spontaneous strikes. They have often said in their mass meetings and also membership meetings that in as much as when a strike is on, before settling said strike the workers have to sit in conference with the representatives of the employers, they might just as well mediate first, and if nothing can be gained peacefully, then declare a strike.

Afraid of Strikes

These words had a deep effect on the workers as well as on the police and chamber of commerce, etc. The Lawrence workers are afraid of strikes. This cannot be blamed on the C.I.O., but on former strikes where most always the workers gained a raise in wages, but got more speed-up along with the raise, and the most militant strikers

were done away with after a short time, if not right after the strike. Of course if the workers had got a strong union, no active member could have been laid off for his or her activities, but Lawrence never got a strong union after a strike was settled.

They have always joined the union by the thousands in time of trouble (most of them with the prospect of getting something for nothing), but after the strike, when called upon to pay, their dues, there was nothing doing. One of the old timers said:

"I have been assigned to do such work more than once after a strike, and of all the new members I visited, not two percent would pay dues; and the old members would pay providing we went to their homes to collect, but very few of them were willing to come to meetings. This is bad and makes it very hard to organize the Lawrence workers. And today under the C.I.O. it is not much better. A little new blood has been injected into the union, but by far too little of it.

"I was present when they selected the Wood and Ayer weave room representatives (shop committees) and in fairness to the C.I.O. organizers, I must admit that they gave the workers full power to select their representatives. Only, all the old-timers declined. Most of the weave shop committee are French Canadian with one Belgian and one German. A good representative group, but all new blood and somewhat green. To qualify to vote, or for shop committee member, you must have received 12 pays in a current year. I've only worked six weeks in 13 months, so I couldn't qualify in any mill."

Too Much Speed

The main grievance everywhere is too much speed-up. For the weave room, the workers seem to agree on four magazine looms per weaver instead of six. But right here is a source of trouble. Nobody wants to accept a cut in pay and it is a general belief that if the Wood and Ayer mill weavers want to get 4 looms, they will have to accept a cut in pay.

Again a Lawrence worker speaking: "I have worked in plenty of woolen and worsted mills in New England. I know the kind of cloth they weave in the many mills, how many looms they run and also the average pay. Compare first, the Lorraine Mill in Pawtucket, R. I., with the Wood mill. In the Lorraine they run six fancy worsted looms for about \$30 for 40 hours. In the Wood mill there are four different kinds of automatics. There are the 2-shuttle Drapers, the Baker loom for three-shuttle work, the old magazine loom and transformed Knowles and then the new automatic speed loom. All with the same price list.

"The two-shuttle Drapers and the Baker looms cannot run fancy filling and fancy filling pays

10 percent up to three kinds, if you have 3 kinds of filling that means 20 percent extra. For colors in the warp 5 percent for each fancy, and as they make a lot of fancy worsteds on the magazines 4 kinds of yarn means 20 percent for the filling and 15 percent for the warp, that means that often a weaver on magazines get 36 percent above the price list.

"Now, good weaver's pay for the Draper and Baker looms is around 40 dollars, let us say \$38, on the magazine looms \$40 or better and the speed looms \$50 and up. Of course, with business slack, small warps, waiting, and short time these pays look pretty sick some times. But that is a general condition.

"But do you think that the Wood and Ayer mill weavers will succeed in getting 4 looms with a proportional raise in pay when elsewhere they run six looms for less pay than a Lawrence worker could make on four looms with the present price list?"

Starvation Wages In Many Mills

The above does not apply to all of the Lawrence mills. For instance, the Lawrence Woolen Mill and all of the three small worsted mills in Methuen are paying starvation wages and those are the mills where the union can get but few members.

Then there are the Arlington and the Pacific Mills, two large companies. It is said that the C.I.O. feels almost safe in taking a vote in the Arlington mill.

But the Pacific mill is a harder nut to crack. They investigate every worker's record before giving him a job. You must apply at the employment office on a certain day (on Thursday). There they ask you every question they can think of. Then they send you home with the promise of sending for you when they need you.

Again quoting a Lawrence worker: "I put in my application a very long time ago, but never heard from them since. One is warned when filing his application not to repeat (that is, not to come again unless sent for); because if one does repeat the big shot in charge is going to make it very unpleasant for repeaters when discovered.

"I hear that the Wood and Ayer mill officials are absolutely reluctant to discuss the 4-loom plan and they name mills where workers are running 8 looms. But I believe that it is because they fear that the workers will demand a raise in pay; but for me, 4 looms first, the question of pay I am willing to let that wait for a while. This may sound yellow, but I am very sick of the 6 looms. It is too much for me anyway.

"The New Deal has not been put into effect enough for me to notice it here. If dividing up the work were tried it might not hurt us so much after all, as I know plenty workers who have not

(Continued on page 29)



Poor Henry Ford! The Bad Capitalist Did Him Dirt

Upton Sinclair's latest novel, "The Flivver King" is well named. It is all about Henry Ford and how he got that auto-monarchical way. Incidentally, it brings in three generations of Ford workers, through whose eyes much of Fordism is seen and described; especially with regard to its effects upon Ford employes.

In many respects, because of its chronological description of modern capitalism, together with its latter day effects upon the Ford workers, the city of Detroit, and American society in general, "The Flivver King" is a story well told. But otherwise it is apt to prove pernicious, as the tale of a mechanic-inventor idealist gone wrong, that is, as the tale of a superman who passed from an early phase of humanitarianism to a later phase of hard-boiled gangster, nazified capitalism; thanks to the bad capitalism about him.

In other words, "The Flivver King" is, in a sense, a lousy story, because it is the great man theory all over again. This, too, in a day when the tendency towards collectivism is being recognized on all sides, even by men who were never socialists like Upton Sinclair.

Unsound Theory

Henry Ford, according to "Flivver King," was originally a noble character whom environment changed into a decidedly ignoble one. Poor Henry Ford! Capitalists and capitalism did him dirt to the extent of a billion dollars and a philosophy of futility and defeatism, not omitting his final dependence on a strong arm squad and Hitlerism. It's terrible, if true.

In these days when workers, even alleged socialists and communists, are electing good men to office, a la Roosevelt and LaGuardia, it will serve the purposes of pseudo-industrial unionism well to depict the good capitalists versus the bad ones (curses on the villains!) and to influence the organization of labor accordingly. However, it is a wholly erroneous and unsound procedure.

Thus it comes about that as a picture of "Ford-America," Sinclair's novel is disappointing. It is more biographical than fictional. It is also an over-simplification; an attempt to segregate Ford-

★ Book Reviews ★

By JUSTUS EBERT

ism, as it were, from capitalism, except as it is affected by the latter. Fordism is not described as a phase of capitalist industrial evolution, but as something growing up in the midst of it in a sort of primitive, pristine beauty, only to be badly affected by it.

Weak in Industrial Facts

There is no attempt to depict the evolution of the motor car and the motor car industry as a whole. The aim of the novel, perhaps unwittingly, is to make Ford at once its able hero and its great moral; the latter being, "don't 'make' a billion, lest you lose your original character." Another version of "What profit a man if he gain a whole world and lose his own soul."

So, apparently, there was no machine age before Ford. Nor was there any vertical industrial development before him. Nor were there any other men trying to invent autos (some of whom threatened Henry with infringement litigation, not mentioned by Sinclair)—Ford is the wonder worker of it all. Listen to this, for instance: Ford has to abandon his original model car; his competitors are pushing down his sales. So here is what happens according to Sinclair (page 69):

"A stupendous task confronted the Flivver King. Most of his forty-five thousand machines would turn out one thing and nothing else, and would have to be remodelled or else scrapped. Before any car part could be stamped, new dies would have to be cut, and there were more than 5,000 parts. There would have to be a complete shut-down, except for the making of new parts for the old cars, which would continue at Highland Park. "Henry (mark this) would create a whole new industry at the River Rouge plant, with a million and a half feet of new floor space." (Our emphasis.)

Here we have Henry as the creator of "a whole new industry!" Of course, this is twaddle. Henry was nothing of the kind. His dunderhead, non-creative salesmen had warned him long before the event that the change in models would have to happen! And his equally non-creative, stupid, thousands of laboratory workers, top-notch exec-

utives, skilled die and tool makers, and unskilled laborers evolved those 45,000 new machines and put them in operation—all in five month's time.

The Cart Before the Horse

In other words, Upton Sinclair is guilty of failure to point out the collective, cooperative, social labor which makes the Fords possible, and not vice-versa. He makes society dependent on the Fords, instead of the other way around. It's a crime against society that should be left to the bourgeois exalters of "great men." It's no job for a socialist like Upton Sinclair. That is, provided he knows what his socialism is all about.

However, read "The Flivver King." Its working class characters are well drawn. You'll pity Abner Shutt, and realize that the working class is full of his likes. After which you'll understand the working class as a whole better. Then there's his son, Tom, the very antithesis of old man Abner. A bright boy who goes through high school and college, only to become a Ford worker and then a union organizer. Our heart goes out to Tom, though we don't think it necessary for union organizers to be college bred. We've met many who only went to college to lecture about the labor movement to the collegians. Never mind, Tom is the calibre of man who is going to help the workers to victory.

"The Flivver King" is not very dramatic. But the march of the unemployed Ford workers to Dearborn and the murder of Tom by Ford thugs thrilled us and left us more determined than ever to work for the overthrow, not only of the Flivver King, but all of the other crowned heads of capitalism made possible by the exploitation of the cooperative, social labor of the workers whether in River Rouge or elsewhere.

* * *

The Story of Haymarket

Labor Agitator: The Story of Albert R. Parsons
by Allen Calmer, International Publishers. Paper
cover 35 cents.

It's a well told story of an American labor agitator with a long line of American ancestors who, after years of fighting to make America a better place to live in, died on the gallows, November 11, 1887, one of the immortal five murdered after the Haymarket affair of the preceding year to punish labor for daring to challenge the right of the money masters to do as they please with their wage slaves.

Mr. Calmer's book is short, 126 pages, and as he sets out to give a complete biography of Parsons beginning with his pilgrim father ancestors in Massachusetts, it is somewhat lacking in important historical detail. One might almost get the impression that the labor movement of those interesting years when the first big railroad strikes took

place and when the 8-hour day movement was launched, existed exclusively in mass demonstrations and soap-box meetings. We are given little or no information about the forces at work in homes, factories, and union meetings that brought the workers out to public gatherings where the spell-binders such as Parsons and Spies could get at them.

On the other hand we are given a good deal of useful information about the workers' political movements of the time and about the anarchists. This, of course, is as it should be because Parsons was, during a number of his active years, a believer in political action as a means to achieve the emancipation of the working class, a belief which he later gave up.

It is in the discussion of Parsons' anarchist leanings that the biographer ventures a criticism which will not be altogether to the liking of most of those people who feel themselves, with justice, to be most closely related ideologically to the Haymarket martyrs.

Mr. Chalmer says (page 71) of Parsons' idea of the state: "He had never read Marx's and Engels' writings on the state (most of them were, of course completely inaccessible to him) which pointed out that the workers must use forms of organized force, including the state, for purpose of crushing the resistance the bourgeoisie even after the masses have won power; that, while the capitalist state must be smashed, the workers have to put in its place a 'revolutionary and transitional form'—the dictatorship of the proletariat—which would pave the way for a classless society in which the proletarian stateform would 'wither away'."

Now there are many, including some who have read Marx, who believe that Parsons was right in thinking as he did that the state-form could well be dispensed with after capitalism has been overthrown. However, the quotation above seems to be the only place where the writer gives evidence of having attended that cock-sure school where everything is proved conclusively by selected passages from Marx and Lenin.

The author does a lot to clarify certain points that trouble some students who are inclined to believe in the peaceable intentions and actions of the Haymarket martyrs, but who are worried about the violent language they sometimes used. He explains, for instance, the circumstance under which the famous "Revenge" leaflet was composed and what Spies really intended when under terrific strain and excitement following the brutal assault of police on the McCormick strikers' meeting, he gave instructions to the printer. He points out that the possession of arms and drilling with arms by private groups was at that time still legal. Lacking this bit of information many a reader of labor history is apt to jump to the conclusion that workers groups that drilled with guns were out-laws.

He reminds us that these famous men, Parsons and the others, were real revolutionaries who had faith in the work they were doing, so much so that they expected that the revolution was right around the corner. And we get a fair picture, too, of that other class that tries hard to "do something for humanity"—the liberals, those good people who never know what is going on until it is too late to do much more than put a wreath on the monuments of the victims.

There is no need here to repeat the story of the Haymarket case. The fiftieth anniversary of the martyrdom of Spies, Parsons, Lingg, Fischer, and Engel has just passed and we have all heard the account of those stirring times again and again.

But we gladly recommend "Labor Agitator" and trust that many thousands will read it and pass it on.—C. K.

What Will Labor's Men in Jail Think This Christmas?

(Continued from page 19)

ly won on the west coast. Company gunmen, hiding in ambush, shot at him and other pickets with dum-dum bullets. One of these, Mike Stetz, is dead. James Whalen, chairman of the General Organization Committee of the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union No. 120 of the I.W.W. that conducted the strike, writes of young Gentry:

"Paralyzed from the waist down for more than a year, there is little or no change in his condition since the time he was shot. The doctors at this hospital hold little hope for his ever regaining the use of his lower organs, and are doubtful that he will live for a length of time. We are faced with the problem of either exhausting the means of medical science by putting him under the care of a specialist with the possibility of him regaining the use of his body or taking care of him while he is in this sad condition until his strength and spirit leaves him. Frankly, the latter is more than a possibility in the near future. Meanwhile the boy wishes, and so do his folks, to be moved to a hospital near his home in Louisiana where his people can visit him.

"Once we take him from the Orofino hospital we will have the responsibility of assuring him care. This means that an attendant must be with him during his trip to another hospital."

Will You Help?

To get young Gentry home, taking proper care of him, we are told will cost at least

As we go to press we have word that young Dalton Gentry is on his way home to Louisiana.

a thousand dollars; but it is much better to do what we can now than to send wreaths and sympathy later.

Such in general are the circumstances we have in mind when we ask our friends, new and old, to contribute once again to the Class War Prisoners' Christmas Fund. It is twenty-one years now since the General Defense Committee was organized. In that time we have defended thousands of workers and secured freedom for most of them; but the casualties of the class struggle accumulate, and the rulers of industry remain as vindictive as ever, their power to frame and imprison abridged some little bit by the decisions that this Committee has from time to time wrested from the courts.

This year we need funds as much as ever to accomplish the purposes of the Class War Prisoners' Christmas fund, so we hope you will respond to this appeal with a generosity that will warm your own heart when you stop to think this Christmas about the good men who are locked up extra early in order that more of the guards may get off to make merry elsewhere. We would like our gifts to reach them well before Christmas, so please send your contribution in plenty of time to

GENERAL DEFENSE COMMITTEE
W. H. Westman, Secretary
2422 N. Halsted St. Chicago, Ill.

C. I. O. in Lawrence

(Continued from page 26)

lost many days work while some workers have done very little work since last March. I suppose if they made them all feel the pinch of hunger, they would be more ready to kick together."

Negotiations But No Action

To briefly sum up the situation in Lawrence. The workers have gained nothing since voting to be represented by the C.I.O. on September 15th. The C.I.O. is still negotiating, but nothing has been achieved to date. Very few members are paying their dues. The officials have said openly that they would collect no dues until they have gained something for the workers. (That I believe was a very bad slip on their part.) The C.I.O. officials are still running the union, the workers do not seem to want to run it, they would rather let George do it. The leaders are calling their members to meetings and are trying to induce local workers to take an active part in their union. The workers of Lawrence will get what they are willing to fight for and nothing more.

The Modern Stegosaurus

Defender of
Private
Property

By
A. B. COBB

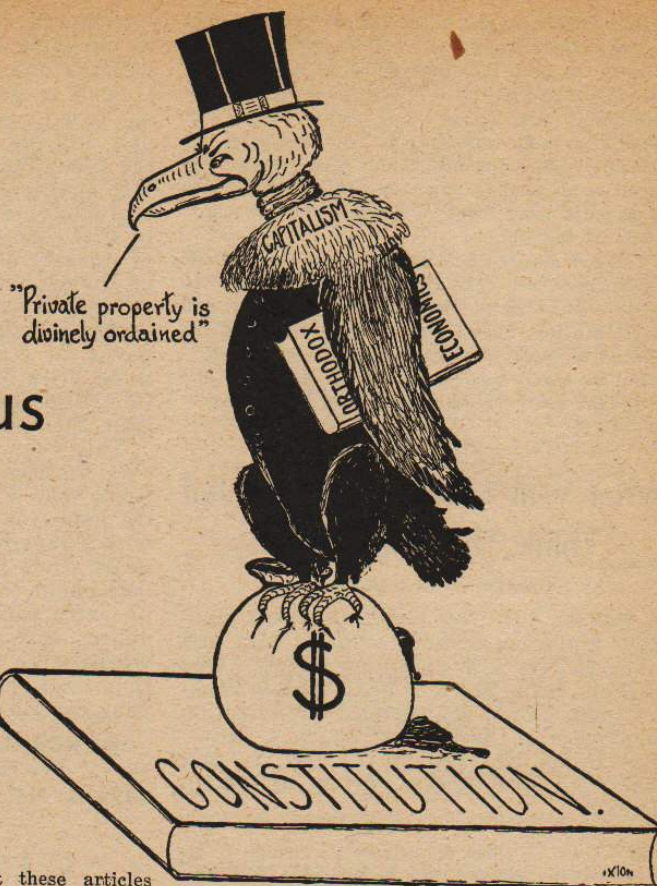
A correspondent complains that these articles have been too hard on the educators who, he says, "are sincere people; and home, press, and radio are each partly responsible for the miseducation of the young."

As to sincerity, the fox is as sincere as the hen, and the more sincere he is the harder it will be for the chicken. People who know Hitler assure us that he is well meaning. You can see that Mussolini is sincere by the way he sticks out his chin; and the odor of sincerity around Uncle Joe Stalin is as strong as the smoke from his pipe. We may conclude from these instances that individuals are to be judged not alone by their estimates of themselves but also by their effect upon others.

Moreover, it is not the individual educator who concerns us but the effect of the institution as a whole. And after making all due allowances for the evils that flow from other groups, it is only fair and just to hold the school system to be Public Enemy No. 1. They pick on the child in his formative years, full of life, hope, and ambition. They turn him lose in the world helpless, hopeless, and demoralized.

In the primary grades he is taught the three

Thirty



"Rs"; without that for a foundation civilization itself becomes impossible. But the vital facts about himself and the institutions that control him, these things he must learn elsewhere. In the secondary schools and in the universities he is introduced to literature, history and the sciences. But at all times the most important truths are held back. The scientific method is subordinated to the authoritarian method; nowhere will he find a consistent effort to apply scientific methods to social questions. When he has swallowed the whole works the most that can be said of him is that he is a Master of Alliteration, Distraction, Uglification, and Illusion. (Apologies to Lewis Carroll). The more seriously he takes what he has been taught, the more confused he will be and the more damage he will do.

For we have arrived at an era of change; new forces are at work in the world and the old authorities cannot help. To quote Marx and Engels:

"Uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation distinguish our epoch from all earlier ones. All fixed,

ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY

fast-frozen relations, with their train of ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions, are swept away, all new-formed ones become antiquated before they can ossify. All that is solid melts into the air, all that is holy is profaned, and man is at last compelled to face with sober senses, his real conditions of life and his relations with his kind."

In such a situation the university man, whether graduate or instructor, is not only useless, he is an incumbrance and a nuisance.

Other Institutions

Ever since the adoption of the American Constitution we have been assured by men in high places that it stood as a general guarantee of freedom, that we have a system of government by checks and balances so well devised that tyranny can never raise its ugly head. Much has been made of the phrase in the preamble (to the U. S. Constitution) about "general welfare"; those voices are muffled that tell that back of all government, including ours, stands the right of private property, and that the term "general welfare" is merely a sarcasm.

The much advertised division of the government into three departments as checks upon each other has resolved into three wings of an army enrolled solely for the defense of privilege for the few, each sharing in the spoils and the guilt while trying at all times to shift the blame onto the other. Against such a combination the unorganized public hasn't a Chinaman's chance. If, against this unholy trinity, grown men have no show, what hope is there for the young?

Long before the child is brought into direct contact with the political state he feels the influence of other equally baneful institutions, church, school and press. Even at his mother's knee he is apt to fall under the witchery of the fables, traditions and prejudices handed down from the ignorant and credulous ages of the past. If he falls under the influence of the church he is scientifically humbugged, drilled to have faith, respect, confidence, in every one and in every institution, but none in himself. He must obey his superiors without fail and if he doubts he must never admit it.

If by some miracle he escapes the sway of tradition and religion, another, more powerful institution besets his way. Like all other such institutions the school appears as the benefactor of childhood, a bringer of wisdom and a guide to character. In reality it is a "whited sepulcher" in which to bury genius. New pharisees conjure up new phantoms. Long before he knows how abstract ideas are formed he is pestered by such weasel words as patriotism, heroism, liberty, truth, justice, and freedom. Here too he is taught to venerate the men and institutions that, like Jacob of old, rob their own brothers of their birthright. In the lower schools they hide from him his origin, evolution,

and destiny; even in the university they will not expose the origin, purpose, and nature of the institutions that stand between him and the things he needs. The power of the press has been overrated; the church has long been in decline; in the more advanced countries the school remains the principal instrument for deceiving humanity in a world of make-believe. No other tool has exerted so much power for evil and still retained a reputation as a benefactor. If the lost generation expects guidance from our educators it is sure "out of luck."

An Illustration

The value of the opinions of educators on social questions was demonstrated not long ago when President Roosevelt sent letters to about one hundred institutions of higher learning asking suggestions as to how to cushion the shock when some new invention displaces large numbers of laborers. So far but one answer has made the headlines. That one suggested a remedy neither new nor humane. The problem of over-population was referred to the medical profession. It was proposed that in the future doctors dispose of all persons found unfit, crippled, or useless.

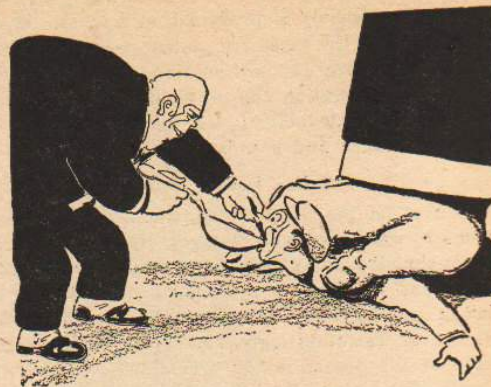
Now if this reply had come from the Dog House—Maine and New Hampshire—it might have been taken as a personal reflection upon the president himself, since he suffers from the effects of infantile paralysis. But no, this answer came from the good democratic State of Georgia, from the Georgia Technical Institute. When the mechanical cotton picker gets going, the poor whites and blacks of Georgia will be just so many useless mouths to feed. Someone suggested feeding them to the hogs, but hog raising is no longer profitable. Why not call on the great engineer, Hoover? He is well educated and a good Christian to boot.

For more than a hundred years the ablest men in every line of thought have insisted that the application of scientific method to the various branches of knowledge is essential to progress and that theological or authoritarian method is the worst possible impediment. These men have shown that science has been a menial, a scullion in the house of knowledge.

As a result the modern university is much like the extinct monster, stegosaurus, said by authorities to have had a brain in its tail larger than the one in its head. As long as our schools subordinate scientific method to theological or hind-brain method, education is bound to be a failure. And as to those who insist on the present program or on returning to the past for guide posts, we are willing to grant their sincerity but must question their sanity. We should quit calling our professors such pet names as Prof., Prexy, and Puff-Ball. It would be more in line with their intelligence and dignity to say Honorable Stegosaurus or Big Chief Brain-in-the-Tail.

Education and "Humanistic" Approach

By
CHAS. J. MILLER



The question of education is rapidly taking a more important place in the capitalistic scheme of things.

By this I do not mean only in the sense of bribery of educational authorities to carry on intensified propaganda for the benefit of certain corporation interests, but in the broader sense of the whole educational policy.

In recent years education has become an ever increasing topic for discussion among the educators and those that control the educational institutions. Ever increasing in number and variety of conferences and meetings to discuss with, and instruct the educators what to teach and what methods to employ.

The question of general education has never in all history been as vital to the master class as it is at the present time.

In the past systems of society it was not a question of how to educate the slave class, but how to keep them in ignorance. Both the chattel slave and the serf were kept in ignorance, first, because education was not necessary in their performance of their work, second, educating the slaves or serfs would have been dangerous to the master class.

But with the coming of the capitalist system of production, with the introduction of power, machinery and the factory system based on wage labor, with the development of the machine age, it became ever more necessary to educate the workers so that they could carry on production with increasing efficiency. Out of the ranks of workers it was necessary to develop highly efficient engineers, technicians, chemists, mechanics, managers, superintendents, selling agents, and specialists in the various processes of industry. From top to bottom higher education was necessary to keep this complicated system of industry functioning.

And so the question of how to educate the slave

class to run this complicated system, and at the same time keep them in ignorance of the slave character of their standing in society and of the method by which they are kept in slavery, became one of the hardest problems of the master class. And now, with the system cracking, crumbling and decaying, this question of education is becoming still more difficult to handle.

With millions of working class youths unable to get jobs, continuing their education into high school and some getting into college, the question of how to keep up the delusion of democracy and still keep the basic economic truths from the workers has become a gigantic task.

Among the defenders of the Democracies the most common solution of our social ills come under the head of humanism. Educators, preachers, reform speakers, liberals; in round table discussions, in forums where the speakers do all the talking, this subject of humanism is prevalent.

The popularity of "Humanistic" theory among these speakers is at least in part because it is a safe subject to talk on. Humanism deals with individuals through all strata of society. It does not recognize a class division in society that is far greater and more important than the individual. It does not recognize that the class character of society is so basic that, while we are all members of the human race, the two classes are as far apart in life as the whale and the small fish that enter the whale's mouth.

A Dizzy Doctor

Dr. Henry M. Wriston, the new president of Brown University, speaking before the annual convention of the New England Association of School Superintendents at the Statler Hotel in Boston on November 5th delivered a caustic attack on the current emphasis on the theory that economic factors determine every phase of existence. He asked

for a "Humanistic" approach to the problem of life.

Asserting that economic determinism "is inadequate as a philosophy of life or explanation of action" and that "the great teachers of all ages with one voice repudiate so shallow, so superficial, so tawdry a conception of the dignity of mankind."

Then he pointed out that Karl Marx was the author of the theory of economic determinism, which forms the corner stone of his socialistic philosophy and that "just as we have come to fear and hate the system of Karl Marx, we swallow it whole without questioning its major premise." Unless this major premise is rejected," he added, "your escape from his (Marx's) conclusion, socialism, will be difficult."

Then he went on to say that there was no trace of the theory of economic determinism in the teachings of Jesus, Buddha and Confucius nor in the masterpieces of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe.

Let us examine the above remarks by the head of an educational institution of higher learning.

First, he asserts that the great teachers of all the ages all with one voice repudiate the theory of economic determinism, then he admits that Karl Marx was the author of the theory of economic determinism (he meant the broader doctrine of historical materialism, of course), and then he goes on to say that there was no trace of this theory in the teachings and writings of some of the greatest scholars in history.

Will Dr. Wriston kindly explain how the great teachers of all ages could repudiate a theory of which there was not a trace in their teachings and writings and which he admits did not exist in their time as Marx wasn't born until 1818? As for the teachers since 1818 the present results do not speak highly for their judgement.

I would suggest that Dr. Wriston go to his professor of Psychology and have him psychonalyze his fear and hate for the system of Karl Marx. Maybe he could explain the reason for some of Dr. Wriston's utterances.

But the crowning assertion came later in his address when he said that by applying the theory of economic determinism to the whole educational process it would "impair or destroy great cultural, aesthetic, spiritual and emotional values, without giving the vocational aspect any significant effectiveness."

Can a working stiff, now out of a job, hungry, without a home, no decent clothes, his "jungle" invaded by the town clowns or state bulls duly appreciate what Dr. Wriston is saying to him, for after all he and millions like him do come under the heading of "humanistic."

He said, by applying the theory of economic determinism to the whole educational process, we impair or destroy the beautiful, your refining

moral or intellectual faculties, your heavenly mindedness, your feelings and passions, without changing the situation for the better as far as your job is concerned.

Just think, by applying the theory of economic determinism, replacing our present capitalistic slave system political democracy, with an Industrial Democracy, we could insure economic security for every man, woman and child by working thirty hours or less per week from the ages of twenty to forty-five and the rest of the time be free, not only from work, but from worry; free to cultivate our "cultural, aesthetic, spiritual, and emotional values." But the doctor would have us believe that we would thereby not only destroy these values, but would not better our present job situation. Of course we can't understand this. You must have a whole educational process of a Dr. Wriston or his like to get as fine a point as this one.

He said, "All history shows that men live and love and fight and die, are heroes and patriots; they will suffer and rejoice, they will endure torture and not flinch, and all for causes in which economics is only a small constituent. The dignity of mankind rises above any market price."

Why Do Men Fight

What are some of the major causes for which men fight and die, suffer and endure torture? Are they not starvation amidst plenty, unemployment, war, etc.? These questions are all fundamentally economic. Individually we can not solve them.

The human being is a social animal. Man cannot live as man alone. Our problems of life are social problems. This humanistic approach to the problems of life is an individualistic approach to the problems of society.

Were the chattel slaves of the south freed by humanizing the slave holders? Or were they freed because the land became so unproductive under a primitive method of land culture that the slave system had to expand into new territory in order to keep going and thereby same into conflict with a cheaper and more productive slave system, namely, the wage system?

How successful has this humanizing process been with the sponsors, donators and graduates of your universities? Are we proud of their record? Millions of dollars in profits each year (some of it trickling into university funds) while workers who produce these millions are turned out to seek relief or starve, their service no longer profitable, never having received enough to live even on what one would call a decent American standard of living. I can give concrete examples of this right in your home town.

No. You cannot humanize parasites. They are a product of a system of society and it is only by changing this system that you can get rid of them.

Man's social choice is not free, it is determined by his environment, his class interest in society.

Dr. Wriston's present position as head of an educational institution, as well as his own education and his standing in society is the result of the social system, past and present. Dr. Wriston did not make the system. The system made Dr. Wriston.

Robert Blatchford in his book, "Not Guilty," said, "Man does not create himself. What a man does depends on what he is; and what he is depends upon his 'bread' and his experience. Heredity makes, and environment modifies a man's nature. Both these forces are outside of man. Our moral and ethical concepts are based entirely on our social relations."

How to Approach the Employer

For a worker to approach an employer with a humanistic appeal to stop exploiting workers is as unsound as it would be for a hare to approach a fox with an animalistic appeal to stop chasing him.

This capitalistic, wage-slave cultural value that Dr. Wriston is so anxious to preserve is the very thing we must expose for what it is. Veblen in his book "Socialism" has this to say of this culture:

"The canons of respectability in profiteering are so powerfully implanted in the young of all classes in America by the schools, churches and private opinion of all good citizens that any effective action which can be stigmatized as radical, socialistic or Bolshevik, still seems impossible to contemplate."

Veblen knew his educators.

If the workers had to depend on humanizing the capitalists to free themselves of this slave system the task would indeed be hopeless. But such is not the case. Individualism is anti-social. This is a class fight. Society is divided into two economic classes. One, the minority class, through the ownership of the means of living, control all the other institutions. But they control only because they are organized, while the other class, the working class, is unorganized and disorganized.

The workers that run industry, can, anytime that they will organize for that purpose, take over the means of living, i. e., the industries and thereby wipe out the owning class. Not until this is done will there be any sense in the "humanistic" approach.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of March 3, 1933

Of The One Big Union Monthly, published Monthly at Chicago, Ill. for Oct. 1, 1937.

State of Illinois
County of Cook.

Before me, a Notary public in and for the State

Thirty-four

and county aforesaid, personally appeared Carl Keller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of the One Big Union Monthly and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher Industrial Workers of the World, 2422 No. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Editor Carl Keller, 2422 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Business Manager Carl Keller, 2422 N. Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owner is:

Industrial Workers of the World, 2422 No. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

W. H. Westman, Gen. Sec'y-Treas., 2422 No. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Chas. Valsek, Chairman, Gen. Exec. Board, 2422 No. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.


Carl Keller, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October 1937.

Luka Mesic, Notary public.

(My commission expires 29th of April 1939.)

ONE BIG UNION MONTHLY



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.

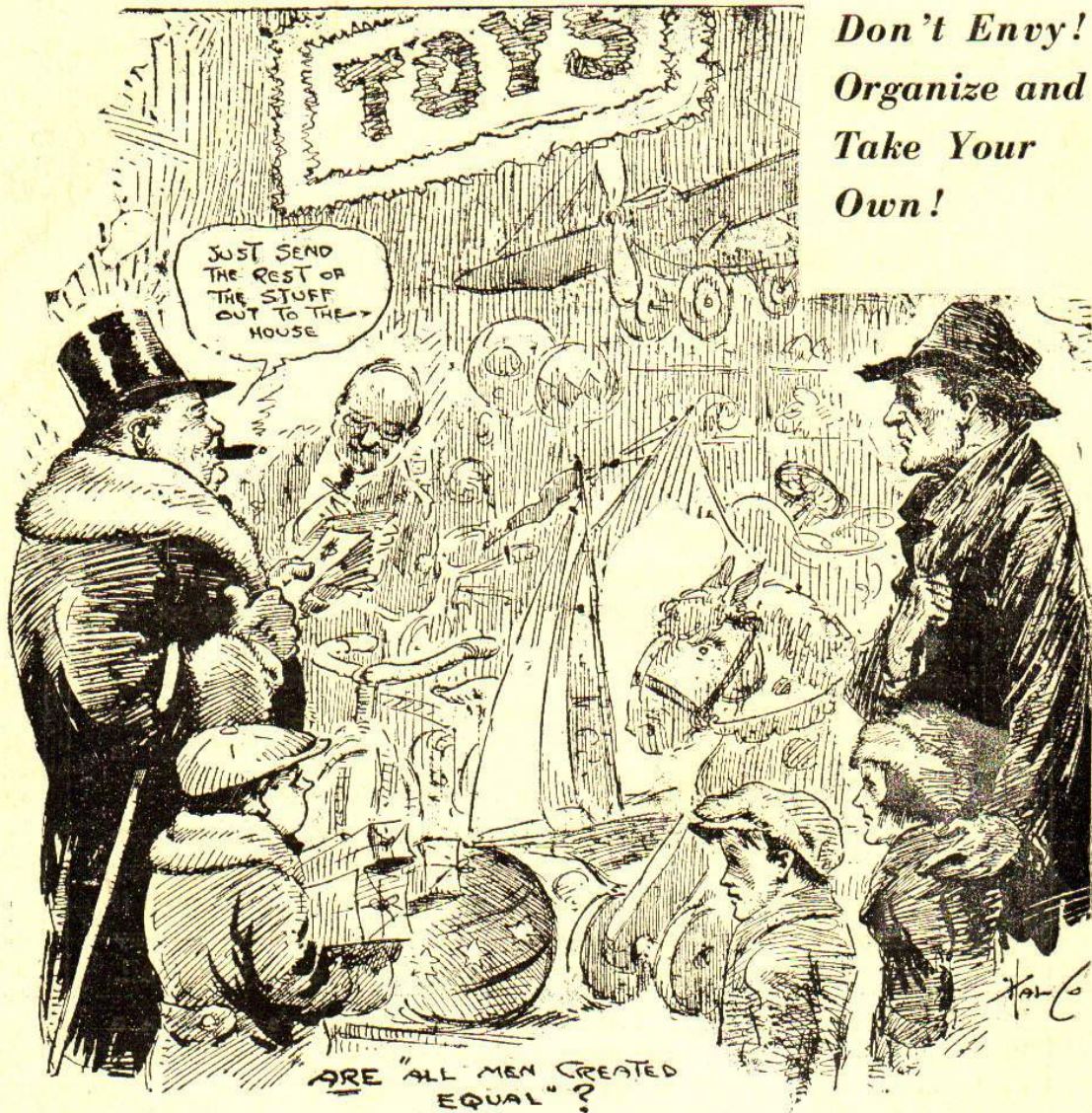
We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the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





*Don't Envy!
Organize and
Take Your
Own!*

A child's dream of abundance or a man's can be changed to reality through the magic power of organized labor. The goods so lavishly displayed for the benefit of those who have money to buy are as nothing compared to what labor could produce and distribute freely to all mankind if freed from the restraint of the capitalists who, having all they want for themselves, are reluctant to grant the workers the right even to a bare existence.