

The Reds Say--

By JIM ALLEN

In this issue, fellow-workers, you will read an article by Dewey Martin, who has just returned from the Soviet Union where he was sent as a delegate by the N. T. W. U. to the World Congress of the Red International of Labor Unions. Comrade Martin never heard of the Reds until Fred Beal came into Gastonia and organized a local of the N. T. W. U. When the strike was called in the Loray mill, Dewey Martin was one of the first out and was one of the most militant of the strikers. He later became an organizer for the Union, and worked in and around Gastonia until he left for Moscow as a delegate a few months ago. Now he is back to lead textile workers.

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If Comrade Martin don't mind, we will devote the column this week to Dewey Martin. Not to Dewey Martin as a tall lanky individual, with personal likes and dislikes, but to Dewey Martin, the Southern textile worker, who was given a new aim in life by the Gastonia strike. Get me straight—I don't consider Dewey a hero, or anything like that. We just want to draw a few lessons from the development of this comrade, who in a very short time saw beyond the slavery at the Loray Mill in Gastonia, broke thru all the prejudices thrust upon him by the mill barons, and devoted himself to that great struggle of his fellow workers.

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Take Dewey Martin as a symbol for any Southern worker—as a textile worker, or a miner, or a steel worker, or a metal worker or a farmhand—and you will get what I mean. Yesterday he was a slave at the machine, grumbling, wearied, with nothing to look forward to. Today he is a militant worker, knowing that all these things can be changed, and that it lies in his power to change it. Yesterday his views were restricted to what the bosses at Gastonia, or Greensboro, or High Point, or at any of the other places he worked wanted them restricted to. Today he has a world view, knowing of the struggles of the workers in all countries, knowing of the sameness of their exploitation and also of the unity of their fight for freedom. Yesterday he thought that his strength could only be measured by the strength of his two arms, or at most the strength of only the workers in the community. Today he knows that his strength is measured by the strength of the international proletariat. From a submissive slave at a machine our Southern textile worker has developed into a class conscious revolutionary worker, a native leader of the Southern workers, devoting his whole life to the revolution. In his person the extremely exploited textile workers of the South have participated in a World Congress of revolutionary labor in Moscow, and seen with their own eyes the accomplishments of the first Workers' and Farmers' Government. From slavery to freedom—that is the path that Dewey Martin points out to his fellow Southern toilers, in city and on farm, for black and white.

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There are more Dewey Martins in the South and there will be more. The great suffering of the exploited, the whip of unemployment and starvation, the grinding speed of the machine must bring to the revolutionary leaders in the cities and on the farmlands, the militant and the most courageous. Like Dewey Martin they will lead out of our struggles and themselves lead workers in struggle.