

# "We're With You, England"

By Jay Lovestone

FOR once the workers owe a debt of extraordinary thanks to their enemies. Every American workman should be thankful to the Washington Post of May 9th for its leading editorial, captioned "We're With You, England." The editorial is a timely warning and a powerful inspiration to the American working class to wake up, take notice, hit back, and hit back hard.

This outbreak of rage and insolence by the spokesman of the most poisonous of leeches in capitalist newspaperdom is an eye-opener. The editorial is a call to action by the forces of America's blackest reaction against the valiant striking workers of England. It is a more provocative and dastardly a piece of newspaper scribbling than has ever appeared in any of the official, semi-official and unofficial saffron sheets of Washington.

This excited call to the scabs, printed as an editorial, reads in part:

"At all cost the general strike must be broken. It is an assault upon the throne, the government and the people of Great Britain. If it wins there will be a Communist dictatorship in England.

"Nothing but a miracle can prevent a collision between the armed forces of the government and the forces of rebellion. . . .

"The Communists of the world are eagerly attempting to bring about civil war in England. No doubt mes-

sages of aid and comfort are going from the United States to the British reds. . . .

"If the British strike should develop into a war of violence, the United States will have a duty to perform. There will be no neutrality in such a war. The United States government should range itself instantly alongside the British government and should lend every possible assistance to it. Communists in this country should be placed under guard or behind the bars. No communication between them and the British revolutionists should be permitted. (Our emphasis.) Whatever England needs should be furnished quickly. The attack on popular government in England is an attack upon the popular government in the United States. Americans would be dull and deluded if they did not perceive that the triumph of Communism in England would involve the United States in war.

"Now, when Communism strikes, is the time to cut off its head. . . ." (Our emphasis.)

Interesting reading, eh, brother reader?

Every American workman should ponder this editorial, paste it in his hat, and redouble his efforts to hasten the day when the working class will fling it into the teeth of these sordid capitalist lackeys with enough force to send them straight to the dungheap of history.

Introducing Teapot Dome Heroes.

Why is the Washington Post? Who is this E. B. McLean who owns this sheet?

Fortunately, our memory has not betrayed us. We smell oil! Visions of Teapot Dome are again upon us!

The Washington Post is usually considered as a sort of semi-official mouthpiece of the Coolidge administration. And it is notorious among newspaper scribes in Washington as an unscrupulously dirty mouthpiece.

When the Washington Post speaks all the world knows that the most vicious junta of our employing class is on its hind legs ready to leap at the throats of the workers.

The Washington Post truly speaks "his master's voice." But in this instance Coolidge is only the dog, barking and whining forth the wishes and plans of the motliest crew of labor-haters, open-shoppers, and shame-faced scabs. This rancous screed simply means that the Wall Street administration at Washington is preparing to do what the British exploiters have been unable to do—preparing to break the heroic strike of the English workers.

McLean himself is unknown to the great mass of American workmen. He is a nonentity, a tyro of the tiniest type. But he is well known to the American working class under another name. The workers will recall the so-called mysterious telegrams from

Palm Beach to the White House—telegrams which the senate committee said "it just couldn't unravel" in the heydays of the Teapot Dome oil scandal investigation. The workers will recall that "Peaches" was one of the most frequently used code words in these telegrams exchanged among the ringleaders of the notorious Ohio gang which plundered our oil resources so wantonly. The workers will recall that this same McLean who now wants to mobilize dollars and bayonets to break the British strike was the gentleman called "Peaches" in the Teapot Dome holdup telegrams.

McLean is the highest-priced fruit dealer (but rotten fruit) in the United States. He sells his wares to the White House and the stock exchange. "Peaches" McLean was the pipeline to the White House in those great and glorious days when H. M. (Honest Man) Daugherty was head of the department of justice and the department of oil and alien property crooks.

"Peaches" Wants Bigger Loot.

Now "Peaches" McLean wants to be the pipeline from Wall Street and Pennsylvania avenue to Lombard and Downing streets. But the American workers will not let "Peaches" get as far in his crooked game as they did last time. We know the viper, his stripe and his lair.

This great defender of dollar democracy is worried over the "assault upon the throne." The king of England may lose his seat—or perhaps his

head—or both! Peaches & Co. may lose their bank accounts, their oil dripping and gold-stuffed pocketbooks. There is a common danger; so this American super-patriot and lover of the purest of democracies rushes to the defense of the throne occupied by George V, successor to George III the perpetrator of the Boston massacre.

And when "Peaches" McLean goes into a fit about the United States having "a duty to perform" in the British strike, he no doubt has in mind a duty as honorable, as sacred, and as worth while as the duty he performed when he helped Denby, Daugherty, Doheny, Sinclair and Fall to steal the Teapot Dome oil resources from the American masses. At last "Peaches" has learned that scabbery is as holy a virtue for his class as thievery. A lesson well learned, Mr. McLean!

A Welcome Warning.

But we thank you for the warning, "Peaches." We thank you for letting the cat out of the bag. All the more do we thank you because it's such a despicable, filthy cat. The American workers understand you very well when you say "We're With You, England." You are with the good-for-nothing, parasite fox-hunters, the oil and coal robbers and their flabby lordships of England against the miners, railroad workers and the other millions of British workingmen.

Your surly tongue-wagging is only a futile attempt to terrorize the American workers, to break up the

great solidarity now being shown by the American workers with their striking British brothers.

This warning from Washington will only prove an inspiration to the American workers to increase tenfold their efforts to help the English proletariat score a much-deserved decisive victory. Let the strike-breaking government at Washington dare stop American workers' funds and messages of solidarity from reaching Britain. There could be no better way of bringing nearer the day when our own working class will begin teaching the Wall Street magnates the lessons now being so painfully learned by the British exploiters.

In the face of this incitement to mass violence against the British and American workers by the organ of the Coolidge administration there is only one thing our workers can do and must do. Every honest workman must go all the way down the line and give until the "Peaches" of England and the United States are driven out.

Remember, Mr. McLean, you have been setting the rules and the pace for the class fight. Woe unto you and your ilk everywhere when the American workers begin to use these very same rules against you. Don't be surprised if the American workers begin to speak the only language your class understands sooner than you thought they would, while you were belching forth this monstrous attack on the working class.