

WORKER'S JOURNAL

By CHARLES DENBY

How It Was In "The Good Old Days"

Some time back, a white worker from Georgia told me about his experiences working in Southern textile mills.

Around 1936, shortly after the rise of the CIO, he said, the Georgia textile workers felt it was a good time to try to organize themselves. Many of them felt that one of the things in their favor was the fact that a good number of the mill owners were wealthy individuals from Massachusetts. The workers contacted the AFL which sent representatives down to start the organizing drive. My friend was among the first to join the union.

TALK TO THE GOVERNOR

After they had made some headway, the union officials suggested that they send a committee to talk to the Governor and explain their purpose. This worker was appointed to the committee. Although he and a few others objected to the idea, they felt they would go along since this was their first chance to sit and talk to a Governor.

They explained their horrible working conditions to the Governor, which, as this worker put it, were worse than on any chain gang in the State. Many workers died every year from TB. If you spent five years in these mills, though you were only 25 years old, everyone on the outside would agree that you were 40.

THE GOVERNOR AGREES

The Governor agreed that they should organize; that working conditions should be better; that they should have shorter hours; that they should have higher wage rates, and so forth.

Before they left, the Governor asked them what time were they planning to shut the mill down. The workers did not want to tell but the union representative told the time and date.

... AND THEN CALLS THE MILITIA

The morning they started picketing, the State Militia was there in force, with machine guns, rifles, bayonets, pistols and shotguns. They ordered the workers to disperse the picket line within 10 minutes or they would be crawling in each other's blood.

One worker yelled out, "The Governor gave us this right." A Militia officer yelled back, "The Governor called us as soon as you all left and ordered us to shoot if you did not disperse in 10 minutes."

They disperse, but they continued to organize within the shop. They became strong enough to win some demands from the company. At first they had trouble getting Negroes to join because the Negro workers felt that in a situation like this they would be the first to be slaughtered.

One Negro worker didn't know what side to go on. He wanted to join the union but was afraid of the plant superintendent. One day, a Negro who was a member of the union walked up to the superintendent and told him right out what he and his union weren't going to stand for. The superintendent got frightened. The other Negro made up his mind. He told the superintendent: "It appears to me that this union is going to be all right." He joined.

VIOLENCE AND TERROR

Then the company started a campaign of terror against the workers. My friend told me that members of the police and of the State Militia massed in Ku Klux Klan uniforms to catch workers who had joined or were sympathetic to the union and beat them unmercifully. One time they came up to him. Like many Southerners, he had a gun. He pulled it and said, "You have been beating some of the mill workers and getting away with it. You may beat me tonight. But I'm sure that some of you are going to die if you attempt it." They whispered among themselves and went away.

This type of action frightened the union representatives away. Many of the workers felt they had been working with the company anyway. When they took the treasury with them, the workers were sure of it.

THE BLACKLIST

Most of the workers who had been active in forming the union were fired. My friend and several others were blacklisted in every textile mill in Alabama, Georgia and Florida.

The present strike and martial law in Indiana reminded me of what this worker told me. (See editorial on page 4.)

Women In The News The World Over

From the fighting going on now in Morocco and Portugese-India and Kenya for national independence, to the strikes in Detroit auto plants against the companies and the union bureaucrats, women have been "in the news."

In the Detroit strikes, where workers have burst out immediately after contract negotiations, the most thorough were the women strikers. News & Letters has carried the story of the Fisher Body Livonia strike, where the women took matters into their own hands, when the union officers pleaded with them to go back to work while they settled it. They told them to "go back to your office and leave us alone . . . we'll settle this one ourselves," and they stayed out. Even when the men who were skilled workers and had initiated the strike went back, the women remained out longer.

PUBLICITY FOR NOTHING

In sharp contrast to an incident such as this, which

was given so little publicity by the daily press, is one which was given wide publicity. That is the story of the Chicago steel-worker's wife, who "locked-out" her husband while on strike, and attempted to "organize" the other strikers' wives to break the strike.

It was no accident that the strike-breakers tried to use a woman this time. The companies have become so desperate in the face of not being able to break up production workers, the men or the women, that they have moved into the home in an attempt to use a housewife. This new angle was used not only in Chicago, but in Canada as well.

That the attempt, with all its publicity, failed miserably in both cases, shows how helpless the companies are in the face of their crisis, and how much they misread the signs of the times.

Not only did the other strikers' wives in Chicago and in Canada refuse to be organized as strike-breakers, but women all over the country were saying "she must be 'crazy' to act tht way."

Probably no group of women anywhere know more about strikes and what they mean than the miners' wives. "She's talking about not having milk in her refrigerator? We didn't even have a refrigerator!" said one miner's wife. "That woman doesn't know anything about strikes. In the old days, they shot so much down here in West Virginia, that for years afterwards, my little boy used to run and hide when he heard a car backfire. But it was the miners who were the first step for everything. And the women did plenty! Around here, a woman wouldn't even dare to try a thing like that one in Chicago did. The other women down here would beat the day-lights out of her!"

SINCE THE CIO ROSE

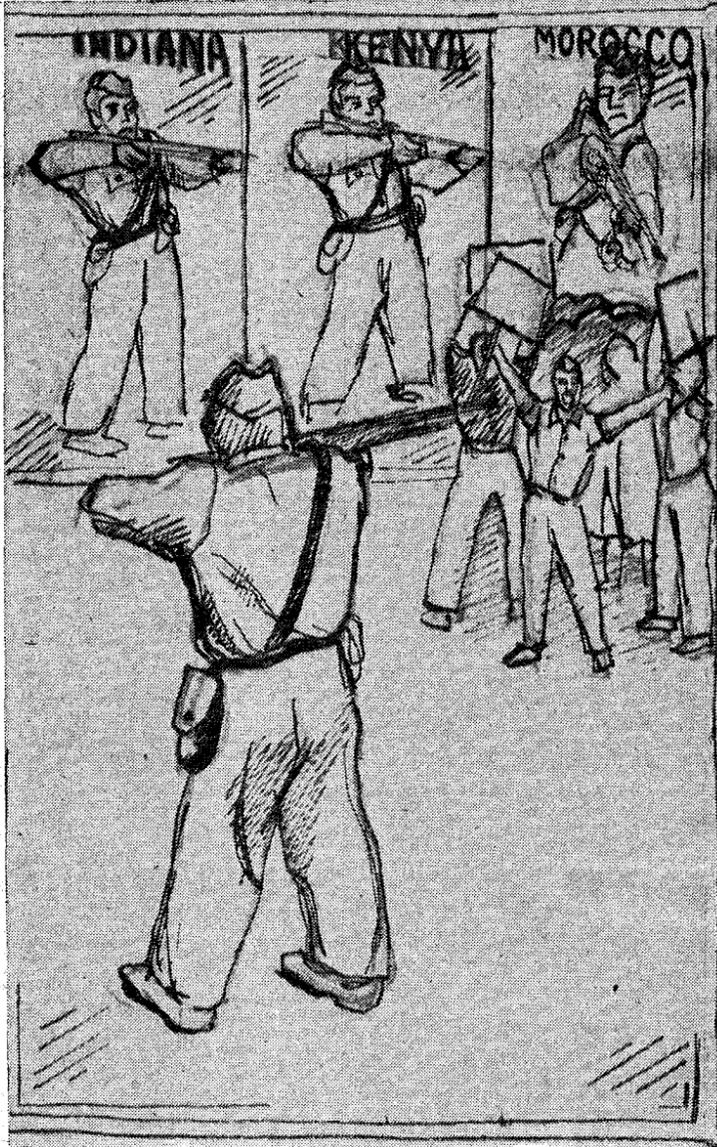
Particularly in the mining areas, the women played a powerful role in the early organizing strikes, when there were more women than men on the picket lines. (See story on Page 2.) In other industries, the women played a decisive role as well, as the women's auxiliaries did in Flint, Michigan, during the sit-down strikes that gave birth to the CIO.

SOMETHING NEW

There is something new in the situation today. The desire to make a new kind of life for themselves, on the part of women in the "old days," was confined to being auxiliaries, as in Flint; or actually taking the first initiative themselves, as in the coal areas.

Today, women by the millions are in factories themselves. New to the factory and new to the union, they have proved themselves full of the desire to change everything that stands in the way of living a really human life. They are rebelling not only against the companies and against the labor bureaucrats, but against the traditional domination of their husbands in their own homes, as well.

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Mirror, Mirror, on the wall
Who is fairest of us all?

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A DOCTOR SPEAKS

BY M.D.

IMPROVED TREATMENT FOR THE MENTALLY ILL

Recently, at the request of a patient, I visited a state mental institution, where her son was under treatment. I had not been inside this type of hospital for many years—in fact, not since my medical student days. So much has, in recent times, been written and said about the improved treatment for the mentally ill that I expected to find conditions different from what I had seen years ago. In some ways they were. The buildings were larger.

The doctor I had made an appointment with arrived about 45 minutes late. He did not appear enthusiastic to see me, but he apologized for the lack of privacy for our talk. He apparently had no office of his own. He talked to me in short snatches between long 'phone interruptions. Most of the telephone calls seemed to be from patients' relatives. The doctor's answers were vague. He obviously knew few details about his patients. He seemed to be overworked and irritated.

THE TREATMENT

Speaking of the boy I had come to see, he described his condition as very serious and practically incurable. He held out no definite hope with the treatment. At the same time he was very positive that the treatment the patient was receiving—electric shock—was the only thing for him. He was going to continue these even though the boy had been getting worse. It appeared that there was nothing else to be done.

When I questioned him concerning details of the boy's condition and reaction, the doctor knew practically nothing. In explanation he said that he had a huge number of patients to look after and could only see this boy perhaps once a week. He told me that the boy's mother was annoying him with too many 'phone calls and requests for personal interviews. He considered her concern for her boy, and her complaints about the lack of results with the treatment, as abnormal. He suggested that this indicated a guilt feeling for which she should consult a psychiatrist.

He pointed out that the state now had full control of the boy.

THE PATIENT IN THE LOCKED WARD

When I presented myself at the locked door of the ward where the boy was kept, I got the same sinking feeling in my stomach as in my student days. Nothing was changed. The same beefy, sluggish-looking attendant with jingling keys, had me sign a book.

The boy acted timid and bewildered. He seemed to be looking for something familiar to hang on to. I found myself depressed by the barracks-like surroundings and the impersonal, stagnant atmosphere.

As I drove home, my mind was filled with what I had seen: The mass outlook, the absence of individual attention, the shortage of doctors, guards instead of nurses. Streams of cars passed me. I read a sign alongside the road, "Drive carefully; the life you save may be your own." The thought persisted that buried in the institution, I was leaving part of my own life.

Experiences and Expectations

Once I knew a man, a labor leader, let us call him Joe.

This particular man was of Italian parents, looked, acted and spoke a great deal like the late Mayor LaGuardia of New York. He was a great speaker, an agitator, an organizer. By and large, he had the respect and support of the thousands of tannery workers whom he organized and led in countless strike struggles.

I recall that during one particularly bitter strike, a huge worker, of Turkish extraction, attached himself to Joe as a bodyguard. Joe told him it was not necessary, but the man followed him day and night. He slept on his doorstep until the strike was over. Such was the devotion of his followers.

Yet there were many who claimed Joe was corrupt. That he took money from one company to strike the plants of its competition. No one could prove anything. He lived quite modestly in a working class district.

I have seen him stand up outside of a plant, speak to

the workers inside the plant and have them out on strike within the hour. He would organize everything, do all the negotiating, tell the workers at every stage what HE wanted them to do. He told them when to strike and how to picket. He set the terms, then told them when to go back. He ran everything.

Still, he was a staunch anti-communist. He was an active member of the Socialist Party, a candidate in many elections. He fought the Communist Party in the union and in the political field. Even in the days of the Popular Front, he refused to be taken in by their political line or by their tactics.

Yet as I look back on him I wonder why he was fighting the Communist Party. In essence, his methods were the same as theirs. Both struggle to control masses of workers.

This man has many counterparts in the labor movement today. Men whose "anti-communism" is but a screen to cover their own lust for power.

COAL AND ITS PEOPLE

Miners Educate Foremen In School of Life

PURSGLOVE, W. Va.—NO PREVIEWS

There is a saying among miners that there is more coal mined in beer gardens than any other place in the world. If you want to know the true feelings of the miners, all you have to do is to be around them in a beer garden when they talk about their conditions. Here they express themselves with a freedom that is not to be found anywhere else in the world. It is here, also that more plans are worked out on what should be done in the mines than are worked out in a dozen local union meetings.

The reason is simple. They don't go to local union meetings because what they want to say isn't allowable in the meetings. It isn't allowable because what they feel should be done about a particular situation to make sure it is corrected is not according to contract. While the officers and other guardians of the contract may feel it improper to take any action that is not covered by "procedure," the men know that their methods are much more effective.

Another consideration that the rank-and-filers take into account is that if they go to a local meeting and say what they feel about a condition that goes against their grain, there are company stooges who will report it. Then, if something happens at the mine, the company could accuse the men of deliberately doing something. On the other hand, if there are no previews given at a local meeting, when something happens, the company can be as suspicious as it wants; there is never any proof. It is just accidental that something happened.

It hardly ever fails that a man will get up at a union meeting and say, "I know that the super will hear what I'm going to say before the day is through, but I've got this to say—." And sure enough, the super does hear about it.

STRATEGY OVER A BEER

Recently, two cutting-machine operators were talking over a glass of beer about their conditions and bosses. One of them had a boss who had been in the mine for some

time, and was therefore educated by the men. He didn't bother them. The other had a boss who was new and apparently had visions of setting the world on fire by setting production records. The result was that he was pushing his men.

The first cutter, J., said, "Yeah, I know how it is when you get a new boss. You've just got to break them in right. It takes longer for some than it does others. Some of them don't learn at all. Those don't last long."

The second cutter, M., said, "This guy has been here a week now. It's past time that he learned a few things. He has the opinion that he is getting the coal, not us men. You'd think the other bosses would set him straight on that score, at least. Maybe they figure that he's got to learn the same way that they did. This guy wants me to cut enough coal to keep two loading machines busy for the whole shift! He has me running all over the section and the other men too. I know he wants coal, but he can't get it that way."

J. looked at him and shook his head. "One of those kind," he said. "Well, you oughta know what to do. You've been on that machine for at least five years that I know of. If you can't break that machine down any time you want to and any way you want to, you don't have any business being on that machine. You know that as well as I do. We all have to go through this some time or other. If I tell a boss to let me alone, he either does that or learns the hard way. If they don't learn they don't last long. Hell, you know that."

"Yeah," M. said, "I know what you mean. All of us on the section have been talking about it. We figured that we'd give him a little time to straighten out. This week, we'll start to help him. Just looks like he can't do it on his own."

A Page of Miners' History

Shortly after the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States, the coal miners of his home state, who were confronted, as was the nation, with widespread industrial depression, went on strike in a determined protest against wage cuts and declining earnings. From that strike in 1861 in Illinois grew the American Miners' Association, which may justly claim to have initiated the modern labor movement in the United States.

The miners' union that pioneered in meeting these conditions was the antecedent of the United Mine Workers of America, which functions today in a social economy still beset with the same problem.

(From *The American Miners' Association*, by Edward A. Wieck).

Miners' Wives Manned the Picket Lines

FAIRMONT, W. Va. — It was the Depression that started the women taking the lead down here in fighting the coal companies. In those days, the men were afraid of losing their jobs. The miners were trying to get organized, but they were having a tough, uphill battle.

There were union leaflets all over the place, but if you saw one on the street some place, you'd step over it. If you showed any interest, you knew that the next day, out you'd go.

The men would not complain too much at work. They were afraid of being overheard by the company men or the stooges and be fired for it. At home they would pour out their troubles to their wives. The women started to talk about their men's problems among themselves. That's when they stepped out in front of the men.

WOMEN FIGHT BACK

The yellow dogs knew how to fight the men. They'd just as soon shoot them as look at them. But they didn't know how to fight the women. The men had been looking for a way to fight back. When they saw the women stepping out, they knew that was the way they could do it.

I remember one foreign-born woman at Barracksville. She was down at the mine one day. The sheriff and a bunch of yellow dogs were around. A big argument started. The way it finally ended up was that she took the sheriff's guns away from him and pistol-whipped him right there in front of every-

body.

There was also a colored woman there. She was big and strong and could pick up a yellow dog under each arm and swing them around. She did it more times than one. The men used to stand on the hill and watch those women go at it and just roar.

MAKE LOAD LIGHTER

It was the women who made the bosses lighten our load in the mines. The bosses would come around and ask if we had seen the women do such and so the day before, like pistol-whip the sheriff. We'd tell them that we had, and that they were waiting outside the mine for us when we came out. A boss would be afraid to ride the men for fear that they'd tell the women who'd have him on their list when he came out. There wasn't anybody who wanted to mess with those women.

The women seemed to have more guts than the men. But the men were thinking of the kids that had to be fed. Without that job, it would have been rough. But with the women fighting where we couldn't, we kept going until we could build up enough strength to fight alongside of them.

It was in that Depression that I finally learned how to live. I was like a lot of the others. You take just so much, but then it gets so bad that you get blood in your eyes. I didn't mind even dying to make things right.

LABOR

Company Ignores Seniority, "Disqualifies" Men

DETROIT—A worker can sometimes get a little better result out of his problem if he pushes it to its fullest conclusion.

A Ford worker here said that he and another worker were transferred to a new department to avoid being laid-off. The other men told them they wouldn't pass in the new department because supervision always disqualifies a worker coming from another department with seniority.

At any rate, these two men went to the new department. The foreman there let them watch for five minutes and then gave them a 10-minute try-out. Then he handed them cards marked "Disqualified." One of the men took it and went home. The other put up a holler.

PUSHING HARD

First he called the steward. To no avail. Then he called the committeeman. They went to the superintendent. The superintendent said the man did have a chance to learn the job but he could not do it because he didn't "have the rhythm in his fingers" that was required for the job.

The worker took it to the union hall. The union officers said they knew all about the company action on this job but there was nothing they could do about it.

After arguing back and forth, one officer called the committeeman and the superintendent. The committeeman took this worker back to the super's office.

The super said, "Go back and try again for 30 minutes."

The worker said, "What's the use? I am disqualified before I get out of your office."

The super said, "What do you mean?"

HOW TO GET RHYTHM

The worker said, "You said I didn't have the rhythm in my fingers when I tried before. That's why I was disqualified. I could do the job before. I can do it now. But I still don't have the 'rhythm'. So why go back and try again?"

The super reached in his desk, got a form, wrote the job and the worker's name and wrote "Qualified" on it.

The worker who didn't push it through was laid-off "Disqualified". The one who put up a fight is working.

Brain-Washed Worker Now Company Stogee

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—I worked with one guy who was brain-washed.

Before it happened, he worked with me and another guy tarring the roof of one section of the factory. He had the position on the ground, watching the fire under the tar and getting things done down there, while we worked up on the roof. We figured it would save more in the long run than if all three of us worked on the roof and had to keep running up and down. That way you couldn't watch the fire, and if a strong wind came up the fire would burn out and you'd have to start all over.

This guy was known to goof off a bit, but on this job he couldn't keep busy all the time. The boss over the whole section came by and noticed him standing around. The boss never seemed to notice him when he was working—only when he was waiting.

THEY WATCHED US

The section boss told the yard superintendent who came over and started questioning us. I'd answer him, but I'd keep on working while I did and make him walk around after me. The yard superintendent got the plant superintendent. We did the same to him, only he followed us right up on the roof while he was questioning us. Finally they got the vice-president to come over and watch us.

They insisted we were goofing off, so they took this guy who was on the ground and put him on a job busting up boxes, while the two of us who were left were supposed to do the job on the roof. They watched us all the time, but we got along O.K.

We didn't see the other guy for quite a while. One day my buddy had to go for a physical for the Army and this other guy was sent over to work with me. He sure had changed. He worked so fast that he upped our production 50 per cent over what my buddy and I had been doing. I was glad to see him go back to boxes! When my buddy finally left for the Army, this other guy was put back on the roof to work with me regular.

They had brain-washed him good. I figure the superintendent he had been working under while he was busting boxes must have been the one who gave him his brain-washing. This superintendent was referred to

as the factory's "Police Force"—he had been a State Trooper at one time and a Cadet officer in the Air Corps during World War II. He was a real "type".

CRAWLS FOR A WHILE

At any rate, I never saw such a change in a guy, as the change in this character. It wasn't only that he worked me to death—he even talked different. Before, he used to talk real anti-company. But now, he kept giving me a big hero story about the boss. All about how the boss had started with \$5,000 in the Depression and built the company up all by himself; and how satisfied he was to be working for him.

I'll never forget the day I was telling him he should look for a better job. I couldn't figure out why he didn't try to get a job in a machine shop, which he could have gotten easily.

He said, "You gotta crawl before you can walk."

Maybe he thought after he crawled for a while, they'd let him walk through the shop with a superintendent's button.

OLD MEN FADE AWAY

Two doctors in Baltimore recently selected eight old men, ranging from 71 to 93 years of age, to take a new drug, Stanalone. The purpose of the test was to see if this new drug could combat the irritability, anxiety and depression that set in with old age.

The report showed that within two days the drug's effects began to show. "The men ate more and perked up to their surroundings, some for the first time in years. They organized a shuffleboard tournament . . . and spruced up their appearance. All took to flirting with the nurses, who were bedeviled into games of gin rummy and five hundred. The 71-year-old patient even talked of leaving the hospital and finding a job."

After a month, the drug was withdrawn. "Appetites dropped off. The games waned, and there was no more talk of outside jobs. There were no more rivalries over the nurses; the 93-year-old man, who had ranted that one nurse was slighting him, no longer cared."

The doctor who conducted the tests said, "The good effects were marked. . . . The use of steroid hormones may serve as a useful aid in the treatment of some older people, but we don't think they are something that should be employed with every oldster. . . . A large share of the tragedies of the aged come from a conflict with society. . . . Until this is changed for the better, all the drugs in the world won't help."

—Skilled Worker
Los Angeles, Calif.

A UNION TOWN
Detroit iron workers have to wait up to six months to receive the going rate for journeyman iron workers.
In other localities iron workers receive the rate for their classification immediately. And this is supposed to be a union town. Iron workers belong to the AFL.

Auto Worker Makes Foreman Back Down

DETROIT — The company just laid-off all the workers in one foreman's department in an auto plant here. He had the urge for bossing so bad that he went to another foreman's job and began to tell those workers what to do and not do. One of the workers, called Roberts, got angry and asked who told him to give them orders.

CALL THE COMMITTEEMAN

Roberts called the steward and asked, "When did the union and company agree to two and three foremen for a worker? If such is true why weren't we told?"

The steward said he didn't know about it. Roberts said, "Call the committeeman."

BIG & LITTLE BOSSES

When the committeeman came, Roberts told him about it. "This guy, who is not my foreman, said I must let him know when I go to the toilet. Do I have a grievance?" The committeeman said, "Yes." They went to the super's office.

Before either could speak, the super said, "I know what it's all about. This foreman was standing out there in the aisle when the big super came by and jumped him after seeing Roberts' group standing around waiting for a job. The big super didn't know this foreman wasn't in charge of those workers, but the foreman got nervous and that's why he jumped Roberts. It wasn't Roberts' fault that the job wasn't there when he left. As long as he does his work he can go any place he wants to without asking anyone. It's still one foreman to a given number of men. You are always told if that changes."

ONE AT A TIME

Roberts said, "Please be sure to have that foreman understand it because I can only take it from one at a time."

The workers standing around laughed and yelled. The foreman, who had caused the trouble, tried to win back some respect. He said, "Roberts is that kind. I have known him from way back. Hell, I helped to organize this union in the old days."

Roberts said, "I am sure the only place we met is here in this plant. I have known you just as long as you know me. Even when you were a production worker you had this urge for bossing. If I was catching hell from all sides, like you are, I'd rather be back working."

Wildcat Strike at Livonia Wins Gains

By Jerry Kegg

The recent strike at the Livonia General Motors plant netted many gains but not without some losses. Forty-eight people received reprimands and 16 were fired.

The local union administration became very scarce and very silent while the company was lowering the boom. When one of them was cornered they would say they were "negotiating".

A WEEK'S SILENCE

After a week of silence from the local and International, a bulletin was posted that there would be a special meeting the following Sunday. Everyone assumed that the purpose of the meeting would be to plan action against the company for the recent firings. But that wasn't the case. It was being called to make plans for a coming Hallowe'en party. The meeting was boycotted except for a few who wanted to play an active role in organizing the party.

RUMORS OF PICKETS

There were rumors in the plant the next few days, that those given reprimands and fired were going to form a picket line at the plant gate.

Action then took place. The company and local officers spent nine hours in a meeting. White shirts were seen in every department of the plant for two days, and especially in the cutting room where the strike took place. Photographers were on hand supposedly taking pictures of bottlenecks in production. But that one is hard to believe. Everyone was at his best behavior while the photographer was around. You couldn't hear a sound from anyone.

TRYING TO DECIDE?

The following day, word got around that all those fired, except four, would return to work Monday.

The International union is still trying to decide if the penalty was too rigid.

Nut Head Says—



"Only dumb workers have to worry about automation. Smart workers will get better jobs. But you guys are too dumb to know that."

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EDITORIALS

BACK TO "THE GOOD OLD DAYS"?

The riot-torn plant in New Castle, Indiana, has reopened under martial law—complete with rifles, machine guns and tanks—so that scabs may come in and out of the plant "unmolested".

Officials and the daily press say that the troops are there to keep "law and order". "Law and order", in this case, is to break the strike and to crush any organized solidarity and sympathy that workers have for each other.

The troops are stationed there to break up any sympathy, support and human feeling the community as a whole has for the strikers. They are there for fear that any day and time this sympathy and support may spread, not only in Indiana, but that workers throughout the country may join these striking workers.

If it is only a question of "law and order", why is it, the company could stuff its plant with guns and ammunition so that scabs could shoot at pickets and, as yet, none of the company officials have been indicted? "Law and order" seems to uphold the company in its action and abuse the working people who resist it.

The daily papers have been printing some of the scabs' stories. They all start by saying they are for the union but they are opposed to violence. They are saying: "I will accept any concessions those pickets gain from the company, but let us continue to scab and give strength and support to the company against you while you try to get concessions."

Those who are on the picket lines can only see a scab as an enemy of theirs. The daily papers report, as something surprising, the New Castle strike has caused hate between relatives. An enemy is an enemy irrespective of relationship.

As one picket said to a scab: "If you continue to work and we lose the strike, all of us on the picket line will lose our jobs. When you take away a man's job you take away his right to live. When you take away his union, you take away his right to be a free worker. You take away his right to say anything about working conditions, production standards, hours and wages."

Why wouldn't a picket get angry, especially with those who scab in spite of the fact that they depend for their living on working in a plant like the picket does.

That is why the daily papers try to shift public opinion to the sympathy of the company and try to justify the reason the tanks, machine guns and troops are there.

Why do they reduce picketing to five pickets but do not reduce the number of scabs?

The union should take and carry out the position it once held. If the strike is settled in its favor not to settle until every scab is dismissed from the company payroll and workers should not work with them.

If, by some magic formula, you could get all scabs to themselves, working under conditions that workers had before they made the union, maybe many of the scabs would become serious workers and when a plant goes on strike there would be no need for troops and guns and tanks.

Troops and scabs may break the strike. They may wreck that union and then say: It's settled. We have "law and order". But they cannot settle the crisis, the tension and human feeling that are in millions of workers' minds.

If it is settled favorably, this feeling and crisis may be eased, but it will rise again and again, if not in New Castle, in some other working center in this country.

If the strike is lost, it will give rise to the feeling in millions of workers that "law and order" is to wreck and wipe out working people's organizations and push them back on the road of the twenties and early thirties.

—C. D.

STRIKES, CONTRACTS & CONDITIONS

When they called the workers into the office at Livonia about the strike (NEWS & LETTERS, Oct. 5) people just stood around looking at each other. We didn't know what was going on in the office. It could affect anybody. They took the woman who was the first to punch out and they also took the committeeman who spoke against the strike. He pleaded with us to go back to work. No one knows what he did during the wildcat or whether he even went out.

GM Worker
Detroit

That's how they fire now without any representation. They don't know what the workers will do. In a case like that management figures there may be another walkout so they send plant protection back to get the worker's belongings. If anything happens at least those workers will be out of the way.

Chrysler Worker
Detroit

Nobody likes the continuous miner (NEWS & LETTERS, Oct. 5). It is the most worrisome thing. It has to be tended every second of the day. There are no rest periods of any sort—we don't even always get our half hour for lunch because they don't want that thing to rest a second. Everything is on the fly now instead of just walking.

I lost 30 pounds since I was put on this thing; I weighed 176 when I began working on the continuous miner, and now I am down to 145. They call us "the maniacs" because of the way we have to work. The machine itself is a man-killer; they should have horses working it.

Miner
West Virginia

Union meetings are generally held on Sundays. That's my day off. I won't go to a union meeting just to hear them talk for two hours. Everytime we get a raise in wages, they raise our union dues. First it was \$3, then \$3.50, then \$4 and \$5. I went to a union meeting once and I voted against the raise in union dues—that's the only time I went to a meeting. They want to raise dues to \$10 a month—that's too much. We'll go on strike if they do that and throw a picket line around the union building. This time all the guys got together and

Readers'

decided to do that if the union raises the dues to \$10 a month.

Truck Driver
Los Angeles, Calif.

Two men in my department were talking about the strike in Indiana and one of them said, "Well, I can't make up my mind about it. I don't know what happened there."

The other one got mad as hell and said, "I don't give a damn what happened. I know the company and those scabs were wrong."

Chrysler Body Worker
Detroit

What they need down there is to have the mine-workers come up. That's one those miners know, all about scabs and martial law. That's how they were born. Let them loose and they'll clean up the place.

Plymouth Worker
Detroit

The average guy on the line is too lazy. He knows what's wrong but he'd rather see someone else do the work even if he doesn't agree. He says, "Maybe the union leader is no good but I'd rather have him up there than me." Right now he's got money in his pocket and only cares about making his payments and getting something new for his wife or kids. Once he goes hungry and doesn't have the money in his pocket, he'll do something about the things he doesn't like. He's more realistic when he's hungry.

Ford-Highland Worker
Detroit

Those people who have been waiting 30 years to buy a home and still haven't been able to, remind me of my own parents. They've both been working and saving for years to buy a house of their own. Houses keep going up and up and they never could afford it. Now they're worried what's going to happen after they can't work anymore. They are both getting old.

Young Woman Worker
Detroit

I never stopped to think too much about it before, but you started me thinking about this credit business and how working people have to go into debt (NEWS & LETTERS, Oct. 5). I don't know how I'm doing it but I am, at least right now I am. I make about \$3500 a year before the government takes its cut. Out of that I drive a \$3000 car, three years to pay, I got a new refrigerator, TV set, pay \$75 a month rent. All my money

goes to pay bills.

Production Worker
Detroit

I don't believe in stealing. I had 100 chickens out back a little while ago. They're just "evaporating" little by little. If people would come to me and tell me they're hungry I'd give them some chicken—and some potatoes to go with it. I've done it. But if I catch anybody just taking one, I'd probably shoot him. If somebody asked and I didn't give him one, I wouldn't blame him for just taking.

People won't stand for another depression. Who's going to see his children go hungry? I wouldn't. I wouldn't steal unless I had to. I'd ask first. But if my kids were hungry and I asked for something and didn't get it—nothing would stop me from getting food for them.

Miner's Wife
West Virginia

Just because Ike is on his sick-bed, is no reason to treat him like a baby. Anybody who had any complaints against him is supposed to forget it now. Are the farmers who weren't satisfied with how he was handling the farm bills suddenly are supposed to be satisfied now, because Ike is sick?

Ex-GI
West Virginia

NEGRO AMERICANS

Billy Graham goes all over the world having revival meetings, but he doesn't pay any attention to his own back yard. If he really wanted to preach the Gospel the place for him to start would be right down in Mississippi.

Worker
Detroit

Did the killing down in Mississippi really make a dent in the general public? I doubt it. If it did how can they shove it off like that? I have heard some say that it wasn't murder but a battle of two philosophies. If it was Russia, they'd almost go to war on it. I can just hear commentators like Fulton Lewis, Jr., saying that right now. I'm fed up with these commentators who get so worked up about crusades everywhere else but nothing here.

Ford Worker
Detroit

The Northern papers are giving many whites the out and the excuse for the Till lynching. They give the public the feeling in some sense there was an excuse for those two men.

Ford Worker
Detroit

Views

If you want to know the truth, there are a lot of little Mississippians in San Francisco. At least in the South you know exactly what your relationships with the white people are. Up here you never know until you apply for a job.

New Subscriber
San Francisco

This nonsense they're putting out about the boy still being alive is being trumped up by the whites in Mississippi to try and fool some people. That boy was identified by his mother. She sure knows if it was or wasn't her son. This business about being in the water for six days which would make it somebody else was figured out by the whites down there. They started something and didn't know what it was they were doing. People all over the country are so mad at them that they're trying to find a way out. They bit off a hell of a lot more than they could chew this time.

Negro Miner
West Virginia

I don't care how much they talk about segregation and the progress made, which I will admit some has been made because we fought for it. We are segregated against not because we want to be and our problems are also different from white workers and white people.

Chrysler Worker
Detroit

The tension is still very high. I can feel it in my shop in all kinds of little things. Two things draw us together. A race riot and a murder like this. You know how close we've drawn on this.

Negro Worker
Detroit

You know what they're saying now? They're saying it's too bad it took something like the Till killing to rally support for the NAACP. Whose fault is that? For months they've been saying how good things are and how things are getting better and then this happens. They were caught with their britches down and they'll do it again. Anyone with eyes in his head knows that the Southern system, which is up North too, isn't going to let go without last-ditch killing.

Southern Born
Detroit

One thing about the Negro problem, you can't get

away from it. If you're a white factory worker you can leave some of your problems there when you come home and watch TV. But if you're a Negro factory worker you can't leave the Negro problem no matter where you go. I'll bet there are a lot of white people who just can't take your Negro page.

Negro Auto Worker
Detroit

I read about the Till lynching in all the papers I could lay my hands on, Negro and white papers. You said more than all the other articles I read, combined. You didn't hide a thing and you didn't pull any punches.

Plymouth Worker
Detroit

No matter how strong the big leaders and the big papers came out on the Till case, no one has said what had to be said and you did.

Union Man
Detroit

WOMEN

What is the reason and purpose of the women's page? You do too much talking around. Where are you going? At least you should have the basic reasons appear in each issue to make it clear to readers.

An Interested Man
Los Angeles

Women don't look for a reason for a women's section. If you want women to be interested in your paper you ought to have a women's section.

A Woman Answers
Los Angeles

There are a lot of people who do a lot of talking. They talk real good. But when it comes to doing something, those people are never around. That's what's been happening over this Mississippi business. Those white people down there have just got to be civilized.

Negro Miner
West Virginia

YOUTH

When I first began coming to editing sessions for NEWS AND LETTERS I was interested because it was something new, a new experience. But now it's just the same thing over and over. Maybe it's because I don't have the same experiences as the people who write for the paper. Or maybe I'm just not old enough.

12 Year Old
Los Angeles

I agree with you 100 per cent. It's sure tough on

kids today (NEWS & LETTERS, Oct. 5). Boys coming out of school, there are not enough jobs for the grown-ups so they get bored and join the service. I don't know what to tell them. Nobody does.

Father of Two
Detroit

How in the hell did the world get so messed up in so little time? Every place you turn, you have to start from scratch straightening it out.

Sometimes when I'm studying, I catch our cats sitting there looking at me with their heads cocked to one side. They look like they're wondering how human beings got so mixed up.

They get into fixes, but they figure out how to get out of them, and show a lot more intelligence than a lot of human beings. And they're a perfect picture of contentment.

Sometimes I think if I sat home and talked to the cats I'd get a lot more out of them than I do from the professors in class.

WVU Student
Morgantown, W. Va.

DO IT YOURSELF

We took some sample copies of the paper to one miner who liked the idea of the paper but said he never reads anything. He said there was only one book he did read and went to get for us. It was a book on automobile mechanics, as thick as any encyclopedia, and so full of complicated terms and explanations I couldn't understand one sentence in it.

He and his wife built their own house — without knowing a thing about it before they started to dig the foundation. He's done all the wiring and plumbing, and they just finished putting in the cistern. He spends all his spare time taking cars apart and putting them together again — from the time he gets home from the mine until he goes to bed, I guess. At any rate, he's rigged up an electric light from the house to his garage so he can work after it gets dark. The garage itself was built out of old barrel staves.

Committee Member
West Virginia

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Notes from a Diary

TWO WORLDS

TENSIONS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY

A colleague of mine has written the following: The constant opposition of the Russian workers against their rulers is to be found in the Russian Army as well. (See TWO WORLDS, Sept. 21, 1955.)

THE PURGE BEGAN IN THE ARMY

Back in 1925, '26 and '27, when Stalin was maneuvering for control and building his apparatus, he paid the closest attention to his support in the Army. By 1927 in particular, thousands of soldiers who had served during the Revolution and the years immediately after were disarmed and kicked out of the army. (It was only after that, in 1928, that Stalin imposed his First Five Year Plan upon Russia.)

From this time on, the Russian rulers imposed a systematic brain-wash on their troops. Soldiers were bribed with special allowances for themselves and their families as against the rest of the workers in civilian life. At the same time, they were held accountable for the loyalty of their families (and vice versa).

This preceded the expulsion of roughly one million members, or one-third, of the Communist Party which, in turn, preceded the first wave of open terror in 1934 and the first executions of Old Bolsheviks in 1935 and 1936.

OFFICERS VS. RANKS

Stalin's new Constitution of 1936, which gave official recognition to the new bureaucracy of planners and administrators, also restored to the Army distinctions of rank which had been abolished by the Revolution.

Fraternization between officers and men, between non-coms and privates, was forcibly discouraged. Any non-com or officer who failed to report the most minor violation was immediately court-martialed. Secret police troops honey-combed every company, so that even the most moderate non-com and officer was ready to "throw the book" at the soldiers in his command. Here is one example out of thousands in that period: Five soldiers were sentenced to years in hard labor for having lost a rusty saw which was worth about three rubles.

In 1937, having built his base so carefully for ten years, Stalin completed his reorganization of the Army. He executed the bulk of the High Command and promoted those officers who had gone all the way with him.

THE BEGINNING OF WORLD WAR II

Nevertheless, when Russia invaded Poland in September 1939 and declared war on Finland two months later, thousands of Russian soldiers deserted. Again the familiar crack-down which can be measured by seemingly simple regulations: by special decree, privates were compelled to salute non-coms as well as officers under threat of court-martial.

When Hitler invaded Russia, thousands and thousands of Russian troops deserted to the enemy despite threats from the rear and scores of battlefield executions. Hitler's brutality, as much as anything, else, discouraged massive desertions after the first year.

As soon as the war was over, plans for reorganizing the Army were put into effect at once. Veterans were demobilized as quickly as possible and subjected to special pressures at home. When the government cut the value of the ruble shortly after the war, among the hardest hit were the veterans.

Replacements for occupation duty were checked with special vigilance. Non-coms and officers were hand-picked and recruits were sent from the most remote agricultural regions of Russia. Fraternalization with the people of occupied countries is prohibited on pain of death.

With the beginning of the cold war in 1946, secret police files swelled with reports of soldier unrest. GI's were not only criticizing Army life, they were criticizing such civilian matters as tractor-station administrators and factory managers at home.

In 1950, those discharged from occupation service were ordered back to their collectives where they had to spend six months on probation before they could apply for passes to look for work in the cities.

THE JUNE 17th REVOLT

When the East Germans revolted against the Russians on June 17, 1953, they rocked the Russian High Command. Russian Commanders could not trust their soldiers to open fire against the German workers. Small but significant numbers actually mutinied and were executed. There was a marked rise in the number of courts-martial. At the same time there was a steady stream of desertions to the West.

Since the June Days of 1953, entire units of Russian soldiers, discharged from occupation service, are sent as "volunteers" under military command to forced labor in the frozen agricultural regions Khrushchev is now trying to put under cultivation.

NEGRO NEWS

Religion Not What It Used To Be

By Ethel Dunbar

Religion is not what it used to be. Because of the hard trials and tribulations that the Negro people have to go through on this Earth, it will make you forget some of your religion before the end of time, just to think of the things that some of the white people do to us without a cause.

I used to believe in religion so much that I just wouldn't do anything to help myself in a fight. But since so much has happened to colored people, they are getting away from the Bible a little now.

For long years, colored people thought that if white people did something to hurt them, the thing to do was to fall on their knees and pray and the Lord would send down some power to help them do something to that person. But they found that the Lord does things in His own way. Not to help you do something to one or two people, but something that He thinks will help all nations of people. We have to fight for ourselves.

A few weeks ago an old white woman came by selling Bibles for her church. When she came to my door I let her in. She asked me to buy a Bible. I said I just bought a Bible. She said, "Don't you believe religious?"

I said, "Yes. But religion doesn't help when a white man comes to kill you. The Lord rules up in Heaven, but the white man tries to rule down here on Earth.

But we colored people have to lay down the religion and the Bible for a while and let the white Southerners know that we are going to straighten things out so we can live here on Earth in peace. It is no way out but to lay down your religion and fight."

This White World

SAN FRANCISCO—When the first Negro family moved into my neighborhood, Joe's wife put pressure on him to move out and into a new subdivision down on the Peninsula. I told him, "what's the use. Negroes will soon be moving down there too."

Joe's wife became very excited and said, "No they won't. We will keep them out."

The other weekend, I had occasion to visit them and found that some 50 Negro families had moved into their once lily-white sub-division. The white people there were fearful that real estate values were going to go down. Some had already become suckers to the fast-buck operators and sold without recovering their full equity in their homes.

Joe's wife was hysterical and was trying to get him to move again. "The hell I

West Coast Meetings For Emmett Till

POLITICIANS EXPLOIT TILL LYNCHING

San Francisco—San Francisco politicians would like to make a political football out of the Emmett Till lynching. George Christopher and George Reilly, the two major candidates in the coming Mayoralty race, attempted to turn the Till lynching protest meeting, held in San Francisco October 14, into a vote gathering vehicle. Christopher deplored the barbarity and miscarriage of justice in Mississippi and reassured everyone that no such thing could happen in our wonderful state of California. Reilly offered a resolution; that he would present to Congress, calling for the elimination of three of Mississippi's Representatives in Congress, until Negroes could vote in that state.

The audience listened to the political aspirants with patience, because they had come primarily to hear Emmett's mother, Mrs. Bradley, tell what happened to her and to her son in Mississippi. Dr. Goodlet, a former president of the local NAACP, announced that Mrs. Bradley would not appear. The feeling of disappointment that occurred through the audience was felt so sharply by Dr. Goodlet that he asked the audience to bear with him as he

He, Dr. Goodlet, a man of direct action, and a group of God-fearing ministers had gotten together to call this meeting, had entered into negotiations with Mrs. Bradley to speak at this meeting, and then unfounded rumors were circulated in the NAACP that this protest meeting was run by reds and radicals. Mrs. Bradley wanted to attend, however, the NAACP saw otherwise. He and the responsible committee had no ill feelings toward the Association and would support, wholeheartedly, the meeting for Mrs. Bradley that will be held under the auspices of the NAACP.

Dr. Goodlet must have had some idea, from past experience, that the NAACP might not approve of this committee. By his own admission, he was well informed, ahead of time, that Mrs. Bradley would not appear, but permitted 2,000 people to jam and push their way into the California Hall, under the assumption that the mother of Emmett Till would be there.

I hold no brief for the politics of the NAACP, that up to the time of the murder of Till, had been preaching Victory In The South Through The Doors Of The Supreme Court, and even after that courtroom farce in Mississippi, sought to save the judicial face of the Mississippi Court by agreeing that the Judge was fair!

Nor do I agree with the will," he said. "I have put a lot of work and time into this house and I am not going to be run out."

tactics of this S. F. Committee, who were so hell bent on holding their own protest meeting before that of the NAACP.

PRAYERS, PETITIONS AND PROMISES

LOS ANGELES.—On October 9th I attended a meeting held by the N.A.A.C.P. to protest the Mississippi murder of Emmett Till. In a large church thousands of people gathered, filling both the aisles and the street.

It was a somber crowd, but one could feel a rage smoldering within. Packed uncomfortably together in the heat and a stagnant air no one left as the meeting rolled slowly on through the preliminaries of song and praise conducted by ministers and lawyers.

The main address by Dr. T.R.M. Howard, a physician and prominent business man of Mississippi, was very effective in presenting the picture of hate and degradation that is the day to day life of the million Negroes in that state. It was something all of the listeners knew and many had experienced; and there were some who wept and moaned openly.

I stood, as I think did many around me, waiting for something that would bring out into the open what they felt. Carefully and skillfully the meeting was channelled into bigger contributions for support of an increased NAACP legal campaign.

Questions concerning what concretely was to be done were pushed aside. But there was emphasis on what the world would think of this latest outrage, and on Negro soldiers dying on the democratic battlefields of this nation in Korea and elsewhere.

As I walked out of the church amidst depressed looking people dressed in their Sunday clothes, I felt dissatisfied with the neatly wrapped package we had been given to take home. There had been lamentations, and tears had been shed. But the people's energy, instead of taking to a road, had simply been drained off. Human dignity here, reaching to move as whole men, had been smothered in prayer and petition and promise.

DETROIT.—The Till lynching caught the NAACP unprepared and when it happened, two local churches stole a march on them. The Greater St. Peter AME Church and the King Solomon Baptist Church planned meetings and arranged to have Mrs. Bradley speak. The NAACP was invited to support these churches and they agreed.

Then the local NAACP leadership did a double-take and decided that they would hold their own meeting. They withdrew their support and called their own meeting on September 25th instead.

"Living Behind Iron Curtain," Says Vet

West Virginia — That lynching down in Mississippi made plenty of white folks mad, too. I had plenty of white people tell me so. One Italian man I know stopped to pick me up in his car right after the trial and started to talk to me about it.

I told him, "You know, they think just because some of our boys were captured that they had them living behind the Iron Curtain. That's nothing. We've been living behind an Iron Curtain all our lives. My own daddy was sold as a slave in Richmond, Virginia. We're not slaves like that anymore, but we're still living behind an Iron Curtain."

This white man said, "That lynching is a shame on us."

But I told him, "It's a shame on me, too. To think that humanity would sink so low. I'm old now, but if I were in young shoes like I was in 1917, I wouldn't be standing by. In 1917 we had to foot it. We didn't have any planes like the boys do now.

But if I had been in the air force when they killed those four people down in Georgia not so long ago—I'd have sure used my plane to lay some eggs on Georgia. They'd say I would get killed, too. But that's what a suicide squadron is for, isn't it. When you're in a war, you're looking to be killed. I'd just call it another suicide squadron."

I told this white man, "You can go out and live radical—do what you please. You get by with it. But if I tried to live like the whites I'd get strung up. The whites make the laws—and break the laws they make. We just sit by and watch them making them."

He wanted me to drive on some place and talk some more with him, but I didn't want to talk any more. He was still trying to get me to stay when I opened the door and was gone up my hill.

There were plenty of Americans mad about it.

INDIGNANT HEART

By Matthew Ward

(Editor's Note: INDIGNANT HEART was first published in 1952. This serial has been specially prepared for NEWS & LETTERS. Here is the eighth installment.)

BACK TO THE SOUTH

The first time I went back to the South was during the Depression in 1930. There was plenty of work on the farm but no pay, no money, no clothes. A friend had written me in 1927 to ask if I would ever come back South. I wrote that when all the roads were paved, and there was electricity and water in every house, then I would come back to visit. That's how I felt. But I was laid off in 1929 and the little money I had saved was soon used up. In 1929 no one was working. People ate stale, thrown away food picked out of the garbage around stores and restaurants. All winter I walked the streets, I saw families sitting out in the snow with their furniture. It got to the point where the city had to do something. They gave families with children enough food on which to exist. The city officials put in the paper that the city would pay the fare of anybody who had any place to go. City workers were paid by slips of paper instead of money which could only be used for trading. Workers stole food and other things. The police didn't do anything, they said they couldn't afford to feed everybody in the jails. A friend of mine stole a truckload of tires from in front of a department store. He sold half of them to a big cab company and the other half to some police. Many people, including myself, had to wear a coat in the house, to hide their pants. Our trousers were completely worn out in back. A friend of mine cut off rubber boots and wore

them as shoes a whole winter.

The soup lines were as long as the lines of workers waiting at the plants trying to get work. We'd wait one and a half hours for a dish of soup and a cracker. My mother sent me the money to come home. They had plenty of food but not much money.

I was sick for three months after getting home. I dreamed of Detroit every night. I thought I should have stayed there and died there. I went to the store with my mother and the owner asked me a question. I said, "Yes."

He walked around the counter, "What did you say?"

I said, "I must have made a mistake. I mean, yes, sir."

"Don't think just because you've been up North you can forget you were raised here."

I was sick. If you've been away they gave it to you even worse than if you stay. I told mother I'd rather be in prison in Detroit than to be free in the South.

Another thing that bothered me was that I couldn't walk around in the dark at night. The average person could walk all around and visit at night. But I'd go out an d fall, or bump into things. Everybody kidded me. People in the South could sit on their porches at night and hear somebody go past on a horse and say who it was. My father gave me a three acre farm and told me everything I made on it was mine. I tried to do my best but I always knew I'd leave as soon as I could get a job outside the Southern cities. I wrote to friends every day but they wrote that things were worse in Detroit than when I had left.

(To Be Continued)

YOUTH

Working For Independence

By Angela Terrano

I think this story by Robert Ellery gives a good picture of the life of many New York youth:

Many kids begin to feel that they want to be with their friends rather than with their family. They form gangs. It just seems the thing to do. A gang is more than just a group of friends. If some guy beats you up your friends may drift away. A gang has to stand up for you. Everyone, in a lot of neighborhoods knows, "You're just nowhere if you haven't got backup."

The last gang I belonged to hung around Washington Heights, in Manhattan. It was like the other gangs around, except for one difference, it had whites and Negroes in it. The gang started with about 12 guys. It began on my block. We always played stick ball together. Somebody said, "Let's buy semi-sweaters," so we picked a name and saved up to buy black semi-sweaters with yellow trim.

NEIGHBORHOOD CHANGES

Negro people started moving into the white neighborhood west of Amsterdam Avenue a year before we formed our gang. Whites

started moving out saying that the neighborhood was going to be a bad one. The kids didn't feel one way or the other about it. In a few months Negro and white kids were playing together, easily. None of the kids thought there would be any trouble because the school we went to was half white and half Negro and everyone got along together.

One day we heard that a Negro boy was stomped by a big white gang. All the Negro clubs were forming an alliance and the whites were doing the same. We didn't think we were in it, because we were a mixed gang.

OUR FIRST RUMBLE

Five of us were standing on the corner one day. We were four whites and one Negro. One of the older guys on the block was coming home with his girl. He belonged to the big Irish gang that started it all. When some of us were younger we used to run errands for him and his friends. We had a sort of respect for him.

I suppose mostly to impress his girl, he yelled an order at us from across the street: "Stomp that black S. O. B.!"

We were all stunned. We

just stood there. Milt, our Negro friend, started to move away. The guy came charging across the street, saying he'll take care of Milt himself. It was then I realized that this guy wasn't so big. Milt was as big. All of us were. Milt stopped with his back up against an iron fence, his arms down and his hands holding the fence. The guy came at Milt with his arms all the way back ready to swing roundhouse. Milt kicked and caught him above the knee. The guy was off balance. We jumped him, and left him unconscious.

We laid low for weeks. We were pretty frightened about what might happen to us. After, we began to feel good about it. That was our first rumble.

Teen-Ager Recalls German DP Camp

I'll never forget the day we were changing DP camps in Germany a few years after the war. I was 13 then.

The Germans hated us, not because they had lost the war but because their homes had been taken over to become our DP camp.

On that day, my mother sent me to the store to buy some vegetables. Two boys on bicycles called me "Dirty Jew!" and spat at me. I ran home crying.

Dead-Pan Students Baffle Professor

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—It was the first week of the semester, and the prof was explaining the demonstration we were to have in bacteriology lab. He needed a volunteer, he said, so he could demonstrate how blood was to be taken from a vein. Then he paused and looked out over the class. The class looked back at him with perfectly dead-pan expressions.

Usually when a "volunteer" is called for, especially the first week of a term, somebody is shoved forward by his buddies with a lot of kidding. This time there wasn't a sign of any volunteer.

The prof smiled and said he was sure he'd have a vol-

unteer by the time we got to the demonstration and went on with a few more explanations. Then he moved to the demonstration table and smiled broadly again. "Well, where's our volunteer," he asked.

Nobody smiled back. Nobody looked down nervously or looked embarrassed. Everybody just looked back at him, dead-pan.

The class consisted of about 30 fellows and 5 girls. After a long period of silence, one of the girls finally got up and said, "Well, if none of the fellows will do it, I guess I'll have to."

A LESSON LEARNED

That usually makes the fellows embarrassed, or good and angry. It didn't get either response this time. Everybody just looked dead-pan at her, too. Finally the fellow next to me broke the silence. He said, "I learned that two years ago—never volunteer."

I figure that whole class must have just got out of the Army because they really broke their dead-pan and roared at that one. Almost every guy in the class was shaking his head from side to side and repeating it, real slowly, "Ne-ver volun-teer!"

WOMEN

Just A Housewife

By Mrs. Martha Hunt

Among the women I work with, who have read this column, none has questioned the need for a special page just for women. Even though this paper is concerned primarily with the workers in production and the social and economic changes they are making, today, nearly everyone recognizes the changes women are making in the American home and family. But among old radicals, it is most difficult to understand the need for a special page for women and the things that go into our page.

A recent issue of Life devoted five pages to showing how a modern mother and housewife spends her week. The article was called "The 80 Hour Week."

A world famous historian, Arnold Toynbee, wrote a long article in Women's Home Companion for May in which he writes about women and the revolutionary changes they are making in human relations in the home.

One of the things that a page like this can do is to show how the evils that stem from production show themselves in the home. It is not always easy to see that women try to make a home that stands in opposition to this.

EXCHANGING IDEAS

When housewives visit one another for coffee, they exchange ideas. They learn from each other and from

their practical experiences, not only how to run a home better, but how to solve their greater social problems. This is one of the purposes of a special women's page, the purpose of sharing experiences and attitudes, to show women what other women are doing and thinking about.

The productive system of capitalism that pits one man against the other and alienates all men from the things they produce is moving with ever increasing momentum against human feelings and needs. It is the productive system that creates the opposition to itself in people and this opposition can be seen in the attitudes and struggles of women for a different sort of life.

Women's creative endeavors show respect and love for human beings.

Back Talk - -

Edna: Are you satisfied with the conditions of your life?

May: Well, nobody's ever really satisfied, are they?

Edna: It's just dollars and cents, isn't it? You just want to have more money to buy more things for your family so you can be more comfortable. Isn't that right?

May: Yes. Edna: Well, with me it's a social problem. May: With me it's just money.



"Junior! Get away from that clean laundry! Wait 'til you're as old as your father before you mess up what I've just cleaned."

EXCHANGING SHORT CUTS

To repair furniture scratches, rub camphorated oil on a flannel rag, then apply to the scratched surface rubbing with the grain. You may also use varnish or shellac, following the grain.

To remove grass stains, use a solution of ammonia and water.

To remove ink spots from white goods, soak well in vinegar, then wash. Also, you may soak in a solution of chloride of lime and wash.

What A Woman Knows

WEST VIRGINIA.—It's a funny thing. The times when a man is working every day and you're getting along well financially, you seem miles apart. It shows that money isn't everything. But when you're down and out, on strike or during a lay-off, that's when you get your heads together. You're closer together when the going is rough than when it's smooth.

A woman should know what's going on in her husband's life. I know lots of times I'd ask what happened at a union meeting, and my husband would say, "That's our business." Well, maybe they think so, but I don't. It's our business, too. A wife should know what's going on.

But even if a man doesn't

tell you what's going on, most women know. You can just feel when something's wrong. You can tell right away if something's going on in the mine. A woman gets to know when to ask a question and what question to ask. Sometimes then, a man realizes that you do know what's going on.

They know when it gets rough, anyhow. When we have full pays, I have the devil of a time getting any money from my husband. But when the pay is short, he gives me the whole check and tells me to manage it. They know what women can do.

It should be that way all the time.

—Miner's Wife

Working Mothers in Kenya

In many Kikuyu communities in Kenya, the authorities are now rounding up all able-bodied women and setting them at forced labor building roads, clearing forests and the like.

The women receive no pay. They are compelled to work up to 16 hours a day, sometimes more. Their children go untended at home, except for such care as the older women in the community can provide.

Company Bears Down On Women

DETROIT.—Most of the workers punished by General Motors recently, for striking, were women. (See News & Letters, Oct. 5.)

Of the four who were fired, two were men and two were women. The company handed out 48 reprimands. Only four men were reprimanded. The other 44 workers were women. A good number of these reprimands can mean 30 days suspension from work.

WOMEN IN THE NEWS

(Continued from page 1)

The rebellion in the home itself was what management completely misunderstood, when they tried to use a housewife as a strike-breaker. For the women are the first to declare that when they are fighting against the man's domination, they are not fighting to be separate and independent from each other, but to be together as equals. They are fighting against the old separation; to be together — but on an entirely new basis. It is that which makes the rebellion of the women in this country so total and so thorough.

ALL OVER THE WORLD

In the same way, the women of Morocco, India and Kenya are playing a new role in all ways. Tradition for years has kept the women of Morocco behind their veils, and "in their place." When the fight for independence from France burst forth, these women tore off their

veils and took to the streets, side by side with their men. They were the ones against whom the French army exercised the most viciousness.

In India the women marched with the men on the Portuguese border, and it was a woman who rushed forward first with the national flag. She was the first to be shot down by a Portuguese soldier.

In Kenya, it was a woman named Njeri, who could neither read nor write, who organized a powerful woman's movement to build an African school for Africans, and was thrown into a concentration camp by the British.

A miner's wife in West Virginia, talking about these things going on in Morocco and Kenya and India, said, "It only proves how isolated a woman like that strike-breaker is."

It proves as well how total the crisis is all over the world, and how thoroughly the ordinary people, men and women, are fighting to create a new one.

THE GREAT WORLD SERIES

By Ethel Dunbar

The 1955 baseball season has come to a close and also the World Series. I am happy to say that the team that is responsible for my great interest in that sport won. It is also the team I supported in the National League. My second choice is Cleveland in the American League.

Like most of the loyal Dodger supporters, I cannot remember when I was any happier than when it was over and the Dodgers were the World Champions.

It was a good ball game every day. Exciting play after play. Duke Snider with his long ball hitting and Jackie Robinson with his untouchable skill in base running; Sandy Amoros in fielding, Campanella in catching and Johnny Podres, in his great performance on the mound, pitching.

No Yankee player could compete with those in the Series. Although the

Yankees made some brilliant plays and, as everyone knows, have a ball club that is hard to beat in a World Series, the Dodgers had what it took this year.

I was also glad they won for that old lady Myrt Powell from Georgia. She said on TV that she came up to Brooklyn in 1952 hoping the Dodgers would become champions then. But they did not, so she said she would stay until they won. She won \$32,000 on her baseball quiz. The Dodgers won the championship. I feel she can return to Georgia a happy woman if she wants to. I was afraid, after the first two games, if they lost, at her age, would she live to see them become a world championship team? Now the tension and pressure are all over.

Watching those games put you so far behind with your homework it will take weeks to catch up. I don't mind it since the Dodgers won.

A New York Engineer Writes:

"Where your paper is best, in my opinion, is in the articles that simply tell of a personal experience in the shop or the mine. Especially where it concerns relations between the worker and the boss system. Where the worker makes some decision or finds himself acting in a new way in the situation and writes it exactly the way it happened."

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WORLD OUTLOOK

ON BRITISH DOCKS

At the British Trades Union Congress, last month, the labor bureaucrats decided that British workers were not to belong to unions of their own choosing, but only to "authorized" unions.

This decision was directed particularly against the dock workers who belong to the National Amalgamated Stevedores & Dockers which led the massive wildcats that tied up British ports last Fall and again last Spring. They are very strong in such northern ports as Merseyside, Manchester, Hull and Birkenhead.

The Government, the employers and the Trade Union General Council have united to break the dockers.

Two Merseyside dockworkers were recently fired on the charge that they called another dock worker a "scab" while waiting at a bus stop outside of working hours.

Over 10,000 Merseyside dockers protested in a one-day stoppage and the two men were reinstated.

According to Bill Dooley, a member of the Merseyside committee of the National Amalgamated Stevedores & Dockers:

"The token strike . . . expressed the anger of the men not only at the dismissals, but also at the general attitude of the local Dock Labour Board. For the Board refuses to allow our officials to represent men who before it. Its attitude is that we are no longer members of the N.A.S.D."

TOO LITTLE AND TOO LATE

Three years ago, in October 1952, the British Government in Kenya declared a state of Emergency. In plain words, they declared war against the people of Kenya who were trying to throw off the intolerable stranglehold of European rule.

In the three years since, untold thousands of natives have been humiliated, tortured and slaughtered. Their will to freedom has not been broken.

Alarmed lest they be thrown out of Kenya entirely, so-called progressives among the white colonials, both in Kenya and Britain, have begun to clamor for some concessions with which to bribe the people of Kenya.

Nevertheless, the official policy of torture and terror has continued without let-up.

After years of silence, the British Labour Party last month went on record criticizing the police state in Kenya. They passed a resolution asking the British Government to send a team of lawyers to investigate

the breakdown of law in Kenya.

The openly stated reason behind this resolution is not to support the people of Kenya, but to support the "progressive" Europeans who give the painted face of virtue to the corrupt soul of colonialism.

NOTES ON THE MAU MAU

The Western press, which accepts the horrors of colonialism without blinking an eye, has devoted tons of newsprint to learned nonsense of how brutish, backward and barbaric the Mau Mau are.

At the same time, news reports of "General Engineer," a Mau Mau leader who surrendered recently, describe him as a young, educated man whose responsibility was to organize a factory to produce small arms.

British reports state that many Kikuyu are now turning away from the Mau Mau and are even expressing anger against them. It is stated that Mau Mau leaders have plenty of food, women and excitement, while the ranks suffer from hardship and want. "Yet undiminished political aims continue to cement the two together," because Mau is an anti-imperialist guerilla movement which will not be defeated by force of arms.

"THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THE YOUTH"

A new concentration camp has been opened in Kenya to provide "corrective discipline" for native "juvenile delinquents."

About 1800 boys are now imprisoned for the crime of working with the Mau Mau. Half of them are under 16, the other half are between 16 and 20.

NON-COOPERATION

For the past year, the people of Cyprus have been conducting a constant campaign to get rid of the British Government and become part of Greece. The British, however, insist upon maintaining Cyprus as a military base.

A new British military governor has recently been sent to Cyprus to restore "law and order." Infantry detachments from the Canal Zone and Marine commandos from Malta have been sent to help him.

Cypriot resistance continues to the point where police officers are killed in broad daylight and the authorities are unable to do anything about it.

The leaders of this anti-British movement are reported to be members of EOKA, described as an "extreme right-wing terrorist organization." To date, British security forces have been unable to crack EOKA headquarters. The local population refuses to

inform against them or to cooperate with the British. As one Cypriot is reported to have said, "Even if we have the information, how are we to be sure that the policeman to whom we pass it is not himself an EOKA member?"

CONVERSATIONS IN MOROCCO

A well-known British journalist, Basil Davidson, recently visited Morocco. During part of his trip, he was escorted by a Berber friend who introduced him to a number of people. He reports on his conversations in THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION of October 15.

"Do they really mean to fight? There are shy smiles. The digger of wells says, yes, they do, unless the wrong is righted. A lad of 15 or so jumps forward and thumps his chest: he is not afraid to die, he says, he is ready to fight if he must . . ."

"Khenifra, dense city of the Zayan confederacy (is) encircled, just now, by battle pickets of the Foreign Legion . . ."

"In Khenifra (the Berber friend) searches for a relative, finds him with difficulty. Last August 19 there were riots in this town. They began with a demonstration, men and women . . . The police drove them back. So the people began burning the shops of the collaborators and sawing down telegraph poles. The troops came. We have buried 57 dead . . ."

"Many went to the mountains. Have they come back? Some have come back. 'Others' — a polite smile at this — 'are still guarding their beasts up there.' . . ."

"An old man, famous among the Berbers, devoted to France, speaks sadly of betrayal. 'France has tricked us.' But war? He shrugs: 'There is talk up here of something like a holy war in preparation. People say: It is not that we do not want order: we want the marabout.' Which means? 'Oh, that they will fight unless there is peace, and only the French, now, can make peace . . ."

"And then Oued-Zem, scene last month of an Arab massacre of 70 European men, women and children. Scene, too, of Foreign Legion reprisals which killed many Arab men, women and children. How many? Officially, a few hundred. Unofficially, a few thousand."

"So that now, after that,' an Arab nationalist says to me in Casablanca, 'people aren't going to allow themselves to be killed so stupidly in swarms. If there's no solution there will be ambushes and shootings. But more of them. Many more of them.'"