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Editor.

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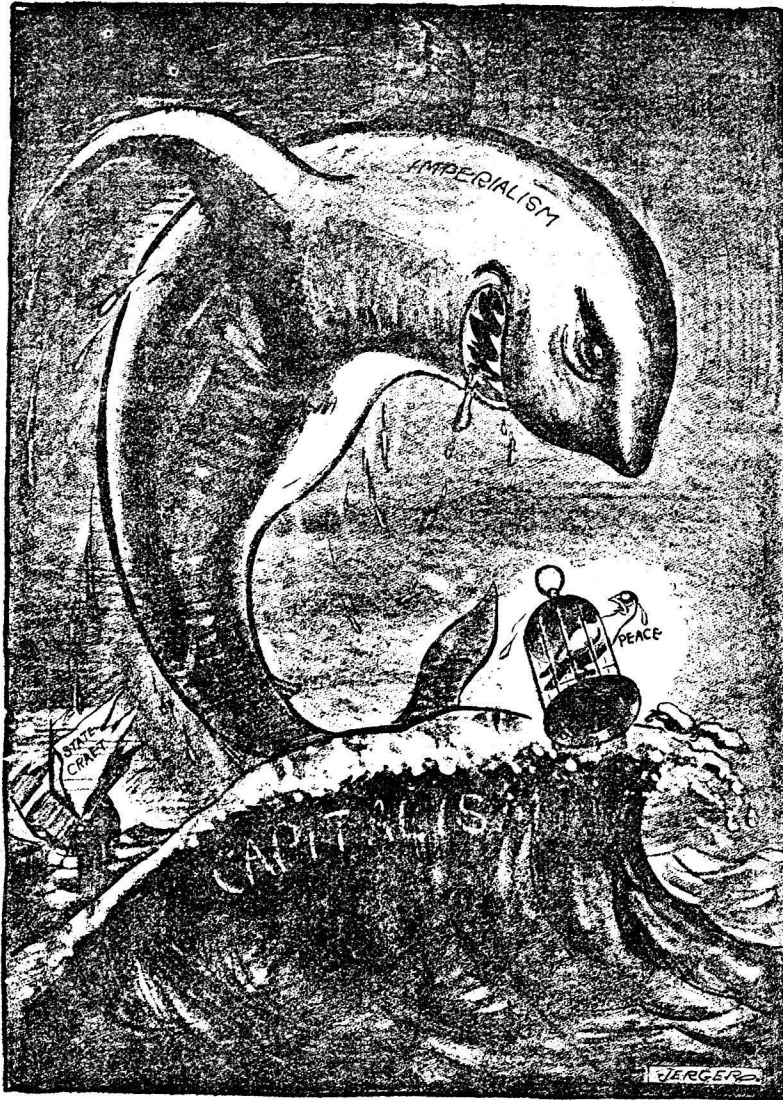
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The Comedy of Disarmament

WHEN capitalist politicians begin to speak of disarmament it is a sure sign that they are up to some nasty conspiracy against the peace of the world. This time it happens to be a struggle of every big capitalist power in particular to disarm all the other capitalist powers in general.

The United States wants to disarm Europe. England wants to disarm France. And the charming lady of the European continent wants to disarm Germany. But every one of these "disarmers" is feverishly arming itself with all the devilish means of modern capitalist warfare.

At present they are spending more money on armaments than before the late imperialist war. In 1913, England, France, Italy and the United States have spent on armaments \$1,080,000,000. In 1925, the same powers have squandered on "disarmament" the sum of \$1,785,000,000. Poland alone, where the workers and peasants are literally being crushed by the burden of unemployment and taxation, has spent on armaments in 1925 the small treasure of \$152,000,000. It is a real orgy of "disarmament."



By Jergers

IN 1922 we had the so-called limitation of armaments conference—what was the result? The big powers have agreed to limit the construction of dreadnaughts (these are going out of style), but have doubled and tripled their efforts in the building of submarines, air navies, chemical warfare, etc.

Then we had the conference in Genoa. The Soviet government proposed there a scheme for general universal disarmament. But this proposition met with the unanimous opposition of all the big and small beasts of imperialism.

And now the very latest piece of comedy. We mean the recent preliminary disarmament conference, held in Geneva during the month of June, upon the initiative of the so-called league of nations. Here is how the correspondent of the Chicago Daily News (a great friend of "disarmament" for somebody else) summarizes the efforts of the conference:

Having held eighteen meetings of three hours each in the course of twenty-five days, the net result of which is an unsatisfactory definition of the word armament, the grizzled admirals and generals of the military sub-committee preparing for the disarmament conference are so exhausted that they are considering a vacation.

* * *

And armament is proceeding at full speed.

Big Capital Is Well Pleased

IF ever a session of congress did its duty in full measure by the interests of big capital, the session of the 69th congress was it. Whatever it touched, it disposed of it in accord with the biddings of its master.

Big capital may be well pleased.

What were the outstanding "achievements" of the session just adjourned? By the grace of its mercies we have decided to join the world court. Why the world court? Because the international bankers need it. Because thru the machinery of the court the United States government becomes more officially entangled in the imperialistic game. Because with the American government officially part of it the world court can be utilized by Morgan and Co. for a more advantageous exploitation of the world.

Another present to big capital by the first session of the 69th congress was the funding of the foreign debts. Mussolini was given a fresh chance to go ahead with his dastardly work of squeezing the life blood out of the workers and farmers of Italy. Roumania, Esthonia, Latvia and a few others were supplied with some more ammunition to cripple and murder their workers who dare to demand a decent living. France was also treated nicely.

And who is paying for all this wonderful magnanimity of the United States government? Not Mellon and Coolidge, nor any of their henchmen. The ones who pay in toil and sweat are the workers and farmers of the United States.

Then come the tax reductions. A fine piece of legislation to "relieve" the exploiters from the burden of taxation, again making the poor pay. Also the increase of military, naval and air arma-

ments. Congress has authorized a five-year building program to establish the military domination of the United States in the air.

All this is perfectly in accord with the needs and interests of big capital.

NOW, how about the interests of the workers and farmers? Aren't we all,—poor and rich, equal before the law? Didn't Coolidge himself tell us so again on July Fourth? Yes, but that was only oratory. The facts are somewhat different.

What did the workers get? They got the Watson-Parker law, a nice little scheme to abolish strikes on the railroads (other industries will follow). The workers also got a great deal of effort on the part of congress to terrorize and victimize the foreign-born workers in order to demoralize the labor movement. The workers finally got a strengthened (as a result of congress legislation) and more brutal capitalist class to contend with.

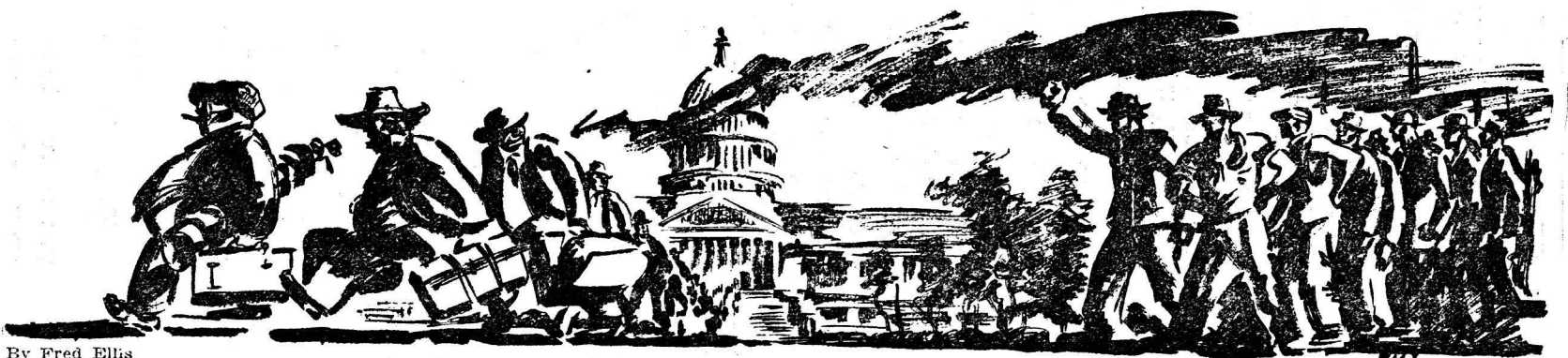
What did the farmers get? Everything they did not want, and nothing that they wanted.

In short, congress was able to find all the means for helping big capital, but not a cent's worth of help for the workers and farmers.

* * *

IT is because of considerations like these, that the Workers (Communist) Party keeps on demanding: A UNITED FRONT OF LABOR, IN ALLIANCE WITH THE POOR FARMERS, IN THE COMING CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

—Alex Bittelman.



By Fred Ellis

The Murder of Jose Diaz

By MANUEL GOMEZ.

YOU will never understand the heroic struggle of the Mexican peons from 1911 to the present day if you think of it, as most Americans do, in terms of its chieftains—Zapata, Villa, Villareal, Soto y Gama, Obregon, etc.

You must think rather of a dogged, long-suffering human mass that presses firmly forward notwithstanding that at every step some of its precious life-blood is spilled and mutilated pieces are hacked from its composite body. Old leaders betray or are cut off in the struggle. Yet the mass struggles on, recreating a leadership from its own tissue. Here is the essential vitality of the Mexican revolution, fighting now under the banner of the government, now against it, and accomplishing marvels in the teeth of the unrelenting opposition of the United States, the greatest imperialist power the world has ever known. Surely this is a mighty, an epochal movement!

The Mexican revolution is being constantly beheaded. When I visited Mexico recently the comrades were still talking of the assassination of Moreno, the Communist member of the legislature of Vera Cruz, who was shot down in cold blood at the very door of the legislative chamber. During the first week of my visit one of the delegates to the approaching convention of the Communist Party of Mexico arrived in Mexico City with the news that Primo Tapia, recognized leader of the organized peasants of the state of Michoacan, had just been brutally slain by the police. My readers will no doubt remember having seen the story of Primo Tapia in *The Daily Worker*. A couple of weeks later came the murder of Jose Diaz.

It is said that right now—during the present "peaceful" phase of Mexican progress—five hundred local leaders are being murdered every day in the towns and fields of Mexico. Some are shot in the back by police officers nourished in the traditions of the old "ley de fuga," some are killed by professional "white guards" in the pay of reactionary landowners; some are done to death by agents of powerful American corporations.

Jose Diaz was one of the latter.

Jose was not a prominent revolutionary figure, altho he had been an anarchist. He was one of the multitude of poverty-stricken Mexican workers, and would never have been murdered at all if he had not induced his fellow-workers in the mines of the "Cinco Minas" corporation to strike for more pay. "Cinco Minas" is a Mexican name, but an American company, controlled by the same Mr. Gerard who was United States ambassador to Germany when the World War broke out and whose flashy book entitled "My Four Years in Germany" was one of those used by professional patriots to lay "all the crimes against civilization" at the door of the German kaiser. Jose should have thought twice before exercising the constitutionally guaranteed right to strike against the great Mr. Gerard.

It is true there were mitigating circumstances in Jose's favor. Conditions at Cinco Minas were frightful, even as compared with the other American-owned mines in the neighborhood. The pay was only 40 cents a day (U. S. currency), whereas the other mines paid 50. Accidents occurred frequently, for the company had bribed the government mine inspectors not to look for safety appliances. When a man was injured he was simply struck from the payroll and left to puzzle out his own future by himself before he was out of the hospital.

MOREOVER, it is just as ridiculous to blame the strike on Jose as to blame the World War on the kaiser. The other men were willing enough. They went out to a man on the first day.

The Cinco Minas strike, which had



long been preparing, broke out about the middle of last May, shortly after my arrival in Mexico. The workers demanded higher wages and improved conditions. Looking at it from the number of men affected, it was a small affair, quite as insignificant as Jose himself. Only a couple of hundred men were involved, and news of it might not have gone far beyond the little village of Hostotipaquille in the state of Jalisco, where the Cinco Minas property is located, if the company had not appealed to the United States consul to exert pressure on the Mexican government to force the men back to work.

No beneficial results were secured for the company by this maneuver, but it gave new significance to the Cinco Minas struggle. It showed foreign capitalism still up to its old tricks. At once the interests of the entire Mexican people became manifestly identical with those of the striking miners. Labor papers in all parts of the country took up the issue of the Cinco Minas strike. Contributions began to pour in from trade unions—and not only from trade unions but from all those interested to free Mexico from the domination of foreign capital. The Mexican section of the All-American Anti-Imperialist League arranged a mass meeting of protest and sent a contribution. The strike was now part of the Mexican revolution.

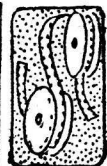
After several weeks of struggle the Cinco Minas company was forced to capitulate. The men went back to work with a 10-cent increase in pay and a general adjustment of grievances.

That was all. Except that in the joy of victory the miners had forgotten that they must continue to protect their leader, Jose. Jose liked to take long walks at night, which is a dangerous custom for one who has just led a successful strike. A few days after the victory his body was brought in, riddled with bullets.

Of course, the workers of Cinco Minas will find someone to take Jose's place. That great India and mestizo mass has replaced far bigger leaders than poor Jose. The Mexican revolution goes on inexorably. But with what terrific sacrifices, we who look on it from afar can never comprehend.

ON my way back to the United States about a week after the Cinco Minas settlement I picked up a train acquaintance with a certain well-to-do Mr. P—, who, as it chanced, owned a small mining property quite near the village of Hostotipaquille. Naturally I turned the conversation into the channel of Cinco Minas.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. —, "the min-



A PEEK EACH WEEK AT MOTION PICTURES



"PADLOCKED."

CAPITALISM goes to astonishing lengths sometimes to achieve its conceptions of morality and it develops some astonishing conceptions, too. But the responsibility for practicing moral laws and the penalty for their violation decreases in direct proportion to one's wealth and the length of time one has possessed it. All of which is brought out in exaggerated form by the "movies," as for instance in "Padlocked," adopted from a Cosmopolitan serial story by Rex Beach showing this week at the "Chicago."

There has been an epidemic of these moralistic pictures ever since the debut of the "flapper." They are usually advertised as "a modern daughter's problems." In the movies, let it be understood, a "modern daughter" is always a rich man's daughter at least any daughter that is considered important enough to have "problems." Working girls are introduced except that of exposing their problems; usually, however, in order to serve as problems for rich men's sons!

The troubles of the modern young rich girl in "Padlocked," similar to those of most other "daughters of today," arise from the fact that her father, altho he has "made" the necessary fortune to entitle his family to all the pleasures of the idle rich, nevertheless hasn't cast off his skin of puritanical morality. In a reformist furor, kindled by close personal contact with spinster social welfare workers, he starts a crusade to uplift society's morality, with his own daughter as one of the victims. Figuratively and literally, she is "padlocked" to keep her from dancing parties, etc., until finally the father allows her to be sent to a state reformatory to see what "higher" disciplinary measures can do to save her soul.

The picture reaches the tragic depths of the modern young rich girl even having to scrub floors. All the other girls at the reformatory have to scrub floors, too, of course, and march in uniformed, criminal lines to eat, sleep and pray. But their punishment of drudgery isn't any "problem" for them; the case of the modern rich girl is different. Her sentence was an "accident"; and the "movie" shows the other girls brutally teasing her about her pretty hands being spoiled (they themselves apparently being jealous because they never had any to spoil).

But the modern young rich girl doesn't have to scrub floors long enough to affect her hands; she is conveniently rescued by a modern dragon of an old villain, who has been rich enough and for long enough that he moves comfortably in the same high society as the modern young upright rich man who spurns the modern daughter because he misunderstands her, thinking her displayed affection for the old dragon roue' is due to ulterior commercial ambitions instead of to her "innocence." And so it goes.

What finally awakens the old-fashioned rich father to the folly of his Puritanical scruples? Is it because he comes to realize that it was his cruelty that killed his wife? Is it because it eventually trickles into

ers have won. But to tell the truth, the Cinco Minas outfit can well afford to pay 50 cents a day. They started in on a shoestring—a million dollars, I think, was the original investment. In the last ten years they have gotten something like \$10,000,000 out of the mine, which has gone into increased capitalization. Besides that they have paid themselves regular dividends of 10 per cent on their investment.

"Of course they sweated it out of their men. Always warned Gerard to go a bit easy or there would be the deuce to pay."

The ex-ambassador, you will remember, is the one who could not contain his righteous indignation at the kaiser's crimes against humanity.

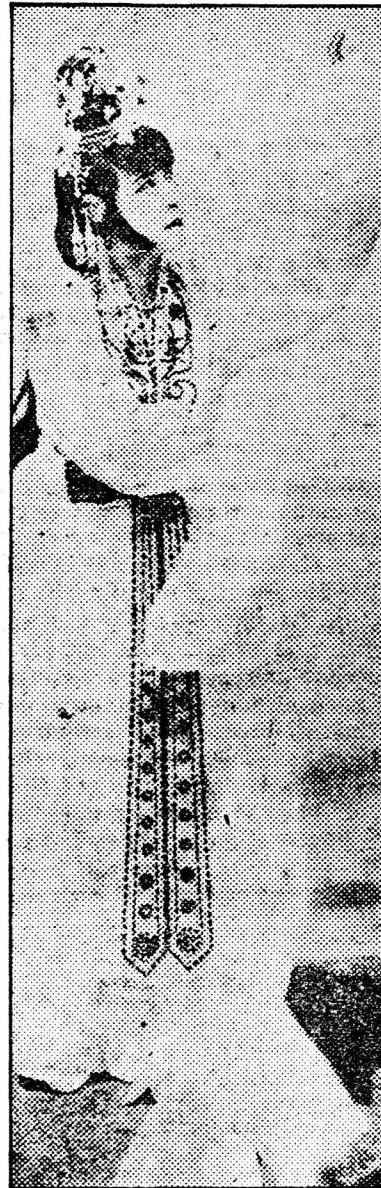
his cranium that his own bullheadedness sent his daughter straight to the cabaret and the reformatory? No, indeed, not for either of these two good reasons does he change,—he remains the pillar of the Purity League despite such seemingly tragic occurrences. His revolt against "Blue Laws" comes when his second wife, his previous soul-mate at reforming wayward girls, proves to be nothing more than a designing and hard-up female who married him for his money. She want his money not only for herself but also for her mother and for her brother and sister, all of whom are poor but ambitious and possess a vulgar facility for apeing the vices of the rich.

When the father sees his step-son making love to a maid servant, it begins to dawn on him that the little clandestine affairs at bare-kneed "kid" parties his daughter used to give were heavenly innocent indeed (there rich kids played with rich kids, at any rate.) At last he sees the light, that "freedom" (within his own class) is the key to all moral problems. Freedom costs money, however, so he begins to purchase it,—first, by buying the departure of his second wife and all her relatives at the price of "half his fortune."

So the "movie" discloses the evolution of capitalist morality from "padlocked" Puritanism to high-priced "freedom," with vices being vices only when they are practiced by the poor. The sharpest thorn in the rich papa's crown is the sight of his second wife's plebeian mother as she snoozes in her rocker over her nip of brandy.

The piece is capably acted, with many old-timers in the caste, to say nothing of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Lois Moran is a real little spoiled daughter of the rich, with fairy-like face and grace. The plot, however, doesn't lack the artistic crimes that feature most "movies,"—too far-fetched metamorphosis of character, too many coincidences, too many fainting spells. But it succeeded in holding my interest almost to the end.

G. W.



A Chinese movie actress starring in the film "A Lover's Dream." The picture was made in China with a whole Chinese cast.



Labor Battles in 1877 - By Amy Schechter

IN the years following the panic of 1873 conditions among the workers grew steadily worse. By 1877 the unemployed were estimated at 3,000,000. The death of workers from starvation became a familiar item in the day's news and night after night police stations were thronged by families pleading for the shelter of a cell for the night. The employing class took advantage of the hard times and large army of unemployed to put over wage cut after wage cut, which the unions, greatly weakened by the long-drawn-out depression, found it almost impossible to resist.

Early in '77 a number of the great railroad corporations, several of which had only recently cut wages, announced further reductions to go into effect in the summer. An attempt was made by a rank and file committee organized by a young brakeman from men discontented with the lack of fight shown by union representatives chosen to treat with company officials, to form a secret union of all classes of rail workers on the three grand trunk lines to carry out a simultaneous strike against reductions. Unfortunately, however, at the last moment dissension caused the committee to go to pieces, and the strikes that broke out from coast to coast were separate, spontaneous, and unorganized.

The first intimation of the violent struggle that was to spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific was on the Baltimore and Ohio road, which had announced a 10 per cent cut, the third in three years, to take effect on July 16. The men answered by walking out at Camden Point, Martinsburg and Cumberland, taking possession of the track and running freight trains onto sidings. The company officials appealed to the governor of West Virginia for troops in order to clear the railroad property of strikers and protect the scabs running the trains. The call was promptly answered, but since part of the state militia that were sent in fraternized with the strikers, and the rest found themselves helpless in the face of the strikers' determined stand, not much was accomplished by this move. The governor now appealed to the president of the United States to put down the disorders, his appeal being supplemented by a personal one from the president of the B. & O. road. In answer President Hayes issued a proclamation commanding all strikers to retire by noon, July 19, on pain of dire penalties, which was completely ignored by the strikers, who did not let it interfere in the least with their plans. In addition, General French, in command at the Washington Arsenal, and General Barry from Fort Henry, were ordered to proceed with all available troops to the threatened points. This was the first time that the national government had interfered in a strike, and the move created immense excitement among workers throughout the country.

THE central committee of the B. & O. strikers at Baltimore issued a circular stating the causes for the strike—that in addition to this being the third cut in three years, they often had only 15 days' work a month; that when the trains were sent into Martinsburg they were kept there four days and forced to pay their own board, which amounted to more than their wages, leaving nothing for the support of their families; that when they thus fell into debt their wages were attached, which, according to company regulations, meant their immediate discharge.

By now the railroad men had been joined by large numbers of workers from the mills and factories of Baltimore. When word came on July 20 that the Fifth and Sixth Regiments of the Maryland National Guards were to be sent from the city to break the hold of the strikers along the railroad line, the Baltimore workers swore they should never leave the station. The militia, realizing the strength and determination of the crowd, being very slow in assembling at their armories, their commanding officer ordered the militia call to arms, 1-5-1, to be sounded through the city. The wild pealing of the alarm bells, last heard at the outbreak of the Civil War, aroused excitement to a tremendous pitch.



Workers attacking militia in Baltimore.

THE Sixth Regiment, finding their way blocked as they left their armory to go to the station, suddenly, without warning, fired a volley into the dense crowd. Maddened by the attack, the crowd charged the troops, attempting to overcome and disarm them, to be met by repeated fusillades.

Leaving numbers of dead and dying in their tracks, the troops managed to reach the station; but, fearing the wrath of the crowd, who had surrounded the station and dragged the engineer and fireman from the troop train, the commander abandoned the attempt to move the troops, and called upon Washington to take over the situation. The capital sent in General Barry, with artillery, and fifty of the leading strikers were captured and imprisoned. But the B. & O. had to announce officially that it would make no more attempts to run trains for the time being.

By this time the federal government seems to have been pretty thoroughly frightened by the situation existing throughout the country, and considering the proximity of Baltimore, began to fear for its own safety. "Washington itself was considered to be in danger," and the cabinet decided "that no further depletion of the military and naval forces at the capital ought to be made." The fact that two companies of marines marching through the streets to entrain for the strike area were saluted there, in the capital itself, by a great crowd with groans and hisses, was not reassuring. The war vessels Swatara and Powhatan were directed to take on board the soldiers and marines stationed at Norfolk and proceed to the Potomac, the iron-clads at Washington, Philadelphia and other points were ordered to prepare for instant service; provision was made for the defense of the United States treasury, etc.

PENNSYLVANIA, with its great industrial population, "was in arms from the Delaware to the Monongehela." Not only the railroads, but thousands of miners were out, and there were armed clashes in all parts of the state. We read of miners marching from mine to mine to get the men out, with loaves of bread stuck on poles, and the war cry of "Bread or Blood."

The Pennsylvania Railroad had already cut wages 10 per cent in June, and now they intended to introduce "double-headers" on the line; that is, freight trains made up of double the number of cars manned by crews of the same size as formerly. This involved the dismissal of hundreds of workers, and much more labor for the men who were retained.

On July 19, the date set for the introduction of the new system, the men struck, sending an ultimatum to the company in which they demanded, among other things: The same wages as before the cut, the abolition of the "double-headers" except on coal trains, no victimization of strikers. Follow-

ing a conference with the strike committee at Pittsburgh, which resulted in a dead-lock, the strikers insisting they would treat only on the basis of their ultimatum, the officials demanding unconditional surrender. The latter sent the sheriff to arrest the leaders and raid strike headquarters. When strikers defied him the company asked the governor to send in troops. The threat of General Pearson, commanding officer of the three regiments of Philadelphia state guards that came in answer to the call, that it was "useless to attempt to stop the working of the road, and the trains must go through," was met with jeers and shouts of "Who are you?" and "Give us bread!"

NEXT day the storm broke. The sheriff again went to arrest the strike leaders, this time under the protection of the Philadelphia troops. Thousands of workers barred the way—the railroaders had been joined by most of the workers in that city of workers. The sheriff read the riot act, and the troops immediately began firing into the crowd. The bloody battle of Baltimore was repeated, but here the local militia went over to the side of the strikers. A number of these fraternizing soldiers fell beneath the fire of the Philadelphia troops, and their slaughter helped to increase the bitterness of the population. The crowd broke into gun stores throughout the city, carrying off some \$100,000 worth of arms—guns and swords and knives and pistols.

The Philadelphia troops had retreated to the railway roundhouse, and all night long the strikers tried to storm their refuge with two pieces of artillery captured earlier in the evening. Finally succeeding in making a breach in the walls, they tried to rush the building, but were forced back by the terrible concentrated fire of the troops within. Next the besiegers sent lighted cars of oil-soaked coke along the track toward the roundhouse, and soon it was in flames. The troops managed to escape from it under cover of a heavy artillery barrage, and after a fierce battle all along the line of retreat finally crossed the Allegheny River, never stopping till they reached Claremont, 12 miles beyond the city limits, where the strikers had vowed to drive them. The workers, who had suffered heavy losses, were now pretty well exhausted, and a vigilance committee that was formed at last managed to arrest the strike leaders. Two roundhouses and all the railroad shops had been destroyed, as well as some 1,600 cars and 125 locomotives.

IN Reading the whole Sixteenth Regiment, composed of Irish workers, went over to the strikers. They not only gave them their arms and ammunition, but, according to a reliable account, "they were repeatedly heard swearing that not only would they not fire upon the mob in any event, but if the Eastern Greys (who had shot down a number of workers before the Six-

teenth reached the city) did so, they would fire upon them and help the rioters clean them out and burn the railroad's property." Also that "the only one they'd like to pour their bullets into was that damned Frank B. Gowen" (the superintendent of the railroad).

One of the strangest features of the strike, and the one of which least is known, is the mysterious St. Louis "Soviet," set up under socialist leadership. This "Soviet" sent out committees which closed up every shop and mill in the place, and for a week seems to have taken over most of the functions of government in the city. In their proclamations the executive committee spoke of themselves as "the authorized representatives of the industrial population of St. Louis." Orders were issued providing for food distribution, medical attendance, etc. How representative the committee really was and what its composition was will be worth finding out some day. At any rate, the bourgeoisie of the city were panic-stricken at its appearance—the spectre of the Paris Commune, then only seven years past, continually haunted the ruling classes of that period as the spectre of the Russian revolution does the ruling class of today.

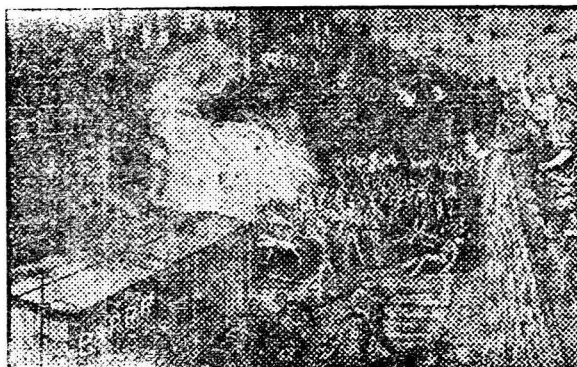
THEY formed a committee of safety, and, after a week of the "Soviet's" rule—and from all available accounts its control seems to have been almost absolute—raided its headquarters with cavalry and infantry and artillery, some 600 in all. Seventy-three men were found in the building and arrested, "a body of sinewy men, toll-worn and grim, clad in rough garments such as laborers wear," a reporter who accompanied the raiders describes them.

The one other city in which socialist influence seems to have counted at all in the strike was Chicago. There the strike agitation was conducted, according to Hillquit, under the direct supervision of the party national executive of the Workingman's Party (later the S. L. P.). The leading spirit was the same Parsons, then a compositor on the Chicago Times, who in 1886 was murdered by the government as one of the "Chicago anarchists," and who even at that time the government had begun to fear and wish out of the way. The fighting centered round the South Side railroad yards, with a pitched battle between federal troops and workers at the Halsted street viaduct. In Chicago a number of railroad companies finally acceded to the strikers' demands, and the city council appropriated \$500,000 for public improvement to provide work for the unemployed.

As to the final results of this tremendous outpouring of energy and heroism, this swift flaming of revolutionary passion, it is, perhaps, best to quote Sorge, the brilliant co-worker of Karl Marx, who did a great deal towards laying the foundations of the revolutionary movement in the United States.

"The whole movement," he wrote, "was the spontaneous outbreak of the anger and discontent of the workers, and those sections of the population standing nearest to them, with their miserable conditions of life and with the appalling mismanagement of the ruling classes. And, as in practically every spontaneous movement, the numerous victories of the workers in many sections of the country brought them no lasting gain, because they lacked the organization necessary to profit from their victories." (Neue Zeit, V. 10, 1892.)

This fatal lack seems to have been brought home to labor to a marked extent in the course of the struggle, and afterwards, when capitalism began a savage warfare on what was left of the old unions, reviving the old conspiracy laws, extending the use of the courts as an instrument against the workers, and making open military preparation for the next struggle that might arise. The Knights of Labor began to grow enormously in strength, but, above all, the socialist movement began to break away from its isolation and to gain a foothold among the masses, and for the first time the workers to awaken to the consciousness of the necessity of a mass party to lead them in their war with capitalism.



A street battle between workers and soldiers in Reading, Pa.

Volkhovstroy---Lenin's Dream Realised

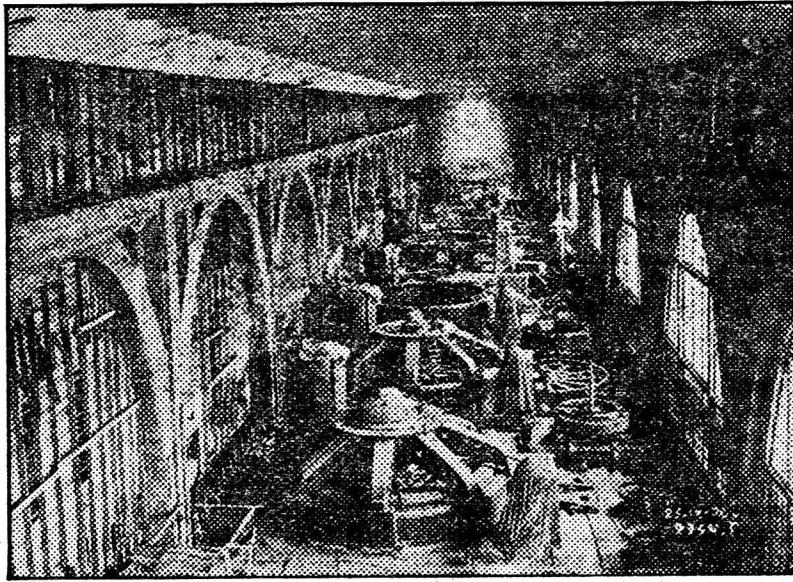
A Letter from EARL BROWDER.

Dear Comrade:
ALEX HOWAT and I have just come back from a trip to Leningrad and Volkhovstroy. Today I will write only about the latter, for two reasons; first, you know very little about Volkhovstroy, and second, it is perhaps the most important thing in Russia today and the most interesting. It is the embodiment of the vision of Lenin in steel, concrete, giant machinery, harnessed to a great river, building socialism in Russia. It is the first Russian "Muscle Shoals," speaking in a technical sense, being the first great modern hydro-electric plant; politically and economically it differs on every important point from Muscle Shoals, in that in it, superpower from its beginnings in Russia is socialized and harnessed to the task of raising the standards of life of the masses to the complete exclusion of profits.

Bogdanov, president of the building workers' union, had arranged the trip for us. The building workers were in convention in Leningrad when we arrived there, and invited us to visit their gathering; after giving us a great reception, and sending a message to the American building workers and the whole working class that the Russian building workers stand ready to help us in any way in their power—after that, they asked us to visit Volkhovstroy to see for ourselves what the working class can do when it takes power, and in particular what the building workers have just completed for the Soviet Union. So we took the train on the evening of June 18, accompanied by our friend, Egan Stolar, who has been our guide, translator, and confidential adviser, and by one of the builders' delegates returning from the convention, and arrived at a village on the banks of the river Volkhov, opposite Volkhovstroy, about midnight.

At this time of year, there seems to be no night in the vicinity of Leningrad, at least it was light enuf to read a book without artificial light during all the 96 hours we were there. So we had our first glimpse of the great power plant in the dusk of midnight, from the opposite side of the river. The accompanying photograph gives some idea of our first view, altho we had the advantage of the effect of the soft light, the glimmer of the brilliant electric lights on the water, the roar of the waters plunging over the dam in our ears, and with us a representative of the 13,000 building workers who had erected this beautiful edifice and harnessed the mighty river. It was an impressive introduction. We went to bed to dream about it.

NEXT morning, Saturday, a Russian engineer came to meet us and show us thru the plant. I am not enough of an engineer to give you a technical description of it, nor enough of a poet to tell you how proud the workers here are of their creation; and if I try to describe our emotions as we inspected "our first superpower plant" I might get sentimental. So I'll let the photographs tell you a bit, list a few bare facts about the rest, and make you promise that when you come to Russia you'll visit Volk-



Part of Machine Room.

hovstroy and keep this vision in your mind while looking over the rest of this vast land of the Workers' Republic. It will give you a little glimpse into the future of the new society which is being built here on the ruins of capitalism.

When in complete operation the plant will have a normal production of 80,000 horse-power, generated by eight giant turbines of 10,000 h.p. each. There are two small auxiliary turbines of 1,200 h.p. each. The dam which gathers up the waters which drive these engines is 290 feet long and 30 feet high. The building which houses the machinery and prepares the current for its journey to Leningrad, is 300 feet long, 80 feet high, 120 feet wide; and its foundation, and that of the dam, sink 80 feet into the earth.

The turbines and a large part of the machinery are of Swedish make. But already, Soviet Russia is beginning to produce some of its own large machinery, and four of the eight big generators, each as big as a house, were produced in the Putilov works in Leningrad. It will be some time, however, before Russian factories can produce these things as cheaply as they can be purchased abroad.

Volkhovstroy is the first unit of Lenin's electrification plan for Russia. Construction was begun in 1922, but for two years the work lagged on account of financial difficulties. In 1924, full speed was finally attained, and 13,000 workers were engaged in 1924 and 1925, during the short building seasons. It is now practically complete, and about 1,000 workers are finishing up. The large machinery is installed, and the rest will all be in during this summer. By November 1st, the station is expected to begin operation.

THE total cost of the plant, when it begins operations, will be about 107,000,000 roubles. From that time on, with a force of about 200 men, it will produce electrical current equivalent to 80,000 h.p., 24 hours a day and every day in the year.

Adjoining the plant and, together with it, encircled by a stockade, is a small city built to accommodate the workers who built it. Three-fourths of the miners of America would envy these workers their housing accommodations. Solid, warm, commodious, with plenty of windows, they bear witness to the fact that this plant like the rest of the country belongs to the workers and serves their immediate as well as their future needs. In the center of the city, is the largest building, the Workers Club. Across the street is the co-operative store, busy as a bee-hive, stocked with a plentiful supply of all sorts of articles of daily need, and clean as a pin. Next to it is a free market for private traders, competing to their heart's content with one another and with the co-operatives, but not so busy. Everywhere women and children, and workers off duty, most of them, healthy, neatly dressed, and on their faces that contentment of absorbing activity.

Upon entering the Workers Club we found the auditorium packed with workers and their families come to greet the visiting Americans. The gathering had been arranged that morning by the Cultural Committee of the Building Workers' Union. As we were conducted to the stage a brass band (composed entirely of workers from the job as we later found) played the Internationale—a thing which

they did again and again throuth the meeting, every time they got a chance. They told us they were glad and proud to have American workers visit them, and inspect their work of building socialism; they hoped that we would soon begin the same work in America, where it would be so much easier when once the workers took power; and again we were told what we hear everywhere in Russia: "We Russian workers are never too busy to meet and talk with workers of other countries; we follow your struggles with the same keen interest that we take in our own work; we ask only that you continue the task of mobilizing and organizing the power of the working class for struggle against your bourgeoisie, and keep your movement clear of opportunist deviations; and we pledge to you that if, in your struggle against your capitalism, we can do anything to assist you, you have only to call upon us."

AS we left the hall in the center of a large number of workers, the crowd parted and we realized that we were being snapped by the movie cameras, while all the little boys in sight crowded up to us to get in the picture. In Russia, you see, it is visiting workers who are objects of public interest, and not parasites like the Prince of Wales and his kind who crowd the news-reels in America.

If I should attempt to tell you all the items of interest of this day, it would make a book, not a letter. There were the Red Army barracks and club rooms, where we ate of soldiers' fare (and right good it was!); the library, where we were interested to find Lenin's complete works, with Marx's "Capital," nestling beside "The Jungle," "King Coal," "100%," and a dozen other of Upton Sinclair's novels—in Russian—among 7,000 volumes of politics, science, and light literature; the play grounds and athletic fields, etc. The Young Communists, the Pioneers, the Red Aid organization, the various departments of the trade unions, organizing every phase of the workers' lives—each would require a chapter. So we'll stop this letter now, hoping that slight glimpse has been given to you of the intimate meaning of the slogan now dominant in Soviet Russia—"We are building Socialism—Now."

Moscow, June 22, 1926.

THE TINY WORKER

A Weekly

Edited by Rose Horowitz of Rochester

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No. 8

Rose Horowitz of Rochester is Editor

Little Rose Horowitz, a member of the Pioneer group of Rochester sent us this nice little poem that makes her editor of this issue. The Young Pioneers are doing fine on the TINY WORKER. They are always ready!

ROSE'S POEM

You search for gold but find dirt;
You work your life into a grave,
"Stick to the job! Be alert!"
For, their money you will save.

Good, wasn't it? Here's another someone sent in:

Life's a funny thing
But old Baker Joe Gets paid so little
Yet he makes lots of dough.



"Oh, pop, I just flew in the air!" Johnny Red was telling his father. "Dick Brown of the teamsters' union gave me a note to the men on the picket line and I rode like anything! A cop stopped me and said he would break my neck if I came again."

"Well, did you?" his father asked.

"Sure I did. I flew right past him that same day. He yelled 'Stop!' and I yelled 'razberries!' and the men laughed and bought me two big ice-cream cones. Ghee, pop, that bicycle you bought is fast—just like an aeroplane!"

His father smiled. "Well, he said, 'maybe not like an aeroplane but almost. That's a Red Special.'"

Johnny Red said: "It sure is!"

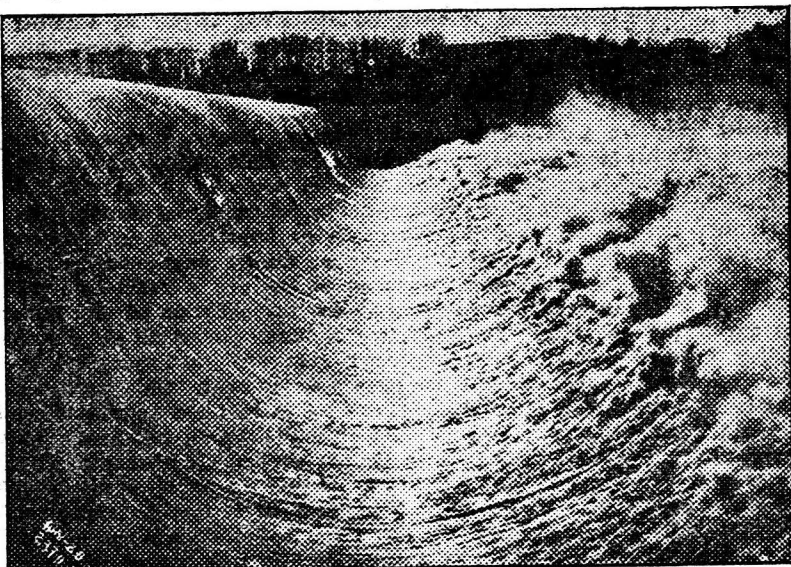
NEW SPECIAL
Two men just made a trip around the world in 28 days. Our Russian comrades helped them make this record by loaning the fastest aeroplanes.

The street car men are on strike in N. Y. They have organized a union. Ataboy!

President Coolidge is fishing on his vacation. He won't catch as many poor fish as he caught in the last election.

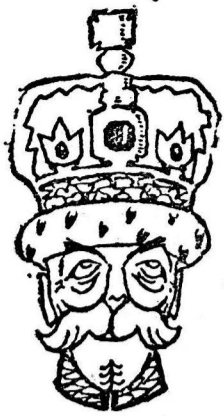
WHATSA MATTER?

Last week we asked all the little Johnny and Rosie Reds to get a quarter from their folks to send for a bundle of 6 copies of the TINY WORKER to give to other children, and the rest of the paper to their parents. Well, what about it.



Volkhovstroy Dam, 30 ft. high, 290 ft. long.

The General Strike Is Over



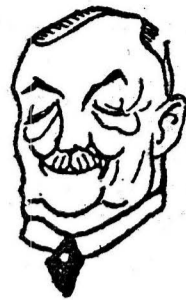
THE KING



CHAMBERLAIN



MAC DONALD



HENDERSON



BALDWIN



THOMAS

New Days in Old England--The General Strike

By T. J. O'FLAHERTY.

THERE was little unorganized violence during the general strike. There was none on the side of the trade union forces. And the government was leary about getting too provocative, the Messrs. Churchill and "Gallop Smith," now Lord Birkenhead, issued "Fee Fi Fo Fum" declarations of war, but their fulminations and threats were received with sardonic grins by those who knew that both gentlemen will never head the list of contributors to an anti-saloon league fund.

The gallant black shirts who had amused themselves occasionally during the previous year by committing depredations on the headquarters of Communist and other working-class organizations, drew in their horns perceptibly. The wise heads in the cabinet evidently gave the anaemic imitators of the Italian cutthroats a hint to be seen and heard as little as possible—unless the situation developed more dangerous symptoms.

The British worker has been showered with more contumely than any decent working man could stand for. Fortunately for his peace of mind, he does not read much foreign news or comment. Synthetically speaking, the chief libel uttered against him is to the effect that he is a congenital and hopeless pacifist. The contrary is true. As a matter of fact, he is voraciously hungry for a fight, and it takes a big army of labor privy councillors, labor (land) lords of the admiralty, labor custodians of his majesty's out-house, labor protectors of the sacred sepulchre of the virgin queen (who lived almost as complete a life as King Benjamin of the House of David), not to speak of such comparatively untitled plebians as Ramsay MacDonald, who took the biscuit from Sir Alexander Grant (you remember the tale), Philip Snowden and his wife, Ethel, or vice versa, whose knees have developed pads from making obeisances before royalty—it requires several army corps of those horny-handed sons of Belial to prevent their followers from staging a picnic in the cute little spot where the tourists are shown the inscribed stone where the swan-like neck of Ann Boleyn rested on the block while a sharp axe was separating her from this life and from her loving and Christian husband, Henry, who chopped off her head for no other reason than that her presence no longer excited him sufficiently. Divorce was then frowned on by the church, so Henry had to use direct action.

The British worker is not blood-thirsty, but it is no wonder that the male members of the present reigning family are constantly in their cups, so to speak, if there is any liquor in the British Isles sufficiently potent to shut out from their mental vision the ever-present fear that some day the pent-up anger of those British slaves will burst the wall of patience that many factors have built up centuries ago between the downtrodden British proletariat and their arrogant taxmasters.

SOMEWHERE it is written that "still waters run deep." And one only had to wander around the working-class quarters in London during the strike to notice that air of being "ready for anything that might happen" on the faces of British trade unionists.

There was little violence, it is true, but . . .

Not far from the seat of British gov-

ernment, the Commons, Whitehall, Scotland Yard, Admiralty, and many other government buildings is Blackfriars bridge. At one end of the bridge—the city proper end—is the great building that houses the administration offices of Lever, the soap monarch. This building was used as a concentration point by the government during the strike. A fleet of motor vehicles were parked in front of it ready to shoot across the bridge which separates the heart of the giant city from the teeming multitudes of workers and slum proletarians.

At the other end of the bridge is a big warehouse. During the first few days it was deserted except for pickets with badges who stood guard around it. Those pickets were members of the Transport Workers' Union. Only those who had what they considered legitimate business passed.

Between this point and a square known as the "Elephant and the Castle" there are a number of union headquarters, chiefly of the printing trades. Practically everybody you met in this section of the city was a staunch supporter of the general strike. At times the streets were black with people for blocks, but only on rare occasions was there any resort to blows.

On the first day of the general strike a few trams had the temerity to invade the Elephant district. They were taken away in charred bits. Police swarmed into the square on horse and foot. It was reported that a policeman struck a woman with a club, killing her. It was also reported that the same policeman passed out of the picture a few minutes afterwards. One heard such stories in that section, provided a satisfactory introduction took place. And those stories were not furtively told with a criminal air. Trade unionists anywhere are not squeamish and the British have only to watch the technique of their masters for suggestions as to what's what in a quarrel.

Those tales of bloodshed and death could not be verified officially, since the government imposed heavy penalties on anybody caught telling the truth, excepting people of the type of the Archbishop of Canterbury or Lloyd, who might go temporarily insane and make an accidental stab at veracity. But any worker caught revealing information of the true state of affairs which showed the workers standing to their guns, or of disaffection in the army and naval ratings, was given a swift ride to the penitentiary.

SEVERAL Communists were arrested and jailed for publishing what was generally believed to be true, that the Welsh and Irish regiments refused to entrain for strike duty in Scotland. Indeed, some of the recently recruited metropolitan policemen, who are pointed to with pride by the penniless penquins of the British middle class, were rather cold to the government propaganda. I asked a constable who was stationed at the main door of the Morning Post building for information as to how I could secure a copy of the British Gazette, while that rag was humming off the presses. He regarded me with suspicion and asked me if I was from the press. I very wisely—as I thought—told him the truth. I was not. This increased his suspicion rather than allayed it. Why was I interested in the Gazette? Like a typical Yankee, I asked him why not? Was not everybody interested? And I was hungry for news. Sticking

his thumbs into that part of his belt which rested over the forward center of his stomach he snorted: "You won't get much news in the Gazette." He glanced knowingly at his teammate and I moved on. "Friend or foe. Which?" thought I.

But to return to the Elephant. On the eve of the day during which the rioting occurred I walked across Blackfriars Bridge, accompanied by a friend who knew quite a number of the active trade unionists in that section. Our hike was not in vain. The streets were jammed with people. Horses with mounted police pranced back and forth between the sidewalks. Motor lorries of constables rushed hither and thither. Special constables, uniformed scabs, were stationed at the danger points. There did not seem to be much love wasted on them by the regular police. Surely the crowds did not like them, as I learned shortly.

A large truck covered with canvas was seen speeding towards the city. It traveled so fast that the pickets were not able to stop it until it got within one hundred yards of the bridgehead. Then, as if by magic, a swarm of humanity surged out of the alleys and the truck stopped. It was labelled "foodstuffs," but something caused the canvas to separate sufficiently to reveal the presence of chairs and bedding on the inside, no doubt for the strikebreakers or "volunteers," as they were called. A roar of anger went up from the crowd and the automobile slowly turned over on its side, a dying monster. A roar of triumph went up from the crowd. Then the police came from all directions. The crowd melted away into the alleys from whence they came. The police set the truck on its wheels again and pushed it into a side street.

FOUR "specials" were standing on the corner when this incident took place and became quite officious when police reinforcements arrived. When the police left they remained. What looked a disturbance took place down the side street at the head of which they were standing. They rushed bravely to the fray. But when they got there the "disturbers" belabored them soundly until the police arrived. The four heroes were not seen in that vicinity any more.

This was only one of many similar instances in that sections. An ambitious fellow who saw a prospect of making some money transporting marooned city workers to their homes was trotting along with about a dozen passengers in his wagon. They were seated on empty boxes. The pickets halted the conveyance, asked the driver who gave him permission to go into the transportation business, told the passengers to get a little exercise by using "shank's mare" and turned the boxes over to a committee on illumination.

Several men with badges reading "Workers' Defense Corps" were busy recruiting. The right wing labor leaders were opposed to this action, but many local labor bodies saw the necessity for a defense force, and the movement was developing rapidly when the general strike was called off. And this was even more unexpected than the initiation of the strike, which was considered inconceivable with J. H. Thomas and others of his type playing the leading role in the negotiations.

When the die was cast and the

strike orders issued there were many who were convinced that the right wing leaders were out to deliberately betray the workers by sabotaging the strike in order to discredit the general strike as a weapon once and for all. And whether they started out with that intention or not, this was what they did. Even during the strike, Thomas, one of its leaders, made public speeches decrying the general strike. Snowden was silent and the Webbs, Shaws and other highbinders whose names have been associated with the British labor movement for generations were silent as the tomb. Their inspiring messages to labor in its hour of trial were never delivered while the columns of the British Gazette were black with screaming exhortations from the Asquiths, Greys and Samuels of the Liberal wing of British capitalism, as well as from the Churchills, Balfours and Baldwins of the Tory wing.

The strike was called off suddenly on May 12. On the evening of May 11 I walked around Southampton picking conversation with various people, mostly workers. The general attitude was that "we will see the grass growing on the streets of this city before we surrender." And they meant it. Anybody who knows the desperate condition under which the great mass of British workers live would be surprised, not at this determination to "go down with the ship" if need be, but at the marvelous patience they have displayed. But then not so very long ago at that, British workers were sentenced to penal servitude on a convict ship for humbly petitioning for an increase in wages!

Pickets stood sullenly at the gates of the White Star line dock. There were a few policemen there. Anybody could pass by the police by simply saying he had booked a passage on a liner. The docks were deserted, excepting officers and "volunteers," some with Oxford bags, supposed to be young dukes, lords, etc. They spent more of the time amusing themselves in the first-class cabins of the palatial liners where they were housed and fed. The gentleman with the receding chin that the creator of Andy Gump predicts will be the future 100 per cent American would look like a hero in a western moving picture compared to those semi-animate chunks of protoplasm who were sacrificing their beauty sleep to save the empire.

As one of those floating castles that the war for democracy delivered into the hands of the White Star line was trying to leave the docks the Oxford bag dandies with wrist watches and silk handkerchiefs flying from their coat sleeves cut a pretty picture as cameras clicked, going thru the forms of releasing hawsers and other chores connected with this task. They handled the stout cables as gingerly as a Chinaman would fondle his chopsticks. If the husky stevedore who barked angrily at them had halitosis, those parasites would not have been more loath to get within reach of his breath. After their pictures were taken, for use in the government propaganda, the dandies spent the rest of the time slicking their glossy hair and smoking cigarettes. The ship carried no freight, except what she carried from the United States on a previous trip. It was a tieup all right, and the bosses knew it.

This is The United States, Not Russia
The New York striking cloakmakers seem to be getting on the nerves of the manufacturers as can be seen from the "warning" issued by the president of the Manufacturers' Association. It says in part:

The union has no right to interfere with regular employes which remain in our shops. We serve public notice on all union officials that we intend to protect our property and our foremen and designers at any cost. This is the United States and not Russia; and we happen to be in a city where those at the head of the government believe in maintenance of law and order.

Mr. Findler is perfectly right. This is not Soviet Russia by a long shot. Here the capitalists rule, not the workers. But that's what the workers are struggling for: to make the United States a country ruled by workers and poor farmers.

"Communism is Not for America."

This is the opinion of James J. Davis, secretary of labor in Coolidge's cabinet. In a speech before the thirty-eighth annual convention of the Loyal Order of Moose, recently held in Chicago, of which Davis is some kind of a Chief Grand Master, he spoke as follows:

The United States is the first country in the world, in which the common man was placed on terms of equality with the wealthy one before law. Communists will tell us that is not enough. They say that we must make all men rich or poor alike, that we must emulate the example of Russia. Our answer to them is that we will fight to the last drop of our blood before we will consent to submit to the dictation of Moscow.

No, Mr. Davis, you are all wrong on this submitting to Russia stuff. You undoubtedly know better. Whom you will have to submit to eventually is not Soviet Russia, but the toiling masses of the United States. This outlook may not please you. In fact, we know it doesn't. But that does not worry us. When the day comes around for the American workers and farmers to take over the government, Mr. Davis will be given a good job. He will be sent to the factory to make an honest living instead of being a fake secretary of labor.

A Chilean Speaks His Mind.

Former president Alessandri of Chile, on his way home from the United States, uttered a piece of frank comment on the leading lights of our government. He said:

I cannot understand how a people as great as the Americans could select a man so incapable of fulfilling so important an office as Mr. Kellogg. He is altogether lacking in intelligence and has not the remotest idea of what the Tacna-Arica problems is all about. He is incapable of comprehending the principles involved, and the same applies to President Coolidge. I conferred with both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg, and found them without the slightest idea of what the Tacna-Arica problem means.

Of course, they wouldn't know. But why should they? The American bankers and their economic experts are doing all the knowing. What is expected of Coolidge and Kellogg is to put the military and naval power of the American government to the service of whatever the bankers decide. And for this job Coolidge and Kellogg seem to be well equipped.

Fritz Thyssen is Satisfied With the Dawes' Plan.

Fritz Thyssen is one of the biggest German industrialists. He is the head of the famous Thyssen Iron Works, and he is well satisfied with the Dawes' plan provided he can bring back the kaiser and make the German workers and farmers pay whatever is coming the former allies



under the wonderful plan of Hellen Maria.

The Dawes' plan has been of undoubted benefit to Germany. It can be carried out if: First, German economy is made so productive that it is able to bear the burden; second, markets can be found to buy the German products. In order to make Germany as productive as possible, all unproductive expenses must be curtailed. Whether this can be obtained under the reign of parliament, I do not venture to judge.

He better not. The 15 million votes cast in the plebiscite on June 20 in favor of expropriating the Prince represent that many militant opponents or the monarchy, of Thyssen and of everything that he stands for in German life. These 15 millions may have very little faith in the present "reign of parliamentarism," but when it comes to making changes in the German system of government, they will introduce something which Thyssen and his kind will like even less than they do the present system.

The British House of Lords Hears "Profane" Language.

It is reported in the papers that when the house of lords was passing

the eight-hour bill for the miners, the labor members were shouting at the others:

Dirty dogs! Murderers! Swine!

And that thereupon the Lord Chancellor shouted the order: "Clear the Bar," and the sergeant at arms, "in his velvet knickers and with his jewelled sword dangling at his side, gently but firmly removed the commoners."

Which is not bad as far as it goes. A little more militancy and naturalness and plain talk on the part of labor members in parliament will help the workers. But when these little diversions become a substitute for real labor politics and real struggle against the capitalists, then it is no good. The betrayal of the general strike by the Thomases and Hendersons and the surrender of Purcell and the other progressives before the right wing cannot be retrieved by "profane" language in the house of lords. It will require radical changes in policy and leadership to accomplish that.

Tricky Maneuver to Fool the People.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes to his paper as follows:

The West against the East—that's what it's coming to in the struggle for the presidency in 1928, in the opinion of many Republican and Democratic leaders.

All this is pure bunk. "The West against the East" is merely a tricky maneuver by some republican politicians to prevent an alliance between the workers and farmers against both capitalist parties. What it is coming to is not West against East, or North against South, but poor against rich, oppressed against oppressor and toiler against exploiter.

WHAT AND HOW TO READ.

This section will again be open in the next issue of the magazine containing the second lesson in the series on Economic by Arthur W. Calhoun. It will deal with books on the origin of the American Empire and U. S. Imperialism. Be sure to get a copy of the next issue.