

# HAYWOOD LINES UP LUMBERJACKS IN RUSSIA

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## CALEB HARRISON WRITES ABOUT RUSSIAN RELIEF

### Workers All Over The World Recognize Need of Saving Soviet Republic

By CALEB HARRISON

It will be interesting to many people to know how the "Friends of Soviet Russia" came into being and what it was organized to do. When the news came from Russia describing the terrible effects of the drought and the resultant famine the working people, especially the working people who are members of the labor movement, began to wonder what could be done to help the starving people of Russia. When it was announced that Mr. Herbert Hoover was about to use his relief organization for relief in Russia every true friend of Soviet Russia became alarmed with the fear that Mr. Hoover, who is a bitter enemy of the Soviet Government, would use this advantage to prepare counter revolutionary activity against the Workers Republic.

In New York City we knew something about the Hoover Relief Organization. We knew that the relief they had administered to other countries had a much different object than the relief of suffering humanity. The real object was to prevent the working class from getting control of European governments; and on the other hand to use the food and medical relief as a means of political activity against the working class governments wherever such existed.

In Hungary the workers republic in the days of Bela Kun had to accept Hoover relief. Hoover relief was used to overthrow the Soviet Republic and the murderous government of Horthy took its place. Hoovers' relief work was begun and kept going for political purposes — to bolster up the capitalist system wherever it was ready to fall at the hands of revolutionary workers; to organize counter-revolutionary activity wherever the workers had been successful in establishing a government.

On Friday, July 29 four labor bodies (The American Labor Alliance, Russian Medical Relief, Russian Technical Aid, and The Friends of Soviet Russia) held a conference and decided that the gravity of the situation demanded prompt action. Plans were made to send appeals to all the labor organizations that we could reach, asking them to send delegates to a larger conference. On the following Tuesday Aug. 2nd, eighty five organizations sent delegates to the conference that formally launched the Friends of Soviet Russia. The name of one of the original organizations was appropriated.

Each Tuesday following confer-

ences were held and at each conference new delegates appeared from other organizations.

When the news of these conferences spread through the country immediately came the demand from all the industrial centers for information on how to proceed to organize — some places had already organized in just the same manner as New York and they requested affiliation. The committee that was elected in New York had to assume the responsibility of a national committee in order to co-ordinate and link up the work throughout the country. The amount of work that has been accomplished in the space of five weeks is remarkable.

Mass meetings were held in New York (number of them) Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, besides numerous smaller towns.

Collections at the meetings in small towns run into the hundreds of dollars; while in the large cities it is easy to get a collection of several thousand. When we consider the state of unemployment, reductions of wages and the general hard times one can get a good estimate of the sympathy that exists for Soviet Russia.

Every appeal is made on the basis of working class solidarity, that we shall do our duty to back up our working class comrades who are now fighting against the world of reaction.

In every instance we make it clearly understood that the supplies sent to Russia will be delivered direct into the hands of the Soviet Authorities.

Money came in so readily that it was possible to begin the shipment of goods to Russia. It will be our object to keep a constant stream of foodstuffs, clothing and medicines going to Russia until the famine is overcome and the life of the Soviet Government is assured. In all cities large and small there should be local branch of the Friends of Soviet Russia.

Besides Mass Meeting, every other known means to raise money can be employed: dances, bazaars, musicales, recitals, concerts, etc. If fact we can enjoy ourselves and have the satisfaction of knowing that we are helping people who are suffering, because of their struggles against international capitalist brigandage, added to which has come the drought and disease.

In this manner the workers of America can do their bit toward upholding the torch bearer of civilization — Soviet Russia.

## BEWARE CAPITALIST CHARITY

New York. — "God save Russia, prosperous enough to ship it to from the charity of capitalist Europe and capitalist America. For every pound of wheat given there will be a price to pay, even though the bargaining be hidden from our eyes. In the heart of capitalism there is no true charity."

This is the statement of Dr. J. P. Warbase in the current issue of "Cooperation." Continuing, he says: "We have only to recall the appeals for help in behalf of the stricken Chinese, a year ago. While the official appeals were being printed in large type in the newspapers, shipload after shipload of Chinese eggs was arriving in the country, flooding the American market. How could the starving Chinese afford to send us such vast quantities of the most nutritious of foods? Because trade must have its profit. Even though that profit must be sweated from Chinese peasants, prosperous enough to have a slight surplus of food, but not

The young man always took everything literally. He was most serious in his wording. "May I kiss you, June?" he asked "Mother's in the drawing room," she answered. "Oh, that's all right. Your father can kiss her," he replied.

## AN INTERVIEW WITH HELEN KELLER

By J. O. Bantall

"Russia is the torch-bearer of the new civilization. The ideas they are trying out over there will bring freedom to the oppressed working class and set at liberty the people of all the earth. Russia is the hope of the world."

Thus spoke Helen Keller, "the miracle woman," when I saw her in the reception room of the hotel as she was on her way to the Orpheum theatre, where she has been the star attraction during the week just past, and where her name alone has packed the playhouse twice a day for seven days. With her was her teacher and lifelong friend, Miss Anne Sullivan Macey, who can never be given full credit for her marvellous genius, her tenderness, patience and unlimited perseverance in bringing this master mind out of the pit of darkness into expressionful light and presenting it to a world so needy and hungry for inspiration and hope.

The Orpheum is supposed to have good stuff on the program, but when you summed it all up the whole performance during the Helen Keller week looked like a rusty iron ring set with one beautiful diamond.

The short story told by Miss Keller and her teacher gripped the audience as with tongs of steel. It was like the power of some mighty spirit — some super-world force, an

inspiration that got the heart and brain, of the people.

This little woman, beautiful, beautifully formed, face beaming with joy, her whole being laughing at impossibilities, comes forth to twist the emotions of strong men till they sob, and in a twinkling turns them into a hilarious mass of merry-makers.

She told of her efforts to know and understand. She was blind, she was deaf and could not and could not utter a sound. With these handicaps her teacher took her to college. For four years she attended classes. Her teacher talked and read to her thru her hands and mouth. She studied history and literature and languages and science. She went into astronomy and geology and biology and chemistry and physics and economics. She studied French and German and Italian and Greek and Latin. She came out with the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the end of four years from Radcliff University. She kept on in Yale University and came forth with her degree from that institution also.

Slowly she began to speak. Only by touching the lips and throat of her teacher could she learn to form her lips and mouth into making words. But she kept at it till now she speaks marvellously well.

And now she is on the stage. No more graceful figure ever appeared before the footlights than this genius and her teacher.

In mentioning her favorite subjects at the university she included that of economics. Among the questions asked by the audience was why she like economics: In a flash came the answer that it was "because the professor of that subject was good looking!" But many knew it was for a quite different reason.

I was timid about asking for an interview with this wonderful woman. I knew how busy she is and how people flock to see her out of mere curiosity. The week was slipping by. Saturday came. It was her last day here. I called up and was told to come.

Of course she knew nothing about me and when she was told I was editor of TRUTH she expressed hope that I tried to tell the truth, tho I could easily understand that she thought it was a paper of the ordinary camouflage kind.

To be sure that no serious break might be made in case I was a way back fellow she asked quite pointedly, "Are you very, very, very conservative?" To which I replied that "I am very, very, very radical."

"Oh, good. Then I can talk with you." Which I assured her she could, and "be as radical as you wish."

It was then she broke out about Russia and wound up by saying, "We must learn of the Russian comrades."

"What do you say about the Third International?" was one of my first queries.

"The Third International — of course I understand that well. We must fight that way. That is the right program. I am ashamed of Labor in America that hasn't taken a stand for the Third International. I am ashamed of the old Socialist party. It has lost its power. It is no good any more. If the workers had been any good they could have gotten rid of war and of Gompers and of the soup kitchens. The people will learn a lot this winter. There will be much suffering this winter. Suffering is the best teacher. The struggle of poverty is like the struggle of blindness. It makes us work hard to overcome. The true strength lies within. We will not win till we develop the strength within so we can act right."

She spoke about disarmament and expressed her hope that all war may soon end. "It will end when the workers become strong. Then we will get Debs out too."

"Tell the comrades to be of good cheer. There is a bright future for us if we work together. We can do everything. Bring the comrades my message of hope and love."

I have never been in the presence of a woman like that before in all my life. She bubbled over with life — life full of inspiration and good sense. Life full of cheer. A grip upon the most advanced ideas, and revolutionary to the core. Victory for the working class thru their own efforts seemed to her so natural. No doubt in her heart. Only life — long life. Good life. Intelligent life.

It was hard to get away. A priest had been standing leaning against a column at the head of the stairs, awaiting a chance to shake hands with the "miracle woman." As we approached he stopped her to introduce himself. He was from North Dakota.

"Oh, then you know about the Nonpartisan League. And you help the farmers to organize, I am sure."

But the priest could not stand that. "No, I don't. You don't know the league as I do," came his stiff reply.

In a flash she turned on him with "I know the league better than you. It's on the right track and you are not," and she froze him into a shrimp.

That little tilt should have been



Auction Block Comes Back To America

Thursday, Sept. 8, marked the revival of the old slave market custom in the free United States of America. Men were "sold at auction" to the highest bidder, from the Parkman bandstand on Boston common.

Stripped to the waist, the men stood stolidly, while Urban Ledoux, philanthropic writer, placed his hand upon the bare shoulders of each man in turn, stating his plight, imploring that someone come forward and buy. At his command the men went through various exercises to show their muscles and agility.

Jim Ferris, 29, overseas veteran, was turned around slowly and posed in every possible position to show the ply of his muscles. "You used this in the war, what will you do with it now?" the auctioneer shouted to the crowd. "Shall it go starving now that you have no further use for it?" went on the auctioneer. Ferris was able to work, willing to work — yet Ledoux could not get

a bidder. So he auctioned Ferris' dog and some one bought it for \$5. The dog was returned to Ferris.

Boston, Sept. 9. — The collapse of Edward Dixon of Philadelphia, apparently from malnutrition, just after his service had been sold to the highest bidder, brought the second day of the auction block for unemployed men on the Common to a close, after 12 men had been promised work.

Dixon, a World War veteran, had prepared an appeal which Urban Ledoux, leader of the unemployed group, read to thousands of persons gathered around the bandstand. As Ledoux was reading an account of the death of Dixon's father in the war which left the young man alone. Dixon swayed and collapsed. One meal a day and sometimes not that, had been his portion, he said. Physicians said tonight that this experience and exposure from sleeping on the Common made his condition serious.

## HAYWOOD ORGANIZES WOB LUMBER CAMP IN PALACES

### Big Bill Puts Pep Into Soviet Industries Instead of Rotting In Capitalist Pen

Moscow, Sept. 10. — Russia holds out the solution to the unemployment problem in the United States. American workers will find the social and industrial freedom they have sought all their lives over here today, "Big Bill" Haywood, I. W. W. leader, told the United Press correspondent in an interview today.

"Here is the scheme I have been planning since I arrived in Moscow," Haywood said. "It's my idea to form, in certain prosperous parts of Russia, all manner of workmen's units. They will form their own industrial administrations within the Russian state, exchanging with the government their production for tools and those daily necessities which they cannot produce themselves."

"I had planned these workers' units at length, theoretically; now I've inaugurated my scheme practically."

#### Lumberjacks Make Start.

"One hundred and sixty-eight American lumberjacks who recently arrived from Seattle found a basis for such work at Kuznetsky basin, east of the Ural mountains. There they found several small colonies of miners living in two family flats, in houses which seemed palaces compared with the houses of coal miners in England and the United

States. "There's the necessary machinery for a start. Other such colonies will speedily be built by industrial units."

"The lumberjacks will be pioneers, cutting the wood necessary for building houses before the arrival of their fellow workers. It will not be long before such communities reach the American standard of living. Their work will also influence the Russian workers and give them an idea of American 'pep'."

#### Name Investigating Body.

Haywood has appointed a commission of seventeen to remain at the Kuznetsky basin and has sent others to favorable places in the Bon region and in Turkestan.

"While there are nearly ten million unemployed in America and millions of others elsewhere, here's the opportunity for them to build the idealistic state they've been dreaming of and fighting for all their lives."

"From a political viewpoint, we ought to tell the workers to remain in America. The more unemployed the better. But as a friend of the workers, I say to all my friends who are looking for real liberty, 'Come to Russia.'"

—Chicago Tribune.

## WHOLESALE FRAME-UPS AGAINST W. VA. MINERS

### Government By Thugs To Be Forced Upon Hounded Coal Diggers

(By The Federated Press)

Washington, D. C. — Wholesale "frame-ups" against all the officials of the United Mine Workers of America by state and county authorities will be the next step in the West Virginia struggle between miners and operators. This is the word brought to Washington by officials of District No. 17.

As soon as the "miners' army" had peaceably dispersed on the rival of the federal troops, Governor Morgan of West Virginia announced that "every effort will be made to punish those responsible for inciting the miners to treason and insurrection against the state" and added he had "been assured by the public officers of Logan, Boone, Fayette, Raleigh and Kanawha counties that there will be no official slackness in the prosecution of those who were responsible for this movement against the state."

Local labor leaders say that the mine owners absolutely control the courts in the above named counties. They declare the administration of justice has broken down and point out that it was the illegal arrest and detention of 36 miners which first caused the march on Mingo. If an effort is made to hunt down, indict and "railroad" all union officials and the leaders of the thousands of men who took part in the mass protest against "government by gunmen," leaders here fear a recurrence of the outbreak. C. F. Keeney and Fred Mooney, president and secretary of District No. 17, United Mine Workers of America, already have been indicted by a Mingo county grand jury on trumped-up charges of murder. It

is alleged that they "incited a disturbance" which resulted in a man being killed. There is no accusation that they were present at the killing. This is known as "constructive murder," and under this theory it is impossible to indict men on very far-fetched theories.

Governor Morgan's statement is vindictive and indicates that the mine operators are determined to continue in their efforts to crush out the unions by fair means or foul. His statement is virtually a threat of prosecution against all men active in union organization — on the theory that the union officials deliberately incited the "armed treason and insurrection against the state."

Officials here point out that Gen. H. H. Bandholtz flatly charged the state constabulary of West Virginia with responsibility for the second march on Mingo, but that Governor Morgan says nothing about investigating the causes leading to the disturbance. He assumes that the unions alone are guilty and promises wholesale prosecutions before evidence has been collected or the causes of the trouble sifted.

If Governor Morgan adheres to his threat and practically all the leaders in the recent revolt against "government by gunmen" are indicted, those who now temper of the West Virginia mountaineers declare there inevitably will be another descent upon Mingo. Some of the men already under arrest have been detained in jail for weeks on charges of having labor papers in their possession or for criticizing the action of the authorities. Free

(Continued on page 3)

staged before a packed mass in Madison Square Garden and filmed. Helen Keller — blind, deaf, having learned to speak thru almost superhuman effort — sees more than the masses, hears more than the rulers, says more than a

prop. st. Helen Keller — Communist, revolutionist, Third Internationalist, Bolshevik.

While the great majority of workers with ears and eyes and mouth fumble along in ignorant indifference.



# Bill Haywood in Moscow

By Lewis Gannett

I finally isolated Bill Haywood about one o'clock in the morning. His room, most of the time a sort of gangway for all the Americans and half of the other folk in Moscow, was relatively empty. Lifshitz, Bill's super-secretary, a sort of walking encyclopedia of the Far East, and Yoshihara, a Japanese Wobbly, were settling the Nikolaev affair in one corner of the room; Crosby was studying a Russian grammar in another; a New York Wobbly was reading the Liberator in a third corner; and I detached Bill from his Russian dictionary in the fourth corner and started firing questions at him.

Bill is pretty good at Russian. He can call numbers on the telephone, establish connections with the hotel cook, and make himself thoroughly understood by the small boy delegation from the Third International Boys' Club of Nijni Novgorod; but he wants more. He would like to know enough Russian to be able to stay and do real organization work in Russia. That is why he is studying Russian day and night, and why his primary interest at the present moment is a plan to colonize a rich coal, iron, and copper region south of Tomsk with American Wobblies—"just to show what the I-Wont-Works can really do." A delegation headed by Jack Beyer leaves this week to study the ground. The first real job will be for a bunch of lumberjacks to clear the site and put up workers' houses.

I don't think Bill himself is sure whether he will stay in Russia or go back. It depends partly on what he can do in Russia. He has no enthusiasm for Leavenworth. "I can't do anything there, can I?" he said. "A man in the penitentiary is practically dead, and there's not one chance in a hundred of Harding granting a general amnesty. If they think I'm coming back to spend the rest of my life in a pen they're crazy with the heat."

Some people say that Bill Haywood's escape from the land of the free may make it harder for other political prisoners to get bail. "It might make it harder to raise bonds—unless the bondsmen can get protection," Bill said when I suggested this. "I happened myself to have the remarkably good fortune to have friends who will see that my bondsmen lose nothing—and I don't owe a thing to the government. They got all that they exacted for my release, and instead of being indebted to me—they that they have yet to learn." Bill worked for his fellow Wobblies up to the last moment, and then Russia.

Russia is a highly centralized state controlled and operated by the Russian Communist Party, and the I. W. W. have in the past objected to highly centralized states and to political parties. Half the talk in Moscow today is about the new Trade Union Internationale which is being launched under the auspices of the Communist Third Internationale. Bill Haywood is strong for it.

"Will the I. W. W. join?" I asked. "Oh, yes," he answered confidently.

I suggested that there might be opposition to alliance with a political party among American I. W. W., and mentioned one or two American Wobblies in Moscow who do not like the system.

Bill answered to the point. "If they could feel the heartbeat of

things here, and understand that this is not a political party in the sense of American parties, there'd be no question. This is really an industrial movement. You may differentiate if you will between Communism and the Communist Party—I'm not going to. Communism is based on the theory of Marx, which means that labor produces all wealth and that all wealth belongs to the producers thereof—and that's economic, not political, philosophy. If you have half an eye open here in Russia you see the necessity of a political party for those economic ends.

"We didn't always use exactly the terms we find here, but we used to talk about the dictatorship of the proletariat in the I. W. W. even before the war. The boys expressed the idea not only in their conversations; they sang it in songs like 'Putting the Boss in Overalls,' and they emphasized that the boss must make the overalls he wears. Now during the transitory period just to keep him at that particular job, there must of necessity be a certain control of things political. Here in Russia they've had to recruit, discipline, and provide for a tremendous army. They have had a lot of unscrupulous nations—most of them as bad as the United States—to deal with. An upheaval means changes in the life of the people; adjustments must be made, certain commodities exchanged abroad—and that requires the dictatorship of the proletariat. But every communist in every country must be educated to see the end, the final revolution, and to know that the political state is going to exhaust itself and find no further function. The thing that takes its place is industrial—industry including art and science and agriculture, all human activity summed up in economic life, and in all those fields Russia is coming out in the forefront of the world. Here the Revolution is an accomplished fact, and other nations must follow. I've learned that here."

Moscow is chock-full of talk about "tactics." In some countries the Reds are being urged to work inside the old trade unions rather than from outside organizations, and many would like to make it a definite policy of the Red Trade Union Internationale to oppose dual union organizations such as the I. W. W. I asked Bill what he thought of this talk.

"Don't amount to a pinch of snuff," he answered. "Not in the United States, anyway. I see in this Red Internationale the culmination of the aims and aspirations of the I. W. W. For fifteen years the I. W. W. has carried on the most vigorous kind of campaign in the United States. We haven't overlooked any part of the A. F. of L. We're not going to. But we're not going to try to save the A. F. of L. or anything it stands for. We want to educate the members of the A. F. of L., or as many of them as can be reached, to take up their work in a revolutionary way. There are some fellows around here who say that there are 159,000 good Reds in the A. F. of L. Anybody who says that is a damned fool. A revolutionary is a real person. He's a man who has an economic foundation, a knowledge of where he's working from and what he's working toward. He's not a MacNamara, nor even a West Virginia coal miner, though a West Virginia coal miner is a thousand per cent more a revolutionary than the sluggers of Chicago. Out of the coal miners

we can make revolutionists—by God, they're fighting for their lives, their jobs, for the mines, for a place in the mines—which can grow into control of the mines. And that means association of industries, which can grow into the overthrow of capitalism. But the Chicago gang have no other thought than a gambler's stakes."

I recalled to Bill that he had told Max Eastman before he left America that Russia had done four big things any one of which was worth a revolution by itself—expropriation of industry, education of children, relief to women in motherhood, and transfer of the land to the peasant.

"That's it," said Bill. "What is there to add to it? What more do we want in America? Expropriation of industries. Here it has been complete. The stock exchange and its nest of gamblers has been wiped out, the Duma and the Czar's Council extinguished, the banks closed and liquidated, the factories and railroads appropriated—in a word, everything's in the hands of the workers. The bourgeoisie who haven't accepted the new conditions have either left the country, or are in concentration camps, or are down there on the market selling the family jewels, silk socks, silver cigarette-cases and picture-frames; some of them have died. Everything is done for the children—education for industry, for art, their own theaters and libraries, everything. The children of Russia have a tremendous advantage over the children of America; they are not only being taught with their heads, but their hands and feet and bodies are being taught to express what their heads get. They've got the Montessori System backed off the map. In a few years the children of Russia will be so far advanced over the children of the rest of the world that people coming here, when they meet a child on the street, will say: Why, what a precocious child. But the truth will be that the visitor is undeveloped."

"And there's more to that peasant proposition than I realized. The peasants form 85 per cent of Russia, and today they are absolutely free from domination by capitalist or monarch, and they are crawling from under the cover of religion—which is really a fifth gain worth two or three revolutions: to release a nation of people from what they call in Russia the opiate of religion."

"I haven't changed my mind; the things I heard about in New York I've seen here, and they're real; they're worth the revolution. I'm more enthusiastic every day; I've been in Moscow two months and I haven't heard of a death by starvation, of a murder, a raid on an illicit still, on a saloon, a gambling den, or a house of prostitution, and I haven't seen a drunk or a prostitute. By God, boy, this is the most wonderful city in the world."

It was half past two. Crosby was half asleep over his grammar; Lifshitz and Yoshihara had exhausted Nikolaev and were swapping American yarns; the New York Wobblies had disappeared with the Liberator. I beat it, and walked home through the dark streets of Moscow. Others, too, were tranquilly strolling homeward. Not a policeman was in sight; the only visible agents of law and order, or of Red Revolution, were the street sweepers of the Moscow Soviet.

From the Liberator.

## SINCE THE WAR

During the two and a half years following the war, the proletarians of various countries have exhibited self-sacrifice, energy and readiness for the struggle to such an extent as would amply have sufficed to make the Revolution triumphant, provided there had been a strong, centralized international Communist Party on the scene ready for action.

But, during the war, and immediately after, by force of historic circumstances, there was at the head of the European workers the organization of the Second International, which has been and remains up to date the invaluable political weapon in the hands of the bourgeoisie.

By the end of 1918 and the beginning of 1919, the power of the German government was practically in the hands of the working class, but the Social Democracy and the labor unions used all their traditional influence and all their apparatus to restore the power to the bourgeoisie.

In Italy, the revolutionary movement of the working class during one year and a half has been marked by abundant force, and it was only thanks to the petty bourgeois impotence of the Socialist Party, to the treacherous policy of the parliamentary factions, and to the cowardly opportunism of the trade union organizations, that the bourgeoisie was enabled to reconstruct its apparatus, to mobilize its White Guards and to assume the offensive against the proletariat, which was thus temporarily discouraged by the bankruptcy of its leading organs.

The mighty strike movement in England has been frustrated once more during the last year, not so much by the government police forces as by the conservative trade unions, whose apparatus has been shamefully used to serve counter-revolutionary ends. Should the machinery of the English trade unions develop half the amount of energy in the interests of socialism which it has been using in the interests of capitalism, the English working class will conquer power and will start reconstruction of the economic organization of the country with only an insignificant amount of sacrifice.

Thesis of the Third Congress of the Communist International: "The International Situation and Our Problems."

## ODYSSEY OF 1921

(By Boomer.)

Having the occasion to ride a few miles in a boxcar and not caring to allow the time to be wasted while the train crew were doing a little switching, I decided to write a few things that came to my mind. I was thinking of the journey of Ulysses—Homer's hero—and somehow I could not keep from comparing him with many a man who takes enforced journeys today.

This boxcar is not a new one, by any means, and I wonder how many men have sought its shelter during inclement weather? That corner no doubt has been the bedroom of more than one working man; as Shakespeare might have said, "The present economic system makes many a strange bedfellow."

That is one thing about a boxcar; it is democratic; it will give shelter to all who apply—I. e., climb in. Jew or Gentile, pagan or Christian, black or white—it shelters all who come. No doubt this car has sheltered men in all parts of the country; some so full of food they had strange dreams, others so hungry they had fantastic visions. Many a bottle of booze has,

doubtless, been drunk beneath its roof; and, perchance, some delegate has written out Wobbly cards beneath the same roof—at least let us hope so. I presume one reason a boxcar is so democratic and does not draw the color line or discriminate on account of nationality, is because all colors and nationalities of workers labor in its construction.

Now, the Southern pine that is used in the sides is produced by Negro labor. The iron and steel is produced by workers speaking all the languages of Babel. There is common labor and skilled mechanics represented in the construction of this old car, and over fifty-seven craft unions whose members have labored to produce—one boxcar.

The engine has just coupled onto the train. The man who gave the signal belongs to one union, the man who pulled the throttle on the engine belongs to another; the fellow who makes the steam belongs to yet another; the "con" who reads the orders and gives the highballs to proceed; the operator who received and wrote the orders were sent over; the ones who help! It is endless. And all of the various members of various unions labored to build a car and motive power and the other incidentals necessary to assure safety so I could ride in a boxcar unafraid. Or so it seems.

## SECOND CARUSO REFUSED PASSPORT

London — Not even "charity" has removed the taint of Bolshevism from Chalapin, the famous Russian basso whom English and American music lovers have long sought to hear. The singer wishes to come to England to give concerts on behalf of the starving millions of his country but the foreign office has refused a visa to his passport.

The case has been referred for consideration to the home office, within whose purview "undesirable aliens" come.

## Dooley Explains "Open Shop"

By PETER F. DUNNE.

"What is all this talk that's in th' papers about th' 'open shop'?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"Why, don't ye know?" said Mr. Dooley. "Really I'm surprised at yer ignorance, Hinnissey. What is th' 'open shop'? Sure, 'tis th' shop where they kape th' doors open to accommodate th' constant stream av min comin' in t' take jobs cheaper 'r th' min what has th' jobs. 'Tis like this, Hinnissey—suppose wan uv these free-born American citizens is workin' in an open shop f'r th' princely wages av wan larg iron dollar a day av' 'tin hours. Along comes anither son-av-gun an' he sez t' th' boss, 'Oi think Oi could handle th' job nicely f'r ninety cints.' 'Shure, sez th' boss, an' th' wan dollar man gets th' merry, jinglin' can, an' goes out into th' crool would t' exercise his inalienable roights as a free-born American citizen an' scab on some other poor devil. An' so it goes, Hinnissey. An' who gits th' benefit? Thruze, it saves th' boss money, but he don't care no more f'r money than he does f'r his right eye."

"It's all princible wid him. He hates t' see men robbed av their independence. They must have their independence, regardless av anything else."

"But," says Mr. Hennessey, "these open shop min we menshun say they are f'r th' unions iv properly conducted."

"Shure," said Mr. Dooley, "iv properly conducted. An' there we are. An' how would they have thim conducted? No strikes, no rules, no contracts, no scales, hardly iv wages an' damn few members."

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TRUTH

## THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN JAPAN

There are 9,000,000 persons at work in Japan in the various trades. At the end of October, 1920, the wage of the majority of the workers was not more than 1 yen a day, which is only 60 per cent of the minimum for maintaining life.

The constant increase in the cost of living has led to a continual deterioration in the condition of the workers. The mortality among them is appalling. Thus, in 1919, of the 433,893 miners at work, 49,119 died.

This has driven the workers of Japan to active struggle for an improvement in their conditions, which has gradually led to political struggles. Strikes are on the increase, more and more industries being drawn into the struggles. Within a short time, there have been strikes of miners, cotton spinners, machinists, teachers etc. In addition to demanding better pay and lower hours, there have been demands for elimination of the contract system, for collective bargaining etc.

At times, the workers make even political demands, such as the removal of the censorship, government control etc.

The dissatisfaction has become so pronounced of late, that bloody conflicts with the police and government troops have resulted. Street demonstrations are not uncommon in Japan to-day, generally being followed by military interference.

200,000 workers participated in the demonstrations in Tokio on May Day. The police tried to stop the demonstrations, a fight ensuing. Several labor leaders were arrested.

## INCOMES AND SAVINGS

In 1920, the Great Northern Railway Company had a net income of \$19,304,097.

Poor thing! That is only a drop as compared to Standard Oil or U. S. Steel. Evidently, the workers of the Great Northern do not take the interests of the railway sufficiently to heart.

The New York Central and the Pennsylvania Railroad have the right sort of workers. What is business for, if not for profit? The railway executives of these two roads complained to the Railway Labor Board that the directors and stockholders simply were not satisfied any longer with their earnings. Something surely would have to be done.

Nothing simpler. Certainly the hundreds of thousands of railroad workers employed on these two lines would not object to knocking off a dollar or two a day to help out the directors. Of course, not! Why, if it weren't for the railway directors and the stockholders, there wouldn't be any railroads in the United States—and then what about their jobs! Sound reasoning.

July 1, wage reduction of 12 per cent!

Now the stockholders of the New York Central get \$20,000,000 more net when the line is operating on a full normal basis, the swag will be \$30,000,000. The 185,000 Pennsylvania workers will "save" \$36,000,000 for "their" stockholders. When the normal working force of 250,000 to 275,000 get to work, the stockholders can look for a saving of more than \$50,000,000.

Provided in the meantime wages are not reduced again.

Which will give them still more.

## THUG GOVERNMENT USES GAS AND BOMBS

By Art Shields  
(Federated Press Correspondent)

Clifton, Boone County, W. Va.—The newspapers of Guyan and Kanawha valleys have a becoming modesty about their communists. They lack that blatant small town self-assertion—that exaggerated civic pride—which is always shouting to the world what the town is doing or rather what its leading citizens are doing.

These newspapers are soft-pedaling the interesting and characteristic exploits of their great and noble. Take, for instance, their sublime silence about these airplane raids on women and children that continued for three days—this bombing and gassing of mining villages behind the lines. A brilliant achievement for the lords of Guyan, and yet unmentioned and unsung by the minstrels.

If one did not understand the newspapers' keen appreciation of the modesty of Don Chafin and the great financial interests behind him, one would think the newspapers world was coming to an end when the same papers that played up in seven-column headlines the kaiser's bombing of non-combatants in distant Europe have nothing to say when the same thing is pulled off right at our back door in the little Coal River valley.

But so it is, and that is why, when labor wishes to indulge its unhalloved curiosity about what is going on in the warfare against itself it has to turn to its own newspapers.

Now, to get back to the air raids: I spent the morning and afternoon listening to dozens of men and women who saw the bombs dropping on the town in the little Coal River valley, or were under fire from the aviators' machine guns. The testimony of these people cannot be drowned by the chorus of denials that will issue from the Logan county authorities when an investigation starts, any more than the bombs now in possession of the United Mine Workers and the United States soldiers can be dissolved into nothingness. Miners and their wives, physician, preacher, justice of the peace and merchants, all saw the mechanical hawks swooping over the mountainside that walls off Chafin's land, and were witnesses of the looting of the infernal apparatus and of the machine gun fire on the village.

I talked to housewife of Jeffrey, Mrs. Dula Chambers, wife of the village blacksmith. Her head was splitting with sharp pains and her nose bled intermittently from a gas bomb attack Saturday on the Red Cross automobile in which she was hastening to the school house

used as a field hospital several miles up Hewitt Creek from Jeffrey.

"But did the aviator know it was a hospital wagon?" I asked.

"He couldn't help knowing," said Mrs. Chambers; "it was covered with brilliant red cross markings on sides and top that shone in the sunshine for a mile."

Mrs. Chambers' story was corroborated by another nurse and by a half dozen miners and by a physician who treated her and who will testify at any investigation that may be called. She was proceeding along Hewitt Creek with Mrs. Bertie Curran, a trained nurse, who had come as a volunteer from Russel, Ky., to aid the wounded. Suddenly, said Mrs. Chambers, there was a whirling afar in the heavens, and a little later a crash as a glass bottle struck the ground. Greenish, sickening fumes rose about them and Mrs. Chambers reeled dizzily. Her experienced companion got a cloth over her own nose and that of her fellow nurse, and the chauffeur, holding his breath, raced out of the poisonous atmosphere. Later on the fragments of the bottle and the chlorine soaked stopper were picked up. Two of these stoppers are in the possession of the miners and have been analyzed and evidence of deadly chlorine was discovered. Several other persons were affected by other gas bombs, but none seriously.

Both gas and explosive bombs were used at this part of the front, where the hospital was located. One struck the ground near the old Ferrall home, which had been made into a dressing room, near the hospital. It failed to explode. Another tore a hole thirty feet wide in the earth a mile away. But nearly all of the bombs were hurled from one-quarter of a mile to three miles behind the lines.

Mrs. Myrtle Hainor, a pretty young woman of Jeffrey, was one of many who described the severest raid, the one made Friday, September 2. She was standing just outside the Eagle Hall, where two hundred miners back from the front lines for a rest, were eating. She was in the act of hustling out roaring ears for the men when the airplane shot into view from the other side of the mountain that runs down close to the village.

"There it goes!" someone shouted as the bomb was loosed almost directly over the mess hall, as it seemed. But the devil-cylinder missed its mark and buried itself in the hillside, 200 yards away across Hewitt Creek, without exploding. Another fell with just as little result—an additional evidence of

the bad marksmanship of Chafin's aviators and the lack of technical skill of the bomb makers. Before the aviator left he sent down a volley of machine gun bullets that hit no one.

It was all over so quickly, said Mrs. Hainor, that the food hadn't time to get cold on the mess tables. Mrs. Hainor was one of the women in charge of the Jeffrey mess arrangements, and was full of justifiable pride of the good food served to the boys.

"And those Logan county folks saying we were just feeding them bread and beans," she protested, describing the variety and abundance of food that they served. Only small detachments were fed there, however, most of the meals going hot to the front. The food came in by the ton from all parts of the countryside of several counties, in large automobile trucks. Nearly all of it was donated by the plain country people of West Virginia, who are heart and soul with the miners, as well they may be, for nearly all of them, farmers included, do their stint in the mines at some time of the year, and they regard this fight as their fight.

As Mrs. Hainor was talking my eye wandered over the numerous religious prints and "God Bless Our Home," etc., which covered her walls. I found the same devotional atmosphere in some other houses that I visited, and in the whole village of several hundred folks there is not a single dance hall, nor are moving pictures ever exhibited. An old-fashioned religious faith radiates out over the town and the Methodist church on the high hill to the right, overlooking the village, is as representative as it is prominent. I have heard some refugees from Logan county speak bitterly of a preacher who, they claimed, worked hand in hand with Don Chafin, but here in Jeffrey the church is almost "working-class conscious." Rev. Shorden, the pastor, is thoroughly in sympathy with the union views of his flock and, he used to be a union man himself.

I had also heard much about a Logan county justice of the peace named Mitchell who was captured by the miners near a machine gun nest in the mountain. But in Jeffrey there is a different kind of a judge. Moses Atkins, justice of the peace of Washington District, Boone county, was emphatic in his expressions against the air raids which he had witnessed, and said that an investigation will be forced.

"This is the greatest outrage ever perpetrated against a law-abiding people," he declared. "The people of this community are the best behaved

people in the United States. If they have finally joined their fellow miners and taken up arms against this thug system it was because they insist on the American rights guaranteed by law."

The soldiers near whom a bomb fell Saturday morning have reported the matter to their superiors and are demanding action. Their one regret, say the rank and file of the soldiers to the villagers, is that they did not bag the bomb thrower.

Dozens of persons told me their stories, and most of them gave full permission to use their names as much as was useful, but others told me frankly that they did not want their names in the papers unless there was no other way to give authentication to certain necessary details.

"It isn't that we are afraid," said an old man, "we'll face those thugs any time man to man as we have been doing all last week, but we don't relish the idea of being shot in the back. Some of us have to go to Logan county to pay our taxes."

Such a remark astonishes no one who has been in this West Virginia atmosphere for a few days. There are too many well verified stories of the cold-blooded murders committed by Don Chafin's crew without interference from the state government.

For from opposing Chafin, Governor Morgan is abetting him. State troopers fought side by side with the Baldwin-Feltz thugs and now Governor Morgan, in a fulminating statement, threatens murder prosecutions against miners from the front. At the same time he apparently regards the atrocious air raids on non-combatants as mere incidents of warfare.

William Murry, international vice-president of the United Mine Workers, and William Potry, vice-president and acting chief of District 17, are unconcerned by the governor's threats. They say that the United Mine Workers can prove that it co-operated to the fullest extent with the United States troops and that their organization is unalterably opposed to crime, especially such as is represented by the murderous Baldwin-Feltz men.

The attitude of the rank and file of the miners toward Morgan was typified by the utterance of a coal digger in the headquarters of District 17 in Charleston:

"Don't blame Morgan!" said this man. "He's loyal to his own people."

Then, tilting up the end of the airplane bomb on exhibition there, he said:

"This is what a lot of folks voted for. This represents the government of West Virginia—bombs!"



## AN I. W. W. ON GAMBLING

Let it be understood that we have no respect for the old, hypocritical, capitalist morality. It is low and rotten.

But there are certain things we feel the workers in the revolutionary movement must keep themselves clean from. Not because of any morality or immorality attached to them, but because of the importance of our time and brains.

You could not conceive of Lenin or Trotsky sitting down to fool away their time playing cards. You could not imagine Marx wasting his time in idleness.

Nor could you imagine any of these gambling.

Gambling is a capitalist game — getting something for nothing. It is a form of the profiteering system and should be nauseating to every real rebel.

We take the following from a letter by a Wobbly to the Industrial Worker:

### SHOULD THE WORKERS GAMBLE?

Crosby, N. D., Aug. 16. — There seems to be some misunderstanding on the part of many members of the organization on the point of gambling—cards and dice especially.

A migratory worker has an altogether different outlook upon life than the so-called "home guard," and it is these men who are the victims of this habit to a great extent.

While I, personally, do not like to be dictated to and naturally am rather diffident about doing the same thing to others, I believe, from getting the opinion of different fellow workers, that the issue has reached a point where the organization should take a stand one way or the other.

On the matter of delegates gambling there can be no misunderstanding, or even a member caught bootlegging loses his card. In these times, when the bread and butter question is all important, the number of "working stiff" buying whiskey or the amount they do buy is negligible.

For my part, in trying to look at this question in an unprejudiced manner I fail to see how any rebel

who does understand something of surplus value (which causes the majority of evils) can take away the mere pittance his fellow workers have left after going through the gauntlet of this crazy system.

You understand, fellow workers, it is an old axiom, "When you enter a gambling game all friendship ceases." But if they are to gamble, why can't they go and win from the "scissorbliss"? Also, one reason some delegates get delinquent is because a game is started in the "jungles" and he has a craving he can't resist.

Of course, fellow workers, I understand we can't tell them to cut it out, as it would not do any good anyway, as they would just keep out of sight. Education is the only remedy, and, to start off with, I would like to see a good article in the "Worker" about this subject. If a bunch of Wobblies were in a game and found a man with marked cards or loaded dice, nine times out of ten they would take him out and give him the "raspberry." But when they get in the game themselves, their purpose is to win by any means they can put across without getting in wrong. So, personally, I have more respect for a "high-jack" than a gambler.

There is hardly any room for argument here. We are glad to see the wobblies put forth this ideal and hope it may become a big power among the slaves who are seeking a world free from the gamble in means whereby we must exist and which will mean freedom from a gamble in life itself.

It is well known that booze is not to be found in Russia. The workers there did away with it the day after the revolution. They knew that it required a clear and strong brain and body to win over the enemy.

We will have to come to the same conclusion in this country. Booze and gambling must go as far as the real revolutionists are concerned. It is not worthy of a true rebel to be soused. Let the capitalists and their congressmen and judges and preachers and editors fill up on booze. It is befitting to them.

But not to the workers.

## FORCED INTO SLAVERY

A short time ago, the Governor of Georgia made some damning disclosures regarding peonage in the South. White, but particularly black workers are lured to camps and plantations by a small advance of cash, put to work under the most horrible conditions, charged prices for keep and clothing that are far beyond the means of the worker and then held in actual DEPT SLAVERY until the debt is paid off.

If the worker happens to be married (and that is the favorite type) he is practically held in debt-slavery for the rest of his life. He dare not ask for an account. The mere demand means flogging — if not death. The massacre on the Williams Plantation is a specimen of this.

Having worked faithfully on the Williams' Plantation for some time, a married asked for an accounting. He was met with threats persisting in obtaining the account, he was shot down and his body thrown into the river. That was the fate of eleven other workers.

This happened in the south, in the United States, where the flag of the "free" is supposed to wave, and all men are "free" — and "equal" — in the year 1921!

And now we have another case.

The sugar planters of Hawaii want cheap labor. China is a source of extremely cheap labor. Overpopulated, with little industry, and subject to periodical famines, China can furnish large armies of men and women ready to work for almost nothing.

That in the class of worker most desired wherever the Stars and Stripes fly!

Hence the sugarplanters of Hawaii made a contract for 50,000 Chinese, who were to be taken to Hawaii, indentured and bonded for the period of their toil, then to be returned to China. This means peonage for the whole period of their stay in Hawaii, with no right to leave the country or even change their residence.

It happens that the Japanese workers have quite a monopoly on this kind of work in Hawaii. They are organized in the A. F. L., and objected to competitors, in order to keep the Chinese workers from entering the country, the Japanese workers sent two delegates to the United States to protest.

Although organized workers, they received their passage money and expenses from Japanese merchants of Honolulu, who are members of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce and are fighting the American Chamber of Commerce in Honolulu and the Sugar Planters' Association. In other words, the bosses are trying to "put something across" to aid them in the exploitation of their particular slaves.

So now it is up to the U. S. government to decide whether the interests of the sugar planters who want 50,000 Chinese slaves are superior to those of the organized Japanese workers sponsored by Japanese merchants.

It must not be supposed that Americans are the only champions of this game.

In Borneo, the British are carrying on a similar sport.

By force of arms, they seized the natives' lands, hunted them down and destroyed their valuable orchards. Then they imported workers. In addition to beating these workers and subjecting them to the most inhuman treatment, they keep them in peonage. They cannot even hope to leave their employment unless "they repay the debt and part expense of their importation."

This is but another way of saying that the workers will DIE in peonage. Wages are very low, and the employers can so easily manipulate things, that the worker will never be able to save enough money to free himself, to say nothing of paying back part of the cost of importation.

This is "civilization!" The workers of Russia decided that things were ready for a revolution.

## HARVEST WORKERS

ATTENTION!

The western wheat harvest is almost finished. What are you going to do next? Are you going to a city, there to spend the winter cursing the causes of misery and starvation, or are you going into some one of the industries to fight for the removal of those causes?

Let the writer suggest one industry—Oil. The need of organization in the oil industry is acute now, as for years past. The oil industry is one of the most essential industries—one of the industries upon which the whole American industrial structure is based. Since this is true, and since it is also true that oil field work is at most only semi-skilled work, it should be obvious how great an opportunity the I. W. W. has here to build a strong, aggressive Oil Workers' Industrial Union.

The oil industry is not all of industry, but it is an excellent place really to begin building for the future. A. B.—An Oil Worker.

## Some Labor Parade!

By J. E. Nord.

I have just witnessed the most farcical labor parade imaginable. According to the local press, 12,000 men and women were in the line of march—all supposedly union members. But here is where the joke comes in. The parade was headed by the "cheese of police" and most of his coppers, then came four companies of Iowa National Guardsmen—about 600 men. These were followed by a large contingent of the American Legion (America's foremost women kidnappers). Then followed the aristocratic railroad brotherhoods and so on down the line until the hundreds of local coal miners brought up the rear, as usual.

A more hopeless and forlorn bunch of paraders I have never seen. At a fair estimate more than half of them are unemployed, so that accounted in part for the shabby dress and worried features of the marchers. The noisy cheering and hand-clapping of former years was rare, and the only thing that brought any response from the thousands of spectators was the music of the many bands.

"What hope is there for the A. F. of L. when they allow the American Legion and 'scab herders' to lead their parades?" I put this query to five of the paraders after the fiasco was over and one and all disclaimed responsibility for the disgrace—that's what they called it. It is the fault of our officials, they said. "Why not remove them and run the union yourselves," I countered, and they shrugged their shoulders in a helpless way as though I had mentioned the impossible.

The Federation is surely going on the rocks when they invite the N. Gs. to head their parades—the men who must obey orders when they are commanded to shoot work-

ers down when they go on strike. Let us hope that we will not have to witness many more of these sorry spectacles. Onward with the WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY—the first of May. The day when workers parade without the stilted escort of police, scab-herders and kidnapping legionaries; when every face is alight with smiles of hope for the near future. Onward with the Workers' own labor day and let's forget the one provided by the boss!

## WHOLESALE FRAMEUPS AGAINST W. VA. MINERS

(Continued from page 1)

speech and peaceable assemblage no longer exist in the territory controlled by the coal operators and state constabulary; peace officers, state officials and courts are dominated by and sometimes in their employ.

The Senate committee investigating the West Virginia situation intends to resume its hearings at Mingo on September 19 and organized labor intends to make renewed efforts to arouse the national government to the seriousness of the situation. The miners have lost all faith in the fairness and honesty of the state government and all that will prevent a renewal of violence, in the opinion of local labor leaders, is for the federal government to assert its power and compel a restoration of constitutional guarantees in the coal fields of West Virginia.

Labor officials in West Virginia have high praise for Gen. Harry H. Bandholtz, commander of the federal troops. They say he refused to accept unsupported statements from mine operators and politicians and made searching and impartial investigations before he acted. It was his attitude that caused union officials in joining the request that troops be sent.

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# TRUTH

Issued Weekly By The West End Labor Association.

J. O. BENTALL, Editor.

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## THE AUCTION BLOCK

The auction block has come back. It is being used in Boston.

They but men upon it, White men. They auction them off for jobs. The one who bids the lowest wage that he will accept gets the job.

The most popular among those who get auctioned off for the lowest wage to the hardest job are the ex-service men. They seem to be the ones who have had the first choice of unemployment. They had no chance to gather a few shekels during the war to meet the poison gas of joblessness. So they fall prey to our unlimited prosperity in the first round. They become fine subjects to operate on in the dissecting room of democracy.

Some of them have been hungry so long that they bid very low for a job. They could not get rid of themselves at all while they were holding out for the magnificent salary of fifty cents a day. The business of the auction hung heavy upon the voice of the cryer. None taken.

The price went down and down, till last Monday the quotations stood pretty close to 25 cents a day, with the market weakening.

The patriotic hundred percenters are buying some of the boys at that rate. They cannot afford any more. They need not pay any more. There are a lot of boys there to offer themselves for the two bits a day.

There is only one draw to this auction business. The boys seem to be somewhat unsteady on their legs. One fellow had been starved so long that he could not stand on the auction block till he was bid in. He fell down and had to be helped to his feet and supported by one of the huskies who dodged the shells in the trenches in France at his side while serving "his country."

Aside from these little interruptions the auction business is quite a success. It has the advantage of being strictly American and carries on the industry without surtax or excess profits tax.

Then, too, it instills such wonderful respect for the government and for law and order and the ideals of our wonderful institutions.

It is expected that if the Boston tryout meet with continued success, and if there can be found a sufficient number of reserves who can sustain the fainting ones while on the block so they do not collapse while being auctioned off, the industry should spread to New York, to Chicago, to Duluth. Maybe Julius Barnes or Judge Gary needs some of the ex-service boys at the knockdown price. The poor infants may not get the open shop nor the 5 cent ear fare.

Tenny rate, as Congressman Schall said, "America is leadin' the way."

## IT HITS THEM ALL

Very well planned, indeed. It was planned that the workers should speed up and produce more to save the country from ruin. Speed up! Work longer hours! Increase production!

All these are familiar terms.

The workers obeyed and speeded up and worked longer hours and increased production. Of course they did. They always obey.

On the farm the farmers were urged to speed up. They were told to put in better and bigger crops, to breed better and bigger hogs and cattle. They were given the aid of the county agent. The capitalists agreed to furnish the agent if the farmers only paid his wages. Big business was very enthusiastic about the county agent. He was the big man for the farmer, the farmer was told. He must show the farmers how to rotate crops, how to seed, how to buy tractors, how to get new and improved machinery, how to build silos, how to get cream separators, how to secure trucks to haul their produce to market, how to raise pigs and calves and beef, how to make alfalfa and soy beans grow, how to get up early in the morning and work till late at night, how to get hired help at high wages, how to organize country clubs and get real spirit into the church and entertain the preacher in fine style.

Great program the county agent laid out for the farmers. Great plans he proposed. All for greater production.

And the farmers produced and produced. They bot blooded stock at exorbitant prices. They got clover at 75 cents and alfalfa at \$1 a pound. They paid \$2,000 for a fullblooded boar and \$5,000 for a registered bull.

Proud these farmers were as they showed the visitors around the farmstead. Happy they were as they dreamed of suckling pigs that would bring them fabulous prices because of the costly sire. Puffed up they strutted about as they looked at their blooded bulls from whom they would have calves that would lift the mortgage off the old home.

You betcha.

But they did not reckon with the sharks of the market. They had not paid attention to the returns they would get for their labor.

And the county agent?

Orders to him from big business meant that he had to keep hands off. To help the farmers to get living prices for their product! Nothing doing. That's not his business. That's not what he is paid for. He is paid to get the farmers to work harder and produce more, but not to help them get more in return. The swag must remain with the profiteers in the markets. They must not be interfered with while they skin the farmer — not by the county agent.

So there you are.

The story is the same. The worker in the shop and the farmer in the field must yield their body and soul in hard labor to pile up profits for the idle robbers who find pleasure in nothing so much as when they can skin the producers and oppress the people.

So now the farmers are in the clutches of the market sharks. No prices for grain or livestock. It does not pay the farmer to haul his product to market. Better let it rot. His farm is mortgaged and he must lose it. He looks about to find a shack for his family. He is down and out just as the worker in the city.

And the county agent must not help get better prices. It isn't his business.

## DOES PRIVATE OWNERSHIP PAY?

The railroads are about the best evidence of the efficiency of private ownership and operation.

When it came to a pinch and there had to be definite and prompt service so the capitalists could get the most people killed in the quickest way during the war, the railroads were handed over to the government. The private owners were not equal to the occasion and humbly admitted it.

They wanted to have two things accomplished:

1. Unhindered movement of the soldiers toward the field of slaughter. The dignity of the government would inspire awe and respect and demand the right of way before all other business. Labor could be made to slave more quietly and there could be no strike. There could also be a lot of promises which never were intended to be fulfilled.

2. Unlimited piracy of the public treasure. The old fashioned dividends looked too tame. The former graft was too tiny. The railroad thieves wanted to use the government to help do the stealing. It would look more respectable.

We are backing up these statements by actual facts and figures.

During the 26 months of government operation the private owners of railroads were paid a rental of \$78,900,000 a month or a total of \$2,061,400,000.

For six months after the roads were returned to private operation the same rental was guaranteed, amounting to \$473,400,000.

While operating the roads the government expended \$1,250,000,000 for betterments and new equipment.

The Cummins-Esch bill provided for a 6 per cent return on a valuation of \$18,900,000,000, or \$1,134,000,000 annually.

This bill also appropriated \$200,000,000 to cover "deficiencies," and created a revolving fund of \$300,000,000 to accommodate the roads when in need of ready money.

Later the Winslow bill gave the railroads another \$300,000,000 to meet additional deficiencies.

The Interstate Commerce Commission increased freight rates from 35 to 40 per cent, passenger rates 20 per cent with a surcharge of 50 per cent on Pullman passengers, boosted rates on baggage and express, in order that the roads might "make good."

The Townsend bill now proposes to authorize the War Finance Corporation to dig up at once another \$500,000,000 for the roads, and Director General Davis says \$200,000,000 more will be needed before the end of the year.

And then the old fossils among professors and congressmen and scabby editors whine that "government ownership is a failure." "The government lost money while it operated the railroads."

Of course it did. Everybody lost except the railroad owners. They own both the railroads and the government and dictates to their government how it shall fleece the people — and the people think that we have "a government of the people and for the people and by the people."

The big fellows certainly have the rummies going to be able to fool them like that.

We certainly are a lot of boobs to allow the fat ones to tinkle us under the chin like that and get away with it.

## FARMERS HAVE RIGHT TO ORGANIZE

Think of it! Right in a headline of the plute papers the humble admission that the farmers have the right to organize politically.

What is loose?

Have we come to this? Have we drifted so far that we are actually going to get permission for the farmers to vote the way they please and to have a candidate of their own choice?

The press seems to be of that opinion. It is very strange. It gets on to the first page. It is news.

God!

And such news it is. It stirs the whole country. It is a scream. The paper that "scooped" this story will brag about it for half a century. Some "scoop."

The idea seems to have originated in the brains of the nonpartisan governor of Wisconsin. No, we will not say that. We will say that the idea has been lost for several years and that he rediscovered it and had the courage to express it.

During the reign of patriotic patriotism and hundred perentism there has been great danger attached to such utterances as have been so courageously expressed by above named Governor. Had he been a common man and said these blasphemous words in the state of Minnesota a year or two ago he would have drawn a Burnquistian sentence of at least forty years in the pen.

We can hardly get over the shock of joy that hit us when we read in the unashamed headline that farmers have a right to organize politically:

It is so wonderful!

## HARDING TO THE RESCUE

The latest stunner in the book of revelations is the bold statement in syndicated headlines that read, "Harding to Aid Ex-Service Men."

At last we feel that the newspapers have come down to brass tacks. This seems to be the unvarnished truth. At least no one can disprove the statement.

"Harding to Aid Ex-Service Men." There it is. Who can deny it? Who can say that he will not? There is not way to get around it.

The beauty about this wonder inspiring prophecy is that Harding seems to have made himself perfectly comfortable by setting no time limit. So far as our expanded vision can penetrate into the future Harding has a number of million years to make good his promise if he wants to take advantage of the terms of the contract and save himself from the odium of being recorded as a barefaced liar. If he comes to the rescue of the ex-service men thirty nine and a half billion years after Gabriel has tooted his horn he still has kept his promise. Now hasn't he?

But why be partial and give Harding this carte blanche of truthfulness when there are so many other worthy candidates for a place in the galaxy of truth tellers. There are the preachers. Have they not the same right to a vote of confidence in their undeniable integrity?

It would seem only fair to get together and make it clear that we believe in the reliability of these gentlemen. Why not join the wobs in song for once even if we do not like them all the time. Say what you please, but the wobs are gentle essues when it comes to be congenial with sky pilots. Let us all blend our spirits in the glorious chorus of promise and sing as we never sang before: (Tune: In the sweet bye and bye)

We will eat, bye and bye,

In the glorious land above the sky.

Work and pray — live on hay:

We'll get pie, in the sky, when we die.

## A FARMER ASKS QUESTIONS

Comrade Olson of Clarissa, Minn., writes us and asks us some pertinent questions which he wants us to reply to in TRUTH.

He begins by asserting that there may come a time when the people will have to vote by bullets if they cannot effect a change with ballots. That is going almost as strong as Washington and Lincoln went.

"Is there no one among the workers who can take the lead?" he asks.

We can see no reason why there should not be some one among the farmers to start something worth while. In the long run the producers of foodstuffs must be the leaders in the revolution. The workers in the cities are too easily cowed down, for they have been used to carry their hat in hand when asking the boss for a job too long.

Our farmer friend tells us that the workers are asked to read and get wise and says that, "now we know the truth, it weems to me."

Too bad it is not so. Very few know the truth. Very few know enuf to vote against the tyrants that oppress us. Do you remember how many million voted for Harding and the fellows who now run the government? Were they wise and intelligent? Did they know the truth? How did the farmers vote in Minnesota last fall? How did the returned soldiers vote?

No. The people are not wise yet. It would be very risky to trust them with bullets when they handle ballots so recklessly. The chances are that they would turn the guns against the workers at the command of the masters. That is what they did in the war. They didn't shoot a single man of the ruling class in the late war. They didn't shoot the kaiser or the potentates who started the war. They only shot workmen who had nothing to do with the war except to shoot and get shot to please the ruling class.

And the farmers, what did they do?

They furnished the grain and meat and liberty bonds and their best boys. They gave food to the fellows who did the shooting so they could keep on shooting. They gave wheat and steers to the gamblers who got billions out of the food that was meant for the soldiers.

No. Don't tell us that the farmers or the rest of the workers know what they are doing. Only a very few know — and most of them are in prison for knowing.

You ask if there is going to be a shortage of food in this country as it is in India and other countries at present. You say that the people of India are working and cannot raise enuf food.

Yes, there will be a shortage of food here in two or three years. The farmers cannot make a living by raising food for the world. The farmers are getting more and more oppressed. They are quitting by the millions. They cannot stand the long hours and the small returns. The harder they work the less they get for their product. When they raise 25 bushels of corn to the acre they get 75 cents a bushel to the acre they get 25 cents. When they raise 50 bushels to the acre they get 25 cents a bushel, or \$12.50 for the acre. And in addition they have to do the heavier work of taking care of the big crop. It takes twice as much twine and twice as much labor to husk the 50 bushels and twice as much hauling. And yet that acre and the work upon it brings the farmer a third less, or about \$6.25 an acre less when he raises his big crop.

Bumper crops always mean a loss to the farmer.

Do the slaves in the cities know that? Do the farmers themselves know that?

But the farmers cannot pay their mortgage with the losses sustained by the bumper crops. So he quits, or is forced to quit.

That means less food production. In the end it means hunger and famine. Then when hunger and famine come the ruling mismanaging class blames the radicals and the workers who understand the situation.

The remedy is organization based on knowledge and intelligence. That organization must be for the purpose of doing away with the system of mismanagement which at present is the capitalist system, and which system lives on profit wrung out of the producers by the non producers. That system must give way to a system of production for use. The new system will not care for profit. It will not allow profit. It will allow every worker to produce and to get the full social value of his labor. The useless and wasteful occupations will be turned into useful ones and thereby plenty can be produced for all without driving the workers into slavery.

They have made a start at this in Russia. They will need some time to put the new system into working order. But they will succeed. The principle is sound. It will work out. It is so simple. All workers will work for the good of all. That means that all will have an abundance.

Organize with this end in view and as you study you will soon find a clear way.

## THE UNFORTUNATE RICH

In the second quarter of this year, the United States Steel Corporation earned "only" \$21,892,012. Workers who slave 12 to 15 hours a day to produce this profit for the "unfortunate" rich, and whose wages were reduced last month, will know what it means when a corporation like that earns "only" \$21,000,000. It was a very poor quarter, too, for last year, in the same period, its earnings amounted to \$43,000,000.

Business is not good despite all the pretences of the saints of big business, who go about preaching "normalcy," a "return to prosperity," etc.

Listen to Judge Gary. "Just at present, there are many reasons for believing our conditions are improving, even though we may not as yet have experienced, to a large extent, the good results."

The steel workers have again "experienced those good results". There has been another reduction in pay, since the coast of living, according to Gary, is coming down, and "reduction in wage rates should follow selling prices, particularly those involving the costs of living."

So cheer up, you unfortunate rich — you directors and stockholders of U. S. Steel. There is always a way of extracting more profit. Wages can always be reduced, as long as the workers will stand for it — until they finally put an end to the whole wage system and your profits.

## HURTS THE SOUTH

And now come the doctors to the defence of big business and tell us that pellagra is not cause from insufficient food, but from other unknown conditions.

They assert that they have been badly divided as to the real cause of pellagra, but now that the fact that this disease comes from starvation reflects on the South they feel they should withdraw from their former scientific position.

"It hurts the South," they claim.

It also hurts the stomach of the children who have to go hungry, but they soon die and then it does not hurt any more.

## CLARA AND KENNESAW

The papers are making a mighty fuss about the movie show in which Clara Hamon is starring.

Clara is the girl who was roped in by the former republican committeeman of Oklahoma, now chief politician in hades, and who killed the fellow when he did not behave as she wanted him to.

The relations between Clara and the republican committeeman were legally irregular. Hamon had a wife who lived somewhere without the ordinary care for her husband. Hamon had neglected to conform to custom and the legal procedure in way of getting a divorce. That was his sin. The sin was not in living with Clara — the sin was in not having had a judge mumble release and a preacher mumble a splicing ceremony. Those two mumbling would have made Clara and Hamon perfectly moral and respectable.

A couple of mumbling like that would also have made Clara a very common woman and she would not have been worth a pinch of salt to the movies.

But the omission of the mumblings made Clara a perfect terror and a bad woman — hence a very valuable asset to the movies. What would the movies be without the stuff that Clara could furnish? And what do the movies care what and who Clara was or is so long as there is money in it for the screen syndicate?

Without the proper mumbling by judge and preacher there would be millions of men and women in the same fix as Clara and Hamon. In reality there is no difference between them — except the precaution of having had the proper mumblings said over them.

In Chicago is a certain judge by the name of Kennesaw Mountain Landis. Without the formal ceremony of conforming to custom and letting his job as judge suffice his material and mental needs and ambitions Kennesaw hooked up with the baseball crowd in consideration of a bed much softer than that furnished to Clara.

The bar association of America has expressed itself mortally mortified at t hearlmo mortally mortified at the moral pulehritude of Kennesaw and wants him to get a divorce from his job as judge or else quit sleeping on the soft bed given him by the ball league.

Now if a law is enacted that makes it legal for Kennesaw to hold two jobs at the same time he will be a moral and upright man, just as two goodsized mumblings by judge and preacher would have made Clara and Hamon fit for the most immauculate society of respliced divorcees.

Clara has it one over Kennesaw — she went far enuf to be a movie star while Kennesaw never got further than to be a petty little \$50,000 a year grafter whom the kids would not pay six cents to see on the screen.

## A QUESTION SIRS

Here is a question for the rulers of our land. It must be answered. This nation is not going to let it go unanswered.

Tell us:

Why do you blame the government of Russia for the famine that is caused by crop failure owing to burning heat and lack of rain, while our own government allows the market sharks to force the farmers to burn their corn and dump the fruit in order to keep up the price to the consumer, while millions die of starvation right here in prosperous America?

Answer us that. Tell us why we must starve in a country where there is an abundance produced. We shall have an answer no matter whether the government answers or not. We shall have food whether the government makes it possible for us to get it or not. We shall get food in spite of the government if necessary. It has come to a pass when the masters will have to quit making sport of hunger and profit out of starvation.

What would we say if the Volga valley had produced a bumper crop and the highlands of Russia had brought forth abundance of corn and wheat and then the Bolsheviks had dumped it into the rivers and hoarded it in the storehouses while the people starved?

What would we say if the Bolsheviks had food and refused to let the people have it until they could offer a profiteering price to the thieves who manipulate it?

If the Bolsheviks did in Russia what the profiteers do in this country — what would the world say?

God, what fools we are!

## GREASING THEIR PALMS?

"It is borne out by the frequent testimony of employees that UNION LEADERS BECOME EASIER TO DEAL WITH AS THEY ACQUIRE INCREASING EXPERIENCE." (Report of National Industrial Conference Board.)

Which the rank and file know to their sorrow! Hence, the demand for rank and file control through the Shop Delegate System, which is the livest question in unions to-day.

## THE BIG QUESTION

O Labor, how long will you tolerate

The system of profits and graft and rents?

Will you still go on for a thousand years

With your petty strikes and your arguments?

Will you e'er complain of your misery,

Your hunger and wo and trouble to spare?

Will you ever wait for your fellowmen

To lift you with them out of sad despair?

Now, what are YOU doing to free yourself?

If nothing—your neighbor will do no more;

Expect no more of a friend than yourself

But do all you can for the cause, therefore.

Don't hold any hope in the petty strike,

Or hope that the masters will set you free.

Resist not the will of the master class

And Toil will be chained for eternity.

Come, join in the ranks of your fellowmen;

Remember YOU'RE NEEDED to fill your place.

We'll conquer our own when banded in one,

End hunger and war and free the whole race!

—HAL BROMMELS.

In a communication James Pratt wishes to ask T. G. Lee why he cannot vote once more for the five cent fare and be done with it. He has voted twice and got what he didn't vote for, says Pratt. He also challenges Lee to mention what he has gotten by vote that the capitalists did not want! Pratt also claims that it is foolish to have the vote while the capitalists have the press that tells the boobs how to vote, and adds that the boobs will always vote as the caps tell them to vote — and that is for the capitalists and against the workers.