

The New Magazine

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Mr. Gompers Turns Over in His Grave



Mr. Gompers, dead one year, hears a rumbling noise above.

Who Is Santa Claus?

IN the Middle Ages all "Christendom" had holidays galore. The year was cut up into innumerable festival days, borrowed from pagan customs but tagged with the name of some holy saint of the Roman church.

But how could factories run profitably if well nigh half the days of the years were given over to religious festivals? It couldn't be done. Protestantism cleared away most of this junk of rejoicing and feasting, and made way for a year composed mostly of days of sweat and grinding toil at wage labor.

Very few of the "holy days" were left—hardly any more than the birthday of a pagan god, transformed into the birthday of the church god—Jesus—and the pagan spring festival transformed into the day when the same Jesus arose from the dead: Christmas and Easter.

Christmas and Easter are useful to capitalism. They have been preserved as a part of the superstructure of capitalist society. Not only useful for repairing the morale of capitalism, also directly useful to business in certain lines. Easter falls on a Sunday—not a day is lost from toil, and the spring clothing and millinery trade is

boomed by the church and the newspapers. Only Christmas remains of the "holy days" on which the poor toiler gets a chance to loaf.

Jesus' birthday remains. But poor Jesus has been crowded out by Santa Claus. It wouldn't do for Marshall Field and company to hire an unemployed worker to parade in front of the store in red coat and false whiskers as a lure to bargain hunters. The lean and hungry looking, the dolorous Jesus of the church with his crown of thorns had to give way to the fat and prosperous Jesus of the department store—Santa Claus.

Who is Santa Claus? For surely no one can dispute the reality of a saint who drums up a hundred million or so of dollars worth of business every year thruout "christendom"!

Christmas is a holiday with which the capitalist social structure absorbs some of the shocks incidental to the system of slavery, throws over the mind of the worker a haze of illusion of universal good-will in a blood-thirsty social system, and absorbs a good business for its retail merchants on the margin of wages of the working class.

Who is Santa Claus? Santa Claus is a symbol of retail trade.

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Who Is Santa Claus?

(Continued from page 1)

Santa Claus for the workers is a successful cocaine peddler. Santa Claus for the working class child is a mystic symbol of the boss for whom he is to slave when he is grown up in the years to come—a symbol of the big, fat, benevolent boss at the apex of society, without whose good will it is impossible to be happy, from whom all good things flow. For the business man Santa Claus is the second begotten son of god, who is crucified, dead and buried, and resurrected each year for the redemption of the retail trade. And for many, on the edges of all classes—Santa Claus is a bootlegger.

Hooray for Santa Claus!

Foreign Investments and the Y. M. C. A.

ANOTHER ARTICLE ON THE Y. M. C. A. BY HARRY GANNES

WHY is it that the greater the foreign investment of the United States the more intensive the activity of the Young Men's Christian Association in the colonies? In 1900 the United States had about \$5,000,000 invested in China and Japan. At that time the Y. M. C. A. conducted very little work in these countries and donations for the carrying of the gospel into the heathen lands were slim. But since 1905 money steadily streamed into Asiatic countries. With the growth of U. S. investments came a tremendous rise in the activities of the "Y."

Today United States capitalists have \$475,000,000 invested in Asia, mainly in China and Japan. The Y. M. C. A. spends yearly about \$5,000,000 to add to its moral protection to the armed protection of the imperialist armies. Whereas the natives immediately suspect bayonets and bullets they are not so quick to see behind the innocent face of the "Y" secretaries and behind the pale, blond beard of Jesus the sting of the capitalist lash.

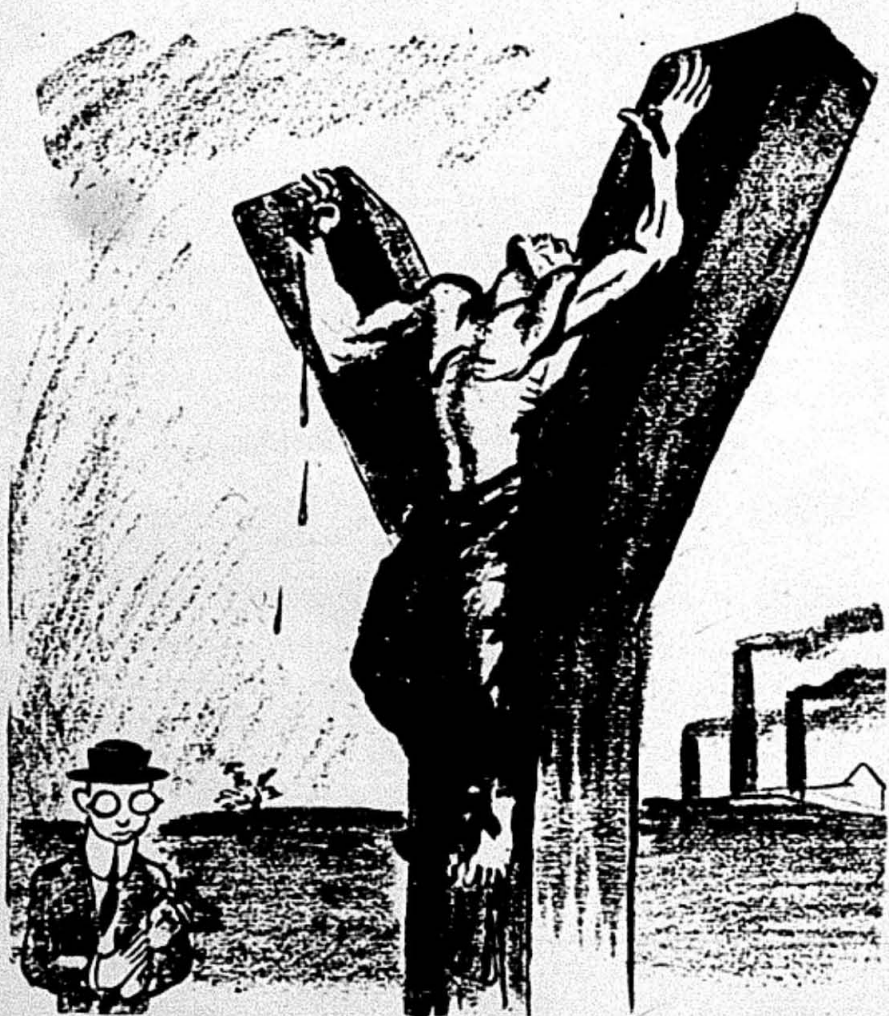
"Men are coming to realize that in the church we possess a social asset," says the Y. M. C. A. What is an asset to the capitalist class? Something that will bring profits, dividends. That the Y. M. C. A. produces the goods in connection with the foreign investments of the American capitalists is attested to by the continuous and hearty support given to this band of prayerful sky-pilots who travel behind the American money bags.

Now that there is over \$825,000,000 invested in Latin-American countries the Y. M. C. A. is beginning more than ever to direct its attention to South America. There can be no excuse that in these countries the unchristian native must be blessed with the word of god as well as with the yoke of capitalism. But the work goes on. The Y. M. C. A. has established headquarters in Argentine, Brazil, Uruguay, Chile and Peru.

In writing from Uruguay, one of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries complains of the restlessness of the youth: "The change and reaction against the existing order in Europe and North America has had its effect in South America. The modern social freedom and the right of the youth to think for themselves and to attain independence from old traditions has shown itself in the student strikes and movements." Then he complains of the effects of the awakening of the youth and points to the "Y" as the saviour.

The Y. M. C. A. is apparently having more success with the colonial peoples than it has in the United States where its character is more easy to perceive. Under the guise of education, social welfare and religious salvation, the "Y" is gradually establishing itself in every colony of capitalism. Where investments are there is the "Y." The sleek Y. M. C. A. secretary, trained in bourgeois universities, interested in the policies of his ruling class, versed in sociology, knowing the language of the natives, is no mean agent for the extension of capitalist domination.

Nailed to the "Y"



The Colonial Slave Crucified by American Imperialism with the Assistance of the Young Men's Christian Association.

RUBBER, OIL, SUGAR AND TRADE ROUTES

American Reasons for Remaining in the Philippines.

By J. LOUIS ENGDahl.

WHEN Senator Sergio Osmena, heading the Sixth Philippine Commission of Independence to the United States, visited Chicago, Prof. Edwin A. Burt, professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago, was on the program and delivered himself of this wisdom:

"The United States got into the Philippines quite by accident, and it seems that it is only an accident that we remain there."

Senator Osmena did not resent this interpretation of the reason why American imperialism has remained in the Philippines these past twenty-seven years, gradually strengthening its hold upon the islands, making them more susceptible of exploitation, and developing them as another rich source of dividends for absentee stockholders.

IT was no accident that American warships were prowling in Chinese waters when the United States declared war on Spain in 1898. These warships were taking care of American dollar "interests" in the orient. The United States had no colonies in Asia, but the decks of American warships were valuable outposts of Wall Street's expanding rule. The constitution may follow the flag, but the dollar goes ahead of the flag and plants the staff from which it will fly.

The United States took the Philippines because its imperialism, like that of other nations, was hungry for colonies. It will not let them go for the simple reason that they are needed in the profit business of American imperialism.

THE Philippines stand astride oriental trade routes, they possess rich sources of valuable raw materials, and they offer a growing market for finished products. Such jewels in distant seas are not relinquished voluntarily by governments organized for the protection of plunder for profit. Not even by the United States government that gave the Wilsonian phrases to a gullible world is so altruistic as that.

It is Charles Hodges, assistant director, division of oriental commerce and politics, New York University, who tells us that the Philippines lie "at the crossroads of the greatest trade routes of the future." Anyone can reach the same conclusion by studying a map of Asia and its environs, showing the numerous islands pointing toward Australia, the West Indies and on to India, and toward China and even Japan and Red Vladivostok, the Pacific port of Soviet Siberia.

Jason did not search for the golden fleece any more energetically than American capital hunts new fields for rubber growing. Harvey Firestone, head of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co. of Akron, Ohio, a close friend and collaborator of Henry Ford, both boon companions of Coolidge, has just invested \$160,000,000.00 in rubber plantations in Liberia, Africa's Negro republic. Governor General Leonard Wood, in his annual report on the Philippines, urges the exploitation of rubber growing in those islands. His advice will be taken, especially in view of the grip that Great Britain has on world rubber production and the necessity American industry faces, especially the great automobile corporations, in finding new sources of raw material. The United States consumes seventy per cent of the world's production of crude rubber. Seventy per cent of all crude rubber is produced in British possessions, enabling Great Britain to limit the supply and increase prices so that an added toll estimated at \$700,000,000 annually is exacted from the capitalists of the United States. With the prospect of developing rubber plantations in the Philippines, Leonard Wood will not be compelled to lament long that:

"There is still a lamentable lack of interest in the proper development of the natural resources of the islands and failure to appreciate the

importance of giving all possible encouragement to agriculture, fisheries and mining. There are great possibilities for the development of all these. Comparatively little has been done thus far."

In his usual cocksure attitude toward labor, Wood shows his belief in the continued docility of the Filipino worker as follows:

"Labor in the Philippines is adequate to meet the demands of the situation."

AMERICAN capital wants definite guarantees, however, and it does not intend to invest great sums in the Philippines without knowing the definite status of the islands. Thus Newton W. Gilbert, former vice-governor-general of the islands, declares the Filipinos unable to govern themselves, and declared the United States would be compelled to remain there for thirty or forty years. That sounds like the league of nations turning the Mosul oil fields over to Great Britain almost in perpetuity. This is the Coolidge attitude, however, and the position his administration will maintain against the Filipinos in this session of congress.

NEVERTHELESS, even under the present conditions, trade with the Philippines is quite substantial. Sixty-five per cent of the Philippine foreign commerce is with the United States. Of the total trade of \$179,000,000 of the Philippine Islands in 1922, \$112,000,000 was with this country, and the percentage stands for recent years. This trade started with \$5,000,000 during the first year of American occupation twenty-five years ago. If the Philippine trade were based on the Hawaiian per capita trade figures, it would mount to a billion dollars.

Annual sugar imports total \$19,000,000, which isn't large when compared to the huge American purchases in Cuba. But it is growing. The sugar industry is still in its infancy.

It is also claimed that petroleum, the precious fluid that everywhere causes clashes between the greatest imperialist nations and may be the principal bone of contention in the next war, is to be found in the Philippine Islands, altho it does not yet figure among the more prominent exports at the present time. But it is enough for American profiteers to scent that it is there.

America gets \$15,000,000 worth of coconut oil, 90 per cent of the total it uses; \$5,000,000 worth of copra (dried coconut), and \$5,000,000 worth of tobacco from the Philippines. Copra goes into the making of gas masks.

So 12,000 soldiers stand watch over the Philippines in the interests of Wall Street's business. Five thousand of these are Americans, while 7,000 are native Filipinos degraded into becoming the flunkies of the profit rule that oppresses their people.

Rubber, oil, sugar and other commodities—the trade in which is rich with profits—these are some of the reasons that are helping tighten the grip of the United States upon the Philippines. It is not "inertia," the word used by the Chicago University professor, that prevents the United States from getting out and fulfilling its promise of self government to the Filipinos. It is the wealth of the islands, susceptible of all increasing exploitation.

But there is the additional reason that the Philippines constitute an American fort in the orient, the rallying point from which to conduct the conquest of oriental nations, the ambition of Wall Street imperialism. It is close to Australia, the friendship of which is coveted by America in support of its rubber schemes.

The United States will remain in the Philippines until its imperialist armies are driven into the sea by an aroused people fighting for their liberation from overseas masters. American labor must aid the Filipinos. Such aid is part of their own struggle in the home-land for emancipation from the same enslaving power—American capitalism.

Henry's Slave Pen at Hegewish--A Letter from the Slaves

(A collective letter from a group of Workers in the Ford Motor company plant at Hegewish, Ill., a suburb of Chicago.)

THE Ford Motor Co.'s plant is located at 126th street and Torrence avenue, Hegewish, Ill. Those who happen to work in it call it the "slave pen." Henry Ford is the czar of this pen--no wonder he likes the Russian monarchists. The superintendents and foremen are slave drivers. The workers are the slaves.

"Speed, Speed!"

There is a blackboard in each shop. Every hour the workers must mark on it the number of parts they have produced during the hour. If any one of the slaves is not fast enough, the slave driver (the foreman) tells him:

"Hurry up! Show some speed! Don't you know the Ford system? Speed! Speed! Speed!"

Then there is an order by the superintendent: The slave must be on the job at 7:30 in the morning. The slave who is late even a few minutes is not to be allowed to work. He loses a day.

Another order: The slaves will have only twenty minutes for lunch. (It used to be thirty minutes.) Henry Ford complies with the law so he provides his shop with wash rooms. But there is no time even to wash the hands, so the slaves are compelled to eat with dirty hands.

Nobody is allowed to leave the slave pen during the lunch time. The doors are locked.

Robots to Make Tin Lizzies.

If Henry Ford could only do it, he would manufacture "robots," who would not need to sleep, nor eat, nor do any other things that human beings do, except to manufacture flivvers for him. The toilets in Ford's slave pen are not heated in the winter time. This is a clever way to keep the slaves from wasting the company's time on their natural needs. All that is lacking are spikes on the seats.

Read Henry's Bunk.

Not only does Ford enslave the bodies of his workers, but their minds as well. Henry Ford gives out the order. The superintendent tells it to the foremen. The foremen order the workers: "Bring \$3.00 for two subscriptions to the Dearborn Independent." And the slaves must bring the \$3.00; if they do not, they are fired. On the last day of November, about twenty workers were fired. Not one of these had been subscribers to the Dearborn Independent.

It is not by accident that every one that was fired was not a subscriber to the Dearborn Independent.

Henry Ford is a clever man: The paper does not cost him a cent. In fact, he makes a profit on it as the workers pay for it out of their wages.

The majority of the workers in Ford's slave pen are foreign-born. The Dearborn Independent writes against the foreign-born. The workers curse Henry Ford and his paper. They burn this paper as soon as they receive it.

But, while in the slave pen, the workers are compelled to keep their mouths shut. Henry Ford has his spies sneaking among the workers, listening in and reporting to the office any one who dares speak against the system. Being unable to speak their thoughts, the workers write. Some one writes on the blackboard: "FORD PLANT--SLAVERY."

One can find things written by the workers about Ford and his system on the walls:

"DEARBORN INDEPENDENT--BULL."

"COOLIDGE AND FORD--BULL."

Many of the workers understand that Ford and Coolidge are twin brothers--a part of the same capitalist system which enslaves them. Ford was supposed to run for the presidency against Coolidge, but quit at the last moment because he was promised that he would get, almost for nothing, the Muscle Shoals power plant owned by the government. Ford and Coolidge unite against labor.

"Eight-Hour Day--Twelve Hours to Work."

Ford brags about having the eight-



The Slave to the Slave's Wife: "Mark on the wall how many shirts you wash an hour."

The Wife: "Where do you get that stuff?"

The Slave: "I learnt it from Henry Ford."

hour day in his factories. Let the world know that in September and October, he made us slave twelve hours a day and did not pay a cent for overtime. Let the world know also that we turn out a six-days' production in five days' time. Some foolish bosses tell the workers when they cut wages. Ford is clever: He knows how to do it without noise.

Henry Ford rules his slaves with an iron hand. He thinks himself all-powerful. He considers the workers helpless and terrorized. He feels confident that even if the workers rebel against the impossible conditions, Ford will be able to crush them because they are not organized.

Henry Ford is mistaken. The workers are bound to win out in the end, tho they may suffer a temporary defeat. But, defeat or victory--the workers must fight against the conditions of slavery under which they work, or those conditions will become still worse. When the time comes, it will be a stiff fight--let the slave driver Ford, know it. And the workers will not be as helpless and disorganized as he thinks! They will have The DAILY WORKER and the Italian and Slavic and other working class papers to help them in the fight and to mobilize other workers in support of them. They will have the Workers (Communist) Party to give them leadership and organization. And the workers themselves will be able to set up a leadership and organization of their own, because the Ford system teaches the workers the importance and advantage of organization--this is the only good thing that it does for the workers.

As a first step toward organization, let us state our demands.

We want:

An eight-hour day; no overtime. Away with the spy system.

A workers' shop committee in each shop.

A workers' plant committee.

All grievances to be taken up by the shop committee.

No worker to be discharged without consent of shop committee.

To hell with the Dearborn Independent! No worker should be compelled to subscribe to it nor should any worker be discharged for refusal to subscribe.

No worker shall be discharged for his political opinion.

The workers must be free to go out from the factory during lunch time.

The toilets must be heated.

Workers! Are you in favor of these demands?

Then organize to fight for them! How?

Form small committees of trusted men. Choose a secretary. Let the secretary get in touch with The DAILY WORKER about conditions in the shop, about all the persecutions of the workers by the slave drivers. Watch The DAILY WORKER for news.

Your committee will tell you what to do next to get organized.

Sigman's Ukas at Philadelphia

By PAULINE SCHULMAN.

FROM the very first day of the convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union at Philadelphia, the reactionary president, Morris Sigman, disliked the idea of allowing members of the union to attend as visitors for two reasons. First, because it is against his "principles" that members of the union should know what is going on among the heads of the administration, particularly as to the allotment of representation and as to the conduct of a convention. Second, he simply did not want hundreds of union members who were not familiar with the methods he used recently in New York City in fighting the vast majority of the membership by means of police, thugs and gangsters; he did not care to have them learn about the methods from the delegates representing this very rank and file that he had fought.

But to Sigman's great sorrow he did not succeed in this, just as he did not succeed in his fight against the membership. In the beginning he tried to apply such methods by erecting rope barriers, by placing tables in such a way as to prevent the union members from entering the convention hall. But who can stop the ever-swelling ocean? It certainly was beyond human power, even beyond Sigman's power to keep visiting members of the union out of the hall.

From the very first day of the convention Sigman ceaselessly threatened that he would by means of the police, "protect" the convention hall from any onrush by visitors. No one believed it, tho, for it was tho that he surely had not as yet forgotten the lesson he had so bitterly learned in New York, when he used the police to have the membership of the union obey his "ukas."

But Mr. Sigman proved to be under the impression that people had changed since the New York experience. He again began to apply his old methods, according to which when one did not obey "he shall feel" (the police club). Saturday afternoon when the second session was about to begin visitors as well as delegates found closed gates at the La Lu Temple where the convention took place. Great numbers of police were stationed in front of the building. The delegates, as well as the visitors, stood patiently waiting for the information whether a session would be held.

In the meantime, more and more of the police continued to arrive until Mr. Sigman tho that there were sufficient on hand to handle any "emergency." He issued the order that policemen should be placed on both sides of the front basement door so as to form two solid lines. Half of that door was opened and some one announced, "Delegates only."

Besides the police at the door there

also were stationed some of the servants of the machine who pointed out to the police the "desirable" visitors. Any such visitor, they said, "Can pass." When some of the unwelcome union members inquired, "Why can we not go in?" the answer was given in Sigmanite language by a heavy clubbing over the head. Those who protested against this dastardly treatment, were beaten up and arrested.

This outrageous procedure continued for some time, until Sigman, the boss, ordered the police to cease the beating. He realized that he would not get very far with his old methods. Again someone announced, "Everybody is permitted to go in." All entered, accompanied by the police.

Straight to the platform where Sigman stood surrounded by his bodyguard the policemen went, to inquire for further orders; for according to their instructions, they were to see that everybody leave the hall.

Hundreds of union men and women cried out: "Is this all you can do for us with our money to hire police to club us and beat us up?"

Sigman's face turned pale. He was trembling like a cat on ice. He had nothing to answer; his actions spoke loud enough. What did his actions say? They said: "Altho I could not bear your presence here, yet I bore it, knowing only too well that all of you are against me, that you despise me; yet I tolerated your presence. But since you expressed your condemnation of one of my most loyal servants, Yanofsky, who stood side by side with me in the most difficult times, I'll show you that I am still in power and what I can do. If I cannot act in an organizational manner, then I will act thru hired police, and this will prove that when the 'Ukas' is given, it must be obeyed."

Again this Mr. Sigman appointed himself as president of the International and again he demands "respect" from the members--the very same members he a week ago showed his strength to thru gunmen.

The election of a president was supposed to be by referendum vote, but he knew the sentiment of the members too well; he knew that very few, if any, would vote for him. As he himself stated, "I impose myself upon the members for the reason that the union needs me." But the question arises: Who is the union and who are the members? Have the members nothing in common with the union? The self-proclaimed king can give no answer to this question. On the very same evening that he issued the proclamation, he hinted to the dissatisfied members that they "must not forget that I am chief again for the next two years and you will have to respect me whether you like it or not!" That he is able to issue a "ukas" they know.

But will he get respect, obedience? The membership knows that too!

About Co-operative Societies

IT appears to me that we pay all too little attention to the co-operative. Not all of us realize that now, since the October revolution—and not at all impaired by the new economic policy (on the contrary, we must say—just because of the new economic policy)—co-operation has attained dominating importance among us. There is much phantasy in the day-dreams of the old co-operators. They are often a ridiculously phantastic folk. To what is their phantastic nature due? To the circumstance that these people do not understand the fundamental importance of the political fight of the working class for the overthrow of the exploiters' rule. For us this overthrow has taken place and now much of what was phantastic or even impossibly romantic in the dreams of the old co-operators has become the most naked reality.

Among us, where the state power is in the hands of the working class, and where all the means of production belong to this state power, the only problem which remained was the actual co-operative amalgamation of the population. Under the premise of the maximal co-operative organization of the population this socialism has as a matter of course attained its goals, which formerly were regarded with a justifiable smile of indulgence by those who were—rightly enough—convinced of the necessity of the class struggle and of the fight for political power. And now all our comrades do not give themselves account of the illimitable importance which the co-operative organization of Russia assumed for us. In the new economic policy we made concessions to the peasant, the merchant, and the principle of private trade; precisely out of that there arises (contrary to the usual opinion) the tremendous importance of co-operation. At bottom all that we require is to organize the Russian population co-operatively in sufficient degree during the period of the new economic policy, for we have now reached such a degree of union of private interest, private trading interests, and their inspection and control by the state and their subordination to the common weal—a union which formerly was the stumbling block for so many socialists. Is then in reality the control by the state of all the more important means of production, the state power in the hands of the proletariat, the alliance of this proletariat with millions of small peasants, the assured leadership of the peasantry by the proletariat, etc., is this not all that is necessary to attain the building of the socialist society from co-operation, from co-operation alone, which we formerly considered pedantry and which we in certain respects may treat as such now under the new economic policy as well? That is not yet the building of the socialist society but is all that is necessary for the building of this society.

Precisely this circumstance has been underestimated by many of our practical officials. Co-operation receives negligent treatment at our hands. We do not realize of what extraordinary importance co-operation is; firstly, as a principle (the means of production as state property); and secondly, with regard to the transition to a new order in the simplest, easiest, and (for the peasants) most attainable manner.

And that is the kernel of the matter. It is one thing to romance over the building up of socialism in all sorts of workers' societies and it is another thing to learn how this socialism should be practically so developed that each small peasant can take part in this development. We have already reached this stage. It is beyond doubt that now, after having reached it, we are making all too little use of it.

We acted too hastily when we went over to the new economic policy, not in the sense that we allowed the principle of private industry and of free trade too much elbow-room, but that we forgot to think of co-operation, that we now underestimate co-operation, and that are beginning to forget the overwhelming importance of co-operation in connection with the above mentioned two sides of this question.

I now want to discuss with the reader what now can and must be practically done when one starts out from this "co-operative" principle. With what means can and must we set to work to develop this "co-operative" principle so that its socialist importance becomes apparent to everybody?

Politically, the question of co-operation must

be so put that co-operation in general everywhere receives a certain relief, and furthermore that this relief be a purely financial one. (The bank interest rate, etc.) Co-operation must be lent state funds to an amount that exceeds, even only by little, the funds lent to private enterprise or even heavy industry, etc.

Each system of society arises thru the financial support of a certain class. It is superfluous to call to mind the hundreds upon hundreds of millions of roubles which the birth of "free" capitalism cost. We must now realize that and in practice keep in mind that the system of society which we must support above the average is a co-operative system. But we must support it in the real sense of the word, i. e., it does not suffice to understand by this the support of all co-operative intercourse. As this support we must understand the support of co-operative intercourse in which real masses participate. Granting a premium to the peasant who takes part in co-operative intercourse is doubtless correct. But this participation must be tested for its consciousness and its quality—and that is the heart of the question. When the co-operator comes to a village and there opens a co-operative store, the inhabitants, rigidly speaking, take no part therein. But impelled by their own profit, they will however hasten to participate in the venture.

The matter has thus another aspect as well. From the standpoint of the "civilized" (above all the literate) European, we need but very little to move everyone to participation in the co-operatives, and not only passive but also active participation. In fact, we "only" need to make our population so "civilized" that it realizes all the advantages of personal participation in the co-operatives and consummates this participation. "Only" so much. We need no other sophistry now in order to make the transition to socialism. But in order to realize this "only" a complete change, an entire stage in the cultural development of the whole mass of the people is necessary. Our rule must therefore be: as little philosophizing as possible, as little foolery as possible. The new economic policy is in this connection insofar a step forward as it is adapted to the level of the average peasant and does not demand from him anything higher. An entire historical epoch is necessary to move the entire population, each and everyone, thru the new economic policy to participation in the co-operatives. We can cover this epoch in one or two decades. But nonetheless it will be a special historical epoch, and without this historical epoch, without having everyone able to read and write, without a certain circumspection, without educating the population to a certain degree to the use of books, and without having created the necessary material fundamentals, without a certain security against, let us say, crop failure and famine—without all this we cannot attain our goal. Everything now depends upon our ability to supplement the revolutionary elan and enthusiasm we have often enough displayed with—I would like to say—the ability of judicious and experienced dealers, which is fully sufficient for a good co-operator. This should be taken to heart by those Russians or simple peasants who think that when they once do some trading, they have proven their ability as merchants. That is entirely wrong. They are doing business but that is very far indeed from being able to say that they are cultured merchants. They are now trading in an Asiatic manner; they must know how to trade as Europeans. They are still an entire epoch from the latter goal.

I conclude—a number of economic, financial and banking privileges for the co-operatives, that must represent the support of the new principle of organization by our socialist state. But the problem is thus only roughly sketched out, for the whole content of this problem has not been described here in detail; i. e., we must find the form of "premium" (and the conditions of granting it) with which we can satisfactorily assist the co-operatives, the form of premium offer which will aid us to educate civilized co-operative members. And the order of civilized co-operators in connection with the common ownership of the means of production based upon the class victory of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie—is the order of socialism.

II.

AS long as I wrote upon the new economic policy I continually referred to my article on state capitalism written in 1919. This has not

infrequently given rise to doubt among some of our younger comrades, but their doubts were primarily of an abstract, political nature.

They thought that a system in which the means of production and the state power belong to the working class cannot be called a state capitalistic system. They do not notice that I employed the term "state capitalism" firstly in order to establish the historical connection of our present position with that in my polemic against the so-called "Left" Communists. At that time I already pointed out that state capitalism would be a higher stage than our present economic system. It was important for me to point out the hereditary link between usual state capitalism and the unusual, very unusual state capitalism of which I spoke as I introduced the reader to the new economic policy. Secondly, for me the practical goal was always important. And the practical goal of our new economic policy was—the obtaining of concessions. Under our conditions however these concessions would represent the pure type of state capitalism. That was the basis of my comment on state capitalism.

But there is still another field in which we can employ state capitalism or at least something analogous thereto. That is the problem of co-operation.

No doubt co-operation is in the capitalistic state a collective capitalistic institution. It is also beyond the shadow of a doubt that under the conditions of our present economic reality, where we have private capitalistic enterprises—but only upon publicly owned land and only under the control of the state power, which belongs to the working class—side by side with enterprises of consistently socialist nature (in which the means of production as well as the land upon which the enterprise stands and for that matter the enterprise itself belong to the state), that the question of a third form of enterprise arises, which in the past was of no independent importance, the question of the co-operative enterprise. Under private capitalism, the co-operative enterprises differed from the capitalistic enterprises in that they were collective undertakings. Under state capitalism, the difference between co-operative and state capitalistic enterprises is that they are firstly private enterprises and in the second place collective. In our present system, as collective enterprises, the co-operatives differ from the private capitalistic enterprises, but there is no difference between them and socialist enterprises when they stand on the basis of state ownership, i. e., the ownership of the working class, of the land and of the means of production.

We do not attach sufficient importance to this circumstance, when we speak of co-operation. We forget that, due to the peculiarity of our state system, co-operation has for us absolutely dominating importance. Aside from the concessions, which, in passing, attained no specially widespread development, co-operation coincided under our conditions with socialism.

I will explain that. What is phantastic in the plans of the old co-operators, beginning with Robert Owen? The fact that they dreamt of a peaceful transformation of present society into a socialist one, without considering such fundamental problems as the class struggle, the conquest of political power by the working class, and the overthrow of the rule of the exploiting class. And we were therefore justified when we found this "co-operative" socialism to be nothing but an insipid, romantic phantasy, day-dreams upon how the class enemy could be transformed into the class collaborator, and the class war into class peace (the so-called civil peace) by means of a simple co-operative organization of the population.

There is no doubt that from the point of view of the basic problem of the present day we were right, for without the class struggle and the political power in the state socialism can not be realized.

But let us now consider how the question has changed since the power of the state is already in the hands of the working class, since the political power of the exploiters has been overthrown, and all the means of production (with the exception of those which the workers' state voluntarily and conditionally leaves in the hands of the exploiters under concession) belong to the working class.

By Lenin

We now are justified in saying that for us co-operation is (with the above-mentioned "little" exception) synonymous with the growth of socialism. This fundamental change is that we formerly laid—and had to lay—chief emphasis upon the political struggle, the revolution, the seizure of power, whereas the primary emphasis must now be placed upon peaceful, organizational, "cultural" work. I should like to say that the center of gravity has moved to the cultural work for us, aside from international relations, where chief emphasis lies upon the duty of defending our positions on an international scale. But aside from that, when we limit ourselves to

domestic economic affairs, the center of gravity of our work lies in cultural activity.

Two great, epoch-making tasks stand before us. Firstly, the reorganization of our apparatus, which is worth almost nothing, and which we took over in toto from the previous epoch. During the five years of struggle we did not succeed and could not succeed in obtaining tangible results in this field. Our second task is our cultural work among the peasantry. And this cultural work among the peasants as an economic goal will be taken care of by the co-operatives. Under the conditions of complete co-operative organization we would already stand with both feet upon socialist ground. But these conditions of complete co-operative organization presuppose such a cultural level of the peasantry (especially the peasantry as a huge mass) that complete

co-operation is impossible without a cultural revolution.

Our opponents have often told us that we have thoughtlessly undertaken the job of realizing socialism in a country with deficient culture. They make a mistake however when they think they can justly blame us for not having begun the work from the point of attack demanded by theory (various pedants). For us the political and social revolution was only the forerunner of the cultural upheaval, the revolution on the threshold of which we nonetheless now stand.

This cultural revolution will suffice us, in order to become a completely socialist country. But this cultural revolution demands extraordinary efforts of a cultural (fight against illiteracy) as well as material nature, because a certain development of the material means of production, a certain material basis is necessary for our transformation into a cultural country.

The Coal Breaker - - - By Michael Gold

WAYS between the sky and their earth the miners saw the unhallowed, grim, irregular mass of the coal-breaker, a tall structure black with dust and ugly as a giant toad. It dominated the whole valley.

There were green trees in that valley, meadows and flowers, for the light to kindle in the summer days. The spring brot a soft flush there, much as in other parts of the world. There were stars and moon at night, the sun by day.

There was beauty, but it lived furtively under a shadow. A great sombre coal mine was in that valley. It had dragged its black, slimy trail across the clear brightness of nature. A town of dirty, sad houses was heaped about like stacks of filth on the grass of the valley level. Huge hills of slag stood about the mine's mouth, mounds of darkness from which spurted over jets of diabolical flame.

The humble men of all the races lived in the shambling houses of the town. They shuffled in the gray morning thru the muddy streets toward the mine pit, and returned in the dusk with their emptied dinner pails, their faces black as sinister masks, their bodies dripping sweat and stooped in weary curves.

Saturday nights there was one brief candle of romance lit in this dark reality of toil. The miners drew their pay then, and spent some of it on liquor. They danced, they sang, they fought and grew sentimental, they remembered for a moment their human heritage of play.

I was in Miduvski's general store on a night such as this. The place was dimly lit by lamps, and Miduvski, a big, bald-headed, shrewd speculator stood plotting behind his counter. There were a few odd customers lounging about. Nothing happened for an hour or so; then some of the miners came trooping in.

There were about eight of them, and a few boys who worked in the coal-breaker trailed admiringly in the rear. The miners were dressed in overalls and black caps with tiny lamps fastened on them, and these lamps seemed like the horns of a group of wild-faced devils. The men were of all races, most of them short and squarely built. Their white teeth flashed out of the gloom of their faces as they laughed uproariously, for they were all a little drunk.

"Set 'em up, Miduvski!" shouted one, a stout powerful man with a merry black face and little Chinese eyes. "The kid here is treating!"

He dragged forward a youngster who was no more than ten years old, and who was dressed in ragged overalls too long for him, and a miner's cap that came over his ears. The boy had high cheek bones, and coal dust darkened his straight nose and sandy hair of a young Slav.

"The little Hunkie is goin' to treat!" roared the stout miner again. "This is his first week in the breaker, and he's celebratin'. Ainchyer, kid?"

"Yeh!" the boy said, laughing mirthlessly and staring at them all with big, dazed eyes. "I'm a man now!"

At this there was a general outbreak of laughter, and one of the men clapped the boy approvingly on the shoulder. Miduvski filled the glasses with whiskey, which they gulped down with great smacking of lips and long "Ah-h-hs!"

"Give the kid a hooker too!" shouted a tall, reckless Irishman, pounding on the counter. "He's one of us now, by gory!"

"Yes, yes!" cried the other men, and the storekeeper poured another glass of the red, fiery

stuff, which the boy swallowed mechanically.

"Yah!" shouted the men admiringly, "that's the idea!"

They watched the boy take out his pay envelope and extract a dollar bill which he laid on the counter.

"Game to the core!" the Irishman said, slapping the boy on the back again. "Let's have another now! My treat!"

The boy leaned against the counter, and looked about him foolishly. "I ain't goin' to be a miner all my life," he announced, with a superior air. "I'm goin' to be a doctor!"

"Hooray for Jansy!" the men shouted, reaching out for the newly-filled glasses.

The boy drank with them again, with a careless pride on his young face. But the next moment, the wide store with its shadows of lamplight and its dark, deep corners and laden shelves, grew dim and whirling to his eyes. He felt like rushing out into the fragrant country night, to fling himself down on the cool grass somewhere, and to breathe the pure air. A miner offered him a chew of tobacco, and the boy thot it necessary to stuff the vile brown plug in his mouth, and to munch it busily. But he was sick to the pit of his stomach.

A small boy had crept shyly into the place, and was looking at the scene with fear. He came over finally and timidly plucked the young worker by the sleeve.

"Jansy," he said, "Mammer's lookin' fer ye everywhere, and she says she'll give ye an awful lickin' if ye don't come right home. She's waitin' fer yer pay!"

The breaker-boy pushed his young brother away with a silly smile. "Beat it!" he said haughtily, tho reeling and sick with the tobacco and rot-gut whiskey. "I'm a man now. Just tell Mommer I'm a man now!"

The little boy drew back in fright, and stood staring at his brother from the doorway, doubtful as to what to do.

"Hooray fer Jansy!" the men shouted in glee, lifting the boy on their shoulders. "Game to the core!"

"We'll have to get him a girl tonight!" the Irishman cried waving his glass of whiskey recklessly. "He's a real man now, the little Polak, workin', drinkin', chewin', and whorin'!"

The boy grinned wearily. Outside in the night could be seen the monstrous form of the breaker in whose black bowels gangs of children slaved in fierce silence ten hours each day, sorting the slag from the coal with raw fingers. The coal breaker dominated the town, it blotted out the night and stars from human eyes. Its dust darkened all the houses and rested heavily on the weeds struggling about the mine's mouth, and in that valley even childhood was fouled and withered by the black, black dust of the breaker.



A PICTURE BY FRED ELLIS.

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We will tell you who it is later.

The "Red Front" of the German C. P.

By WILLIAM F. KRUSE.

GERMAN Communist papers, like those in America and elsewhere, devote much space to the activities of various working class organizations. Party, youth section, trade union, co-operative, sport club, women's clubs—all these are well nigh universal. But one form of organization activity seems confined thus far to the Kaiser's old recruiting ground, and that is the Red Front Fighters Bund. This organization's activities fill columns of space in the Communist Party press, and they send shivers down the editorial spines of the reactionaries.

Every day and every night one finds the Red Front Fighters in meetings, parades, demonstrations, literature distribution and fights. Reactionary leaders in the Reichstag demand their suppression, even at a time when the party itself enjoys a nominal legality. The sometimes flippant attitude of some old party leaders toward this movement was one of the major points in their recent indictments by the Comintern. The R. F. B. figure prominently in present party discussions. Good or no good? Permanent or ephemeral? What really is this much-discussed "Rote Front"?

COME to a Communist municipal election meeting. A block away, on every intersection, one sees an unobtrusive young idler with a bicycle. He wears distinctive yet not uncommon garb, a green-gray linen jacket and a peaked cap. Look close in the darkness and you will see a red armband, embroidered in black worn low down on the right sleeve. The youngsters stand there for hours, motionless—except for their ever-roving eyes—until the nearby meeting is over.

The "Red Front" on the Job.

In front of the hall, the ever present half dozen or more policemen. But in the entrance, between police and meeting hall, fifty or more young huskies, all in the same distinctive garb. And in the hall, especially toward the rear where are the entrances, several hundred more. One of their number almost invariably makes a speech from the platform. Their red flags mingle with those of party units and the youth section. Their cheers are loudest.

The meeting is over. Masses of workers leave, but stand around the entrance. The police make no move to disperse them, just yet. Music from the hall, a band, and several hundred strong, well-trained voices sing a Red Army song. They march out into the street, four abreast. Hundreds of bystanders join the procession which, with song and drum corps music, winds thru the streets for an hour or more before finally it disbands in front of headquarters. After the parade has gone a block or more from the hall the sullen police disperse the remainder of the crowd. It goes unresistingly now that its vanguard is no longer there.

A HOTLY contested working class section. A long fence covered with Communist posters. Elsewhere we have seen many posters torn to shreds by supporters of rival parties. But not here. Look closely and you will see a goodly number of R. F. B. ready-anxious—for action. The posters stay put. The workers read them. Communist prestige and confidence soars.

This fighting organization already numbers many more thousands than the plutes like to think about. It would be undesirable to say just how many thousands, but one group in a single section of Berlin grew from 40, all Communist members, to a full battalion of over 2,000 men with Communist members constituting less than 40 per cent, besides a junior auxiliary, the "Roter Jungsturm," in which the Communists constituted only 10 per cent. Uniformed, drilled, organization for struggle, not only willing but anxious to fight—no wonder the reactionaries are becoming alarmed.

Not "Made in Moscow."

THIS movement was not built to order. It was not "made in Moscow"

in the sense that our enemies charge, but its inspiration is certainly found in the sacrifices and struggles of the Russian proletariat. This is a spontaneous defensive movement of the working masses, and the Communists by carrying out their historic mission as the vanguard of the workers in their every struggle have won hegemony over it and now have the tremendous benefit. As soon as the Dawes plan stabilization resulted in partial employment and a subsiding of the revolutionary wave, the various fascist bands became more and more brazen in their attacks on the workers. The more militant elements were singled out for decimation—Communists and other militants, precisely the elements that could fight back, tooth and nail. Right out of the shops and factories this defensive shock troop of the proletariat sprang forth, and the Communists gave it full support and encouragement. Thaelmann, Communist Party presidential candidate, became its honorary commander. From a few handfuls it grew into the thousands and tens of thousands, the cream of the working class and especially of the working youth.

Disarm Fascists.

The "strong-arm squads" of the fascists were disarmed, spanked and sent home when they came around to administer punishment to some local strike leader. The perfect discipline and martial bearing of these thousands of militant proletarians gave new courage to the workers and threw consternation into the camp of the enemy. And well they might. During the summer groups of from ten to a hundred hiked out into the country distributing literature to the farmers and villagers. About twenty of our boys came upon as many fascists secretly engaged in army rifle target practice, made a surprise attack, disarmed and marched them back to the village police station, to the great delight of the workers who had been terrorized for months by this band. And at the same time another 40 more armed fascists had been hiding in the woods only a short distance away but they did not dare to attempt a rescue.

Things do not always come off so easily, however. In Leipzig recently the monarchists of all Germany staged a tremendous militarist demonstration. The Communists called for a counter-demonstration but the social-democratic leaders refused and called upon their followers to "ignore" the reactionary hordes. There were many clashes between our young militants and the armed bravos of the monarchists, two of our boys on point of death from bullet wounds, and many others injured. Many arrests were made on both sides, but all the forbidden arms were found on the fascists. The R. F. B. in such cases as this makes tremendous propaganda by calling for a united front of all working class elements in shops and factories to fight back this anti-labor violence, and despite the crawling of the right wing labor leaders the working masses respond to the call to fight.

The United Front in Practice.

It is not easy for these Communist veterans of the barricades of 1918 and 1923 to stomach unity with the very elements which, duped by their traitorous leaders, made futile the sacrifice of the revolutionary vanguard. But a new ferment is working among these masses, no longer can they be so easily herded by their bosses in the interest of the plutes; more and more they are beginning, if not actually to get into this big proletarian mass Communist Party, at least to co-operate actively with its activity on the field of workers' relief, Red Front, workers' health, sport, youth protection, factory committees, trade union committees, etc. So the Communists are learning that alongside of an implacable hatred for the pink-clad bourgeois lieutenants of the social-democratic party they must maintain a very different attitude toward the masses of simple and honest proletarians who make up their following.

This attitude was graphically illustrated when, in the course of a Red



Fascist and Red Front Fighters.

Front homeward march, we encountered a band of perhaps sixty young republicans under strapping military leadership and with silken black-red-gold banners flapping over their heads. We, uninitiated, expected a clash, but the two groups contented themselves with singing the louder—with all the advantage on the side of the Communists. Very different is the attitude when a detachment of Stahlhelm, Jungdo, Werwolf or other black bands are encountered! It is this stand, in line with the new political policy of the party as illustrated in proposing a united front of all workers' parties in the recent elections, that is making it constantly harder for the labor lieutenants of the bourgeoisie to keep the masses away from co-operating with the Communists for the realization of everyday working class needs.

The Critics Get Chills.

The masters are very much perturbed over this situation. The Magedburger Zeitung writes:

"The whole organization is militarily constituted. They have a 'Manual of Arms' with report, execution and saluting regulations. In the place of the greeting by touching the hand to the forehead they substitute the threatening 'proletarian greeting' of the raised clenched fist. The divisions are set up on military pattern. A 'Gau' is equivalent to a division or army corps, a city section to a regiment. . . ."

And they charge that in addition to public marching and gymnastics the members receive secret instructions in the use of all manner of war weapons, which obviously presupposes secret stores of arms to be used at the decisive moment. The R. F. B. neither affirms or denies these conjectures, but adds to them a satiric tale of how, after legally registering their society in Germany and passing muster before General von Seckt, they chartered the Stinnes steamer Karl Legien and with 100,000 men went first to China and then to Morocco to help Abd-el-Krim whip the French.

IT should be mentioned that criticism of the R. F. B. is not altogether confined to the capitalists; pacifists and anarchist elements view with alarm the strict discipline and perfect organization—the very features which give such splendid promise of effectuating a coming proletarian dictatorship. And occasionally even a party member cocks a skeptical eyebrow at this "playing at sol-

diers," disregarding entirely the effective immediate physical protection it affords to Communist Party activity, as well as the political value of its united front among the young factory workers, its organizational mobilizing of all militants, and its training of the manpower for coming open combat. That the responsible party leaders and the Comintern do not share this viewpoint has already been made clear.

As for their "Prussian cadaver discipline," they answer very indignantly that their discipline is self-imposed, and as democratic as it is necessary. They challenge their critics to test this by personal observation. The reply is entirely proper; nowhere has there been so perfect an esprit-de-corps between leader and ranks. There is good reason for this because all leaders rise out of the ranks thru demonstrated fitness. Every member is a potential troop leader. Just before disbanding a parade a young leader wanted to show off his prowess by some special fancy marching. His second command was incorrect and a roar of laughter went up from the ranks, and he himself joined in it, admitted his mistake and stepped back into the ranks to make room for the next candidate leader. Here truly, as Napoleon promised, "every private carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack." (But in a different, a very different sense).

THERE is some little romantic exaggeration in demeanor of an occasional Red Front Fighter. Why worry? Heroics are ever a temptation, especially to young scrappers. Thus an R. F. B. courier enters an office and salutes, fist up, Red Front! He is answered in the same way and the following colloquy allegedly takes place:

- Q. "Who are you?"
- A. "Rote Front."
- Q. "What do you want?"
- A. "Rote Front."
- Q. "Who sent you?"
- A. "Rote Front."
- Q. "Where are you going?"
- A. "Rote Front."

This is not impossible if the conversation took place in the printshop and the lad had come from his headquarters to get some papers and take them back there.

Hail, German Red Guard.

A FINE crowd. Kin to the Red Guards of the Russian revolution.

(Continued on page 7)

The Land of Gold and Diamonds

By JAMES H. DOLSEN.

"AND so you are from South Africa," I remarked.

His eyes brightened as he recalled the country in which he had been born and had passed most of his life. "Yes," he responded. "An interesting country, but hell for the native workers!"

He paused a moment, and then continued in a vehement manner and with such a rapid flow of words that I had to ask him to slow down so I could take notes. To my question why he did not himself write the story for *The Daily Worker*, he replied that "writing" was not in his line—a characteristic response among workers, altho a mistaken one.

The mineowners of South Africa, he said, have improved on the peonage system of our southern states. If labor is needed, the manager reports the fact either to a government official or a private contractor, who then calls on the chief of one of the native tribes. The latter gets the required number of workers from the members of his tribe.

The Kafirs, who comprise the native Negro population, refuse to work in the mines unless forced to. Their needs are few and were supplied in the old days by hunting. Now, however, they have been herded into reservations, each tribe on its own. Care has been taken to see that the lands allotted them are insufficient for their needs. Consequently some of each tribe must seek elsewhere for their living. In addition, a tax equivalent to nearly \$10 a family has been laid on the natives. This drives a very large number of them into the mines.

Sold Into Slavery.

The Negroes are delivered over to the managers in lots of one hundred, just like a bunch of cattle or any other commodity. Individual contracts running for not less than six months are made with each man. The natives, being entirely uneducated, sign whatever is placed before them, tho they seek in every possible way to escape the mines and will work for a mere pittance at any other kind of a job. This makes it possible for white fellows who fill the positions of petty foremen, etc., to hire the blacks for almost nothing and unload all the dirty and menial tasks upon them. The result is the drawing of very sharp and distinct lines of separation between the fifty to sixty thousand whites who comprise the skilled labor in the mines and the half million blacks who are conceded to be nothing more than slaves. Curiously enuf, however, in times of labor struggle the two groups are dependent upon each other. If the whites strike, the mines close and the blacks are deprived of work. If the blacks refuse to labor, the whites have nobody to superintend and drive. The situation, especially so far as the whites are concerned, is more complicated for

the bosses because of the enormous difficulty of replacing them. Strike-breakers must be imported principally from England at a great expense, their transportation requiring, as well, a considerable time.

Life in the "Compound."

The mine properties are all surrounded by high stockades, a square mile or more in area depending on the extensiveness of the workings. Mining is all done underground and at a great depth. The natives toil, stripped naked. Within these enclosures, or "compounds," as they are termed, the Negroes live during their contract term. They sleep in long, narrow shacks, like flimsy constructed cattle sheds with only straw under them for bedding. They are not allowed a candle after dark so that when the sun sets they must crawl in to sleep.

The work-day is from seven in the morning to six at night, with their lunch to be eaten on the job. They get one day off every two weeks when they are paid. The mines work day and night. On the change of shift the natives are allowed to leave the compound only on securing a permit. Wages for the blacks run from 30 to 50 shillings for two weeks' work (\$15 to \$25 a month).

As in our American mining and logging districts, the owners have established company stores within the enclosures. These overcharge the workers, as might be expected. If the native remarks about the price, however, he gets a blow in the face and is kicked bodily out.

The "Superiority" of the White.

So far, indeed, is this "superiority" of the whites enforced that Negroes are not allowed on the streets after nine o'clock at night without a permit, and on no account after one o'clock in the morning. A native, meeting a white, takes off his hat, bows in humility, with the greeting: "In cosa, pezalu!" Translated: "I greet you who are above us!" (or, "You who are like god!"). This enforced servility is carried to fantastic extremes. For example, if a white man were to kill a Negro in the presence of a black policeman, the latter could not touch the white but would have to summon the white police for that purpose, nor could the colored officer even interfere with the beating up of a native if done by an European. The native police are not even allowed to live in the cities but must walk to their homes out in the country after their patrol is completed.

Slop for Food.

The "board" supplied in the compounds is the cheapest possible. Breakfast consists of black coffee and "miliapop," a hard, dry cornmeal made by boiling down the meal after the addition of sugar and salt. Supper is a repetition of breakfast. The noonday lunch is made up of a thin

soup concocted from meat bones and water, with a few vegetables thrown in; the chunks of beef and the bones left over from the soup and a small piece of dry, white bread. There is no variation in the service. However, should the Negroes get tired of this bill of fare, they can patronize the "Kaffir" restaurant, a vile-smelling joint maintained on the premises and never patronized by the whites.

The Lash for Slaves.

Under these circumstances it is little wonder that the blacks hate and fear the work in the mines. If they try to escape, however, they are severely whipped, then sentenced to some months in jail. On release they must return to the mine to fill out the unexpired term of their contract. Whipping, indeed, is the usual punishment for the slightest disobedience on the part of the natives. It is done in this fashion: the Negro is held, a wet sack laid over his bare back, and a rawhide applied. The wielder of the lash is always a member of another tribe. Bitter inter-tribal hatreds persist, and are utilized by the white managers to keep the workers apart. Tactics of "divide and conquer" apply even in South Africa.

The white miners, who are really the petty foremen or skilled workers, receive \$5 a day for eight hours. They have been strongly organized, but they lost the last strike. Each has ten Negroes under him. There are over 50,000 of these whites, so some comprehension of the size of the industry may be obtained. Mining for gold and diamonds is indeed the only considerable industry in South Africa, due in part to the heavy tax laid by the British government upon new industrial establishments and in part to the fact that practically no labor adaptable to factory work is available.

An interesting political reflex of the economic situation is the demand in

the South African labor party program, dominated by reactionary officials, for the continuance of the color ban. The narrow, temporary economic benefits to the white workers of their monopoly of skilled labor and supervisory jobs drives them to keep up the political regulations and social customs which secure them a monopoly of these jobs. The employers, on the other hand, want these barriers broken down, so far as the entrance of the natives into the labor field is concerned, for only in this way can they train scabs to replace the whites when the latter strike. This is an instance where the real interests of the working class as a whole have been forgotten and particular privilege secured for a small group of workers of a particular race. It ignores the fact that progress for the working class is possible only by the wiping out of all distinctions based on race or color. This fact must be learned by the labor party of South Africa, if it is really to represent the workers. The Communist Party of Africa, of course stands for the ending of the color bans, as all Communist parties do in every other nation.

Tremendous difficulties attend the organization of the Negro workers. Few of them are at all educated and most of them are but little removed from savagery. Each tribe hates the other bitterly. The color prejudice is deeply ingrained; intensified by the fact that the blacks outnumber the whites five to one.

The man from South Africa tilted back his chair and abstractedly watched the smoke rings from his cigar disappear in the air.

"And what is the way out for these workers? I mean both races?" I asked.

His eyes gleamed. "Only world-revolution and the proletarian dictatorship will settle our problems. That's why I'm a Communist."

MR. YOAKUM'S KIND OF HOAKUM

By J. E. SNYDER.

WHO is Mr. Yoakum? Well, principally, he is the champion of that bone of contention that is liable to split the farmers' co-operative movement of the great west wide open. We would not be surprised if he is not a stalking horse for Herbert Hoover for president. He of course, professionally, is a railroad magnate, and has recently become another "expert" for the farmer, using his own fame and fortune, according to his boosters, to emancipate the farmers.

In the last congress he was the chief backer of the Curtis-Aswell bill, which would have congress charter a national marketing association and name eleven incorporators—hand picked, of course—to whom \$10,000,000 would be given with which to unite all farmers' organizations.

The farm papers of the farmers' Union do not agree on this program nor on Mr. Yoakum. The Nebraska Union Farmer is inclined to say "Hoak'em." That paper which goes to eighteen thousand members of the Farmers' Union of Nebraska denounces the scheme as being "from the top down," and suggests that the way to get a national marketing system is to build it "from the bottom up," the farmers' organizations forming their own marketing system and not have a Moses do it for them.

This farm paper says: "The motives of Mr. Yoakum we do not like to question but for years he has been an ardent defender of railroads and their policies. Only recently he wrote a letter to the interstate commerce commission bearing on the present rate case (which the corn belt farmers are now raising a fund to fight—J. E. S.) in which he maintained that it is not railroad rates, but middlemen's profits, that is burdening agriculture. If Mr. Yoakum is wholeheartedly for the farmer, why does he always fly to the rescue of the railroads? Farmers are suffering from the exactions of the railroad as well as from the middlemen. Is it possible that Mr. Yoakum, with his railroad

interests, is kicking up all this fuss about a hand-me-down national marketing system in order to get the minds of farmers off the railroad question?"

On the other hand the Kansas Union Farmer, which goes to 25,000 Farmer Union readers, speaks very differently of Mr. Yoakum. That paper hails him as prophet and seer, sacrificing time and money for the unselfish purpose of helping the American farmer. Its editor says: "Mr. Yoakum is devoting all his time and no little portion of his wealth to an honest and sincere attempt to better agriculture conditions," and quotes Yoakum as saying: "The co-operating marketing must have failed because it has never yet succeeded in organizing one hundred per cent of the growers of any American farm commodity. Prices cannot be established and maintained by organizations that control insignificant fractions of the crop produced."

The Farmers' Union convention of Kansas passed a resolution endorsing the work of Mr. Yoakum and urged their members to make a careful study of his plan for a marketing organization of national scope, along the line of the Curtis-Aswell bill, which will be reintroduced with amendments.

We would call the attention of the farmers of Kansas to Mr. Yoakum's friend Hoover, and his relief trains in Hungary and how he betrayed their class over there into the hands of the present butcher of that nation. Birds of a feather flock together and we predict that Hoover and Yoakum are birds of the same feather.

The National Farmers' Union is not united on a farm co-operative plan. We hope that by the next national convention they will have seen the foolhardiness of a divided house and strike out for a united front and form association with the only friends they can ever have—the wage workers of the nation and the world. The Yoakums, we agree with the Nebraska editor, are hoak'ems, and the sooner the farmers find it out the better.

Red Front Fighters of German Communist Party

(Continued from page 6)

to which they love to liken themselves, and whose songs they sing and traditions they keep. The struggle in Germany is already only slightly concealed open warfare, and these are labor's own battalions. He who puts on this Red Guard uniform is a marked man ever after; he literally takes his life into his hands. Yet thousands of the very best elements of Germany's proletariat—men and women on equal footing—are enrolling for the open fight. They march along the streets, proudly singing praise to the Russian revolution and death to capitalism and its servants. And they do not require a thousand or a hundred before they will march—two or three will do. A new code of honor—revolutionary honor. A new discipline—iron—revolutionary discipline. Thoroughly prepared—always ready—waiting and working for a new day—the Red day.

Even now they prepare for their coming role. Out in a little manufacturing city of Furstenwald, two hours

by train from Berlin, the local police had distinguished themselves by crass brutality against the workers. In reply the R. F. B. decided to institute in that city a Red day. Announced thru the press and the organization connections the night before found troop after troop of Red Front Fighters of the whole district bound for the marked town. The big Gesellschaftshaus with its four halls was converted into their barracks. All Sunday morning more and more arrived until when the parade assembled it numbered more than 8,000 and took twelve minutes to pass a given point. How proud the workers were to come out with red rosettes in buttonholes and to flying red flags from their windows. The Red Front of the workers held that town in its own hands. The bourgeois did not venture out of doors until after the ceremonies were over, until speeches were finished and banners were presented. Truly a Red day. And symbolic of the time that is coming when similar proletarian hosts will be similarly all-powerful everywhere in Germany.

In the Flames of Revolt Twenty Years Ago

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In connection with the 20th anniversary of the revolution of 1905 we published this series of word pictures of the revolution as told by a comrade who participated in the events of that time. This is the sixth and final story.

By M. A. SKROMNY.

(Reminiscences of the Revolutionary Days of 1905, by an old Rebel.)

VI.

We Make a Raid.

THE joy over the "constitution" was short lived. After the horrible wave of pogroms that followed the first days of celebration in honor of the victory of October 17, the czar again felt the ground under his feet. With all kinds of regulations, instructions and "explanations" the manifesto of October 17 was made to naught.

The Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party remained underground altho legal newspapers of the party made their appearance. The duma was called and dissolved by order of the czar. The duma was too revolutionary for him altho it was boycotted by the Bolsheviks as a fake proposition to keep off the revolutionary wave. We made use of everything to show up the czar's schemes and to revolutionize the masses and prepare them for an armed uprising for the overthrow of the czar.

The members of the left fractions of the dissolved duma collected at Vyborg, Finland, which at that time was a somewhat autonomous part of the Russian empire. Among them were also the constitutional democrats (cadets) the party under the leadership of Professor Miliukov. They considered themselves "lefts" at that time. The deputies passed a resolution of protest in connection with the dissolution of the duma. Altho the resolution was far from being a revolutionary document, every newspaper that dared to print it was promptly suppressed. The resolution was published by the Social Democratic Labor Party in the form of a circular and distributed among the masses who were still under the illusion that the duma was a democratic institution.

In our city we received only two copies of the resolution with a suggestion that we reprint it. There were two printers in the city who used to do printing for the party—for a considerable reward, of course. We had no printing plant of our own at that time. We had many party members working in the print shops. The usual price for printing the underground party proclamations was one kopek per copy. I used to deal with the printers, having close connections with them. This time I was authorized to pay twice that amount if necessary, but to get it out in a hurry.

When I met the printers, first one and then others, they categorically refused to print the Vyborg appeal, as the resolution became known. They told me that the chief of police warned all the printers in the city not to print anything about the duma, and that no excuse of any kind will be accepted. One had shown me the letter from the chief of police. Besides that he told me that the police captain is paying visits to the shops to see if anything is being printed against the government. The other pointed out a policeman thru the window who was stationed opposite the shop. There was never a policeman there before.

"You see, I can't do it."

I offered to double the price for the job, but the printers refused.

We had no print-shop of our own, and to organize one was quite a difficult proposition. It would take too much time and we needed the proclamation at once.

I had a talk with one of our active party members who was a printer. I explained the situation to him and asked his opinion.

"Why not raid a print shop and print it by force?" he suggested.

I explained the difficulties, the alertness of the police, etc.

"What about? There is no other way of doing it. Let's try it."

He was himself a member of the Boyevoy Otriad (military organization of the party) and knew what he was talking about, and he knew what kind of a job it was. I told him that it would have to be decided by the city committee of the Party, and that in the meantime he must keep quiet about it. He needed no warning, but I did it by force of habit.

The city committee decided to do it. There was no other way out.

A meeting of about a dozen members of the Boyevoy Otriad was called and the matter discussed. Some proposed to raid the state print shop of the government. We had some comrades working there. Another proposed to raid the print shop of the patriotic counter-revolutionary newspaper, we had many comrades also there. A copy of all important and confidential documents that were printed in those shops would come to the Social-Democratic Labor Party even before it reached the government offices for whom it was intended. Both proposals were rejected because those printshops were too big and had too many windows. It would require too many people to raid any one of them.

After considering a few other propositions we finally decided to raid a shop where we only had two party members working. One of them was a member of the Boyevoy Otriad. He gave a detailed map of the shop. The plan of the raid was worked out, a leader appointed and the date and time set.

At the appointed time two strangers came into the shop thru the rear door and began to talk to the workers. At the same time two "customers" came into the office and began to ask prices for printing. A few minutes later two other "customers" came in, and at the same time three other strangers came in thru the back door, and a few minutes later two more appeared.

One of the comrades who came in thru the rear door went into the office to report to the leader that all of our people were inside and at their appointed places. The "customers" suddenly changed the subject and informed the owner and the manager that the office and printshop are now under the control of the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party.

"We will not remain here very long," explained the leader. "We will just print a few thousand copies of the Vyborg appeal. You can go about your business, we will not interfere. You may talk to your customers and use the telephone if you will not mention anything about us. No one present will be able to leave the place now, but those that may come in will be allowed to go if you will keep silent about our business here." The comrade also explained that there were about a dozen members of the Boyevoy Otriad in the building and that everyone of them was armed. The owner understood the situation and submitted. He was unable to act otherwise anyway.

The leader and two other comrades remained in the office watching the doors, windows and telephone. All the rest remained in the shop taking up strategic positions at the windows and doors.

The printers began to set up the appeal. They did not need any urging; two of them were party members, most of the others were sympathizers. They worked at top speed. In about forty-five minutes two compositions of the appeal were ready, locked into the forms and on the press. The pressman, who was also a sympathizer, began to run off the appeal at full speed. Altogether it took about two and a half hours to complete the job.

In the meantime customers were coming and going freely without suspecting that there was anything wrong. Business were conducted also on the telephone.

When the circulars were finished and wrapped up, the leader asked one of the comrades for a boy to carry out the bundle from the office to avoid suspicion on the street. A "printers' devil" was recommended. The leader asked the owner what he will charge for the job, but the latter

refused to accept anything. He wanted to get rid of the unwelcome guests as quickly as possible.

The comrades began to leave the shop as they came in twos and threes. The boy carrying the bundle went out with the first comrades to leave the place. He carried the bundle for about two blocks, and then our comrades took it. The boy was offered a tip, "na chay," according to the old Russian custom, but refused to accept it, remarking: "I don't want to take any money from the party." He was a lad of about twelve. His wages were probably four or five rubles per month.

When the last two comrades to leave the office were going down the stairs, they met a police captain going up, accompanied by a policeman. The comrades hastened to disappear.

Research Department Book Reviews

A BOURGEOIS LOOKS AT THE CLASS STRUGGLE.

By EARL R. BROWDER.

"Social Classes in Post-War Europe," by Lothrop Stoddard, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925, 2.00.

MR. STODDARD has given us a very interesting picture of the class struggle as it is reflected in the bourgeois mind. In part a very objective study of the changes in class relationship brot about by the war, even tho not at all profound when it touches post-war phenomena, it is in the other parts typically expressive of bourgeois prejudices and limitations, and of fanatical horror of the "proletariat." Its greatest significance lies in the fact that it expresses the consciousness of the ruling classes that they all live today on the top of a social volcano which, at almost any moment, may erupt and bury them beneath the lava of revolution.

No one can accuse Mr. Stoddard of ignoring the important factors in modern society. His previous books are, for example: "Racial Realities in Europe," dealing with a very real problem of the national minorities, altho obscured under the lingo of race—"Nordic, Mediterranean, Alpines," etc.—a problem which the bourgeoisie does not and cannot understand, but which it knows exists; his book "The Revolt Against Civilization," with its sub-title "The Menace of the Under Man," which trembles at the spectacle of the rise of the proletariat, and shouts a warning to the bourgeoisie that the "Barbarians within the walls" are about to destroy civilization—but finds no way by which the "barbarians," the workers, can be expelled; and his book, "The Rising Tide of Color," which deals with the revolt of the colonial and semi-colonial peoples of the East. Certainly Mr. Stoddard has been trying to understand the problems which threaten the existence of his "civilization," and if his results look poor and meagre to those who have read Lenin, this must be blamed, not upon lack of effort, but upon the social astigmatism of the bourgeoisie.

The author deals in turn with the peasants, the urban working class, the middle classes, the intellectuals, and the upper classes. And each is examined principally as to its effectiveness in combatting—Communism. He takes great comfort from the fact that "where proletarian revolutions were unsuccessfully attempted, the peasantry always took a prominent part in their suppression," ignoring the equally pertinent fact, that where the proletarian revolution was successful it was in alliance with the peasantry.

Mr. Stoddard's knowledge of "the menace of Communism" is woefully lacking in one supposed to have studied it deeply. He says such things as "clear-sighted Communists have frankly recognized in the peasants their most irreconcilable opponents," altho it has long been established that such an attitude, if it can be called Communism, would have to be characterized at least as very short-sighted. Also, his bland disregard of well-known facts about Russia, which allows him in 1925 to write

One of the comrades working in the shop told me later on that when the police captain came into the shop, he thought that we were all arrested and that all was up. One of the composers still had the composition on a galley and when he noticed the police he almost fainted. The comrade hastened to take away from him the galley and while the police captain tried to read the type, slowly dumped it in a "pl" box. The pressman, as soon as the composition was taken off the press destroyed all remaining impressions. Not a trace of the circulars was left in the shop.

The police captain, without suspecting anything, had just happened to drop in on one of his usual visits.

If he had happened to drop in a little earlier there would have been some fireworks there.

of "Russia's disrupted industrial life," of the 1920 census proving the decay of urban life so that cities are "little better than deserted ruins," makes him and his book more than a little ridiculous. The report of the British trade union delegation on Russia has effectively immunized the world from such fairy tales.

Of the chapter on the working class, the most noteworthy feature is the (unintentional) treatment of the Communists as the only proponents of an independent policy for the working class, while the "moderates" and social-democrats are treated for what they are, agents of the existing order of society, of the bourgeoisie. If the author had realized the full implications of such treatment, he would doubtless have written in more diplomatic language; his admiration for the servile qualities of the socialists would not have overcome his desire to protect their usefulness to the upper classes.

"Everywhere the middle classes have been depressed and impoverished since 1914," says Mr. Stoddard. He holds out no hopes of regaining the old comfort and security for these classes in the near future. And out of their present misery, which in Europe is indeed deep, what is the way out even in the distant future? Stoddard sees, and applauds, only the movements of the middle classes directed to crushing the working class, the strike-breaking organizations and the fascists. These, by restoring the "stability" of the old order, may gradually restore in a few generations the middle classes to their former high estate.

As for the intellectuals, Mr. Stoddard pictures their plight as one of extreme desperation. They are given not even the slender hopes of the other middle classes for future betterment. Learning and culture, it would seem, will wither and decay, unless subsidized by the dollars of Morgan, Rockefeller & Co. And out of this abyss, created for the intellectuals by capitalism, Mr. Stoddard tells them to win their way—by fighting against Bolshevism.

The upper classes—the financial-industrial plutocracy and the landed aristocracy—are pictured as considerably shaken, by the events of 1919-20, when "it looked for a moment as tho the red tide were destined to sweep westward at least as far as the Rhine," but as now re-consolidating themselves. Against this the most serious obstacle he sees in "the cessation of that close understanding between the upper classes," caused by the diverging economic interests of landlords and industrialists, which, however, is overcome by the fact that "aristocracy and plutocracy alike have a dangerous enemy in Communism." "It appears certain that, if Communism again becomes dangerously active, the upper classes will at once reforge their alliance and present a solid front against the common foe."

A very class-conscious book, this, and designed to assist the enemies of the working class more effectively to crush it and "keep it in its place." Studied for what it is, it may be of use to the workers, just as it is always of value, in war, to study the plans of the enemy.