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Robert Minor
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Born
April 10, 1870

LENIN

Died
Jan. 21, 1924

From the "Big Five" to the "Big Two"

Growth of Monopoly in the Meat Packing Industry.

By GERTRUDE WELSH.
(Research Department, W. P. of A.)

NOWHERE else in the United States is the victimization of consumers by means of monopoly-fixed prices carried on with such extensiveness and such success as in the slaughtering and meat packing industry. This industry cannot be equalled for the number of products, by-products and services held under control by the fewest possible capitalists. Ten years ago, these few were the "Big Five" companies of Armour, Swift, Morris, Wilson and Cudahy. With the purchase of the Morris firm by the Armour interests in 1923, they became the "Big Four." Latest news on the subject, however, (February, 1925) reduces the "Big Four" to the "Big Two," Armour and Swift, whose companies together slaughtered 47.7 per cent of the total number of animals passed by federal inspection in 1924.

"Big Two" Control Food Prices.

Along with this increasing concentration of control in the meat packing industry has come an expansion of activity that has made the "Big Two" predominant not only in this field, but in almost every field of food production. Factors that made possible the growth of the packing industry and its easy manipulation of prices by a handful of men were equally effective in bringing other industries under their domination.

Their vast distribution system of refrigeration and "peddler" cars, with the advantages arising from private car lines, icing stations, cold storage plants and a network of branch houses, not to mention the control of real estate sites, of banks, of trade periodicals, as well as of stockyards, made possible their invasion of the wholesale grocery trade. In one year, the four packing firms, but more especially Armour and Swift, sold over \$2,000,000,000 worth of groceries.

Strategic Points Occupied.

As many as 674 different articles of general utility were enumerated in a list published in 1919 as commodities distributed by the five largest packing companies. Included were such diverse products as Coca Cola and fence posts, curled hair and Red Dog flour, molasses, musical strings, potash, putty containers, tallow and tile.

Especially, in the field of meat substitutes have the big packers strained themselves to occupy strategic points,—to such an extent that they have annually handled, for instance, over one-half of the interstate commerce in poultry, eggs and cheese,—and play a leading part in distributing canned vegetables and fruits.

Dictatorship of the Packers.

Among the companies in which the big packers have obtained interests large enough to be dictatorial influences are the cattle-loan companies which make the necessary loans to growers and feeders of livestock, and railways and private car lines transporting live stock and manufactured animal products, as well as most important stock yards and cold storage plants.

They are interested in banks from which their competitors are forced to borrow; in companies supplying machinery, ice, salt, materials, etc.; they are the principal dealers on the provision exchanges where future prices in animal products are determined; they or their subsidiary companies deal in hides, oleo, etc., even purchasing these by-products from the smaller packers unable to carry on their manufacture.

From rendering fats from what would otherwise be wasted in their own factories, they have reached out to secure the waste fat and bones in local butcher shops in large sections of the country. In some instances, they are even interested in companies

contracting for the disposal of the garbage of large cities!

Packers and Bankers Fuse.

As meat-packing is the largest industry in the United States both as to the value of its raw material and the value of its products, banks are especially important to the packers. And on the other hand, because of the quick stock turn-over and the enormity of profits, meat packing is of tempting interest to bankers. So the fusion of banking capital with this industry's capital is pronounced. It is estimated that the "Big Two" own stock in or are represented on the directorates (thru relatives or personally) of at least 74 banks, with capital aggregating almost \$4,000,000,000. These include Wall Street's bulwark, the National City Bank, of which J. Ogden Armour is a director.

Besides this, some of the most powerful groups in the country, the Chase National Bank, Guaranty Trust Co., Kuhn, Loeb and company, Wm. Salomon and company and Hallgarten and company now own the Wilson packing firms, warmly welcomed by both Armour and Swift, who are said to have remarked that this arrangement is "most satisfactory."

No Limit, Says U. S. Report.

"There is virtually no limit to the possible expense of the big packers' wholesale merchandising short of the complete monopolization of the primary distribution of the nation's food," according to the statement of the United States federal trade commission in 1919.

This statement came as the result of the last of a prolonged series of costly, exhaustive government investigations of the meat packing industry. The "Big Five" packers at that time were judged guilty of a gigantic conspiratorial combination in restraint of trade. Definite recommendations were made that the government acquire the ownership of the means of transportation, storage and marketing held by them, leaving only the slaughtering houses in their hands. Added to this was the proposal that municipal abattoirs be opened as soon as practical.

Six volumes of incriminating data (under the Sherman anti-trust laws) were gathered by the commission, sufficient to make claims of "free competition" smell as bad as did the spoiled beef the packers sold the government for its soldiers, despite the fact that it was given an acid bath.

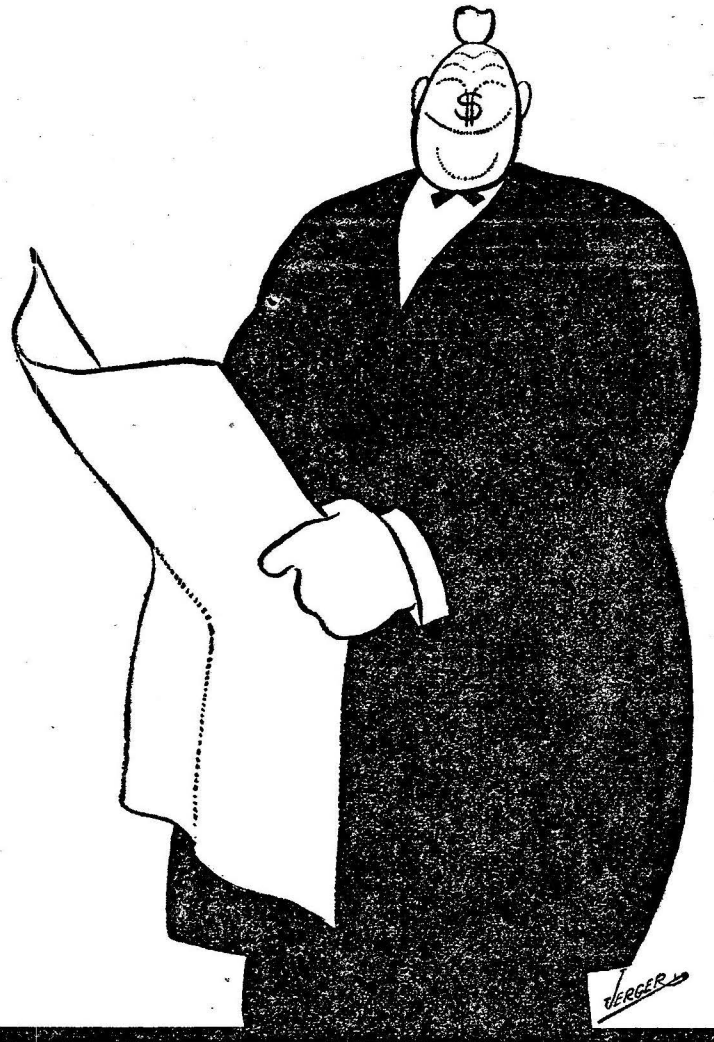
U. S. Government Lends a Hand.

And the packers likewise "sold" the government as far as the investigation was concerned. As might readily be imagined, the government did not attempt to carry out the commission's recommendations, which practically instructed it to monopolize the meat-packing industry,—but allowed itself to be monopolized instead. As a result, almost every action of congress, of the department of agriculture or of the supreme court since the report, has been of such benefit to the big packers that they couldn't have prospered more if they themselves had been the government.

"Punishing" the Packers.

However, certain legal motions of "spanking" the packers were pompously performed by the supreme court in order to deceive the public into the belief that it had been "saved." Feb. 27, 1920, the U. S. attorney general filed with the court a petition alleging unlawful combination between the "Big Five" and asking "relief."

In reply, the packers entered a "consent" decree, in which they agreed to dis-combine, but stipulating that their offer should be understood as coming from persons "innocent" of combination. "The keenest competition exists between us," they asserted. Certain steps believed necessary by the attorney general to unscramble the packers' omelette were outlined, embodying requirements supposed to be fulfilled within two years.



"Nine Hundred Per Cent Dividend!"

Nash Motor stock pays 900 per cent dividend! The big automobile companies are doing well. The little automobile companies are being swallowed up. This is the period in which monopoly rules. It is also the period of the proletarian revolution.

The two years had scarcely begun to pass before strenuous efforts were made to have the decree modified, packers bringing pressure to bear from many sources. This move was led by the California Co-operative Canneries, whose contract with Armour and company was to have been cancelled as the result of the decree's admonition that no packer engage in the distribution of products unrelated to his industry.

Wholesale Grocers Protest.

The California case brot an interesting turn of events. Two wholesale grocers' associations,—the Southern and the National, filed petitions in which they took a positive stand against modification of the "consent" decree to permit packers to continue their operations in the wholesale grocery business and thus subject grocers to unfair packer competition because of the financial power of the packers and their superior advantages in transportation.

That the grocers were right in their contentions was borne out by the commission's report, which had stated that the packers' immense selling organization "assures them almost certain supremacy in any line of food stuffs that they want to handle" and that, "at the present rate of expansion, within a few years the big packers would control the wholesale distribution of the nation's food supply."

It seems to be a law of capitalist economics that it takes a trust to bust a trust. And, of course, the mightiest trust wins. So the allegedly budding wholesale grocers' trust didn't stand a chance when face to face with the "Big Five" in the court of appeals.

This court declared, humorously enough, on June 2, 1924, that "If . . . the wholesale grocers are using the decree against the packers to strengthen and build up a giant monopoly in their own various and varied lines of business, there would seem to be demand for a searching inquiry as to whether or not the court is being used as an agency to restrain one monopoly and thereby promote, the 'Big Two.'"

strengthen and build up another. Clearly it is not the policy of an antitrust act to accomplish this result." (!)

A year following the postponement of the case, April, 1925, the court announced that the "packer consent" decree had been suspended, and on May 9, that it had been wiped out. Here ends another chapter of a government's fruitless, futile and fraudulent efforts to "regulate" monopolies.

As a testimonial to the "benefits" of government investigations, the following extract from the letter of the chairman of the federal trade commission considered by the United States president, Calvin Coolidge, in February, 1925, is illuminating:

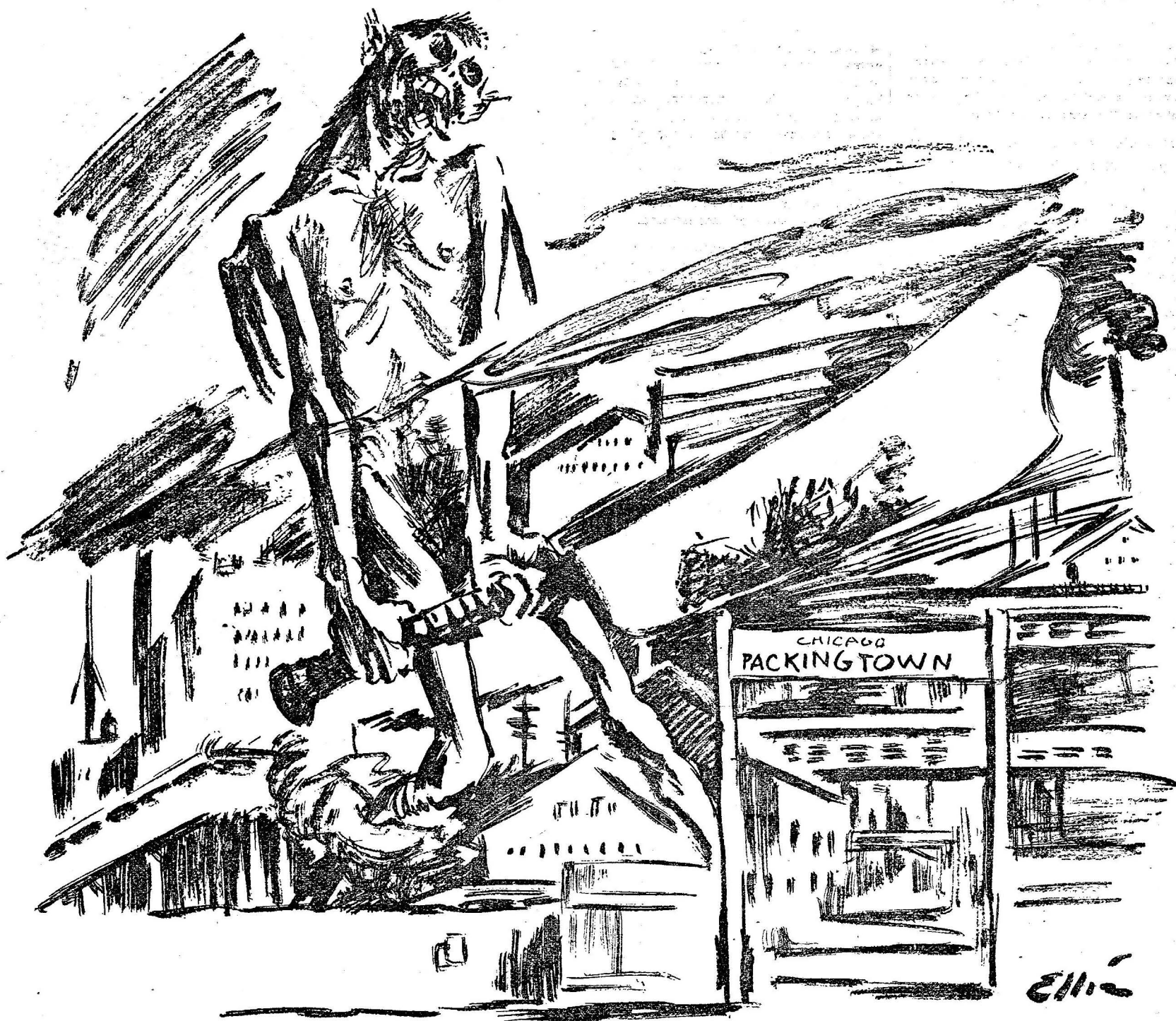
From "Big Five" to "Big Two."

"Probably the most significant change that has occurred recently in the relative sizes of the different packer groups has been brot about thru the purchase of the business of Morris and company by Armour and company. By this acquisition Armour and company increased its proportion of the total inspected slaughter of all animals from 17.4 per cent in 1923 to 23.5 per cent in 1924, which practically equals the Swift and company proportion last year of 24.2.

"The combined slaughter of Armour and company and Swift and company for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1924, was 47.7 of the total slaughter of all animals and 78.7 per cent of the group formerly known as the 'Big Five.' The other surviving members of this group, Wilson and company (inc.) and the Cudahy Packing company, last year slaughtered 12.9 per cent of the total inspected slaughter and only 21.3 per cent of the 'Big Five' proportion of the total.

"These differences in the two big packer groups make it apparent that there is no longer a 'Big Five' or, strictly speaking, even a 'Big Four.' With Armour and company and Swift and company today slaughtering practically 48 per cent of the total kill it is more proper to refer to them as one monopoly and thereby promote, the 'Big Two.'"

The Fiend of Packingtown



The Slave-Driving System in Chicago Meat Packing Industry, Recently Intensified, Spells Terror for the Workers.

LENIN, THE COMRADE

By Nikolai Bucharin.

LENIN is dead. Never again shall we see that mighty forehead, that powerful head from which revolutionary energy radiated in all directions, those lively, piercing, attentive eyes, those hard, strong hands, that whole firm-hewn figure that stood at the borderline between two epochs in the life of mankind. Now it is destroyed, the central station of proletarian thought, will, feeling, which speeded like unseen currents along a million wires to all parts of our planet where proletarian hearts beat, where the building of the consciousness of a great class goes on, where weapons are forged for the fight for liberation.

Dear! Unforgotten! Great!

Comrade Lenin is the only man whose like will not return for centuries. Nature and history created in him a wonderful combination of mighty intellect, superhuman will, personal courage and rare humanness, which is peculiar only to the elect. It was the completeness of all these forces which gave us the genius of Vladimir Ilyich. Comrade Lenin was first of all, a leader, a chief of the kind that history gives to mankind once in a hundred years, and by whose name an epoch is known. He was the mightiest organizer of the masses. Like a giant he walked in the forefront of the stream of men, giving direction to its movement, building out of innumerable human units a disciplined army of labor, throwing this army into the struggle, crushing the enemy, mastering elementary forces, lighting with the searchlight

of his mighty intellect both the straight ways and the dark alleys where sounds the rhythmical tramping when the gray lines of the workers march under the banner of revolt.

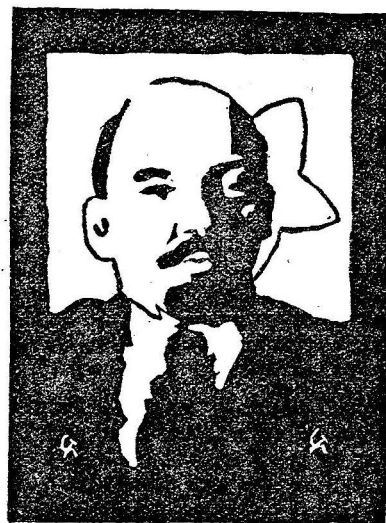
What was it that made Lenin such a gifted spokesman of the millions?

It was first of all his unusual instinct for the problems of the masses. Lenin had some kind of unexplained sixth sense, which allowed him to hear with his sensitive ears the grass growing under the earth, to hear how subterranean creeks leap and ripple, and the thoughts that grow in the minds of the innumerable workers on the earth. He could listen to these as nobody else. Patiently and attentively he listened to the soldier of the old army, to the peasant from the remote border province, to the metal worker. Thru a chance talk with a peasant woman he felt the pulse of the peasantry. By the questions written on scraps of paper and passed up to the speaker at a meeting, he knew the ways of the thoughts of the working class. Out of every man he could, with an ability peculiar to himself, pull out thousands of threads of thought—a group of social connections with complicated tangles and knots—and before his eyes there rose the picture of the life of millions, of the class relations in an immense country. Lenin had a peculiar ability to talk with men, to approach them, so that they came to him with all their doubts, their needs and questions. With all of them Lenin found a common speech. Hating with all the power of his mighty soul the enemies of the working class, breaking abruptly with them,—decisively and irrevocably—Lenin could nevertheless

patiently convince and clear up the doubts of "his own," the struggling working people. That was his peculiar attraction. He fascinated men. They came to him not as to a chieftain, even of the proletarian army, but as to the best friend, comrade, the wisest, most experienced counsellor. And he bound men to himself with bonds no power could break. Can there be found in history another leader of such caliber, who has been so loved by his closest co-workers? All these had towards him a peculiar feeling. They literally loved him. They appreciated not only his mighty brain and iron hand. No. He bound men to himself with bonds of intimacy, he was an intimate friend, a relative. He was in the full sense of the word a comrade—a great word, to which the future belongs. So shall the relations between all men yet become...

The utmost simplicity was the main feature of Lenin's policy. It was not the simplicity of the naive. It was the simplicity of genius. He found simple words, simple slogans, simple solutions of the most complicated problems. Nothing was so alien to him as evasion, pretense, sophistry. He hated all that, scorned that damned inheritance of the past which still clings to us. He understood the value of the matter-of-fact and hated deeply all empty fuss.

Lenin led the party and thru the party all the toilers. He was a dictator in the best sense of the word. Concentrating in himself the essence of the stream of life, remodeling in the wonderful laboratory of his brain the experience of hundred and thousands, he at the same time led with a strong hand as a man of power, as an author-



Vladimir Ilyitch Ulianov (Lenin)
A drawing by Abe Stolar.

ity, as a mighty chief. He never daggged along at the rear, he never merely registered events after they had happened. He could go against the stream with the whole power of his passionate temperament. So must the true leader of the masses be.

Comrade Lenin is gone from us forever. Forever. Let us transmit all the love we felt for him to his own child, his own successor—to our party. May it live in his spirit, in his understanding, in his will, in his self-effacing courage, in his devotion to the working class. May we all together listen as attentively to the masses as did Lenin—our common leader, our wise teacher, our dear, irreplaceable comrade.

THE GREAT REBEL

By L. KAMENEV.

LENIN was born to stand in the forefront of millions, during the most catastrophic, the most rebellious, the most revolutionary epoch in the history of the world, and lead them into the struggle.

He was born on the shores of the Volga, at the border between Europe and Asia. As if foreseeing this epoch of the greatest upheavals, decades of wars and revolutions, history created this leader who was the incarnation of all the glowing revolutionary passion and the unswerving determination of a class which "has nothing to lose but its chains," and which is destined to "conquer the world."

History equipped him with the highest achievement of world culture, a weapon forged by the greatest geniuses of mankind—the weapon of scientific socialism, Marxism.

And history saturated him with the feeling of upheaval, rebellion, revolt; the passionate feeling of discontent and revolution which for centuries had been accumulating in the "lower regions" of mankind, in the alleys of industrial towns, among the colonial slaves, was alive in his breast and directed his iron will.

From the depths of history they come, these surges of mutiny and upheaval which shake the world. Thru these the suppressed masses of slaves made themselves known to their masters, slaves for whom history up to that time had been only changes in the forms of slavery.

The long chain of volcanic revolutionary eruptions which light the path of mankind was the red thread in his development. For Lenin these were never mere objects for historical research, as for Kautsky or Plechanov. No. After the Paris Commune it was Lenin and only Lenin who—as if with the silent consent of the suppressed millions—took up and continued in theory and practice this red thread of world history.

Without neglecting the smallest detail, without refusing the humblest everyday task, able to wait when it was expedient and to take a risk when the situation demanded it, Lenin prepared systematically, perseveringly, unceasingly, the upheaval of the millions against the world of suppression and violence.

But he not only continued the work of the great rebels.

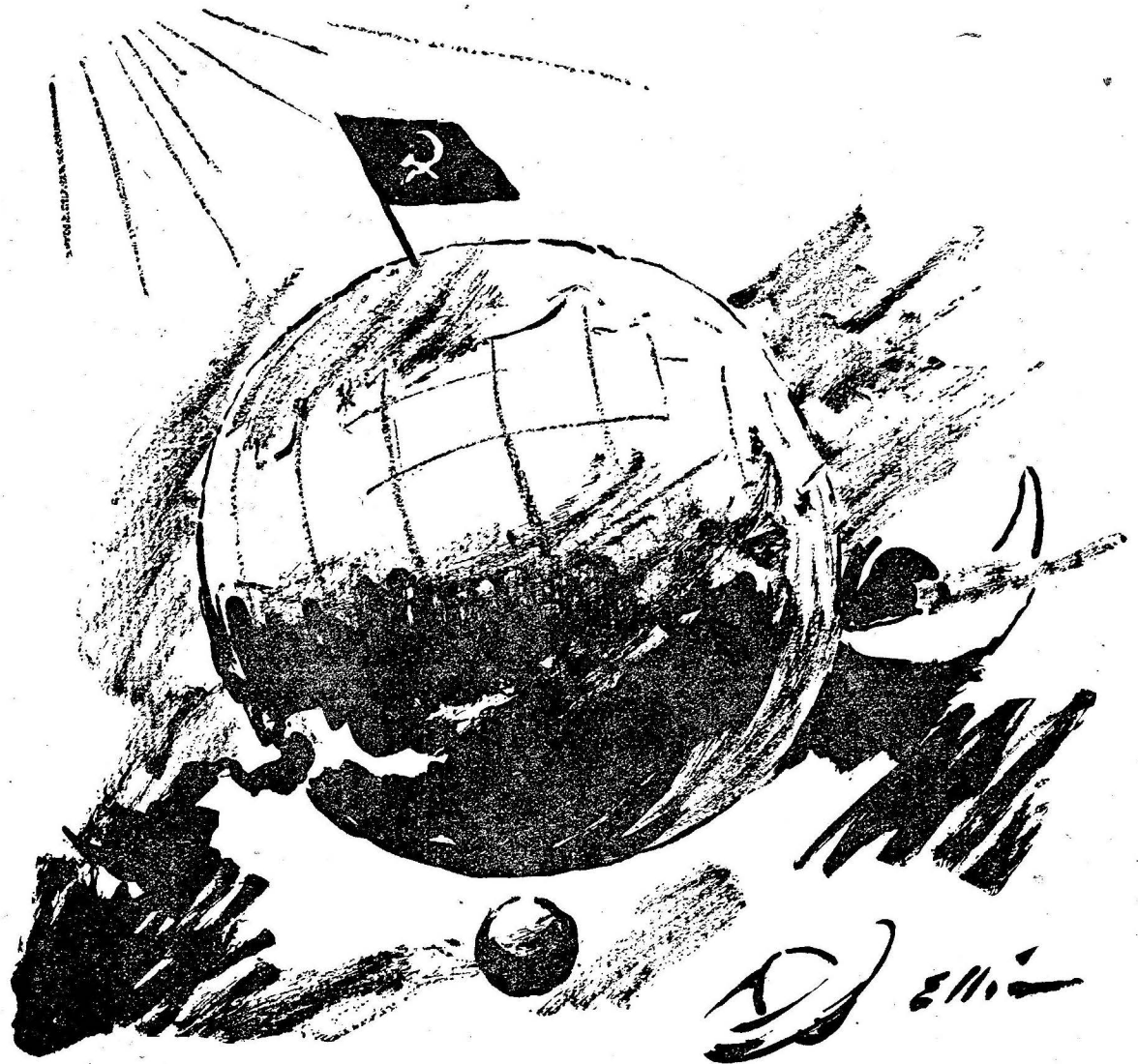
Together with the proletariat Lenin prepared the rebellion with the purpose of the seizure of power by the proletariat.

To rise with the purpose to conquer; to conquer with the purpose of seizing power, to seize power in order to begin to recreate the world with the mighty proletarian iron hand in union with all suppressed. This is the thought of every worker. So, that Lenin; for this he lived, for this he worked, and in this work he died.

Revolt must be made secure thru dictatorship; without securing the gains by the dictatorship of the masses even a successful uprising is not a victory but at best only a step toward victory—this fact was hammered into Lenin by all the past history, by the fruitless attempts of toiling mankind to liberate itself from its masters; against the dictatorship of the minority the dictatorship of the majority; against the dictatorship of the "uppers" the dictatorship of the "lowly," all other theories are a misleading of the people, treachery, a weakness of that or a weakness of will, "priestliness" or "Tolstoyism,"—this was the theory of Lenin, and this theory was only the formulation of the hard historical experiences, bought at an immensely high price, of millions and again millions of men.

It was no accident that fighting mankind received its great leader from Russia.

For it was in Russia, the great borderland between the west and the



"We are filled with firm faith in the inevitable victory of the all-world Soviet power."—Lenin.

(See article by Lenin on page 7 of this issue)

"Lenin Is Dead"

The Speech of Nadieshda Krupskaya in the Second Soviet Convention of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

COMRADES:

My words will have little resemblance to a parliamentary speech. But I think that when I speak to the representatives of the working peoples' republics, to close and dear comrades who are to build up life on a new basis, I need not bind myself by any of the conventions.

During these last days, as I stood at the bier of Vladimir Ilyich, I thought back over his life. His heart beat with love for all toilers, for all the oppressed. He never said this himself, and I would not say it in a less solemn moment. I speak of it because he inherited this sentiment from the heroic revolutionary movement of Russia. It drove him to a passionate, burning search for an answer to the question: What means are there to the liberation of the working people? He got the answer from Marx. He went to Marx, not as a literary man. He went to Marx as a man who seeks the answer to aching, compelling questions. He got the answer. With this answer he went to the workers. It was in the 1890's. He could not appear at meetings. He went to the workers' circles in Petersburg. He went to tell what he had found out from Marx, to tell about the answers he had gotten, but he went to the

east, the whirlpool of the greatest controversies, on the battlefield where hundreds of millions of workers and peasants fought their anguished and heroic fight for liberation from Asiatic czarism and European capitalism, that a leader could develop and harden who could lead the working class over the threshold of the new epoch.

Here was forged and here took its first political embodiment, the idea of the proletariat which gathers

workers, not as a teacher from above, but as a comrade. He not only spoke, he listened to what the workers had to say. And the workers in Petersburg told him not only about the everyday questions in the factory, not only about oppression, but they told about country life too. In the Trade Union Hall at the bier of Vladimir Ilyich, I saw one worker who at that time belonged to the circle. He is a peasant from Tula. This peasant, who was a worker in the factory of Semenikov, said to Vladimir Ilyich, "Here in the city it is difficult for me to explain things; I will go back to my home in the Tula province and tell my people, the other peasants, all that you have said. They will believe me. I am one of them. There we have no gendarmes."

We are now used to speaking a great deal about the cooperation between workers and peasants. This cooperation was given us by history, because the Russian worker is partly worker and partly a peasant.

The work among the workers in Petersburg, discussions with them, attentive listening to their talk, helped Vladimir Ilyich to understand the great teaching of Marx, that the proletariat is the advance guard of all the toiling people. In this fact, that

around itself the peasants in order to strike a definite blow against capitalism, the idea of the union of the workers and peasants. Lenin made this slogan a formula for world-wide liberation, made it into a powder mine which will blow up the whole structure of world imperialism.

This idea knits into a united, mighty irresistible stream, the proletarian class movement in the great western cities and the revolutionary movement of the Indian villages and the Chinese

it is the advance guard, and that all the working masses will follow the proletariat, in this lies the power of the proletariat, of its victory. Only as the leader of all the working people can the proletariat be victorious.

Vladimir Ilyich learned this when he worked among the workers of Petersburg. This idea guided all of his further activity, every step of it. He wanted the proletariat to have power, he realized that the proletariat needs this power, not to build an easy life for itself at the cost of other workers; he realized that the historic task of the proletariat is the liberation of all oppressed working people.

This basic idea characterized all his activity.

Comrades, representatives of the Soviet Republics, of the working peoples' republics, I turn to you, I beg you to take this idea of Vladimir Ilyich in your very heart.

Vladimir Ilyich, our loved, our own, is dead. Comrades, Communists, raise high this precious banner of Lenin!

Comrades, working men and women! Peasants men and women! Working people of the whole world! Gather together under the banner of Lenin, under the banner of Communism.

peasants; it fashions Communism into a hitherto unknown power, deep and strong, which guarantees victory all over the world.

With the torch of Lenin in its hands, the toiling masses of the world march forward from the epoch of elementary, scattered efforts at liberation into the epoch of victorious revolutions, which will make victory secure with the dictatorial power of the working class.

Lenin and the Trade Unions

Great Revolutionary Chief was Best of All Trade Union Leaders, Says American Communist.

By WILLIAM F. DUNNE.

TRADE unionists are considered by themselves, by certain sections of the capitalist class with whom they come into conflict on wage questions and by the so-called intelligentsia, to be eminently practical people. They are supposed to have little knowledge of and less use for theory, to be wholly absorbed in the concrete questions arising from their daily struggles.

To some extent this conception is true and just to the extent to which it is true are the trade unions weak.

VLADIMIR ILYITCH LENIN was also an eminently practical person as the world's capitalists, whose armies and economic blockades failed to crush the young Russian revolution guided by Lenin and the Russian Communist Party, are able to testify tearfully.

The Russian trade unions became the foundation of the Soviet power mainly because the Bolsheviks, following the policy of Lenin in the trade unions, were able to correctly estimate the role of the trade unions and by correct tactics transform the daily struggles of the unions into a conscious struggle against Russian czarism and capitalism.

Lenin's trade union practice was the result of the application of a correct theory. Lenin himself said: "Without a correct theory, correct practice is impossible."

PRECISELY because of the necessity which forces trade unions to expend their energy in solving practical problems, just because of their role as the protectors of the living standards of the workers and because this brings them into combat with the employers in dozens of different ways, ranging from the veiled struggle of negotiations to the most bitter and bloody strikes, trade unionists should study the writings of Lenin. They will find trade union questions given the most extensive treatment by the greatest leader the working class has ever had, they will find that Lenin noted, considered and solved every question of strategy and tactics which confronts the trade unions today.

LENIN was the world's greatest trade unionist, altho he never belonged to one, because it was Lenin who first understood clearly the tremendous potential power of the trade unions—the mass organizations of the workers—and set for himself the task of bringing that power into play, extending it and consolidating it in the struggle against the capitalists and the capitalist state.

Lenin rejected the theory that the trade unions were mere "bread and butter" organizations altho he never underestimated their importance even in this respect. Instead he showed that in the period of imperialism, the final stage of capitalism, the apparently insignificant demands of the unions for slight wage increases and better living conditions, when these develop a mass character, bring the unions into conflict with the capitalist state because, as the instrument for the suppression of the working class, the state must and does, in the interest of the capitalist class, fight against the mass demands of the workers.

FOR Lenin every struggle of the workers for organization, for better working conditions, for wages, had deep significance. The story is told of Lenin that in 1903 the strike of some Petrograd workers, for whom he had written a simple program of immediate demands, to obtain an increase in the tea ration, indicated an awakening and a will to struggle which later developed into the great revolution of 1905.

The "practical" bureaucrats and the middle class advisers of the trade unions who attempt to keep the minds of the trade unionists fixed only on the daily struggles as ends in themselves, appear "practical" only because this doctrine fits in with the needs and desires of the capitalists.

Such practicality is the practicality of bootlickers who kiss the dust from the footwear of the bosses because

they can thus show their loyalty while doing some practical menial labor at the same time.

Such practicality degrades both the bootlickers and the trade unions.

LENIN'S practicality was a revolutionary practicality. He asked but one question when considering trade union struggles:

"How can the struggle be conducted so as to best serve the immediate needs of the workers and increase the power of the working class as against that of their oppressors?"

In finding an answer to this question Lenin rendered to the trade unionists of the world and to the whole working class one of his greatest services. It is characteristic of Lenin's method, the Marxian dialectic method which considers all problems of the class struggle as part of the whole, that the treacherous role of the trade union bureaucracy in the present period, was made clear in Lenin's analysis of imperialism as was the revolutionary role of the colonial and semi-colonial labor and peasant movements as allies of the working class in the daily and revolutionary struggle.

THE bureaucrats, said Lenin, are part of the apparatus of imperialism together with certain privileged upper strata of the trade unions. The Leninist strategy and tactics in the trade unions are based on the now completely proven fact that these groups, because they are bribed and debauched by a portion of the super-profit sweated from the conquered colonial peoples, hamper, betray and divide the labor movement. In the United States that section of the workers and the bureaucracy which profits from banking and insurance schemes, which accepts and encourages the installation of the B. & O. plan and other forms of company unionism, are participating in the super-profits of imperialism and betraying the class interests of the trade unions and the whole working class.

LENINISM in practice in the American trade unions becomes an uncompromising struggle against the bureaucracy—the agents of imperialism in the unions. This struggle is necessary not only because of the counter-revolutionary character of the bureaucracy but because it sabotages even the struggle for increased wages, shorter hours and a higher living standard for the great mass of organized workers. It wars on the most conscious and militant section of the organized workers with the aid of the bosses, the state and the police. It tries to lead the whole trade union movement into the capitalist camp.

President Green of the A. F. of L., speaking before the chamber of commerce in Newark, Ohio, a few days ago, said that "there is no room for class hatred or the class struggle in America. The American labor movement has accepted the existing order."

AGAINST this policy of surrender Leninism mobilizes the masses of the trade unionists. Precisely because of the reactionary character of the trade union officialdom, their role of imperialist agents and because of the function of the trade unions as centers of resistance of the workers under capitalism, mass organs of struggle during the revolutionary period and as organizers of production and the basis of the working class government after the revolution, in alliance with the exploited farmers and farm workers, Lenin insisted and proved that it simply plays into the hands of the capitalists and the officialdom for the masses to leave the trade unions.

The trade unions must be won for the class struggle, said Lenin, in spite of the efforts of the bureaucrats to split and disrupt them and this can be done only by staying in the unions and exposing, in the course of the struggle, the true character of the bureaucrats as saboteurs of the class struggle.

TO Lenin the trade unions were not something to be separated from



the Communist Party and the rest of the working class. He set forth the view now accepted by millions of conscious and militant workers as follows:

"The engine is the party, its cogs grip the cogs of the trade union wheel and set them into motion, the trade unions set in motion the greater masses."

"That the unions are made up of workers is not enough. They represent an organization of their

class only if they pursue a class line, a class policy."

Following the teachings of Lenin, incorporated into the policy and program of the Communist International which Lenin organized, and led until his death, the Workers (Communist) Party of America, in its work in the trade unions, strives always to imbue the unions with knowledge of the theory and tactics of the class struggle as formulated by the world's greatest exponent and champion of the class interests of the workers—Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin.

TERROR

By J. S. WALLACE.

THE radiant mind,
The flaming heart,
The iron arm,
The furious fist.

The leaping plan,
The launching word,
The urgent eye,
The stopless step.

The underfed,
The overworked,
The sought and shot,
The Bolshevik.

Bubbles, bloated to bursting,
Toadstools, towering to noon,
Lords of our little era,
He will confront you soon—

Samson, shaking your cities,
Vulcan, burning their base,
What will you do when he leaves
And meets you, face to face?

Leading a host behind him,
All of the world's unfed,
All who have worked beyond their need
To dine beyond the dead.

All of the mutilated,
All of the spirit-starved,
The scars of all your centuries
Upon their faces carved.

How will you fight or flee him,
How will you stay his wrath,
Who holds your power, in all its height,
A pebble in his path?

THE BEYOND—By Henri Barbusse

(TRANSLATED BY LYDIA GIBSON.)

(Synopsis of the first instalment.)

The story opens with Hubert Allen, a young aviator, speeding back to the city from the palace of the Baron de Ghest, where a great ball is in progress, the height of luxury and splendor. The Baron, a very powerful financier, had chosen Allen to undertake an air raid on China after the altitude contest for the Zenith Cup, which is to take place in two days. The scene is the Riviera, a winter resort, on the southern coast of France. Allen is excited about the air raid, believing that it will bring him fame and money, and about the winning of the Zenith Cup, which will make it possible for him to marry Carla, a young girl, before leaving for China. He goes at dawn to the flying field to inspect his plane, and sees the workers coming wearily to work in the Baron's factories in terrible contrast to the beauty and luxury of the ball. Later, he calls upon Mark, the chemist, who is carrying on experiments in poison gas and high explosives in the laboratories of the Baron's factories. Mark mentions his new asphyxiating gas. Allen then goes to see his old aunt who is harmlessly insane in an asylum. She warns him mysteriously of the "race to death" and of "Moloch, the man of steel and gold."

(Continued From Last Saturday)

V.

THE day of the altitude contest—the Zenith Cup. Fine weather. All is well.

Eight o'clock. I am on my way to the flying field, where my plane awaits me, and I have a notion to arrive at the last minute.

The city, fairy-like in the limpid light, is animated. Busy, noisy in the full happy sunlight which bathes everything. Ocean Avenue, planted with plane-trees, seems to squirm under its shell of automobiles. The vast hotels and the scintillating shop-fronts, trimmed with gold, filled with every Parisian luxury, rush by on either hand. Behind the plate glass enormous cargoes of candied fruits decked out in ribbons overwhelm the stomach of the passer-by, and drug-stores bring back one's thoughts to the skeleton of invalidism in this winter resort. The Casino, manufactory of new fortunes is silhouetted against the sky.

And then the edge of the sea, dense azure. Rocks, aloes, palm-trees and umbrella-pines: the smell of eucalyptus, at the same time gamey and medicinal, the myrtle and mastic bushes as solid and dry as lamps, the heavy smells of vegetation outlined in space, a sort of cubism of odors.

Sumptuous villas with columns, flocks of gulls in great crowds like fans, the endless bells of the larks. A wall where the morning sunlight sketches a tapestry of black leaves with the shadows of neighboring trees. A cabin and a field transfused in the sun: a salad field half salad and half silver.

A barbarous shell of posters one on top of the other covers the vast wooden gateway: a gigantic funnel of automobiles and crowds: the flying-field.

On foot I worm my way through the crowd, elbowed by friendliness. The grand-stand that grew out of the ground in two days is crowded with personages, beaded gowns, red draperies, and the flags of all nations.

Carla... there she is, with her mother, in the first row. She comes to me and we talk to each other awhile, a little apart from the others. Nothing exists for me but Carla during that moment beside the hangar. All the rest around us, nothing but a neat picture out of an illustrated weekly. She is exquisite, timid. Her gaze comes up to me with an appealing fervor. My hand rests on her gracious shoulder, a kiss coming at the same moment from myself and from her, a kiss abated into a gesture. She does not speak, but in her throat there is a cooing sound.

There isn't any doubt that I am more excited today than usual: The final hustle of departure passes like a dream—I can't remember how—and here I am hurled into the air. Ringing in my head, shrill as little bells, are my last words with my mechanic: "Goodby, little Renaud!" "Thanks, boss, good-by!", and Carla's lifted face which falls, falls into the depths, drowned by the harsh wind gushing past me, and the loud noise of the engine.

All the while that I take in a flash of the eye the ant-hill that is the flying-field, the flags of many colors already fading in the distance, and the white and rose town spread out in one view, I think about the engine. It is everything. It is in me. I am all around my engine. I sense it deeply, deeply, as I sense my lungs and heart—in the oblique tunnel of the hurricane.

I must make the maximum of height in the total time, two hours. I stretch out invisible spires, dizzy aspirations, I fall toward the roundure of the sky as if the world were upside down. Through the smallest crack in my armor the sharp wind claws its way and chills me to the bone. The propeller turns so fast

that it darkens space, and I am beaten, like a naked bather, by the hollow substance of emptiness.

At six hundred metres, in the cataract of wind, the ground is nothing but a card. Three square little boxes on the flying-field. The town is one house, melted into a cloth on the geographic contour of the country. The sea is the sea.

Little spots: the other contestants starting at intervals of one minute. Atoms of airplanes leaping toward me as though I drew them along the cavernous miles. These mosquitoes have the same organs and the same hopes as I.

VI.

FOR a long time I climb higher. There comes the moment of monotony, when disheartenment fastens me in its vise. I never escape it. Then it passes, drowned in mounting space. I rise higher.

But the earth rises with me! What is it? Ah, ah! what's the matter?

Absurd. Everything has become dark down below. A fantastic floor of clouds is built in the twinkling of an eye, and bright points gleam in it. Here I am transported above a planet of night and storm. Good God! I distinctly see the planes of Jean Minor, Ralph Tuck and Cartesimo capsizing in a furious and fiery mist!

I am lifted up, tossed, even though I am well above the universal inky pall which has leapt up from below in a flash. I navigate in a tangled torrent of wind. A scattering of lightnings. Then silence, and a calm which sets me again in equilibrium. The thick fog falls again, hiding from view the terrestrial depths, like a swamp of mud.

My plane descends like a corpse. There is something wrong with it, something isn't working. Help!... No, it's taking hold... Between two moments of cramping anguish, I have time to think: "Too bad, I had a good start."

After falling kilometers, I see the earth. It is strewn with high columns of smoke.

My eyes search the scene. The great hangar is shattered. The grand-stand is burning.

The crowd? I do not see it yet. I do not see it. All the time I am falling straight down, dizzily, I see the trees growing. There is nobody.

I land fairly easily, in an absolute silence.

An earthquake! They have had them here in the past. And then a panic, the people have disappeared.

I land two hundred yards behind the wooden grand-stand, a corner of which is going up in flames and black plumes of smoke. I round the corner of the high flag-trimmed structure.

It is full of people, walled with heads! Men, women, standing in groups, sitting in their places, conversing, turned toward one another.

Anguish, like a solid thing, seizes upon my stomach. I approach and nobody moves.

Someone is standing in front of me, cane in hand. I speak to him as I come nearer—my voice breathless, hoarse.

"Eh! you there... Pardon me!"

What, is the fellow deaf? I go up to him. He doesn't move, is looking the other way. I put my hand on his arm. He doesn't move... he doesn't move. A little harder... he falls over backward. Dead, dead! He was standing there, but he was dead.

I turn my haggard eyes here, there, in the thick crowd... not the slightest movement anywhere.

These are not people, these are mannikins... these are corpses.

Killed, every one of them, killed instantaneously by the explosion.

I take faltering steps, attracted, repulsed, by each figure. The nearest now, there, in the blue coat within reach of my hand: Morel, the mechanic. He looks up in the air, leaning on the balustrade. I slap him on the shoulder.

His fixed and blinded eye, this tranquil eternal grimace, the stubborn rigidity of his shoulder which yields and comes back to his place.

I stride up the steps of the building, searching for some-one who still breathes. But no one here is breathing any more. And very soon I recoil from these rows of bodies that keep all the appearance of life. In the fraction of a second, death has immobilized them in whatever attitude it met. Death has traced and petrified with their bodies the passing gesture, and has made massive photographs! Exquisitely dressed, charming scarecrows, with

black satin or blue silk eyes... if I try to talk to them I shall go mad.

Several have fallen forward or backward—their gestures have overbalanced them—but the mechanical immobilization was so quick, so hard and so complete, that almost all, even standing and without outside support, are balanced, stiffened like trees or crosses.

Immobility is a most terrible thing. It is a thing that goes crescendo, that grows, that drags itself out, that exasperates the beholder. Immobility drives me mad, and not only now: even a statue, even a drawing, a caricature, ends by frightening me if I look too long.

My knees melt under me with terror, I kneel on the ground in this abominable desert, my hands desperate. My head is whirling in a nausea of fright. I know that I cannot any longer see what I see, this rich harvest of death upon the earth. I cannot grasp the size of the catastrophe.

I groan. Ah, good god, better the welter of bodies of the damned (such as I imagined the next war) than this crowd of carnal phantoms peacefully copying life with one single never-to-be-finished gesture. Enough! This will destroy my reason. I run straight ahead.

Then I stop, suddenly thinking of the telephone. I run to the booth, I ring, I ring, I ring again: nothing.

Why doesn't someone answer? what are they doing, the others?

Suddenly an idea, like a blow: Carla.

She wasn't in the grand-stand. Am I sure? I rush back. By the force of my will alone I bear again the sight of that terrible innumerable spectacle. I explore again the ranks of the spectators. I look quickly, quickly I turn away my eyes; my eyes are like a wound in my head from the sight. She is not on that stage scrawled with gestures, spotted with white dresses, so horribly empty.

All these people must have been electrocuted: I remember the zig-zags of lightning above which my plane staggered. Ah, ah, it's simpler than that... I get it! There—one of the workshops—the experimental laboratory—is replaced by a smoking crater. What do I want with my earthquakes and electrocutions: romantic and ridiculous hypothesis! It's more crudely simple than that. It's the invention: the military invention has breathed on these hundreds of people. The explosives and the gas that Mark was talking about. The accidental firing of some gigantic new explosive has plowed this crater and has unloosed the new poison gas, the infernal gas, when the storage tanks were shattered. This is the reason of the interminable immobility of this multitude.

Carla... she has gone back to the hotel, of course. I breathe again.

As for me, I must get away from this accursed place. I run toward the automobiles. I don't want to see anything except what is just in front of me. I avoid creatures standing like card-houses, bodies that have tumbled to the ground, killed and stiffened before they had time to fall, and these are in strange fantastic poses like overturned statues after a riot. Others are crushed and broken in wrecked automobiles, or under them, or beside them.

That's logical: the breath of death and the driverless machine smashed itself against the first obstacles. But they didn't know; all of them, even the most mangled, even those torn open to show the threads and sponges of their insides, have calm faces that seem to smile and speak...

Near the gate, a long row of automobiles. I throw myself in one, I tear it from the earth. I flee like the wind. At the board fence by the gate, I see a group of workmen... "Hep!" I grind on the brakes (I who never use brakes!) I skid and barely touch one—who falls down. Their familiar poses deceived me: they too, wax dummies. I jam on the accelerator, the car leaps forward. I hurl myself away from the stony motionlessness of all these sinister images.

Villas... shall I go into them? Yes... no... I pass them. I want to reach the town. I engulf myself in Ocean Avenue, high valley perpendicular to the sun, all sparkling at the lower end with shops.

Silence on the sunlit town, speckled in the distance with sunshades and white silhouettes.

But nothing that moves. Nothing...

I jump out of the car that I have stopped in the middle of the street. I plunge into the first door. Nobody in this shop. Yes, a man lifting a blind. I go to him, speak to him, touch him. He trembles and goes down, with his arms still raised, and the reflection of the sunlight outside runs over his enamelled eyes.

Soviet Power and the Position of Woman - by LENIN

THE second anniversary of Soviet power impels us to make a general survey of that which has been achieved during this time, and to contemplate the significance and purpose of the transformation that has been accomplished.

The bourgeoisie and its partisans accuse us of the violation of democracy. We assert that the Soviet overturn gave an impetus to the development of a democracy of both a depth and a breadth hitherto unseen in this world; and that a democracy precisely for the toiling masses oppressed by capitalism—consequently a democracy for the overwhelming majority of the people, consequently a socialist democracy (for the toilers) in distinction from a bourgeois democracy (for the exploiters, the capitalists, the rich).

Who is right?

To penetrate thoroughly into this question, to comprehend it more deeply, means to take stock of two years' experience and better to prepare for its further development.

The position of woman explains with particular clarity the difference between bourgeois and socialist democracy, especially clearly answers the above question.

In a bourgeois republic (i. e., where there is private ownership of land, factories, mills, stocks and so forth) even though it may be the most democratic republic, the position of woman, nowhere in the world, not in a single most advanced country, has become one of full equality. And this notwithstanding the fact that from the time of the great French (bourgeois-democratic) revolution more than a century and a half has elapsed.

Bourgeois democracy in words promises equality and liberty. In reality not one, not even the most advanced bourgeois republic, has given to the feminine half of human kind either full equality with man before the law, or freedom from guardianship and oppression by man.

Bourgeois democracy is a democracy of pompous phrases, solemn words, grandiloquent promises, loud slogans of liberty and equality, but in reality this conceals the lack of freedom, the non-equality of woman, the lack of freedom and the non-equality of the toiling and the exploited.

Soviet or socialist democracy sweeps aside the pompous but false words and declares a merciless war on the hypocrisy of the "democratic" landowners, capital-

ists or well-fed peasants, who prosper on the speculative sale of surplus bread to the hungry workers.

Down with this abominable lie! There cannot be, there is not and will not be "equality" of the oppressed with the oppressors, of the exploited with the exploiters. There cannot be, there is not and will not be real "liberty" while there is no liberty for woman from the privileges established by law in favor of man, liberty for the worker from the yoke of capital, liberty for the toiling peasant from the yoke of the capitalist, the landowner and the merchant.

Let the liars and hypocrites, the blockheads and the blind, the bourgeois and their adherents deceive the people by speaking of liberty in general and equality in general, of democracy in general.

We say to the workers and peasants—tear the mask off of these liars, open the eyes of the blind ones. Ask: "Equality of which sex with what sex?"

"Which nation with what nations?"

"Which class with what class?"

"Liberty from what yoke or from what class? Liberty for what class?"

Whoever speaks of politics, of democracy, of liberty, of equality, of socialism, without raising these questions, without placing them in the forefront, without fighting against the hiding, the concealment and obliteration of these questions,—is the worst enemy of the toilers, is a wolf in sheep's skin, is the most malevolent opponent of the workers and peasants, is the servant of the landowners, czars and capitalists.

Within two years, in one of the most backward countries of Europe, the Soviet power has done as much for the emancipation of woman, for her equality with the "strong" sex, as well as all the foremost, enlightened "democratic" republics of the world together have done in a hundred and thirty years.

Enlightenment, culture, civilization, liberty,—in all the capitalistic, bourgeois republics of the world these pompous words are joined together with incredibly base, repulsively foul, bestially coarse laws of inequality of women under the legal code of marriage and divorce, of inequality for an illegitimate child as compared with a "lawful" child, of privileges for men and degradation and insults for women.

The yoke of capital, the pressure of "sacred" private property, the despotism of bourgeois dullness, of

His fall breaks some bottles on the counter. Here too, then? Ah, ah...

Automobiles all along the avenue, parked along the curbs, or twisted and wrecked by the shock of a wall or a tree. A cart has stopped in the middle of the street with a huge wooden horse with a big black glass eye.

It's the end of life! A little rubbish on the pavement, not much: little disorder. Things aren't disturbed. It's outside the zone of the explosion... but it's the end of life. The chemical agent has penetrated everywhere, everywhere the moving-picture of the world is stopped short.

What, everywhere?... Cold sweat, strangled breath. Everywhere... what?

Is it possible? I laugh aloud at the stupidity of the question, which I asked myself aloud.

I leg it at a gallop in one direction, then in another.

Who am I, where am I, what am I doing? Go on... make certain, go to the post office, to the railway station. There will be the telegraph ticker that...

I see the superhuman persistence of that gesture, even to decomposition, even to dust. And that other man, who was lighting a cigarette, and whom death blew out at the same time as his match, that monumental second will become hundreds and thousands of years.

At this moment I feel a thought within my depths—a thought that weighs like lead: I must go to Carla. But I do not want to. It is she, of all creatures, who terrifies me most.

Flight. The road, the road! Or better, the airplane. I didn't think of that before. I must be crazy. I must run after life and overtake it by force.

NO, not that, not at all. I feel myself nailed here.

Suddenly that terror that made me jerk like a marionette on a string, changes to an immense exaltation.

I, I alone, I am everything!

Without a pause, I march to the middle of the street like a Potentate, like an unchained Pharaoh. This multitude is Mine. It is concentrated where I am. It puffs me up. Here am I entering the conquered city. The supernatural silence is my security, my serenity, my incense.

Someone moved there... Someone... Who has dared to move? Eh, it was a flap of tin in the wind.

I stand still in my tracks, stupefied by this wave of ferocious despotism—and enormous happiness!—that breaks over me.

It seems that as I timidly adapt myself to the enormous casualty, I have only primitive, new, glowing feelings—like a savage, like the first man.

I go into a jeweler's shop. At the rear are human shapes that I glimpse but do not look at. I reach into the bowls of unset gems and strew them on the floor.

Again in the street. I, I alone.

What shall I do? I am hungry. I go into a bakery, drawn by the odor. I take cakes, I eat them, I go away.

These acts have put me solidly and directly in contact with the prodigiousness of the reality around me, so that in spite of myself I forget to some extent: What to do? Well, whatever I want to.

petty-bourgeois avarice,—that is what has prevented even the most democratic republics of the bourgeoisie from making any attempt against these foul and base laws.

The Soviet Republic, the republic of workers and peasants, has swept away these laws all at once, has not left a stone unturned in the structure of bourgeois lies and bourgeois hypocrisy.

Down with this lie! Down with the liars who talk of liberty and equality for all while there is an oppressed sex, while there are classes of oppressors, while there are those who are stuffed with surplus while enslaving the hungry. Not liberty for all, not equality for all, but struggle against the oppressors and exploiters—the demolition of the possibility to oppress and to exploit. This is our slogan:

Liberty and equality for the oppressed sex!

Liberty and equality for the worker, for the toiling peasant!

Struggle against the oppressors, struggle against the capitalists, struggle against the speculator-kulak!

This is our fighting slogan, this is our proletarian truth, the truth of struggle against capital, the truth which we have flung into the face of the capitalist world with its sweet-tasting, hypocritical, puffed-up phrases of liberty and equality in general, of liberty and equality for all.

And exactly because we tore away the mask of this hypocrisy, because with revolutionary energy we are accomplishing this liberty and equality for the oppressed and for the toilers against—the oppressors, against the capitalists, against the kulaks,—exactly for this reason the Soviet power has become so dear to the workers of all the world.

Exactly for this reason, on the day of the second anniversary of Soviet power, in all the countries of the world the sympathy of the working masses, the sympathy of the oppressed and exploited—is on our side.

Exactly for this reason, on the day of the second anniversary of the Soviet power, in spite of hunger and cold, in spite of all our misfortunes inflicted upon us by the invasion of the Russian Soviet Republic by the imperialists, we are filled with firm faith in the justice of our cause, with firm faith in the inevitable victory of the all-world Soviet power.

Everything is mine, riches... and secrets, then! The impressive thing about my grandeur is that it is not a bundle of dreams and imagination, but real, immediate, positive, decipherable. I am actually, in all simplicity, the king of everything.

I can go anywhere into the most hidden chambers in the depths of houses, palaces, private and public monuments, a Robinson Crusoe in a city of phenomenal riches. I can take my eyes and hands into any sanctuary it pleases me to haunt, among the fresh ruins. I am the prey of vast forces that lead me on, and of a new passion—oh, oh, a sharp new joy seizes me in every fibre: Curiosity.

How far could that smothering extermination have reached? Perhaps... No, that's impossible. During one moment I thought that perhaps I was king of the whole world: France, Italy, Europe...

Carla... I must go immediately to the Grand Hotel where she and her mother are staying. Yes, I must. I am afraid, but I must see her. Courage! I must get that drama over with first.

The four great glass leaves of the revolving door turn on the doorstep. The palace is encumbered with peaceful spectres who are soldered in the corners, in armchairs, at the elevator cage. I search each face one after the other. No...

I go upstairs. A shape has been waiting for hours on the landing to let me pass. No. 51. That's the room. I break the panel with a hammer I picked up on the way. I go in.

The room is empty: they weren't here. Our little spirit is so miserable, so petty, that I sigh with relief!

On the mahogany lies her opal ring. I shiver before that little essential particle of her, remaining there.

A flower, thrown aside and fallen to the floor, has not had time to fade. Tears come to my eyes: that portrait...

The landing on the stairs; the rows of doors. Then Hell begins.

(To be continued next week in the New Saturday Magazine Supplement of the Daily Worker—The issue of Saturday, January 23.)

Ford System Comes to Pullman Car Shops

THE great Pullman Car shops have introduced the Ford system of production. The cars are strung out in line. The workers are driven to work at top speed. There is no waste of time any more by the workers moving from one job to the other as they finish their work. Once a day the cars are pulled forward. The old system of contracting out the work at definite rates is done away with. We in the Pullman shops, are not told any more in advance at what rates we are going to be paid for our work. But no matter how we rush, and try hard, and sweat,—at the end of the week we find out that under the new system we can make at the most only six or seven dollars per day, while before, working much easier, we were able to make eight and nine dollars.

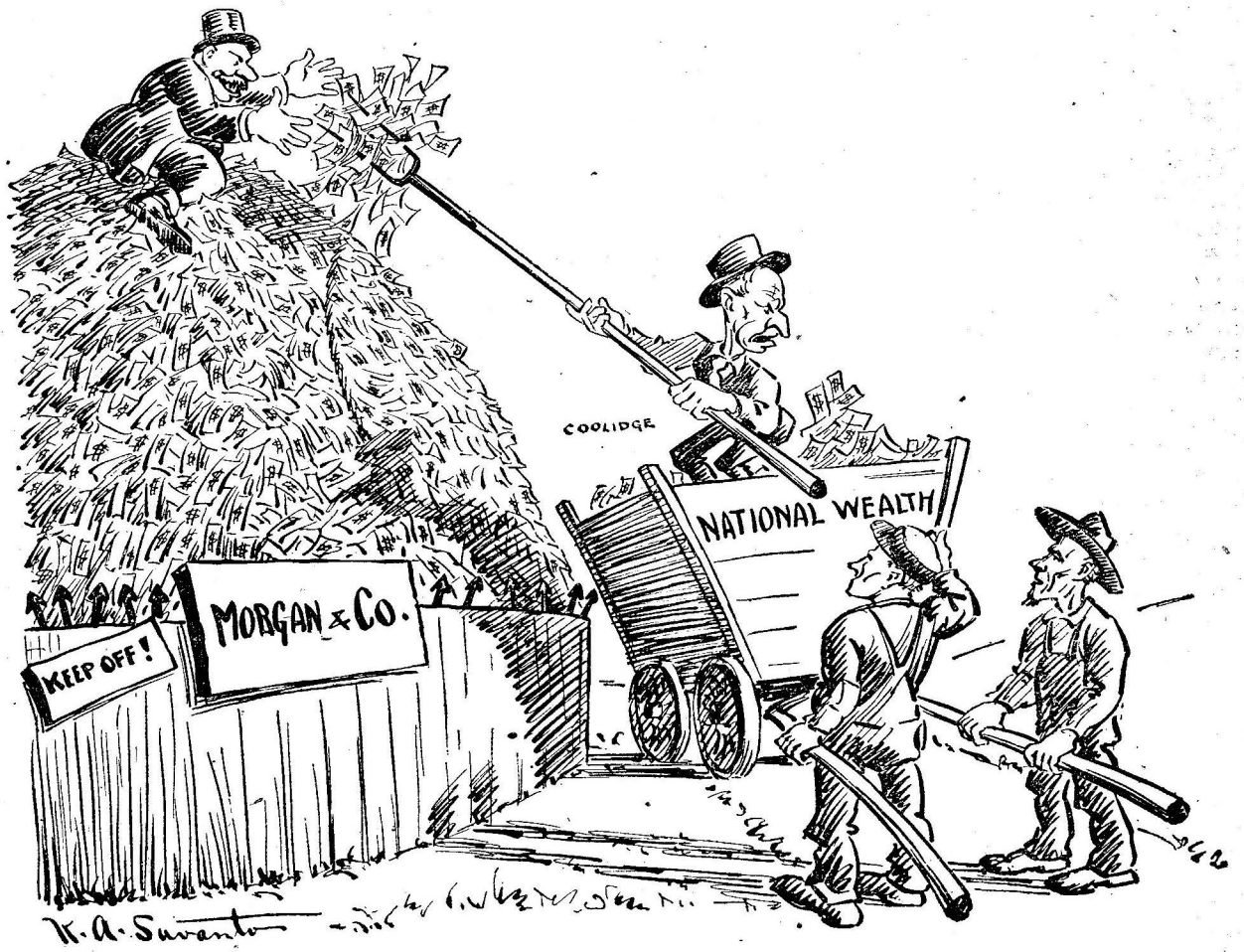
This means that while our production increases, our wages are cut down about 25 per cent.

The new system is certainly profitable for lousy Lowden and other parasites, who own the Pullman plant, but it is hell for the workers.

How does it happen that the workers accepted the change of the old system of production for the new one? Well, first of all, when the change was made, no one asked us whether we would agree to it or not. And, secondly, even now, after the change is made, the bosses never ask us how we like it. They simply forced their new system on us.

Here is how the game was played by the bosses:

During September of last year they began to cut down work and discharged workers in the freight car and passenger car departments. Then they stopped all work in both of these departments. The workers were thrown into the street. Only the foremen remained in the shops. They still kept on the roll about 500 workers of the passenger steel erection department. The discharge of all workers opened the way for the introduction of the new system. There was nobody in the shops to fight against it. The Pullman management did not set a definite day for the opening of the shops, and for weeks the hundreds of jobless workers who were still on the rolls would come to the gates asking for work.—“Nothing doing today”—was the answer to them for weeks. These jobless men were used as a whip over the heads of the few workers, who were hired back to help the foreman in trying out the new system.



Coolidge, the "Farmer's Son."

All of the petty bosses and a few of the workers were put together into the passenger car department, and here the work was started at the top notch speed. Any worker who did not prove himself fast enough to satisfy the bosses was fired and a new one taken in his place. There were enough men at the gates.

The bosses compelled the workers to do ten hours work in eight hours, and they succeeded.

The chief slave driver, whom the Pullman management put in charge of introducing the new system is a fellow by the name of Harry Reed. But the rest of the petty bosses are also competing with one another as to who can squeeze out more profit from the sweat of the toiling workers.

For the time being the exploiters succeeded in licking the workers. The workers are full of hatred against the exploiters, but with a jobless army

at the gate they dare not yet offer resistance.

We must recognize that we ourselves helped the exploiters to defeat us, and we must learn the lesson.

In 1924 we had a good chance to organize the Pullman shops. The Railway Carmen's Union came to our assistance in the strikes we had at the time. But the mass of the workers did not respond to the call for organization. And now the parasites do with us as they please. They reduced our wages and make us work harder.

What can we do, what must we do

now? We must build our union, we must strengthen our organization. Every Pullman worker must join the union now, today. Don't wait for tomorrow to do it. There are several locals of the Railway Carmen's Union. Join one of them.

Don't lose courage. Build your organization. And when the time comes to fight for better wages, against the speed-up system, against ruthless discharges, we will be in a better position to fight.

A Group of Pullman Workers.

"New York City Opens Its Heart to Poor and Needy."

By PAULINE SCHULMAN.

HOLIDAY cheer for the poor. Santa made his rounds in a city that glowed with the spirit of Christmas. Turkey and chicken dinners were served free. Down in dark rooms in dismal houses joy swept in on the wings of laughter. Three thousand bags (there was a demand for five thousand tho) were distributed, each containing a sweater, a coat, a dress or a suit, two pairs of stockings, candies, and cakes.

"The gift of the elks to the Bowery mission at 227 Bowery added to the big stock of good things which the officials had already assembled there. More of the Bowery habitues are in evidence this year than in any of recent times according to officials, and the demand on the holiday was correspondingly larger. Four hundred and fifty men, of whom about 80 percent were homeless and jobless, sat down to turkey et al,—it was an unusual feast. The homeless were stunned by the fact that the waiters were tuxedoed, and one of these homeless said he was particularly pleased with what he called the atmosphere." (Of course, he was in a warm house.—P. S.)

Thus the New York Times eulogizes the rich for bringing cheer to a fringe of the unemployed on one day in the year. That the Times cannot bother every day to tell us of the poverty and suffering of the most miserable victims of the capitalist system, is quite natural. It has more important items to speak of, such as divorce cases, love affairs of the rich parasites and such like. It is not for the Times to enter upon an analysis of the reason why thousands of men and women who have lost the privilege of toiling in the factories must come and beg for the coats and sweaters which they

themselves produced in hundreds of thousands. The Times certainly will forget about the bread which, every day of the year and not only on Christmas, these hungry ones are in need of. The dark rooms continue to exist in dismal houses the day after Christmas is over—shadowed by the resplendant lights of Broadway.

It was only one week after Christmas the same Times told us how the New Year was greeted by joyous crowds. According to the money spent on New Year's Eve "the country was prosperous." Evidently the poor unemployed did not exist any longer for the Times.

And we surely cannot expect that the Times the World the New York American, or any other of these newspapers, shall pay any attention to them.

This certainly is left to no other newspaper to do but The DAILY WORKER—the paper which gives its entire energy to the working masses and demands bread and a lot more for the unemployed every day in the year—not only on Christmas. Yes! It is The DAILY WORKER, the only Communist paper in the English language in this country which stands up, speaks for these exploited, deprived and downtrodden workers for whose condition nothing else but capitalism is responsible.

What does The DAILY WORKER mean to workers? It serves as the compass on a war cruiser, pointing out the line of danger and directing the course to successful battle and finally to the harbor of safety.

The DAILY WORKER is the beacon light in the darkness for the workers in the United States. It directs the daily struggle to free the workers from the bondage of such "hearts" as the bourgeois city "has opened for them on Christmas day."



Capitalist imperialism depends upon using the trade unions and the "socialist" parties as its best supports. All socialist parties everywhere have become a crutch of decaying capitalism. The trade unions, however, can and will be won away from the support of capitalism.

In Search of a Big Back Yard

By MANUEL GOMEZ.

SECRETARY of Commerce Hoover is now indisputably the central figure in the president's cabinet. Of the entire galaxy of millionaire functionaries with which Coolidge has surrounded himself, Hoover is the only one who has any sense of unified, co-ordinated governmental policy embracing various fields. As a result he has had to absorb to the department of commerce many functions (such as the bureau of mines and the leasing of naval reserves) formerly belonging to other departments. Most conspicuous of all have been his incursions into the field of international relations. Secretary of State Kellogg indulges in official escapades and from time to time explains his mistakes in public, but Secretary Hoover's utterances on foreign affairs are nearly always connected with a definite objective. They are worth noting and pondering because they show us what the government is really striving for.

For the past few months Hoover has devoted himself with tremendous energy to writing articles, issuing statements and making speeches . . . about rubber. And now congress is engaged in a special rubber investigation, with Herbert Hoover as the star witness. Meantime, the government has conducted a widespread campaign encouraging American interests to acquire lands suitable for rubber growing. Harvey S. Firestone has startled the world with his reported acquisition of an immense rubber empire in Liberia. Machinery has been set into motion to modify the land laws of the Philippine islands in order to make possible the establishment of vast rubber plantations "under the American flag." So imminent does this prospect appear to be that the Filipino nationalists, seeing their last forlorn hope of independence under the Jones law going glimmering, have raised the cry of alarm throughout the islands. Undoubtedly rubber has suddenly become a factor of considerable significance in American and international policy.

The climax was reached a few days ago in the congressional investigating committee when Mr. Hoover, shaking a figurative but none the less defiant fist in the direction of Great Britain, fulminated about "a growing menace in international commerce and relations." Apparently not all the conflicts of the world were settled at Locarno!

The essence of the great rubber problem is a struggle between American tire manufacturers and British rubber producers. Ownership of vast plantations in the Dutch East Indies gives the British a virtual monopoly of the world's rubber supply. Less than three years ago crude rubber was selling as low as 16 cents a pound. Rubber shares were steadily declining on the London stock exchange: the British rubber companies were at the mercy of the American tire manufacturers, who constitute their greatest market. Then the British government stepped to the forefront, adopting the now-famous Stevenson price control act limiting the production of rubber. Under the stimulus of the Stevenson act the price of rubber rose as high as \$1.25 a pound and has remained in the neighborhood of 90 cents. It is a perfect example of the methods of present-day monopolist capitalism, with a government functioning as the active political arm of gigantic business combines.

But that is only one-half of the picture, which is a moving picture, promising plenty of "action." Mr. Hoover makes his appearance here. He is highly indignant at the action of the British government in interfering with the divine law of supply and demand to the detriment of American tire interests. This, he says, is "governmental monopolization" and neither American business nor the U. S. government will stand for it. It is the principle of the thing—not to speak of the interest. With the old Wilsonian phrase-banners flying, the government of these United States steps boldly forward as the champion

of American business against foreign monopoly.

It is not only against Great Britain that the holy war on foreign monopoly is to be directed, nor is crude rubber the sole commodity involved. It was announced at the first session of Mr. Hoover's congressional investigating committee that the investigation would cover "artificial control of prices of rubber, coffee, Egyptian long staple cotton, camphor, iodine, nitrates, potash, mercury, and sisal."

To the average American worker or poor farmer, suffering day by day under the extortion of monopoly price in this land of the meat trust, the sugar trust, the harvester trust, the oil trust, the steel trust, and the copper trust, etc., it must seem decidedly curious to see the government get so excited about capitalist monopoly. Within the last few years the United States has been the scene of some of the biggest meat packing, textile, oil and banking mergers in history, and all of them have been officially approved by the government, which is now actually taking the lead in a move for consolidation of the railroads. As for systematic limitation of production, it has been practised openly within the past two years by American producers of sugar, tobacco and cotton. At this very moment there is in existence a U. S. government commission (established, incidentally, by Mr. Hoover's department) for the express purpose of maintaining the price of oil by assisting in curtailing production!

The Stevenson act in Great Britain was, after all, only a defensive measure against the American tire magnates who, knowing themselves to be the greatest consumers of crude rubber, had presented a united front to the producers and had forced the price of rubber so low that many British companies were thrown into bankruptcy. Sisal, which is mentioned as a "governmentally monopolized" commodity because Mexico produces 95 per cent of the world's supply, has had its price controlled not by the Mexican government or the state of Yucatan in which it is principally grown, but by the American harvester trust, which purchases practically the entire output. Every attempt of the Yucatan planters to protect themselves by pooling their sales has been ruthlessly crushed. The struggle of the U. S. government against "foreign monopoly" in sisal can only mean an effort to still further intrench the monopolist control of the International Harvester Co.

The Chicago Tribune is hard-boiled about the matter. In an editorial entitled, "Yes, We Have the Bananas. But—," it laments that "we have no rubber today." It proposes that we get the rubber in the same way that the United Fruit Co. got the bananas (which was by enslaving half the population of Central America and the small islands of the Caribbeans and establishing an imperial system of rule over them—with the aid of the U. S. government). The editorial then continues in the following strain:

"It would be better for Americans to drop morals out of their complaint against British prices. If there is any way by which government interference with supply could be stopped it is American interest to find it until American rubber in the American back yard can be produced. But we have no complaint in principle against the British. We cannot afford to have. It is our principle. If our cotton growers thought they could save themselves from hard times by restricting their output and raising the price in Lancaster they'd do it if half the mill workers in England were put on the street."

Thus it is apparent that American capitalism is hardly interested in attacking monopoly. The government's fight against British monopoly means, in fact, that it is simply supporting one group of monopolists against another.

Nearly every one of the "governmentally monopolized" commodities listed by congress for investigation is a raw material used in manufacture. This is very significant, for it reveals

the great changes in American economic development that are reflected in present-day foreign policy. It is not so very long since all the crude rubber consumed here could be purchased in South America, and there was no such thing as being dependent upon the British supply (even assuming that the British-owned plantations of the East Indies had existed at that time.) Not so, now. American capitalism, like all its powerful competitors in this imperialist epoch, finds it more and more difficult to secure dependable supplies of raw material for its industries. Wherefore the new wave of reasons for keeping the American flag flying in the Philippines—a tropical country where rubber might be grown, "in our own back yard," as the Tribune puts it. Wherefore Harvey Firestone's inspired move toward the conquest of a new back yard in Liberia. Wherefore the government's controversy with England and the warnings to other countries. The whole line of policy now put forward by Secretary Hoover marks the conscious and avowed participation of the United States in the worldwide struggle for possession of sources of raw materials.

On the one hand, such a policy implies sharp conflict with the similar aims of other great powers (like England); on the other hand, imperialist assaults upon the independence of less highly developed countries where supplies of raw materials are found. Under cover of Hoover's "open door" phrases we see a fight to dominate large sections of the globe.

In addition to rubber, Mr. Hoover's list of commodities includes coffee, sisal, nitrates, mercury, etc. What does it mean when our government undertakes a campaign against a "governmentally monopolized" article like coffee for instance? It is an open attack against Brazil—and Mr. Hoover told the congressional committee in so many words that President Coolidge was already "seeking to induce" Brazil to accede to the demands of the Wall Street Sugar and Coffee Exchange. The mention of sisal is a direct threat against Mexico. The mention of Chilean nitrates throws a white light upon the imperialist maneuvers of President Coolidge and General Pershing in the Tacna-Arica affair, and is a hint that they are to be continued. Mercury is included in the list as a challenge to Soviet Russia. We find ourselves face to face with a credo of American imperialism. If the rival claims of British, or French, or Japanese imperialism stand in the way they must be thrust aside.

With the rapid development of the American empire during the present century, the government has often fought openly on behalf of a particular group of American monopolists in a particular situation. Now the government makes a general declaration support^{ing} American monopolists in general against all their competitors. It is the voice of the financial oligarchy of Wall Street, whose in-

terests synthesize all the various industrial combines, through the unifying power of finance capital.

The voice of Wall Street dictated Secretary Hoover's "business" correspondence, copies of which he submitted in his speech before the congressional committee. The correspondence was between the department of commerce and state department and between the state department and the British and other governments. However, the communications did little good, Mr. Hoover declared. More vigorous action was needed.

"What he has learned of the secrets of governments which have set out to enrich their nationals at the expense of America," says the report of his speech in the New York Times, "Mr. Hoover deemed too sensational and inflammatory to submit to the committee in open session. He asked and was accorded an executive session in which he told the committee the inside story of these governmental manipulations and gave information on others now being contemplated. To have disclosed these matters openly, Mr. Hoover feared, would provoke international discord."

"We shall oppose foreign monopoly strenuously," Mr. Hoover is quoted as saying, "but there will be no reprisals or other offensive measures." And then he goes on to say: "The administration has asked American bankers not to finance the rubber, coffee or other monopolies, and the bankers have complied." He adds that we must be prepared to develop rival rubber plantations to those of Great Britain—perhaps in Panama or Colombia, perhaps in the Philippines. No reprisals indeed!

Capitalist competition is no longer the comparatively innocent competition of the cheaper article with the dearer. It has become a thing of competing imperialist monopolies, of great national trusts, armed and threatening. Any means to crush a rival are permissible. Cut-throat "dumping" schemes, limitation of production, tariff struggles, financial strangulation and wars!

Workers who imagine that this characterization is overdrawn need only to read the following paragraph from the newspaper report of Hoover's speech:

"The American commerce minister spoke gravely, deliberately, from a prepared statement, yet guardedly, with an evident aim to avoid sensationalism. But what he said drew the veil from a picture of great nations fighting future wars over the monopolizing of vital necessities of industry and life if tendencies now developing are allowed to go unchecked."

But it is not only a question of future wars. Wars like these have been the order of the day throughout the world for a number of years past. And the United States is part of a world system. American capitalism, as has been already indicated in this article, is not the only one seeking desperately for a big back yard.

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LENIN AND THE YOUTH

By WILL HERBERG.

"Upon the . . . youth organizations falls the gigantic task of struggling for revolutionary internationalism, for true socialism, against the dominant opportunism that has gone over to the side of the bourgeoisie."

IN this revolutionary call to the youth uttered by Lenin in the darkest days of the war we have the key to his conception of the role of the revolutionary youth in the class struggle the proletarian revolution. In the youth Lenin saw the bearers of the uncompromising struggle for true socialism, of the war to the end against the cancerous opportunism that had eaten into the very vitals of the international proletarian movement.

Why Did Lenin Turn to the Youth?

Why did Lenin thus turn to the youth? Was it for sentimental reasons, or was it because Lenin wished to set off the youth against the adults? Nothing of the kind! And it is in Lenin's analysis of the position and the role of the proletarian youth in capitalist society that we find ample evidence of the profound Marxist understanding and astounding ability to probe with a few deft strokes to the very depth of things that have made Lenin, beside Marx, the greatest leader the oppressed and exploited of the earth have ever had.

The Economic Sources of Opportunism.

The revolutionary spirit and the indomitable enthusiasm of the youth Lenin saw as the direct consequence of the effects of imperialism upon the working class, as the obverse of the opportunist rottenness and reformism that characterized the dominant social-democracy. Lenin analyzed very thoroly what Marx and Engels had suggested more than once—the influence of the development of imperialism upon the various tendencies in the working class movement. He showed how a certain portion of the immense super-profits wrung by finance-capital from the masses of the toilers and from the "backward" peo-

ples of the colonies thru the most merciless exploitation is used, in a great variety of ways, to corrupt a section of the working class of the home country and to raise that section to the position of an "aristocracy of labor." Insofar, therefore, as this skilled "labor aristocracy" profits from the few crumbs falling off the imperialist table, there tend to develop certain economic ties binding them to the imperialist bourgeoisie and giving them a certain interest in the maintenance of imperialism.

What can be the political reflex of this situation? What but a growing opportunism, a cancerous reformism that began to penetrate and spread thruout the whole of the labor movement. And the social-democratic party and the trade union bureaucracy—representatives of the labor aristocracy—began to reflect more and more clearly, in a hidden or open manner, the devastating corruption which imperialism was producing in the upper strata of the proletariat.

The Youth Remains Revolutionary.

The youth, however, was largely untouched by this cancerous corruption of opportunism. The youthful proletariat has no skilled aristocracy feeding on the crumbs from the imperialist feast. The laboring youth is almost exclusively unskilled and subject to the severest exploitation and oppression. Upon the youth, likewise, falls the full weight of the crushing militarism that characterizes the imperialist nation. It is the youth that forms the conscript armies sent to slaughter for the greater glory of finance-capital. It is the laboring youth in short that finds its lot the hardest of any section of the laboring masses.

In the youth therefore, untouched by imperialist corruption, as Lenin showed, opportunism can find no lodgement. In the youth reformist illusion can find no welcome. The youth has no long-standing opportunist traditions. The fiery enthusiasm of the toiling youth can not be dampened by the debilitating rottenness that succeeded in turning the



The serpent of capitalist imperialism tries to sneak his way into the labor movement. The shams, the cant, and the platitudes of imperialist ideology successfully poison a large part of the labor movement. But the youth of the working class can overcome this poison.

The Dentist Will Get His Fingers Bitten



The labor faker in the service of the boss wants to pull the teeth of the labor movement. By getting the reds—the militant members—out of the unions, he would make the unions toothless and harmless servants to the employers. But experience shows that in this case the patient bites the fingers of the faker dentist and will not have his teeth pulled.

whole structure of social democracy into a "whited sepulchre." The proletarian youth will stand firm for the revolutionary class struggle! The revolutionary youth bears death and destruction for the opportunist agents of the bourgeoisie!

That is why Lenin turned to the youth. Liebknecht had done this also and for identical reasons. But Liebknecht had "gone to the youth" blindly, one might say, without understanding the why and the wherefore. It was Lenin that laid bare the hidden social forces that contributed in raising the advanced proletarian youth as the bearers of uncompromising class struggle.

The Collapse of the Social-Democracy at the Outbreak of War.

It was the war, above everything else, that proved in the most striking fashion the correctness of Lenin's analysis. What Lenin had foretold happened! The official social-democracy turned over to the military general staffs its whole organization which had a hold, ideologically and organizationally, upon millions of workers. Social-democratic leaders fairly glori- ed in falling over each other to betray the workers and to send them into the armies of imperialism. One way or the other, either the open social chauvinism of Scheidemann or the hypocritical centrist social-pacifism of Kautsky—all ended in the same thing—betrayal, treason, corruption.

The Youth Fights for Internationalism

In the small band of fighters who remained true to the cause of the proletarian struggle, the leading elements of the Socialist Youth International stood in the front rank. Lenin maintained the closest ideological and organizational contact with these youth organizations and was personally instrumental in helping to organize the Young Communist International—the world League of Communist Youth, the vanguard of the toiling youth of the world.

Lenin and the Errors of the Youth.

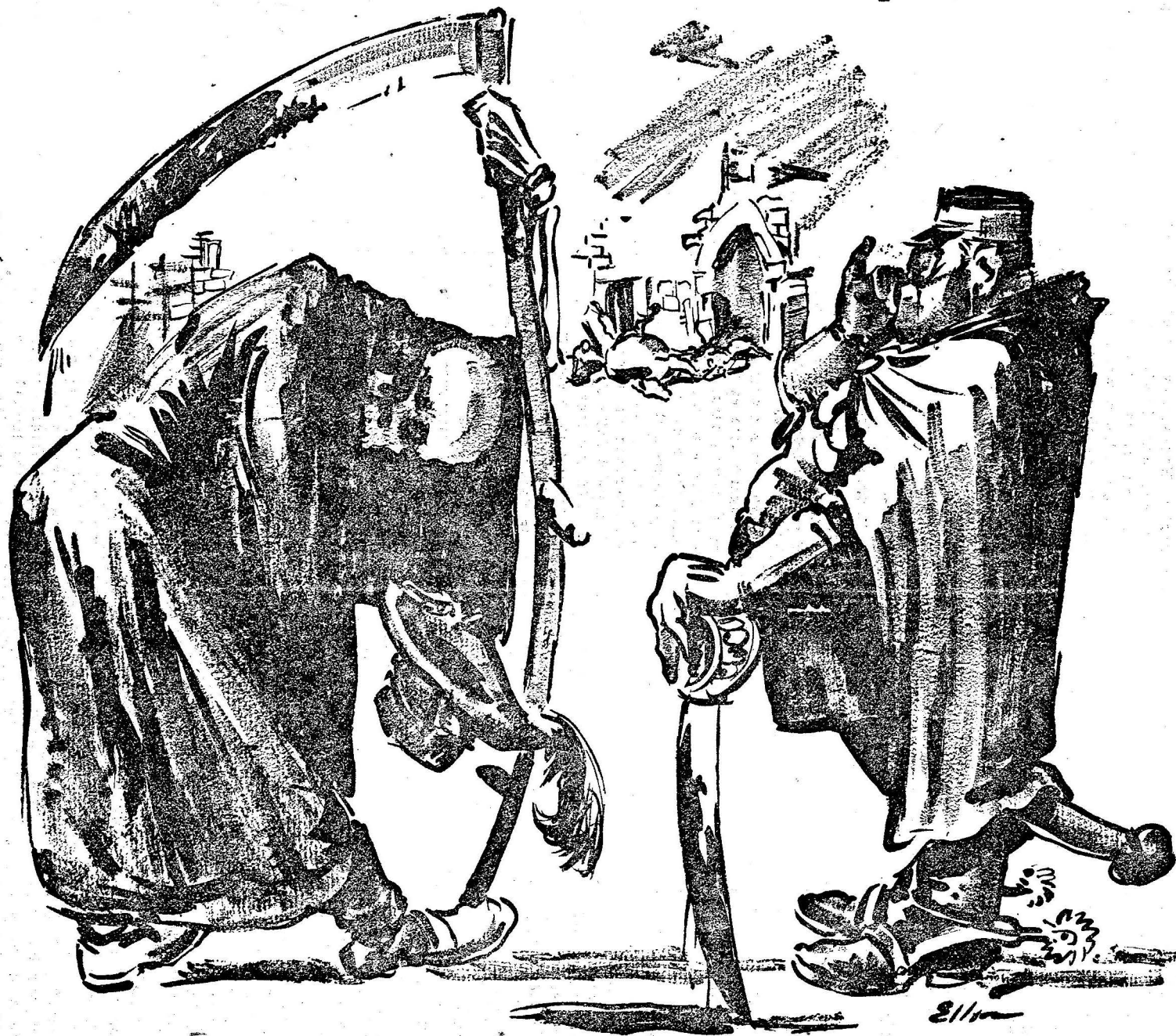
Lenin devoted his very greatest care and attention to the liquidation of the theoretical mistakes and un- clarities that naturally characterized the first attempts of the proletarian youth in their role as vindicators of true Marxism and Internationalism. And the remarkable tact and consider- ation with which the errors of the youth were criticized by this man, known the world over as the most "bitter" and most uncompromising controversialist, proves the signifi- cance Lenin saw in the movement of the proletarian youth.

Lenin and the Russian Youth League.

The profound ferment produced by the Russian revolution in 1917 crystal- lized all over Russian revolutionary circles of proletarian and student youth. Lenin was quick to see the significance of this movement and lent it his best support. It was he also who was most influential in de- veloping this movement and finally in organizing it as a Young Commu- nist League, an organizationally inde- pendent but politically subordinate or- ganization and not, as some comrades wished to make it, simply a depart- ment of the Communist Party. Indeed, Lenin had always maintained most vigorously the position of the organ- izational independence of the youth since, as he proved, only on such a basis can the youth movement develop in the proper direction and attain its objectives.

One could go on forever citing ex- amples of Lenin's profound under- standing of the role and significance of the movement of the revolutionary youth. To the toiling youth of the world, suffering under the most severe exploitation and oppression, Lenin stands forth as the leader, as one who understood better and appreci- ated more than anyone else their mis- eries and their strivings. In Leninism the toiling youth of the world sees the road to its emancipation! In Leninism, as embodied in the Young Communist International, it sees its leader in the struggle for freedom!

"Sans Pareil" (Without an Equal)



Death Salutes the French commander in Syria as the supreme butcher. But the "honor" is only for the moment—for our own generals, such as Wood and Pershing, will soon be breaking all records for the slaughter of weaker peoples in the Philippines, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Mexico, and South America. The attempt to conquer weaker nations as colonies for capitalist imperialism is one in which all of the great powers are engaged. This makes the weaker nations, struggling for their independence against imperialism, the allies of the revolutionary working class.

LENIN - - By Marcel Cachin

French Communist leader writes for Daily Worker Magazine Supplement his impressions of the dead world leader of the working class—Lenin.

SINCE two years Lenin lies sleeping under his wooden vault in the shade of the ancient rampart of the Kremlin. Night and day, a privileged picket of red guards keeps vigil over the tomb of the great dead. An incessant pageant of delegations, groups, associations and pilgrims from the most remote regions of Russia, passes daily thru the monument, rendering homage to their lost leader. Each passing day the fame of Lenin spreads wider in the universe.

Yet, only six short years ago, the name of Lenin was an object of horror to the world-press of the international bourgeoisie. No man on earth was more reviled and detested. He was represented as a bloody barbarian, bent on utterly destroying every vestige of civilization in his own country and thruout the world.

Lenin is dead. The very same papers, professors, and politicians who coined money insulting him, compare him now with Peter the Great. They all declare that Lenin is the only man of genius revealed by the war. His life, his works, his action have become subjects of objective history. Outrage has given way to justice, and Lenin now takes his place in the Pantheon of the great benefactors of mankind. The memory of his high scientific achievements, his absolute disinterestedness, his personal modesty, his infinite love and devotion to labor, will be forever remembered.

My personal remembrance of Lenin dates back to 1920. Frossard and I were co-delegates from the central committee of the French socialist party, sent with a mission of ascertaining on what grounds the French party could claim admittance to the Third International. A right wing of the French party was one of the most reactionary of international social-democracy and was absolutely opposed to union with Moscow.

The executive of Moscow received our delegation with a mixture of suspicion, curiosity, reserve and encouragement. The French party, at that time, was already politically powerful and an important factor nationally. From a revolutionary point of view, it was weak. Many of its leaders had been strongly pro-war and reformist at heart. Nevertheless, a large fraction of the party was heartily in sympathy with the Russian revolution and desirous of adopting its methods, tactics and policy.

Among the members of the executive in Moscow, there was no unanimity of sentiment where we were concerned. Some were bitterly opposed to our entrance into the Third International under any circumstances. Lenin was not of that opinion. His political insight was too acute not to realize the importance to the International represented by our delegation. He was, more than any other, wide-awake to our faults and errors but was aware of the immense reserves of the French revolutionary proletariat.

His greeting was, as a result, full of fraternal reproach for the past, but cordial and warm for the future.

His judgment of the European socialists was severe in the extreme and pitiless in his appreciation of their weakness and lack of energy after the war when a resolute action on their part would have roused all the revolutionary forces of Europe. His criticism of the softness of our tactics, the intellectual insufficiency of our party organ, *l'Humanite*, the obnoxious policy of the traitors within our ranks was absolutely drastic.

But after having unburdened himself of all criticism, how fraternal and free from all bitterness his welcome! He insisted in seeing us personally, in conversing with us freely, from heart to heart, explaining all things frankly, thoroughly, in the spirit of the purest friendship and comradeship. It is difficult to explain what charm was diffused from his simplicity and confidence, and what a soul-warming exhilaration thrilled from communion with his genial rectitude, sincerity and masterliness. The diplomacy of Lenin had nothing of the traditional ruse, trickery and lies. It was always direct, brutal, loyal and supremely logical and reasonable.

Our meeting took place in July, 1920, in the full of the campaign of Russia against Poland. The fate of the Russian revolution was at issue

on the plains of the west. The allied powers had not yet disarmed and were waiting for their chance to attack Soviet Russia. Lenin was full of anxiety and grave preoccupations. Misery, famine, want reigned supreme all over Russia. The Red Army was fighting desperately to save the republic of labor. In the midst of these distracting cares, Lenin was calm, serene, full of faith and hope.

In the tiny room in which our conversation took place, news of the world came every minute. The place was without the least ornament. The only book visible, ready at hand, was a well-worn edition of Karl Marx. The fate of 130,000,000 people, the destiny of the world was being moulded every hour in that little space, and working in that mighty brain. And yet Lenin found time, freedom of mind and attention to discuss with the most minute detail the organization of the struggle in our country of which he was most astonishingly well-informed.

The memory of that interview will never fade from my heart or mind. It had been my priceless fortune to approach Lenin intimately, I had been able to appreciate his strength and powerful prestige, his clear intelligence, his resolute will, and on the 21st of January, 1924, I realized with unutterable grief what a loss the proletariat had suffered, when the eyes of the intrepid chief were closed forever.