

The New Magazine

Supplement of **THE DAILY WORKER**

Robert Minor
Editor

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May Day Greetings

TO THE DAILY WORKER:

THE first of May is the day of review of all the forces of the world proletariat, a day of review of the greatest and most powerful army of labor which struggles for the reconstruction of the whole world upon a socialistic basis.

Only in one country, on this day, the proletariat will walk out into the streets with the consciousness of its victory. This country is the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, where the proletariat nine years ago overthrew the bourgeoisie, took the power into its hands, and is building socialism.

In the entire capitalist world, the proletariat is bitterly struggling with its oppressors. But the brilliant and happy experience of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, the revolutionary liberating movement in the Orient which is rising high during the recent period, the struggle of the Communists and of the most advanced strata of the proletariat for the unity of the world working class which is growing stronger, and, finally, the impotence of the bourgeoisie itself which is manifested in the fact that after the recent imperialist war, humanity is continuously facing the dangers of a new slaughter, unprecedented in its dimensions—all this speaks for the fact that the hour of the decisive battle and victory of labor over capital is drawing near.

The American bourgeoisie, which suffocates from an abundance of gold, which aims to exert its domination over the entire world, is the most dangerous enemy of its own and of the world proletariat. With the assistance of the worthy heirs of Gompers it is utilizing its power and force for the exploitation, oppression and enslavement not only of its own proletariat, but of the toiling masses of Europe and other parts of the world. The tested weapons of the bourgeoisie are its attempts to produce a cleavage within the ranks of the proletariat, attempts to disunite the forces of the working class by means of terror and bribery of its weak, worthless and self-appointed leaders.

To the politics of the bourgeoisie, the proletariat must oppose its unflinching aspiration towards unity.

In America where the leaders, opportunists, are by means of deceit and trickery still influencing considerable strata of workers, in America which includes two-score nationalities, this problem of unification of all forces of the working class for the struggle with capitalism is very real.

Only the Communist Party, which is devoted to the very end to the interests of the workers, only this party now calls the oppressed masses of the world towards unity. Only this party solves correctly the national



YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR CHAINS; YOU HAVE A WORLD TO WIN.

A May Day Cartoon by Fred Ellis

question. Only the program, tactics and slogans of this party are in accord with the essential and actual interests of the working class.

On the day of the first of May, all conscious workers of America, without distinction of race and parties, must demonstrate their protests against imperialist wars, against the entire politics of robbery, oppression and deceit on the part of the bourgeoisie; they must demonstrate their will for unity, their readiness for struggle for the overthrow of the bourgeoisie and for the better future of the working class and of the entire humanity.

G. ZINOVIEV,
Leningrad, U. S. S. R.

TO THE DAILY WORKER:

THE Bulgarian Communist Party warmly greets the American workers and their political leader, the Workers (Communist) Party, who are struggling against capitalism, on the occasion of the great holiday of labor, the first of May.

The Bulgarian Party is deeply con-

vinced that the Workers (Communist) Party, having overcome its interior crisis and having rebuilt its unity, will be also in a position to overcome the tremendous external difficulties which spring from the specific conditions of America, and that it will develop into a mass party of the American proletariat, capable of fulfilling its historic mission.

The Bulgarian Communist Party states with joy that a considerable part of politically active Bulgarian workers who are in America are already unified within the ranks of the Workers (Communist) Party, with their organ *Saznanie*, as their leader. The Bulgarian Communist Party has no doubts that in the near future other healthy Bulgarian elements who continue to remain in the ranks of the group of the Socialist Labor Party around the paper *Rabotnichiska Prosve*ta and who joined the Socialist Labor Party at a time when the latter was not yet a counter-revolutionary party, will follow the same road. The Bulgarian workers in America will be loyal to the cause of Communism in the same manner as their brothers in Bulgaria are.

Long live the Revolutionary American Proletariat!

Long live the Workers (Communist) Party!

Long live the Comintern!

G. Dimitrov.

FROM THE MINE WORKERS' UNION OF SOVIET RUSSIA TO UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA:

ON the day of International holiday of labor—the first of May, the central committee of the Mine Workers' Union of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics sends, in the name of 350,000 mine workers of the U. S. S. R., its warmest brotherly greetings to the Mine Workers of America.

At present, when international capitalism has mobilized its forces and is advancing against the working class of all countries this holiday must serve as never before as a review of the proletarian forces. In all countries of the world, two conflicting classes stand face to face in a life or death struggle. The interests of each of these classes are sharply contrasting and there is no base for compromise. Those leaders who instead of real and open struggle are seeking agreement with capital, are betrayers of the cause of the working class. They are hidden enemies of the proletariat—agents of capital. Such leaders you must expose and throw aside as traitors for whom there is no place in the ranks of the proletariat.

The advance guard of the working class is the Communist Party under the leadership of which the Russian proletariat overthrew the capitalists

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May Day Greetings from European Labor

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and the bourgeoisie, took power into its own hands and is building the Socialist economy.

The attack of capitalism which manifests itself in all countries of the world can best be repelled only through brotherly solidarity of the working class of the entire world, and through practical realization of the world trade union unity.

Under the slogan of the unity of the world trade union movement and irreconcilable struggle for the liberation of the toiling masses of the entire world, the proletariat will build its ranks on the day of the first of May.

Long live the unity of the Trade Unions of the entire world.

Long live the first of May, the holiday of labor!

Signed by the Secretary of the Central Committee of the Trade Union of the Mine Workers of U. S. S. R., A. Gorbachev.

TO THE DAILY WORKER:

ON the day of the first of May, the International holiday of the working class, in the name of the 926,000 Railwaymen of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics who are united into one trade union, we are sending our warmest brotherly greetings to the American working class.

On this day a loud call for the solidification of the workers' ranks, toward world trade union unity, will sound from one end of the globe to the other.

In greeting the proletariat of America, we are calling the workers to an untiring struggle for a better and brighter future—for socialism.

Long Live the First of May!

Long Live the working class of the entire world!

Long Live the world trade union unity!

With Communist Greetings:

(Signed by the responsible Secretary of Central Committee of the Railwaymen's Trade Union.) Amosov.

TO THE DAILY WORKER:

IN the name of 700,000 organized Metal Workers of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics we send May Day greetings to the only fighting organ of the American workers published daily in the English language. We are following The DAILY WORKER with interest, and as its constant readers and subscribers we express our complete solidarity with the line followed by that paper in the trade union question.

The DAILY WORKER calls the workers toward unity, toward the creation of strong industrial unions, toward the renunciation of class collaboration. This is just what the working class needs if it wishes to struggle successfully against capitalism.

The DAILY WORKER devotes much attention to the metal workers—this basic group of the American and world proletariat.

The DAILY WORKER aims to aid by all means possible, the workers of the automobile and steel industries who are not yet organized.

The DAILY WORKER is performing a great and useful task. Every conscious proletarian must read and support this paper.

Greetings to The DAILY WORKER, and, through The DAILY WORKER, to all conscious fighters for the cause of the proletariat!

Long Live the unity of the world trade union movement!

Down with class collaboration!

Central Executive Committee of the Trade Union of the Metal Workers of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

TO THE DAILY WORKER:

THE Central Committee of the Transport Workers (Local Transport) of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics greets you in the name of the 170,000 organized transport workers on this, the day of the international working class holiday, the First of May, and requests you to transmit our ardent proletarian greetings to all working men and working women of the United States of America.

The proletarian holiday of the First of May, which symbolizes the growing unity and power of the working class of all countries, was born in your far-away America.

We declare to the working men and working women of America that nowhere in the world the First of May holiday is celebrated as we celebrate it in the land of free labor.

We are firmly convinced that the time is not far distant when the First of May will be celebrated also in your country by the victorious working class of America.

Long live the working class of America.

Long live the world unity of the working class.

Long live Communism.

(Signed)

Presidium of the Central Committee of the Transport Workers of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

TO THE DAILY WORKER:

THE Woodworkers of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics on this, the First of May, the international proletarian holiday, send their heartfelt greetings to the American workers.

The first of May is a symbol of the international unification of the workers.

A symbol of undying struggle of the proletariat against the oppression of capitalism and for complete liberation. Let this day remind the American workers that only by closing their ranks and unity with the world proletariat will they attain final victory.

Let the American workers apply every effort toward the unification of workers in all nationalities, scattered over the wide continent of America. In the face of organized aggressive capitalism, there must be no racial, no national, no political differences to divide the American working class.

The Woodworkers of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics are calling their American fellow-craftsmen and the entire American working class toward solidarity and organization and unity. For only in these is to be found the power of the proletariat and the true bond of the triumph of socialism all over the world.

Long live the Solidarity of the World Proletariat!

Long live the International Proletarian Holiday of the First of May!

The Central Committee of the Trade Union of the Woodworkers of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

A. Sigaroff.

TO THE DAILY WORKER:

ON the workers' international holiday, 700,000 organized Textile Workers of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republic send through the Daily Worker, which is the true defender of the interests of the workers of America, their brotherly greetings to their American fellow craftsmen and to the entire American working class.

On this the proletarian holiday, the origin of which is due to the American workers, the world proletariat reviews its forces and demonstrates its labor solidarity before its enemies.

We, the Soviet textile workers, address to the American workers our appeal to build their ranks side by side with the world proletariat.

Neither banks nor stock holding will lead the working class to freedom, but only a consistent and stubborn struggle against the class enemy. Not through conciliation did the United States of America obtain its national liberation, but by means of struggle. Not by conciliatory phrases was the question of Negro slavery solved in America, but in a hard civil war.

There are no other possibilities for the proletariat, except the road of struggle—for the protection of its everyday interests as well as for the final liberation of humanity from the yoke of capitalism.

Long live the international solidarity of the working class!

Long live the First of May, the holiday of the working class!

Signed: The President of the Central Committee, Union of Textile Workers of the U. S. S. R.,

A. Matveyev.

TO THE DAILY WORKER:

THE Building Trades workers of the Soviet land send to you their warmest, brotherly and militant greetings! They send these greetings to the only labor press in far-away Am-

erica which holds firmly in its hands the banner of revolutionary class struggle—the banner which represents unity and the welding together of the American proletariat in the interests of this struggle, in the interests of the liberation of the workers of the entire world from the yoke of capitalism.

It was the consciousness of the American proletariat which created the idea of the international holiday, of solidarity of all toilers, the holiday of the first of May.

Only the pages of The DAILY WORKER have correctly interpreted the significance of this holiday—the demonstration of proletarian forces; only The DAILY WORKER has appealed on this day for the closing of ranks for the struggle against the bourgeoisie, for the destruction of capitalism; only The DAILY WORKER—in your country in the English language—has appealed to the working class to sound the approaching inevitable destruction of capitalism at the hands of the uprising proletariat.

In greeting The DAILY WORKER and its appeals for unity for consolidation, for revolutionary struggle, we are appealing at the same time to the proletarians—the building trades workers, and workers of other crafts in America, to strengthen the positions which are propagated by The DAILY WORKER, through one decisive action.

Long live the Revolutionary Labor Press!

Long live the Revolutionary Unity of the Working Class!

Signed: The President of the Central Committee of the Building Trades Workers of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics—Bogdanov.

—Odilavdse, Secretary.

TO THE DAILY WORKER:

THE Central Committee of the Food Workers' Union of the Union of Soviet Republics sends its warmest Communist greetings to the organ of the American Communist Party, The DAILY WORKER.

On the First of May, the labor day of the toiling masses who are oppressed by capitalism on all of the five continents of the world, we greet the American workers and extend to them our brotherly hand across the ocean which divides us.

With you the First of May is the day of struggle and review of your forces; with us it is the celebration of victory. On this day we are again calling to the red banner of Communism the masses of those countries which are oppressed by capitalism. We again feel the urge to unite under the idea of the united front of the toilers of the entire world.

Capitalism of America has pressed under its iron heel the rest of the world, and this results in heavy sacrifices by tens of millions of the toiling masses throughout the world—the victims of unemployment, those who perish in prisons, the exiled, and those who are shot and who die upon the gibbets of the "cultured Europe," in civilized Europe as well as in the colonial countries oppressed by Europe.

Workers of America, close your ranks! All under the red banner of Communism. In this hard struggle we especially recognize the importance of the brotherly Communist press which conducts the work of Communist propaganda in the land of the capitalist class of America which is an enemy of Communism and therefore the ideas which The DAILY WORKER sows among the masses are an assurance to us that the cause of struggle for a united front of the working masses throughout the world and struggle for Communism will grow and expand.

On the day of your and our holiday we are sending to you our Communist greetings in the name of the 380,000 members who are united in our trade unions.

Signed: President of the Central Committee of the Food Workers' Union of the U. S. S. R.—Krol.

—Noskov, Secretary of the Central Committee.

TO THE DAILY WORKER:

THE Central Committee of the Soviet and Commercial Employees' Union of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, in the name of its one million members, sends to you, and through your paper to all organized and unorganized employees of the state institutions, commercial enterprises, banks and co-operatives of the United States of America, its brotherly proletarian May Day greetings.

The Central Committee expresses its deep conviction that the holiday of the international proletariat—the First of May—will serve this year as a signal for closer unity of workers and employees of all countries in the struggle against world capitalism.

The first of May—the holiday of solidarity of the world proletariat.

Long live the United Front of struggle of the working class against the bourgeoisie!

Long live the world trade union unity!

With brotherly greetings,

The Central Committee of the Trade Union of Soviet and Commercial Employees of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

TO THE DAILY WORKER:

THE Central Committee and the membership of the Printing Trades Workers' Union of the U. S. S. R. send heartfelt greetings to The DAILY WORKER on the occasion of May Day. We wish all success to the American workers' movement and to their paper.

The Presidium.

TO THE DAILY WORKER:

IT was just forty-two years that May Day was first observed in America. May Day has now a new meaning to the world's proletariat. The Russian revolution of November, 1917, has changed the meaning of the day. For millions and tens of millions of workers and peasants Mays Day has become a great and most joyful festival day. May Day to the Russian workers and peasants is a holiday under the dictatorship of the proletariat.

May Day in other countries has come to have a new and revolutionary meaning. It has become a hope and determination to fight for the emancipation of the proletariat, because here in Russia May Day is a real celebration day of the victorious revolution; and all the workers and peasants of the world join the Russians in the May Day Celebration which will give them great impetus to fight for the proletarian revolution.

The DAILY WORKER has an important task to tell the workers of America of the new meaning of May Day in Soviet Russia, and to join the Russian workers and peasants to celebrate it and to form the great united front of the world proletariat against the exploiters and the robber capitalist imperialist powers of the world.

Down with capitalist imperialism!

Long live May Day of The DAILY WORKER!

Long live American Social Revolution!

Long live Soviet Russia, the Comintern and the World Revolution!

Sen Katayama.

Moscow, U. S. S. R.

TO THE DAILY WORKER:

AS representative of 200,000 workers of Czechoslovakia, organized in the trade unions, adhering to the Red International of Labor Unions in Moscow and struggling in our own country for trade union unity, I greet the organized workers of America on the First of May. Our aim must be to achieve the unification of all trade union organizations of the whole world on the basis of the class struggle. Long live the emancipation of the workers from bourgeois influence! Long live the unity of the trade unions adhering to Moscow, those adhering to Amsterdam and those of America! Long live the single, united world trade union international based upon sincere class struggle!

J. HAIS.

Prague, Czechoslovakia.

May Day to the Trade Unions

By J. W. Johnstone.

MAY DAY, the day of proletarian struggle, born in the great eight-hour strikes of 1886 and baptized in the life blood of the Chicago martyrs, Parsons, Spels, Engel, Fisher and Lingg, has become to the working class of the world their international Labor Day. On May 1st millions of workers throughout the world down tools, not in the usual holiday spirit, but in gigantic strikes of the working class for a higher standard of living and as a challenge to the system of exploitation of the many, by the few.

With very few exceptions, the trade unions of this country do not yet recognize May 1st as International Labor Day. The left wing in these organizations is the vanguard that will eventually turn the unions away from their present official class-collaboration policy into organs of the class struggle and to the recognition of May Day as labor's day of struggle.

Organize the Unorganized.

On this day all progressives should consider the problems that confront the workers. They are many—a higher standard of living, the shorter work day, better working conditions,

national and international trade union unity, organize the unorganized, etc. By far the most important of these problems is to organize the unorganized. This should be apparent to all. One need only take a casual survey of the situation to discover that less than 11 per cent of the workers in America are organized. This is a dangerous situation, and organized labor will not be able to successfully combat another "open shop" drive unless it succeeds in drawing larger masses of workers into the unions.

It is true that the general standard of living of the workers in the United States is, comparatively speaking, higher than in any other capitalist country. However, the American labor movement is much weaker numerically than in the other countries. For the past two or three years this country has seen great productive activities which reduced the unemployed army below the strike-breaking point. In Europe, and especially in Great Britain, unemployment has been rampant and time and time again has reached an acute stage where almost every large strike assumed a revolutionary character. The British miners' strike, if it takes place May 1st,

will undoubtedly shake the British empire to its very foundation.

The Dawes Plan.

American imperialism, through the Dawes plan, has reduced the living standard of the European workers to almost a beggar's level, and the British miners' strike is also due, partly, at least, to the Dawes plan of reparations. This is sure to reflect itself in the reduction of the American workers' standard of living. To meet the situation we must develop a powerful fighting organization.

The weakness of our movement does not express itself in merely the small number of workers that are organized, but in the fact that the bulk of those organized are in light industries, such as building, printing, etc., while the most important basic industries are either completely unorganized or have little or no job control, such as steel, packing, metal mining, oil, marine, railroad, etc.

Class-Collaboration.

One main cause of this deplorable situation is the class-collaboration ideology that prevails throughout almost the entire labor movement. And although organization of the unorganized is the major problem at this mo-

ment, at the same time this traitorous class-collaboration ideology must be fought against, and the slogan of class-solidarity must be raised against that of class-collaboration.

Left Wing Action.

The present task of the left wing is to awaken into action all of the latent forces of labor, to stimulate the unions into launching campaigns to organize the unorganized, to present plans for these campaigns, to propagandize the unions for city-wide organization drives, with mass rank and file organizing committees, to demand from the international officials and the A. F. of L. that national industrial campaigns be immediately launched to the end that the millions of workers who have left the unions during the past few years shall return, and the huge mass of workers in the heavy industries be brought into the fold of organized labor.

This is a big and important undertaking. It is a huge and difficult task. It is the major problem now confronting the unions. And it is the left wing that must furnish the leadership in the struggle. Let our slogan be: **Organize the Unorganized!**
100% Union Industry!

International May Day and the Negro

By Dan Irwin.

FOR a long number of years May Day, among many peoples, has been a festival day. As far back as the 16th and 17 centuries May Day was a day set apart by many North European folk as being symbolic of approaching Spring.

Forty years ago, however, May Day acquired a new significance as a day of celebration. May Day, 1886, marked the beginning of the great working class strike for the right of the 8-hour day for workers.

This was the beginning of a long-drawn-out struggle by organized workers to secure for working-class peoples some semblance of decent consideration of themselves and their labor power. Before this period workers had little considered themselves and had been still less considered by other classes in the social order; they had gone along meekly, allowing parasitic individuals and classes to continually rob them of all they produced, except barely enough to exist on, that they might return to their work and labor again for their master. Following this

great strike of 1886 have come the memorable battles of Paterson, Ludlow, Colorado and the great steel strike of 1919, the conflict for right and liberty still rages. To Negro workers May Day, the international day for workers of all races, all nationalities, ought not to be a day of celebrations and festivities alone, but a day the significance of which should be deeply pondered by Negro working-class peoples throught the country.

WHAT does May Day mean to the Negro workers? A little more than sixty years ago the status of the Negro in America was changed from that of a chattel slave to that of a wage slave; the long bloody night of chattel slavery thru which the Negro passed in this country had held him not only a helpless creature in chains, treated worse than a savage animal, considered with no more feeling by the owning class than a block of wood, a pig, or a bale of cotton; he was mercilessly driven to work under the burning sun, thru fever-ridden swamps and forest jungles, to be paid only with lashes on his back; but, also representing as he did, labor power in its

most enslaved and helpless condition, the black slave hung like a millstone around the necks of free white workers, or half-free white workers.

The abolishment of chattel slavery did not give freedom to the Negro; it simply placed him alongside of the half-free white workers as a wage slave, but this was a distinct advantage to both the Negro and the white workers, in that it cut the millstone of slave labor from around the white worker's neck, and it gave to the Negro the first real opportunity he had to fight for real freedom; to join hands with the white workers; to contend for the social dignification of the rights of labor; to insist on a fair apportionment of the production of labor; in fact, it was just one step along the road to freedom and a new day.

It was just a few years after the abolishment of chattel slavery among Negroes that the forward-looking white workers, who had commenced the pioneer work of labor organization, hurled a thunderbolt into the camp or pretending American democracy; they demanded the 8-hour day.

The year 1865 saw the unshaking of Negro chattel slaves, 1886 marked the period when workers becoming class-conscious struck a great blow for freedom.

MAY DAY commemorates this historic event. Eighteen hundred and sixty-five should not be forgotten by Negroes, but May Day should loom even higher over their horizon of social and economic outlook, because it represents not only a second emancipation movement in this country, an emancipation that will be a real emancipation for its power will work from the bottom upward and not from the top downward; because it represents a movement for the freedom of all workers, regardless of color, regardless of nationality, a movement in which the Negro workers have the opportunity to stand shoulder to shoulder with the workers of the world in an International United Front and fight a victorious battle for freedom. All hail to May Day, the International Labor Day of workers of all races, all nationalities, thruout the world!

"The Farmer Feeds Us All"

By J. E. Snyder.

THIS is planting time. By May Day most of the seed will have been sown in the earth. Nature has supplied much snow and rain for the season and in general the prospects are good for the harvest time. I note that the seed stores are well supplied, the machinery supply is even over done, transportation mediums are crisscrossing the nation in every direction, hard surface roads are making marketing by truck take the place of local freight trains, and farmers exchanges, institutions either privately or collectively owned, are very much in evidence everywhere; there is even some unity in evidence.

On the surface one would think that the farmer is faring well in the U. S. A. But from Washington, D. C., comes the statement that—"The farm situation becomes more critical and the farmers more rebellious." This in spite of the fact that the total investment in agriculture values is around \$65,000,000,000 as compared with \$44,000,000,000 invested in the manufacturing industries. Surely from such in investment returns should put the farming population, which is one-third of the 115,940,000 population of the nation, on easy street.

What's the matter then?

THE trouble begins with the farmer himself. His vision does not extend far enuf to see that he is a co-partner with another very large body in industry, namely, the wage work-

ers. Again he does not see the farmers of other lands as another partner in production. While attending a farmer picnic last summer I noted that the most favorite song was "The Farmer Feeds Us All." There was not a word about the wage workers, the timber workers, the miners, the transportation workers, the educational and scientific workers, the distribution workers, the domestic workers, the professionals and others in many different fields of labor. The song was narrow and altho aimed at Wall Street, it included the wage workers among the exploiters of the farmer.

Instead of seeking an alliance with these same wage workers he swallows whole the propoganda of the parasites who exploit prison labor. He meets his foreign farm brother and sister by urging higher tariff walls and aiding in the exclusion and deportation.

Meanwhile he buys from the institutions where his fellow workers toil \$6,000,000,000 worth of the goods and service of other industries. He supplies "the raw materials upon which depend industries giving employment to nearly half of our industrial workers." The industrial board says "that the agricultural industry supplies about one-fifth of the total tonnage of freight carried by the railroads. Its products constitute nearly half of the total value of our exports. It pays in taxes one-fifth of the total cost of government in the United States. Our farms and farm property represent more than one-fifth of our total national tangible wealth and contrib-

ute about one-sixth of the total national income."

The market gates thru which he enters into the scheme of civilization meanwhile are controlled by toll agents of big business. From Kansas, for instance, the grain and live stock farmer passes thru not one toll gate but many. Kansas City, then Chicago, then New York each take toll from his product and again when it is a finished product, another toll is exacted of him as it comes back thru the toll gates of modern distribution and commerce.

His brother workers meanwhile enter another gate. Employment agencies, questionnaires as to his life record, his associations and habits and a measurement of muscle and speed ability, determine if he shall work in modern industry.

Neither of them watch the gates and they are just beginning to realize the necessity of even co-operating within their own ranks.

THE farmer must rewrite his song. Some one has said that if he can write the songs of a nation he will control it. This song helps to keep the farmer within his outworn "independent" ego. When he sings "The International" with all the workers and proclaims that all of labor shall feed no one but the mighty hosts of labor, then will he be putting out the right suggestion.

The farmer is beginning to look outside his own circle. He listens better than the wage workers of the western

states. The discussion of farm conditions during the past few years is aiding in bringing more of them into the farm unions. The Northwest farmers are making political and industrial unity strides. The Missouri Farm Association whose chief inspirer is William Hirth, now chairman of the corn belt farm committee, has 50,000 members. The Farmers' Union of Kansas has 25,000 members and Nebraska Farmers Union has 22,000 members. William Hirth has recently been branded a Bolshevik by congress for giving utterance to the following: "American agriculture is on the verge of collapse and threatens to upset conditions and industrial life thruout the country.

He further said, "If the bank failures in the farm states continue and if many more farmers loose their homes thru mortgage foreclosures there will be a migration into the cities of far more dangerous proportions to labor than foreign immigration. The farmers' patience is getting pretty thin. It is beyond me to explain why they haven't turned radicals. The future attitude of the farmer is worth more serious consideration than the average person can imagine."

I have heard the same from other farm leaders and now if they will make that "future attitude" constructive, to take in all of labor, programing with the advancing international co-operative and labor unity movement, we can see wherein the American farmer can gather the fruits of the seeds he sows and that spring into life on May Day.

The LIEUTENANT - - By Kalle Rissanen

A PAIR of round arms encircled the man. After that she swore.

—I love you, Lieutenant! I have always loved soldiers because they are so gallant. Please, lieutenant, go to father and tell our secret.

The clock on the tower of a church struck eleven. It was a small mining town. The only restaurant was still open. Few street lamps were lighted. A mining derrick from a greater distance made a scraping noise.

—I am here for your daughter's hand, he said simply.

—Can you support her? asked the father, owner of a tiny grocery store, leader of The Kalevan Ritariit, (a Finnish secret society) and member of the town council.

—I have recommendations from General Mannerheim and many others. Even General Luedendorf recommends me.

—I mean—can you do something with your hands?

—Me? The lieutenant smiled. He had done "something" with his hands.

I fought in the civil war of Finland. I was commander in a political prison camp. I was in Karelia—in the war against the reds. It was a bloody business, sir.

—I mean. . . can you do something to feed your wife?

—Please look over these recommendations.

The older man glanced quickly over the papers, but was not assured.

—I have a hard time now. I can hardly get my own living. . . and it is harder for new families. . .

—I can make my own living, said the lieutenant.

The old man sat there. There was not a shadow of hope of increasing the sale of butter and bread to support this magnificent body. He heard an honest voice within him say, No, you cannot do that; you cannot feed the lieutenant, his wife and the future children.

—It is impossible, he said.

That night the girl eloped with the lieutenant. A justice of the peace married them.

And they went their own way—to a bigger town.

Their financial condition was not good, so they made their home in a cheap hotel. The lieutenant went out into the street—to study the situation.

First he met the vice-consul of Finland.

—I believe you are able to give me some kind of work, he said.

The consul moved about nervously.

—I have many recommendations, declared the lieutenant. Of course, I am a Knight of the White Rose, the highest honor. . .

They watched each other—these two courteous beasts. The vice-consul hawked.

—A fine time, said he. Even the best virtues are poorly paid. . . I am sure you are a distinguished fellow. . . if you please. . . I esteem you highly, for my part. Seems to me that you are an extraordinary person, well educated, noteworthy military career behind you. . . what a youth!

The vice-consul came nearer with outstretched arms as if to hug this "well educated, and extraordinary" stranger. The lieutenant who had no knowledge of men, thought that his future among the emigrants was secure.

—But I can not give you any kind of work, continued the consul—altho it makes my heart ache to think. . . that I can not repay all the services you have done our young republic in the far north.

The lieutenant's innermost soul boiled with anger. The "moral debtor" continued:

—Services done to the fatherland can not be paid sufficiently, but after centuries our children's children recall those who fought and suffered for the young republic. Mr. Lieutenant—the names of the Fatherland's heroes belong to the history.

The lieutenant felt that it was not so necessary to put his name in the future history of the "young republic." It was more important get some bread. Besides his most heroic fight had been carried on in Tammissaari—the notorious political prison camp of Finland.

—Mr. lieutenant—permit me to express my respect for the work you have done, continued the vice-consul. I hope that your great ability will be useful in this country, too.

He held out both his hands—as broad and

warm as roasted salmons. It was the sign that the lieutenant must leave.

—They send them here to trouble me, murmured the vice-consul as the lieutenant left.

The lieutenant continued his search—after he had pawned his watch for a few dollars.

He read the sign: "Finnish Clothing Store, Matt Huuska, Proprietor."

From the darkest corner came "Finnish Clothing Store, Matt Huuska," himself, who smiled his sweetest smile and asked, as a hundred times before:

—What will you have?

—What do I want! Bread, thought the lieutenant.

He told his troubles. He spread his medals and recommendations over the counter, envelope upon envelope, box after box. He told his story, his deportation from his fatherland. Matt Huuska, Proprietor, understood very well, nodded his head, understood perfectly. He examined the medals, even the letters, and ornaments engraved on them.

—I am delighted, he said. But I am not able to give any kind of work.

—But your business is very good, pointed out the lieutenant.

—Yes, but I would lose it if you were here.

—Why?

—Because—you see—you fought against the workers.

—Against red robbers, corrected the lieutenant.

—Oh yes, against robbers, but my customers. . . they have a tendency to defend. . . these robbers, hm.

—And you. . . you submit. . . so far!

Matt Huuska's eyes flashed:

—I am forced to submit.

The friendly guise was removed and he stared into the lieutenant's eyes, his brow darkened for a moment and his good-bye was as sweet as if he hoped to ask the lieutenant to hang himself.

Time flew.

The petty bourgeois stepped aside—hats off of course, recognizing his "god-damned good work" in the prison camps, adoring his medals, absent-mindedly looking at his recommendations, but firmly refusing to give him work. Doors were closed noisily when the white guest knocked. Or they pretended that they had never even met him. The "Young republic" far in Northern Europe had forgotten her gallant son.

It was the morning when the young wife had found out that her last cent was gone.

What a cruel fact!

A street repairing gang wakened in his mind a sympathetic feeling. It seemed to be very simple work—everybody can do it even if he has not medals of honor or recommendations in his pocket. He swallowed hard, drew nearer the foreman and asked for work confusedly. The foreman looked him over carefully. But the lieutenant got his shovel.

The shovel is not an odd tool. No special experience is necessary to learn to use it. Instead of a sword he had the shovel in his hands. Quickly he remembered—how he had sent to heaven many who had shoveled for a living. And he realized that a shovel was a tool that could raise revolutionary ideas. . .

At breakfast time a tall, strong man came nearer to him and called him by a friendly nickname. It hurt his pride, but remembering his present situation, he was silent.

—Did you come from Finland recently? the man asked.

—Yes, answered the lieutenant quietly.

—With whom did you fight in the civil war?

—I fought against the robbers.

—Do you mean that you fought against capitalists?

—I mean that I fought against red robbers. I have some medals.

The lieutenant imagined that his answer would arouse a feeling of worship amongst the shovelers. But instead of honoring him, the gang stopped its work and walked towards the foreman. After a few seconds the foreman came to him, gave him his time check for two hours and ordered him to go away.

—We cannot keep you, growled he.

—Why not?

—Because we would lose the other fellows.

The lieutenant cashed his check. One dollar for two hours' work.

His wife was waiting.

—We will leave this place, he muttered.

—You must work, answered the young woman.

Work! He had done—two full hours with a shovel. Hunger had forced him to do so. He wanted to do any kind of work—even murder—because he realized life's cruel reality now. To shoot, to command, to march in a military parade with brushed whiskers, to honor the upper class, to torture political prisoners—that was his idea of life.

—We will leave this place, he whispered.

—Where?

—Somewhere—a smaller town.

—But we need money even for that.

—I will sell my medals.

In the eyes of the woman gleamed pity, but she did not try to hinder him.

The same Jew, who owned his watch, ring, best suit, handbag, his revolver, and his wife's silverware, was deeply interested in the medal of the White Rose. Our freedom's highest emblem, thought the lieutenant. The medal was now under the magnifying glass, a pair of greedy eyes examined it as if to scent out if the blood that once moistened it—if that worker's blood could give any profit; probably he found out that the honor for which it was given was not more valued than the piece of copper he was examining. The Jew put his glass aside, looked at the medal further, and declared:

—Ten cents.

—Ten cents!

His life's greatest honor was priced at ten cents! A priceless medal. This Shylock was cutting his flesh. If this Jew were now in the prison camp, his life would be worth nothing. He left the pawnshop—with wounded pride.

Work! It is necessary to get a job. No shoveling. That will never do. He opened the door of a bank. He begged to speak with the president. They were introduced in a side room.

He spoke freely, but nervously. The banker understood.

—I am in great trouble, the lieutenant explained. His eyes moistened.

—I tried to sell my medals.

The banker was a member of the same class—it was not necessary to hide anything.

—Your condition is very bad, said the banker, pityingly.

—Starvation. . .

—Does your congregation not help you?

—No!

The lieutenant noticed now how close a watch the banker kept. His brown eyes were observing deeply. There was in them something like the pawnbroker's eyes. The lieutenant felt himself to be under the magnifying glass as a few minutes ago his medals had been, except that now his whole existence was under investigation.

At last the banker asked:

—Do you know the anti-Semitic legislation of Finland?

—Yes!

It was a change of revenge on the pawnbroker Jew. He continued somewhat joyfully:

—Yes, we keep them out of the country. We have no Jewish question.

—I am sorry, answered the banker. —I know this matter. I am a Jew myself. In your country I have only the right to sell old clothes. But our duty is to help you. You want work of me. I am sorry, but you declared a war against us and—yourselves.

He nodded, an elegant motion with the hands and then conversation was over.

The lieutenant was on the street again. He read: Samuelson, Jacobson, Siebert, Moses Manufacturing Company—there were Jews and their signs everywhere.

The wife was waiting on the street near the hotel.

—They put us out!

—Why?

—They do not like us.

—But why?

—Servants in the hotel told them that during the civil war in Finland you were. . .

The burden of life on his shoulders was now harder and harder. An invisible hand choked him. He thought that he saw himself being forced to the edge of a pit. They seemed to be forcing him to dig his own grave. Now, they are going to shoot him. But, alas! That soldier is a very poor marksman; he wounded the lieutenant, not killing him. But now he,

RAYMOND, the Negro - By Bonchi Friedman

DAYBREAK.

New York's downtown streets were yawning after the short sleep they had taken. A northern late November wind began a sudden attack upon the dense fog which had been sitting comfortably the whole night on the East River.

Near an old brick house there stood a colored man—the only man on the block at that hour.

Should I ask the man his occupation? I hesitated and tried to judge by his clothes. The original color of his trousers seemed to be khaki, but it was obvious they had been in service for quite a long time. They had traces of chalk or flour, and oil, coal and paint. There were holes in the very same places where longshoremen stick in their hook when they have no overalls. His blue workshirt was unbuttoned. He wore no underwear. A large hat covered his tar-like, black curly hair and both hands were hidden in the pockets of the trousers. He appeared to be annoyed by the cold weather, and my presence, it seemed, made him feel worse. The man looked at me with his dark brown eyes.

"Do you care for a smoke?" I asked.

"No," he replied abruptly.

There was a sign swinging close by—"Seamen's Home."

"Are you a seaman?" I asked the Negro.

"No."

"What, then, are you waiting here for?"

"Do not know, got no where else to wait."

"Where were you yesterday?"

"Yesterday?" he frowned, then turned away as if to leave me with his laconic answer, which in reality was a question.

"Want coffee?"

The man hesitated, then—"Not a damn cent." He pulled his hands out of his pocket to show me that he spoke the truth.

He asked, "What are you—a mariner?"

"I am a longshoreman."

A sudden jerk of his body.

"The man is a scab or an organizer," I said to myself. But I decided to wait.

"Where is your hook?" I asked.

Silence.

"You came to work here, did you?"

"If I can get a job."

"Are you a strikebreaker?" This question I asked in such a way as not to reveal to him my interest in the strike and I tried to use soft language instead of the dock lingo to which I was pretty much used.

"Don't give a damn where I get work; nobody gives a damn for a Negro whether he has work or starves."

This last sentence he said with much bitterness and pain. In those few words he expressed the whole tragedy of his race. "Nobody gives a damn for a dirty nigger," he said sarcastically.

The smell of cheap bacon penetrated from the small kitchen into the front room of the filthy "Busy Bunch." My friend was cold and

the gallant lieutenant, with his revolver, gives himself the finishing shot. But—no; he is not dead! He lives in America, it seems—in the republic of the republics, in a rich country. He buttons his coat the wrong way. He climbs to the street lamp post—and the police come with a patrol automobile and take him away.

AFTER a few months the girl came home.

She was alone. Father was reading his paper as his daughter stepped in. The minister of the parish is there with him.

She was silent. They looked at each other. The minister hesitated.

"Where is the lieutenant, asked father at last.

—In a lunatic asylum.

Quiet in the room.

—Hammers medals of honor from pieces of tin and commands other lunatics.

Silence again.

—This is what is left of him.

She threw a collection of medals and recommendations to the floor.

—Come, dear friend, she murmured to the minister. Would you like to walk awhile in the park?

In the park a pair of round arms encircled the man. After that she swore:

—I loved you, pastor. I have always loved the clergymen because they are so gallant. Please, go to father and tell our secret.

hungry and his nostrils worked briskly to draw the smell of bacon. He was hungry, but he tried to hide it because I, his companion, was a white man, one of those who don't give a damn for a nigger.

AFTER the second cup of coffee and two ham sandwiches, he asked: "Do you go to church?"

"No, I am a Jew."

"Do you go to a Jewish church?"

I wanted to evade this question but he looked persistently.

"Jews have no churches," I answered reluctantly.

"But you, man, must believe in God. I am sure, if you could take a nigger to breakfast."

"How long are you in New York?"

"Five days."

"From the South?"

"From jail."

"What part of the world is it?"

"South Carolina."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing—don't you know a nigger is sent to jail not for doing things, but because he cannot do the things white men do?"

My newly acquired friend was a riddle to me. I knew, however, that he was different from what he pretended to be.

"But why were you sentenced, on what grounds?"

"That is just the thing—I don't exactly know why."

My Negro friend proved to be pretty keen. He noticed that I was puzzled and it amused him exceedingly. Why not? He had got a white man foolish or tolerant or kind enough to declare a colored man an equal of himself, so why not take the opportunity? As for myself, my egotism never liked to get a knock-out in an intellectual battle, but in this case I was glad to let my friend get the best of me, and I permitted him to shower his witty remarks upon me.

"Good for you, my new friend!" I said to myself. "Say anything you care to say about this so-called selected race."

"Have you more money for coffee?"

"Yes." I ordered coffee and bread.

"Lincoln did not want to free the slaves because he was against slavery."

"But tell me—just why were you in jail?"

"Because I was sent there."

"But for what crime?" I asked impatiently.

"Crime? A nigger does not have to commit a crime to be sent to jail. A white gentleman steals into your shack when nobody can see and says—'Listen, you niggers know damn well no white man in the South gives a damn for you even if you croak like a rotten dog on the street, and—'

"I know this without you telling me it," I said.

"But I don't care what people say," the man went on.

"What do you want?"

"You are a poor man and you're going to have a piece of pie for lunch for once in your life. Here is three dollars and leave the house till tomorrow."

"I shall take my sister Ruth and go," I said, knowing too well his motives.

"You dirty nigger" he cried and left the house.

Next morning the judge said: "Eighteen months' jail for insulting a young gentleman."

"Did you tell the judge that he wanted to buy your sister for three dollars?"

"A Negro explain himself? Before a judge? Ha, ha, ha!"

"What brought you to New York?"

"A scab agency."

As he said this his eyes were wide open to notice any change in my face. I found it almost impossible to control myself or to hide my astonishment. Of course, he aimed at something worse. He wanted to enrage me, but did not succeed. Of course, he succeeded in making me stumble over a question. I recalled when I had gone to a certain city where there was a big strike in which I was eager to participate, but not having a cent had engaged myself as a scab, and the agency of the company carried me with a group of my comrades fifteen hundred miles to the place where the strike was on. The same day we were beating up scabs. Now I was in doubt, and rightly so, as to whether my friend was really a scab or the kind of a "scab" I had been.

"Don't you think revenge is sweet?" he suddenly threw out.

"And you are out to avenge yourself on the dock strikers for the sin of the gentleman in the South?"

"Only one gentleman? My friend, I saw five thousand people, men and women, 'highly respectable'—those that always buy sisters and also brothers—there were children there too, and they danced around a fire on which two Negroes were roasted."

"Damnable ignorance," I murmured.

"Ignorance! That is the peculiar thing about you people, liberals and ultra-radicals, if you please. You have no objection to freeing us from slavery when the white-skinned northerner needs our hands, but you wouldn't pick quarrels with the southerner for burning Negroes, and your ultimate goal does not permit you to reckon with such triflings!"

I decided to let him say anything he wanted, but there was so much suffering in his eyes. After every word he uttered, his lips drew tightly and his brown eyes snapped. But I knew that this was not all that my Negro friend, who now told me that his name was Raymond, had to say. He carried a secret. He had another aim in life and not only the one of stinging whites with his remarks. Here he wanted to reveal it to me.

It was getting late. The streets were already crowded with people and I reminded myself that it was time for me to go on picket duty around the dock. My companion observed, "Well, friend, now it is time for you to beat me up, because you are a striker and I am a—." He looked at me with ease and I knew it was not the truth. I decided to play in the open. Looking straight into his eyes, I shouted angrily: "To what local do you belong?"

"You are a fool," he said.

"Never mind," I interrupted, "don't play with me any longer."

Silence.

"Did you ever touch a Negro's flesh?" he asked.

"Why, I slept with a Negro on one bed when I was in prison, not because I had to, but because we liked each other."

"Feel my right hand."

"Where are the bones of your side?" I asked.

"All demolished when I conducted the strike of the dockers in P."

"And what are you doing here?"

"I arranged with the Negroes to quit work on the dock where you are on strike. Our white brothers will have quite a kick today when the colored workers will refuse to scab on their white brothers."

"Great! But I didn't succeed yet in getting the whites off the jobs."

"Nothing to worry about. We must get the colored men first. This will create more unity among the workers."

A thrilling whistle interrupted our conversation. I thought the fight between the strikers and scabs was renewed, but my friend Raymond exclaimed. "That is the signal for the Negro workers to quit the jobs in a demonstration—we have only two minutes. Let's hurry!"

WORKERS!

Write!

You Can!

Some of the best stories printed in the Saturday Magazine Section of The DAILY WORKER are written by workers, either employed in the factories or only a short time out of the factory. The DAILY WORKER does not want the stuff that is written by the "successful" bourgeois writers; their point of view is poisonous. Although practice and training bring skill, experience shows that the most vital stories that can be obtained today are often written by those shop workers who write simply about the events and struggles of their own working class life, without previous literary experience. Don't imitate the professional writers—we want to get away from the professional style which is dictated by bourgeois society. Write in your own way. Put your name and full address on the first page of your manuscript and sent it to the Editor of the Saturday Magazine Section of The Daily Worker, 1113 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

MAY DAY GREETINGS to The DAILY WORKER



We show our working class solidarity and greet our fighting Daily Worker and all workers on this day of our class.

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Psychology of Revolution

By D. Kvitko.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

The Rebel and the Soldier.

THOSE who follow reverently the footsteps of the "trail blazers" of social psychology and whose eyesight is not totally deflected from the too bright light shining forth from our seats of learning, are advised to compare the two attitudes of Dr. McDougal to the revolutionary mass and army, and plumb their depth, for he is an Oxford, Harvard, etc., sage. This is what he writes:

"We may sum up the psychological character of the unorganized or simple crowd by saying that it is excessively emotional, impulsive, violent, fickle, inconsistent, irresolute and extreme in action, displaying only the coarser emotions and the less refined sentiments; extremely suggestible, careless in deliberation, hasty in judgment, incapable of any but the simpler and imperfect forms of reasoning; easily swayed and led, lacking in self-consciousness, devoid of self-respect and of sense of responsibility, and apt to be carried away by the consciousness of its own force, so that it tends to produce all the manifestations we have learnt to expect of any irresponsible and absolute power. Hence its behavior is like that of an unruly child or an untutored passionate savage in a strange situation, rather than like that of its average member; and in the worst cases it is like that of a wild beast, rather than like that of human beings. All these characteristics of the crowd were exemplified on a great scale in Paris at the time of the great Revolution. . . ." (Wm. McDougal, *The Group Mind*.)

And further about the army:

"The formal continuity of its existence enables the organization impressed upon it by external authority to acquire all the strength that custom alone can give; while its material continuity enables its organization to generate, in the individual soldiers, habits through which the inferior members are raised, as regards the moral qualities required for efficiency in the field, towards the level of the best. . . . It is important to note that, in the case of such an army as we are considering the private soldier in the ranks remains a FREE AGENT PERFORMING TRULY VOLITIONAL ACTIONS; that he in no sense becomes a mechanical agent or one acting through enforced or habitual obedience merely. He wills the common end; and, believing that the choice of means to that end is best effected by the appropriate part of the whole organization, he accepts the means chosen, makes of them his proximate end, and wills them." (*The Group Mind*. My emphasis.)

Many would suppose that these lines were written by some army scribe who regards every civilian as an inferior being, and that this wisdom is intended for barrack consumption. Few would suspect that an Oxford and Harvard professor could give out this bunk as psychology. Yet to discredit revolutionary activity and to boost militarism all means seem to be good. It is commonplace knowledge that when one joins the army he becomes a screw of a big machine; that a soldier may not speak his mind but must listen to command; that he must be all attention and obedience. It is commonplace knowledge that a soldier is just as much consulted about the army plans as an automaton is, that he is no more free to disobey the order of his superior, unless he rebels, than a marionette to dance its own way. But a rebel is no more soldier—he is a luckless prisoner. How can a soldier be a free agent and perform volitional actions, if the general staff, the army commander, the regiment officer down to the corporal predetermine his activities? Once his actions are predetermined they cannot be volitional.

In what way may it be said that the soldier wills the common end? What is the imperialist end to him? Can he voice his opinion about it? Does

he as soldier know more about the common end than an ordinary citizen? Is he free to choose one or the other plan of action? He may be ordered to break a strike in which his brother, friend, or comrade participate. The brutal job of strikebreaking may be loathsome to him; the shooting upon a kindred crowd may terrify him; the end—the mastery by the leisure class—he may despise, as the case may be with an intelligent soldier. Yet even such a person must resign his will or go to prison or be put to the wall for "treason." He must go on a punitive expedition today; to war tomorrow for purposes known to his superiors, but not to him.

Yet the patriotic sentiment of the army, according to Dr. McDougal, organizes itself around the idea of the country and the object of patriotic feelings, and this increases its moral force. The army lives a collective mental life, and its conduct is superior to the simple impulse and fickleness of the mob. The collective will find its expression in the army. This crew spirit aids in developing the feeling of altruism, for the altruism of every soldier is strengthened through the group, while the selfish feelings recede into the background.

As every child is aware, the chief business of an army is to kill. Whence would it draw its love of mankind?

Mr. McDougal argues that: . . . while the actions of the simple crowd are merely impulsive or instinctive implying a degree of intelligence and of morality far inferior to that of the average individual of the crowd, the army's actions become truly volitional actions expressive of a degree of intelligence and morality much higher than that of the average member of the group, i. e., the whole is raised above the level of its average member; and even, by reason of exaltation of emotion and organized co-operation in deliberation, above that of its highest members."

To prove that the intelligence of the "simple" crowd is inferior to that of the average individual of the crowd while the intelligence of the army "is much higher than that of the average member of the group" is no easy matter; that is the reason why it was given over to a Harvard (Cambridge, etc.) professor. But a Harvard, etc., professor can only convince a college freshman who learns about the behavior of revolutionary crowds from the books and lectures of such truthful ob-

The Power of the Workers



The Cartoonist, J. Gerbert, sees the Working Class as the Maker and Mover of all of the Machinery of Society.

servers as Mr. McDougal. In reality the revolutionary crowd, unlike an army, is formed voluntarily, and one may leave it at any time when the individual desires. What punishment awaits him but the pricks of conscience, if he does that? When the individual forgets about his own interests, stakes his life, he is doing it only for his class or nation (whatever the case may be), but not directly for himself. Since he is not compelled to stay and jeopardize his life, his actions are not only free, but are truly altruistic and moral. The revolutionary crowd is courageous not for fear but for the ideal, because the outcome of the battle does not bring to the participants any immediate personal results. The impulse of danger is overcome by that of idealism. On the contrary, the soldier goes to battle under the military lash which is, indeed, concealed, but which is nevertheless always before his spiritual eyes. There, on the battlefield, he meets with the alternative: he either kills or is being killed. Being watched, he cannot flee the battle individually for the fear of being court-martialed. Like a trapped beast he becomes desperate. The impulse of self-preservation and accumulated bitterness drive him to cruelty. His reason becomes dulled by discipline and privation. The enemy is the man in a foreign uniform, who is supposedly the cause of all the troubles, his suffering included. The jungle morals reign supreme. Driven to action by the bayonet, yet he is accounted as the hero and is pinned a ribbon to his breast. How far it is from deliberation, altruism and morality!

While the revolutionary mass driven

to extremes by objective conditions, by a real enemy who tortured it slowly, seeks to combat the cause of its suffering. It does not pass before idle onlookers to be decorated; it gathers and disperses unknown, with many a true hero who dies silently for a cause, the triumph of which he will not live to see. The plans of the revolutionary mass are extemporaneous; its mind—concentrated on one thing—to win, to liberate himself from his oppressor. Devotion to his class, love for justice, prompt the multitude to the barricade. To the nameless revolutionary masses medals for bravery are not handed out, though they were not driven to the barricades by discipline.

This is what Taine has to say about the French revolutionary mass:

"The perpetrators of the September massacre of 14 deposited on the table of the committees the pocket-books and jewels they had found on their victims, and with which they could easily have been able to make away. The howling, swarming, ragged crowd which invaded the Tuileries during the revolution of 1848 did not lay hands on any of the objects that excited its astonishment, and one of which would have meant bread for many days."

Taine was not too friendly to the "perpetrators of the September massacre," yet from his description is to be seen that even criminals were for a time infected by the high moral spirit which hovered over the revolutionists. Why did the "Reader in Mental Philosophy in the University of Oxford," Prof. McDougal, turn a blind eye to this page?

The Strikebreaker

By ADOLF WOLFF.

THE rat is not a turtle dove,
Nor is the snake a thing to love;
Hyenas that on corpses prey,
Are vile enough I dare to say.
But there's no beast in swamp or lair
That can in loathesomeness compare,
To those who earn their keep and grub,
By gladly swinging vicious club;
The workers' heads and strikes to break,
And who as judges, pleasure take—
To throw the workers into jail,
So that the hard fought strike may fail.

Calendar of May Day

MAY DAY, as the International Labor Day, is historically inseparable from the eight-hour movement which spread throughout the world at about the time of the American Civil War and reached its dramatic climax in the strike at the McCormick Harvesting Works at Chicago in 1886. In 1864, the International Workingmen's Association, now remembered as the "First International," which was founded that year under the leadership of Karl Marx, adopted a resolution declaring:

We consider the limitation of the working day to be a preliminary condition without which all other efforts for emancipation must meet with defeat. It is necessary in order to recuperate the bodily energy and health of the working class, that is of the great masses of every nation. It is no less necessary in order to restore to the workers the possibility of spiritual development, economic intercourse and social and political activity. We propose eight hours as the legal limitation of the working day.

(Translated from the German.)

Twenty years later, in 1884, a local organization of the Knights of Labor at Baltimore, Md., proposed that the first of May of the following year be selected as the time to enforce the demand for the eight-hour day; but this proposal was frowned upon by the national leadership of the organization because of the popular tradition of May Day as a time of disturbance, and Washington's birthday was chosen instead.

Then convention of the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada in 1884 passed a motion (reaffirmed in the following year) supported by the promising young leader, Samuel Gompers, to fix the first of May, 1886, as the date for beginning a united stand for the eight-hour day throughout the United States and Canada. This decision of the organization which later became the American Federation of Labor, was the act which resulted in fixing the first of May in the calendar of the revolutionary working class. From that time on, May Day had the following history:

1886: Chicago strike on May 1; the police brutally attacked the workers; an attempt to ride down a peaceful meeting at Haymarket Square resulted in the killing of four workers, and a bomb thrown by an unknown person killed seven policemen; then followed a reign of police terror and the hanging of the Chicago martyrs, the strike leaders, Lingg, Parsons, Spies, Engel and Fischer.

1888: In this year the American Federation of Labor convention decided to re-open the struggle for the eight-hour day on May first, 1890.

1889: The Second International, in its foundation congress at Paris, carried a motion as follows:

The congress decides: It is necessary to organize a great international demonstration at a certain time, and (the congress) therefore determines that at the same time in all countries and in all cities the workers should demand of the public powers the fixing of the working day at eight hours and the realization of all the other decisions of the International Congress at Paris.

In view of the fact that such a demonstration has already been decided upon for May first, 1890, by the American Federation of Labor at its convention held in December, 1888, in St. Louis, therefore this time is accepted as the day for the international demonstration.

The workers of the various nations must carry out the demonstration in such manner as the relations of their country demand.

1890: This year extensive demonstrations occurred on May Day in all of western Europe. At Budapest, Hungary, 50,000 workers participated. In Warsaw, Poland, 10,000 workers went on strike. There were many sacrifices. Great demonstrations occurred in the United States. In Spain the day was celebrated by a cessation of work. In Germany the May Day demonstrations were not carried out uniformly; many workers struck in Hamburg and were locked out for many months afterward. The English glass workers won the eight-hour day in that year. May Day was celebrated in some parts on the first Sunday in May; only after several years were May Day demonstrations held everywhere at the same time. The bourgeoisie in all capitalist countries fell into a great terror concerning the May Day demonstrations, and made preparations for armed struggle. In the United States the Carpenters succeeded in establishing the eight-hour day in many cities, while other building trades made wide gains.

1891: In Fourmies, France, the May Day demonstration of 1891 was attacked by police, and nine persons, including several boys and girls, were killed. In St. Petersburg, Russia, a May Day meeting was attended by 200 workers. Striking workers at Lodz, Poland, were dispersed with whips.

1892: May Day demonstration of 100,000 workers at Lodz was attacked by troops, many workers being killed.

1896: Vladimir Ilyitch Ulyanov (later known as Lenin), in prison at St. Petersburg, Russia, wrote a May Day appeal which was signed by the "League for the Struggle for the Emancipation of the Working Class" and circulated in the city, where the great strike of 40,000 spinners broke out.

1897: Jewish proclamations issued in Kiev, Ukraine.

1898: General proclamation for the first of May was issued by the Social-Democratic Labor Party of Russia, which had just been founded at Minsk.

1899: Big May Day demonstrations

in Barcelona, Spain, in support of an insurrection of peasants of Catalonia; a 24-hour strike.

1901: The famous May Day struggle of the Obuchov workers at St. Petersburg.

1902: May Day demonstration of workers at Batum, Russia, was met by a massacre; there were great demonstrations at Baku and Tiflis.

1905: During war between Russia and Japan, the Russian mensheviks appealed to workers not to stop work; but there was a general cessation of work and a great demonstration of workers occurred in Ivanov-Vosnesensk. May Day proclamations were distributed among Russian soldiers. On May 12 began a textile strike, for which many workers were shot.

1906: More than 120,000 workers demonstrated in Paris, France.

1907: May Day demonstrations attacked by police who killed many workers.

1909: In Buenos Aires, Argentine, a May Day demonstration led to bloody conflicts with police, followed by a general strike. In Moscow, Russia, every large factory was shut down, there were clashes and eleven were killed.

1910: In Russia on the eve of May Day there were 12,000 arrests; but large demonstrations were carried thru nevertheless.

1911: For the first time soldiers took part in the demonstrations in Russia. In Moscow there took place bloody conflicts with a counter-demonstration arranged by the merchants.

1913: In Belgrade the Serbian proletariat demonstrated against war. In Russia a total of 420,000 people demonstrated. In the May Day number of the Pravda it was shown that in the previous year 1,290,000 people had taken part in political strikes. In Paris and in a number of other capitals of western European countries demonstrations were held against the danger of war.

1914: In Russia there were several armed demonstrations. Great strikes everywhere.

1915: Appeal of the International Socialist Conference in Zimmerwald was issued for May Day. The executive committee of the German social-democratic party published the following statement for May 1: "The leading committees call upon the labor organizations not to allow a stoppage of work this year on May first in view of the very special circumstances." In Moscow 74 factories on strike with 19,000 workers.

1916: In Berlin, under the leadership of Karl Liebknecht, a demonstration took place involving more than 10,000 workers. Karl Liebknecht was arrested. In Russia four workers were condemned to death by court martial and executed for taking part in May Day demonstrations.

1917: In Russia May Day was celebrated in 1917, after the fall of the czar, as a general national holiday.

The Petrograd proletariat along with the Petrograd garrison demanded the removal of Milyukov and Gutchkov because they proclaimed a continuation of the war to the end together with the allies. Soldiers demonstrated completely armed. Two days later there took place bloody conflicts between the proletarians, the junkers, and the students. In Germany there took place in all large cities big demonstrations in spite of the state of siege. In these demonstrations the youth above all participated.

1918: In Russia—Soviet Russia!—the victorious workers' revolution was celebrated with monster demonstrations.

1919: On the First of May the bands organized by the social-democrat Hoffmann struck down the Soviet Republic of Bavaria. In Germany there were separate demonstrations of the Communists and of the social-democrats. In Paris, France, a May Day demonstration was attacked by mounted troops. From Moscow came the first May Day appeal by the Communist International. Enormous demonstrations throughout the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic. In the United States big May Day demonstrations occurred at Cleveland and Boston. The Cleveland demonstration, organized by the leaders of the left wing of the socialist party, headed by C. E. Ruthenberg, was participated in by 40,000 workers, about 50 local trade unions of the American Federation of Labor carrying their union banners. Red flag carried at head of procession, also the U. S. flag as law required that all parades carry national emblem. A group of soldiers attacked the parade, attempting to seize the red flag, but were repulsed by workers' color guard; parade marched on with revolutionary music, but for six hours violent rioting continued. Ruthenberg and 100 others arrested. Two thousand and heavily armed police were called out; army tanks and trucks patrolled the streets. Police shot to death a police provocator whom they mistook for a worker; another detective was killed. Also in Boston there was street fighting.

1920: May Day of this year found Soviet Russia in the midst of civil war. The day is celebrated there as a working day for the reconstruction of the industry of the Soviet Republic. In Paris and Lyons, France, great May Day demonstrations took place, in the attempt to suppress which several workers were killed.

1920 to 1926: The International Labor Day of May First gains each year in importance as a means of rallying the workers to the class struggle. As greater masses are drawn into the conscious struggle against capitalism, and as the social-democratic parties of the Second International are compelled repeatedly to act openly as a repressive agency of capitalism against the workers—May Day becomes more and more the affair of the Communist International—and the proletarian masses.

The Surprising Soviets

The following article appeared in the "Civic Club Bulletin" of New York City:

THE Russian information bureau, Washington, D. C., has issued a commercial handbook of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, from which the following information is taken.

The union was formed July 6, 1923, and now consists of six republics. Each of the more than thirty nationalities has complete freedom to use its own language and every citizen is free to conform to any religion or sect or none. The ownership of all land and natural resources rests with the state in trust for all the people; otherwise private property is recognized in the civil code. The basis of representation in the Soviet Union is occupational rather than geographical.

The value of natural resources is said to exceed that of any other country, especially water power, coal, oil, metal and agriculture. Every citizen and foreigner has the right to the use

of land for cultivation, in the case of citizens in the form of perpetual lease provided the land is used. Over 90 per cent of the people live by agriculture. Before the war there were less than 500 tractors in the czarist empire; now there are 12,500 with 22,000 more to be added during this year.

In the autumn of 1921 industrial production stood at less than 15 per cent of the 1913 output. Now it has recovered to 82 per cent without the aid of a foreign loan. Any citizen may start an enterprise employing not over 20 workers or clerks. Private enterprises employing over 20 persons and not over 100 persons may be opened with the permission of the local authorities. For larger enterprises a special concession is necessary. The railroads, air lines, telegraph, telephone and radio transmitting stations are conducted by the government. Eighteen thousand workmen's clubs and reading rooms have been equipped with

radio receiving stations where concerts and lectures on scientific and agricultural subjects are features.

In March, 1924, the currency was stabilized and since then has been at par. (It is interesting to note that the New York Times still quotes in its foreign exchange columns only the pre-revolutionary depreciated ruble that is no longer in circulation.) The chervonetz (plural chervontzi) is worth \$5.146 and there are new treasury rubles and silver and copper coins, all worth their face value. There are 10,157 savings banks and several state banks. For two years the government has met its expenses. In the current budget the expenditures for social and cultural needs are more than double the pre-war figures, while the appropriations for army and navy are about half those of 1913.

Foreign trade is a government monopoly. The trade turnover between Russia and the United States for 1924-25 was nearly two and a half times that of 1913, being carried on mainly by six trading organizations with offices in New York. The various cooperative societies had 22,000,000

members in the spring of 1925. The membership in trade unions is about 7,000,000; the right to strike is maintained in state enterprises as well as private factories. There are twelve legal holidays for workers and two weeks' vacation with pay. The work day is eight hours, with pay for overtime. In 146 dangerous occupations the day is shortened. About 5,000,000 people have insurance against incapacity to work, and over 400,000 are receiving compensation under this category.

From 1921, to January, 1925, 1,286 applications for concessions were received and 66 were granted. Twenty-three more have since been granted. Less than 20 per cent of the army recruits are now illiterate, compared with 90 per cent before the war. The circulation of daily papers is nearly three times the circulation of 1913. Military service is obligatory for from two to four years during which time the men are educated.

Normal diplomatic relations have been established with twenty-three countries—all the major countries of the world, except the United States.