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ALEX BITTELMAN, Editor

JOHN REED

By ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

The following appreciation of John Reed was written for the Tenth Anniversary Edition of the masterpiece on the Russian Revolution "Ten Days That Shook the World," which is being published in the Soviet Union by State Publishing Trust.—Ed.

THE first American city in which the longshoremen refused to load war supplies for the Kolchak armies was Portland, on the Pacific Coast. In this city on the 22nd of Oct., 1887, John Reed was born.

His father was one of those bluff sturdy pioneers such as Jack London pictures in his tales of the West. A witty man, a hater of shams and hypocrisy. Instead of siding with the rich and powerful he stood against them, and when the trusts like great octopuses got a strangle-hold upon the forests and other natural resources of the state he fought them bitterly. He was persecuted, beaten and ousted from office. But he never capitulated.

Thus from his father John Reed received a goodly inheritance—fighting blood, a first-class brain and a spirit of high courage and daring. His brilliant talents early manifested themselves, and on completing high school he was sent to the most famous university in America—Harvard. Hither the oil kings, coal barons and steel magnates were wont to send their sons. They well knew that after four years spent in sport, luxury and "the passionless pursuit of passionless knowledge," their sons would come forth with minds altogether freed from any taint of radicalism. Every year in the college and universities tens of thousands of American youths are thus transformed into defenders of the present order—into White Guards of reaction.

John Reed spent four years inside the walls of Harvard where his personal charm and ability made him a general favorite. He came in daily contact with the young scions of wealth and privilege. He attended the solemn lectures of the orthodox teachers of sociology. He listened to the teachings of the high priests of capitalism—the professors of political economy. Then, like a blow in the face of these learned know-nothings he organized a Socialist Club right in the centre of this stronghold of plutocracy. His elders consoled themselves with the idea that this was only a youthful fancy: "He'll drop his radicalism," they said, "as soon as he passes out of the college gates into the world."

John Reed completed his course, took his degree, went out into the world, and in an incredibly short time, conquered it. Conquered it by his love of life, his enthusiasm and his pen. In the university as editor of the satirical "Lampoon" he had already wielded a facile and brilliant pen. Now there began to pour from it a stream of poems, stories, dramas. Editors competed with one another for his services, magazines began to pay him almost fabulous sums, great newspapers commissioned him to report important affairs in foreign lands.

Thus he became a traveler up and down the highways of the world. Whoever wanted to keep in touch with current events had only to follow John Reed, for wherever anything significant was occurring, there, like a stormy petrel, he was sure to be.

In Paterson the textile workers transformed their strike into a revolutionary cyclone—John Reed was in the centre of it.

In Colorado the serfs of Rockefeller crawled out of their trenches and refused to be driven back by the clubs and rifles of the gunmen—John Reed was there with the rebels.

In Mexico the peons raised the banner of revolt and headed by Villa advanced upon the capitol—John Reed on horseback rode forward with them.

The account of this last exploit appeared in "The Metropolitan," and later in the book "Revolutionary Mexico." In lyric fashion he pictured the red and purple mountains and the vast deserts "sentinelled by the giant cactus and the Spanish needle." He was captivated by the great plains. Still more was he captivated by their inhabitants mercilessly exploited by the landlords and the Catholic Church. He shows them driving their herds from the mountain meadows, flocking in to join the armies of liberation, singing around the camp fires at night, and the cold and hungry, tattered and barefoot, fighting magnificently for land and freedom.

The imperialist world war broke out and John Reed followed the thunder of the guns—in France, Germany, in Italy, in Turkey, in the Balkans and even here in Russia. For his exposure of the treachery of the czar's "chinovniks" and the collection of material showing their participation in the organization of Jewish pogroms, he was arrested by the gendarmes, together with the famous artist Bord-



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man Robinson. But as always, thanks to some intrigue or miracle of bluff or humor, he wriggled out of their clutches and went laughing on to the next adventure.

Danger never held him back. It was meat and drink to him. He was always penetrating into forbidden zones, into the front-line trenches.

Vivid in my memory is my trip with John Reed and Boris Reinstein to the Riga front in September 1917. Our automobile was going south, toward Wenden, when the German artillery began dropping shells on a little village to the east. At once this village became for John Reed the most interesting spot in the world. He insisted that we go there. Cautiously we crept forward, when suddenly a big shell burst behind us, and the road we had just passed heaved up in the air, a black fountain of smoke and dust. Convulsively we clutched one another in fear, but a minute later, John Reed's face was shining with delight. Apparently some inner demand of his nature was satisfied.

So he wandered over all the world, into all countries, on all fronts, passing from one high adventure to another. But he was not simply an adventurer, a traveller, a journalist, a spectator from the side-lines, calmly surveying the anguish of human beings. On the contrary, their sufferings were his sufferings. All this chaos, dirt, pain and blood-letting was an insult to his sense of justice and decency. He strove hard to discover the roots of all these evils and then to tear them out by the roots.

So back from his journeyings he returned to New York—not for rest, but for new work and agitation.

Out of Mexico he returned to declare: Yes, in Mexico there is revolt and chaos, but responsibility for this lies not on the landless peons but on those who foment trouble by supplying gold and weapons—that is, upon the rival American and English oil companies.

Out of Paterson he returned to organize in the biggest hall in New York, in Madison Square Garden, a grandiose dramatic representation called "the battle of the Paterson proletariat with capital."

Out of Colorado he returned with the story of the Ludlow Massacre, some of its horrors eclipsing the Lena massacre in Siberia. He related how the mine workers were thrown out of their homes, how they lived in tents, how these tents were kerosene-saturated and set on fire, how the fleeing workers were shot down by soldiers, and how twenty women and children perished in the flames. Turning upon Rockefeller, the king of millionaires, he said: "These are your mines. These are your hired thugs and gunmen. You are the murderer!"

So from the battlefields he returned not with futile chatter about atrocities of the war on one side or the other, but with curses upon war itself as the one great atrocity—a blood-bath organized by the rival imperialisms. In "The Liberator," a radical revolutionary journal to which without fee he contributed the best of his writings, he published a ferocious anti-militarist article, under the caption: "Get a Tight-jacket Ready for Your Soldier Son." Along with the other editors he was haled before the New York courts to be tried for treason. The prosecutor made every effort to obtain a sentence of guilty from the patriotic jury, going so far as to have a band play national hymns near the court while the trial was proceeding. But Reed and his colleagues stood by their convictions. When he boldly declared that he considered it his duty to fight for the social revolution under the revolutionary flag, the prosecutor put the question:

"But in the present war you would fight under the American flag?"

"No!" categorically replied Reed.

"Why not?"

In answer Reed delivered a passionate speech in which he depicted the horrors he had witnessed on the battlefields. So vivid, so heart-moving, that even some of the prejudiced petty bourgeois jurors were moved to tears and the editors were acquitted.

Just as America entered the world war it happened that he underwent an operation removing one of his kidneys. The surgeons declared him unfit for military service.

"The loss of one kidney may exempt me from service in the war between the nations," he said, "but it won't exempt me from service in the war between the classes."

In Russia he discerned the first skirmishes in this great class war and hither he hurried in the summer of 1917.

Swiftly analyzing the situation, he saw that the conquest of power by the proletariat was logical and inevitable. But its delay and postponement troubled him. Every morning he rose and looked out of the door to see whether the revolution had arrived. Each time with something like irritation he found it hadn't. Finally Smolny gave the signal, and the masses moved forward into the revolutionary struggle. And quite naturally, John Reed moved forward with them. He was everywhere. At the dissolution of the Preparliament, the erection of the barricades, the ovation for Lenin and Zinoviev emerging from underground, the fall of the Winter Palace.

But all this he relates in his book.

His materials he picked up on all sides moving from place to place. He gathered complete files of "Pravda," "Izvestia," all proclamations, brochures, placards and posters. He had a particular passion for posters. Whenever a new one appeared and he couldn't get it any other way, he didn't hesitate to tear it from the walls.

In those days posters came from the press so thick and fast that it was difficult to find space for them on the hoardings. Cadet, Socialist Revolutionary, Menshevik, Left S. R. and Bolshevik posters were plastered one on top of another. So deep that once Reed ripped off sixteen of them at one pull. Bursting into my room, waving the big paper slab he cried: "Look! At one sweep I've bagged the whole Revolution and Counter-Revolution!"

Thus in various ways he gathered together a magnificent collection of materials. So magnificent was it, that when he came to the New York wharf in the Spring of 1918, the agents of the American attorney-general (minister of justice) took it away from him. He succeeded, however, in laying hands on it again and hiding himself with it in a little room in New York, amidst the rattle of the elevated trains rushing by overhead and the roar of the subway trains beneath him, he pounded out on his typewriter "Ten Days That Shook the World."

The American fascisti of course didn't want this book to reach the public. Six times they broke into the office of the publishing house, trying to steal

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it. On his photograph, John Reed wrote, "To my publisher, Horace Liveright, who nearly ruined himself publishing this book."

This book was only one product of his literary activities in connection with his propaganda of the truth about Russia. The bourgeoisie, naturally, wanted none of this truth. Hating and fearing the Russian Revolution, they tried to drown it in a flood of lies. An endless stream of dirt and slander poured from the political platforms, the moving picture screen, out of the columns of newspapers and magazines. Magazines that once were begging for his articles, now refused to print a single line he wrote. But they couldn't close his mouth. He spoke before numberless mass meetings.

He created his own magazine. He became editor of the left wing socialist journal, "The Revolutionary Age," and afterwards "The Communist." Article after article he wrote for "The Liberator." He travelled up and down America, participating in conferences, filling and firing everyone around him with facts, enthusiasm and revolutionary spirit, and finally organizing in the centre of American capitalism the Communist Workers Party—exactly as ten years earlier he organized the Socialist Club in the heart of Harvard University.

The "wise men" as usual had made a mistake. John Reed's radicalism turned out to be anything but a "passing fancy." Contrary to prophecies, his contact with the world had not cured him of it. It had only confirmed and buttressed it. How strong and deep that radicalism now was they might find for themselves in reading "The Voice of Labor," the new Communist organ of which he was editor. The American bourgeoisie now understood that in their country there was a real revolutionist. This very word "revolutionist" now makes them tremble. True in the distant past there were revolutionists in America and even now there are societies enjoying high honor and respect like "The Daughters of the American Revolution," and "Sons of the American Revolution." Thus the reactionary bourgeoisie paid tribute to the memory of the revolutionists of 1776. But these revolutionists long ago had passed into the world beyond. John Reed was a live revolutionist, an extraordinarily live one—a challenge to them and a scourge.

One thing only was left for them to do with him—lock him up. So they arrested him—not once or twice, but twenty times. In Philadelphia the police closed the hall refusing to let him speak in it. But he mounted a soap-box and from this rostrum addressed the great crowd that packed the street. So successful a meeting and so many sympathizers that when he was arrested for "violation of order" it was impossible to get a verdict of guilty from the jury. There was hardly an American city that felt altogether right if it hadn't arrested John Reed at least once. But he always manages to be liberated on bail, or to have his trial postponed and straightway again took up the battle on some new arena.

The western bourgeoisie acquired the habit of

ascribing all its evils and misfortunes to the Russian Revolution. One of the most heinous of its crimes was that it had transformed this talented young American into a flaming fanatical revolutionist. So thought the bourgeoisie. But in reality not quite so.

It was not Russia that made John Reed into a revolutionist. From the day of his birth revolutionary American blood flowed in his veins. Yes, though America is always pictured as fat, self-satisfied, capitalist and reactionary, still in its arteries runs rebellion and revolt. Recall the great rebels of the past, Thomas Paine, Walt Whitman, John Brown and Parsons. And John Reed's comrades and fellow-fighters of today, Bill Haywood, Robert Minor, Ruthenberg and Foster. Remember the industrial wars at Homestead, Pullman, Lawrence and the fighting I. W. W. (Industrial Workers of the World). All these—leaders and masses—are of pure American origin. And though at present it is not very evident, still in the blood of Americans runs a strong strain of rebellion.

Consequently, it cannot be said that Russia made a revolutionist out of John Reed. But it did make out of him a scientific thinking and consequential revolutionist. That is its great service, it compelled him to load his desk with the books of Marx, Engels and Lenin. It gave him an understanding of historic processes and the march of events. It compelled him to substitute for his somewhat hazy humanitarian views, the hard rough facts of economics. And it impelled him to become a teacher of the American labor movement and to try to place beneath it the same scientific foundations that he had put under his own convictions.

"But politics are not your forte, Jack!" his friends used to say to him. "You are an artist, not a propagandist. You should devote your talents to creative literary work." He often felt the force of such words. For in his head always were germinating new poems, novels and dramas, all the time seeking to express themselves, to find form. So when his friends would insist that he should throw aside revolutionary propaganda and sit down to write, he would answer with a smile, "All right, I'll do so directly."

But not for a moment did he stop his revolutionary activities. He couldn't. The Russian Revolution had wrought its spell upon him and possessed him utterly. It had made him its conscript and compelled him to subjugate his wavering anarchistic disposition to the stern discipline of Communism; it sent him like a prophet with a flaming torch throughout the cities of America; it drew him back to Moscow in 1919 to work in the Comintern on the fusion of the two Communist parties.

Recharged with new facts and revolutionary theory he set out again on the underground route to New York. Betrayed by a sailor and taken from shipboard, he was thrown into solitary confinement in a Finnish prison. Then back again to Russia; writing in the Communist International; collecting materials for a new book; delegate to the Congress of the Peoples of the East in Baku. Stricken by typhus,

By ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

probably picked up in the Caucasus, his constitution exhausted by overwork could make no resistance to the disease and on Sunday, October 17th, he died.

Like John Reed there were other warriors who fought against the counter-revolutionary front in America and Europe as gloriously as the Red Army fought against the counter-revolutionary front in the U. S. S. R. Some fell victims of pogroms, others were silenced in prisons. One perished in a storm of the White Sea returning to France. Another in an aeroplane distributing proclamations of protest against intervention was hurled to his death in San Francisco. Ferocious as was the onslaught of imperialism upon the revolution it might have been still more so were it not for these fighters. They did something to hold back the counter-revolutionary assault. Not only Russians, Ukrainians, Tartars, and Caucasians helped to make the Russian Revolution, but to a small extent at any rate, French, German, English and Americans.

Amongst these "non-Russian" figures, John Reed stands out preeminently because he was a man of exceptional abilities, cut down in the very flower of his manhood.

When from Helsingfors and Reval came the first rumors about his death, we thought that these were simply the regular lies fabricated in the course of the daily work of the counter-revolutionary lie-factories. But the announcement was repeated, and when Louise Bryant confirmed it we were compelled in spite of all our hopes to believe it.

Although John Reed died an exile from his own land, and with the sentence of five years imprisonment hanging over his head even the bourgeois press paid their respect to him as an artist and a man. Bourgeois hearts felt a great relief—no longer was there John Reed to expose their falsehood and hypocrisy to chastise them mercilessly with his pen.

The radical world of America suffered an irreparable loss. It is very difficult for comrades living outside America to understand the feeling of bereavement caused by his death. Russians consider it altogether natural, and self-understood that a man should die for his convictions. On this score not a bit of sentimentalism. Here in the Soviet Union thousands and tens of thousands have perished for socialism. But in America such sacrifices have been comparatively few. If you will, John Reed was the first martyr of the Communist Revolution, forerunner of the coming thousands. The sudden ending of his meteoric career in far away blockaded Russia was for American Communists a terrible blow.

One consolation for his old friends and comrades is the fact that John Reed lies in the one place in all the world where he would like to lie—on the Red Square, under the Kremlin Wall. Here, as a memorial in harmony with his character is an unheaven granite boulder, on which are chiselled the words:

JOHN REED
Delegate to the III International
1920

The British Trade Union Congress

The following article on the proceedings of the recent conference of the British Trade Union Congress, by Comrade William Paul, editor of *The Sunday Worker* and prominent British left wing leader, is of unusual interest to American workers at this time when the most reactionary convention ever held by the A. F. of L. has just concluded its business in Los Angeles. Tho the British labor fakers are not as crude or as brutally frank as their American prototypes, there is no fundamental difference in their attitude. Both favor class-peace instead of the class struggle and war on the militants in the labor movement, rather than war against the capitalists.
—Editor.

ONE outstanding feature of the Trades Union Congress was the plea for "industrial peace."

Needless to say the capitalist press enthusiastically supported the president of the T. U. C. in his plea for closer collaboration between workers and employers. The heads of large industrial syndicates such as L. Hichens—of Cammell Laird and Co.—welcomed the "suggestions thrown out by Mr. Hicks."

As the congress began on "industrial peace" so it ended in the same key. This was seen in the opposition to the resolution, moved by the Furnishing Trades Association, against "industrial peace."

The most distinguished defenders of "industrial peace" were Robert Smillie and Ben Turner.

In his dream of industrial harmony, Ben Turner declared that he yearned for the ending of strikes and lockouts.

The dreamer of Edinburgh, however, had a rude awakening when he reached Yorkshire and found that the secretary of the employers had notified his union as follows:

"I am instructed to inform you that after careful consideration of the conditions prevail-

By WILLIAM PAUL
(Editor, SUNDAY WORKER, London).

ing throughout the wool textile industry, the employers have come to the conclusion that the time has come when notice must be given to terminate the existing wage agreements."

The letter went on to state that the employers intended to enforce their decision on November 26th. While the textile leaders had been gaily prattling about industrial peace, the employers had been busy at work preparing an attack on 140,000 workers.

ANOTHER of the dreamers at Edinburgh was Robert Smillie, who wafted into the debate to attack Cook, and to show the advantages of peaceful methods. Unless his slumber is too deep even he must have awakened to realize what is happening in the coal fields.

So desperate are the conditions there—through increased hours, reduced wages, unemployment, and victimization—that a band of miners has signified their intention to march to London and make a protest when parliament reassembles.

IN order to understand why the official leaders of the Trades Union Congress are enthusiastically advocating "industrial peace," it is necessary to remember two things.

Firstly, the employers are in such a plight—as a result of the increasing chaos of capitalism—that the only way they can see of increasing their profits and expanding trade is to attack the already low standard of living of the workers.

Secondly, the workers have retreated so far, since 1921, at the behest of the present Trade Union leaders, that they are now determined to make no fur-

ther sacrifices to the employers. This determination was heroically revealed when the rank and file stood behind the miners last year, and forced forward the general strike over the heads of the leaders.

The general strike proved the courage and fighting capacity of the rank and file. It showed, too, that the employers and their government were prepared to use every weapon—from radio lies to tanks—to enforce wage reductions and longer hours upon the workers. It also demonstrated that the official leadership of the Trades Union Congress was afraid to fight for the workers because the new conditions of the struggle—which has passed from the sectional to the mass basis—involves a policy that brings the industrial organization into open conflict with capitalism and its state machine.

The present leaders, as the general strike proved, being afraid to conduct a struggle upon the new mass basis, are compelled to retreat before the employers and their government. This retreat, as the general strike further proved, means the desertion of the workers at the critical moment of struggle. So apparent has become this tendency for the leaders to run away that it has become necessary to attempt to show that it was being done according to a definite and preconceived policy called "industrial peace."

So long as cowardice and ineptitude could be translated into and accepted as a virtue, called "industrial peace," the leaders were perfectly happy. This was another of their dreams.

BUT the attacks of the employers upon the workers do not cease because the labor leaders dream about "social harmony." Indeed, the opposite is true. The more the leaders retreat the more brazen and open becomes the attack of the employers and the government upon the workers at home and abroad.

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Paris Protests Death of Sacco and Vanzetti

IT WAS at daybreak of the 23d of August that Paris learned of the crime.

Hope had ebbed during the last few hours. A few minutes after five o'clock it was no longer possible to doubt.

The deed had been done.

By 6:30 the wild course of the horrible news had crossed Paris and the suburbs.

Electrocuted! That terrible word made the faces of the workers blench. They grew pale. Emotion governed them. They hesitated. Then, suddenly, the indignation burst forth:

"The dirty beasts! the dirty beasts!"

For a moment a movement stirred the huge incredulous throng of workers. Then anger flashed from their eyes.

On the subway stations, which vomited their daily torrent of proletarians into the gray day, the same scenes were repeated. Doubt, hesitation, stupor. And this cry of reprobation repeated a thousand times:

"The dirty beasts! The dirty beasts!"

The news of the execution passed from mouth to mouth, flew from house to house, ran from street to street. A rumor rapidly took form. The people muttered protestation.

Since 1921 the French working class had made the case of the two martyrs its own.

From now on the campaign for Sacco and Vanzetti will count as one of the most significant episodes in the struggle of labor in France.

In days to come it will be necessary to disentangle the lessons of this gigantic international combat against the most rapacious and most aggressive capitalism. Now let us limit ourselves to retracing for the American workers the last incidents of that struggle.

On August 3 while the social democratic papers were piling up the protests of the intellectual and political circles, the Communist Party decided to appeal directly to the shops, to the offices, to the factories. "Let Sacco-Vanzetti demonstrations be organized everywhere at closing time in order that protests against the crime may be voted by hundreds of thousands," such was the slogan of the Communist Party.

That night, the proletariat of Lyons, marshalled in a huge war front, gave its true class significance to the struggle for Sacco and Vanzetti. Even in

By GABRIEL PERI

Foreign Editor of Humanite.

that town, of which M. Herriot is the chief magistrate, the workers of all opinions organized two splendid meetings. Obeying the orders of the prefect of the Rhone, the police resorted to unheard of provocation and charged the demonstrators, using arms. But the Lyons meeting found its echo throughout the whole of France.

On the day following that tragic night, the news of the decision of the governor of Massachusetts reached Paris. Fuller had ordered the crime. On the same evening the Parisian workers were informed of it in the course of a meeting called by the trade union organizations of the Paris district. "Only an immense demonstration of strength can prevent the crime," declared Racamoni, the secretary of the C. T. G. U., and amidst reverberating applause he read the Manifesto of the C. T. G. U. calling for a general strike. This decision was enthusiastically approved.

At the close, as the crowd of workers demanding a pardon and liberation for the imprisoned men broke up, the police hurled themselves on the workers and with ferocious brutality assaulted Jacques Duclos, the Communist deputy from Paris, who had to be taken to a hospital.

The strike was to take place on Monday. Sunday a new demonstration rallied 100,000 workers around the red flags. In compact ranks, the Parisian workers filed along the streets of the great city. Huge placards carried the following inscriptions:

"Justice for Sacco and Vanzetti, condemned to be electrocuted because they are friends of the people and enemies of the American capitalists."

"Sympathizers, without reference to opinion, you must intervene against the crime which is being prepared."

"In America the seat of justice is the electric chair."

"A general strike to save Sacco and Vanzetti!"

"1887-1927! Dates which illustrate American justice!"

"The Chicago tragedy must not be repeated! Long leave Sacco and Vanzetti!"

Several times, loaded automobiles, carrying the

American flag, were greeted with cries of "Pardon! Pardon!" repeated a thousand times.

Thereupon the tourists from the new world made known their presence and replied: "Long Live Sacco and Vanzetti!"

Luigia Vanzetti, who arrived in Paris the same morning was the object of an endless ovation. Twenty meetings shouted to the echo cries which seemed to be uttered from the very depth of the proletarian crowd. "Down with Fuller! A pardon! A pardon!"

The same day all France responded to the demonstrations in Paris. A united front meeting took place at Roubaix, demonstrations at Havre, Dieppe, Sotteville, Tours, Toulouse, Oran.

Finally on Monday, the 8th of August, came the general strike. The C. G. T. U. had thus accomplished its slogans:

"If, in spite of the universal condemnation, the American plutocrats effect their frightful crime, it will be necessary to get at them by any means whatever: That is why, if the horrible sentence is maintained in spite of everything, the C. G. T. U. announces that the twenty-four-hour strike action must be prolonged in the following way:

"1.—Boycott by the consumers of all products, commodities, and merchandise, imported from America and of products made in American factories in France;

"2.—Refusal by the organizations of sailors, harbor-workers, railway workers to transport these products;

"3.—In the same way, boycott of the representatives of Yankee plutocracy and in particular of the members of the American Legion;

"4.—Boycott of every exhibition, play or attraction of American origin."

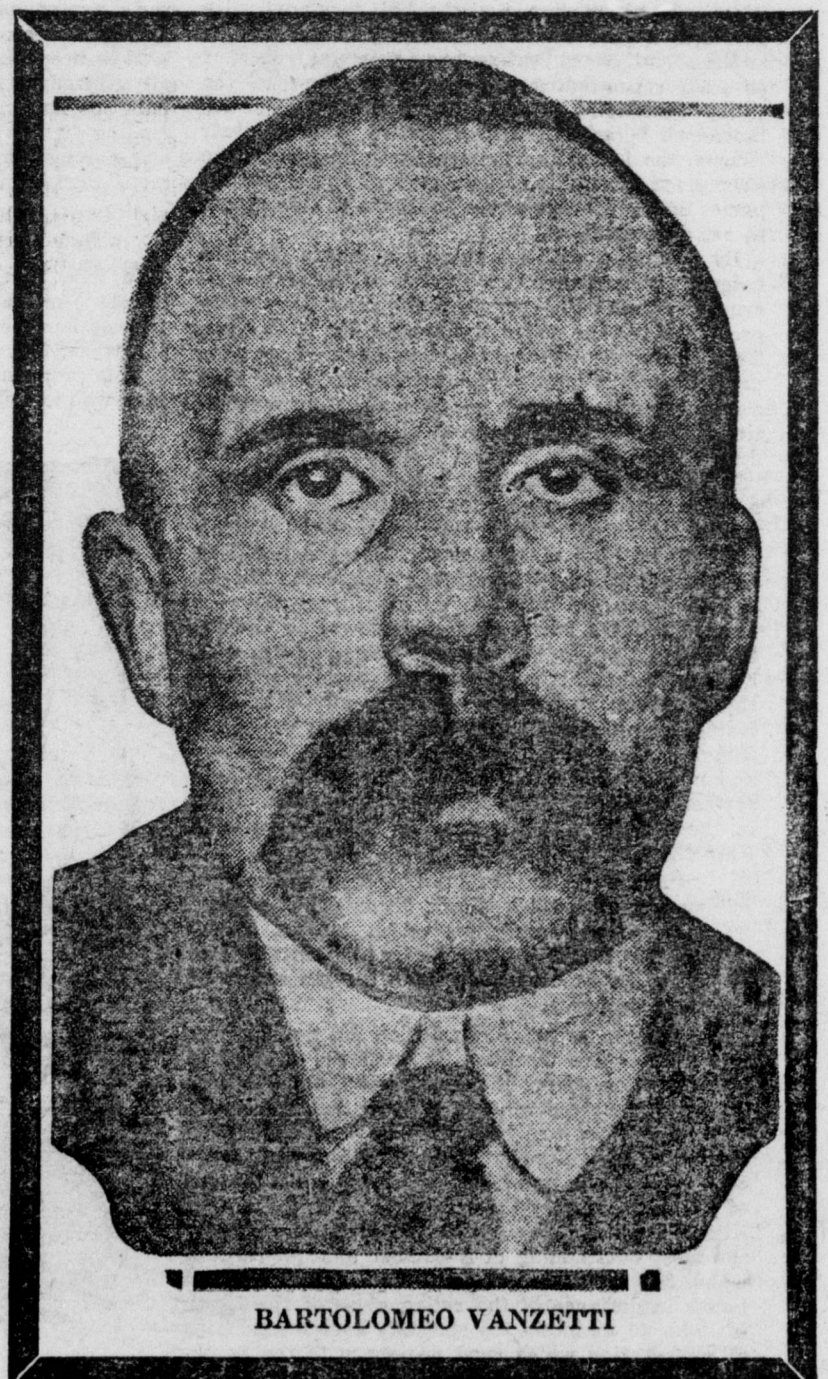
The order to strike was everywhere followed with an admirable discipline. Centers like Lyons, St. Etienne, Cette, Alais, Le Boucau, Avignon, Beziers, Dunkerque, Cyonnax, Marseilles, Montpellier, Douai, Havre, etc., gave themselves completely and saw the workers rise and demonstrate their will to tear from the murderers the two martyrs who symbolize the ferocious repression unchained by the imperialists.

In the Paris district, the movement gave similar proofs that the laboring masses of the Faubourgs and the suburbs were stirred with the universal condemnation.

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NICOLA SACCO



BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

The Ku Klux Klan

By SAM DARCY

"Hegel says somewhere that upon the stage of universal history all great events and personalities re-appear in one fashion or another. He forgot to add that on the first occasion they appear as a tragedy; on the second, as a farce."

—Eighteenth Brumaire—Marx.

ORIGINALLY the Ku Klux Klan was founded in Pulaski, Tennessee in May, 1866. It was born out of the attempt of the defeated Southern plantation owners to retrieve some of the losses which they had incurred as a ruling class as a result of the victory of the Northern capitalists.

Immediately after the end of the Civil War groups of "carpet-baggers" (Northern politicians) mostly from the republican party which was the party of Northern capital, took hold of the political machinery of the South. However, finding themselves unable to cope with the rich of the South they had to find and develop some new forces so as to utilize it for the purpose of crushing the Southern landowners to the wishes of the Northern capitalists. The newly liberated Negroes gave them their opportunity.

The Southern plantation owners in their struggle to retain their former position and to drive the Negroes back to as great a degree of slavery as possible organized both secretly and openly. The Ku Klux Klan was the most effective of all its organizations because it did not follow the rules of "democracy" laid down by Northern capitalism but instead made its own code which, of course, came into sharp conflict with the federal government.

The constitution of the old klan states that its purpose is to aid the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers, but this was only a symbol. It limited its membership to those living in the Southern states which participated in the secession movement against the North; it excluded from its membership those who had fought on the Northern side in the Civil War; it declared itself particularly to be an organ for fighting the republican party and taking away the control of the recently liberated Negroes from that party; its salute was the salute of the Southern Army during the Civil War.

Those writers who have written favorably of this organization boast that soon after it began to function effectively, the "hitherto unstable and increasingly independent labor element, particularly the Negroes, were now under control." The methods used by the klan were extremely terroristic similar to those of the modern fascists but peppered with American vigor. The contest between the Northern and the Southern politicians grew very much sharper as each representing the various sections of the ruling class tried to use the existing situation for their own benefit: the Northerners using as their weapon the federal government, who on the surface simply fought the terroristic acts of the secret societies of the South, and the Southerners using these secret organizations.

By 1868, the situation became so sharp that the federal government and a number of the state governments under the control of the republican party proceeded to take action against the Ku Klux Klan. Thus, during that year, in various states, laws were passed making membership in the Ku Klux Klan a crime against the state and imposing severe penalties. The movement to crush the klan became so drastic that finally General Forrest, who was the "Grand Wizard" of the klan, in February 1869 issued a proclamation dissolving the organization. It is important to note in this connection that the dissolution of the klan did not mean that the Southern landowners had been completely defeated. The issue had been, as raised in the South, whether the newly liberated Negro shall be allowed to develop to the point where he become a political force who, by very fact of his great numbers, could overwhelm the Southern capitalists. It was only after the Northern capitalists had promised that it would not permit such a condition by withdrawing its army and recalling its imposed politicians that Southern capitalism liquidated its "extra-legal" method. Thus, in the dissolution order for the original Ku Klux Klan the Grand Wizard said:

"The Invisible Empire has accomplished the purpose for which it was organized. Civil law now affords ample protection to life, liberty and property. . . The better elements of society are no longer in dread for the safety of their property. . ."

The official order of dissolution did not however actually dissolve the klan. It continued to exist in localities throughout the South until the Southern landowners were absolutely assured that the Northern ruling class really intended to permit them the use of the federal government to protect their interests against the new-born proletariat. By the end of the 19th century the remnants of this Ku Klux Klan had gone into complete oblivion. It was only the most outstanding of a number of organizations which had been created by the ruling class of the South in defiance of the ruling class of the North in order to maintain the specially severe conditions of exploitation which were necessary to the Southern landowners if they were to thrive.

The modern Ku Klux Klan was organized in 1915 by Colonel Wm. Joseph Simmons, a Southern adventurer. The klan actually had no growth and was merely a small sect. It had copied all the rituals, costumes and other mummery from the original klan. Its attempt to utilize the tradition of the klan of the previous century was farcical, however, and no one paid any serious attention to it. Where in the nineteenth century the klan did its tragic work for a defeated class who did not have the machinery of the federal government at their command, the klan of the twentieth century was created to serve the bourgeoisie who did have the federal state machinery but yet wanted this extra-legal method to maintain conditions of exploitation that even the federal government did not dare to champion openly.

With the end of the World War there came a tremendous industrialization and trustification of production—greater than America, and probably the entire world had ever seen before. This did not leave the South untouched but on the contrary introduced manufacturing to so great a degree that now large masses of Negroes were drawn away from the plantations into industry. Thus the proletarianization of important sections of the Southern Negroes gave this hitherto apathetic mass new possibilities of organization as a class for struggle against their Southern masters for better conditions. This was enhanced by the soldiers, both Negro and poor white, returning from the war, who had had a consciousness of their power instilled in them by what they had experienced, and now began asserting themselves.

The Ku Klux Klan in their propaganda utilized these various dangers to the rulers for stirring the bourgeoisie and their agents to greater efforts to suppress the lower classes. One news bulletin issued by their "Exalted Cyclops" says:

" . . . not many months ago there was a riot in the Negro district (Norfolk, Va.) caused by Negro soldiers attacking a district police station to release a Negro prisoner. . . He (the police commissioner who had joined the Ku Klux Klan) welcomed us. . . Our military company is to be trained and 260 repeating rifles will be turned over to us in time of trouble."

In Mobile, Alabama, the workers in the government shipyards had gone on strike. These events were symptomatic of the conditions all over the South. The steel strike was then beginning to extend its scope into the Southern steel mills. This was all utilized in the propaganda of the klan. Their bulletins and newspapers and the speeches of their leading figures are full of references to the threatening danger of an organized working class. Simmons says in one article:

"Americans do not realize that they sleep on a Red Volcano's edge."

In the "Searchlight" the organ of the klan, an article is printed in which they warn that the "Third International of Moscow. . . is working to overthrow all the. . . governments of the world."

This propaganda was not enough however. If the klan was to mobilize the middle class as was its aim,

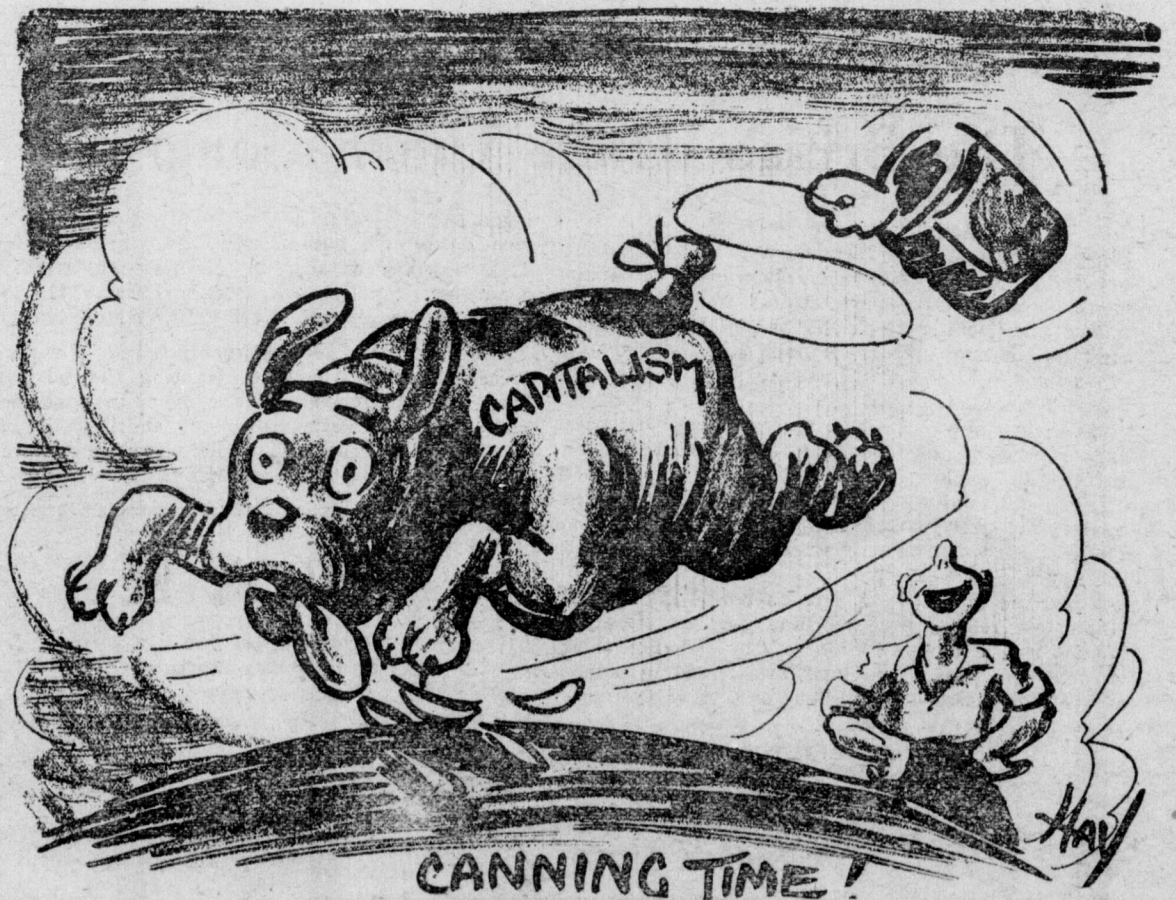
it had to raise some issues affecting its potential members in their community. Thus it raised the issue which was of long standing among the Southern professional and business elements, of keeping the Negro in a state of social and economic inferiority. The manifestations of increased consciousness among the Negroes made such propaganda as this very effective among these elements. The middle class having always hid their unmoral sex life by highly moral pretenses, now raised the cry of saving the respectability of bourgeois family life (they only threatened it!). The South being overwhelmingly protestant in religion and the middle class being very bigoted in their protestantism, the klan also raised the cry as to the danger of catholicism from Rome seizing the United States government. They utilized for this purpose an alleged document issued by Pope Leo XIII, in which he asserts that the American continent belongs to him and his church by virtue of its discovery by a catholic, Columbus, and the time is soon coming when he will take forcible possession, at which time "it will be the duty of the faithful to exterminate all heretics found within the jurisdiction of the United States."

This propaganda against social equality for the Negro, against the danger of a growing proletariat, and for religious bigotry appealed tremendously to the Southern middle class and there can be no doubt but that large numbers were drawn into the Ku Klux Klan and a still larger number influenced by its propaganda. A careful perusal of the propaganda, leaflets, booklets, etc. issued by the klan clearly shows that it was all aimed to appeal to the economic interest and social priggishness of the petty bourgeoisie of the South. The actual membership, however, has been grossly exaggerated. In 1921, at the time when the organization was reaching its height, a congressional investigation showed it to have a total membership of 85,126 on its books while the newspapers throughout the country were declaring it to have 500,000 to 700,000 members.

Until 1923, the organization increased its membership somewhat, but since then the organization disintegrated through exposure of its mummery, through internal factional struggle by leaders and groups of leaders for power and through severe attacks by other organizations. Today, it is safe to say that their strength is approximately what it was in 1921, about 80,000 members and this largely confined to the South, and a small part in the West.

Actually the klan has failed to accomplish any serious purpose. The bourgeoisie can thank the American Federation of Labor far more than the Ku Klux Klan for the poor condition of Southern labor since it was the A. F. of L. that prevented the workers from being organized. The klan's circus methods of work attracted far too much attention to the situation. The bourgeoisie of the present period in America have more subtle methods than the crude weapon of the nineteenth century klan. The klan will only serve as an emergency organization for use when the workers defeat the present methods of the bosses.

The bourgeoisie will at any moment that its established state machinery fails to function sufficiently smoothly strengthen such fascist organizations as the Ku Klux Klan as "extra-legal" methods of fighting the proletariat or sections of it.



Paris Protests Death of Sacco and Vanzetti

(Continued from page 3)

Numerous gatherings in the morning, enthusiastic meetings and imposing demonstrations in the afternoon, in the evening a mammoth meeting at the Paris Pantheon. That is the record of this great day.

Thursday, the 12th of August, L'Humanite announced the news of the reprieve to the Paris workers. "They Are Still Alive!" The huge headline of the Communist paper struck all eyes like a cry of victory, and so did the shouts of the crowd on the boulevards, at the halls in all the quarters and of the newsboys bearing the thousands of copies of L'Humanite which the workers of Paris were snatching for.

But a feeling of inexpressible anguish was mingled with the joy of the masses. The grim attempt would re-commence tho the immense revolt remained. They could kill them yet. The reprieve was only a ghastly farce.

From daybreak of the 12th of August this presentment haunted the spirit of the workers and from then on they were on guard.

Now we know, alas, how greatly their presentiments were justified. Eight days later, the Massachusetts courts confirmed their verdict. It was followed by an outburst of fury from the workers. Saturday, the 21st of August, fifty meetings were organized in Paris. Other demonstrations took place in the provinces, and, the following Sunday, under a pouring rain more than 20,000 workers gathered at the Butte du Chapeau Rouge near Pré-Saint-Gervais.

With soaked clothes, stamping around for hours in the rain, their faces cut by the drops, the workers turned for the last time, while there was still a chance, to the leaders of the American Legion, the guests of Paris, and beyond the Atlantic to the American capitalists, the deniers of justice and controllers of the war debts.

But the hours passed. With the precision of clock-work the news from Boston confirmed the suspicions that the worst was about to be accomplished. The C. G. T. U. without losing a moment, addressed a proposal for common action to the C. T. G. The Communist Party made a similar proposal to the socialist party, for the purpose of organizing a monster demonstration in the heart of Paris.

Then, five o'clock in the morning. Electrocutated! Two hours later, while in the rue Montmartre, the crowd of workers waited breathlessly under the windows of L'Humanite, the Party's paper made the following appeal to the workers:

"Now that the horrible class sentence has been executed, it is the duty of every class conscious worker in awaiting the final reckoning, to take just reprisals against the murderers.

"But it goes without saying, that in accord with the Communist International, the undersigned organizations in speaking of necessary reprisals do not in any way contemplate acts of individual terror which they have always refused to consider as a means of revolutionary action for the proletariat.

"That which you must do is organize, prepare, put in motion those collective reprisals of the international working class against the capitalism of the United States which is collectively responsible for the crime.

"1.—Defy the American Legion by preventing the American fascists from parading insolently thru the city of the Sons of the Commune. The accomplices of the murder of Sacco and Vanzetti will be received as they deserve, and will learn that the proletariat cannot be defied with impunity.

2.—Boycott Yankee Capitalism: Practical and effective boycott measures will be immediately undertaken.

3.—Demonstrate Tonight at 8 o'clock: Without waiting for anything further, at 8 o'clock tonight let the immense crowd of workers from the old revolutionary faubourgs and from the red suburbs, descend on the boulevards and there give expression to their unanimous condemnation.

They will maintain their coolness in the face of all provocations whatsoever and will give this demonstration, which will usher in future justice, that great and calm quality that characterizes the international working class.

That night, at 9 o'clock, the workers were to march on the boulevards! In every red suburb, deep in mourning but seething with anger, the slogan ran like a lighted fuse!

A meeting of the cabinet was hurriedly called. There was a conference at the police prefecture of police. The prefect of police, Chiappe, forbade the demonstration.

But try to prevent the masses of workers from shouting their indignation!

From 8 o'clock on a seething crowd covered the sidewalks and the boulevards from the Rue Montmartre to the Porte-Saint-Martin. On the streets there were frequent tie-ups caused both by the movement of the protesting workers and the lines which the police kept increasing.

Mounted guards, foot-police and mere cops maneuvered in little bunches, their object was to see that the workers "kept moving" and to dam back the comrades in the streets crossing the boulevards.

Police captains were arousing their followers. "Come on! Start that traffic there! Break all that up!" one of them shouted.

A police whistle shrieked and, obediently, the cops began their man-hunt.

Trouble was on from 9 o'clock. At the corner of the Rue Montmartre the police started the first set-to, but a part of our comrades took refuge in the cafe-bar which makes one side of the boulevard there, while several hundreds of others escaped along the Rue Montmartre. When they arrived in front of L'Humanite they shouted:

"Long live Sacco! Long live Vanzetti! Down with Fuller!"

Suddenly, still on the same side of the boulevard, a thick column of demonstrators spread into the Faubourg Montmartre, coming from the Rue Cadet. The guardes republicains hurled themselves on them with an indescribable brutality. The police brandished their clubs. The wounded fell. The terrace of the cafe was invaded.

A charge in the Place de la Republique, another in the Rue de Lancry, another on the Boulevard Sebastopol, another on the Rue Montmartre, another at the Gymnase, another at the Gare de L'Est!

Women, children, men, sent rolling, beaten, trampled on, with unspeakable savagery. Arrests, then beatings, then firing, and blood flows.

The cafes close. The terraces, the bars shut down, the boulevards empty.

The police attack in the midst of a tangle of cars, taxis, busses. The skeletons of barricades rise. The crowd of workers reacts and counter-attacks. Driven back into the adjacent streets, it forms again, shouts its anger, hoots American capitalism.

And suddenly the inspiration of the masses breaks forth spontaneously: "To Montmartre! To Montmartre! The capital of the millionaire pleasure hunters!"

The columns of demonstrators climb towards the place Clichy, the place Blanche, the place Pigalle.

Up there, it is a night of pleasure, the nightly night of pleasure which is reaching its height—jazz, charleston, champagne at a hundred francs a bottle, and gambling de luxe.

The gay rioters affected to smile behind the sprang open.

The Moulin Rouge, the headquarters of the "American Legion," smiles and shines with all its lights, under its thousand bulbs.

The window-panes crash.

Sacco! Vanzetti! Pardon!

And, buried in the depths of its cabarets, while the anger of the masses rolled on, these internationalists in orgies made the acquaintance of the real Paris, the Paris of the Sons of the Commune, on the very ground where its last barricades were raised.

One hundred and twenty-four police were wounded during the set-to. Two hundred and eleven arrests were made. The accused appeared before the courts the next day and were given severe sentences.

The same day in spite of government ban, huge demonstrations marched in Lyons, Rouen, Marseilles and Nimes. Everywhere the slogan of a boycott was acclaimed. The labor municipalities refused to vote the credits for the reception of the American Legion.

The just fury of the masses was the signal for an intense reactionary offensive. Forty-eight hours later the prefect of the Seine announced his desire to increase the police effectives.

It is clear, however, that the disorders which transpired on Thursday were entirely the result of the police brutalities. It is enough to read the appeal, which we reproduced above, to determine the character which the Party and the C. G. T. U. intended to give to this demonstration. Even several social-democratic papers, under pressure from the masses, were constrained to admit the police brutalities.

But the reactionary press was let loose. It demanded the immediate arrest of Vaillant-Couturier.

The masses of Paris were master of the pavements on Thursday night. They would not permit the American legionnaires, the accomplices of the murderers, to come to insult the workers who had felt such profound solidarity with Sacco and Vanzetti.

Here is the text of the letter addressed to the president of the Chamber of Deputies by Cachin, Doriot and Marty, the Communist deputies imprisoned at the Santé:

"Mr. President: We have the honor to advise you that it is our intention to interpellate the government on the impossibility of holding the projected national fete on the occasion of the convention of the American Legion on Sept. 19.

"The emotion of the masses, aroused by the execution of the unfortunate and innocent workers, Sacco and Vanzetti, is so profound that the organization of such a celebration in a period of mourning may, with reason, be considered as an insult to the workers of this country.

"With Communist wishes,

"M. Cachin, A. Marty, J. Doriot, the deputies imprisoned at the Santé."

The French workers know that the dollar slaves, the representatives of the French Republic, bound to the almighty dollar, have deserved well of the Wall Street bankers. But, after the demonstration on the 21st of August, it was clear that Paris on the 19th of Sept., the national fete day and the day of American Legion Convention, Paris would not dance on the bodies of Sacco and Vanzetti.

The British Trade Union Congress

(Continued from page 2)

Since the desertion of the rank and file during the general strike there has taken place mass victimizations, defeat of the miners, attacks upon the unemployed and local government, the anti-trade union bill, the onslaught upon the political levy, dispatch of troops to China, and preparations of war against Soviet Russia, etc.

With each new attack of the employers, and with each retreat of the leaders, it is the workers who suffer. This explains why the alert rank and file are discontented, and why they are raising their voices against the present leadership of the trade unions. Their discontent finds its organized expression in the minority movement.

When the old leaders were asked at the Trades Union Congress to wake up, and face the situation created by the new conditions of the struggle, their only answer was to indulge in a fury of abuse against the minority movement and other militants of the left wing.

When challenged by the Russian Trade Union leaders for refusing to meet the capitalist attack upon the wages, hours and organization of the workers, the general council replied by smashing the Anglo-Russian Committee. Such an act was an indication of their impotence and their inability to reply to the Russians by outlining a policy of action.

That the minority movement and the Russian

trade union leaders had correctly summed up the position of the bureaucratic office-holders of the T. U. C. may be seen in the praise given to the general council by such open enemies of the labor movement as Joynson-Hicks and Winston Churchill.

The need for a new leadership is one of the most pressing problems now confronting the labor and trade union movement. This is one of the tasks being faced by the minority movement, and it is the basic question being dealt with at the left wing conference which opened recently in London.

WAR

Fragments of pain—
Fragments of torture:
Glaring wounds—
Red gaping mouths—
Pools of blood:
On the brink of insanity—
Wild laughter—
Horror—
Fear:
A whole world gone mad:
WAR.

—ANNA KOHN.

Men and Women of Steel

(Dedicated to the Young Workers).

Out of the crucible
let them be poured,
white hot and bubbling,
into great ingots.
Let them be hammered
on the anvil of the years
and of experience
into long, straight bars.
Let them be flung
like straws to the raging winds
of the revolution.

They will form skyscrapers,
dedicated to Labor,
jutting up among the stars.
They will be beaten into plowshares
and swords of righteousness.
They will be battering rams
knocking down the jails.
They will be mighty girders
supporting the structure
of a New World!

—HENRY REICH, JR.

A Study In Oil

By ANDREW WILLMER
(London)

"AND SO I REPEAT," bellowed the street-corner orator. "No Englishman worthy of his salt will buy stolen oil."

The speaker was one of the paid workers of the British Empire League (five pounds a week and all expenses). He had set up his platform outside the gates of a big metal foundry not far from High Holborn. The British Empire League does this sort of thing, spends large sums of money and thinks it is counter-acting Moscow propaganda. It thinks that by getting its speakers to talk to the workers for half an hour, the workers will forget the experience of eight or nine hours a day at poor wages in the works. The job is not really dangerous, the British workers are good tempered and seldom hit the speakers.

"Russian oil is stolen oil. Anyone buying Russian oil is buying stolen goods. The man that buys bolshevik oil is a receiver of stolen property, a fence. The Russian bolsheviks stole the oil lands, stole the boring plant, stole the refineries, in fact, they've stolen everything they could lay hands on."

It was the dinner hour and a goodly crowd of workers were listening in order to get a bit of amusement before returning to work for the boss.

"The rightful owners," thundered the conservative speaker, banging his gloved hand down on the top of the platform, "are walking about starving. Those that were caught were executed by the Tcheka and their widows are begging bread in the streets of the great cities of Europe."

"And now the bolshevik robbers come to this England of ours and expect us to buy their stolen oil, expect us to be a party to their foul crimes." With a flourish of his well-tailored arm. "Away with them I say, no Englishman worthy of our great traditions would feed his car on Soviet oil."

The crowd, mostly workers from the foundry reinforced by a few street cleaners, a sprinkling of errand boys and a contingent of hawkers, had been very patient, but it began to grow restless. A long lean worker interrupted in an affected tone.

"Well, bai Jove, did you evah now. I'll speak to my chauffeur about it immediately when I get home."

There was a burst of laughter.

"Talk to us about something else guvnor, you're the only bloke 'ere what's got a car. The only oil I ever use is in the lamp."

Jeered another worker in the crowd. There was a general laugh, they had all come to be amused.

"There goes my blooming car matie!" shouted a street cleaner leaning with one hand on his broom and making a regal motion with his other hand towards a passing omnibus. "But would you believe it, I don't bally well know what oil it uses."

The speaker tried to drown the jeering remarks by bellowing more loudly than ever.

"I tell you that all Russian oil is stolen."

"You've said that before old man, tell us another," said a man munching sandwiches.

The speaker ignored the interruption and went on. "And what's more, there's no need to buy this stolen oil. There are half a dozen British brands all better. What's to compare with British oil, I want to know. Oil come by honestly and prepared by British labour?"

"That's what they sent the army to Mesopotamia for wasn't it, old man, to come by British oil honestly?" interposed a fat little printer.

There was more laughter, but the speaker waded on. "No, my dear sir, you don't understand . . ." The rest of his remarks were drowned in loud guffaws, the workers understood only too well.

"The establishment of the Russian Oil Products Company is an insult to the British people. These bolshevik murderers and thieves think to find receivers of stolen goods in us Englishmen. The whole company should be expelled from the country, lock, stock and barrel."

"So that the Shell Combine could manipulate the market without competition, eh Mister?" interrupted a young worker in blue overalls who had just joined the crowd.

"Oh no sir . . ." But his discomfort was too obvious and the whole crowd was laughing, even the errand boys who weren't quite sure what the Shell Combine was. The crowd was beginning to enjoy itself.

"I understand very well," persisted the young fellow in the overalls. "May I ask you a question?"

"Why of course you may, we're always glad to answer questions," replied the sweating speaker.

"I've not noticed the same gladness to answer questions when your people are in a hall with a crowd of hooligans on their side, but never mind, answer me this. Russian oil has been coming into this country now for years. Why is it then that this crusade about stolen Soviet oil has only commenced in the last few months?"

"My dear sir, that's not true, there have been those among us who have disagreed with it from the beginning and now we have succeeded in persuading the more decent of our fellow countrymen

to take up the cudgels with us against receiving stolen property."

"That's all rot," declared the figure in overalls very emphatically. "I know you old man, I've heard you speaking on and off for years, and I've never heard you say a word about stolen oil before."

There was laughter and cat-calling from the crowd. The unlucky speaker mopped his forehead with his pocket handkerchief.

The determined interrupter went on. "Everybody knows that this campaign started suddenly a few months ago. There was a flourish of trumpets in the press, posters on the hoardings, handbills on the streets and conservative speakers all opened their mouths at the same time up and down the country. That was obviously the organized result of an order. Who ordered the campaign and why? That's what we want to know."

The speaker squirmed. "I've explained to you that we succeeded in convincing . . ."

"Well," said he in the overalls grimly. "If you won't tell 'em who did it and why, I will."

The crowd became vocal and expressed its wishes energetically.

"Bravo, Matie!" "Go it old man, that's the stuff to give 'em!" "Tear it off your chest!" "Tell him all about it!"

To the trapped speaker who was trying to prevent the young worker speaking: "Shut up you, you've jawed enough!" "We want to hear what he's got to say." "Go it fellow worker!" The young worker went it.

"As I said before, Russian oil has been coming into this country for years and nobody ever thought about it being stolen until a month or so ago."

The crowd was listening intently.

"And the reason that no one ever thought about it was that the people who are now paying for this anti-Soviet oil campaign, that is the British oil industrialists, were the very people who were handling the oil and making huge profits out of it, and they didn't care a damn whether it was stolen or not." Turning to the speaker perched above the sea of grinning, mocking faces. "Deny it if you can."

"Since then, however, the Russians have decided to cut out the middle man and go into the retail business on their own. And so they formed the Russian Oil Products Company, the so-called ROP and are selling their oil direct on the British market. The Shell Combine has been cut out and Russian oil is now competing directly with Shell products. That's why the British oil industrialists have suddenly remembered that the oil has been 'stolen.' When they were pocketing the profits from retailing it here, they never thought about it."

There was a Homeric burst of laughter from the crowd which had now swollen to a considerable size. The interfering fellow in the blue overalls went on.

"Who's financing this campaign. Who's subsidizing the British Empire League, who's paying for the advertisements in the press and who's inspiring the leading articles?"

There was no answer to the rapid fire of questions and so the questioner answered them himself, triumphantly emphasizing every syllable.

"Royal Dutch Shell!"

There was a roar of laughter. The crowd was in high good humour. They shouted at the speaker, half a dozen and more voices at once.

1917

The Voice of Revolt resounded,
Lustily where Leningrad lays,
All mighty nations were startled
in 1917.

Plutocrats were seized with panic
To suppress it, they tried in ways
Unwritable; yet fire of Revolt
Spread in those October Days
of 1917.

In Hungary and Germany,
In dark large cellars without lights,
Grim, resolute men silently,
Talked about October nights
of 1917.

Sons of India, Africa,
The little race of brown Malays,
All slaves of Imperialism,
Yet rejoiced in October Days
of 1917.

—WM. STACHIEV.

"Answer that!" "What have you got to say to that?" "What about it now, cockie?"

The speaker didn't try to answer. He tried to do something still more impossible, he tried to shout his tormentors into silence.

"You're a lot of bolsheviks yourselves," he roared. But the crowd did not seem in the least insulted at the accusation, it only laughed all the more.

"You're supporting robbery, sheer, stark, staring, naked robbery. You're supporting the robbers of widows and orphans. You're supporting murderers!" The speaker was almost foaming at the mouth and the noise was getting louder and louder. At the corner a policeman put his head round, withdrew it and walked the other way.

The young fellow in the overalls made himself heard again above the din and the crowd grew silent to listen to him.

"Oh Mr. Speaker, there was just something else I wanted to say. Isn't it a fact that all such Russian property has been declared the property of the Russian High Court of Justice, and cannot therefore be stolen? How do you explain that?" The speaker stuttered and the crowd roared with delight at each new hit.

"Well, you see, the High Court, of course, had to . . . What I mean is, the High Court . . . With a bluster of anger. "Who are you coming here and trying to break up my meeting? I'll give you in charge my fine fellow. Everyone in England has a right to express his or her opinion freely, not like the state of affairs in Bolshevik Russia."

"Then why do you threaten me with the police for daring to express mine?" demanded the imperturbable young man.

The speaker bellowed like a bull to make himself heard.

"As I said, all Russian oil is stolen property . . ."

He got no further. There was a storm of laughter and jeering. The crowd had lost patience with him and remarks began to be very distinct and audible advising him to take his departure.

"Yah, go home!" "Put on a new record!" "We've heard that before!" "Pack up and go whilst the going's good!"

The unfortunate man on the platform took the hint and descended. Buttoning on his chamois leather gloves he shouted instructions into the ear of a loafer who had sidled up about what was to be done with the platform and then he made ready to depart.

He tried to leave the crowd with dignity, but that was a task not easy to perform. To retreat with dignity through a hostile and contemptuous crowd with a hail of caustic witticisms ringing in one's ears, is not easy and never will be. But all things both good and bad come to an end in time and finally he shook the crowd off his heels and disappeared round the corner to where his two seated car was waiting.

A friend who had witnessed his discomfiture joined him and spoke words of sympathy.

"That was a bad meeting, old man."

"Yes, rotten," answered the other glumly. "The many-headed are getting more and more difficult to reason with."

He cranked up the engine, but it refused to take.

"And the trouble is, it's not an isolated phenomenon. I've spoken in all parts of the country, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow, and its the same everywhere. I don't know what the country's coming to. Blast this engine, what's the matter with it?"

He cranked away violently and then still getting no result he went to the steering wheel and fumbled about a bit.

"Oh what a fool I am. I forgot to fill up the petrol tank before I left this morning. Open up the back will you. You'll find a can of petrol there."

His friend opened the receptacle at the back of the car whilst the speaker unscrewed the cover of the petrol container. The petrol can was duly fished out and handed over.

"Ah, thanks old man."

And a thick stream of rich fluid commenced to pour through a funnel into the tank.

"Careful with your cigarette, old fellow!"

The friend mechanically threw away his cigarette. His eyes were glued on to the petrol can. The cause of his surprise was very innocent. It was nothing more than three large letters painted in red on the side of the can, but the letters were "R. O. P."

Finally he recovered his voice and spoke.

"I say old fellow, but that's Bolshy petrol you're using yourself, you know. Look 'Russian Oil Products'."

His friend answered testily.

"Well of course it is if it says so on the tin. The stuff's the best on the market and the cheapest. I've been using it for years, it gives more mileage and leaves the engine cleaner. You don't think I take everything I say to the Great Unwashed seriously do you? D'you ever hear of a doctor taking his own medicine?"

The COMRADE

Edited by the Young
A Page for Workers'



Young SECTION

Pioneers of America
and Farmers' Children

Our Letter Box

WITH THE FARMERS

Dear Comrades: You have asked opinions of other readers for our rights. So I am writing of what I think. I think that all of the children of the working class should get together and later when we are older we will show the capitalists that the working class isn't sleeping even though we have not as much money. I will tell you what the capitalists are doing in Michigan to the farmers. The cows are being tested for tuberculosis and no farmer can sell any cow until she is tested. If he does sell one or any number he is fined \$1,000. I wonder where a poor farmer can get all that money. One man whom I know had 55 cows. After they were tested, he had none left. Just because a farmer is just getting along nicely they take away all he has. The bad thing about it is that the government takes these cows, sells them to the butchers and the people buy them to eat. Is that the way we cure our people from disease? It seems to be a good remedy so the rich fools think. They may give us \$40 or \$50 but that is not what we bought the cows for. One farmer took out his shotgun and told the testers that if they did not get out, he would blow them out. They left, but returned with a sheriff the next day. When the testers come to our place they will get just what they have coming. Well I think I better change the subject for I would like to ask a few questions. Can we not have a friendship club between the working class? I would like to get acquainted with some boys and girls in New York and New Jersey for I have never been at either place. I will close as working man's girl.

--ELIZABETH YOSHONIS.

WHO KNOWS?

By STEPHEN ULRICH.

- Who knows, who knows
- When the workers shall face their foes?
- Who knows, who knows
- When the war shall begin?
- Who knows, who knows
- When the workers shall win?

MEXICAN WORKERS CRUSH REVOLT

With the aid of the Mexican workers, the Calles government succeeded in suppressing the revolt of the Catholic clergy and rich land-owners, supported by American oil speculators. A number of generals and leaders were caught and executed. Gomez with a small force is retreating before government troops. The government appears to be in control of the situation.

Communist Party Aids.

The Communist Party of Mexico issued a statement to the workers and peasants, calling upon them to suppress the revolt. They pointed out that although the Calles government is not a workers' and farmers' government, it is more progressive than a landlord and Catholic clergy government. The workers must defeat all attempts to wrest from them the gains that they have acquired thru their many struggles. Therefore they must aid the Calles government today and fight the government tomorrow until a workers' and peasants' government is established.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLE No. 36

This week's puzzle is a word puzzle. The rules are as follows: No. 1 in the puzzle stands for A in the answer, No. 2 for B, 3 for C, etc. Let's see you get this one!

4 5 6 5 1 20 20 8 5 13 5 24 9 3 1 14
2 15 19 19 5 19 18 5 22 15 12 21 20 9 15 14

Send all answers to the Daily Worker Young Comrade Corner, 33 First St., N. Y. C., stating your name, age, address and number of puzzle.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzle

The answer to last week's puzzle No. 35 is: GOLD, WHITE, GREEN, BLUE, BLACK, GRAY and RED. The following have answered correctly: Bernard Nazarov, New York City; Estelle Goldstein, New York City; Mae Feurer, New York City.

More Answers to Puzzle No. 33

Liberto Vilarino, Inglewood, Cal.

COOPERATIVE PIONEERS

By PHILIP CHALEFF.

The cooperative section of the Young Pioneer League was organized in February, 1927, with a membership of about ten. As weeks went by our membership was increased. Now we not only have all the children of the cooperative house in the movement, but we also have about twenty outsiders.

Although our section is only six months old, we have grown to be the most active section in the city of New York. We came out first in the city in the Young Comrade subscription drive. We collected the most money for the camp honor roll. In July we sold one hundred Young Comrades. For the month of August we are getting one hundred and fifty Young Comrades to sell. The board of directors of the house has given us a very large hall in which we will have a large library and many other equipments for workers' children.

The Cooperative Young Pioneers have done very active work until now, and we hope to progress in our activities. We also hope to hear that all the Pioneer Sections in the United States will be as progressive and even more progressive than ours is now.

More Answers to Puzzle No. 34

Paulina Jurich, Wilkesburg, Pa.; James Mishkis, Chicago, Ill.; Homer B. Chase, Washington, N. H.; Chauke Comsky, Chicago, Ill.; Joe Velo, Highland Park, Ill.

SPECIAL NOTE!

Mary Offenbacker and William Chaszar, please send your address to Annie Matvenko, Box 166, Kamsack, Sask., Can.

YOUNG COMRADE SUB

1-Year—50 cents ½-Year—25 cents.

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(Issued Every Month).

MUSIC

N. Y. Symphony Opens Season Next Tuesday

The season of the New York Symphony Orchestra will open Friday evening, Oct. 21, in Carnegie Hall. At the first concert of the fiftieth anniversary season, Fritz Busch, director of the Dresden Opera House will be in the conductor's stand.

The first performance ever given by the New York Symphony Orchestra was on November 9, 1878. Founded by Leopold Damrosch, it is the second oldest symphony orchestra in the country. Busch's first program will include Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 in B-flat and Brahms's Symphony No. 1 in C-minor. This will be repeated at the Sunday afternoon concert in Mecca Auditorium. Busch is the first of five guest conductors who will direct the orchestra during the season. He will be followed by Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Walter Damrosch, Maurice Ravel, well known French composer-conductor, and Enrique Fernandez Arbos.

PHILHARMONIC.

Wanda Landowska, pianist-harp-sichoridst, and E. Robert Schmitz, pianist, will be soloists with the Philharmonic Orchestra, Willem Mengelberg conducting, next week. Mme. Landowska will be heard at the Thursday evening and Friday afternoon concerts and Schmitz at the second Students' Concert next Satur-

day and on Sunday at the first Brooklyn program of the season at the Academy of Music.

The programs of the week: This Sunday afternoon, Carnegie Hall; Vivaldi, Concerto Grosso in A minor; Rieti, Concerto for wind instruments; Tchaikovsky, "Pathetic" Symphony.

Thursday evening and Friday afternoon at Carnegie Hall: Gluck-Gavaert, Ballet Suite; Mozart, Concerto in E flat major; Mozart, Allegro di Molto in D; Bloch, Symphony in C sharp minor.

Saturday evening, October 22, Carnegie Hall (Students Concert), Schelling, Victory Ball; Bach, Concerto in F minor; De Falla, Nights in the Gardens of Spain; Bloch, Symphony in C sharp minor.

Music Notes

Martha Graham, assisted by her pupils, will give an evening of dance at the Little Theatre tomorrow. The program includes dances to the music of Bach, Brahms, Schumann, Scriabin, Ibert and Homegger.

Gil Valeriano, the Spanish tenor, at his recital in Town Hall, Thursday evening, will sing a group each of Italian classics, French, Spanish and English.

Sanda Albu, violinist, will appear in recital at Town Hall next Friday night.

MUSIC AND CONCERTS

PHILHARMONIC

MENGELBERG, Conductor

CARNEGIE HALL, This Sun. Aft., 3:00
VIVALDI—RIETI—TCHAIKOVSKY
CARNEGIE HALL, Thurs. Evg., Oct. 20
at 8:30

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, Oct. 21, at 2:30
Soloist: WANDA LANDOWSKA
GLUCK-GEVAERT-MOZART-BLOCH
Carnegie Hall, Sat. Evg., Oct. 22, 8:30
2d Students'

Arthur Judson, Mgr. Steinway Piano

Concert Mgmt. Daniel Mayer, Inc.
LITTLE Theatre, Sun. Evg., Oct. 16, 8:30
DANCE RECITAL MARTHA

GRAHAM

Assisted by LOUIS HORST, Pianist
Knabe Piano

TOWN HALL, Thurs. Evg., Oct. 20, 8:30

Gil Valeriano

SONG RECITAL Spanish Tenor
FRANK LA FORGE
Composer-Pianist, at the Piano.
(Mason & Hamlin)

Socrate Barozzi's first violin recital this season will be given at Town Hall, Wednesday afternoon Oct. 26.

Alexander Kisselburgh, baritone, appears in recital at Carnegie Hall November 1.

Richard Crooks' recital will be held on Wednesday evening, October 26 at Carnegie Hall.

\$1 CHAMBER MUSIC \$1

Six Fri. Eve. Concerts, Nov. 18th; Dec. 9th; Jan. 7th; Feb. 10th; Mar. 16th; Apr. 13th.

Flonzaley Quartet
Letz Quartet
Stringwood Ensemble
Mr. & Mrs. David Mannes
Mr. & Mrs. Edwin Hughes
Tollefsen Trio

\$1 ARTISTS' RECITALS \$1

Six Fri. Eve. Concerts, Nov. 25th; Dec. 23rd; Jan. 20th; Feb. 24th; Mar. 23rd; Apr. 20th.

Nina Tarasova Joseph Szigeti
Elly Ney Denishawn School
Lenora Sparkes Willem Durieux

Washington Irving H. S., Irving Place & 16th St. \$1 for subscription to EACH series of six concerts. Both series \$2. Mail orders to People's Symphony Concerts, 32 Union Square (Stuyvesant 9687). Also on sale at Macy's and Wanamaker's.

Concert Management Arthur Judson
GUILD Theatre Sun. Evg., Oct. 16, at 8:30
BEATRICE

HARRISON

Cellist (Steinway)

Frances Moore will give his piano recital Tuesday evening at Town Hall.

Olive Cornell, coloratura soprano, will give her recital at Carnegie Hall, Tuesday evening.

Doris Niles, will give her dance in Carnegie Hall, Tuesday evening, October 25.

Pass the Paper to a Fellow Worker!

DRAMA

"HIGH GEAR"

Take a Little Smile for Thy Stomach's Sake

At the Earl Carroll's Wallack's Theatre is one of those plays, "High Gear," which for many people take the place of the now forbidden wine. They go, see, hear, laugh heartily, and therefore digest the holiday dinner well. One should criticize not from an artistic standpoint, but from a physiological.



Shirley Booth

"High Gear" is not, as its name would seem to suggest, either an industrial play nor yet about automobiles. It is about a movie-mad wife whose imagination is always several blocks ahead of her slow-going husband's. It has the usual mistaken identity plot, same as Shakespeare used, only now the fabricants of farce have grown cynical. They no longer describe the mistake in identity to resemblance of feature or mere chance, but to deliberate lying by the heroine.

This heroine, has been writing the usual uncle some falsehoods about her affluent circumstances, (the petit bourgeois notion of "keeping up appearances" carried a little too far) when he comes to visit and forgive the husband who eloped with his niece; they are afraid to tell him that said husband is only a shipping clerk in a butter and egg house, instead of owning the business. The husband is impressed as butler, to put up a front, and then, when necessary to produce a husband, a physician who is nabbed by chance is brot in to act the part.

The laughs center around such incidents as the attempt of the pseudo-husband to talk like a "secretary to the hens," and the antics of a cop who steals all his host's cigars while delivering a pensive lecture on the disappointing propensity of the majority of mankind for "staylin." And of course the confusion about the bed rooms.

Besides a little punch at the police department, Larry E. Johnson, author, has it in for California. Uncle and heroine are born there. But instead of haling from some of the properly Spanish named California towns, he has them come out of "Bob's Corners." Which I take to be a slam at the old pioneer village of Dutch Corners, name lately changed for real estate purposes to "Ducor."

Well, anyway it's that kind of a play. It won't hurt you. The men are good actors; those of the women who are not, are easy to look upon. Shirley Booth, as the "high geared" wife of the shipping clerk, is both.

—V. S.

Basil Sydney Gives Out Plan of the Garrick Players

WITH the announcement of the Garrick players headed by Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis reopening the Garrick Theatre on October 24 with Shakespeare's "The Taming Of the Shrew," in modern dress, there now comes, in the nature of an interview from Mr. Sydney, some news regarding their future policy.

"The aim of the theatre, mainly," said Mr. Sydney, "will be to try and establish some newer and more original American and foreign plays, by giving them a justice of cast and scenery they could not so easily get in a larger house on account of the high rental which prohibits the production of a costlier imaginative play from an unknown playwright with the genius of an O'Neill unless he had the name of an O'Neill.

"Even the name of such a popular authoress as Maurine Watkins has

EVA LE GALLIENNE.



Director and principal player in the Civic Repertory Theatre's production of "The Good Hope," which will open Tuesday night at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

not been enough up to now to warrant a production for her adaptation from the Italian of 'Death Takes a Holiday.' This was a play she completed along with 'The Devil's Diary' after her 'Chicago' was produced. Both of these new plays, being of a different calibre than 'Chicago' and 'Revelry' and therefore out of the reckoning of most producers, the Garrick Players intend doing as speedily as possible.

"It is also to be hoped that the long wait an author like O'Neill went through for the promise of a production of a play like 'Lazarus Laughed' can also be forestalled by an organization such as ours with a first-class theatre, scenery and cast."

The association of Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis in this newly-announced venture of theirs at the Garrick starting with "The Taming of the Shrew" in modern dress is a logical one, Sydney scored last season with his "Hamlet" in modern dress.

The Desert Song

with Robt. Halliday & Eddie Buzzell
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Times Sq. TWICE DAILY, 2:30-8:30

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A New Play by
FREDERIC & FANNIE HATTON
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Eves. 8:30. in 'Romancing 'Round'
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The Alluring "IT" Girl
CLARA BOW
IN A FIERY ROMANCE OF HAWAII
"HULA"
with CLIVE BROOK
ON THE STAGE
FLO MEYERS & BON JOHNS GIRLS
JEANIE - KEMPER & BAYARD
OTHER KEITH-ALDEE ACTS

AMUSEMENTS

TUESDAY EVENING, October 18th THE CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE

OPENS FOR THE SEASON
The Play—"The Good Hope" The Author—Heijermans
The Director—Eva Le Gallienne
THE CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE
105 WEST 14th STREET PHONE CHELSEA 0054
The Prices—50c—\$1.10—\$1.65

The Program Week Oct. 18-22 "THE GOOD HOPE"—Tues. Wed. Mat., Thur., Sat. "CRADLE SONG"—Wed., Sat. Mat. "LA LOCANDIERA"—Fri.	The Seal of a Fine Play	The Program Week Oct. 24-29 "CRADLE SONG"—Mon., Wed. Mat. "GOOD HOPE"—Tues., Wed., Sat. Mat. "THREE SISTERS"—Thurs., Sat.
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Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

Ambassador Thea., 49th St. West of B'way
Evs. 8:30. Mat. 2:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
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THE
MATRIMONIAL BED
with JOHN T. MURRAY
Also May Vokes Lee Patrick
Kenneth Hill Lennox Paule
Clay Clement

NATIONAL 41st St. W. of B'way
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The TRIAL of
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UNITED ACTORS, Inc.
present
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An industrial play with an acetylene flame
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PICNIC, by Francis Edwards Faragoh
AIRWAYS, INC., by John Dos Passos
and a play by John Howard Lawson.

The DAILY WORKER has purchased a special block of tickets.