

Industrial Worker

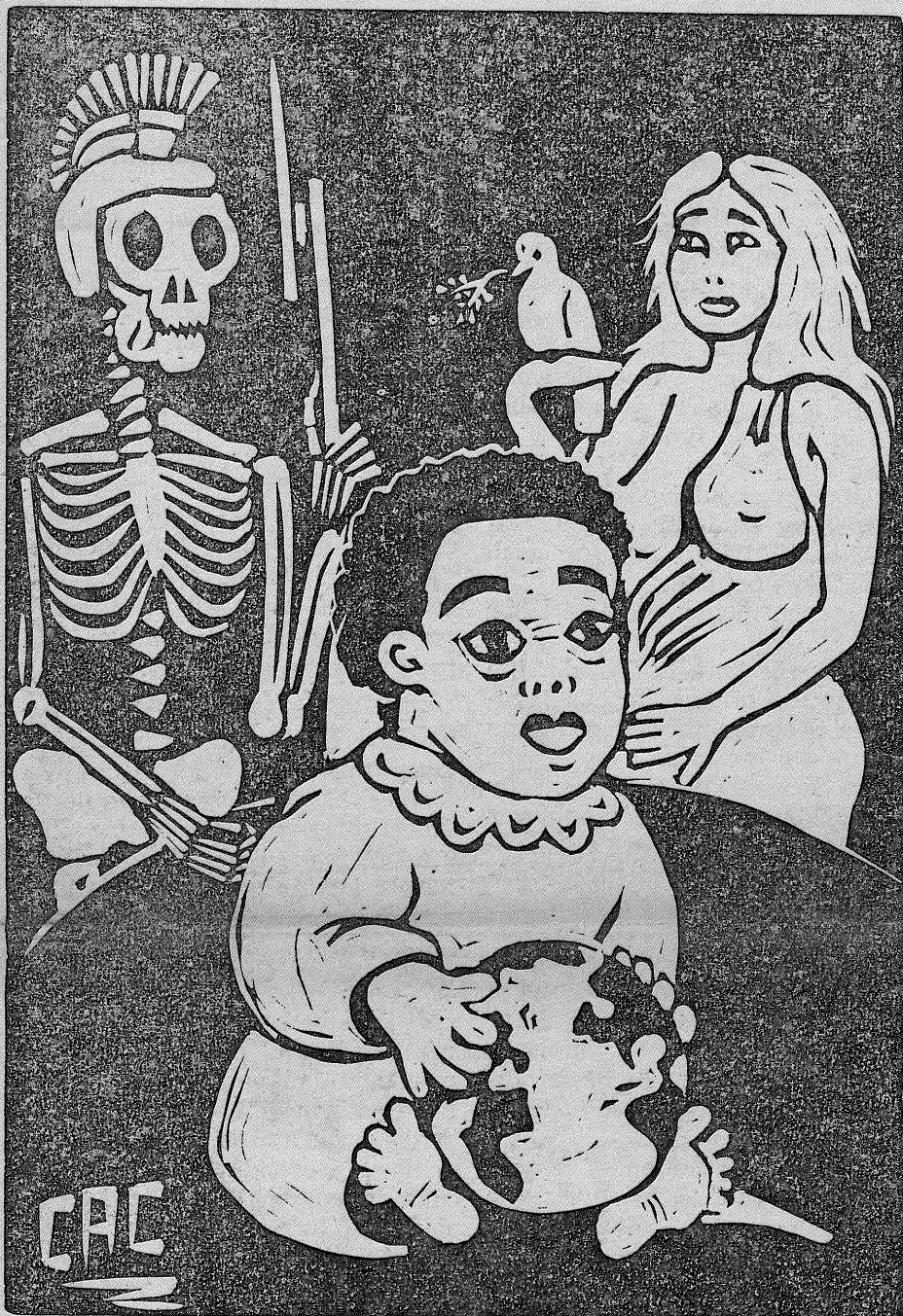
AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL

VOL. 64 — NO. 10 — W.N. 1234

Chicago, Ill., January, 1966 360

10¢

Two Prospects for '66



Hungry World

AN IMMODEST PROPOSAL

A new specter is haunting civilization—the specter of too many mouths to feed. It has become so convincing a specter that it has forced the most rapid change in ideology on record, the widespread publicity for birth control for which Margaret Sanger and others only a few years ago went to jail.

Charts project population growth ahead to a year X in which we will have “standing room only” and as someone has remarked, that ought to slow people down somewhat.

The stern fact remains that in a world without enough to eat, population has been growing faster than food supply. There is famine in India.

The food supply is unevenly distributed. Europe has 22% of the population and 34% of the food; North America has 7% of the population and 22% of the food; the Far East has 53% of the pop-

ulation but only 27% of the food. Africa is on the same half share with 8% of the population and 4% of the food. Latin America with 8% of the population and 7% of the food gets by on the inadequate diet we all would have if the food were evenly distributed.

Half mankind has a diet insufficient in protein. A third of mankind lacks even sufficient starches to fill the belly. Three million children die each year for lack of protein. Because of this protein deficiency the death rate between ages 1 and 4 is 30 times as great in underdeveloped countries as it is here.

But if these babes were given the protein so they could grow up and multiply, what then?

In 1729 Jonathan Swift offered his Modest Proposal as a solution to the Irish population problem, savagely suggesting that if Irish

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LABOR FAKER IS SHY BUT ACCEPTS MORE PIE

From December 8 through 17 the AFL-CIO held its annual convention in San Francisco. Earlier in the year the AFL executive council proposed that the convention be held in Puerto Rico, however, cooler minds prevailed and the idea was vetoed at a subsequent session as it was felt that some of the affiliated unions might complain. How many unions are located in Puerto Rico?

At one of the executive sessions held at the convention, a resolution was advanced that proposed George Meany, president of the AFL, be rewarded for his service to labor by raising his pay \$25,000 a year, for the rest of his career. The yellow sheets reported that Brother George was angry with the resolution.

It was also reported that just prior to the announcement of the resolution Brother left the executive session so that he wouldn't be present when the resolution was brought up.

One must always question why, when a labor faker turns his nose away from a bigger piece of pie. George's dramatics were solely for the benefit of the convention delegates, who would review the action of the executive board. It is unlikely, however, at any AFL-CIO convention, that the delegates would reverse any action taken by the executive board.

Most of the presidents and vice-presidents of the affiliated unions are either on the board or were asked to sit-in on the convention sessions of the board, therefore, the actions of the board had at least majority consent of the affiliated unions' officers. The delegates, some elected by the rank-and-file, and most appointed by the officers of their unions, wield little power and should they step out of line at a convention would face certain stoppage in their individual pie cards.

Brother George's reluctance to listen to pay increase talk may have stemmed in part from, as the rumor factory relates, his receiving additional income from the Central Intelligence Agency through the contact man, AFL international affairs director, Jay Lovestone.

Another source of Brother George's disturbance is that the AFL staff employee's collective bargaining contract is due to expire in January. Brother George and his cronies have been poor-mouthing it to the staff employees—it's hard to continue poor-mouthing it to the staff employees the boss was just granted a \$25,000 a year raise.

There is, I would like to relate,

no fear at this time that Brother George is going to starve.

Brother George is sitting on a feathered nest. There is his annual salary, now \$70,000 a year. He will receive a pension of \$45,000 a year at retirement, unless the executive raised that also. George's wife, just for being his wife, gets a \$19,000 a year pension.

George has a cadillac, long and black, just like the powers that be. George has an unlimited expense account, and when he travels he rides only first class. And amusingly enough, his pie card includes pie—every day when he's in his Washington office. As the saying goes, there is nothing too good for the workers' misrepresentatives.

With labor statesmen like Geo. Meany who needs a bourgeois class? What is needed is to kick-out these fat cats and to install democratic unionism—the IWW way. —Powderly

Boss Mentality Rules In Johnson War on Poverty

A glimmer of light was somehow born and bred into the 'War on Poverty' program—the notion that if the program is to do any permanent good it must let those to be aided by it have something to say about it. This runs so counter to encrusted administrative procedures that it yields some weird results.

The University of Syracuse took over a sector of the “war” and asked Chicago sociologist Saul Alinsky to design a program in line with that glimmer. Years ago Alinsky achieved fame with his “Back of the Yards” work, a program by which the residents of the packinghouse area of Chicago proved they could take collective action to improve their community. In later years he has specialized in setting up community movements designed to put pressure on city hall and power structures to make working class communities more liveable.

For the University of Syracuse he designed a two-phase program. There was a “leadership phase” intended to develop among the poor of Syracuse a capacity “to articulate the poor's demands for better schools, housing, police protection and other improvements.” And there was an “action phase” that dealt with how to organize demonstrations against

(Continued on page 6)

"An Injury to One Is an Injury to All" • One Union One Label One Enemy

Industrial Worker



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OURS IS NOT A WEEKEND JOB

Somewhat late, but none the less welcome comes a word from Detroit. An oldtimer writes: "The gathering that you participated in on November 19 and 20 was the doing of Dr. Philip Mason and of Roberta McBride, a new type of Rebel Girl."

Indeed it was so and the Industrial Worker is happy once more to acknowledge its and the IWW's debt to those two for the planning and preparation for a wonderful Joe Hill memorial meeting on that occasion. And once again we thank the performers on the stage who through diligent research and the magic of their art transformed memories of a long-gone past to present reality. It was a wonderful two hours at Wayne State's "Night with the Wobblies." We will not soon forget the experience.

The audience, too, was a wonderful one. From up front one got the feeling that if the goodwill toward the radical labor movement and the IWW in particular, so clearly evident in the friendly crowd, could be diffused throughout the world, our revolution would be a cinch and the new society a sturdy fact.

* * *

The chief obstacle to genuine social progress today is that humanitarian opinion and civilized thinking have no influence in the market place where workers sell their labor power, or on the jobs where they slave for a living.

On the job, employees delegate their thinking to employers, and sometimes to union leaders. If they happen to be concerned with some great public issue, such as a brutal war in Viet Nam, they delegate their thinking, and protest action, to some member of the family who is not employed in industry. Thus the greatest potential power in the country, that of the industrial work force, lies completely immobilized.

Labor thinking and action reached a high point back in the 1890s. That period of awareness produced the IWW in 1905. In the 1930s an attempt to revitalize the old pro-capitalist unionism misfired and produced the CIO, which then immediately purged itself of every trace of working class ambition for a new and better social system.

Today the showcase unions—they are built and polished-up to look good to bosses and government—are losing ground. It's high time for a revival of the kind of unionism that can and will utilize the strength of the labor force in a fight for economic sanity in a peaceful world.

* * *

What this leads to is that there is a great need that workers who have a desire to promote the interests of their class get busy on the job fanning the flames of discontent. We must take the fine feeling of solidarity and hope for the future, which we enjoy so much in occasional meetings, onto the job with us and spread them where they will do some good.

ANYTHING FOR MONEY

"It's we who are the revolutionaries," Otto Kerner, Governor of Illinois, told an audience of 4,000 business leaders from all over the state.

"I can tell you," he said in an effort to prove his point, "that on Thanksgiving Day in Viet Nam,

the American soldiers, the soldiers from Illinois, made it clear to me that they knew they are freedom fighters of their day."

Then the governor went on to tell about bonds, and about the prosperity a war-stimulated economy was bringing to the state.

EMPLOYERS CAN'T HANDLE OWN MANPOWER PROBLEM

Port Arthur, Ont. — There is something wrong with labor news these days. First off, it comes from the wrong places. There is too little of it made on the job and it is reported mostly by government officials and union bureaucrats who "evaluate a situation" in warm offices while the slaves on the "point of production" sweat or freeze and risk their necks, saying little or nothing that gets into the papers.

There are two layers of insulation between the actual workers in industry and the newspaper reading public, and together they are almost sound proof. The voice from down below where the work is done is smothered as never before in modern times.

More people claim to be talking for labor or about labor, and they are getting paid for it; but real labor has little to say for itself. At least, its opinions get but little airing, even in the so-called labor press.

Meanwhile here in Canada, the Department of Labour has launched a program to strengthen its "manpower services" operation. These services consist primarily in providing for the manpower needs of the employing class.

As in other technologically advanced, or advancing, countries, the time is past when our labor department concerned itself chiefly with statistical studies, and a little with the health and welfare of the workers. Present emphasis is on labor training in new techniques and skills required of labor by employers.

The primitive notion of a generation ago that each industry or even each employer should take care of his own labor training as an essential part of the free private industry system has gone

almost as completely as has the coal-burning locomotive in transportation.

Providing trained or at least partly trained workers is now pretty generally seen as a function of government. And there is little complaint on this score that the state is absorbing the prerogatives of democratic free enterprise.

In a December news release, the Canadian labor department points to an "urgent need for increasing the number of skilled and semi-skilled workers in the construction industry" and declares that "such training is essential if the industry is not to face a shortage of productive workers next summer."

As a preliminary to pushing this manpower service to the employing class, the department announces there will soon be many openings for educated man-catchers (Employment Service Officers). Preference will be given to experienced slave-recruiters and to university graduates.

This is the kind of labor news workers hear a lot of. Maybe it gives the slave who reads it a feeling that he is getting to be an object of some importance, like lumber, metal and other raw materials, in this age of popular predictions that labor will soon be outmoded by universal automation.

It is to be hoped that beginning right now, and continuing as the predicted manpower shortages develop, workers will organize to strike back at the employers, resisting stepped-up exploitation and demanding a civilized standard of living for every man, woman and child in the working class. That will make real labor news.

—Joe Funken

Preamble

• **THE WORKING CLASS and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who makeup the employing class, have all the good things of life.**

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of management of the industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

• **IT IS THE HISTORIC MISSION OF THE WORKING CLASS to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.**

OFFICIAL NOTICES BRANCH MEETINGS

HOUSTON, Texas. — Robert (Blakie) Vaughan is the acting Secretary of the Houston I.U. 510 branch. All communications intended for the branch should be addressed to him at 7505 Navigation Blvd., Houston, Tex. 77011.

* * *

SAN FRANCISCO — Temporarily, while a location for a new hall is found, all business of the San Francisco branch will be handled by Fellow Worker Tom Condit. For information on branch activities, meetings etc., telephone Tom Condit. His number is DO 2-4377.

* * *

BERKELEY, Cali. — For information about meetings, socials, and other activities contact Robert Rush, Secretary, 1723 10th St., Telephone: 524-1989.

* * *

DULUTH, Minn. — Write to Pat McMillan, Stationary Delegate, P.O. Box 559 for information and contacts.

* * *

CHICAGO branch general membership meetings are now being held on the first Friday of the month at 2422 N. Halsted Street. Tor Faegre, Secretary.

* * *

NEW YORK CITY — The mailing address of the New York City GRU branch is now 539 East 11th Street, Apt. 1-E. The hall remains at 336 East 4th Street, Room 4. — Walter Caughey, Secretary.

* * *

SEATTLE, Wash. — For I.W.W. business in the Seattle area O. N. Peterson, stationary delegate; at Drake Hotel, 523 Fifth Ave.

* * *

YAKIMA, Wash. — For information about work and organization opportunities in the fruit and farm areas of Eastern Washington, get in touch with George C. Underwood, 102 South 3rd Ave., telephone GLencourt 3-2046.

* * *

LOS ANGELES, Calif. — IWW Stationary Delegate, P.O. Box 46583, Los Angeles; or call EX 88110.

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Getting Fired Fancy

Since lawyers can be disbarred and priests unfrocked, suggests the L & N Magazine why shouldn't people in other professions be similarly fired. Said the journal, "How extraordinary if: Electricians got delighted, musicians denoted, cowboys deranged, models deposed, judges distorted. And just imagine mediums getting dispirited, dressmakers unbiased, Far Eastern diplomats disoriented. Even worse, think of all those office workers getting defiled."

The Windmills of Poverty

A nation that has the natural resources and the man power required to feed, clothe, and shelter its people should never know poverty. It should have neither booms nor depressions. Should its treasury ever become empty, no one need go hungry or cold, for the country is just as wealthy as before. It is only money that is lacking at the moment, and money is singularly lacking in heat and nourishment.

In the Great Depression of the Thirties, there was scarcity of food in the homes, while surplus farm products rotted in fields and dumps. The people needed only money—or gumption enough to help themselves to that which should be the property of all.

Is it any wonder that the poor, foolish people in Watts ran wild on the six hot days in August and went on a looting spree?

The poor pressed together in a slum community, are both a danger and a disgrace to any nation. A jobless worker is a reflection on the country of which he is a citizen. It is his country. He is an owner. His products are his, to be drawn upon as needed, as money in a checking account at the bank.

Watts, the Los Angeles suburb, is not an exceptional case. The poor, black and white, live in similar Watts-like slums all over the country.

Poverty, as it exists today in these trouble spots, may be regarded as a refinement of that servitude inflicted upon the Negroes of America before the Civil War set them free from their Southern masters.

The unemployed, having neither master nor boss, go on relief, many accepting it as a permanent, endurable way of life. After all, charity does assure them of enough to eat. They can live under other deprivations. As slavery oppresses, so does poverty in many subtle ways.

Commander-in-Chief Lyndon Johnson's War on Poverty may be a worth-while venture, but I like better the radicals' War on Wealth, which has been dragging along ever since General Washington booted King George's Hessians across the water. I enjoy taking word-shots at the rich, though they may be taken no more seriously than is the Great Society Man's tilting at the windmills of poverty.

J. F. McDaniels

Don't Hang up Class War Weapons

Data Journal, organ of the Draughtsmen's and Allied Technicians' Association (Great Britain), relates that when a newly elected Labor member of Parliament enters the cloak room at the Palace of Westminster, he finds there a red, taped loop where he is told he may hang his sword.

The thing has always been there, he is informed, "as members are not allowed to wear swords in the Chambers."

After sitting in Parliament a while, the new Labor members "quickly learn that they are trying to tackle the problems of a computer-automation-space-age Britain with the Parliamentary procedure of the Palmerston and Pitt periods."

Strangely enough, the system seems to work all right—for the employing class—with the aid of

bureaucrats, bankers' associations, boards of directors and Press Lords.

Not all the left-over horse and buggy, or knight in armor methods, are to be found in Parliament and Congress. In the United States, workers "park their hardware" when they allow union leaders to restrict their right to pull a strike; they "hang up their swords" when they accept contracts that ban direct action based on on-the-job decisions; & they cast aside labor's greatest weapon, class solidarity, when they limit their union activity to their own craft or job.

Much union thinking of today is a relic of the past. Many present day union tactics were not devised by labor at all; they were shaped up by labor's misleaders in cooperation with employers and politicians.

From Down on the Rio Grande

Editor:

In answer to your question: Yes, I know about the "Green Carders" down along the Rio Grande. They are Mexican workmen who apply for U.S. citizenship. When the application is made they are handed green cards which entitle them to remain in the U.S.

I know there are some green carders, and it is claimed there are many, who continue living in Mexico while they hold jobs on the U.S. side of the border. They travel back and forth daily from Mex. homes to U.S. jobs.

What's the fuss about? You wouldn't be thinking about join-

ing the hoosiers to drive this handful of commuter slaves back, would you? Better get down here and organize them.

And it's about time for another IWW invasion of Mexico. Along with the half-starved and brutally exploited in the U.S., they need the down-to-earth unadulterated industrial unionism the IWW can supply.

Let the middle class bums beg for legislation and justice from on high. Our business is with the slaves.

—Joe Pesano
"War is a game which, if men were wise, Kings would not play at."
—Voltaire

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Chicago Branch News

The recently evicted Chicago Branch of the I.W.W. and the Solidarity Bookshop have temporarily moved to National Headquarters, 2422 North Halsted. As far as the Chicago members can gather, the major reason for the police harassment which led to the eviction was the closeness of the Bookshop to Waller High School, a ghetto school across the street from the storefront we rented.

The Chicago Board of Education, the Police Department and a few neighbors, it appears, were terrified with what a little radical Bookshop could do to young minds!

Moving has delayed the publication of the Rebel Worker and several pamphlets, but the 53page, annotated, Solidarity Bookshop Catalog of radical books-in-print is out and sells for 50c each.

THE AMAZING MR. BLOCK

When Woodrow Wilson read his declaration of war against Germany to Congress in 1917, the women and men in the gallery cheered; and as Wilson retired to a side room he remarked to someone near:

"It's strange that these people should cheer, that these young men shall die."

MANSLAUGHTER FOR PROFIT

When the SS Yarmouth Castle burned and sank a couple of months ago taking the lives of 84 persons, the incident was a clear case of a capitalist outfit deliberately placing human beings in jeopardy for the sake of extra profit. The U.S. owned boat was registered in Panama to escape U.S. safety regulations. Union seamen had long ago declared her unfit for service.

Movie Review

SPANISH CIVIL WAR FILM

TO DIE IN MADRID:
An Ancinex Production

This full length film is a collection of newsreel shots taken in the Civil War in Spain during 1936 through 1939.

Despite the well-known fact that newsreel films are mainly reportage with no attempt at artistry, the producers of this movie have achieved a work of art as well as a moving documentary of an early phase in the rise of fascism; and of the brave struggle of a lone people against it.

According to publicity the film is dedicated to the war correspondents who lost their lives in Spain while pursuing the job of reporting the civil war there. Actually, upon viewing the film, it turns out to be more than that. It is the story of a nation beleaguered on all sides by forces of tyranny both native and imported, and of a fight that was in the main carried on by an unmilitary people.

Justifiably this film brings out the cold blooded indifference of the so-called democratic governments of that day such as England, France and the United States who were holding themselves aloof while the modernistic military machinery of Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy were pouring full force against a people who were fighting with outmoded weapons.

It touches briefly upon Russia's support of the Loyalist cause but fails to mention Russia's true role in dividing the Loyalist forces, thus assuring Franco a victory.

Quite a bit of attention is given to the volunteer International brigades and their position in helping fight the armies of Franco combined with the armies of Hitler and Mussolini.

This film fails to mention that the volunteers of these International brigades often found themselves pitted against the Anarchist and Syndicalist militias, nor is mention made of the fact that the commanders of these brigades forbade their subordinates from fraternizing with members of the Anarcho-Syndicalist militias.

The sincerity of the many volunteers of these International brigades is not being questioned here. The majority of these volunteers were wholly committed anti-totalitarians who wanted to see the successful emergence of a workers' democracy. But because of the role of duplicity they were forced to play, went to their homes disillusioned — those who were fortunate enough to escape.

It is lamentable that the film makes little mention of the anarcho-syndicalists Workers Militia and how in truth they were the principal bastion against the advance of Franco despite the fact they were not only pitted against his forces but the forces of Hitler and Mussolini while often being fired at in their ranks by Stalinist-led troops.

Such would have been a beautiful account of how well a militia composed of non-military workers held off the combined military

strength of three armies and lost only because of the duplicity of a third military force that was supposed to be their ally but was only playing a role of political strategy.

Aside from this glaring omission, it can be said that this film is worth seeing. Herein are depicted the story of the famed philosopher Miguel de Unamuno whose humanistic-inspired opposition to Franco, though he lived in Fascist-held territory, caused him to be imprisoned, and caused his subsequent dying broken-hearted.

Here is also the poignant story of the most gifted young poet of the day, Federico Garcia Lorca, whose opposition and bravery against fascism led to his brutal murder at the hands of Franco's henchmen.

More important, it's the story of the unnamed multitudes of Spanish people themselves who made their stand in the face of the overwhelming military might of fascism at a time when well-heeled citizens of a respectable democracy were trading with Franco and supplying him with the materials to hurl against these people who wanted to live in peace.

Here are such scenes as a child's body laying on a city square, workers marching toward almost certain death while singing and giving the raised fist workers' salute, un-uniformed men and women on a Spanish hilltop with little more than rifles waiting for the oncoming fascist tanks, women and children hiding under whatever shelter they could find as the fascist bombers flew overhead; and many scenes of a people who were the first true fighters against fascism.

Here are seen the first examples of systematic block-by-block bombing which would be later used by both sides of a second world war. The brave fight of the Basque people who for years had been struggling for independence, who had thrown their lot with the Loyalist cause and became the recipients of an all-out extermination campaign on the part of Franco and Hitler.

Here is shown the horror of the wiping out by bombing of Guernica and the destruction of the Basque's sacred Oak Tree that had long been a symbol of the Basque nation.

It is shown how in one Basque town all the priests were executed by Franco because of their opposition to him. The film could also have made mention of "Red Malaga" where also every priest died fighting Franco.

Franco still proclaims himself the protector of the Faith despite this on his record. In the face of this he is still a member in good standing of that religious body as were his two cohorts, Hitler and Mussolini, right up to and including their well-merited destinies. These three men have been directly responsible for the death of more men of the cloth and countless numbers of ordin-

FAR OUT AND FAR AWAY

This is a time of the year to put on one's most solemn face and make some far-out conjectures about a far-off future.

Two men were discussing the Viet Nam situation, and one offered as his final grounds for killing folks there that we have to do this to stop communism from taking over the world. The other raised the point that what sort of economic arrangements we can expect to prevail there or anywhere a few generations from now will not be determined by who wins battles there today but by the life experience of people there between now and then.

This seems a reasonable proposition. "Isms" are only "isms" but machines and food supply and birth rates and death rates and medicine and inventions are facts.

Capitalism has been fighting communism for 48 years now. In that time capitalism has changed and adopted various forms, and the systems called communist have done likewise. The "isms" do not retain a continuous meaning except as names for general tendencies. The advocates of the "isms" prefer to ignore all this and to obscure the fact that they are arguing for specific groups of people in specific power structures.

So, forgetting the isms, what sort of world are the facts creating?

One big fact is that every machine in Chicago or China produces the same output with less labor. For at least twenty years here it has cost less to produce most things than it has cost to sell them to us. Sooner or later, here and everywhere, as production costs diminish, it becomes absurd to collect money for things when that costs more than producing them.

We can expect a related change in the idea of "cost." What did it cost Aladdin to produce things by rubbing his wonderful lamp? And what will it cost to produce shoes with the technology of the future? But if one design raids some irreplaceable resource, will this not involve a consideration of "cost" that is ignored nowadays?

Many of our actions do not stop others from doing likewise; but some, such as setting up a radio station, or occupying some strategic location, or withdrawing most of the water from some stream, do restrict the chances for others to do likewise. Our technology tends to provide more and more examples of this second class of action, and this second class surely costs something that the first class doesn't.

Some actions, such as operating jet planes, do serious damage to our environment. Some specialists expect we are more likely to have a famine for air and water than we are for food. A more densely populated world may judge costs, not in the old bookkeeping sense, but by what a thing does to the environment.

When the experiences of life make men think in patterns of this general sort, will they keep on with the social and economic arrangements to which they are now accustomed? Can they continue to operate on the notion that things cost money — and that the right decision is the one that brings the most money in for the least money expended? Will they feel that these decisions can safely be made for mankind by some new elite? Or perhaps even replace these with computers? Or will we, partly by preference, partly by necessity, settle down to some set of arrangements wherein doing what comes naturally yields an abundance of what can be mass-produced, with a minimum use of irreplaceable resources and a minimum damage to environment and people, and offers the maximum consistent range of choices?

Of the future one thing is certain: Either we quit thinking of ourselves and acting as Frenchmen or Chinese or Yanks or Eskimos, and start thinking and acting as human beings or there won't be any future. That change alone changes much else, and substantially eliminates the warring "isms." The lamest excuse one can offer for us to kill each other is that we thereby determine what the future will offer.

F. T.

ary members of the "Faith" than any other three men in modern history.

Readers are asked to bear in mind the omissions pointed out earlier in this article. But reviewer recommends the film to them as well worth seeing, and particularly that they take along their friends who have been taken in by the line that Franco saved Spain from Communism, or who are contemplating taking advantage of the "tourist mecca" there.

A friend of mine who accompanied me to this movie, upon leaving the theater said, "Now I understand why you refuse to buy oil from Spain. You can consider me one more boycotter of Spanish products!"

— Carlos Cortez

Never Missed:

1917-65

General Defense:

Herewith is my contribution to the Christmas fund. I have never missed since 1917. I happily recall my faithful mother (passed away, January 1944) made a donation to every appeal which was taken personally. Sometimes she denied her own needs. — "The Boys" needs were much greater! She had a stack of receipts, many of them large for a mother of a large family and wife of an iron molder.

—H.R.J.

LBJ CORRAL DUST

By Washington Wobbly

Disregard what the Yellow Streak reported. There were from 40 to 50 thousand people in the Thanksgiving Peace March.

The National Co-ordinating Committee to End the War in Viet Nam was here too at the same time to add the weight of its delegates to the march, and to hold a convention.

The convention, like most, was long-winded but enjoyable. Just seeing this large congregation of young dissidents protesting was a pleasure. The observation was made that "while certain groups speak of the dialectic nature of the political economy, the groups' polemics (pop-offs?) remain static." And it was indeed so.

Just the same, it was a pleasure to see the Commies above ground again, selling their books openly and without the red squad bugging them—though the "squad" was present, naturally. I say it was good to see because it was a triumph for liberalism.

There may have been as many as 2,000 registered delegates to this convention. Characteristically, the "Trots" walked out when an apparently planned coup of theirs flopped. The "Trots" wanted a "formal organization with a rigid structure." Most of the others favored autonomy for local committees to end the war, with a national committee for co-ordinating activities.

* * *

There was also a convention here in November of the IUD (Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO). This gathering was noteworthy for what was missing. There were no resolutions on war in Vietnam, or foreign policy generally. You know, of course, that the Auto Workers union Executive Board and Hot-Shot Reuther back up the Administration's war policy and that of the UAW top leadership only Sed'y-Treas. Emil Mazey is in opposition on that issue.

Well, Mazey was at the IUD convention and re-affirmed his anti-war stand. This, everything considered, was doing pretty good for a high salaried member of the UAW bureaucracy.

The IUD spent plenty of money on its convention. It was held in the ritziest hotel in town. At the reception preceding the formal opening, there were four bars, a large hors d'oeuvres table and a couple of Negroes standing around in white jackets — a reminder of the caste system in this country.

At this reception for Presidents, other union officers and delegates — representatives of various AFL-CIO International Unions—only two persons drank beer.

COOK WANTED

Chef Rene Verden is quitting. Said he can't stand the style of

School Daze

LEARNING MADE TOUGH FOR SLUM STUDENTS

LEARNING MADE TOUGH FOR SLUM STUDENTS

Something seems about to happen to the Chicago school system. Superintendent Willis is having his wings clipped, and has been induced to promise to quit his \$48,000 post in a year or so. (He does a bit of moonlighting on the side.) Hitherto the local press has considered him as 'indispensable.'

Early in December the Daily News let loose with some down-to-earth descriptive articles about Crane High School, that made many readers realize it has become indispensable to get rid not only of Willis, but of the whole system associated with him. The school board has at last resisted his efforts to perpetuate his policies and the power structure he has built.

The textbook situation is an objective yardstick. One Crane teacher was quoted as saying: "You could get all the books at Crane into one of the side rooms of the Evanston High School library." To provide books, teachers have been collecting odd nickels from student lunch money to buy paperbacks. (First of the year hot lunches go up a penny to 38 cents, and the lunch room staff gets a 2½% boost.) One teacher, faced with a class that could scarcely read, found that students could be awakened to literature by giving them roles in plays to read. Students plead for a loan of the two copies available so that they could learn to read their parts less hesitatingly.

The textbook situation was so pathetic that various citizen groups started to collect books for this ghetto school. Just before Christmas a teacher found 500 new books still unpacked in the Crane cellar. They had been there since summer. The school has 3,500 students, but only one librarian and she has but one assistant, and the assistant was put to work in the school office instead. Thus there was no one to unpack the books, put cards in them, list them and make them available.

Couldn't outsiders help? For a long time community organizations of the parents have been offering for free to take on routine chores so that teachers could have more time for teaching — but the downtown Board of Education has said "NO."

For a school of 3,200 students, the American Library Association recommends nine librarians.

One teacher wanted to start a school newspaper, but there was no typewriter in the school.

Another said: "Teachers are cooking on the LBJ Washington spread. He's been offered a job in a new Detroit hash house. Meanwhile, down on the home range in Texas the hands are rustling hard for black-eyed peas and sowbelly.

afraid to speak up on matters like the quality of teaching, books, teaching methods. Teachers are afraid to work with community organizations or civil rights groups — afraid they will be reported downtown and they'll get a negative letter on their personnel file."

The reporter found most teachers driven either into letting their classes run wild or into spending their time as disciplinarians. A few found ways to get the kids to work, and when this happened the kids loved it. Their general complaint is that they learn nothing. Counselors? "Counselors," explained one "are for throwing you out of school."

Teachers familiar with the situation say the exposure was true to life, not only in Crane High but of Negro ghetto schools in general.

For some reason press support for the old system and for the indispensable Mr. Willis has faded. The Chicago lawyers put on an annual frolic in which they lampoon various dignitaries. This month one of their numbers was a little ditty to the tune of Tit-Willow:

"But at 48 thousand it's still a good job

For Willis, Ben Willis, Ben Willis."

Many have long been mystified at the obvious mismanagement of the school system, especially in the slummier areas. Schools are run quite differently in the residential areas from which administrative personnel is expected to be drawn. The hypothesis that seems most consistent with all the facts is that the purpose has been to make the ghetto kids feel hopelessly dumb and reconciled to being that way.

In the past this arrangement provided a sort of equilibrium for the various conflicting social pressures put on the schools, and yielded as product, a large almost unlettered, and relatively docile labor force. This urban pattern was part of a larger malevolence that reached out to blight whole geographic areas of the south to the same purpose. ("Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow? Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?")

World politics makes it embarrassing to keep on pushing Negroes down. Technology has done away with the need for a large mass of illiterate labor. These two facts have combined to change the old parallelogram of forces that gave us the Chicago School System and Ben Willis as its resultant. That product is something that can no longer be exploited, no longer prove profitable. The same combination of circumstances has been propitious for the civil rights movement and accounts for most of its success.

But should the reform of the school system be left up even to these changing forces? Preparation for being exploited, breaking an ox to the plow, even in the best of technical schools, with 9 librarians, is still not human education.

Now that the Chicago teachers are union, or largely so, isn't it about time they took a workman-like stand on decent equipment to work with, and decent conditions for themselves and their students?

Misleaders Push Unions Deeper in Political Mire

George Meany and his cronies got together in December and called their meeting the sixth constitutional convention of the AFL-CIO. The result of this rubber stamp convention is undeniable proof that the labor fakers have lost all conception of the labor movement as an independent economic force. Their resolutions regarding Federal control of automation, a national plan to allocate priorities in the economy, and other welfarisms indicate that these so-called labor leaders wish to become integrated into, and make more pervasive, the already huge State bureaucracy.

Gestures were made towards organizing the 30 million unorganized and to this end there was much talk of allying labor with the right wing of the civil rights movement, in a futile effort to build a "mass base" for the AFL-CIO. One couldn't wish a better fate for these two groupings than that they bond together to reinforce their respective illusions in the quietude of their plush conference rooms.

The convention also endorsed Meany's desire for the AFL-CIO to become an integral part of the Democratic Party and abandon its non-partisanship. The Republican opposition to the repeal of section 14-B caused this change of policy. Lastly, in an endeavor to eliminate structural bickering within a monolithic bureaucracy, negotiating teams of unions with similar jurisdictions were approved, in an effort to bring about the merger of these unions. In many ways of course workers have already transcended these artificial barriers to solidarity.

Construction Hands, After an Easy Winter

Twin Bridges, Mont. — Construction work has flourished in Montana this year. It's froze up for the winter now but there will be lots of it next summer and opportunity for real industrial organization. The old IWW has got what the new construction hands need. — Del. 65-6

Boss Mentality Rules

(Continued from first page)

city hall or to pressure on the "power structure." Federal funds financed the University's segment of the war, and thus Saul Alinsky's two-phase program.

Early in December, R. Sargent Shriver, the man in charge of the "war," decided to take the "action phase" away from the University and merge it with city hall's own war-on-poverty operations. This, the man says, is to make for more orderly administration. Some cynics have a faint suspicion that while it may do that, the merger may—somewhat like giving the mice jurisdiction over the trap—undermine the original purpose.

In Chicago Alinsky had designed a similar program for TWO (The Woodlawn Organization) which puts up a scrap for a submerged community. It asked Shriver for federal funds.

To make everything clear, the Mayor of Chicago threw a banquet for 2,000 business men. The city treasury paid the tab of \$9,440. It was called an anti-poverty luncheon, but five bucks a plate is not luncheon in our language.

R. Sargent Shriver explained: "A client tells the architect the kind of house he wants — but he doesn't design it. The architect designs it, but the client participates in the design. That's what we mean by participation of the poor in the poverty program."

The Rev. Lynward Stevenson, president of TWO found in this explanation an indication of "Southern plantation mentality." He explained: "First he decided that the field hands need some shacks. Then he says he'll build the kind he thinks we ought to live in."

An old verse runs:

"The toad beneath the harrow knows exactly where each tooth-point goes; the nightingale above the road preaches contentment to the toad."

Hungry World: A PROPOSAL

(Continued from first page)

babies were properly fattened, stuffed and roasted, they would make succulent meals for English landlords. An amoral mathematician has noted that there is one condition under which population could not outgrow food supply: if the people ate each other.

This does suggest that the current specter has arisen from practices that fall only slightly short of cannibalism. Union and management in a plant threatened with closedown, petition Washington for war contracts so they won't go hungry. How far from cannibalism is this anyway? What are they eating except human sacrifices?

The whole exploitation system is essentially cannibalistic: big fish eat little fish.

Now if we raised large quantities of pigs for the purpose of killing them and eating them, but

Record Review

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

SONGS OF THE GHETTO: Sung by Cantor Abraham Brun Folkways Record FW 8739 -5.95; 165 West 46th Street New York City

The tragic episode of the mass murder of the Jewish people of Eastern Europe by the Nazi militarists during World War II is most poignantly expressed by the album of songs sung by a survivor of that infamous epoch.

Cantor Abraham Brun, now in this country, was one of the few who survived from the Ghetto of Lodz, Poland. Poland was the scene of some of the most dastardly genocidal activity of the second World War where not a Jewish community escaped the onslaught of the Nazi military machine.

Until the dropping of the two atom bombs, the Nazis enjoyed the dubiously singular distinction of being the ones who broke the record for wiping out whole communities.

An entire people found themselves making a last stand with no sympathy from either local populace or from "liberating" armies and with that facing them, theirs was the prospect of practically complete annihilation with the vague possibility of few surviving.

The songs in this album are the songs that were sung by these people during those days of terror and the singer, Cantor Brun, sung these very songs in the Lodz Ghetto during the siege and later in the death camp at Auschwitz. There are songs of the pre-war days, some happy and some reflecting the trials and tribulations of Ghetto life but nevertheless expressing a nostalgia for less turbulent days.

Among these are the song of the young lad who upon his first

day at cheder began to realize the responsibility of belonging to a minority group and the whimsical ditty about the young rabbinical student who has his nose in the Talmud so much that he is out of touch with the world, that is until he espies the figure of Tzivia, the butcher's daughter.

Other songs directly reflect the trials of a people under the siege of the Nazis. Among these are lullabies to a child whose father has been taken away, one very stark lullaby with the words;

"God has closed the World around us,
night reigns everywhere,
waiting for us in horror and awe.
Here we are, the two of us,
in our burdensome hour,
not knowing at all
where the road may take us..."

Other songs are songs of encouragement, admonishing to keep hope, that the Jewish race will live to dance on the graves of the Nazis. One song written in Krakow as a poem just before the mass killing began, and set to music by Rabbi Brun has this admonition;

"Cheer up and don't worry,
don't be so despondent.
Have patience and have faith—
take things in your stride.
Have patience and have faith,
don't let out of your hands
that ancient weapon
which has kept us together
through the ages . . ."

These are songs unimpeachable testimony to the fact that music and other forms of creativity, are more than just a casual disportment attendant with an atmosphere of leisure. They are testimony to the will for survival that is common to all living creatures and which manifests itself greatest when under the most adverse circumstances.

This long-playing record is not a record for those who like their music light and entertaining nor is it for those who are inclined to be pessimistic.

When one realizes the pain the singer goes through every time he sings these songs, it is not an easy record to listen to. But nevertheless the songs are beautiful and with all the associated tragedy, listening to them can be an enlightening experience.

For those who are neither Yiddish-speaking or German-speaking, the accompanying folder has some fairly good translations. Folkways has been doing a consistently good job presenting music of this genre in its catalogue. It is hoped that eventually they will come out with an album of songs of the Viet Nameese villagers.

—Carlos Cortez

Honorable Mention In Labor History

Editor:

I was 20 years old when I became active in the labor movement and I am now 70; but the struggle for a decent order is still on and I gladly do what I can to help.

John Beffel who I believe is now 80 and who was one of the newspaper men on the Sacco-Vanzetti case has lived to see the State of Massachusetts Legislature preparing to clear the names of these two men who were executed for a crime they did not commit.

Roger Baldwin called him to Boston early in November to a meeting to promote this act of belated justice. Beffel, who is doing research on the case, called me and said that in every book he reads on the Palmer raids he finds my name.

Professor Chaffee records the occasion when eleven men, seven uniformed police and 4 plain clothes men, entered my room at 3 o'clock in the morning. It was on January 1, 1920, and it was 20 below zero. Without a warrant they carted me off to jail.

One of the plain clothes men was looking at my books. "Gee, look at the books she reads," he said. "Your name will go down in history."

So I guess he was right. Enclosed please find my check for the Christmas fund.

Yours for a sane civilization,
Minnie Federman Corder

Mississippi Strike Aid

Since the formation of the Mississippi Freedom Labor Union plantation workers throughout the State have been on strike for an increase in their 50 cents per hour wage. Some of these workers have won their demands others have not. Forty-eight courageous men, women, and children near Greenville fall into this latter category. These people have been on strike since Aug. 30 and have been living in eight surplus Army tents all of this time.

To help them in their plight twenty University of Pennsylvania students and faculty have volunteered to build them a community center. One cannot dismiss this project as totally useless, but in terms of winning their strike it falls short of effective action. Unless in building the center it is the aim of the students to expropriate the lumber presently in the house of the plantation owner.

—B.M.

KOHLER STRIKE ENDS—

On April 5, 1954 workers struck the Kohler Co. in Milwaukee. On Friday, Dec. 17, 1965, eleven and one-half years later, a contract was signed marking the end of the longest strike in the nation's history. This inexcusable farce ends with 1,400 workers sharing 4.5 million dollars in settlement "awards."

Forgotten American Takes Firm Stand For Better Living

Members of the National Farm Workers Association, a union of vineyard workers, have been striking grape growers in the San Joaquin Valley in California since September.

The 5,000 workers under the leadership of Cesar Chavez have remained adamant in their demands for higher wages, union recognition, and shorter hours despite political opposition from the growers. Through grower pressure, for example, a grant from the War on Poverty to NFWA is tied up and Chavez has had to make a national appeal to Shriver to release the funds.

The grape strikers' firm stand has rallied students, consumers, and other workers to them. California students have helped in every conceivable way: they picket, pass out leaflets, talk to scabs and community people, and they collect food and money for the strikers. Consumers have formed boycotts against the grape industry and have picketed stores and warehouses. Other workers, like the longshoremen of San Francisco, have refused to cross picket lines. The growers in this case were forced to use Southern California ports, like San Pedro.

Workers from Delano, California, in the center of the grape country, have just recently begun picketing the docks in San Pedro and Long Beach. Others have been picketing the food store chains in Los Angeles which handle the grapes.

The most modern agitational strategy has been used in this strike. In one case an airplane equipped with a loudspeaker system was used to talk to scabs working in the center of a large vineyard. The growers had the scabs work the middle of the field in order to keep them away from the strikers by the fences along the perimeter. After the plane had swooped down over the scabs, the loudspeakers blaring the strikers' wage demands, many of the scabs left the picking and joined the strikers outside the fence.

Though the grape pickers have no strike fund and no prospect of large scale help, they do have a great deal of community support and their morale is high. It appears that they may win with this combination. B.M.

PRAISE OF FOLLY

Conservation of natural resources should not be undertaken at the expense of economic development, Dr. Milton Fireman, consultant with a Denver water planning firm, told an Alberta (Canada) audience of businessmen.

"Show me a dirty river and littered highway and I'll show you economic prosperity," he said.

They Called It Labor Convention

From a report on the AFL-CIO Convention at San Francisco:

"Union members used to go stealthily, in the dark of night, to labor meetings for fear that the bosses would see them. Today top executives of some of the nation's largest industries are here to talk with AFL-CIO officials."

Politicians were said to have "closed in" on the convention. One delegate remarked, "it looks like the Capitol in Washington is moving here for the convention one by one."

All of this pleased the big and little brass of the AFL-CIO no end. The atmosphere was one of peace and harmony and if there was evidence of class war anywhere around, it was well hidden.

In the old days what went on at this convention would have been called fraternization with the enemy. Fact is, even today's alert dues-paying union member knows he's being sold down the river whenever politicians, employers and union leaders get chummy together. It may please the leadership that official American unionism is being polished up to look more middle class, but it disgusts militant and thinking workers.

George Meany was re-elected President of the fakeration. He supports the government's war policy. He gets along well with the bosses. He abhors job action initiated by the rank and file. He's a good man for showcase unionism, but not worth a damn to progressive labor.

SON OF THE PEOPLE

It is my pride to have been born in the humblest of quarters far removed from the hustle of a false society.

Mine has not been the misfortune of not being a son of the people, I am told among these people who have no perfidy.

My destiny has no distinction, I will take it the way it comes, bearing along with sorrow, or chasing a dream.

I am traveling down life's highway quite happy with my upprivilege; as for money, I haven't any but I have a big heart.

I am a descendant of Cuautemoc, a Mexican by chance of fate. I am unlucky in love affairs, a songster and a drunk.

But how many of these rich men would like to live as I do, singing away at this poverty without feeling any pain.

It is for this that it is my pride to come from the humblest quarter far removed from the hustle of a false society

My songs, I compose them because they are sung back to me

and the day I can no longer do this

is the day that I will die.

—Jose Alfredo Jimenez

(Translated from a "cancionero" of the World. Help fan the flames of discontent. Build a better world. by CAC)

Fascist Aids Commie; US Aids Both

STRUGGLE OF NATIONS NOT FOR HUMAN RIGHTS

According to a recent article in the Duluth Labor World, the editorial staff is a bit worked up about Franco building 53 ships for his fellow despot in Cuba, Fidel Castro.

It seems Castro needs these ships to ship sugar to Franco who is paying him over three times the world market price for each pound.

Apparently the Generalissimo can afford to do this since, on the basis of his being a bulwark

Moonlighting Guards Phony Union Policies

Florence, Colo. — This section still hasn't been hit by the new prosperity wave. Things don't look too good jobwise. About all the odd jobs are taken by prison guards. There are about 350 of them.

Some of the regular hands working for the telephone company are putting in from 9 to 12 hours a day, six and seven days a week. They are pretty well fed up with it. But it seems that it's all according to the contract the piecard opportunist signed. The slaves can "take it or leave it," they are told.

It's a deal just like the UMW started in this state in the 1920s. All power taken away from members, pit committees and local officers. The biggest need of this area is better unions. —M.K.

DARKNESS

Darkness is a shroud for imposture, vanity and glitter; for this there are many who hate it.

Darkness extinguishes the useless beauty of precious stones that captivate primitive minds.

In the darknesses are born the tempests and revolutions that destroy, but also fertilize.

Coal, the dark rock that darkens the hands that touch it, is force, is light, is movement when roaring in the hearth of the kettle.

The dark rebelliousness of the proletariat is progress, liberty and science when vibrating in their fists and shaking in their brains.

In the depths of the darknesses existence takes form and palpitations of life begin.

In the dark womb of the furrow the seed germinates.

The darkness of the cloud is the fertility of the fields; the darkness of rebellion is the liberty of the people.

Praxedis Guerrero

(translated from "Regeneracion," Mexico, by CAC)

Join the International Workers of the World. Help fan the flames of discontent. Build a better world.

against communist expansion, Uncle Sam has been grubstaking him to the hilt. But as this article brings out, the U.S. state department's fair haired boy has turned Spain into one of the world's leading economic supporters of communist bloc nations.

Lamentably and obviously there is too little mention of this by the kept press on either side of the iron curtain, and it stands to reason.

How would the bureaucrats on the other side of the curtain explain to their working stiffs that though they are said to be fighting a valiant battle against fascism, they are doing a land office business with the bosom buddy of Hitler and Il Duce who is now supported by imperialist America? Or how could our home-grown bureaucrats explain to us benighted stiffs that at the same time that they are supposed to be the world's hope against Communism and totalitarianism, they are making it possible for one of the world's biggest totalitarians to give a shot in the arm to the economy of the communist nations?

Think of the confusion this could cause. Cardinals Spellman and Cushing might suddenly become honorary chairmen in the Fair Play for Cuba Committee and the stalinoids might be joining the Christian Crusades en masse. But then again a large segment of the population remembering the old saw, "Birds of a feather flock together," might wake up and say gazelle with all of youse.

Today when working-stiffs the world over are being told by their respective BS-artists that they should leave their homes to go out and die for the valorous crusade against communist expansion on one side, or imperialist aggression on the other, it is time these facts become known to them so they may know just what they would be fighting for.

—C. C. Redcloud

A Thought for 1966

We are busy. There are five millions unemployed, but more jobs than ever. A large part of the work in hand is the making of equipment for largely automatic processes, and the erection of buildings to house it. Those doing this work sometimes wonder whether they are building massive unemployment along with massive machines and massive structures.

Of this much we can be sure. While our work is wanted, we have that with which we can bargain about our collective future. When our work is not wanted, we will lack this bargaining power. Why not use it while we have it?

Mary Gallagher Passes Away

By Jean Douglas Robson,
137 South Avenue 49
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mary E. Gallagher, well-known Los Angeles liberal, died Saturday, December 18, 1965, at the age of eighty-two. In her life-long fight against injustice and oppression, she has made many friends, including Clarence Darrow, Fremont Older, Dorothy Thopson, Sinclair Lewis, Walter Reuther, and many others. As a young woman she worked for the conscientious objectors of World War I. She worked in Darrow's office and learned a great deal from him.

In 1923 she came to the Pacific Coast to appear as a witness for the defense of these men arraigned under the Criminal Syndicalism Act. She brought with her, her three year old daughter Jean. Her husband, Douglas Robson, joined them in 1925, and the three of them made their home in Los Angeles.

In 1928 Mary Gallagher joined the Mooney-Billings Defense Committee and breathed new life into the case. When Mooney was pardoned by Governor Olsen, but Billings was not, Mary Gallagher succeeded in obtaining his release. Then she went to work for the Workers' Defense League and the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union.

After she had retired from public life, in 1957, the University of California at Berkeley, requested her to make a recording of her life's history. She spent three days at the University library putting on tape the details of her work. A play, written by Mary Gallagher, "The Long Years Passing," is now being considered by the University of California (Berkeley) for production. In recent years, many persons have come to Mary for detailed information about the Mooney case. She and Billings were the only ones left who had been actively connected with the case.

Mary left no last words, but this short verse which she liked very much sums up her philosophy:

I drink to life
I drink to death
I smack my lips with song
For when I die
Another I
Will pass the cup along.

College Teachers Threaten Strike

In support of a proposed strike by the United Federation of College Teachers, two hundred faculty and Students picketed St. John's University Dec. 18. The strike call went out after the unexplained dismissal of 23 faculty members, most of them in U.F.C.T. which has been fighting the administration for recognition and academic freedom. Other faculty members have threatened to leave if the dismissals in fact are carried out.

WOB FINDS LONDON SLAVES SLEEPING

Refuse to Grumble And Have Faith In Labor Politics

By JACK SHERIDAN

There is an old cockney street song that goes:

**"While London sleeps
and all her lamps are gleaming
millions of her people
now lie sweetly dreaming.
Some have no homes
While others cry for bread
Others laugh and play the game
While London's fast asleep."**

We arrived in London on October 16th at 6:30 in the morning and London to all intents and purposes was fast asleep. Emerging from the Charing Cross Station we hailed a cab to take us to a lodging house where we had made reservations.

When we arrived at our destination the door was locked and the kind and considerate cabby took us around the neighborhood looking for a lodging house that might be open. But, no luck.

So, back to the vicinity of Charing Cross Station and into an all-night Greek restaurant where we waited over "coffee-an" for London to wake up. After several telephone calls, we found a place near the Paddington Station and a few minutes walk from Hyde Park.

After a few hours sleep, being Sunday, we strolled over into Hyde Park. It was a beautiful sunny day, the kind of day that brings tourists, natives, everybody out to enjoy a bit of sunshine. Even Lady Churchill took advantage of Hyde Park that Sunday but she had the misfortune to be hit accidentally by a football.

Sitting on a bench next to us as we stopped to have a cup of tea in the park was an old retired colonel-type who assured us he was not really a colonel, only a flunky to a colonel. He explained that Hyde Park was a gift from the Queen to the people of England, that nothing could be built on the huge park area and that it would forever be the domain of the people.

But, whether it will be in the domain of the people or not, Hyde Park Corner speakers, like Tennyson's river, seem to go on forever. It is certainly one spot left on the globe where free speech still is a matter of everyday concern.

Here one can listen to a devastating criticism of the policies of empire by Africans and their hecklers don't shout them down with "if you don't like our country, why don't you go back where you came from" but try to engage in a real intelligent dialogue with the detractors of English policy abroad and at home.

One of the speakers listened to

with a great deal of respect is Lord Soper. He, along with Bertrand Russell, provides the leadership for the Peace Movement of Great Britain.

Of course, there are also the religious nuts, including the Salvation Army, who are out to save souls, as well as obscure speakers on the "money problems." While listening to one of the speakers, we accidentally spied David Tullman, famed Bughouse Square soap-box orator from Chicago, who was deported as a victim of McCarthy-ism nine years ago. The rest of the day was spent in his company.

That evening we went to a meeting of an Anarchist group in a room up over a pub called "The Lamb and the Flag." The group was made up mostly of young people in their twenties, but there were others there who were somewhat older. The topic for discussion that evening was Anarchy and Communism and the turn-out was unusually good. Quite a few who attended had spent the day marching in Trafalgar Square to protest the United States' Viet Nam policy.

After a rambling talk by the main speaker, there was a lively discussion in which it was pointed out that an anarchist, if he so chose, could be a Communist, a Capitalist, a Socialist, a Librarian, a Humanist. Some wanted to participate in rent strikes, others were for abolishing jails, and still others wanted to send arms and men to the Viet Cong.

One young man insisted that any Anarchist who suggested group activity was inconsistent with anarchist philosophy. Taking a rather cynical look at things, a member of the audience predicted that in the next fifty years the working class would be automated out of existence. Someone else said that the people who joined anarchist groups were cynics or failures who became intrigued with the endless intellectualism of anarchism.

On the positive side, someone suggested several courses of action in which the group might take part:

- 1) Action on rent control;
- 2) Developing an educational program for children so they could learn the meaning of cooperation and individualism;
- 3) Preparing a statement of ideas that does not use the phraseology of Bakunin and other Anarchist philosophers, something that would have meaning for present day potential converts;
- 4) Abolishing capital punishment; and
- 5) Continuing to protest the war in Viet Nam.

After listening to all the conflicting opinions expressed, we were reminded of an old Irish saying that seemed to sum up the meeting — "It is better to fight than to be alone."

Although the working class in London still has the age-old problem of fighting for a decent living, they go about it with what we would call "typical British reserve," although it was through union activity primarily that the National Health Act was passed, most British workers feel it was through political activity.

The British working man, especially the London worker who simply belongs to a union and does not associate himself with any radical group, feels that no matter how bad things are they are bound to get better so "one mustn't grumble."

The chief topic of conversation is Rhodesia and I presume it will be so until that problem is resolved.

It was a surprise to us to find that our Irish pounds and coins were not acceptable in England even though they are valued the same. I mentioned this to our landlord and he said, "Well, the Irish wanted to be separate, didn't they?" I offered a defence by reminding him that English pounds were accepted without hesitation in Ireland, but he only said "Of course, ours is the more valuable currency!"

There is still a housing shortage in London which makes rents high, particularly for Americans, Canadians and non-Caucasians.

Signs of race prejudice are evident in some areas where "For Sale" signs appear on every other house, denoting a changing neighborhood, but in this area the rent for 5 rooms furnished, but not heated, is as high as \$130 a month. Average salary for a secretary is \$36 to \$42 a week.

Thirty years have passed since we were last in London and we note that today the London working stiff looks healthier and has a more optimistic outlook for his class than his father had, and a good deal more faith in the Labor Government.

Parliamentary Problem

Two wives are a luxury, so you should not ask tax exemption for a second one.

In Malaysia, Finance Minister Tan Siew Sin told Parliament "A second wife is not only a distinct luxury, it is a great pleasure, and if you can afford it, you might as well pay for it."

A group in the Malaysian Parliament had proposed tax relief for second and succeeding wives. They might better have said nothing and put the extra dames on the payroll as secretaries.