

NEWS FROM GER- MANY

FOSTER AGAIN ON THE JOB—GER- MANS STAND FOR POLICE TO CLIP UP WREATHS—NOT LIKE FRENCH.

Saturday, March 18, the anniversary of the German revolution of 1848, was celebrated by the decoration of the fallen martyrs with several hundred costly wreaths. Socialists, Syndicalists, Anarchists and "Patriots" took part in it. The martyrs are buried in "Friedrich Hain" Park—though why in a public park I have been unable to find out—and a few of us Syndicalists wended our way there bright and early with our tribute. There was no demonstration. The bearers of wreaths carried them to a police censor stationed near the graves, he read the inscriptions and with a pair of scissors literally "cut out" those sentiments that were "agin the guvermint." It was amusing to watch this solemn censor cutting out the dope that might poison the minds of the slaves. The endorsed fragments of wreaths were placed on the graves and everyone hit the trail home. Just a little different from "Paree" thought I.

In the evening I attended a fine concert given by the "Vereinigung der Musikinstrument-Arbeiter Berlins und Umgegend." This name after being "civilized" into English runs "Musical Instrument Workers' Union of Berlin and Vicinity." It is a branch of the German Syndicalist Organization, "Freien Vereinigung Deutscher Gewerkschaften" or "Free Union of German Unions." The concert was a swell affair, not one of your stiff-hold me up straight English-American layouts, but a let-her-go-easy German proposition. The vast hall was filled with tables as well as chairs and we kept the excellent music and singing company by drinking beer and chewing the rag—however, owing to linguistic difficulties I was more competent to "get in on" the first part of this "accompaniment" than on the last.

The following day the memorial celebration was continued by a grand Syndicalist mass meeting. It was some different from our American affairs also. Again the eternal tables with the beer on them and the general take it easy fashion. Two policemen were seated on the platform to prevent the speakers from "handing us" anything that might give us an enlargement of the cranium. This cheerful feature reminded me forcefully of some of our intellectual police censors in Sunny Old Spokane.

The subject was "The Result of 40 Years of Working Class Political Activity." Unfortunately I was unable to decipher the hot shots that were fired into the Social Democratic Party. These same "shots" provoked a working man, with a delightfully sloping forehead, to take the platform in defense of this alleged working class organization. I am afraid that his dope was a little "off color," however, because the audience didn't seem to be led around to his way of thinking.

After all hands had another beer the meeting was called off amid enthusiasm, and most of us retired to the nearby saloons, where we had more beer.

Beer plays a large part in the German revolutionary movement, even as wine does in that of France, where the "bunch" say it is a physical impossibility for a man to be a revolutionist and an abstainer at the same time.

Yours for the I. W. W.,

W. Z. FOSTER.