

STALIN HAS MURDERED OUR COMRADE TROTSKY

Leon Trotsky has fallen. Our comrade, the great leader of the world revolution is dead. He was murdered at the dictate of Joseph Stalin.

Jacques Dreschd who wielded the axe that struck Trotsky is beyond any doubt a GPU agent. The last possible doubt was removed by the murderer's statement to the police that he had acted as he did because Trotsky had wanted him to commit acts of sabotage in Russia. So vile a lie could be mouthed only by the GPU.

Assigned the task of murdering Trotsky in the event that other attempts failed, Dreschd wormed his way into the household, pretending to be a "friend." The GPU gave him time, time to ingratiate himself, time to pretend that he had been "won over" to Trotsky's views.

The Stalinists, trying to cover the trail that can lead only to themselves, will claim that Jacques Dreschd or Monard or Jackson was a "follower" of Trotsky, that he acted in disillusionment. So too they dared accuse Trotsky of himself organizing the May murder attempt. But Jacques Dreschd was not a follower of Trotsky. Jacques Dreschd was a follower, and an employee, of Stalin who has levelled the muzzle of his murder machine at the man whose very life was a challenge to the Kremlin tyrant.

One by one, that murder machine has struck down those closest to Trotsky, trying more desperately each time to strike at Trotsky himself.

Farewell, Leon Trotsky---

Our leader, teacher and comrade, Leon Trotsky is dead. Thus an historical epoch is ended. Lenin's co-worker and co-thinker, the leader of the October insurrection and the organizer of the once glorious Red Army is the last of the Old Bolsheviks.

Leon Trotsky is the victim of Cain Stalin, the gravedigger of the Russian Revolution, the assassin of brave revolutionists. For almost twelve years the Kremlin oligarch has sought to take the life of Trotsky, but each time he failed. The unspeakable GPU acting through its hireling, Van Den Dreschd finally succeeded. Gaining the confidence of our warm-hearted and genial Leon Trotsky, pretending to be a disciple of our great comrade, this scoundrel in the pay of the GPU struck down the lion of October in a brutal attack. But Joseph Stalin is the real assassin—as real as if his own hand had struck the treacherous blow.

Stalin mortally feared the man whom he had driven into exile, whose comrades he murdered, whose family he destroyed. Stalin mortally feared that the deep dissatisfaction in the Soviet Union would grow to revolutionary proportions and turn to Leon Trotsky for guidance and leadership in the overthrow of his regime of terror. Stalin mortally feared that the world working-class, unfettered by the treacherous teachings of the usurpers would turn to Trotsky and the Fourth International for leadership in the struggle against reaction and for world socialism.

Stalin's hands drip with the blood of a host of fighters for proletarian emancipation. But if he thought to wipe out the revolution, he has struck in vain! If Trotsky is no more, he has left an imperishable heritage. In the period of the degeneration of the Russian Revolution, in the triumph of reactionary Stalinism, his voice and his pen remained alive to explain and to teach a new generation of young revolutionaries to fight against the decaying order of capitalism and for the new socialist society of universal freedom for the masses of our planet.

To our brave, sorrowing comrade Natalia Ivanovna, lifelong companion of Lev Davidovitch, we extend our most heartfelt sympathy in this dreadful hour. You have been the comrade-in-arms of our L.D. for many decades and you have been our beloved comrade for many years. Your great devotion to your comrade and companion under the most perilous and trying conditions of the Russian revolutionary movement, in the gigantic events of the October insurrection and through the period of Stalinist degeneration and reaction, is a glorious lesson in revolutionary devotion and comradesly sacrifice. Dear Natalia Ivanovna, you are not alone! Thousands stand with you in this dark and bitter hour, sworn to carry on.

Leon Trotsky, the greatest disciple of Marx, Engels and Lenin, is no more. But he lives in his heroic deeds, in his great teachings! The Kremlin Borgia has finally succeeded in his villainous deed. But let him not think that thereby he has broken the living spirit of Trotsky. There are thousands now, there will be millions tomorrow who will avenge his death. They will not only avenge the murder of our dear Leon Trotsky. They will avenge the murder of the hundreds and thousands whom Stalin has destroyed in his counter-revolutionary ravages. They will march onward in the spirit of revolutionary Marxism, in the spirit of Lenin and Trotsky.

A new generation of revolutionaries is emerging. They will grow up in the spirit of Bolshevik courage and devotion to carry on until the victory of socialism. Under the banner of the Fourth International, founded by Leon Trotsky, the new movement will triumph. By his teachings, by his devotion and by his peerless courage in the face of the greatest dangers, the Fourth International will be nourished. Rising upon the edifice of the epoch of Lenin and Trotsky, it will sweep away the rubbish of the old order and give birth to the new movement of Socialist emancipation.

Farewell Leon Trotsky!

Hail the Fourth International!

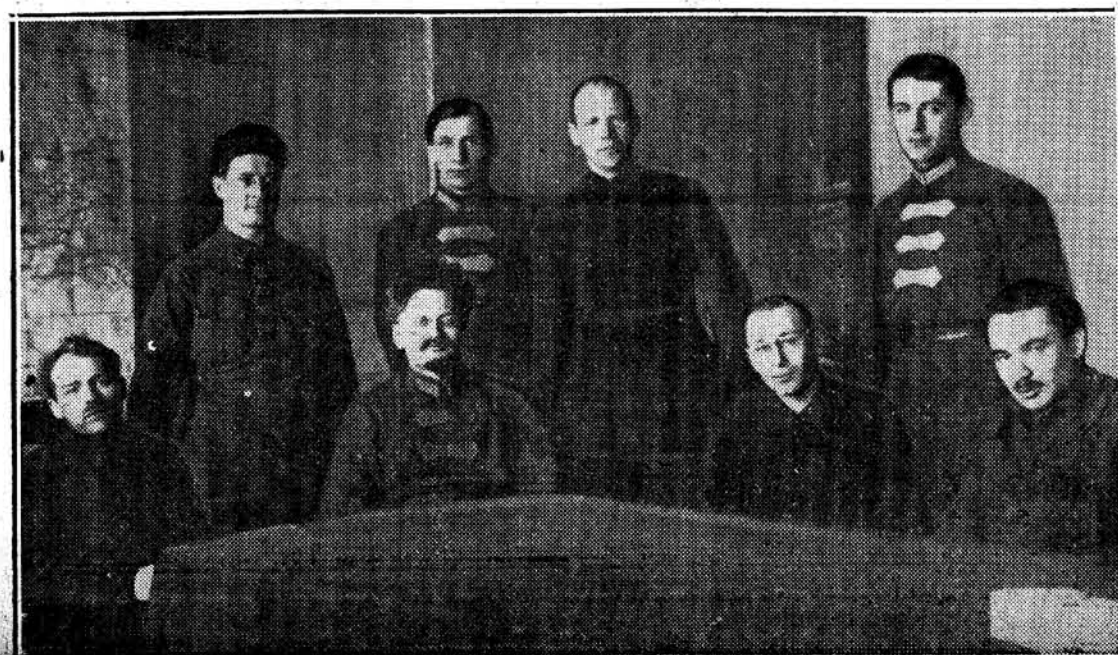
Hail the liberating world revolution!

NATIONAL COMMITTEE, WORKERS PARTY
NATIONAL COUNCIL, YOUNG PEOPLES
SOCIALIST LEAGUE! (4th International)



Left: A recent picture of Leon Trotsky taken in Mexico.

Below: Trotsky with several of his collaborators during the Russian Revolution.



AS THE LEADER OF THE RED ARMY

There was Blumkin, loyal soldier of the Russian revolution. Stalin murdered him in 1929.

There was Erwin Wolff, secretary to Trotsky, who was kidnapped and brought to Russia in 1936 by the GPU. Stalin murdered him.

There was Ignace Reiss who was found dead in Switzerland in 1937 after he had severed his connections with the reactionary GPU. Stalin murdered him.

There was Rudolph Klement, secretary to Trotsky, whose mutilated body was found in the Seine River in 1938. Stalin murdered him.

There was Sheldon Harte, bodyguard to Trotsky, who was spirited away from Trotsky's Coyoacan home when the GPU's May attack failed. Stalin murdered him.

There were the sons and daughters and countless friends of Leon Trotsky. Each of them, directly or indirectly, fell prey to Kremlin gangsterism. Only two years ago, Leon Sedov, Trotsky's son and close collaborator, suddenly died in Paris under mysterious circumstances. Stalin murdered Sedov. Stalin murdered them all.

Trotsky alive was an indomitable threat to the rotten regime of revolutionary betrayal that Stalin has foisted with knout and bullet upon the Russian masses. Each in his turn, the leaders of the glorious revolution of 1917, that liberated one-sixth of the earth until Stalin again enslaved it, have met death at the decree of Stalin. Only Trotsky, organizer of the Red Army, co-worker of Lenin, remained alive—a living challenge, epitomizing the spirit of socialism and of revolution. And now he is dead—murdered.

For twelve years, ever since he was driven by Stalin from the land whose rebellious forces he led to victory in 1917, Trotsky was the target of the GPU murder machine. They hounded him from country to country, striking at his friends and collaborators. And, finally, in Mexico, they laid fine plans for the dirty business of his assassination. George Mink, a notorious GPU agent, was in Mexico for the express purpose of organizing the murder. Last May they staged an armed assault on Trotsky's home which failed in its aim only by the merest accident.

But they had reckoned with that possibility.

(Continued on page 2)

NATALIA TROTSKY MEXICO D F

OUR HEARTS ARE TORN WITH GRIEF OVER THE LOSS WHICH IS IRREPARABLY YOURS AND IRREPARABLY THAT OF INTERNATIONAL PROLETARIAN MOVEMENT. THE CAPTAIN OF THE WORLD ARMY OF REVOLUTION HAS FALLEN AT THE HANDS OF THE COWARDLY ASSASSIN IN THE KREMLIN. OUR FLAG IS DIPPED AT THE OPEN GRAVE OF THE IMMORTAL LEON TROTSKY. OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY AND LOVE IS WITH YOU IN YOUR HOUR OF SORROW. LONG LIVE THE FOURTH INTERNATIONAL. LONG LIVE THE LIBERATING TRIUMPH OF THE WORKING CLASS.

WORKERS PARTY
SHACHTMAN, SECRETARY

With the Labor Unions— On the Picket Line

By David Coolidge

RECIPE OF THE MONTH: SCALLOPED SCAB

1 OZ. EPSON SALTS
1 PT. CASTOR OIL
2 OZ. ARSENIC
1 DOZ. YEAR OLD EGGS
4 OZ. GROUND GLASS

Mix well the above ingredients for 16 months and 27 seconds. Take one Simpering Sal or Scissorbill Sam.

Roll well in the mixture. Broil, boil, stew, bake, roast and fry for three days. The result will be a Scalloped Scab, utterly delectable to the fastidious palate of any anti-union employer.

The above was taken from "Loose Ends," shop paper of Local 15 TWU (CIO).

BILL GREEN SHOULD LEARN AN OLD PRINCIPLE

President Green of the AFL has decided that the proposed amendments to the National Labor Relations Act may not be good for the labor movement, the AFL included. Green has been before the Senate Labor Committee and is reported to have said that the amendments in their present form "strike at the fundamentals" of the act. He prefers that the act "remain as it is" rather than accept the Smith amendments.

Green says he is now against replacing the present board with a new three man board and separating the board's administrative and judicial functions. Also, he is opposed to the amendment which would remove 300,000 agricultural workers from the provisions of the act. He is also against those amendments which limit back pay allowances to strikers and which give the right to employers to discharge any striker who engaged in violence!

This is all well and good. Better to wake up late than never, but what did Bill Green think he was doing when he was playing around with the bosses' stooges in the House who were hell bent for changing the Wagner Act? He thought in his simple way that he was hitting at the CIO. He was; but he was also stabbing his own AFL in the back. Big business is out to destroy the Wagner Act completely. They are afraid to approach the question directly so they attempt to do the job through an amendment here and there. They depended on the AFL to help them. Green fell into the trap.

There is an old principle of the labor movement that you don't help the bosses against another labor organization or against any worker. The conflict between the AFL and CIO must be settled by the workers without the "aid" of the bosses and their deputies in Congress.

THERE ARE TOO MANY MIKE TIGHES STILL ABOUT

"Mike" Tighe, old time leader of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, is dead. Mike started to work in the steel mills at 10, was a member of the first steel union ever organized, and was active in the labor movement for 57 years.

Mike was a conservative. He was not very friendly to strikers. When asked once how he would describe the "Amalgamated" he said that it was "progressive conservative." He was a type of leader that should not have a very prominent place in the labor movement today and in the future. That is, if the workers are to take their proper place as the leaders in the struggle for the emancipation of mankind. Tighe didn't do much toward bringing this about. Under his leadership the "Amalgamated" wasn't even active in the

organization of the steel workers. When the CIO took over, Mike's union had about 4,000 members.

A union leadership has several important functions to perform: (1) Hold the union together; increase its membership to the end that it becomes a mass organization. (2) Provide for the education of the membership in the principles, history and tactics of the trade union movement. (3) Insist on full internal democracy and the democratic rights of every last member. (4) Fight against every reactionary force in the union and for a militant program and militant action against the boss whenever the situation demands such action.

The majority of trade union leaders today are not living up to these standards. There are far too many Mike Tighes among them.

WORKERS CAN HANDLE VIGILANTE OUTFITS

A group of 70 industrial and business leaders in Buffalo have formed an organization to "assist the police department in the event of a national emergency." They will consider such subjects as "scientific crime detection, procedure in questioning suspects and witnesses and—POLICING STRIKES AND INDUSTRIAL DISTURBANCES."

The last point of course is the significant one. The "scientific crime detection" of course is plain hooey. This is a budding vigilante outfit whose main activity will be strike-breaking and acting as stool-pigeons.

All this, of course, in league with the Buffalo police.

There is nothing new about this, except that now this anti-union activity will take place under the cover of rampant "patriotism" and alleged upholding of the "defense" program. Many more of these outfits will be formed around the country in industrial centers. The workers need not be alarmed however, because 8,000,000 of them are organized in trade unions. They have had experience before with vigilantes, union-busters and strikebreakers. The workers know what to do.

HOPSON DIDN'T CLIP THE COUPON CLIPPERS

Some weeks back we had something to say about one Howard Hopson, big shot, in the Associated Gas and Electric Company, who is charged by his government with stealing \$20,000,000 from Associated Gas and Electric. Now it turns out that not only is Hopson a big time crook, but also a cheap petty thief. Hopson stole money from the company to buy himself a car. He stole from the company to pay for a license for his brother-in-law's dog. He stole from the company to pay dues in his clubs and to buy topsoil for his lawns.

How did Hopson get away with all this? What about all the brains at the head of business that we hear so

much about; these big shots up from the ranks and the Harvard School of Business Administration? These are the guys who tell us that the workers can't operate industrial establishments and run the government. These things must be done by the Hopsons.

We know at least one answer to the above questions. The big stockholders in Associated Gas and Electric don't give a damn so long as they get their's; so long as their interest and dividends are paid. They know that the twenty millions come out of the hides of the workers employed by the company, and the workers who use the company's gas and electricity.

FULL STEAM AHEAD IN ORGANIZING FORD!

Henry Ford, Commander-in-Chief of several private armies of bull necks and gorillas has been ordered by the Labor Board to disband these sluggers and gunmen. He must also dismantle his arsenal where he manufactures blackjacks for his armed forces. Furthermore, he must post a notice for sixty days notifying the workers in his plants that he has disbanded his goon squads, ceased labor spying and interference with the union activities of his employees.

This pious old scoundrel, with all

his colonial antiques and McGuffey Readers, is responsible for the maiming, clubbing and murder of numerous employees in his plants. The hymn-singing old hypocrite maintained a constant reign of terror. His plants are virtual concentration camps with the speed-up, the snoop and the violence.

The UAW's campaign to organize Ford should go full steam ahead. Every plant should be raked by a rapid organizing campaign. That is the only way to enforce the decisions of the Labor Board.

THESE MEN NEED A STRONG UNION

Despite the fact that the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (CIO) got a majority in the Pittsburgh plant of Westinghouse Airbrake Co. over three years ago the company refused to bargain collectively with the union. The NLRB has ordered the company to negotiate a written contract if the union requests it. The chief engineer of the company had no complaint to make concerning the union but he preferred to deal in a fatherly way with

each employe by private consultation. We'll wager that this chief engineer has been very busy the past three years operating a little company union. We'll also wager that he has made many speeches about the rights of the individual worker to bargain directly with the boss, and about unions taking away his rights and charging him high dues. The 4,800 production and maintenance workers now should get together solidly in a strong industrial union for higher wages and shorter hours.

Trotsky Murdered—

(Continued from page 1)

They kept another avenue open—they had Jacques Dreschd in reserve.

How carefully they planned their foul scheme! Two years ago he began to establish connections with the Trotskyist movement. Months ago they brought him to Mexico—to finish the job that others might not complete. In time he gained entrance to the Trotsky home, and struck when he could act without prior suspicion.

Stalin could not abide Trotsky alive. He therefore left no plan untried to destroy the body that breathed but for one purpose—so that it might do its part in liberating humanity from tyranny and from oppression.

The breath in that body has been quenched. No more will it hurl thunderbolts of revolutionary inspiration at the tyrants of the world. But Stalin rejoices too soon if in destroying the body of Trotsky he dares think the spirit and teachings



of the man have also been destroyed. These cannot be murdered. They will live forever—and guide us as we tread the path to revolutionary victory.

Stalin has been the victor—but only for the moment. There is not a person in whom the spark of decency still is vibrant, there is not a worker who has not been corrupted or intimidated by Stalinist gangsterism, who will not rise indignantly against this monstrous deed of Stalin.

We, in the Workers Party, who proudly carry the name Trotsky on our banner, will never rest until the Kremlin criminal is pilloried before the world working-class. We will never rest until Joseph Stalin who directed the hand of the assailant, who stops at nothing in the pursuit of his reactionary ends, is brought before the bar of proletarian justice—there to account for his crimes.

Our final answer will come on that day when the workers in Russia and everywhere unite hands in socialist revolution. That will be Trotsky's answer. That is what he taught us.

Voorhis Bill Strikes Another Blow at Civil Liberties

One of the most vicious pieces of anti-labor legislation is now before the Senate of the United States after having been quietly sneaked through the House of Representatives where it was passed without a dissenting vote. The legislation referred to is known as the Voorhis Bill (H.R. 10094), having been introduced by Congressman Voorhis of California.

This bill requires that any organization or combination of individuals shall register, after each period of six months, every scrap of information about itself and its membership if among other things "it gives instruction to, or prescribes instruction for, its members in the use of firearms or other weapons or any SUBSTITUTE therefore, or military or naval science, . . . or engages, either with or WITHOUT arms, in DRILLS or PARADES of a military or naval character, or it receives, from any other organization or from any individual, instruction in military or naval science, or it engages in any form of organized activity which, in the OPINION of the Attorney General constitutes preparation for military action."

In other words a trade union, which trains its members even without arms to combat or resist the armed gangsters of the employers in a strike, would be required by law to hand over all its records and lists of membership to the Department of Justice which would then be in a position, together with the employers, to persecute and blacklist any striking trade unionist. Similarly, the bill will virtually outlaw any trade union defense guard or any anti-fascist organization which trains its members against the attacks of organized fascist bands such as the Christian Front, the Vigilantes and the hundred other varieties of native American fascism.

Furthermore, any organization

The Life and Death of a Great Revolutionist

Leon Trotsky, October 26, 1879—August 21, 1940

1877 Born Lev Davidovitch Bronstein, of prosperous parents, on their farm at Yanovka, Russia.

"A bee sits on a sunflower in the garden. Because bees sting and must be handled with care, I pick up a burdock leaf and with it seize the bee between two fingers. I am suddenly pierced by an unendurable pain. I run screaming across the yard to the machine shop, where Ivan Vasilyevich pulls out the sting and smears a healing liquid on my finger." (All quotations from Trotsky's My Life unless otherwise noted.)

1896 St. Petersburg weavers' strike; Trotsky enters revolutionary movement.

"It happened in this way: I was walking along the street with a younger member of our commune, Gregory Sokolovsky, a boy about my age. 'It's about time we started,' I said.

"Yes, it's about time," he answered.

"But how?"

"That's it, how?"

"We must find workers, not wait for anybody or ask anybody, but just find workers and set to it."

"I think we can find them," said Sokolovsky. 'I used to know a watchman who worked on the boulevard. He belonged to the Bible Sect. I think I'll look him up.'

1898-1900 In various Czarist prisons.

"The cell was a very large one; it could hold about thirty, but there was no furniture of any sort, and it had very little heat . . . The January frosts were very bitter."

1900-1902 Transferred from prison to exile in Siberia.

"I lived between the woods and the river and I almost never noticed them—I was so busy with my books and personal relations. I was studying Marx, brushing the cockroaches off the pages."

1902 Escapes, goes to London, where he meets Lenin for first time; collaborates in London and Paris with Lenin and Martov on editorial board of ISKRA.

"Either the same or the next morning, Vladimir Il'yich and I went for a long walk around London. From a bridge, Lenin pointed out Westminster and some other famous buildings. I don't remember the exact words he used, but what he conveyed was: 'This is their famous Westminster, and their' of course referred not to the English but to the ruling classes. This implication, which was not in the least emphasized, but coming as it did from the very innermost depths of the man, and expressed more by the tone of his voice than by anything else, was always present, whether Lenin was speaking of the treasures of culture, of new achievements, of the wealth of books in the British Museum, of the information of the larger European newspapers, or, years later, of German artillery or French aviation. They know this or they have that, they have made this or achieved that—but what enemies they are! To his eyes, the invisible shadow of the ruling classes always overlay the

whole of human culture—a shadow that was as real to him as daylight."

1905 Returns to Russia to take part in the 1905 revolution; president of the St. Petersburg Workers Soviet.

"A revolutionary chaos is not at all like an earthquake or a flood. In the confusion of a revolution, a new order begins to take shape instantly; men and ideas distribute themselves naturally in new channels. Revolution appears as utter madness only to those whom it sweeps aside and overthrows. To us it was different. We were in our own element, albeit a very stormy one."

1905-1906 Sentenced to exile for life in Siberia; escapes after fifteen months.

"We drove on again through woods, over snow-covered swamps, and through vast forests that had been destroyed by fires. We boiled snow for water, sat on the snow and drank tea. My guide preferred liquor, but I saw to it that he did not over-indulge."

1906-1914 Lives in exile in France, Switzerland, Austria, Germany; edits a revolutionary paper, PRAVDA, in Vienna.

"During the years of reaction my work consisted chiefly of interpreting the revolution of 1905, and of paving the way for the next revolution by theoretical research . . . My earnings at the Kievskaya Mysl were quite enough for our modest living. But there were months when my work for Pravda left me no time to write a single paying line. The crisis set in. My wife learned the road to the pawn-shops, and I had to re-sell to the booksellers books bought in more affluent days. There were times when our modest possessions were confiscated to pay the rent. We had two babies and no nurse; our life was a double burden on my wife. But she still found time and energy to help me in revolutionary work."

1914-1916 Lives in Paris, edits a revolutionary anti-war paper, NASHE SLOVO; attends Zimmerwald conference, cooperates with Lenin there.

"In those days, writing in such a way as to elude the lightning of the military censors, I said in Nashe Slovo: 'However great the military significance of the Battle of Verdun may be, the political significance is infinitely greater. In Berlin and other places they have been wanting 'movement'—and they will have it. Hark! Under Verdun there is being forged our tomorrow.'

1916-1917 Expelled from France for revolutionary activity; deported to Spain, and thence to the United States.

"In New York, where I stayed for two months, the newspapers had me engaged in any number of occupations, each more fantastic than the one before . . . But I must disappoint my American readers. My only profession in New York was that of a revolutionary socialist. This was before the war for 'liberty' and 'democracy' (Continued on page 4)

Knitgoods Workers Prepare for Strike Action

As a result of the rejection by the employers of the agreement reached by the negotiations committee, the knitgoods industry in Greater New York is facing a general strike.

The Knitgoods Workers' Union, Local 155, ILGWU, announced that all arrangements for the strike have been made. Strike Halls have been leased and strike committees appointed.

David Dubinsky, President of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, was elected general chairman of the Strike Committee and Louis Nelson, Manager of the Knitgoods Union, assistant chairman. In accepting the chairmanship of the strike committee, President Dubinsky pledged to the Local the full moral, material and financial support of the ILGWU.

Louis Nelson, Manager, stated, "The Union has tried to avoid bringing conflict and chaos into the industry. Our demands were both just and reasonable. The employers' own negotiating committee, at a conference in the office of President Dubinsky, agreed to our proposals.

"The rejection of the agreement is

the ation of certain employers who are incapable of realizing the consequences of a struggle in the industry today.

"This struggle has been forced upon us. But we are ready. The Union has mobilized all its forces and resources. The General Strike is now a matter of hours and days."

A General Strike Committee of seventy-five will conduct the strike. The Strike Halls will be at the following places:

Manhattan & Bronx
Irving Plaza Hall
15th Street & Irving Place.

Brooklyn—
Brooklyn Labor Lyceum
949 Willoughby Avenue.

New Jersey
Union Headquarters, Newark
31 Williams St., Newark.

Unemployed
Brooklyn Union Headquarters
1023-27 Broadway, Brooklyn.

LABOR ACTION
114 W. 14th Street
New York City

Dear Friends:

I am interested in learning more about the Workers Party and its fight against the bosses' war plans.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Wire Workers Settle Strike

Special to Labor Action

LYNN, Mass.—The nine day strike by Local 257 of the United Electrical Radio & Machine Workers of America (CIO) ended with the signing of a closed shop one year agreement with the Wire Products Incorporated.

The Local was organized about a year ago, and immediately showed its strength by forcing the company to rehire the 11 militants it had fired, and getting a 4% increase in wages. The Company manufactures various types of wire products for the U.S. Government, and felt that this year they could ignore the Union and not sign an agreement, and under the slogan of "you can't strike against National Defense", they proceeded

to give the Union the run-around.

August 2 the workers went on strike. Every single worker in the plant, including many that were not members of the Union, joined the picket line.

The orders were piling up in the factory, and the boss had to sit down with the Union and negotiate a contract. The contract is a good closed shop agreement, but it could have been much better. It provides for three specified holidays with pay, but leaves the important question of wages to arbitration. The International Representative of the Union did not want the workers to strike in the first place, so that when the boss threw a crumb in his face, he snatched it up, and asked the workers to go back.

As soon as the Union voted to return to work, the company announced, what the workers knew, that they had so many orders they will add a night crew immediately.

for our fallen leader, Leon Trotsky, will be held immediately upon the return of Max Shachtman, national secretary of the Workers Party, who is now in Mexico City. We will announce the date of the meeting by leaflet and in the next issue of LABOR ACTION.

A Memorial Meeting

You Won't Get to Be A Millionaire

By PAUL TEMPLE

"I was listening over the radio last night," said Johnny, "and there was a fellow on talking about why Hitler has his eye on this country, because we're the richest country in the world. Say, the way he put it, we've got everything worth having. We've got more gold than anybody else, and steel and coal and oil and farm-land and—everything. There wasn't ever a country was as rich as us."

BILL: Yep, America is certainly a great country. I'll bet he said that's why we've got to defend it against Hitler.

JOHNNY: That's right, we've got what he wants. BILL: Fine! I need a five-spot right away. How much of that gold have you got on you just now?

JOHNNY: Aw, quit kiddin'. I got no part of it. It's all in a fort somewhere so nobody can get hold of it. BILL: Nobody, including you and me and forty million other people in this country. But maybe you've got a mine or an oil well somewhere around you can cash in on quick?

JOHNNY: Now you ain't being serious. All I got is a job slinging hash, and a family. I ain't no Rockefeller or Morgan. It's the COUNTRY that's got all that, I tell you.

The Big Fellows Have It

BILL: And here I thought we were rich!—All right, let's be serious. YOU aren't rich and YOU haven't any gold or any of the other things you were talking about. I haven't got them. But you say the COUNTRY has got them. Now, seriously, what do you mean?

JOHNNY: Well, I guess it's the big fellows that have all that, not us little people.

BILL: Right, it's the ONE out of TEN who own most of the wealth, and they're the ones that own the natural resources that this country is rich in. They aren't the COUNTRY, though; WE are. Or we SHOULD be.—You left out something else we have more of than any other country.

JOHNNY: What's that?

BILL: Billionaires. Do you know how much a billion dollars is, Johnny?

JOHNNY: Sure. It's a one with nine zeros after it.

BILL: Here's another way of figuring it. Maybe you saw the movie, "One Million B.C." about the cave-men. Well, if you started on your \$20-a-week job way back then, and worked every week, and saved half your wages all the time, you wouldn't be a billionaire until another million years from now.

JOHNNY: I think I'll try some other way. There isn't enough future in that for me.

BILL: If you started working at the birth of Christ, you would just about have a million—at that rate, how do you suppose the ONE in TEN manage to get so rich?

JOHNNY: Search me. Sounds like a job for the U.S. mint.

BILL: No sir. The mint doesn't produce any wealth, it just changes the shape of gold and silver. Wealth is created only by WORK. It's working stiffs like you and me putting in labor on things that's made this country wealthy.

Your Work Made Them Wealthy

JOHNNY: Well, how did they get rich?

BILL: By work. But not their own work. The ONE in TEN lets the other NINE work for him, and takes away what they produce. Then out of that he gives them enough to keep alive on, maybe, and skims off the cream. If he does that in a big enough way, he doesn't have to wait a million years to become a billionaire.

JOHNNY: Well, if that's true, we certainly are a bunch of suckers. How does a thing like that happen?

BILL: Because everything this country in rich in—mines and factories and land and everything else your radio speaker mentioned—is owned by a small percentage of the people. Sure, the country is rich, but THEY OWN THE COUNTRY—that's why they're rich and we're poor.

JOHNNY: They own the country . . . it certainly looks that way most of the time.

BILL: And when a loudmouth on the radio tells you that you've got to defend the riches of this country, you just tell him even if he can't hear you: **WE WORKERS WILL RUSH TO DEFEND THIS COUNTRY WHEN WE OWN IT, AND WE WON'T HAVE TO BE DRAFTED TO DO IT EITHER.** That means when we've taken back the machinery we work on, the mines we dig in, the land that we till. Then we'll run them with a WORKERS' government in a WORKERS' United States.

JOHNNY: I guess that's socialism again, but it don't sound so bad as they make out.

Sparks In the News

When the Committee (to Defend America by Aiding the Allies) was first organized, Chairman White endorsed two checks for \$500 each, one from J. P. Morgan, one from Labor Leader David Dubinsky.

Who's your friend, Dave?

—Time, August 19.

Most interesting of these reports (from England) is this: That there is a good deal of discontent about the war among the working people of Great Britain. They are wondering and worrying about whether they'll be any better off than they were before if England wins. Consequently . . . there are numerous rumors that a British Cabinet shift is in the cards. This shift, if it happens, will throw out Winston Churchill as Prime Minister and throw Lord Beaverbrook in . . . If Beaverbrook should become Prime Minister any time soon, it can be taken as a fairly reliable tipoff that peace is at least being seriously considered in Britain.

—New York Daily News, August 15.

We repeat: the bourgeoisie fear revolution more than they do Hitler.

Just vote right every year,
And you need have no fear.
We are the boys who make no noise
But we get ten thousand dollars clear
To whistle while you work . . .

—From a play put on by the National Association of Broadcasters.

Can't you imagine them, the whole Sixty Families—DuPont, Morgan, Rockefeller and all the rest—all lined up and singing away, with FDR out in front as drum major. "To whistle while you work . . ."

Joe McWilliams Acts in Hitler Style

The First Article
Of A Series on
McWilliams: Fascist

By WILLIAM PETERSEN

"And just as Diogenes went about the streets of ancient Athens in broad daylight with a lantern in his hand looking for an honest man, so I carry this lantern with me looking for an honest—"

The speaker paused and cocked his head, waiting for a response from the audience.

And in answer came cries of "Jew," "Kike," "You'll never find one, Joe."

It is a meeting of Joe McWilliams, fascist candidate for Congress from Yorkville, Nazi center in northern Manhattan. Four times each week he parks his covered wagon, representing "the spirit of the pioneer," at a corner in his district and pollutes the air with anti-semitism and fascist poison.

More than a dozen police protect each meeting. The attendance has grown to perhaps a thousand at a meeting, made up of about equal parts of sympathizers, the curious, and opponents.

With the opportunism typical of fascists everywhere, McWilliams tries to please everyone. Those who come just for the show never go home without being treated to some circus antics. And the women who have begun their life at forty, of whom there is always more than a liberal sprinkling, can feast their eyes on the goosy, Hollywood handsomeness of the Phoney Fuehrer.

FILTHY—NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT IT

What is the fare served up to this crowd? The Diogenes lantern gag, old stuff now to the regular listeners, is usually repeated with variations for the benefit of newcomers. McWilliams gives free rein to his florid speaking style in describing, as an introduction, the beauty of ancient Greek culture—"which, incidentally, was an Aryan civilization."

He remarks that somebody asked him to speak on his program. What should he speak on? Agriculture? Yes, agriculture. Agriculture. The pseudo-preentious mouthing of the word, no less than the choice of subject before a completely urban crowd, shows the man's contempt for programs, and the people who ask about them.

"Suppose you have a field of corn. You have worked hard on the field. You plowed the land in long straight lines, and planted the seed in deep furrows. With an anxious eye, you watch the little seedlings creep through the brown earth, stretch upward to rich maturity. And then, after all your work, you see among your rows of corn, weeds. Weeds. More weeds. And you know that it is a choice for you of corn or weeds. Either you have to pull up the weeds or you won't have any corn."

"And just like the weeds in the cornfield are the Jews in America today. They are growing up over the corn we have planted, smothering it. And they have to be pulled out too." And so on. And so on.

In short, in place of a program, McWilliams has mouthed a vicious anti-semitism disguised as a discourse on "agriculture"—for the benefit of his New York City listeners.

A CHAMPION OF HITLER

These listeners are given no time to consider, for though Jabbering Joe speaks slowly and pauses often for effect, there is no hesitancy, no missing of cues. Now he is holding up a newspaper; "a Jewish rag," he calls it. It is the social-democratic New Leader, with a picture of McWilliams on the front page. He reads the headline: "Each, in his own fashion, helps to defeat England."

McWilliams disclaims the accusation. "Help defeat England? I don't have to. We can safely leave that to Hitler."

The crowd laughs at the quip. The Nazis from the nearby German section hoot their delight. The bellies of the fat old women quiver with amusement.

But no one seems to notice that McWilliams' claim to neutrality, to strict Americanism, has been shattered by his own words. His claim to neutrality is as phony as that of the Stalinists; or of Roosevelt-Willkie.

The rest of the speech is devoted to an attack on Roosevelt and the New Deal, true in everything except its implication that McWilliams has anything better to offer. And, of course, anti-Semitism. Whenever there is a gap in facts, or program, or oratory, it is stuffed with slime skimmed from the pot of Hitler and his maniacs.

When the meeting ends, with a plea for new members, the fascists walk home with a light step and heads high. The temper of the speeches, and the reflected glory from the Hitler victories in Europe, give these rats a new boldness.

Let us talk with these young workers, and analyze without the benefit of McWilliams' oratory, who the man is, what he represents, where he is leading, who is backing him. Let us give facts, and answer their lies and half-truths with more facts.

Next week, in the second article of a series, we will begin.

To the first of a series of leaflets being distributed among Yorkville's workers by the Workers Party, McWilliams' fascist sheet gives the following "answer":

"At this meeting (of the Council for American Traditions, Inc.) a 'WORKERS PARTY' leaflet attacking Joe McWilliams was passed out.

"The 'WORKERS PARTY' is a TROTSKYITE COMMUNIST FACTION, following the leadership of the RED BUTCHER, LEON TROTSKY, who is head of the 'Fourth International' and now lurks in Mexico, awaiting world revolution.

"The leaflet, after accusing Joe of habitually lying, ITSELF IS A TISSUE OF FALSEHOOD. After calling Joe a liar, it quotes him, and then says 'How right he is!' However, the quotation is not from Joe McWilliams, but from this Bulletin, which is not written, edited or controlled by him. Thus the Trotskyite, Red Jew licks skulk in the shadows of red, white and blue bunting, hopefully camouflaged in the national colors, but deceiving no one."

To a series of facts exposing McWilliams' rotten aims given in the leaflet, this then is his answer, translated into English and stripped of rhetoric:

1) The quotations were not from McWilliams' speeches but from the written record, from the Curtis Weekly American Bulletin, which gives the dates of Jabbering Joe's street meetings, and whose editor speaks at those meetings.

2) The leaflet was distributed at a "patriotic" meeting as well as at McWilliams' own; is therefore "camouflaged in the national colors."

3) Trotskyists are Jews, Jews are Trotskyists, etc, etc. Oh, Well!



Trotsky With Nathalia and Several Mexican Officials

Is Tweedledee Better Than Tweedledum?

But So Far As The Workers Are Concerned, Neither Are Any Good

By ALAN SELKIRK

Wendell Willkie, Presidential candidate of the Republican Party, in his long heralded acceptance speech at Elwood, Indiana, last Saturday, proved that there is no significant

difference between himself and President Roosevelt.

Willkie, sounded like the Great White Father of the New Deal.

He enjoined military conscription.

He approved the highly geared militarization drive.

He went on record in support of the New Deal's domestic program.

Willkie, like Roosevelt, outlined a course for National unity, pleaded for an understanding between capital and labor and endorsed the Administration's economic and military penetration of Latin-America.

The sole point of difference between Roosevelt and Willkie, it became clear, was the Republican candidate's insistence that he could do a better job.

Wendell Willkie, sponsored and supported by a section of Wall Street in tilting against President Roosevelt, is in reality staging a quarrel

in the servant quarters of America's financial and industrial oligarchy.

The two candidates, it is clear, serve the interests of the Sixty Families. That is why at this crucial period in the affairs of Wall Street there is a singleness of purpose and program, and a division merely on who is to carry it out.

No Defense of GOP

Perhaps the most interesting fact about Willkie's speech was his failure to mention or defend the previous course of the Republican Party. That Willkie chose to ignore the former Republican policy toward the New Deal and chose instead to adopt it as his own, points to the death of the GOP as formerly constituted. The unprecedented rise of Willkie, hitherto a political novice, and his victory over the old Guard at the Philadelphia convention points also to the eclipse of men like Hoover and former Republican chairman Hamilton.

In this connection, the adoption of the New Deal by Willkie is not an isolated phenomenon among Republicans. Henry L. Stimson and Colonel Frank Knox, both of whom have been prominent in Republican councils, similarly view the Roosevelt program as in the best interests of American imperialism. That explains their entrance into the Cabinet. Knox and Stimson acted on the belief that Roosevelt and not Willkie is best suited for the job of carrying out the common program.

Thus, in this nation-wide circus, attended by petty quarrels over method and in which the War Program remains intact, both candidate-performers are playing the same act on the same side of the street.

For Labor Action—Join Workers Party

The GPU Has Not Finished

its work. It will try to crush the life of Nathalia Trotsky, our fallen leader's loyal comrade. It will try to crush Trotsky's grandson, and other members of his household. Everything that can be done to protect and give sustenance in this bitter hour to Comrade Nathalia and the others must be done immediately. We call upon you to rush funds to the office of the Workers Party, 114 West 14th Street, New York City. These funds will be dispatched to Mexico City at once.

Of Special Interest To Women

By SUSAN GREEN

"There's hardly anything left of that large chunk of meat I put into the pot. What has become of it?"

You are absolutely wrong, madam. All the meat is there. The trouble is that you paid for a little meat and a lot of water—at the same price. You bought meat into which water had been pumped to increase the weight. The water has naturally evaporated.

This racket which cost housewives many millions of dollars each year and nets the wholesale meat houses these additional millions of profits, is openly practised in the City of New York. The newspaper PM recently conducted an investigation. Reporters bought at random thirteen samples of meat. Seven out of the thirteen were flooded.

One sixteen pound brisket cooked for analysis lost ten pounds of weight. That was a loss of \$3 on a \$4.80 purchase.

Oh, yes! There is a law against watering meat. It provides a fine of \$2,000 and a violator can be sent to jail for a year. But—

So daintily has this law been applied to the crooks who steal money out of the housewife's pocket that the crime is repeated again and again by the same concerns with virtually impunity.

One concern has been convicted thirty-three times in the last thirty-one months, or more than a conviction a month. Why should it stop watering meat when it can get away with a nominal fine of \$5. Breaking the law pays—to the tune of \$5,000,000 a year in the City of New York alone.

The benevolent attitude of the democratic law enforcers towards the boss law breakers was expressed by the Health Commissioner in charge of these cases. "Watering meat hasn't made anybody sick. It just means you don't get your money's worth."

In a word, the housewife owes a vote of thanks to the racketeers because they pump harmless water into the meat and not arsenic.

It may seem like small potatoes to complain about watered meat at a time when most working women are worrying about how soon their men folks will be swallowed up in the war machine. But it all connects up.

The whole boss system is a profit-making racket from top to bottom. This 100% American democracy serves as a cover for it all. Let the boss class fight for their own system. Why should the workers get mixed up and mangled in THEIR war machine?

We working women will now be saved the trouble of going to Paris for our Molyneux originals. The New York garment centre is buzzing with preparations to make the American metropolis the successor of Paris in the production of exquisite fabrics and fashions. And since we working women will be saving the price of the trip across the Atlantic, we will be able to pick up an extra gown or two in some exclusive New York couturier's. What luck!

Talking about gowns, I have my eye on a pearl-studded creation designed and executed by Hattie Carnegie of New York. It is of eggshell slipper satin, and is covered with 61,000 cultured pearls and 102 real pearls employed in a stunning motif. The cost is a mere \$75,000. I'm starting to save up my pennies.

Hildegard, who modeled the gown, wore the Cabochon Mabe pearl, one of the largest in the world and valued at \$50,000. I may not be able to afford the trinket, even though it goes so well with the gown, especially if junior needs a pair of shoes.

"I went to the back garden to get some diapers from the clothesline and found one so riddled with machine gun bullets it was useless."

This, according to one newspaper story, was the complaint of an English mother while bombs were raining down from the sky above Croydon.

Another paper showed a picture of three girls wearing bandages for injuries received from German bombers, but happy and smiling as if they were enjoying themselves at a summer picnic.

Still another story goes that two charwomen emerged from a pub when the all-clear signal was sounded, wiping their lips, pleased that Hitler's air raid had given them an excuse for a "quick one".

This most deadly, most horrible, most devastating war of all time is reduced by the capitalist press to a matter of torn diapers, superficial bandages, "quick ones".

These stories are part and parcel of the dishonest method employed by the boss press in reporting the war. Battles have become engagements between planes, tanks, big guns. Military objectives are hit or they are not hit. But the people—

Oh, the people—well, they are taking it calmly, going about their business as usual. What is a mere war to them? They take it as a competitive sport of some kind—a tennis tournament perhaps. But somewhere in a corner is stuck away an inconspicuous item about the human slaughter.

The mass murder of war is being minimized. The war makers are trying to teach people to take war as an ordinary occurrence. Otherwise the horror of modern warfare would be more than human beings could stand or stand for.

It will take more than crooked boss journalism to make women believe that a mother whose baby is within reach of falling bombs will—except in dazed panic—talk about a torn diaper. Though the boss war makers of the world wish it, women cannot forget every human emotion and accept as an every day matter mass annihilation of their flesh and blood—for bosses' profits and world markets!

We hate compulsory military service as we hate war itself. But what are we to do? Are we to permit ourselves to be unprepared when the attack is launched against us? . . . Accepting the theory that compulsory military service is justified, it is difficult to argue that compulsory industrial service is unjustified when it is presumably for the good of the country.

—New Leader, August 10.

You might think that the fact that the American labor movement is against conscription almost to the man would make these boys pause. But not our social-democrats; they have a tradition to uphold.

Conscription means just one thing to future debutantes—scanty stag lines. The poor dears will be restricted pretty much to straight doses of undergraduates and "interesting old men."

—Nancy Randolph, society editor N. Y. Daily News.

That settles it. Labor Action is now officially against conscription.

Editorials

OUR PROGRAM AGAINST THE WAR

1. Not a man, not a cent for Wall Street's war. All war funds to the unemployed.
2. For a rising scale of wages to meet increasing cost of living. Thirty Thirty—\$30 weekly minimum wage—30-hour weekly maximum for all workers.
3. Expropriate the Sixty Families. For Government ownership and workers control of all war industries—mining, steel, chemical, railroads, public utilities, etc.
4. Against both imperialist war camps. For the Third Camp of World Labor and the Colonial Peoples.
5. Let the people vote on war. For the right of youth to vote at the age of 18.
6. Abolish secret diplomacy. Open the files of the State Department.
7. Withdraw all armed forces from territory outside the United States. Free the colonies. Hands off Latin America.
8. Against compulsory military training and conscription.
9. For the defense of civil liberties and workers' rights. Stop the persecution of aliens. Against the M-Day Plans and year-time dictatorship.
10. For full social, economic and political equality for Negroes. End discrimination against Negroes in industry and trade unions.
11. For an independent Labor Party.
12. For Workers' Defense Guards against Fascist and vigilante attacks.
13. No confidence in the Roosevelt government. For a workers' government and a people's army.
14. For Peace through Socialism. For the Socialist United States of the Americas, for the Socialist United States of Europe, and for the World Socialist Federation.

Fight Slavery!

On the night of June 15, 1940 an obscure and humble citizen of the United States by the name of Elbert Williams was lynched at Brownsville, Tennessee. This obscure citizen was a Negro. He was not charged with rape of a white woman. He had not killed or assaulted a white man. He had not kidnapped a white child. He was not charged with insult to the flag or "fifth column" activities, not even as such things are understood in Tennessee. We point out these things only because they are the excuses given so often for lynchings and mob action in this "land of the free and home of the brave."

What was the "crime" of Elbert Williams that so outraged the patriotic and democratic sensibilities of the citizens of Brownsville? Williams and other Negro citizens wanted to vote in the coming elections for president of the United States. For this Williams was kidnapped, clubbed, stabbed, shot, tied and, after all this, his body was thrown into the river. Williams' family and other Negroes, who also wanted to vote, were driven from the town and threatened with death if they returned.

The men who perpetrated this outrage were also citizens of the United States. They were all white men. One of them was the night marshal in Brownsville and Democratic nominee for sheriff. Another was a police officer. One was the president of a Brownsville bank. All of them were leading citizens of Brownsville. They were local leaders of the Democratic Party, the party of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the party of the New Deal.

At present this party, in league with its twin brother, the Republican Party, is preparing the United States—

For War

against Hitler and fascism. They are raising an army for another holy crusade to make the work safe for Democracy. They will conscript Negroes into this army, even the Negroes who were run out of Brownsville by the mob led by Robse-

vell's vote getters. They will conscript even those Negroes who are denied the right to vote, the right to a job and the right to live secure from mob violence. They will grab Negroes to fight against Hitler fascism who have never in all their lives experienced the peace and happiness that accompany liberty, freedom, justice and equality.

They will demand that the Elbert Williams' in the U.S. who have all their lives lived in the shadow of the mob go out and fight against Hitler and Hitler fascism. The Roosevelt or the Willkie government will make this demand of Negroes, brazenly and without shame. They will throw Negroes into the army right at the time mobs are roaming the land murdering Negroes, pillaging their homes and driving them from town to town. And they will say nothing that means anything about this lynching, rapine, plunder and murder that Negroes in the United States have been the victims of for three hundred years.

Only the Negroes and their friends can

Put A Stop

...to this. No aid worth a damn will come from Roosevelt, Willkie, the Republican or Democratic Parties, or their friends and camp followers. Negroes must fight the Hitlers here in the U.S. They must struggle against Hitlerism in their own cities, towns and villages. Their fight is against the mob, jim-crow, segregation, disfranchisement and insult right here in the U.S.A. They must fight for a job, for security, for freedom, for equality. Any other attitude is a coward's attitude. To take any other position is to accept the status of a slave.

Our Martyrs

On August 22, 1928, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were murdered. They were murdered "legally." Massachusetts boss-justice in the persons of Judge Thayer and Governor Fuller decreed their death.

Sacco, the shoe-maker, Vanzetti, the fish-peddler, had "sinned" against society. Their sin, their crime, was born out of an idealism and a conviction—that the exploitation of man by man was wrong, that a brotherhood of humanity in which no man was another's oppressor was right. For that conviction they gave their lives.

The charges against Sacco and Vanzetti (murder and robbery) have long since been exploded. Never at any moment in the seven years they spent in jail, while their case was heard and appealed, was there a shred of evidence against them. It didn't matter. Prosecutor and judge publicly bragged that they would "burn those damn anarchists." And burn the "damn anarchists" they did—for just that crime, for believing in human freedom.

Sacco and Vanzetti died in our cause. Like the many, many martyrs who have carried freedom's banner, they never once flinched, never once yielded an inch to the howl and terror of the enemy.

Long after the infamy of the Thayers and Fullers becomes part of a decayed and maggot-eaten past, will the memory of Sacco and Vanzetti be fresh and green, living as it does in the heart of every fighter in freedom's cause. For, the banner they carried is ours. And so long as mankind suffers the lash of tyranny and oppression, will their names be an inspiration to keep that banner flying.

THE NEGRO'S FIGHT— Beware of Those Who Act For The Boss Class!

By J. R. JOHNSON

Last week, Negro Congressman Mitchell was visited by some youth representatives of Negro organizations who wished to place before him their opposition to conscription. What happened should make Negroes, and whites too, think long and carefully of the fundamental divisions of this nation on all vital questions.

Mitchell said that he favored conscription. But more than that was the way he treated the delegation. He shouted at them, he wouldn't listen, he interrupted, and finally left them without giving them a chance to state their case properly. In other words, his attitude was precisely that of a southern Senator. "Get into the army, you louts. Who are you to protest against conscription?"

Now, what have ninety-nine percent of the Negroes in this country to gain by conscription? To fight against whom? Against the Mikado? Why should any Negro die to prevent the East Indies passing from the hands of the Dutch imperialists into the hands of the Japanese imperialists? We would like to hear you on that, Congressman Mitchell! If a volunteer army was being formed to help the natives of the East Indies drive out the Dutch and keep out the Japanese, the Americans, the English, and all other imperialisms, a Negro should be glad to go. But what has he to do with whether the Japanese, the Dutch or the British rule in Borneo!

Rockefeller or Morgan or some other Wall Street magnates have interests in the Far East. Good. Let them go and fight for their interests. But what interests have the Negroes to fight for in the Far East, except to have some 60 million of the native inhabitants, poor and oppressed like themselves, establish their independence? And conscription is not for that. When Ethiopia was in trouble, did Roosevelt call for Negro volunteers and offer them places in ships to go fight for African freedom? No, Sir, not on your life!

TALKING THROUGH HIS HAT

Conscription is to defend the country against the aggressor? Brother Mitchell, you are just talking through your hat, and a very nasty old battered hat it is, full of holes. Some years ago, friends, this very Mitchell was driving in his car through the South. He was stopped by some whites whose car was in trouble and commanded to get out and push. They didn't ask him. They just told him. Come on, darkie, put your shoulders to the wheel. Mitchell protested. "I am a Congressman," he said. "Congressman or no Congressman, you are just a darkie to us Southerners. So you come out here and push or else—" Mitchell is a consistent man. He agreed to this form of conscription, and he got out and pushed.

Now there was some very aggressive aggression. If the Congressman was against aggression he could have used his authority to summon his countrymen to form a great Negro defense organization, to publish material, to hold demonstrations—and not stop there, but form special groups who would on such occasions wipe the dust off the road with these aggressive Southerners or, for that matter, whites anywhere who insulted Negroes. But Mitchell didn't do that. He tried to get a case in court and the whole thing fizzled out.

But now he is for conscripting youth against Hitler. Why? It is because Mitchell has something to defend. He has his seat in Congress and his fat salary and all the opportunities that his position gives to a politician. He wouldn't have to go to fight. Southerners kick him around a bit, but he can take it. And he needn't go South at all. So this Negro as good as kicked the young Negroes out of his office, and told them to line-up in the USA Jim-Crow army.

The lesson is clear, Negroes. The fight against conscription is a fight of labor, black and white labor, against the capitalist class. Beware of the capitalist hangers-on. They will agitate about a lynch bill and Jim-Crowism, but in every big question they are with the capitalist class. That says them!

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The Life and Death of a Revolutionist

(Continued from page 2)

racy', and in those days mine was a profession no more reprehensible than that of a bootlegger."

March, 1917—September, 1917 Sails for Russia on news of the March revolution; held in concentration camp by British authorities in Nova Scotia; released after protest from Russia; joins Lenin and the Bolsheviks in opposing Kerensky regime and preparing a workingclass revolution.

"The journey from Halifax to Petrograd passed monotonously, like going through a tunnel—and it really was a tunnel into the revolution. . . . We were given a tremendous welcome at the Finland Station in Petrograd. Uritsky and Fyodorov made speeches and I answered with a plea for a second revolution—our own. And when they suddenly lifted me into the air, I thought of Halifax, where I had had the same experience; but this time the arms were those of friends. There were many banners around us. I noticed my wife's excited look . . ."

October, 1917 Leads the Bolshevik revolution with Lenin; as chairman of the Petrograd Military-Revolutionary Committee, organizes the seizure of the Winter Palace and the actual taking of power.

"All the more important points in the city are given over into our hands almost without resistance, without fighting, without casualties. The telephone alone informs us: 'We are here!'"

"All is well. It could not have gone better. Now I may leave the telephone. I sit down on the couch. The nervous tension lessens. A dull sensation of fatigue comes over me . . . I faint . . . As I come to, I see Kamenev's frightened face bending over me.

"'Shall I get some medicine?' he asks.
"It would be much better," I answer after a moment's reflection, 'if you got something to eat.' I try to remember when I last had food, but I can't. At all events, it was not yesterday."

1918-1920 Serves first as People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs; conducts the peace negotiations with Germany at Brest-Litovsk; then becomes, on Lenin's recommendation, chairman of the Supreme War Council; organizes and leads the Red Army in successful defense of the revolution against the White Armies, financed by the Allies, on a dozen fronts.

"There is a vivid account by Maxim Gorky of Lenin's attitude towards my war work: 'Striking the table with his hand, Lenin said: "Could any one point out to me another man who could organize an almost model army in a year and even win the respect of military experts? We have such a man! We have everything. And there will be miracles . . .'"

"For two and a half years, except for comparatively short intervals I lived in a railway-coach that had formerly been used by one of the ministers of communication . . . From it I made long trips along the front in automobiles with my co-workers. In my spare time, I dictated my book against Kautsky, and various other works. In those years I accustomed myself, seemingly forever, to writing and thinking to the accompaniment of Pullman wheels and springs."

1924 Death of Lenin.

"The Tiflis comrades came to demand that I write on Lenin's death at once. But I knew only one urgent desire—and that was to be alone. I could not stretch my hand to lift my pen. The brief text of the Moscow telegram was still resounding in my head. Those who gathered at the train waited for a response. They were right. The train was held up for half an hour, and I wrote the farewell lines: 'Lenin has gone. Lenin is no more.'"

1925 Forced out of War Commissariat by Stalin and his clique; becomes chairman of the Scientific-Technical Board of Industry; begins work on a "Five Year Plan" to industrialize Russia.

"In the later struggle by Zinoviev and Kamenev against Stalin, the secrets of this period were disclosed by the members of the conspiracy itself. For it was a real conspiracy . . . a well-organized illegal group within the party, directed originally against one man . . . Lenin's death freed the conspirators and allowed them to come out into the open . . . The general policy became one of a replacement of independent and gifted men by mediocrities who owed their posts entirely to the apparatus. It was as the supreme expression of the mediocrity of the apparatus that Stalin himself rose to his position.

"My opponents . . . summed up the situation in a formula: Trotsky has created a new battlefield for himself. The electro-technical board and the scientific institutions began now to worry them almost as much as the war department and the Red Army previously had. The Stalin apparatus followed on my heels. Every practical step I took gave rise to a complicated intrigue behind the scenes; every theoretical conclusion fed the ignorant myth of 'Trotskyism'. My practical work was performed under impossible conditions. It is no exaggeration to say that much of the creative activity of Stalin and of his assistant Molotov was devoted to organizing direct sabotage against me."

1927 Stalin bureaucracy in full control of state power; Trotsky stripped of all posts.

"The next landmark was the Moscow demonstration in honor of the tenth anniversary of the October revolution . . . It was with amusement rather than bitterness that I read articles and listened to radio speeches in which these hangers-on accused me of treason to the October revolution. When you understand the dynamics of the historical process and see how your opponent is being pulled by strings controlled by a hand unknown to him, then the most disgusting acts of turpitude and perfidy lose their power over you . . . On November 7, the placards of the opposition were snatched from their hands and torn to pieces, while their bearers were mauled by specially organized units . . . A policeman, pretending to be giving a warning, shot openly at my automobile. Some one was guiding his hand. A drunken official of the fire brigade, shouting imprecations, jumped on the running-board of my automobile and smashed the glass. To one who could see, the incidents in the Moscow streets on November 7, 1927, were obviously a rehearsal of the Thermidor."

1928 Exiled to Alma Ata, Turkestan.

"Here are a few bits of statistical data from my son's notes: for the period of April to October, 1928, we sent out from Alma Ata about 800 political letters, among them quite a few large works. The telegrams sent amounted to about 550. We received about 1,000 political letters, both long and short, and about 700 telegrams. . . . In addition we received about eight or nine secret mails from Moscow, forwarded by special courier. About the same number were sent by us in similar fashion to Moscow."

1929 Deported by the GPU to Turkey, after being refused a visa by the governments and parliaments of Austria, Czechoslovakia, England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Norway and Spain.

"Our train arrived in Odessa on the night of February 10. I looked through the car window at familiar places; I had spent seven years of my school life in this city. Our car was brought right up to the steamer. It was bitterly cold. Despite the lateness of the hour, the pier was surrounded by troops and agents of the GPU. . . . Peering through the car window at the steamer awaiting us, we remembered that other boat that likewise had not been taking us to our proper destination. That was in March, 1917, off Halifax, when British marines, before the eyes of a crowd of passengers, had carried me in their shoulders from the Norwegian steamer, Christianiafjord. Our family had been the same then, but we were twelve years younger . . . On February 12, we entered the Bosphorus."

1929-1933 Exile, on Prinkipo, an island near Constantinople; writes his HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION and other books, as well as numerous pamphlets and letters.

"The history of a revolution, like every other history, ought first of all to tell what happened and how. That, however, is little enough. From the very telling it ought to become clear why it happened thus and not otherwise. Events can neither be regarded as a series of adventures nor strung on the thread of some preconceived moral. They must obey their own laws. The discovery of these laws is the author's task.

"The most indubitable feature of a revolution is the direct interference of the masses in historic events . . ." (From the preface to the History of the Russian Revolution.)

1933-1936 Exile first in France, then in Norway, where he first exposed the Moscow Trials before world public opinion.

"The hatred of the Stalinists towards the Bolshevik-Leninists (the 'Trotskyists') is the hatred of the conservative bureaucrats towards genuine revolutionists. In its struggle against the Bolshevik-Leninists, nothing is too low and vile for the bureaucracy . . . It knows no pity . . . But revolutionists do not capitulate in the face of terror. Just the contrary. They reply by redoubling the offensive. Stalinism is today the plague of the world working class movement. This plague must be extirpated, excised, burned out with a hot iron. Once again the proletariat must be united under the banner of Marx and Lenin!

"Long live the world proletarian revolution!" (From "An Open Letter to the French Workers", June 10, 1935.)

1937-1940 Exile in Mexico; completely cleared of all charges in all three Moscow Trials; tirelessly and ceaselessly, in manifestoes, interviews, journalistic articles and political books and pamphlets, battles against the counter-revolutionary corruption of Stalinism and points out the revolutionary path to the working class of the world.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Commission! The experience of my life, in which there has been no lack either of success or of failures, has not only not destroyed my faith in the clear, bright future of mankind, but, on the contrary, has given it an indestructible temper. This faith in reason, in truth, in human solidarity, which at the age of eighteen I took with me into the workers' quarter of the provincial Russian town of Nikolaiev—this faith I have preserved fully and completely. It has become more mature but not less ardent. In the very fact of your Commission's formation . . . I see a new and truly magnificent reinforcement of the revolutionary optimism which constitutes the fundamental element of my life."

August 21, 1940 Leon Trotsky is stabbed to death—after an unsuccessful GPU murder raid three months earlier—by an agent of the GPU, acting on orders from Stalin.

"Darkness was just falling in Mexico City when Trotsky died. Almost his last statement, in a bare whisper to a secretary, was 'Please say to our friends I am sure of the victory of the Fourth International. Go forward!' Earlier he pointed to his heart and said, 'This time I feel they have succeeded.'"

"Mrs. Trotsky crouched on a cushion on the floor beside his bed as he lay in a coma before he died. She rose every few minutes to touch his legs and see if they were still warm.

"Take care of her," Trotsky said once. 'She has been with me for many years.'"

(From news story in N.Y. Post, August 22, 1940.)

(Compiled by DWIGHT MACDONALD)

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