

WEEKLY PEOPLE

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1932

OUR PARTY'S STAND.

The Socialist Labor Party never compromises truth to make a friend, never withholds a blow at error lest it make an enemy.

In firm assurance of final victory, it pursues its course unworried by weak desire for temporary advantage. It is ever outspoken and straightforward, believing that, in fearless independence, the integrity of purpose by which it is inspired will, in the long run, win the respect and confidence of those whom it aims to weld into a class-conscious aggressive body.

Its propaganda is not alone to educate, it is to organize the working class for the conquest of power, for the complete overthrow of capitalism. Until that mission is accomplished, it will stand like a rock, alert and watchful, yielding nothing.

Socialist Labor Party Presidential Ticket



For President, VERNE L. REYNOLDS.

For Vice President, JOHN W. AIKEN.

That it is a waste of time and energy for the proletariat to knock down the Democratic party, however oppressive that party may be, if the knocking down is to be done by saddling itself with the Republican party, a partner of the Democratic oppressor that, however resentful the proletariat may be at a Republican President or Governor, who throws the armed force of the State or Nation into the capitalist scales in the conflicts between employer and employe, it were a mere waste of energy to substitute them with their Democratic doubles. There can be no real knocking down of either party until they are both simultaneously knocked down; that knock-down blow is in the power of the proletariat only.

-DANIEL DE LEON.

TWO PLATFORMS.

Below we publish from the Democratic platform and the Socialist party platform the particular planks relating to unemployment, farm relief, etc. Put these various planks in a hat and shake them up and we defy any one to tell which is which. In fact, it will be rather hard to tell which is which even without the shaking. Here they go:

5. Extension of Federal credit to the States to provide unemployment relief wherever the diminishing resources of the States make it impossible for them to provide for the needy; expansion of the Federal program of necessary and useful construction affected with a public interest, such as flood control and waterways, including the St. Lawrence, Great Lakes deep waterways; the spread of employment by a substantial reduction in the hours of labor, the encouragement of the shorter week by applying that principle in

government service; advance planning of public works.

6. Unemployment and old age insurance, under State laws. 7. For the restoration of agriculture, the nation's basic industry, better financing of farm mortgages through reorganized farm bank agencies at low rates of interest, on an amortization plan, giving preference to credits for the redemption of farms and homes sold under foreclosure; extension and development of the farm cooperative movement and effective control of crop surpluses so that our farmers may have the full benefit of the domestic market.

Enactment of every constitutional measure that will aid the farmer to receive for basic farm commodities prices in excess of cost of production.

(2)

1. A Federal appropriation of \$5,000,000,000 for immediate relief for those in need, to supplement state and local appropriations.

2. A Federal appropriation of \$5,000,000,000 for public works and roads, reforestation slum clearance and decent homes for the workers, by Federal government, states and cities.

3. Legislation providing for the acquisition of land, buildings and equipment necessary to put the unemployed to work producing food, fuel and clothing and for the erection of houses for their own use.

4. The six-hour day and the five-day week without a reduction of wages.

5. A comprehensive and efficient system of free public employment agencies.

6. A compulsory system of unemployment compensation with adequate benefits, based on contributions by the government and by employers.

7. Old age pensions for men and women sixty years of age and over.

8. Health and maternity insurance.

9. Improved systems of workmen's compensation and accident insurance.

10. The abolition of child labor.

11. Government aid to farmers and small home-owners to protect them against mortgage foreclosures; and a moratorium on sales for non-payment of taxes by destitute farmers and unemployed workers.

12. Adequate minimum wage laws.

Unemployment and farm relief are, of course, the important "practical" issues of the hour. The Socialist party has always been strong on adopting "practical" measures; that was its double cleverness—first, showing the world that it was "practical Socialism," not of the dreamy, "hundred years in the future" kind, and second, catching votes from the people who are continually looking for "something new." Catching votes has always been the Socialist party's central policy.

There was a time—in the good old pre-war days—when the Socialist party, with some reason perhaps, could pat itself on the back and consider itself a clever vote-catcher. That it has not learned by this time that the suckers it catches on the hook one year on one kind of bait it will lose the next year, when the bait has to be changed, scarcely goes to show cleverness.

To demonstrate its practicability and its high state of progressiveness the S. P. often brags that it has been an "advance guard for every one of the practical reform measures" which the old parties have instituted in the past twenty years—old age pensions, industrial accident insurance, child labor laws, eight-hour laws, women anti-night-work laws, anti-sweatshop laws, and what not. The S. P., of course, claimed these to be practical measures leading toward Socialism.

Quite on the contrary, they have proved to be mere patches on the capitalist system, eagerly adopted by capitalist politicians—more clever than those of the S. P.—in order to safeguard and perpetuate the capitalist system of exploitation. It would take unusual hardihood for any one to deny that, in spite of these reform patches, the general condition of the working class has been growing worse, more precarious and more uncertain during the last quarter of a century.

And what in the meantime has happened to the S. P.? Has it grown steadily in influence and power and votes? Quite to the contrary. Let us agree, for the sake of argument, that all the above measures are beneficial in a measure to the working class. The fact remains that these "goodies" have been handed to the workers not by the S. P., but by the Republicans or Democrats. What the S. P. is doing, then, is solely working up issues for the old

parties to catch working class suckers with. And that is exactly what has happened. The S. P., instead of keeping the workers' gaze riveted on the abolition of wage slavery and exploitation, will introduce an issue—cheap milk or what not—and get the workers all excited about that. If it works the issue well enough, the party will surely catch a bunch of votes on it. As soon as that happens, some clever capitalist politician is sure to take it up and make a capitalist reform issue of it. Plank after plank—sometimes whole truckloads of planks—have thus been stolen from the S. P. platform. As soon as that happens, the S. P. will promptly lose the votes it has gained on the issue, and naturally so. It has made so much of the reform as to make its adherents believe that it is all-important. Well then, naturally, the voter realizing that the S. P. is not going to get there to give it to him, he rushes his vote to the party that can get in and promises the same thing. And that is and has been for twenty years the "practical" result of S. P. cleverness in adopting capitalist issues. Surely, these "reforms" have not brought us a step nearer Socialism. If anything, they have made capitalism safer for the continued exploitation of labor.

And here we are again. For these last three years the Socialist party cry—and the cry of the Communists as well—has been "social insurance," relief work, etc. Millions of people have come to look upon these as the all-important necessities for the coming years. And the irony of fate is that the more convinced they are that what they want is instant relief and a dole the surer they will be to vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt—or even Hoover—for, if relief can be got at all, it must be got through the winner and not through a loser.

In great things it is stupid to be clever. The Socialist Labor Party platform contains only one plank: THE ABOLITION OF CAPITALISM. That no capitalist politician can give. It is for the workers themselves to take.

THE VALUE OF "EX."

John Spargo, "EX-Socialist," was featured as such in the metropolitan press in reports of a stump speech for Mr. Hoover which he delivered at the City College of New York. Vociferously—as vociferously as he used to cry for "practical Socialism in our time"—Mr. Spargo lauded Hoover, "the foremost liberal statesman of the world."

The story has it that Mr. Spargo was somewhat contemplated as Secretary of Labor when James J. Davis was graduated to the Senate. What could be more fitting for a Secretary of Labor under any capitalist government than an "EX-Socialist"? To be sure, by his attacks on Roosevelt he is rather secure closing the doors against himself should Franklin step into the White House, but Mr. Hoover is not out of the running yet, and this "foremost liberal statesman of the world" is surely worth its fee, particularly coming from an "EX-Socialist" popularly supposed to know what "liberal" is, if any one does.

That "EX-Socialist" has a great sales value in the political markets of the world has been shown and proved from Millerand to MacDonald, and as capitalism is getting into ever tighter places in the United States, "EX-Socialism," which so far has been good for scarcely more than a magazine writer's fee or a place on Insull's power propaganda, ought soon to enhance in value to a Cabinet position or something nearly as good.

Anyhow, Mr. Spargo's speech was a gem of EX-ism.

BRAZEN JIMMY.

There is one thing about ex-Mayor James J. Walker—he makes no bones about it. That's why we suppose that most people whose moral fiber is not strong enough to consider him utterly disgusting refer to him as "delightful." In a brazen age, brazenness can't fail to be delightful to the brazen—and all the timid souls who would love to be brazen.

Many a brazen or "delightful" crack has fallen from the lips of Mayor Jimmy in the last seven years, and yet we believe that it was reserved for the ex-mayor to utter the most "charmingly delightful" or "disgustingly brazen" sentence of them all. This was said and re-

ported in the Herald Tribune of October 10, as the mayor stepped on American soil again after his "contemplation trip" to Europe. Here it is:

I think I could win by another 500,000 plurality. Every newspaper in New York would be against me. What of it? Where I get my votes, the newspapers don't count. The fellow on Ninth and Tenth Avenues, on First and Second Avenues, doesn't have time to read the newspapers. It's the organization that counts.

This is indeed so—"brazenly delightful" but ordinary language failed us. But rhymes came to the rescue, so Jimmy and his East and West Side loyal ignoramus won't go without their tribute.

To the polls the voters go, Lined up for Tammany, row by row. Sovereigns they are both short and tall, Independent Americans all.

They can't read or write, it's clear, But cheer for Tammany and beer; And with the party they always go And vote it straight whether yes or no.

You readers and writers may go to hell, For ex-Mayor Jimmy can work a spell,

The Tiger's claw in the poor man's hide,

Is the safest and surest voter's guide.

So Jimmy is sure at the polls to win

No matter when he'll run again,

For his sheep know well where they belong

And bring him in with yell and song.

THE NEW YORK MUD BATH.

Merrily the political top has been spinning during the last couple of weeks. New York, which took a moral bath through the Hofstadter-Seabury investigation, has plunged head first into the filth again—and no mistake about it. The good citizens are left with mouths agape and moral paralysis.

It really started in Maine. "As Maine goes so goes the nation" has become an old witticism of the politicians. Maine swamped Hoover in the primaries. If signs do not fail, then Franklin D. Roosevelt will be the next President of the United States. Roosevelt, who has been accused of being wobbly, spineless and what have you, apparently, when he is sure of himself, can swing the big stick as effectively as his once far more noisy cousin. Roosevelt came from a cheering West to Albany with a big stick carefully hidden under his coat. The world, including Tammany, knew it was there. Curry went to Albany like a licked cur. Roosevelt was not going to stand for any "vindication election" of Walker. The Walker case had been much too good political capital for the Presidential aspirant. Moreover, Roosevelt and his interests unmistakably dictated the gubernatorial nomination. Tammany was forced to swallow Col. Herbert H. Lehman.

What else was there to do? With hopes of a Democratic President, harmony had to be restored in New York, state and city. Tammany was smelling the national fleshpots. The convention became a grand reconciliation party. Al Smith rushed in, shook hands with Franklin D., for all the cameras to record, and called him "you old potato" for all to hear and publish.

Which Cabinet position is to be Smith's, with Roosevelt in the White House? Is it to be Secretary of State? Or Treasury? Or what? Anyhow it was a great powwow. The Republican convention, which met in Buffalo at the same time and nominated one Donovan, was almost completely lost sight of, and even the President's first campaign speech—to the Iowa farmers—became a minor event.

Just before that, however, Tammany had fixed up another front-page sensation. State Senator Samuel Hofstadter, who is remembered as such a high-minded, noble, moral gentleman while running down New York City corruption, including Tammany and Mayor Walker, has been slated in a deal between Tammany and Koenig, the head of the would-be Republican machine, on a "fusion" ticket of Hofstadter-Steuer, as Supreme Court Judge. That was Hofstadter's "reward"

and all the moral shudders of the powerless Republicans of New York and the state and other good citizens of New York seem to be unable to dislodge him.

"Morality," that soared so high in the last few months, was at low ebb indeed; but there was worse yet to come.

The hopes of a city mayoralty election on November 8 were growing. Walker—still the darling of Tammany—was speeding home from Europe to his vindication, despite the fact that everybody this side of the great water knew that the events in Maine and at Albany had stabled the ex-mayor's chances—directly in the vitals. The poor, conceited fellow did not seem to get this clear till he got near enough to communicate directly with his former bosses. What a blow Jimmy must have got. Luckily for him he did not arrive in time for the city convention. When he did speak, his cue was to say that he gladly stepped aside for the larger interests of the party. Perhaps even Jimmy can be rewarded for the part he so unwillingly played in boosting Roosevelt's chances.

Then came the city convention. Mayor McKee who, politician though he is, had decidedly, though flamboyantly, given the "moral elements" a lift and the poor harassed taxpayer a bit of hope, was, of course, totally set aside by Tammany, which he, though a child of her bosom, had mortally offended by playing the game of the moral uplifters and tax-reducers.

But Tammany did even better than that. It dug down into its bag of regular and unshamed politicians and dug up one of the most regular and most unshamed—Surrogate John P. O'Brien. The budget, the cars, the useless employes, the neglect of city affairs, in short, all the old graft and corruption were restored to the status quo ante—and that is that.

The good citizens are weeping. They were tricked out of their great victory. McKee, who refused to run independently in opposition to the Tammany machine, has thrown them down—and what not.

And that's what happens again and again to the innocents who undertake to clean the Augean stables of politics while capitalism lasts.

Of course, the Republicans too made a nomination—or the pretense of one. They too dug down in their bag and dug out—a dummy, Lewis H. Pounds of Brooklyn, seventy-one years of age and just "nobody" enough to serve the purpose of Mr. Koenig and the local so-called Republican machine. A dummy is all that a Republican candidate for mayor of New York ever was. He isn't supposed to make a fight; he is simply there to show that the Republicans are "fighting." The rewards for playing the game in accordance with this rule falls to the machine politicians from the generous lap of Tammany. It is a lovely and convenient arrangement and helps to assure the assured local Tammany victory.

The moralists and "independent citizens" were so flabbergasted by the bold and utterly unshamed action of Tammany, that they did not even have the gumption to run an independent fusion candidate, as has been done before when the city had gone through a moral bath. The movement that is to make an end of Tammany rule must be made of sterner stuff.

The fact is that the "liberal" and "moral" and "good citizen" forces are growing ever weaker. Reform is losing all attraction. The average person realizes beyond a doubt that the system cannot be reformed. The masses still stick to capitalism and will stick as long as there is any chance to live in it or by it. When the masses break away it will be to break into the Socialist Revolution. Already the necessity of change is vaguely dawning upon many.

Capitalism must be destroyed.

There is a new national game. It is called "Here today and gone tomorrow." It consists in playing hide-and-seek with the stores in your neighborhood. A prize goes to the one who can guess which goes next. The players have to be very quick and alert for the disappearances are very rapid though not exactly unexpected.



BALLADS OF THE B. E. F. Coventry House, publishers. (\$1 net.)

Ballads of the B. E. F. are written anonymously by "a well-known poet." "Well-known" poets cannot "afford," of course, to have their names openly connected with a rag-tag cause like that of workers asking for bread and getting tanks and tear gas, yet there may be a gem or two in this volume that will live when most, if not all, the "well-known" may be forgotten. Simple songs, struck off under the white heat of indignation, while the pulse beats with the true spirit of humanity, have a way of finding the path directly to men's hearts and minds.

The ballads—there are about a score of them—are of the stuff folksongs were made of in the days when the "folks" still put their grievances into village songs. They record events, anger, resentment, outrages; they sneer and they accuse; run from bitter sarcasm to the laughter through which is heard the gnashing of teeth.

The gem of the volume—four little verses which scourge like a red-hot iron—perhaps is "No Undue Violence":

(The N. Y. Evening Post of Aug. 3, 1932, quotes Secretary of War Hurley as saying that "No undue violence" was used in expelling the B. E. F. from Washington.)

"We used no undue violence" — Bill Hushka, listen to this! It will still your moans And comfort your bones, And fill you full of bliss!

"We used no undue violence" — Eric Carlson, it's tough! You asked for bread And they gave you lead, But they never meant to be rough!

"We used no undue violence" — So, Baby Myers, be still! Though it isn't quite plain To your little brain, You were gassed with the best of will!

"We used no undue violence" — Now, Baby Mann, stop crying! If you fret and grieve You might make us believe That an eminent man is lying!

But there are others scarcely less searing, as for example "Pilate, Herod and Hoover":

(According to the N. Y. Journal, the troops, once they drove the veterans into the woods, used the bayonet on them freely. One veteran was bayoneted in the side and wounded seriously.)

Behold the red stigmata, Behold the wounded side! Another martyred savior wears The signs of the Crucified. Pilate, Herod and Hoover, The centuries know them yet, For the Son of Man they have nails and spear Or gas and the bayonet!

"Republics Are Not Ungrateful" does not sing quite as tunelessly as most of the ballads in the volume, but its satire bites like an acid and should be able to penetrate even an elephant's hide:

"Republics are ungrateful," so they say: Maybe it once was so, but today— Maybe in lesser lands it still is true, But not in America, Nineteen Thirty-Two.

Bill Hushka's case alone proves my contention, But Eric Carlson's also let me mention. Good soldiers both, with services recorded, Their country did not leave them unrewarded.

No!—But in Arlington, last home of the brave, Eric and Bill each has an honored grave, Buried with pomp that is the soldier's due—

Of course we had to shoot them first, it's true. But where they only asked back pay and bread, The warrior's nobler food we gave them—lead!

And thinking jobs for them too ordinary,



BROTHER JONATHAN — He no use!

UNCLE SAM—Which and what? B. J.—Nothing's no use!

U. S.—You must indeed be in the very dumps of despondency when your simon pure New England conscience permits you to abuse our language with such atrocious grammar.

B. J.—Well, since the slums have it, let them have the grammar too.—Why not?

U. S.—Suppose we diagnose your specific ailment.

B. J.—It ought to be plain—look at the mayoralty nominations of the two old parties.

U. S.—What about them? Aren't they regular enough?

B. J.—Too darned regular.

U. S.—Don't get profane—clear your chest.

B. J.—Well, what have we for all our trouble and expense in eliminating Mayor Walker? The choice between an old fogey with no more backbone than a jellyfish and a regulation Tammanyite.

U. S.—What did you expect to get?

B. J.—Has the decent citizen no chance at all?

U. S.—No, friend, no—none whatsoever as long as this thoroughly rotten and indecent system of capitalism lasts.

B. J.—Then we might as well give up the struggle.

U. S.—Indeed not—that is exactly why we must struggle.

B. J.—Struggle for what—to get rid of Walker, who is at least humorous, and to get O'Brien with all Walker's faults and not even his one sole virtue—humor?

U. S.—That's all you can expect as long as your struggle is directed against men and effects instead of capitalism as a whole. But, nevertheless, collect your patience. No struggle is wholly in vain. The citizens of New York in their pill-fury put up a good fight—and got rid of Walker. Walker was the personification of the height and glory of the unscrupulous flaunting of graft and corruption. The system may continue—but it blossoms no longer. It has gone to seed. Tammany arrogance with which Tammany flung Surrogate O'Brien at the heads of the citizenry shows how deeply it has been wounded in its vitals. The very stupidity of the Republicans in putting forth an old fogey such as Pounds demonstrates their helplessness—and both together demonstrate the fact so often emphasized by the Socialist Labor Party that the Political State is obsolete—there is no hope of salvation for the "decent citizen" through politics.

The citizens of New York who— Tammany-ridden for a century— have foolishly attempted reform after reform, needed exactly what they got last week. It was only the full fruit of the century plant of corruption.

But New York is no different from any other city in the country—large or small. Corruption permeates them all. The struggle, therefore, is far greater than to get rid of an extravagant and corrupt little mayor.

Capitalism must be destroyed. Gird your loins for the larger battle, Jonathan, by voting the Socialist Labor Party ticket straight and thus joining the gallant band that is marching directly on the citadel of capitalism and its political robberburg—municipal as well as federal.

O. M. J.

Decided them homes in our best cemetery.

And there they sleep, all toil and trouble done, At Government expense; and I for one,

Protest against that slander old and hateful— There's one Republic that is not ungrateful!

Let Candidate of Workingmen and In accepting the Socialist Int State of Ohio forthcoming candidate for governor the full understanding implies and the involves. Misery State At the press finds itself, United States, for that matter, so-called trade made up of nearly people, of whom half millions are slightly less than millions agricultural a condition involves and want such as before. Hundred workers within the out of employment no place for their Agriculture Is They cannot go because the farms more becoming larger units. Less nations ago nearly people of Ohio get from the farm; to cent. make up the The population period has increased. Changes in our life have been going while bringing wife property ownership concentrating it in the hands of a few shows even during in this state a large number of farms increase of acre values have dropped within the same not a local problem remedied through individual state. The System C We are confronted that is world trial, social and tions, the financial employment are cause the economy under has run i and must make vization of society der. The capitalist which we are wit into being in the century and a he ginning there workers. The part, had an ownership in soe The population up of landowner here largely to of wage labor at ing on the ea 1790-1800 the f introduced in it that time on the tinal developme and displaceme The first machin in the textile in ing the American there is not a lives which is no industrial machi the machine ag distribution are proportions of tion. Agriculture the machine m to become indus lution of the to resulted in the Property from "concentrating c hands of the few arisen directly f the labor proces Wage Lab As the tool g giant shape, the came divorced were compelled hire out as w dred years ag less than 10 industries. The been reversed, been brought a when wage lab produces great in return for consequence is duced in the 1