

WORKERS WORLD

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TEN CENTS

One Day General Strike Will Win The Steel Battle!

Must We Be Helpless Against Police Brutality?

The Harlem, Bronx and Midtown Incidents
Are Intolerable

BUT THEY CAN BE STOPPED!

A. Philip Randolph once called a March on Washington. It is time to call a March on New York City Hall! The AFL-CIO Negro Labor Committee (which Randolph now heads) has the authority to assemble a hundred thousand for the March.

**Let the Committee Make the Call;
Black and White Labor Will Respond!**

Conspiracy Against Labor Will Be Broken, And Wall St. Anti-Labor Drive Stopped Cold!

J. WILSON

A One Day General Strike! That's the answer! A 24-hour work stoppage of the 18 million unionized men and women would have a tremendous impact on the whole country. The shutting down of every mill, mine, store, and office, the stopping of every wheel in the U.S., would bring the full power of the labor movement into the battle against the united Wall Street gang!

Such a work stoppage would make the bosses hesitate before using the Taft-Hartley Law against the striking steelworkers. It would make them take heed before using any new law that they may soon pass; it would surely stop them from passing any further restrictive legislation at this time. It would undoubtedly be the signal to the steel barons that they had better negotiate and settle with the steel workers or be forced to fight the whole class.

The Wall Street bosses have been preparing their attack for many years. They passed the slave labor Taft-Hartley Act in 1947 and have been using it against the unions ever since. The campaign known as McCarthyism was directed toward the destruction of the workers' organizations; the red-baiting and witch-hunting campaign was conducted against anyone who expressed thoughts or actions against the ruling class. Foreign-born workers were terrorized to prevent them from participating in the workers' movement. And the bosses used the labor-hating, anti-Negro McClellan Committee to spread its poison and to conduct a constant barrage for several years against the labor movement under the guise of opposing racketeering.

The bosses used the 1957-58 depression to increase the speedup on the job and to increase exploitation and raise profits. They yell "inflation" and "featherbedding" when the workers want to get a greater portion of the product which they have made. By trying to fool people with these words, they hope to increase their profiteering. And to

top it all off, they increase the taxes on the workers and force them to pay for the campaigns against the oppressed in the colonial world and at home.

As part of this concentrated drive against the working class, the bosses have intensified their drive against the rights of the Negroes. They have encouraged the organization of the KKK and the White Citizens Councils; they have condoned lynching and murder of the Negro people.

In Washington, the two old capitalist parties are combining and conspiring to get the government to intervene in the steel dispute so as to help the big corporations; now, the Republicans and Democrats are uniting to tie labor's hands even more firmly.

The labor movement is trying to combat this attack upon it. The coming AFL-CIO convention to be held in San Francisco will set aside September 18 as the day to center attention on the important steel strike. And the leadership of the AFL-CIO has urged all unions to use Labor Day as the day to rally support for the striking steelworkers.

But more is needed. The full power of the workers' organizations must be used in this vital battle. The general strike will rouse the Negroes in the South and in the North to fight all the harder for full equality and for the right to organize; it will open the campaign to organize the South and further help to break down discrimination and prejudice. The millions of oppressed workers in this country, still not organized, will challenge the ruling class in a new wave of union organization.

A call to action of all workers will raise the morale of the striking steelworkers. They will see reinforcements coming and will have the courage to continue making great sacrifices and fighting on. They will again use the slogans, "No Contract, No Work" and "Taft-Hartley Cannot Make Steel." They will nullify the effects of this and all other rotten anti-worker legislation. And in the process they will also expose the two capitalist parties. This is the way to victory!

FORWARD TO THE ONE DAY GENERAL STRIKE! USE THE FULL POWER OF THE WORKING CLASS. IT PRODUCES EVERYTHING. IT HAS NOTHING TO LOSE. IT HAS EVERYTHING TO GAIN. DOWN WITH TAFT-HARTLEY INJUNCTIONS — THEY CANNOT MAKE STEEL. FORWARD, HAND IN HAND TO VICTORY!

African Women Fight Back!

Art Ross

Armed with battle-axes, knives, sticksfire to grasslands and canefields. They and stones, people of South Africa are fighting their oppressors. Spearheaded by their womenfolk, they are defying the racist laws of the landlord-capitalist ruling class and resisting all threats to their standard of living.

The current phase of the struggle has already claimed the lives of several African workers and sent hundreds of fearless women to already bulging jails.

It began as active protest demonstrations against the ruling African Nationalist Party's ban on the home brewing of liquor. Many bourgeois papers have implied that this was the sole cause of the widespread riots that engulfed the entire province of Natal and spilled over into the Cape province. They slander this truly inspiring movement. The immediate effect of the ban on home-brewing was to increase the high living costs of the terribly underpaid native Africans.

But the bitterness and anger of the African people is an outgrowth of the entire segregationist structure of the South African police state. It grew out of the infamous pass laws, the Bantu Education law, the Group Areas law, the Native Resettlement laws, and a series of other laws — all designed to hamper and restrict the Bantu people and to thwart any movement of opposition to the racist ruling class.

The most recent developments represented a new stage in the swiftly expanding African revolution. For the Bantu people are graduating from the old methods of struggle. They are changing from passive resistance (love thy neighbor even if he beats thee) to the forceful resistance which alone can accomplish the task of liberation.

African women have stormed the beer-halls of Durban, Pietermaritzburg, and other cities. They have set up road-blocks, commandeered buses, and attacked government buildings.

They have "attacked" workers in the cane fields according to the N.Y. Times and "demanded" that they strike for higher pay, for wages of \$2.80 a day. (It turns out the men who were "attacked" were only their husbands.)

And the menfolk have supported their women. The Masai tribesmen have set

have massed to destroy the cattle-dipping tanks. The Africans are not against such sanitary methods of animal husbandry. But these methods are imposed entirely at the cost of the impoverished African, and are accompanied by higher taxes.

The American workers must show their solidarity with these suffering victims of the cruelest of all capitalist taxes.

Demand immediate freedom for the hundreds of African women now languishing in the stinking, rotten, torture chambers of the South-African police-state. Get your union to go on record against this terrible injustice.

The cause of South African freedom should be the cause of all American labor.

Labor Day Parade

New York City's Labor Day Parade is a tremendous event. It is a mighty challenge to labor's enemies, and a mighty answer to labor's pessimistic "friends."

It signifies the rising tide of workers' solidarity the world over. It symbolizes the growing, fighting spirit of the American working class, answering the vicious anti-labor offensive of the bosses. It is a mass statement of dissatisfaction by the labor movement with the boss-minded politics of the two capitalist parties. And it coincides with the deepening revolutions in the colonial world, where the oppressed colored peoples are fighting their imperialist oppressors to a stand-still.

This great outpouring of workers is a public expression of solidarity with the 500,000 striking steelworkers who are battling the giant Wall Street-owned steel industry. And it is a public break with those who would strangle the workers' movement with still more vicious anti-labor legislation.

These many thousands marching in New York are only a thousandth part of the colossal strength of American labor! When that strength is wholly united, the hospital-owning millionaires cannot stand up against it; the steel company billionaires cannot stand up against it; the employer class as a whole, will be helpless; and their stooge Congressmen will go down like wheat-straw before the mower.

Labor Day, 1959 is only the beginning!



TROTSKY

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LENIN

Wall Street's "Peace"

Ten years ago, if someone had proposed to send Vice President Nixon to Russia, and invite Khrushchev to the United States, that person would have been subject to investigation by the Un-American Committee, and possibly to a prison sentence.

"Peace" was a very dirty word in those days, a subversive word, loaded with treason, and charged with all kinds of other terrible implications. Today, it is a word to conjure with. It is a word dripping with honey, associated with doves and olive branches. Today, all the political stooges of capitalism are crawling all over one another, each trying to get into the act with a "better"

peace program than the next one.

What has changed the picture?

The main change is the colossal growth and development of the Soviet Union and China due to the superiority of their social system. The astounding development of Soviet science, the atomic and hydrogen bombs and the sputniks, have blocked the brass-hatted minions of Wall Street in their drunken drive to an atomic holocaust. And U. S. capitalism is compelled to change its tactics in the struggle for control of the world.

But there are no olive branches in the Pentagon. The reality is still—

Wall Street's War

Wars between capitalist nations have been going on for several centuries. Imperialist wars over the possession of colonies have been going on for a long time too.

But today we are faced with a war between two diametrically opposed social systems, each of which contends for the allegiance of the whole world.

One of these systems is capitalism. It is led by the capitalists of the United States. They brazenly call it the "free world" while they exploit, rob and murder hundreds of millions of "free" colonial and colored people.

The capitalists need war. They cannot have prosperity without war industries. They cannot have full employment without men in uniform. They cannot have full use of their capital without colonies in which they exploit millions. They will not peacefully give economic freedom to the colonial world.

The other system is that of the USSR, China and Eastern Europe. These workers' states have a socialist-type system. They do not need war in order to have prosperity.

Actually, their tremendous expenditure of manpower and money on war industries is a great handicap in their race to catch up with the capitalist nations. They try to have planned socialized production for the use of the people. But making the instruments of war takes time and materials away from the instruments of peace.

What's Wrong with Khrushchev?

There's nothing wrong with Khrushchev that Eisenhower can fix. There's nothing wrong with Khrushchev that the N.A.M., the Chamber of Commerce, and the whole pack of red-baiting, boss-controlled newspapers can make right.

Yes, Khrushchev and his regime have distorted a revolutionary workers state with material privileges, gross inequality, and the destruction of workers' democracy.

But that is not why George Meany and the AFL-CIO Executive Council were against inviting Khrushchev to their coming convention. Meany would like to see still greater inequalities in the Soviet Union. That is, he would like to see capitalism restored there.

Meany opposes Khrushchev because Meany supports the foreign policy of the right-wing of American capitalism. Meany opposes Khrushchev because he is opposed to the Soviet Union itself.

Meany opposes any kind of peace agreement with the Soviet Union, even if Wall Street gains something from the agreement, because he wants to see the Soviet Union destroyed.

We Trotskyists want to see the Soviet Union preserved as a workers state, and would consider its destruction an unprecedented defeat for the working class.

But we are unalterably opposed to dividing the world into "spheres of influence." We are opposed to giving Wall Street the green light for unhampered exploitation of the colonial world in return for "easing the tensions" with the Soviet Union.

And Khrushchev is quite willing to do just this. All that has prevented him from doing it up to now, is Wall Street's arrogant appetite to devour the Soviet bloc as well as its "own" bloc of colonies.

So there is plenty wrong with Khrushchev. But the main question for American workers is not what is wrong with Khrushchev, but what is wrong with Wall Street. It is up to the Soviet workers to replace the bureaucrat, Khrushchev. And it is up to the American workers to concentrate their fire on their own capitalist government.

Only those who do this have a right to criticize Khrushchev at all.

Congratulations, Seattle

Four decades ago in Seattle, there sprang up a movement of longshoremen, lumber workers and their friends, to take over the whole city as the property of the working people who built it. At that time the labor movement of the Northwest proved its solidarity with the great Russian Revolution of 1917 and refused to load the ships of intervention against the struggling workers republic.

Today we hear big news again from Seattle. This news is more modest in its immediate portent. But we venture to predict that the new development will prepare a future for Seattle still more glorious than its past.

We learn from our Seattle correspondent, Warren Burgher, that a branch of the Workers World Party

has been established there.

"Our first public meeting was attended by 26 working people, Negro and white," he writes. "A visiting steelworker from the East Coast reported on the struggle between the steelworkers and the steel trusts."

"One of the founders of the Seattle branch of the Workers World Party gave a summary of what the organization stands for and intends to achieve. He stressed the need for action based on the best theory of the world working class — that is, Marxism-Leninism. He termed the Workers World Party the best defender of the Soviet Union and recalled the over-all slogan of the party — 'Colored and white, unite and fight for a workers world.'"

A splendid beginning!

NAACP Launches National Negro Labor Committee

The launching of the National Negro Labor Committee by A. Philip Randolph at the time of the last NAACP convention was a very significant and historic action. It was an indication of the resurgence of the labor movement in America.

This first attempt to organize the 1.3 million Negro trade unionists into a national committee stems from the needs of the most oppressed in American society, who cannot get jobs, housing or any of the things that all workers should have.

How does it happen that a member of the Executive Board of the AFL-CIO takes the initial step? A. Philip Ran-

dolph took the step because he saw that already moves were being made by the rank and file to organize. He took this step to try to channelize this dissatisfaction into safer paths. But that he will not be able to do. He won't be able to do it because the pressing needs of the Negro masses will not disappear. Instead, the needs will grow and the oppressed masses will push all the harder.

A National Negro Labor Committee needs and deserves the support of all workers, organized and unorganized. It will force the issues of discrimination into the open in the labor movement and will bring about greater unity to the whole working class movement.

MAIL BAG

We Agree, Pittsburgh!

To the Editor,

I am a young steelworker and I am on strike. And I keep asking myself "What am I going to get out of this strike?" I ask that because with the continued automation, I am going to be laid off with thousands of others who have very little seniority. If we could get a 30 hour week at 40 hours pay there would be jobs for all of us in industry. But the steel union leadership seems to have given up the fight for the shorter work week.

The Reuther leadership gave up the fight for less hours and the result is that there are thousands of auto workers who will never make cars again. Because the coal miners had not fought for a shorter work week there are about one half the number of coal miners there were 15 years ago. The same thing will happen in the steel industry. What are we to do then? We will have to try to get other jobs at lower pay or be a part of the permanently unemployed. But who wants that?

With this situation developing and there not being jobs for all, we will begin the fight over the few jobs that there are. We will see discrimination because of the color of one's skin. We will see men fighting for jobs that are often done by women. And so women will be forced to fight for a meager existence as well as all others.

Yes, it seems to me that if we don't get a shorter work week in our steelworkers contract, there will be many of us who will become unemployed. Many kids coming out of schools won't be able to get jobs; women will be driven into competition and last but not least discrimination because of race will again pop up its ugly head.

—Pittsburgh, Pa.

Thanks, Buffalo!

I don't know how many letters you received like this one from steelworkers around the Buffalo area, but I am sure there must have been many. I am a steelworker who has had a lot of time on his hands lately, and I have read the paper that you distributed at the Republic plant on South Park. I want to say the more I read it, the more sense it makes. The name of your paper is Workers

World which is a very good name, for this is truly a workers world. But it is a very small one in comparison with the world of those we work for and those who run our unions.

They taught us in school that this wonderful country of ours was for the people, and they are so right if you happen to be money people.

I have two children who are going without and a wife who has to go out and work for a few dollars a day so we can eat. Everytime I answer an ad for a job, all I hear is, "We don't want steelworkers." Well by now you have heard this story a thousand times I'm sure. So I won't take up any more of your time.

But I want to tell you it's nice to know there are some people in this world on the side of labor. I served in the U.S. Army for 3½ years. I am 28 years old—strong and healthy—but I am spending my time around the house playing mother to my two children while my wife tries to earn a living. Believe me, it really makes a guy feel like a man, a damn sorry man. Thanks to our steel companies.

Thanks again for being on our side,

Sincerely yours,

A Steelworker

Happy Ending This Time

San Francisco — The University of California last month refused to admit Sharon England to live in a Berkeley college dormitory. The reason: Sharon is blind and has a "seeing eye dog." The dog is regarded as a pet, and pets are not allowed. Therefore Sharon could not go to college.

After a series of articles in the press here, the university authorities finally broke down and admitted 19 year-old A student, Sharon, to residence.

When such heart-breaking stories are published by the press and wide sympathy is aroused, they often result in happy endings like this (which also get great publicity).

But these stories prove the opposite of what they seem to prove. Namely, that the "authorities" are hard-hearted, routine-ridden, and bureaucratic—that we live in a cruel system where only a great amount of publicity about one microscopic part of its cruelty can have any effect — and only then, because of the powerful, instinctive sympathy of the masses.

McDonald's Speech Blows Hot and Cold

Marian Sherman

Youngstown, Ohio—Steel union president, David J. McDonald, forcefully blasted the union-busting aims of the steel corporations at a mass rally of more than 2500 striking workers here.

In the same speech, however, he revealed that he "pleaded" with these same anti-labor bosses to stop their attacks on the workers' organizations. And he indicated that the union should obey the Taft-Hartley injunction.

This really was a graphic picture of the forces in the struggle. It showed the contradictory position of the leadership. It demonstrated the fighting attitude of the rank and file. It demonstrated the determination of the Negro workers to fight for their union (they made up about 30 percent of the crowd.) But the absence of any Negroes on the platform symbolized the basic conservatism of the leadership. This absence was noticed and clearly understood by many of the Negro members who refused to rise to honor McDonald at his entrance.

But McDonald spoke militantly on the whole. And by their reactions to his speech, the workers gave him an added push to fight harder.

Every time he talked aggressively against the steel barons, the steelworkers responded with prolonged applause. When he showed signs of weakness, they sat on their hands.

He exposed the real aims of the bosses in the struggle. He said, "They are too money-hungry to give more money to the employees who made their tremendous profits possible. Instead, they call you loafers and featherbedders." And the workers howled with approval.

He characterized the steel bosses as super-patriots, and "flag-waving Yankee Doodle Dandy boys, who are blaming us for inflation." "They are too busy counting their gold to actively participate in negotiations to find a way to end the shutdown," he said. The workers whistled and cheered at this exposure of the "patriotism" of the steel bosses.

And when he wound up by saying, "if we didn't quit in 1937, we'll never quit

in 1959," this defiant statement drew a standing ovation from the crowd.

But in the very same speech in which he lashed out at the corporations, McDonald admitted that he had been meek before the Wall Street steel bosses and had—"almost got down on my knees and begged them to give me an offer." The workers winced at this.

And when he slyly let out the hint that the leadership of the powerful steelworkers union might not defy the Taft-Hartley injunction, the workers responded with a flat silence.

The leadership was implying that it would capitulate in advance. Yet the workers knew well that in a previous

Featherbedding!

According to the report of Secretary of Labor Mitchell, the number of bosses in the steel industry rose by 50 percent or 34,000 from 1947 to 1959. But the number of hourly production workers rose less than one percent or 2000 in the same period. During this same period production rose 50 percent. Who is featherbedding?

strike the union had adopted the slogan, "Taft-Hartley cannot make steel."

As a result of the strike, McDonald has temporarily redeemed himself as a militant fighter in the eyes of many steelworkers. But even with all his oratorical thunder at the Youngstown meeting, he didn't stand up and fight the Taft-Hartley injunction — not even in words. This is going to be a life-and-death question for the steelworkers. And a great part of their magnificent struggle will be just flushed down the drain, if Eisenhower uses Taft-Hartley to drive them back to work without a contract.

But the mood of the meeting showed McDonald the right road to take. The ranks are perfectly capable of defying the injunction. The steelworkers know their power. And they want to use it.

"Billie Knew What The Blues Were About"

(The death of Billie Holiday, unlike the passing of many rich and "great" names, has evoked affectionate memories long after the event. And it has also made people angry — in a curious way many of them can't explain — with the thing that killed her.)

We noted her death in a previous issue, but are very glad and proud to publish this additional tribute by someone who knew her.—ed.)

Billie Holiday was finally murdered by capitalist society on July 17. The greatest jazz vocalist of our time is dead.

But Billie had been dying for many years. Persecuted and hounded by cops and by the government for the past fifteen years, the course of her life since birth charted by Jim Crow, it was certain that Billie would never live to collect her Social Security.

Most papers headed their stories, "Narcotics Takes Its Toll." But the headlines should have read, "Capitalist Society Takes Its Toll," which is a lot closer to the truth.

Raped at an early age, forced into prostitution in her teens, Billie fought uphill all her life. Maligned and smeared by the press, barred from work in New York's night clubs by the vicious and arbitrary police card setup, involved in unsuccessful marriages, *Billie knew what the Blues were about.*

That is why her singing was so powerful and so full of meaning. When she sang, the song wasn't mere words, but an explosive expression of her entire experience. She was forced to live under a cloud of suspicions created by the white capitalist press, so much so that she couldn't miss a performance without being smeared.

In 1954, while appearing at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem, she had an abscessed tooth removed and cancelled her appearance for one show. One of the columnists on the New York Post (the same Post which 'dripped crocodile tears at her death) printed an item that Billie's cancellation signalled a return to narcotics. I was there that night. Lady (how bravely she won that nickname!) came on and sang her heart out with a mouthful of blood and cotton in a heroic effort to expose the lie.

Billie rose from the depths of the working class. Unlike some others, she never forgot it. I was in Harlem in 1955 at one of the mass protest meetings following the lynching of Emmet Till. Billie sang the searing tune she was most famous for—"Strange Fruit" (which was written with her in mind)—to demonstrate her solidarity with her people.

As word of Billie's death spread, crude signs appeared particularly in Harlem, expressing the affection which working people held for her. Some defiantly said,

"Billie Lives!" Another stated, "Billie Holiday at 44, couldn't make it no more."

Billie was to jazz as Caruso was to classical music. Yet there were no front page articles about Lady's vast musical contributions. If her death was noted at all, it was relegated to the back pages (except for a few papers in New York City). Why?

And why did Billie die at 44 when everyone knows that man's life expectancy has been extended by science to 70 years? Was it, as the death certificate read, due to lung congestion? Or was it due to Billie's physical weakness as a result of a history of narcotics addiction? That's closer to the truth but only superficial.

Why narcotics? Lady knew better than most, of its effects. As she wrote in her autobiography, "All dope can do for you is kill you—and kill you the long, slow, hard way."

Again, why narcotics? Was it the strain and intense pressure imposed on Lady by the white bourgeois society she lived in? Was it the corroding, eaten-alive daily oppression of Jim Crow? Was it the lack of recognition of her talent on a valid musical basis? They said she was such a wonderful Negro singer! And was this recognition denied Billie (and many others) because it would destroy the thoroughly false white supremacist concept of the Negro—as a lazy, uncreative being?

The answer is an unequivocal "Yes." Billie didn't just die. She was murdered—much more subtly—but just as surely as Emmet Till and Mack Parker in Mississippi.

She fought like hell against the narcotic habit. She once voluntarily took a prison cure (committed herself)! But she was harassed to the end. When she was finally hospitalized, the vultures in the uniform of New York's cops, gathered around, placed her under arrest for allegedly possessing heroin. And she was on her death-bed!

They say it was lung congestion. This is ironic because to the bitter end, Billie tried to spit the Jim Crow phlegm out of her system. It finally strangled her.

Well, Lady is dead. It's hard to get used to the idea. I'll always feel privileged for having been considered her friend—one of the warmest and most courageous people I've known. Well, they killed Billie; we'll all miss her. But they can't kill the spirit that rose up out of capitalist slums and degradation, and fought so hard for human dignity.

Long after this rotten system of Jim Crow is overthrown and forgotten by the working class, the name Billie Holiday will still be remembered.

So goodbye Billie. They murdered you. But your spirit will live to beat them.

—R. S.

Truth About African Culture Inspires Visitors to Exposition

Dorothy Ballan

How many people today know that Aesop of the great Aesop's Fables, one of the teachers in ancient Greece, was a black African?

What children in school are taught that great writers like Alexander Dumas, Alexander Pushkin or Samuel Coleridge Taylor were Negro? How many history books teach that the most beautiful queen in history, the Queen of Sheba, was a black woman? Who could tell you that dances like the Charleston and the Samba are almost direct representations of African dances?

These illuminating facts — and many more — were depicted at the African Heritage Exposition in New York last month.

Visitors to this exposition — particularly visitors of African descent, glowed with pride at the many exhibits depicting historical as well as present-day contributions of Africans. The visitors were themselves afire with enthusiastic ardor that imparted additional flavor to the event.

There were paintings which showed how it was the Africans who taught the Greeks the alphabet; how the African secretary to Cicero originated the first shorthand; how chemistry originated in Africa, and how medicine, architecture and mathematics were all taught to the ancient Greeks by Africans; and as a matter of fact, how much of the flowering culture in ancient Greece rested on a knowledge originally developed by and then taught to the Greeks by black Africans.

Current problems, struggles and victories were dramatized; victories in Ghana, advances in Liberia, the struggle for liberation in Algeria, Kenya and elsewhere.

The struggle of the Negro in America, including his role in the organized labor movement was represented too. There were huge portraits of well-known Negro Americans such as Jean Baptiste Pointe DuSable, Chicago's first settler; W. E. B. Du Bois, well-known historian; Paul Robeson, and many, many others.

The high point of the exposition were two hour-long shows composed of African dancing, singing and drums. There was an easy informality between the entertainers and audience that added tremendously to the feeling of pride in a common African heritage.

Ola Tunji, a Nigerian student, and world-renowned on African drums and as a singer, was one of the stars. But the most breathtaking part of the entire entertainment, was a dance symbolizing a young African man achieving strength and maturity. It also appeared to represent a rising Africa, emerging with revolutionary force to a towering stature in the modern world.

The dance — utterly simple and slow, and done by an enormously talented and dedicated young man, was thunderously superb. The emerging of African manhood and strength — and of the unfolding African revolution — was developed with marvelous artistry, and profound dignity.

Many of the nationalist organizations of the U.S. had exhibits of their own, and they plied the visitors with various kinds of literature. But it did not seem to matter much to the visitors whether they agreed with any single organization, or none. A deep, tremendous sense of national consciousness, pride and enthusiasm surged through the entire exposition making the whole thing not only a tremendous success, but an inspiring experience.

Diary of a Steelworker

By Theodore Kovalsky

In the winter and in the summer both, there is a scrawny little man that stays in the locker room, an old little man with high Slavic cheekbones and scrubby grey hair and a face cut deep with wrinkles, an old man named John.

They say that old John was once a big powerful man. They say that when he left the farmlands of his European home for the fabulous cities of "free America" he was a strong man with clear eyes and a proudly-held head.

But that was thirty-five years ago, and I never knew John then; but he's nothing like that now. He's worked out. His old body is warped and shrunken, and his old mind is a little silly. John will jabber at you for an hour straight if you let him, and you'll never know what he's trying to tell you.

The fellows say he "froze his brains" when he used to work out at the cinder dump on the lake in the cold winters. They say that's how he got silly, and some of them say that's why the company never fired him when he got old. But I don't believe that, because the company had to have a janitor; and why not give the job to John as well as to anyone else?

The company had to have a janitor to clean up the locker room so it wouldn't get too rotten with filth. They

had to have somebody to mop up the big splashes of tobacco juice that spattered the floor. There had to be somebody to sweep up the clay and the iron ore that dusted the floor and piled up in the corners and jumped into the air in tiny whirlwinds as you walked by with your heavy steel-capped shoes.

The company had to have somebody who could take a brush and scrub the porcelain urinals, someone who could take a mop and wash up the floor in front of the toilets. There had to be somebody who would spend the day shifts and the dark, weary night shifts in the thick, brown stench of the locker room.

And if the company could get somebody who was a little bit silly, somebody who had "frozen his brains," then perhaps he would work out better than an ordinary man, who might think, "Here I've worked all my life for the company. I've sweated and steamed on the furnaces in the hottest weather. I've done all kinds of bull work, going home tired and falling asleep right after supper. Now I'm all worked out, all worn out. And all I get is a stinking brush to scrub out the toilets!"

And who knows? Maybe that's all the boss is planning to give you and me.

Puerto Rico—Captive Nation

Frederick Matteger

Puerto Rico is called a "Territory" of the United States. In reality it is a highly exploited colony of Wall Street sugar, pineapple and tobacco interests.

The average wage for all manufacturing workers in Puerto Rico was 76 cents an hour at the end of 1957. Many workers get much less. A hearing on the minimum wage law in 1955 showed some workers getting as little as 21½ cents an hour, plus "miserable living and working conditions."

But isn't the cost of living in Puerto Rico cheaper?

No! The cost of living in Puerto Rico is about 10 per cent higher than in New York City.

The fertile land of Puerto Rico must import nearly all its food. Before the United States took over the island, the Puerto Ricans grew dozens of different kinds of fruits and vegetables and had a well-balanced, healthy diet. But today, the big Wall Street-controlled companies own most of the good land and use it for growing sugar and tobacco for their profit. And the people have to eat U.S. canned foods — when they eat, in their "land of eternal springtime."

But at least the poor people always have work, don't they?

No, they don't. The average rate of unemployment is officially given as 15 per cent. This is about twice the unemployment rate in the United States during the recession year of 1958.

Thousands of "employed" workers can find work only during the sugar harvest season — about three months a year.

Does it have to be like this in Puerto Rico?

The misery of Puerto Rico is just a terrible unsolved mystery of nature — something like cancer — and still less curable — that's the way the apologists for capitalism present the problem.

The truth is that the Puerto Rican "problem" could have been solved long ago. But this is a marvelously profitable situation for American capitalists who control the U.S. Government policy in Puerto Rico and the Puerto Rican Government itself. These capitalists have no intention of changing or improving conditions for the Puerto Rican workers.

At a 1958 hearing before a Congressional committee on the "Fair Labor

Standards Act" which deals with minimum wages in Puerto Rico, one of the spokesmen was Berdecia, the Puerto Rican Secretary of Labor.

He was unhappy. He wanted a change in this act. He did not want to have the minimum wage reconsidered every year as it had been. He wanted a gap of two years or more between such reviews. Why? Because he thought that some wages had gone up too much. He gave some examples of the larger wage raises from 1955 to 1957:

Tobacco workers' average wage had climbed during this period of rising prices from 37¢ to 45¢ an hour. Apparel workers' wages rose from 49¢ to 69¢; and chemical workers, the highest paid of all Puerto Rican workers, went from 74¢ to the princely peak of \$1.10 for one hour's work. What increase the 21½¢ an hour workers received was not stated.

The tobacco, apparel, and oil companies had not liked these wage increases. Said Berdecia: "Annual revision of minimum wages is undesirable since it upsets normal business planning and slows down industrial expansion and development by creating a high degree of uncertainty."

Translation: This increase in wages cuts down the profit for the companies which own me. They want the law changed.

During Nixon's recent trip to the USSR the U.S. Congress proclaimed what was termed, "Captive Nations' Week." But the truth is that the so called "captive nations" of the Soviet bloc have made great progress. The Stalins and the Khrushchevs stand in the way and hinder the working class — as do the McDonalds and the Reuthers — hinder the American working class. They abuse the rights of workers and mislead them. Still, a new life is being built in the ex-Czarist empire because the Soviet working class drives toward socialism in spite of these bureaucrats.

Puerto Rico, on the other hand, has endured a relentless exploitation for over half a century under the American flag. There has been no basic improvement in the situation. And there is none in sight.

Here, then is a true "captive nation." A captive of those very hypocrites who proclaimed "Captive Nations' Week."

The Lovely Customs Of Dear Old Dixie

Eleanor Stephens

Miss Emily Reed, director of the Public Library Service Division in Montgomery, Alabama, will probably lose her job in a few days.

She was implicated in the affair of the "Rabbits' Wedding" several months ago, when the dangerous book of that name was removed from circulation as a hidden persuader for integration.

This offending piece of subversive literature was a children's book depicting the marriage of a BLACK and a WHITE rabbit. And the wise white rulers of the happy Southland realized at once that the alert imaginations of Southern chil-

book would have made itself felt in innumerable black and white human weddings. So of course the "Rabbits' Wedding" had to go.

Life is so beautiful in the South, with the magnolia blossoms falling equally on the good white folks on their side of the track, and on the good colored folks over on their side.

Life is so beautiful and so pure—pure white and pure black—in an unchanging pattern of segregated bliss. And if it weren't for vicious influences like the "Rabbits' Wedding," nothing would ever happen to change this beautiful pattern. (Could it ever be imagined that white hoodlums who had never read the "Rabbits' Wedding" would ever take it into their heads to sneak into the colored section and rape the girls there? Heavens, no!)

But Miss Emily Reed continues to trample on the sentiments of her own white countrymen. She recently included in a list of "notable books" (intended for the youthful white readers of her community) the story of the Montgomery bus boycott, "Stride Toward Freedom," by Rev. Martin Luther King, a black man.

And most unSouthern of all, when asked by State Senator Eddins of Marengo County if she believed in racial integration, she refused to answer, saying that this had nothing to do with running the library service!

There is little doubt that Miss Reed, like the "Rabbits' Wedding," will have to go!

The Bitter Life Of a Child Sharecropper

Joe Gans

I had my first bitter taste of capitalist exploitation in 1950 when I was a boy of ten. It began when my mother decided how nice it would be for us to go to spend a long Christmas vacation with her family in a small farming town in Georgia.

We set out on what we supposed would be a wonderful vacation. Actually the first two months were really enjoyable. But our money ran low, and we did not have the return fare to the North. So my mother decided she would try and find a job, and we would return in about two months.

After looking for several weeks, she was offered a "bargain" deal. She would work on a plantation for \$1.50 per day. Included in the bargain was a rent-free two-room shanty without running water or electricity—it was lit by oil lamp. So my mother began working, and I continued my fifth year in school.

After six weeks of this, we found it impossible to survive on a dollar and a half a day, so I had to quit school and start working on the plantation for \$1.00 per day. It was now evident to us that we were trapped, and that we wouldn't be able to leave for quite a while. So we resigned ourselves.

Every morning we would arise and go to the field and work like slaves until sundown, or later. I was forced to plow fields without modern equipment for six days a week, and sometimes on Sunday. I can't explain how hard this is (especially for a ten-year-old), to anyone who has never done it.

Times became so tight that our only food consisted of baked bread and molasses. There were times when we didn't

know where the next meal was coming from. But the boss insisted that he couldn't afford to pay us more money, because the market price of cotton was very low.

The welfare department in the nearby city refused to give us aid. They said that welfare aid was only for poor people who can't work. They also reminded us that we had a rent-free house. They refused to realize that a black woman and her child were being starved by the greed of the plantation owner.

I remember so vividly how at lunch time at work, I used to go and hide in shame from the adult workers because I didn't have a lunch. When I did have a lunch, it usually consisted of a sandwich or two or salted pork fat—sometimes with no bread!

The little while I was in school down there, the teacher used to tell how people were starving in Europe, but America was the land of plenty. I remember once running out of the classroom because I was tired of hearing those lies.

The teacher used to give special talks on how wonderful America was, and even if you were a poor person, you could rise above this class to become an owner of factories and mills, and perhaps become President of the United States. She failed to realize that this was impossible as long long as black people wore the muzzle of white capitalism.

My experience in the South made me realize the tyranny of the profit system. Wherever the working class is being kept in poverty in order to increase the wealth of the bourgeoisie, the masses must retaliate with revolution.

They Divide and Enslave The Migrant Workers!

L. Bird

New York State, which prides itself in being the most "enlightened" state in the union, has very little to be proud of where migrant farm laborers are concerned.

In Western New York the crop is often beans—and the workers, including children, are paid the generous sum of two cents for every pound picked. Last summer the wage was 2½ cents, but this year, lacking any kind of union, the workers were forced to take a wage cut. At this rate, a worker would have to pick and carry at least two tons of beans each week to make a living wage. Very few are able to do this.

Because of these starvation wages, children pick beans to help the family—despite child labor laws to the contrary. There is no such thing as a forty hour week or a minimum wage scale for these workers.

There are two bean farms in Western New York which are owned by the same family and employ about 150 people apiece. One farm is composed exclusively of Puerto Ricans while the other is made up only of Negroes. In other words, the two most exploited and oppressed groups in America are separated from each other.

There is certainly not that much difference in pigmentation—one of the usual excuses for segregation. Well then, why are these farms maintained in this manner? According to the bosses, Negroes and Puerto Ricans can not get along together.

Nothing could be further from the

truth! The real reason is that the bosses, like bosses everywhere, are scared to death that their workers will get together. And once they get together, they will ignore their national and racial differences, and realize that as workers, they have everything in common as they direct their efforts against the boss.

Living conditions for these workers are a throwback to the Middle Ages when the manor bosses used to house their serfs in pigsty and stable. The workers, the majority of whom are women and children, are forced to live in old, smelly, damp barns, and little one-room shacks or abandoned chicken-houses which are crowded far beyond capacity. Toilet facilities are limited to three falling-down outdoor privies for each of these two camps.

These living conditions are obviously far below the housing standard set by the "enlightened" boss government of New York. "But they do send out housing inspectors to investigate," say some well-meaning liberals.

Sure they do! And one inspector was heard by this writer to say: "Well, there's no sense in getting upset. These people wouldn't be happy if they weren't living in dirt and filth."

This callous attitude is typical. These inspectors, these mealy-mouthed "friends of the people," are just as reactionary as the bosses. The only power the workers everywhere can depend on to clean up the filth and corruption of capitalism, is their own strength and solidarity.

Some Segregator!

Little Rock — Robert J. Norwood (white), chairman of the Arkansas States Rights Council, was arrested August 12 when he led a segregationist march on Central High School.

The same man was picked up by police again on August 28. This time he was found drunk in an all-Negro night club at 2 A.M.

dren would surely translate black and white rabbits into black and white men and women.

These far-seeing men reasoned that imagination is but one step from emulation, and that by the time these tender tots would have grown to adulthood, the power and influence of this pernicious

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