

often, there is no discrimination between innocent and guilty. It would have to be carefully planned to avoid this, and should not be considered.

The Spread of Unionism

THE prestige and influence of the Maritime Federation has spread from the West Coast to the Gulf, to Canada and now to Hawaii. In a Washington ultimatum, Elisha Hanson specifically listed the part played by the Federation in aiding the organization of the Gulf maritime workers as an imperative reason for the liquidation of the Pacific Coast federation. The move to set up a Gulf Coast Maritime Federation, similar to that in the West has been directly fostered by the West Coast organization. Such steps are of genuine importance in the drive for industrial unionism in the maritime industry on a national scale—a step in line with the principles advocated by the Lewis-Gorman Committee.

In Vancouver, the maritime unions declared for some time their intention of affiliating to the Pacific Coast Federation after their admission to the I.L.A. and the I.S.U. In Honolulu, waterfront unionization has been initiated with funds and forces voted by the headquarters branch of the Sailors Union of the Pacific. Longshoremen as well are affected; a group of them wrote to Joseph Ryan for a charter, but Ryan is making use

of the fact that some of them are Japanese and other non-citizens to withhold the charter. And the Red scare is raised by the great sugar plantation owners in their attempt to prevent organization.

The drive also spreads inland. The longshoremen led the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union in setting up a local in Selby, where it is said three-quarters of the world's refined lead is stored. In Crockett, they helped to organize the workers in the Crockett sugar plant. They have brought into unions the unorganized bargemen along the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers—extending the organized workers' movement into the rich agricultural valleys of California. In Stockton, in Fresno, everywhere longshoremen are hired, they bring organization to the working class, organization along militant lines that will benefit California workers.

And in San Francisco the waterfront unions have extended their influence to the teamsters in a way that alarms the shippers. Solidarity established during the 1934 strike over the opposition of the reactionary Mike Casey, has grown steadily. This is especially true of teamsters hauling to and from the docks—today the longshoremen can pretty definitely rely on these men to support job action on the waterfront.

And that is the story up and down the

Coast. As one delegate to the San Francisco Central Labor Council from a non-maritime union put it: "Due to the waterfront unions we organized our shop. Due to the waterfront unions we organized that shop—" pointing to another delegate. The waterfront unions have brought union organization to the Pacific Coast.

UNION signs are thickest along the Embarcadero—union restaurants, barber shops, filling stations, saloons, drugstores, tailor-shops . . . about 100 percent out in the Fillmore and Mission sections where most of the waterfront workers live. Car conductors wear large union buttons . . . the Market Street line which Tom Mooney was framed trying to organize is for the most part organized now, again with the help of the waterfront . . . despite reactionary officials controlling the car-men's union.

San Francisco is probably the strongest union city in the United States today, with the largest measure of rank-and-file control, despite the fact that the Vandeleur-Rossi machine is still in power. The fact that such a situation exists a year and a half after the General Strike is probably more alarming to the shipowners and notorious open-shop forces of California that back them than the General Strike itself.

Ireland Breeds a Serpent

BRIAN O'NEILL

DUBLIN.

MUSSOLINI'S jackal raid on Ethiopia has produced an instructive crystallization in Irish politics. He has secured support for his imperialist crime from everything that is reactionary and dirty in Ireland: cunning support from Cosgrave's United Ireland Party and its chain of subsidiary newspapers; circumspect support from many dignitaries of the Catholic church (opposition from none). And in General O'Duffy, now head of the National Corporative Party, he has found a veritable political *fille de chambre*. Here is O'Duffy on the Free State Government's sanction measures against the fascist war (Irish Press, November 18):

But for the Sanctions Bill there would be a hundred Italian vessels in the Liffey today loading cattle and other commodities, and a fine market would be available to this country. The Free State is backing the League against Italy despite the fact that Most Rev. Dr. Hinsley, Primate of England, said that if Italy lost the war it was a loss to Christianity, and that Monsignor Curran, head of the Irish College in Rome, regarded the action of the Dail as unchristian and dishonorable.

Americans know little of this man who

urges the Irish people to support an imperialist war of conquest on the independence of a free nation. Some additional details may be interesting, for General O'Duffy is more than a fugleman of Mussolini; he has his own dreams; finance capital once laid its hands on him and anointed him Duce-to-be of Ireland.

Eoin O'Duffy was an officer in the Irish Republican Army during the war with England from 1919 to 1921. After the Treaty of 1921, when the dominant section of the capitalist class accepted a "Free State" inside the British Empire and betrayed the national struggle for republican status, O'Duffy went over to the Free State side. And he rose high. During the Civil War of 1922-24 he was in command of the Free State forces in Kerry, the stronghold of Republican resistance. Kerry's roadsides today are marked with little crosses to tell by what means the Free State was established. Dorothy Macardle, in her book *Tragedies of Kerry*, gives a picture of O'Duffy's troops in action:

The soldiers had strong ropes and electric cord. Each prisoner's hands were tied above him, then his arms were tied above the elbow to those

of the men on either side of him. Their feet were bound together above the ankles and their legs were tied together above the knees. Then a strong rope was passed round the nine and the soldiers moved away. . . . The shock came, blinding, deafening, overwhelming. For Stephen Fuller it was followed by a silence in which he knew he was alive. Then sounds came to him—cries and low moans, then the sounds of rifle fire and exploding bombs. Then silence again: the work was done.

The Free State troops had disposed of their prisoners by means of a mine and electric fuse . . .

O'Duffy's lack of squeamishness over Mussolini's "civilizing" methods in Africa is not so strange; he knows how Kerry was "civilized!"

The General went still higher. The new Free State regime needed a strong police force. He became chief of police. The "civilizing" process was carried farther. Anti-imperialists were raided through the night, they were beaten up in jails, they were found unconscious in the street. Police and "G" men had a free rein, and all the pent-up hatred of them concentrated itself on O'Duffy's head. So when the Cosgrave government was uprooted in the general election

1932 and Eamonn de Valera came into power as head of the Fianna Fail Government, mass pressure forced O'Duffy's dismissal. The General was out of a job. But not for long; he was hired again, for a new, grandiose role.

Big Business, which had solidly supported the Cosgrave regime, was taking stock of the situation in the months following de Valera's election victory. Prospects of an early return of Cosgrave to power via the ballot box looked dreadfully slim. But across in Germany, in February, 1933, Hitler entered an automobile and rode to the Wilhelmstrasse and power. The imperialist bourgeoisie thought it would take a chance. Before most people in Ireland had realized what was happening, Cosgrave's party and all kindred groups had fused into one organization, the United Ireland Party. The old conservative program and propaganda was dropped overboard; the Corporate State became the new policy. A "youth section" was formed and in a few months some thousands of Blueshirts were parading the country. And in place of the discredited Cosgrave, the new leader, General O'Duffy, appeared on the scene.

And the fledgling Goebbels and Feders got to work. The rotund, witless face of the heaven-sent Irish fuehrer appeared in the papers *ad nauseam*. The inspired speeches hit the front page in full—even when he forgot to say the piece prepared for him and blathered anything that came into his head. Little girls related touchingly in the fascist press how in the middle of the night seventeenth-century Red Hugh O'Donnell appeared at their bedsides, and he with his spectral finger pointed commandingly and his ghostly lips framing the words: "Follow O'Duffy!"

But the Blythes, the Hogans and other "theoreticians" who were now burning the midnight oil in company with *Mein Kampf* and the lucubrations of Mussolini were Goebbels only in intent. There was an odor of ham about their new "anti-capitalist" speeches and actors. O'Duffy himself was a country barnstormer compared with the continental prima donnas. And they were fatally handicapped from the outset. "In the colonial and semi-colonial countries certain fascist groups are also developing, but it goes without saying that here there can be no question of the kind of fascism that we are accustomed to see in Germany, Italy and other capitalist countries." Dimitrov pointed this out at the Seventh World Congress. Ireland is an example. In Italy and Germany, fascism grew up as a force apart from the established political organizations of capitalism; fascism stepped forward as something new; fascism proclaimed itself the liberator of the nation. But in Ireland these factors for fascism were absent; rather they were present in reverse, as factors against fascism.

In the first place, the United Ireland Party was only a rechristened Cosgrave party; the

personnel was basically the same, the continued support of big business and its press was blatant. In the second place, new gibberish about the Corporate State and "social justice" was hopeless to wipe out the known records of these men during their ten years' rule. And in the third place, how could they pose as the champions of Ireland?—they who had borrowed English arms to crush the Republican forces in 1922, who had outlawed and bludgeoned the anti-imperialist movement for ten bloody years, and who even now, spilt all their social demagoguery, placed the maintenance of the British connection and resistance to full independence in the forefront of their program!

It took time before the ceaseless educational work of the Communist Party exposed to the Irish people the social role of Blueshirtism. But then the masses saw its anti-national, imperialist nature clearly. And they smote it hip and thigh. Whenever the Blueshirts paraded publicly they were mobbed. At Dundalh and Drogheda it took bayonet charges by war-helmeted troops to save them. In Tralee armored cars were called out. The urban masses gave them no foothold anywhere.

In the countryside, however, fascism hoped for a mass basis. The farmers were suffering as a result of the crisis, aggravated by Britain's "economic war" on the Free State. The ranchers were solidly imperialist; their markets depended on the Empire link. A no-rate campaign was organized by the fascists, and in Cork and other countries local administration was almost hamstrung. The fascists went a step farther. They organized refusals to pay the annuities (the compounded rent) to the State. (When in power Cosgrave had made it a criminal offense to advocate non-payment of annuities!) And when the de Valera government at last began to make seizures of stock in areas where non-payment clearly was due to the fascist conspiracy, the Blueshirts risked a desperate hazard. State seizures were met by violence, roads were barricaded and railroad lines were torn up to prevent the transport of seized cattle.

O'Duffy and the more hare-brained Blueshirts were prepared to carry out the campaign to the end. But at this point the scared bourgeoisie drew back. They were appalled by the dangers; a campaign such as this, making use of the revolutionary slogan "Pay no Annuities," might lead to the last thing they wanted. It might set the spark to a new land war and they would perish in the blaze. So O'Duffy was called to book.

But to their horror, the Executive of the United Ireland Party found their hired fuehrer impervious to reason. They had no other choice. *The heaven-sent leader was fired!*

O'Duffy gaped at the men who a few hours before had been heiling and saluting him, collected his last pay envelope and departed breathing vengeance. He took a con-

siderable section of the Blueshirts (the uniformed section) with him and for weeks Ireland was uproarious over the daily exposures and counter-exposures. Indicating their nature is their unpublished story of a high official of the U.I.P. explaining the affair to subordinates: "Jesus, I tell ye O'Duffy is mad. I spent the last three months writin' corrections to the papers. I'd be afraid to open the paper in the mornin', wonderin' what he'd been sayin' the day before. And the fine speeches we gave that man to say!"

SO THE United Ireland Party has got the old politician, Cosgrave, at its head again; its Blueshirt section is kept quiet; and it is soft-peddalling on the Corporate State. And O'Duffy has transformed his followers into the "National Corporative Party," brazenly fascist.

The man's a playboy, true enough and his party is diminutive. But it would be highly dangerous for the Irish working class to regard him as a harmless *amadhan* and to think that fascism has been routed for all time.

Fascism does not come into existence because a "leader" arises. On the contrary, because the bourgeoisie requires fascism, a "leader" is created from such materials as can be found. . . . The development of a specific fascist movement is a complicated process, involving a considerable "trial and error" of rival movement, before the successful technique is found. Only fools will laugh at the awkwardness of these embryonic stages, and not realize the character of the serpent that is being incubated. (R. Palme Dutt, *Fascism and Social Revolution*, p. 259.)

O'Duffy in fact has trumpeted a new, more double-dealing and dangerous policy, since his break with his former employers. He has attended the International Fascist Congresses at Montreux, etc. And his new mentors have advised him out of their long experience. He has been told that he can make little headway among the masses without jettisoning the old, clumsy "membership of the Commonwealth" platform and draping himself in national colors. As a result, he is now fulminating against Britain, flourishing the Tricolor, "accepting" the Republican Proclamation of Connolly and Pearse in 1916 and declaring his intent to build a new government on the Hill of Tara!

And the united front movement is still in its most embryonic stage in Ireland. The leaders of both the Free State and Northern Ireland Labor Parties still take their cue from the British Labor Party officialdom, the rampart of the resistance to unity in Europe. The breach in the revolutionary nationalist ranks has not yet been overcome; the Irish Republican Army and the Republican Congress are still at cross purposes. But the mass feeling for unity is growing. And the Irish people have won the first round against fascism. If the United Front can be won, neither O'Duffy nor any other brand of fascism will find it easy to succeed in Ireland.

Poems of a Farm-Hand

H. H. LEWIS

Just for Propaganda

No unemployed in Russia now
Because of communism?
No hungry at the pauper's vow
By rule of bolshevism?
No aged out of pensionhood,
Nor youthful forced to pander? . . .
The Wrong Idea "doing good,"
It's just for propaganda!

It's just for propaganda, pshaw,
It's just for propaganda,
Outraging economic law,
It's just for propaganda;
Ulterior purpose driving Reds
To stunts appearing grander:
A *hoax* to turn our muddleheads,
It's just for propaganda!

A renaissance for world-acclaim
From Poland to Pacific?
Where art can serve the social aim,
And proudly does, prolific?
Where culture rears the dreaming boy
To live a life of candor? . . .
Too Red, too Red, the Russian joy,
It's just for propaganda!

It's just for propaganda, pooh,
It's just for propaganda,
Whatever fine the Russians do,
It's just for propaganda;
The darkest motives urging them
To lull our righteous dander:
This all-so-peaceful *stratagem*,
It's just for propaganda!

Now What Good That Do?

Today on the folly-made desert,
Where the greenness once grew tall,
Where the bison roamed and the tribesman homed
With food enough for all,—
Out there on the ruin of Kansas,
In the duststorms grown severe,
Came a Voice profound from the wind around
And spoke against my ear.

"White man shove off Red man,
Start plow work like hell,
Want put mon in bankhouse,
Got grow worth crop sell.
Dang wheat dry out subsoil,

Then come no-rain too . . .
White man shove off Red man,
Now what good that do?"

Downtown in the ruins called Denver,
Where the "hoboes" stand and stare,
Where the eyes would glaze in the deathlike daze
At sharkboards mocking-bare,—
It seemed like a Touch at my shoulder,
Like a Shade to haunt me then,
Till the mood could hear, on the scene so drear,
That same old Voice again.

"White man build great big burg,
Heap few glom much roll,
Rest make fun 'bout Red man
Wash in town crap bowl.
Then come this here layoff,
Bad kind joke on you . . .
White man build great big burg,
Now what good that do?"

Star Ride

Though it seemed, to childish wonder,
Even then somewhat bizarre,
Once I heard the preacher saying,
Hitch your wagon to a star.

So I put a length of plowline
To my wagon's pulling-bar,
Stood at night upon the smokehouse,
Trying to lasso me a star. . . .

Preacher, preacher, what the dickens,
Just a spoofer, that you are,
Telling me to hitch my wagon,
Hitch my wagon to a star!

But with Lenin as the preacher,
After childhood, after war,—
How my freedom-loving spirit
Has been
Lifted
By
The
Star! . . .

Star in the East,
New faith released,
While the most of mankind lingers in duress.
Star to rebirth,
Brotherhood of earth,
Future ringing, ringing, ringing out redress
Till the most afar
Hail the freedom-star
Over their U.S.—
S.R.!