

Spot News: New Year's Eve Housewarming Party and Dance At New Socialist Party Headquarters, Biggest and Best in the Country, 236 Van Ness Avenue

Voice Of
Socialism In
The West

LABOR ACTION

Workers Of
The World
Unite!

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Wage War on Union in San Diego

Negotiations Drag As Growers Push Drive For Company Union

By RICHARD FRASER
SAN DIEGO, Dec. 20.—Negotiations between the joint committees of the American, Mexican and Filipino Unions and representatives of the Celery Growers, started Nov. 14, have so far been unsatisfactory. The growers' attack on the unions continues. During the course of the negotiations the growers have introduced the yellow-dog contract, a company union, etc. and have started a concerted drive to lock-out the unions. At the same time they flaunt the name of Chet Moore in the face of the workers, hoping in this way to cow them into an early compromise with company unionism, which is fast becoming the most important and vital problem faced by the agricultural unions all over the state.

We'll Be Seeing You All New Year's Eve

The Socialist Party, San Francisco, will combine its New Year's celebration with a housewarming party at the grand new headquarters, 236 Van Ness Ave. The "Absurdities of Capitalism 1936" will be the theme of the party, and everyone is expected to come and have a good time. Costumes portraying the actuality of hard times or the illusion of "prosperity" (1936 version); caricatures of Hitler, Mussolini, the king, the archbishop—anything goes.

Minnesota Convention Of Alliance

Attempts of Clique To Provoke Split Is Frustrated

By CARL O'SHEA
ST. PAUL, Dec. 20.—A unity convention of the Minnesota locals of the Worker's Alliance of America was held last Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 12 and 13, in the State Office Building auditorium, St. Paul. The convention was attended by several hundred delegates, and by Herbert Benjamin and David Lasser, national officers of the W.A.A. An attempt of Communist Party elements to provoke a split in the convention failed.

Frameup of Union Men Is Exposed

Conspiracy Against King Revealed By Witness

Within a few days, the world will know if California's newest labor frameup—the "ship murder" case—is to be defeated or not. Attorneys defending four members of the Marine Firemen's Union against the frameup in Oakland will have presented all their evidence soon—possibly by the end of this week.

The defense started the jury last week with a sensational revelation that San Francisco shipowners had connived with District Attorney Earl Warren to pay at least one witness, Roscoe C. Slade, to perjure himself. The revelation came from H. M. Mann, third mate of the steamship Katrina Luckenbach. Mann testified that Slade confessed on October 19 he had been offered tremendous rewards to participate in the foul affair. Slade was second assistant engineer of the vessel, which was in Seattle at the time.

"Slade came to me that morning," said Mann, "and asked if he could borrow my gun. I asked him why, and he told me that he was going to be a witness in the ship murder frameup. He said his life had been threatened, and he wanted to protect himself. He asked me if I wanted to hear about the case, and I said yes. He talked about it the rest of the day." "He told me he had been on straight pay from the Alameda county district attorney's office and the Swayne and Hoyt Steamship Company ever since early in August. He had taken a flying trip by plane—he didn't say what for—from New Orleans to Texas in August." "APPROACHED BY SHIP OWNERS" "Then he said a representative of high financial interests—shipowners—had approached him in San Francisco and offered him a long-term engineering contract in South America if he would testify 'properly' at the trial. "He was to 'identify' two men who supposedly went down the gangplank of the Point Lobos." (It was aboard this latter vessel that Chief Engineer George W. Alberts was murdered in Alameda harbor last March 22.) "The shipowners' representatives showed him pictures of the men he was to identify, and told him he'd be taken care of." He told



Owners Offer Agreement to Sailors' Union

All Basic Union Demands Conceded in Settlement Proposal. Sailors Will Not Sign Until All Unions Get Agreements

Early settlement of the maritime strike on terms complying with the basic demands of all the unions was forecast this week by the agreement offered to the Sailors' Union of the Pacific as a result of new negotiations conducted by Harry Lundeberg, secretary of the Sailors' Union and Thomas G. Plant, chairman of the shipowners' committee.

Martin Hits 'Christmas Gift' of GMC

Auto Union President Shows Wage Cuts Offset Bonus

DETROIT, Michigan—The generosity of General Motors in announcing a Christmas bonus of \$10,000,000 and a 5-cents-an-hour wage increase was described by Homer Martin, President of the United Automobile Workers as a "farious sleight-of-hand performance." Wage cuts, speed-up, and displacement of labor more than offset these concessions he declared.

Shipowners Say "Voice" Is a Phoney

Organ of Bosses Puts In a Beef Against Editorial Policy

One of the most heart-rending squawks against the editorial policy of The Voice of the Federation we have yet noticed appeared in the Shipping Register, organ of the shipowners, Dec. 5. Something really ought to be done to curb the editor. Read the editorial yourself and see if it doesn't make you think of home and mother: "Disinterested observers have expressed amazement that any one group, meaning the workers, could be so utterly partisan and selfish. Anyone reading one of their union papers finds not one iota of blame directed against the strikers, the 'boys' are always victims of some 'soulless and oppressive corporation.' For instance, in a recent edition of the Voice of the Federation, the story of the 'Standard Oil Victims' is set forth, wherein the company is berated for using foul tactics, embezzling 'innocent victims,' etc. Not one word is said of the guilt of the convicted felons. That point is entirely overlooked, and not one word gives even a vague impression that the men so convicted were breaking the law." "And so through the whole publication. Men hired by steamship companies to protect their property are characterized as 'wild beasts,' 'thugs' and 'gangsters,' making it appear that the innocent and gentle stevedores and sailors never so much as mentioned even an unkind word in their entire lives."

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Socialist Youth Guild Wins Demands In Bay Region

All S. F. Dailies Sign Up for Pay Increases And 5-Day Week

For the first time in history, every working newspaper man or woman in the Bay Region is guaranteed a decent living wage, minimum pay graduated with his experience, and a 5-day, 40-hour week, as a result of Guild negotiations.

Communist Candidate For Congress Joins Socialists

LYNN, MASS.—French Austin Benson, C. P. candidate for Congress from the Seventh Massachusetts district in the last election has joined the Socialist Party local of Lynn, Mass. He was a member in good standing in the C. P. for over four years, being organizer of the branch at one time, and through his militant, determined and sacrificing work in the unemployed movement won the support and admiration of those workers in Lynn. The addition of Comrade Benson to our ranks is a valuable addition to the cause of revolutionary socialism. Upon joining the S. P. he made the following statement:

AN OPEN LETTER
"Dear comrade workers: "Although a candidate for U. S. Congress from the Seventh Mass. district in the last election I found it impossible to agree with the 'defeat Landon at all costs' line, and took only a passive part in the campaign, being greatly impressed with the campaign of the Socialist Party for Socialism—not reformism. Being a WPA worker I am amused to re-read my old 'Daily Worker' and see the manner in which the C. P. misled the WPA workers by telling them in an editorial of September 8th that, 'Roosevelt did make clear, however, that despite the attacks of the Hearst-Liberty League crowd he will not cut down on federal relief activities for the victims of the drought and the unemployed.'
A SHIFTY LINE
"The change in the line from social-fascism, dual unionism, etc., without any discussion among the party membership, proved conclusively the strength of the bureaucracy that has stiffened the C. P. as a revolutionary instrument of the working class. The class-collaboration character of the Peoples' Front in Spain and in France and the desire of the C. P. U. S. to unite with 'good' labor leaders, 'honest' professional people, pacifists of every shade and description in order to carry out orders and manufacture a Farmer-Labor Party, thereby dropping the revolutionary teachings of Marx, Engels and Lenin, has compelled me, a sincere and militant worker, to leave the C. P. and join the Socialist Party.
"The oft-repeated pleadings of the C. P. for a united front with the Socialist Party and all workers was completely and utterly exposed to me here in Lynn where the Socialist comrades repeatedly asked the C. P. for united action to build a branch of the Workers' Alliance—only to be ignored and refused by the 'unity shouters.'
"I now take my place again in the ranks of the Revolutionary Socialists.
"With comradely greetings,
"FRENCH AUSTIN BENSON."

JOB -- A Short Story

By RUGG
Not everyone can be seventeen and stroll around in a body like mine. Now don't get me wrong. You'd have to look mighty close to find anything like a football hero or a—Max Baer. What I mean to say is that I'm pretty tall, fairly well proportioned, not too awkward, and, if graduating from high school at fifteen means anything, not too dumb. That's me on the surface: I can put in a good day's work and I look it.
Like everyone else I have my moments but I don't go around wearing 'em on my sleeve. A fellow enjoys thinking that he carries something around with him that's different from other people's emotions. Maybe all folks think the same thoughts but, hell, you can't blame a chap for thinking he's different, can you?
BROTHER SAM
I should've mentioned my oldest brother, Sam. He's part of my being. I've been living with him since I was a kid, you know... Allright, so I'm STILL a kid... Anyhow Sam has been like a real father to me since the old man was killed—falling off a ladder. For a guy who's worked hard all his life to support his family he sure has succeeded in keeping his reputation clean. If you believe that's easy among working men when you have to depend on bosses in order to obtain a square meal, you're crazy. Either you live in a cloister or you don't know how workers lose their self respect while engaged in the fight for bread.
What I've been trying to bring out is that what pride I have is inherited. Since I can remember, the whole family has always had a firm realization that each member of the group was duty bound to keep the family name clean. I think Shakespeare once wrote something about names—something like, "If you pick my purse you steal trash, but if you touch my good name—" You get the idea even if the quotation is kind of wrong; even if people like me or my brother haven't any purses that could be picked. Maybe I'm harping too much on a trivial matter but believe me it means something when I'm pointed out by people as being Sam's brother. They know our family doesn't take any guff from bosses or scabs or wise guys who try to fenagle around.
I want you to understand what kind of a person I am so you'll see why I didn't take the job. When you phoned that the leather factory could use some help I immediately ran down.
Boy, what a lousy, stink catches your nostrils in that place! But that wasn't so bad. I've worked in worse places.
I walked in and the bookkeeper asked me what my business was and I told her. She pushed a couple of buttons and sent me to the second floor. The stairs were old and slippery and I nearly killed myself by the time I climbed them. Then a red-headed pair of khaki pants introduced himself to me as one of the owners. He told me to wait until the other three partners came along. So I waited and watched the men work in the flth. What a stink!
Then it happened, a few minutes after the other bosses came in. One of them, a little squirt with a pince-nez (those are phoney eye-glasses) walked up to me and without saying a word he began to feel my muscles!
Honest, he began to feel me up like I was a girl or something!
I thought he'd yank my mouth open and see how old I was!
Christ! What in hell was I supposed to be—a horse?
Were they buying me for keeps? That's why I broke the little squirt's glasses and ran out of the shop.
Maybe I'm crazy. I don't know... I still need a job.

