

the Communist Party, instead of "capturing" the old Socialist Party.

The old party is not worth capturing. It never was a socialist party and can never be such. Its organization is not worth "capturing," as its physical bankruptcy is now as complete as its well known mental bankruptcy has always been. Its reputation is not only not revolutionary but positively infamous, and to carry its name would involve the necessity of spending a great deal of our time explaining its previous position—time that can be devoted to constructive organization and educational work.

Further comment by me on the various factions resulting from the collapse of reformist socialism is unnecessary, as a perusal of "The Communist," our official paper, makes clear the position of these groups.

To the comrades of the East and of the Pacific Northwest, with whom I have been associated during the last years of world upheaval and who have made the sacrifices necessary by devoting time and money to the cause of the proletariat and who have honored me with their confidence by electing me as their representative, I particularly appeal to investigate the Communist Party and its principles. I am certain that you, with whom I have had the pleasure of associating in this struggle, would have taken the same step that I have now taken had you been here upon the scene of activity and I am confident that you will now support this organization even more enthusiastically than you upheld the banner of revolutionary socialism within the old party and against the opposition of the national officials of that party.

The September 1st convention of the Communist Party will be the most momentous event in the history of socialism in this country. It will mark the definite appearance upon the stage of American history of the party of revolutionary socialism; the party that in the future will fulfill the same mission in the revolution of the American proletariat that the Bolshevik party in Russia, the Spartacan group in Germany and the other Communist Parties of Europe are today fulfilling for the European working class; the party that before another decade has passed will have established the Dictatorship of the Proletariat as a prelude to the emancipation of all society from the fetters of class rule.

Yours for Communism,

H. M. WICKS.

RUSSIAN WAR PRISONERS IN GERMANY

News from Paris telling that higher allied circles have decided to detain hundreds of thousands of Russian war prisoners in Germany does not surprise us. Allied imperialists have long since been of the opinion that Russian War prisoners are slaves whom they can treat as creatures who dare not even think of their personal rights. We need only remind ourselves of the fearful tortures which fell upon the heads of the Russian soldiers in France, who demanded to be allowed to return to their country. And now tens of thousands more Russian citizen-soldiers are suffering in jails of the French Imperialistic Republic or exiled to North Africa, French territory.

During the whole period of war, Russian war prisoners have undergone the most brutal treatment, the most inhuman tortures at the hands of the Germans. Their human rights were not considered at all. Living conditions in the barracks of war prisoners were forced to face semi-starvation. Hundreds of thousands of Russians were sent to an untimely grave.

After the signing of the Brest-Litovsk Peace Treaty, Russian war prisoners were to be returned to Russia. But the German Imperialist Government had plans of its own. It did not feel like taking away from the German landowners cheap labor, and besides all this it had every reason to believe that the return of Russian soldiers to their country would only increase the Soviet army. Having this in mind, the German government did all in its power to detain Russian war prisoners as long as possible.

With the signing of the armistice at Spa, one would imagine that all delay in returning Russian soldiers to Russia would disappear. But this was only imagination. The plans of the German government were in reality the plans of the Allies. In January, the General Staff of the Allies gave orders to stop all plans of returning Russian war prisoners to Russia. It is understood that the government of Scheidemann, with all its slave passion to please, obeyed this order. In Berlin, by order of the Allies, all affairs pertaining to war prisoners were stopped by the Bureau. The Board of Management of the International Red Cross issued a statement that Russian soldiers would be returned to Russia via Odessa.

The Allies' purpose was clearly seen. Southern Russia was then in the hands

of anti-Bolsheviks and Russian war prisoners were to be given over into the hands of the Russian counter-revolutionists. At this time in the circle of War prisoners a systematic counter-revolutionary propaganda was begun. Special propagandists, the majority of whom were officers of the czarist regime, were sent from Southern Russia with the full intent to turn the Russian war prisoners into a flock of obedient sheep. Volunteers for the Red Army were then begun from the midst of Russian war prisoners.

It is understood that nothing came of all this propaganda. The masses of the Russian war prisoners refused to go over to the side of the enemies of Soviet Russia. During the Spartacan uprising, and especially during the uprising at Mun-

ich, thousands of Russian war prisoners openly supported the German revolutionists.

Taking all this into consideration, it is easily understood, why even now the leaders of Allied imperialism have decidedly refused to allow the return to their country of hundreds of thousands of Russian citizens. To get their own satisfaction they do not act according to the international laws or to the laws of human beings. Their motto is: The result justifies means.

The actions of allied imperialists towards Russian war prisoners will paid according to what they deserve in Soviet Russia as well as by the war prisoners themselves. The hour of payment will come.—ex.

IT CAN BE DONE

It was three months ago that I met "him" on the job.

He was of military bearing. Straight-forward was his appearance; and frankness was pictured in the looks of him. So I ventured on the "real work."

"Don't you think," quoth I; "that it is pretty raw work to be fighting Russia, without even a declaration of war?"

A cold stare became evident.

Then: "Are you a citizen?"

I humbly submitted: "Not yet."

"Then," he brought out triumphantly, "you have not right to criticize."

"And," he continued, "I know your game; you want to boost the Bolsheviks; let me tell you they are the lowest kind of trash; I've read about them, and we can trust Mr. Wilson to see they get what is coming to them."

Not so promising, eh?

Some job, Bo; believe me, and I've seen some.

Well, as I said, it was three moons ago. It took heap big medicine, plenty sapping, mining, following up stray scents. But the hunt is fascinating, and a veteran has learned much. He has acquired patience. He doesn't call his job mate a bonehead, and give it up. If he has to work with Scissorbillus-Americanus, and there is disharmony, it must be removed; and surely, years of imbibing knowledge has not been so unfruitful that arguments potent and convincing cannot be produced.

And more surely still: Probing the acreage of discontent, with the ploughshares of facts, must have tended to a knowledge of psychology; if so, what chance has the marked one? Anyway, the house is going up, as we progress to the end of our meal ticket. We dug out the basement, and went over the class struggle. We raised the concrete wall, and adorned it with joists and a wilderness of scantlings and shiplap the while he laid attentive ears to a disquisition on what the negro called "the mysterious deception of history."

We are climbing aloft now on the rafters and perspiring in the July sun, as we hammer and hoist; and surplus value, unpaid labor time, commodity labor power, are becoming familiar terms to friendly ears at last.

Says friend job mate last week: "Go on, tell me all you can; it's meat and drink to me." And today: "You wait and see, in a year from now; there'll be none of these damned financiers left in this man's land. If the European workman puts it over, you bet your life we will, too."

Says I: "You'll do; but don't underestimate your enemy; acquire knowledge, pass it along; make Socialists; make 'em good and red, and soon we will be there."

FOR IT CAN BE DONE.

—F. S. F., in the Red Flag.