

The Farmer's Delusion

BY DONALD MACPHERSON,

NEARLY a score of long years since the weary pilgrimage westward started in real earnest. It took years for trekking immigrants from various parts of the world to sparsely settle the last great and glorious west. The insatiable cravings of capital to find a secure haven of rest and security enticing a multitude of wage slaves and peasants to a virgin soil, has met with some measure of success from the Capitalists' point of view. But many were lured from their happy homes (such as slaves have) by the voice of "160 acres free." Their dreams have not come true.

These were the good old days, when the master's voice echoed in the remote corners of the Old World, awakened the vigorous young manhood with aspirations and visions of becoming budding capitalists in a land abounding with all the good things. The dreaded alarm clock, the pick and shovel and a lot of other instruments of torture such as inflict injury on the working class could be eschewed in the happy home of their dreams, across the vast ocean and prairie.

Young dames thought of the free roving life in the promised land, with her chivalrous beau singing to her sweet beautiful love songs; yes, these were the days of great expectations and happy dreams, gone forever. What a tragedy!

Sturdy Teutons, Slavs, Latins and Saxons alike heard the rumbling sound of capitalists' voices chanting the weird songs of freedom, security and the title deeds of 160 acres free in the land of plenty, where lay hidden vast resources waiting the physical energy of brawny slaves to win everything into mountains of real wealth. And they hied forth westward.

Nor is this all. Cities were built, and towns grew overnight, mushroom like. Railroads were laid, elevators built in which to hoard hundreds of millions of bushels of the golden grain. The soil was ploughed and homesteads were dotted throughout the length and breadth of the land, everywhere you could see evidences of great slave activities going on also you could discern evidence of misery and incessant struggle, wage and farm slaves broken down, and worn out, cast on the human scrap heap of wrecked lives.

And the fair sex—they shed their tears, and suffered through the frozen cold winters, half-clad with cheap shoddy, and half fed, broken down mentally and physically before they reached 30 years of age. You can see young girls in their teens, with old, pinched, weather-beaten faces, and round shoulders advertising their miserable condition of general farm slavery.

In the slums of great industrial centres we could expect to see gruesome specimens of the human animal, because they are isolated from the grub supply, but here even today in the midst of plenty one hasn't got to travel far on the prairie to see horrible sights among the farm slaves of both sexes.

The farmer here today has become discontented, thousands of them are leaving for other countries. The immigration authorities quote that, for every one settler placed on the land ten pull out to other countries. Can we wonder at this state of affairs when we know that the farmers in the Western Provinces are bankrupt? Can we not understand that they were in the first place, brought into this country to be fleeced, and used as beasts of burden to develop and build this country for the Capitalist class of this country, the U. S. A. and Great Britain, who really own Canada. The farmer does not understand that a Title Deed in the hands of a farmer slave is only a joke, i.e., a mere scrap of paper, neither does he understand that his chattels and all forms of private property which he thinks he owns do not really belong to him. If they were his property, nothing could take them away from him. It has never dawned on him that the

class he belongs to have built this vast country, cities and towns and has produced all forms of wealth that are here which were practically not in existence 20 years ago. Also hundreds of millions of dollars worth of valuable food that has been produced by them has disappeared into the maws of those who own and dictate the control of this country. The skinning of the farmers by the parasites has been done so openly and with such intense greed that they have really paralyzed him, leaving him insufficient means wherewith to carry on the game of producing more wealth for his masters. Some of the shrewd masters are seeing the real danger in this and are sending an S.O.S. to their colleagues to call a halt, and help the farmer goose to lay more golden eggs. This is manifest by the recent order-in-council asking mortgage companies to give needy farmers seed grain, price of same to be added to the mortgage already on the land.

We also hear the wail of certain interests in the gab house at Ottawa, asking to investigate the financial system; to have a wheat Board for 1923; to bring plenty of immigrants into Canada to settle on the land. Already there are 200,000 of them coming, or rather being brought to this country from Europe. Yes, they also will have pipe dreams of making good on the land, but time is the great leveller of working class aspirations. Some of them will no doubt become disillusioned.

The farmer and wage slaves who settled this last Great West have not only accomplished the gigantic task of pioneering and developing this vast country into a veritable world granary and an inexhaustible source of other food supplies. They have at the same time fed the drones and other innumerable society parasites, such as priests, devil dodgers, real estate sharks, lawyers, politicians, bankers, grain gamblers and parasites of all shades, the sum total of which compose the Capitalist class and their retainers. Some of whom never saw Canada except on a map, draw their toll from the sweat of the workers. These gentry who wallow in luxury, and live a life of leisure live in warm, genial climates, and get everything they desire for the asking. They have for ages taken the products of labor, leaving to those who do the suffering and slaving, the bare necessities of life, on the average. The Western farmer is exploited of more real wealth on the average than the farmers in any other country in the world. They have at their disposal the most scientific and economical farm machinery and labor saving devices for producing wealth. Still every fall their commodities vanish as if they had evaporated into the atmosphere, leaving them wellnigh destitute of the means of subsistence.

The debts and burdens that are today levied against the farmer and their so-called property, makes it utterly impossible for them to ever free themselves from the tentacles which the capitalist system has woven around them. The farmers, as time goes on, will continue to get into a worse plight, until they become worse than .00 per cent bankrupt. As the system develops its contradictions throughout the capitalist world such conditions will reflect and add to the farmers untenable circumstances. All the reformers and U. F. A.'s can do is to advocate extension of credits, which means more debt and its concomitant 10 per cent interest levied against the farm slaves yet unborn. The future of farming and its slaves is dark indeed, as far as they are concerned. To us who know that wealth don't fall like manna from the skies, but is the product of the brawn and blood and sweat of those who toil, the case is different. We have no disappointments nor hallucinations or day dreams to shatter, or great faith or hope in regard to the system of capitalism. From now on it is a case of dog eat dog.

This is a very interesting time in the history of

man. It's good to be alive, doing our bit in the great class struggle. More power to the working class Revolutionary movement of the world! They have well-founded hopes for the future of all mankind, when economic freedom shall prevail.

Mr. Farmer, the Capitalist system has further enslaved you, a free grant of land did not emancipate you.

Read Socialist literature.

Clarion "Mail Bag"

By SID EARP

LOOKING through the columns of a daily newspaper constitutes something of an adventure these days. You never know what you are going to encounter. Startling news and still more startling views interposed with editorial comments of many words and little meaning, makes up a budget which adequately expresses the conflicting views and confused thought of today. On page one an eminent diplomat informs a fashionable audience that the future looks black and how our civilization may be rocked to its foundations unless— Page three gives us the opinion of a business man of Rotarian persuasions. He states emphatically that business is looking up (on its back we presume), we have rounded the corner of depression and topped the peak of high prices. What we have to do now is to prepare for a great surge of prosperity; to grasp it as it were, with both hands, etc., etc. On the back page a medical man voices an opinion quietly and authoritatively. "The world," he says, "is rapidly going mad," (we suspected it) pointing to the remarkable and fearful increase in lunacy as evidence.

But we never get an expression of opinion from a working plug; he does not come within the scope of the limelight. The reason for why being that he is busy doing the world's necessary work. Inevitably the contradictions within the present social order must obstruct the doing of this necessary work; the effort to live by selling will prove futile—and what then? A policy meeting the needs of the situation will be sought. In the very nature of things, that policy to be successful must be progressive.

To be truly progressive means to be revolutionary, and whoever works towards the formation of a revolutionary movement is participating in the only real constructive effort of the age. Revolutionary thought is creative thought in line with the advancement of human welfare.

The Mail Bag is of slim proportions this time, but by no means discouraging. Two letters come from St. John, N.B., one from a "Clarion" subscriber and the other from M. Goudie, who along with an enclosure of twelve dollars, sends us news of the departure of Roscoe Fillmore for Russia to work in the Social Service Department of the Soviet Government. Com. Fillmore is to give instruction in farming and fruit culture, and will probably be away for two years. The comrades in St. John had a party for the occasion and gave him a good send off.

From Montreal comes a brief letter with change of address of Com. Exelby. From Woodstock, Ont., comes an order for literature and a proposal for advertising the "Clarion" in that district. The letter and the proposed advertisement are both excellent. A lone letter comes from Manitoba. Com. Roga of Lettonia, sends a sub, and a dollar for the Maintenance Fund. Subs. and kindly greetings come from Unity and Lafleche, Sask.

Alberta is to the fore again with subs., etc., from Hardisty, Coleman, Empress, Edgerton and Delburne. A very amusing and pithy letter comes from Com. Lewin enclosing a sub., also a brief letter of encouragement from Com. Hansen, of Botha, Alta.

Writing from Fernie, B. C., Com. Erickson sends a sub. and reports that the slaves in that district are very well content now because they are permitted to work three or four days a week for another year at last year's scale. Com. Orchard, of Kamloops

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