

Workers'



Dreadnought

THE HAPPY ARE ALWAYS GOOD.

VOL. X. No. 20.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1923.

WEEKLY.

"DREADNOUGHT" HOLIDAY RE-UNION.

The "Workers' Dreadnought" invites readers and friends to meet at the Red Cottage, Woodford High Road, on the border of Epping Forest, on Saturday, Sunday and Bank Holiday for tea and re-union on the grass under the trees. Buses 10a, 34 and 40 pass the door. Take your ticket to the "Old Horse and Well."

BANK HOLIDAY.

The "Workers' Dreadnought" office will be shut on Bank Holiday because the staff will be engaged elsewhere in work for the "Dreadnought."

UNEMPLOYED

WORKERS' ORGANISATION.

On Sunday evening, July 8th we held one of a series of meetings in Victoria Park to explain the manifesto and general principles of the organisation, which was well supported. Bow Branch is holding Sunday morning meetings in Victoria Park.

H. ISAACS.

We have discarded for all time that venerable wail of work or maintenance.

Was it for this that we tramped the highways and byways in mid-winter? Have we suffered all things in order that in the dim and distant future we might be allowed to toil and help to perpetuate the very order of society we once claimed we were out to destroy?

Is there one among you, fellow-workers, who believes it is possible to Poor Law the capitalist system out of existence? No, fellow-workers; there is but one way to obtain the freedom we all desire, and there can be no half-way measures. We must not allow ourselves to rest content with palliatives, which is just patching up the present system. Let our slogan be the abolition of the capitalist system. We have entered the fight, fellow-workers, and we must continue fighting until eventually we shall have conquered.

J. JOHNS.

39 Tretton Street,
Bow, E. 3.

Secretary.

ST. GEORGE'S AND WAPPING STRIKE COMMITTEE DISTRESS FUND.

Dear Sir,—
Owing to the present dock strike that is affecting the whole of that area, we find ourselves surrounded on all sides by a great deal of distress, mainly amongst the women and children, who are always the innocent victims of any social upheaval.

We have therefore, during the past few weeks, tried to alleviate the distress to the best of our ability—namely, by dealing with the most needful cases, and also feeding several hundreds of children daily.

Funds are urgently needed to carry on this good work, so we appeal to you to judge impartially and act humanely by assisting us to lighten their heavy burden.

Thanking you in anticipation,

We remain, yours sincerely,

P.P. St. George's and Wapping Strike Committee Distress Fund.

J. McCORTHY, Sec.

105 Old Gravel Lane, E. 1.

Glorious Goodwood.

By L. A. Motler.

By the time these lines are being set up by the low linotype fellow, you and me, Henry, will be trying not to look bored at Goodwood. Life for us is such a round of afternoon calls, night clubs, receptions and At Homes, even a bally race isn't so demnation bad after all. Still, it is such a fag picking out the winners for Lady Clarendon and her cousin, it is pleasing to know that, after all, there will be a jolly good bar and a bite to eat.

Already I see they have sent down 100,000 bottles of beer, 80,000 bottles of minerals (ugh!) and 20,000 bottles of spirits, wines and liqueurs. (Hear, hear.)



A Drawing by Gros.

—So you see, Henry, we need not be so bally thirsty with such a really topping amount of decent stuff. Who would be in America?

After a hard day's work, escorting my cousin round the shopping area, dining at the Ritz and dropping her at her bridge club, it is really good to sit in the lounge at Ciro's and think of all the fizz at Goodwood. I believe there are people who actually want a limit of eight hours' work a day; but what about us chaps? We simply can't call our souls our own. I have hardly finished my fourth brandy-and-soda, when cousin rings me up to send the car for her at 11.30 sharp, and I know it means a bally night club cabaret, which is sure to bore me pallid.

Was ever a fellow worked to death like me? I look down the columns of my evening paper with relish when I see that they have really begun to lay in something decent in the way of progger. Cast your monocle on these items, Henry, and say if they are not something like decent:

- 1,000 lb. of Scotch salmon and lobsters.
- 1,000 chickens.
- 5 tons of meat and ham.
- 10,000 rolls.
- 3,000 sandwich loaves.
- 1 ton of cake.

Quite a little lot, eh? Of course we shall take our luncheon hamper with us; but these butler fellows are so unreliable, really, it is quite possible the chicken may be a trifle gamey, to say the least; it will be doocid fine getting your teeth into a decent bit of lobster mayonnaise, eh, what?

And my cousin Evelyn has such an appetite, really, one would think the old Dowager actually starves the poor kid. Such a topping girl, really, you know, and such a dash about her.

One derives all the more satisfaction from knowing that the bally Huns are so much worse off. Fancy those horrid fat fellows actually starving: it must be so jolly comic, you know. They have absoballylutely no butter, sugar, fat or potatoes. No fat, eh? Do you know that fellow Marmaduke thought it such a ripping joke when I mended it to him? No fat, eh? Ha, ha, ha.

It is so annoying when one hears such a fine joke appreciated to have that boulder Smythe talk about the ominous report, and all that sort of thing. Ominous, indeed. Why, if the silly fat Huns find themselves actually starving, it is their own bally fault. If they would pay up the reparations and what-you-call-its, then, of course, that would be something. But it is too beastly bad form to talk about alarming rumours and threats of revolution. Why, hang it all, these newspaper Johnnies do try to make one's flesh creep now and again. It is all such bally rot.

Look at this, now, Henry, old chap:

"The food shortage in Germany has increased the fears of a Communist outbreak and a civil war. The Berlin Government has prohibited the demonstrations which had been arranged. The people are quite desperate in view of the menacing lack of essential victuals."

Just fancy all this. And yet when I had that little joy ride to Berlin the Englischer Hof Hotel had everything a man could ask for. Maybe it was a bit different, but then you cannot expect these Continental hoteliers to be up to expectations when they don't know we have good old ham and eggs for breakfast regularly. And a poor brute of a waiter nearly had a fit, I believe, when I asked for a whole fifty box of fags.

Believe me, somebody is rotting, and it is simply all fresh and green from grandma's. Revolution? How beastly ridiculous; as if a chap wanted to revolt simply because he could get no butter. Why, I once actually had to have some of that thing they call margarine; and, really, it is not so jolly bad for such low fellows as Huns, and that sort of boulder.

Yes, a little camembert, Matilda, and serve it with Kimberley sherry. What, no South African wines here? That's too jolly bad. Make it Campbell Solera 1834, old sport.

In the window of a toy-shop in Paris, a contributor to "Progrès Civique" saw recently a marvellous invention: "Machine gun for children: kills twenty boches a minute!"

THE RED COTTAGE.

Teas in the garden on Saturday and Sunday. Opposite "Old Horse and Well," Woodford High Road. Buses 10a, 40, and 34.

OUR BOOKSHOP.

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Official Organ of the Socialist Labour Party.
 The Marxist Industrial Union Journal.
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 40, 48 and 50 Renfrew Street, Glasgow.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

A line mark in this space indicates that your subscription is now due.

High cost of production of the paper necessitates prompt payment.

Inoculation.

"To thee, old cause!
 Thou peerless, passionate, good cause,

Thou stern, remorseless, sweet idea,
 Deathless, throughout the ages, races, lands."
 Walt Whitman.

Our readers should remember that we have constant need of them, both as readers and as advance agents.

We need them to help us to inoculate the people with Communism, free, fraternal Communism—the gospel of plenty for all.

Many of you are taking a brief holiday now. We need your help during that holiday, and we desire to help you to help us and the cause.

We make you this offer: send us the names and addresses of from one to six people you have met on your holidays, and we will send each of those people a copy of the "Workers' Dreadnought," in the hope that they may become subscribers.

We make another suggestion to you: You are going to the country, or you are going to the sea, will you not hold at least one propaganda meeting there?

If you will send for a parcel of literature, on sale or return, from the "Dreadnought" office.

Send also for a quire of back numbers, which we will supply on application for free distribution.

Many people express willingness to die for the cause they love, but the very same people are apt to shirk working for it.

Let it be your pride and pleasure to work for the good old cause.

Our readers should remember that, whilst they may be going a little care-free for their holiday, we are still at our post—we are still burdened with the hard task of keeping the propaganda going in these difficult times. We are struggling still with the ever pressing worry of meeting expenses which are inevitably heavy—too heavy for the support yet forthcoming for free Communism.

Our readers should remember that these holiday times are the hardest in which to navigate our hopeful ship amidst the shoals and quicksands of Capitalism and past the toll gates at which, because we are still living under the system, we must pay, and pay again.

Therefore, O comrades, we look to you not to forget that the ship still needs its stokers, and that the cost and the labour fall over heavily upon the few.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.



Read EIRE The Irish Nation

Weekly Review of Irish Republican Opinion

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On Sale Saturdays



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Order early, and send cash with order. No. 1 is ready. The others will follow shortly.

From the "Dreadnought" Bookshop.

COMMUNIST WORKERS' MOVEMENT.

Thursday, August 2nd.—8 p.m., Broad and Berwick Street, W.: Sylvia Pankhurst, J. Welsh.

Sunday, August 12th.—7 p.m., Finsbury Park: Sylvia Pankhurst, J. Welsh.

"DREADNOUGHT" £1,000 FUND.

Brought forward: £43 7s.

M. Bullard, 5/-; Per A. Hodson, 3/-; Irene Smith, 1/- (weekly); G. Sear, Jun., 4/-; W. B. Findlay, 5/-; Collections: Trafalgar Square, 16/10½; Cobden Statue, 1/4; Norwich Comrades, 2/6 (monthly); E. Palmer, 1/- (monthly); Mr. Taylor, 3/-; Summer Fair, £4 15s. 11d. Total for week, £6 18s. 7½d. Total, £50 5s. 7½d.

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