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N.M.

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RETURN OF THE NATIVE

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into an up-to-date, well-oiled capitalist machine.

Once upon a time Prince Oblensky's family owned palaces in Czarist Russia: summer palaces on the Volga, winter palaces in the Crimea, and just ordinary palaces in Moscow. Once upon a time there was a war for democracy and civilization that broke the workers' and peasants' patience. Revolution swept Russia clean of Czarism, landlordism and capitalism. Today the former palaces of privileged idlers are used as museums, schools, apartment houses, children's homes, workers' clubs, trade-union recreation centers, hospitals and sanitariums.

People in Soviet Russia are not interested in your name or your family connections. They ask: **WHAT IS YOUR JOB?** They take it for granted that you belong to a union. They ask: *What is your trade? Where do you work? Whom do you represent? Are you a comrade?* These questions, and in that order, are repeated endlessly.

In Soviet Russia the maximum working time of all adults is eight hours a day, and 46 hours a week. For special and dangerous callings the work day is reduced to seven hours, and in some cases to 6 hours. Each summer the workers have a two, three or four weeks' vacation on full pay. Children in industry, between 14 and 18 years of age, work 23 hours in the shop and 23 hours in a factory school, receiving pay for a 46 hour week.

Workers in the United States must fight for the right to organize trade unions and co-operatives. Only about 15 per-cent of them are now trade union members. In Soviet Russia about 95 per-cent of all wage and salary earners are union members; there are 7 million organized workers in all, over 5 million of whom are at the same time members of co-operative organizations.

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I recall a scene I saw in a teachers' club in central Russia. A dozen of the younger members were gathered in the social room. One group was making costumes for a pageant; another was preparing the next week's wall-newspaper, pasting, drawing and illuminating with excellent craftsmanship; a third group was gathered about the piano, where a lad of twenty played and sang a new ballad. The group joined in the choruses. The ballad told of a factory boy, fighting his way through the revolution and returning triumphant to marry his sweetheart. No individual wrote that ballad; words and music grew out of the mass revolutionary struggle.

These youngsters have grown up since the Revolution. They are working eagerly to build a new society. Czarism is merely a name to them; they are enthusiastic about communism.

While gold streams in and out of Wall Street there comes from beyond the *cordon sanitaire*, beyond the borders of "civilization" the hiss of the sickle and the clang of the hammer as the peasants and workers of the Soviet Union build the structure of a saner world.