**April 23, 1933**

I greet you, esteemed countrymen and countrywomen, with the words: Praised be Jesus Christ!

The subject of today’s talk has been thrust on me. My intention was to talk about something else. However, at the start of the week I received a letter, written in good faith, that hid in itself bitterness, pain, and doubt…to everyday matters as well as to spiritual ones. Through the words of the writer there penetrates a mind permeated with uncertainty and a lack of trust for people as well as for God! Thousands of our countrymen find themselves in such a situation. In the answer to the letter, you radio listeners will find the answer for yourselves. Here, I read the letter:

“What are the workers to still do? Because when they ask for their essentials they are called communists, socialists, etc.. Are they to wait more until God gives them work and bread for their children?

M.A., from Hamilton, Ontario

The Canadian conditions are well known to me, as we have two parishes in Montreal. If workers ask for their due justice, in a reasonable and peaceful way, no one will hold it against them and no official will regard them as communists or socialists. However, that is not what happens and you know better than I do. Currently, who calls together these protesting meetings?... Paid agents of the red and bloody propaganda. They bring in speakers, highly suspicious, often those who where more than once punished for various deceptions, cheatings, thefts, and even murders; who are roused up with hatred to everything that smells of peace and order. These are messengers of some international organization. They are international citizens. God only knows where they come from and what they live off of. Without exception, these are people without faith and without conscience. Like crows, they feed off of corpses. They pretend to be guardians and do-gooders for the working class. On their banners they have an ostentatious, vain slogan: Equality! Freedom! Fraternity! They begin their get togethers with their clichéd shout: “Proletarian brothers of all countries, unite!”- And so they begin to appeal to the gathered one-sidedly and unjustly, throwing themselves first on all the capitalists, they hook themselves onto the government. They don’t forgive God as well; they initially call for not only due rights, but undue ones as well. They excite already unpeaceful and uncritical minds. Finally, they organize public protest marches that are loud and often end in imprisonment, deportation, and often, what’s worse, in the spilling of blood, and even in death. Is that maybe untrue? We had such an incident here in the United States- it also took place in Canada! Groups of the unemployed, infuriated by certain, by the law of Judas, Judas’ of betraying workers and their affairs, brought into the batons of the police, to the bayonets and bombs of soldiers. They themselves never suffer or get harmed. They know how to do maneuvers; they never go in the lead, but always put together the march. Without further watering down, I go into the title of today’s talk:

**Wolf in Sheep’s Clothing**

I will read the following description taken from the story of Józef Watra Przewłocki:

“It was Sunday. In front of the church, after high mass, when the people went out into the wide road and stood in groups, talking of this and that, to the workers there came some foreign people, dressed in urban clothes, and invited them to a worker’s rally ,which was to take place in a restaurant. There were a few agitators. The people, from simple curiosity, moved in a group in the direction of the tavern. Some of them stood in the shadows, but the more outgoing crowded inside to listen to what these foreign men were talking about in this meeting. In less than half an hour, the restaurant was filled to the brim with workers and children. It was very packed. Above the crowds, there was lifted the clouds of smoke from cigarettes and pipes. The air was heavy and humid. The room was sweltering with breathing. The heat that day was strong. The crowd waited patiently, but the tension of nerves fought with every moment and the curiosity rose. Two men ran around the room and gave single sentences to the crowd proclaiming that great activists, who were specialists in the defense of worker’s issues, were going to rally.

One of the activists is the president, another is the secretary of a powerful worker’s organization. ‘The president will speak,’ went the whisper of the gathered for whom the title “president” had an enormous impact, practically symbolic. They did not know exactly what that title meant. They felt, however, that that title hid in itself a strange spell and some enormous strength, which had brought all of them together to listen to great affairs, of which they were unaware of up to this point. A strange silence came over when on the soap box, replacing a podium, a man came on, dressed quite well, and lifted both heads in the air, as if with that movement he wanted to silence the noise in the restaurant.- ‘ Citizens and esteemed friends! As the secretary of the worker’s organization, which called together today’s rally, I ask you, who do you want to lead today’s rally?’ In the hall there came a deadly silence. No one said anything, because no one knew what it meant to lead a rally. ‘I proposed that the rally be lead by comrade Łapka,’ shouted the secretary. No one said anything. ‘I don’t hear any opposition, so comrade Łapka is chosen as the leader of the rally. Comrade Łapka, please take over the order.’ The gathered listened to everything as if they were hypnotized. All the eyes fell on the person who came out of the crowd and went on the place of the former speaker. He was a man of strong build, big-boned, with a long face, well developed jaw, long nose, and deeply seated eyes. Black hair fell disheveled on his forehead, giving his whole face a depressed look. From his strongly wrinkled eyebrows, there appeared bright eyes, covered with eyebrows so tightly that it seemed that this person was looking at everyone through two long, narrow slits. From his eyes there came a sharp and uncompromising glare. His face was strangely pale, as if it were swollen and bruised and his narrow, strongly compressed mouth, cunningly prepared to throw from themselves an avalanche of words, from which every, like the point of a knife, was to hit the heart…and not kill but light up the new Gospel of Hatred. From the narrow slits of his eyes, he looked at the gathered, dropped his head on his chest as if he was reflecting and weighing his words, then he suddenly lifted his head, straighten out to his full height, and with widely opened eyes, he looked the crowd straight into the eye. He was already a different person. From his widely opened, burning eyes there came a strange fire. And even though he had not said a single word, the crowd instinctively felt that this person would not discuss normal affairs…but will tell them something they had not yet heard.

Such a silence came over the restaurant that one could hear the buzzing of flies which were desperately throwing themselves against the dirty windows. Comrade Łapka said simple: ‘Brother workers! I will talk to you as your brother…simply, sincerely, in both peasant and worker language. I come from the same background as you do. Neither in palaces, nor in affluence did I spend my youth. Like you, I was fed by black bread and am fed by it to today’s day. Our fate is the one as is our mutual interest. I and you are victims of the great capital, which like a terrible dragon drinks in factories and in workshops the blood of working people. My brothers! However many times I look at such a group of workers as this one which has gathered here today, I always think of one thing: why are you poor? Why is your clothing matted? Why can you not afford a good cigarette? Why does misery and sadness rule in more than one household? Why do the factory and land owners have wealth, cars, palaces, beautiful furniture, servants for every command, and they know neither poverty nor misery? You should have the same things that they have. You are equal toward God and toward the law, but a different measure is directed toward you and to them. And whose fault is it? I ask you publicly and loudly, whose fault is it? Oh, comrades and brother workers, I will tell you…in front of you, I will tear down the mask from these drunkards who steal your property, your work. Your misfortune, your executioners are capitalists, factory and land owners. They tear out belts from you, they get rich on your work, for them you work from dawn to night. Sweat pours down your backs, your hands faint from exertion, but that is nothing…you work from hour to hour, for eight hours, like working cattle. What do you work for? For what kind of payment? For mere pennies, for bad bread, which you cannot swallow. Does your factory owner stand by you in the workshop? Does he keep watch on the lumber saw as you do? Does he wear clothes like you do? Does he eat the same that you eat? Oh, no! Why should he work when you do everything for him? Comrade workers!...listen well to what I tell you. You are being exploited. You earn six zloty a day when you should be earning fifteen to live like human beings. Who robs you of your property? The factory owner! Listen to my words, carefully. If you are reasonable and brave, you will earn fifteen zloty a day! Do you want to earn that much?’ – ‘We do! We do!’ bellows out the almost single-minded reply of the gathered, who lit up by the words of the speaker, showing them from one side their poverty, and from the other, the wealth of the factory owners, agreed to that which promised them more money.

Comrade Łapka speaks more with rising enthusiasm: ‘You will earn more! It is my mind that you receive better payment, but you have to listen to my advice and form a union. Do you agree, comrades?’ – ‘We agree!’- thunder the voices of the gathered. Some small, thin man pushed himself through the crowd and stood in from of the gathering. – ‘Citizens! I am a worker as you are. What comrade Łapka is saying is true, I can testify to that. I propose a resolution that we form a Union of Lumber Workers! Whoever is for the resolution say ‘Agreed!’ ‘Agreed!’ shouted several. A governing body was chosen. Only after the rally did the agitation start for good. Almost all the workers joined the union. Whoever was not at the rally, or pulled away from joining the new organization was visited at home by the agitators. In the whole village, among the workers, there was unusual excitement and movement. After noon, all the workers gathered in groups and lively discussed the day’s occurrences, convincing one another of the need for unity and necessity of belonging to the union. The lead in the worker agitation was directed by comrade Cianciara and secretary Szarota. The last one had not worked in the factory for a number of months, because he was expelled for stealing boards. He had a personal vendetta with the factory administration.

Sobkowiak was at the rally, but he did not join the union. He knew the worker’s organizations well from the times when, before the war, he worked in Westphalia, where he had emigrated from his native Poznan to earn a piece of bread. He vigilantly paid attention to foreign worker movements and also observed such unions in Poland. Too much demagoguery and sham, which he saw in them at almost every step, bothered him. After all, he knew from his own experience that the top of these unions were taken over by cruel, stubborn, conniving, and often stupid individuals. He well remembered the work in the Westphalian organizations, whose rule was held by careerists, people who regarded worker organizations as a stepping stone for them to reach a higher position. From the other side, he felt the worker’s poverty and he had pity for the masses, left out as prey for the cunning group of leaders. The observations done by him in Poland told him that the whirl of the various worker organizations, broken up into groups, cabal and cliques, constantly fighting each other, in class divisions as well as national ones, were nothing but a mire…a pasture ground of failure, which kidnaps the best strengths and with its efforts it prepares the ground of the ideology of hatred- communism.

That is how Sobkowiak reasons, but his reasoning was not yet crystallized, clear, and systematic. When he looked at the worker’s organizations, it told him, ‘It’s mud!’ When he looked at the worker’s fortunes in Poland, his heart told him, ‘How poor they are and how deceived by their own leaders.’ A few days passed. The agitation was doing its business. The flame of class hatred, handily burning and constantly excited by Łapka and Cianciara, took over greater masses of workers. They gathered in the evening on the hut corners and advised, politicked, supported each other and increasingly felt that if they organized and united in a union, then it would be for the purpose of accomplishing a great deed. What kind of deed was of little concern at this moment…but the feeling of their own, group power imposed on them the necessity of acting. They asked one another, ‘Now what? We are organized, we paid our union dues…what next?’ Comrade Łapka had a ready answer for such moments, ‘We will try to raise earnings. Do you not deserve a higher pay?’ ‘Yes, we deserve it,’ replied the workers, ‘And if they don’t agree to a raise, what then?’ ‘We will force it with a strike; the workers will leave the factories. When we destroy the capitalists, the factories will be leftover and they will be ours. We workers will then be its owners. There will be neither exploitation nor chicanery…we will run things ourselves.’ More than one worker did not fully believe this. One and another felt that the whole business of destroying the capitalists and taking the factories for the ownership of the workers was not as simple as it seemed. The ingrained, peasant feeling of property rights told them that if one owns something, and took it with his own vision, work, and intelligence, then it belongs to him and no one has the right to take away other people’s belongings, even if those belongings were very needed!

Franek did not belong to those people who are naïve and gullible. He served in the Polish-Bolshevik war and advanced to the position of corporal; he knew how to think independently and he loved his work. He did not like Comrade Łapka from the first moment he saw him. Some subconscious instinct told Franek that this person, like a bag filled with hatred to all people who are rich, will brew beer. Following the convincing of some inner voice, he went to the factory foreman and said, ‘Łapka and Cianciara are preparing a strike.’ ‘For what purpose?’ ‘They say that the workers deserve higher earnings; that the capitalists have to be destroyed, and that then the worker will have the factories for their own use and no one will exploit them anymore. Can you, sir, tell me if what they proclaim is true?’ The foreman was silent for a while, as if he was weighing something in his mind. ‘You see, I am also a worker who earns his bread with work. I was in the wide world and belonged, more than twice, to various worker organizations. They are all the same, as I was convinced. If these are socialists or Christian unions, or national worker unions, they use the same methods; they all spread class hatred, and at the base of this hatred, they promise the poor that they will make them wealthy. After all, everyone prefers to be a rich man to being poor, so they are ready to support any work which promises better fortune. This hits at the point of the matter.

On the promises, which they leaders themselves do not believe in, various organizations build their strength. But that is not all. No one who is honest will deny that the worker is very often exploited to the very end…only it is difficult to determine that in every, specific case. That which Łapka tells you, that capital must be destroyed and then the worker will own the factories, is untrue and Łapka himself knows that well. The worker organizations are directed usually by careerists, vultures feeding on the worker’s skin; cunning men from the darkness of the stars and rarely ever idealists. I don’ know everything, but I do know for sure, that as it is now, it is bad. I became a foreman after being a simple worker. I come from a working family. My father laid down his life in a Westphalian coal mine. They drained from him his health and life and then, like an old, dirty rag, tossed him out on the pavement. I worked from early childhood and I worked hard. I know the worker’s misery, but I also know that awful swamp which calls themselves unions. Capital steals from the worker his physical strength, his health, his joy of life, and the unions steal his soul; from a Catholic, Polish worker…they make a wild man filled with the feed of hatred, so much that this worker looks at everyone through the lenses of envy. I have been a factory foreman for a while and I have always held the side of the workers.

There have been strikes in Germany, and I went with the workers; there were strikes in Wielkopolska, I defended the working people as was proper for me, the son of a worker, but those agitators who live off the worker’s dues and only sow hatred, I do not want to know.’ That day, in the tavern, there gathered the newly organized meeting of workers. Comrade Łapka said, ‘Brother workers, comrades dearest, beloved friends. We have gathered today to give witness to our strength, our solidarity, and our spiritual unity. Hard times come to the working people. The perfidious and evil capital, which fattens itself with our blood, has decided to persecute us. As Poland is long and wide, everywhere masses of workers are wakening for a holy battle; a holy battle for proper rights. Can we remain behind the others? Are we going to wait with folded hands until only pieces remain from us? No brothers and comrades! We give witness to truth. We will stand like one man in one row, occupied with only one thought and having only one goal. Remember on your wives and your children. What kind of future you will fight out for them, that which they will have. Do not allow for your future generations to curse you, as those who failed to earn them good fortune.’ The tension in the restaurant room was strong. Łapka spoke rousingly, with pathos, like an excellent actor. He had a strong voice, deep, and he knew how to masterfully operate it. At times his words fell like heavy stones and hit right at the hearts of the listeners. At times he was pitiful, caring, like a shout from beyond the grave; at times like the cry of a crying mother or the whimper of hungry children. The listeners felt as their hair bristled on their heads from the warnings which blew from the voice of comrade Łapka. Some excited craze spread over the room, sank under the skulls and into the heart, and like ticks, squeezed the windpipes of the sensitive and excitable.”

For today, I stop here. In the next talk, we will see how this gathering ends. Today, I ask only one thing: In today’s times does not the exact same occur? Does not the exact same breed of agitators appear amidst our countrymen? Do they not sow the seed of mistrust and class hatred? Countrymen-workers, stay away from them and their principles; you have too much to lose by listening to their advice, and too little to benefit; these are traitorous workers, they are false prophets, who will not fulfill their promises; they are the apostles of lies, they are wolves in sheepskins.