
Bellamy Beamings

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Published in *Industrial Freedom* [Edison, WA], whole no. 40 (Feb. 4, 1899), pg. 2.

*From each according to ability
—to all according to wants.*

Bellamy is not found on the map, but if yo at any time happen to be in Toledo, Lincoln Co., Oregon, you will certainly find Bellamy, providing you are looking for it. This embryo communistic experiment named after the great author, Edward Bellamy, is located on the Depai Creek 4 miles north of the county seat of Lincoln Col, Ore.

The distance along the county road to Newport, “the city by the sea,” is 10 miles; by water it is 20 miles.

Bellamy is but 10 months old and is organized on a similar plan to Ruskin, Tennessee. Owing to the furious and ignoble attacks of the enemy and still more so the infernal machinations of cowardly traitors, Bellamy’s growth during its short period of existence has been greatly retarded. However, in spite of this sad fact, the association has already demonstrated a marvelous capacity in the way of accumulating property. Taking the invoice of January 2nd, 1899, it shows \$1,500 assets over and above all liabilities. This \$1,500 is the product of 10 months hard work cheerfully rendered by a few self-sacrificing men and women. In view of the seemingly unsurmountable difficulties and disadvantages which have harassed our work, this showing is truly amazing, and one can but vaguely surmise what could have been accomplished if the association had been left unmolested to work out its own success. Still another fact of far greater importance, which Bellamy already has demonstrated, is the unyielding power and moral strength of an organized brotherhood. And today the members of Bellamy are more determined to succeed than ever, and they will succeed, though the arch-traitor, Judas Iscariot, with all the hounds of hell are trying to hunt them down!

Bellamy has its own post office of the same name; it was established on the 24th of last May [1898] and has been in operation with

daily service since July 24th. The association has bought its provisions, shoes, clothing, dry goods, etc. from the wholesale houses of the large cities on the coast. This is a little better than trading with the retailer, but it is far from being satisfactory to a cooperative society. And another thing is, we do not know how long the wholesalers will sell to us at wholesale rates, as we understand the retailers have already threatened to boycott the houses trading with us and some petty peanut dealers even attempt a more nefarious warfare scandalizing, libeling, and throwing slurs on the association with certain houses and jobbers. The necessity of cooperative industry is imminent. It can not, however, come all in one day, but it must come — and it will come! And then, and then only, will rational cooperative effort on just and equitable lines be crowned with the glorious success it deserves!

We are glad to note the numerous socialistic colonies in progress on the [Puget] Sound, and we all hope that each and every one of them may be a tower of strength, and prove the practicability and justice of the ideas we cherish and the common cause we are fighting for.

These colonies ought in a few years, through practical arrangement and a sensible policy, to be one self-sustaining, self-producing communistic brotherhood without having to cater or trade but nominally with the outside world. In order to derive all the benefit of and facilitate such an inter-colonial trade or exchange of products, the brotherhood must own and operate its own means of transportation, and fortunately enough in this respect nearly all these colonies have been wisely located, having an outlet and access to the God-given highway not yet monopolized by human greed — the mighty Pacific Ocean!

The Brotherhood must have its own line of steamers!

A danger that should be avoided from the very beginning is that of starting industries and enterprises which ultimately will bring about competition between the colonies. If this is not guarded against, our cooperative efforts will turn out to be but socialistic trusts, and it will all end with the same old tale — “the survival of the fittest;” that is, the greatest hog. Every new colony should be hailed with joy; there is room for hundreds of them along this coast; but they must all work in harmony and have some central organization.

The first years of a colony’s life is a trying time. Disappointments will come. Malcontents and crackers are omnipresent and “drift-wood” is found in the finest stream. There is a class of people who

never can feel at home in heaven, and they always prefer hell; and even if they perchance have drifted into the wrong quarter, they will in time find their right place.

We are trying to reform the world; but let us not forget the fact that we are yea a part of it and that the reformation must begin at home! Away with all vague notions and chimerical dreams! Mushroom utopias are well enough for the romancers, but they will never do for living men and women of the 19th and 20th Century. Nothing but hard, rational, practical work with brains and muscles will ever solve this question!

The age of talking belongs to the past — ours is the age of action. Practice the golden rule — tolerate and forbear — “do as you would be done by.” Let every socialist wherever he is and whatever he may be who believes in the justice of our cause, let him fight with every legitimate weapon like the Spartans of old, and if we fall let us fall like the heroes at Thermopylae — but we shall not fall, and we will not fall, until the last son of toil is emancipated from the shackles of capitalistic slavery.

Edited by Tim Davenport

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