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EDUCATION

It's a pity that one generation of workers cannot profit fully from the class struggle experiences of the one that preceded it. If lessons learned in past conflicts with the master class could be passed on to all those workers who now have the will and energy to fight for better things, our decadent capitalist system wouldn't have a ghost of a chance and the industrial commonwealth would blossom out in beautiful reality almost over night.

As it is by the time the seasoned, militant worker on the job is purged of illusions and has learned how to distinguish the genuine from the sham, the real from the phony, his influence over his fellow workers together with his own driving power has gone; and then another generation takes up the task and starts out almost from the beginning. This process of "class forgetfulness" is promoted greatly by occasional periods of prosperity, especially by those brought on by wars in which the militancy of labor is largely burned out by the heat of a frenzied nationalism.

Formal workers' education, such as is given in Work Peoples College and in union classes conducted in various parts of the country, does much to bridge the gap between the past and the present and thus, in a measure, makes available to the worker-student of today the valuable lessons in tactics, organization structure, and union theory learned in the struggles of the past. It does more than that. It brings to the student the living, present-day struggles so that he can compare and criticize, with the object of applying the knowledge gained to the problems on his own job. In addition to all this it enables him to acquire or develop ability to carry the message of effective organization to his fellow workers.

The labor movement of America needs more schools such as Work Peoples College where workers learn how to become better fighters in the class war.

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REMINISCENCES OF SPAIN

By
RAYMOND GALSTAD



Children play at war in Barcelona

It is midafternoon. We are in a huddle reading a bulletin that has just been posted on the wall. It contains a list of the names of men who are to leave for Paris this evening. Discharges and repatriation papers are in the office ready for distribution. Some read the bulletin and dash down the corridor to the office. Those unable to run just shuffle. There's a brightness in their eyes as though they just gulped a bracing drink. Satisfied smiles stretch across their sun-parched faces. Monosyllables of joy snag in their throats. They're the lucky ones. They're going home.

I'm new here. Just arrived from the hospital a few minutes ago. My name is not up yet. I might just as well get used to it here for a while. I think a tour of inspection of my new headquarters is in order, so I take a gander at the dormitory. My nose sniffs the smell of freshly laundered sheets strongly bleached. The odors are clean and medicinal like the hospital, or maybe my memory of the hospital is playing tricks with me.

Uniformed men sprawl across the beds taking "siestas" with their eyes wide open and their lips moving in conversation that sends up a hum of French, Spanish and English. Over in a corner a few Frenchmen are making melody with the "Waiting Song," a tune composed by a wounded British veteran of the International Brigade while he waited at Albacete for his discharge papers. The soldiers make up their own words, as soldiers will, when inspiration moves them.

I introduce myself to a group and we start rubbing our memories together, making warm conversation. The Front is still the favorite bone to chew on. We mentally place our bets on the outcome

of the next battle. One intelligent face says the best defense is an attack, and nodding heads approve, and that puts the favorite bone back in the cupboard of memory until we become intellectually hungry for the Front again. We just sit and regard each other silently for a while with vacant wool-gathering eyes. It's not an embarrassing silence. It's just as if we intuitively agreed to dream for a few moments. I call them to attention with a question, and they all start talking at once. I gather there are a bunch of Americans and Canadians waiting here, but they're out doing the town right now, from what I'm told. I thank them for the information and take my leave of them.

I meet another American, and we walk into the messroom together. I put the bum on him for some tobacco. He says he ain't got none. Says he's been here four days and the Commissars ain't putting out, though he hears there's a whole warehouse bulking with Luckies. He's been down on the waterfront all day trying to mooch some butts from the English sailors, but he didn't have much luck. Wishes to hell his papers were O.K.'d so he could leave for the French border tonight. Even French smokes would beat nothing.

We bump into a Canuck who's been around a lot, and knows Barcelona to a "T." We learn from him that English smokes can be had from a bootlegger uptown. The stuff is priced, though, at one hundred pesetas a pound, about two dollars in American coin, according to him, and my friend's chin drops like the '29 stock market. That's a lot of money for a buck private, earning seven pesetas a day, to have on him all at one time, we agree. But I was paid off this morning,

and I'm still holding forty-seven pesetas, so I suggest we hold a conference on the matter. We decide to ask three others to chip in, and go off to round up the unsuspecting donors.

It isn't hard to persuade the other three to chip in. They want to inhale some smoke as badly as we do, so we collect the necessary money, and detail the Canuck to sally forth to the tobacconist's, and make arrangements to meet him in the park across the road from the barracks.

It doesn't take him long to carry out his mission. We see him coming back with a small tinfoil package with the evening light glinting off it, like sun-starts off a mirror. He's walking a great deal more leisurely than when he left us to go after the weed. A cigarette is dangling listlessly from a corner of his lips. We run up to him and relieve him of the burden, and nervously begin to fashion cigarettes with our fingers.

We stroll back across the road to the park, and our group grows to eleven members. They're attracted by the smell of burning tobacco. The paria itself comes under discussion. One young soldier remarks that it's the finest and largest park in Spain. He says he likes the zoo and the museum, and the statues, but best of all he likes the palm trees, and the lime trees, and the orange trees. They give good shade in the day-time, and he likes shade, he says. Another soldier interrupts him and says he talks too much; that he should give others a chance. The youthful one makes excuses for his monopolizing the conversation. He says the doctors told him he would lose his voice any time now as a result of a shrapnel wound in his throat, and he's determined to hear his voice as much as he can as long as he can.

The mention of his wound invites the others to start talking of their disabilities, like a bevy of old ladies discussing their operations and their miscarriages. The names of the battlefields, Belchite, Guadlamaga, Bilboa, Saragossa, Cordoba and Madrid seem like a checkerboard of blood, becoming more gloriously gory as they talk about how they lost a leg, an arm, an eye, a hand, or acquired a scar as a precious souvenir of battle. The lad whose voice will go haywire notes pointedly that we didn't get any medals, but he's glad about it, somehow because nobody will mistake him for a Commissar with all medals and no scars. We laugh a little at that.

An American West Coast seaman feels like rehashing the story of the part he filled in the Guadamalga offensive. He says it was a tough scrap. The Loyalists went up against the German troops and they had machine guns 'til hell wouldn't have 'em. How the Loyalists took their objective, Christ only knows! The boys were dropping all around him like ripe apples in a gale. He lost his buddy; saw him fall right in front of him, but he kept going. They got within throwing distance of

the fascists and let loose with hand grenades. That's what got 'em. When you get close enough to toss the grenades, the fascists either come out of their trenches and meet you face to face, or they retreat. They hate like hell to be in the dug-outs when the grenades start pouring in. They don't want to be in the trenches when you're ready to jump 'em, either. Not when you got that cold piece of steel, two feet long, sticking on the end of your rifle. That's scary stuff, and plenty hard to take. And when a guy's on top, he's got all the breaks in the world, they know that. Just one good thrust, and you know there's one fascist scab that ain't gonna win the war for Franco . . .

He keeps talking about the strategies of combat in his tangey voice and the rest of us listen to the familiar details as if they were being carried out before our eyes. With his one arm he churns the air with emphatic gestures, his fist opening and closing like the maw of a sea anemone.

Speaking of battle tactics, a Britisher has something to say about the fight at the Cordoba front. His voice is clear and his language faultless, and



Plaster and lath statue of an anti-fascist fighter in a Barcelona square

he isn't selling his H's short like an English Cockney. All his listeners seem enlisted for action as they lean toward him to learn that the front was very quiet for several weeks, with no excitement at all, and no signs of war about. Then the Rebels came over the top with their right arms in salute, and singing the Internationale. It looked like they were surrendering. But they went into action and dished out hell. It was a furious hand to hand battle. But they were driven back to their trenches. Three days later they come over again with women on the lead. They used the girls as shields. The Loyalists held their fire and were nearly wiped out. Only fifty men returned from the skirmish, and everyone of them wounded. The English Brigade lost over four hundred that day.

The listeners agree it was a moral victory, and take some comfort in it, even though they regret the loss of Cordoba.

The Canuck was a chauffeur in the ambulance corps. He says his job wasn't a snap, either, what with administering first aid before loading the wounded into the ambulance, and driving over the rough roads full of shell holes, unloading at



An Aragon farmer says farewell as he joins the Loyalist forces

the base hospital, and driving back again . . . all the while providing a swell target for fascist bombers. He says it's no fun changing tires out in the battle areas with only a revolver strapped to your belt, and the wounded moaning in the bus, and a plane swooping overhead pouring lead into the ground around your feet. He says that a revolver is about as useful as a bow and arrow against a tank in such situations, and he rolls up his sleeve to display a groove of purple scars running from his wrist to his shoulder, just to prove the point.

We pass the tobacco around again, and the six of us who have a vested interest in the weed, walk away from the group, each one of us thinking we're paying too high a price for chinning with our fellow veterans. The Canuck lets them know what we're thinking, and they smile. One says he'd swap a story any time for a cigarette.

We walk into a nearby bar and order some drinks, and sit there while the town grows dark, waxing discursive again, but not about ourselves. The Asturian miners and their courageous fight in Santander, with only dynamite and mining tools as weapons, strikes us as an admirable display of guts. We tie up the story with miner's struggles everywhere, and try to prove our theory that miners are a brave lot because they toil under dangerous conditions where death stalks close at hand, and they get used to being brave without knowing how brave they are, and their work develops in them a reckless fatalistic spirit that makes them formidable fighters in battle. We conjured up the battles of the Molly Maguires, Ludlow, Paint Creek, Cripple Creek, Messaba Range, the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company strike in Colorado in the United States; the sit-downs of the French miners, and we feel satisfied that our theory about the miners' militancy is adequately supported by history. Time passes. The yawning hour approaches, and we vote to go back to barracks and to bed.

* * *

Shafts of morning sun pierce the barracks windows, and pry open the eyes of sleepy veterans. Some turn their faces into the pillows or pull the covers over their heads to ignore the rude intrusion of the sunlight. Others sit up; rub their eyes; pucker their lips to prime up saliva for their dry tongues, and make wry faces. A few who piled into the sheets late last night, hold their heads and emit Ohhh's of brain-ache. Hairy legs, and wrinkled nightgowns change into militarily dressed vertebrates that a woman might look at without horror.

At breakfast the Canuck and I are talking to each other again, formulating our plans for the day. A lazy walking tour of the town seems agreeable to both of us, and we gulp down the

food in haste to be off. The steward hollers at us to haul in the dishes, and we're full of blundering apologies, but he doesn't stop scowling at us through his shaggy brows. I can feel his stare itching my back as I stroll with the Canuck out into the street.

We walk awhile in silence, both feeling a sense of shame for forgetting to carry our dishes to the kitchen. We feel like kids caught with jam on their fingers. Disrupting the spirit and practice of cooperation is weighing heavily upon our consciences. With no high command running things at the waiting barracks, everything is left to the soldiers' initiative and rank and file judgment; and in running counter to that judgment, however slightly, we're feeling we betrayed the wishes of our fellow-soldiers. The Canuck looks at me, and we snap out of our conscience-stricken coma. He says we'll carry the dishes back and forth tomorrow just to make it up to the steward, and we laugh, forgetting all about it.

The buzz of industry whirrs in our ears as we pass through the factory district on to Rambla street, the main thoroughfare, where we board a street car. We're used to the idea of riding street cars without paying any fare. Very reasonable people, these transportation workers. The Canuck tells me that before the war there were more people employed counting the money taken in by the street car and bus conductors than there were actually operating the vehicles of transportation. They just decided to put the cashiers to doing useful work by abolishing the price system in the transportation industry. The fare now is to look like a fighter, a worker, or a child. In other industries where the C.N.T.-F.A.I. have control, he is telling me, a modified wage-system is still the economic vogue, and will be for some time if the workers desire greater productive capacity. If they wish to build greater industries, they must necessarily pile up surpluses. The thing that's amazing about

all this, in spite of the fact that workers still receive wages, is that they democratically decide what their wages shall be; the profit-seeking owning class is out of the picture; and the aggregation of lands and machinery are socially owned and controlled. And he is saying that if that ain't something to fight for, he'll eat his shirt; and a very unpalatable shirt it is that a soldier wears.

We step off the car and walk down to the quays. French and British gun-boats are tied up to the docks. We start talking to a few British sailors who want to know more about the war, and we invite them to come down to the beach with us for a swim.

The sand sparkles like Xmas-card snow, and the blue waves lap the shores as gently as a cat stroking its fur with its tongue. Night-time workers in trunks, and children naked, are swimming in the water and playing on the beach. We slip benand a crag and undress, and wade into the water with our shorts. The sailors best us in the swimming. They josh us a bit for our splashing like sidepaddlers, and offer to teach us the crawl and the sidestroke. But we're hopeless amphibians, the Canuck and I. They think we're okeh, for being revolutionists, though.

The Canuck starts indoctrinating the British navy with the C.N.T. philosophy, and they don't find it so bad, this class war "business." One gob confesses he joined the navy to escape the slums. Says he was willing to die for British imperialist capitalism; do anything, just so he didn't have to live out his span of life in London's Lower East End. He sees the sense of the class struggle plainly enough. The workers have got to organize and lose their chains and their slums, too. Says when he's through with his hitch in the navy he'd like to climb into the trenches and help these Loyalists. But he'll be scrubbing decks for six more years, and the Canuck says he hopes the workers own the world by then . . .



ATTACK AND COUNTER-ATTACK

(An epitome of strategies)

By ELI HILL

In early nineteenth century America combinations of workers to raise wages or to better working conditions were held to be criminal conspiracies in restraint of trade. Though the conspiracy laws temporarily put a quietus on Labor's action, economic necessity, the imperious need of living, and the prospect of hunger forced the workingclass to fight with the weapons of strikes, picketing, and primary boycotts.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Act, passed in 1890, was thought to apply to business monopolies, but soon proved to be a legal effort to curb the aims of organized labor. It became the excuse of the masterclass for the issuance of sweeping injunctions against strikes and boycotts.

The Danbury Hatters case in 1903, and the Buck's Stove and Range case in 1907, are among the most outstanding evidences of capitalistic legal violence toward workers. To be sure, the injunction was used in numerous other instances such as the "Debs Rebellion" in 1894, the Southwest railway strike in 1886, and in the strike of the Engineers against the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad in 1888, but with the passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the writ of injunction took on the proportions of Capital's Big Bertha constantly aiming and firing upon fighting Labor.

The National Association of Manufacturers, organized in 1895, became another organized menace to workers. The N.A.M. was dedicated to a program of recruiting industrial spies, influencing legislation, making corrupt politicians more corrupt, herding scabs in times of industrial warfare, purchasing labor leaders and agent provocateurs.

The National Civic Federation founded in 1901, grew out of the Civic Federation of Chicago that had been active during the Pullman strike of 1894, and provided the American workers with still another menace, not so frank, perhaps, in its wishes to destroy organized labor's militancy, but all the more menacing for that. It was, in short, an at-

tempt to dull the edge of the class struggle, through mediation, and other subtle forms of class-collaboration designed to obstruct strikes. The N.C.F. was the illegal fore-runner of the legal boards set up under the provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act "to arbitrate labor disputes."

The National Labor Relation Boards created under the Wagner Act does not seem so far to have acted inimically to organized labor. The boards have confined themselves to deciding which union has the majority of members in each plant or on each job, and in giving the majority the dubious N.L.R.B. blessings to go forth and bargain collectively. Too, they have been effective in restoring jobs in some cases to workers fired for union activity. The I.W.W. has routed the C.I.O. and the A.F.L. in such elections in the Wobblly controlled shops in Cleveland.

The danger of the N.L.R.B. lies in the effect it has upon those who look to it, not only to settle elections between unions, but to give them deliverance from economic bondage. (The American Federation of Labor, the Committee for Industrial Organization and the Communist Party are bally-

hoing the Wagner Act as "Labor's Magna Charta." Of course the Magna Charta was not so hot, either, but it will take educated Wobblies on the job to explain away these myths, else the workers fall prey to such demagogic nonsense.)

With much court and prison experience behind it, the rebellion was not so much a surprise that it

scabbing on the inside were to be kept immunized from the influence of the strikers from without. But one hundred and fifty Wobblies went over the top, cut the barbed wires, pulled the work-whistle, mingled with the startled sawmill workers, and swept triumphantly out of the gate past the astounded guards.

* * *

The I.W.W. strike at the Brush Clearing Camps at the Lake Cle Elum Dam in Washington in May of 1931, received very little publicity in the brass check, and not a great deal in the official press of the I.W.W. But with the termination of the strike, the active participants of the strike drew up a bulletin outlining the strategies employed and the results obtained.

John Holt writes in the bulletin: "At the first meeting in the strikers' camp a permanent relief committee was elected, the chairman of which had to report daily to the strike committee. By May 8th everything was running smoothly with about fifty-five men in the strike camp and about twenty families being cared for. By this time (the fourth day of the strike—E. H.) the local business men began to see that this was an organized strike and not a feeble protest to the Mayor or any publicity stunt. Finance became easy to get. Even local organizations asked for interviews that they might be able to help such a worthy cause. Should the strike have continued long into the summer it is very doubtful if any strikers would have gone hungry in this district. The camp steward made out a daily list of the necessities, always in co-operation with the relief committee. One of the strikers had a Dodge delivery truck which was used to good advantage. Streamer banners carrying signs reading "Strikers' Relief Supply Car" were made to line the sides. It was intended to make frequent trips through Yakima Valley with this car but the snappy culmination of the strike made such preparation unnecessary." (The strike ended May 12th.—E. H.)

The regular picket crews worked at a systematic three hour shift through day and night. Pickets were placed on the highway near the job and also in Cle Elum, the main line railroad town. Freight trains and the towns of Roslyn and Ronald were also picketed. The pickets used handbills and especially in town carried big banners. On the highway they used red lanterns at night. In order to make sure that the job remained closed down, they surprised the camps with a well organized, quick and unexpected raid at 6 o'clock in the morning on the fourth day of the strike. Local people had furnished them six autos besides the truck. Much to their satisfaction they found only three scabs. These were loaded into the truck and hauled to the picket camp and through the towns for display before the citizens. This action went over big with the natives. The news passed up and down the

... of the Everett mill they rushed, these hundreds of peaceful workers, now aroused, passionate and tense. On the street, outside the mill gates, they were met by excited crowds that were congregated there. All of them coalesced into one big mass, and as such, moved over the Union Street bridge on to the Wood, Washington and Ayer Mill, where the same scenes were enacted once more. Men, women and children—Italians, Poles, Syrians—all races, all creeds, already aroused to action before the coming of the crowd outside (some of whom rushed the gates and entered), ran through the thousands of feet of floor space, shouting "Strike! Strike!! Strike!!! All out! Strike! Strike!! Strike!!!" sweeping everything before them, and rendering operation in many departments so impossible as to cause a complete shut-down."

* * *

From "Twenty-Five Years of Industrial Unionism," a famous I.W.W. pamphlet, we learn that in Gray's Harbor, Wash., in 1912, a strike broke out for higher wages in the sawmills. The Lytel Mill was surrounded by a stockade twelve feet high surmounted by barbed wire and the guards were doubled at the gate. The wage-slaves who were

valley that they were determined to win and scabs stayed away thereafter.

The significant fact in this strike is that only thirteen members of the I.W.W. arranged the details for the strike, agitated on the job sufficiently to entice a militant minority to take action, and conducted the speaking and publicity. The results of the strike were: "Forty cents an hour (an eighty cent increase in wages per day); five cents reduction of daily board; no discrimination; thirty minutes of company time per day to walk to work. Strikers voted unanimously to join I. U. 310 of the I.W.W. Two hundred lined up."

* * *

In April, 1936, near Pierce, Idaho, the United Artist Pictures came to the Potlatch Forest, Inc. (Weyerhaeuser) to use the forest scenery for the background of the movie "Come and Get It." The forty-five extras that were to be hired were offered three dollars a day for a ten hour day. The men were I.W.W.'s, so they refused to work for less than four dollars a day, and would work no longer than eight hours. The Potlatch Forests, Inc., refused to comply with the Wobbly demands, and the men bade au revoir to the job. But, because of the pressing need for the forest-working extras felt by the United Artists, the Weyerhaeuser company had to comply with the demands, and the men returned to take a fling at movie-acting.

* * *

A strike that affected five thousand miles of railroad was called in 1886 by the Knights of Labor. These railroads that were struck were situated in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Indian Territory, and Nebraska. In Commons' "History of Labor in the United States," Selig Perlman says: "The strikers did not content themselves with mere picketing, but actually took possession of the railroad property and by a systematic 'killing' of engines; that is, removing some indispensable part, effectively stopped all freight traffic." Taking souvenirs, indispensable to the operation of the job, has been a favorite trick, and one that has precluded scabbery in many instances, since the scabs could not function without the strikers' souvenirs.

* * *

The problems of handling the scab-police is difficult at times. An admirable solution to this problem in one case at least is given in Coleman's "Life of Debs." During the railway strike of 1894, a bold engineer jumped down an embankment of the Illinois Central Railroad Yards to land behind a startled constable. Waving a piece of paper (only a laundry bill) he yelled to the constable, "I'm from the office! I have orders to spike all the switches in the yards. We hear the strikers are going to derail the trains. Come on, give me

a hand!" He led the constable to the tool box where they took out a maul and a bucket of spikes which the constable had to carry from one end of the yards to the other, spiking every switch under the stern direction of the engineer. It took two days to undo this work of one night.

Scabs of the garden variety are frightened in some instances by good healthy booing. In the Lawrence strike the law prohibited the pickets standing around the mills. The strikers obeyed the letter of the law, and made it look ridiculous by making an endless moving picket line around each mill. They marched with printed bands around their arms with the words "DON'T BE A SCAB!" very much in evidence, and kept up a continuous booing that sent shivers down the spines of any would-be scabs. (This is the first instance in history of a circular moving picket line.—E.H.)

* * *

During the strikes on the construction jobs of the Great Northern and Canadian Northern in British Columbia in 1912, and during similar strikes on the Great Northern in Washington in 1922, it was necessary to picket the employment offices from Los Angeles to Winnipeg and from Seattle to Chicago in order to keep scabs from hiring out. In such strikes scabs were given transportation to work by yielding their baggage to the railroad concerns until their fare was paid for with work. The I.W.W. often adopted the tactic of shipping out its members in these consignments of scabs, often making up most of the shipment. They would quit the train en route and leave the railroad in possession of cheap suitcases packed with gunny sacks and bricks. In the British Columbia strike of 1913, it was sometimes found necessary to send in members to "scab on the job" in order to bring out the rest of the camp with them.

* * *

The sit-down strike, originated by the I.W.W. in the General Electric at Schenectady, New York, in 1906, has proved an effective weapon in the class struggle since. Too much faith in the efficacy of the method has led to working-class disillusionment in many cases, however, notably the Douglas Aircraft strike in Santa Monica, California, in February, 1937, where the strike committee made no preparation for carrying on the strike in the event the strikers were evicted by police force from the plant. Because of lack of organization and perspective, the strike proved to be a dud that cost the workers their jobs, the blacklist, the yellow dog contract, long-drawn court trials and heavy sentences for a few. The Hershey strike, the Yale Towne strike and others are proof that the sit-down method does not guarantee success every time. This is not to detract from the merits of the sit-down as a

tactic, rather it is a warning against blind faith in it.

* * *

The I.W.W. in Detroit employed the sit-down tactic to good effect in the Hudson Motor Car Company from 1932 to 1934. "Sit Down and Watch Your Wages Go Up," was the message that rolled down the conveyor lines on stickers attached to pieces of work. It became a by-word in conversation among workers, and a thrill in practice. The steady practice of the sit-down philosophy netted wage increases that brought the metal finishers' wages from seventy-five cents an hour to a dollar and a quarter an hour—in depression times.

* * *

Job action reached a fine point in the lumber strike of 1917 when the strike committee, seeing that its strike funds were running low, decided to go back to work with the strikers and continue the strike there. They would work only eight hours a day and then blow their own whistle to stop work. Each crew of workers repeated the stunt until the fuming bosses granted the eight-hour day.

* * *

In the elevator strike of March, 1936, in New York City, scabs had the worst of it. The strikers, with the aid of the tenants in the struck buildings kept up a constant ringing of the elevator bells. When the scab would appear with the elevator, he was promptly jerked off the job. With the elevators delayed in that fashion, the tenants registered their protests with the management, and refused to pay rent. In the face of this the landlords acceded to the strikers' demands.

* * *

At Kelsey Hayes Wheel Corporation in Detroit, according to the reports of an Industrial Worker correspondent, the workers "devised the mass thirst strike for eliminating speed-up, an ingenious device for driving the bosses insane. During the summer hot spells, the workers were found absenting themselves from the fast-moving points of production, motivated by a common impulse to drink at the same time.

"When the bosses, infuriated, were told that nothing could slake the thirst of the slaves so effectively as a slowed down line and an increase in pay, they were forced to capitulate to the logic of this 'mass insanity'.

"During the cold weather the 'headache strike' proved the style. A whole department would apply to First Aid for aspirins, leaving the line racing behind them. 'Skip' strikes and machine breakdowns were engineered with the native efficiency of a wage-slave in rebellion. With each success came the sense of increased power and

the desire to employ the power frequently and unexpectedly to the chagrin of the befuddled masters."

* * *

In Germany, where all striking is forbidden under the Nazi rule, the workers in the department stores used an evasive tactic. They painted inscriptions of the strike on balloons and gave them to children. The children went into the department stores with the balloons and unwittingly acted as pickets. When the police attempted to take the balloons from the children, the frightened youngsters released their holds on the strings and let the spheres float to the ceiling, out of reach of the police. Following this incident the sale of balloons was forbidden in Germany.

* * *

In the McKee's Rock strike of 1909, the strikers used a very effective counter-attack against the violence of the Pennsylvania Cossacks. The "Unknown Committee," after a striker had been killed, sent a notice to the Cossacks, "For every striker's life that you take, a trooper's life will be taken." A riot was started at O'Donovan bridge by Deputy Sheriff Exler; four strikers were killed so the "Unknown Committee" took the lives of three Cossacks and called it quits, for it was already clear that this amount of discipline had checked the violence of the cowardly police.

* * *

In Upton Sinclair's "Flivver King" there is a passage that yields a provocative suggestion to labor unions.

"If an organizer had failed to report himself to the union office at his regular intervals, the rest of the members would naturally assume that he had been arrested. The first thing that was done was to phone all the relatives and friends of the organizer to keep calling up the police station to find out if they had him locked up. By continuously calling them, the lines were kept so busy that police business was greatly hampered. If a couple of hours of this would not bring about the desired results, they would call the administration building of the Ford River Rouge plant. Someone would call up this office and ask for the missing man. If there was no satisfactory answer, he would tell them that their phone would be out of order until he was released. Following this, the caller would put a piece of match stick under the lever supporting the telephone receiver. This kept the receiver from coming all the way down; and since the calling station controls the one called, the Ford Company's line would be "busy" until the telephone company sent a man to remedy the trouble. Meantime, the caller had moved on to the next pay station to repeat the performance. It cost only five cents a call, and with several men on the

job, all the trunk lines into the Ford administration building would soon be reporting "busy." High-salaried executives trying to get some large city to conclude million dollar contracts, would have to hop into their cars and drive somewhere else to place the calls."

* * *

After the Northwest lumber strike of 1917, the employers tried to blacklist those that had been active union men. They set up an employment agency in the Inland Empire (Eastern Washington and Idaho) through which these men would be blacklisted. The lumberjacks found a remedy for this. When hiring out from these employment offices, they gave the names of Murphy or Swanson. If the man was Irish, or resembled

Irish, he would give his name as Murphy. If he did not resemble Irish, he gave his name as Swanson. It was not long when the employment agents' records were full of Murphys and Swansons. Their attempt at blacklisting through this route was fruitless.

Finis

The workers of the world continue to be clever in devising schemes of attack and counter-attack in the class struggle. These evidences of keen intelligence bode well for the workers. Conspicuous for their lack of ingenuity along these lines are "Labor's Leaders." To be sure, they are given to devising means to obstruct the success of Labor's own strategies. The best strategy yet devised for workers who have leadership trouble is to join the I.W.W.



CLASS WAR STRATEGY



The
Attack and

The
Counter-Attack





Work Peoples

By

VERA SMITH

In the school gym—the boys
keep in shape with handball,
boxing, and other sports.

Many people have asked what Work Peoples College is, and some have been misinformed as to its purpose. In this article I will attempt to explain why this institution was established and to describe the subjects taught at this school for the working class.

Work Peoples College was established by wage workers, for the wage workers, and is managed by wage workers. In this school workers are educated in subjects which concern the working class and which they should know something about. The people who teach these subjects are themselves wage workers who have been in the I.W.W. and the labor movement for a period of years.

First of all we should know what subjects are taught at this school for the working class. The three main subjects are: Marxian Economics, Labor History, and Industrial Unionism. Then also, Public Speaking, Sociology, Journalism, Organization Methods, Conduct of Meetings, English, Arithmetic and Finnish are taken by students. And those who are very, very, ambitious, attend the class which is known as the Tutorial Class.



Caught in the act of inhaling porkchops—it took two large tables to accommodate the gang this year. The kitchen staff is 100 per cent organized in I. U. 640.

In the Economics class, students learn just how they are exploited by the Capitalist Class. They learn that the value of a product is really the amount of labor embodied in that product. Also they learn that, although some may say we receive as much wages as is due us, this is not so; we receive only a small portion of what we produce for all that we may claim that all we produce is ours and ours alone. The product which we produce and for which we do not receive payment, goes to the capitalist who exploits us. This production from which the capitalists benefit is known as the surplus, and it is for this surplus that we of the labor movement are fighting. And so, I could go on naming different theories and straight facts which prove that we of the working

class are exploited at the point of production and that the Capitalist Class live on the fruits of our labor. All this is learned in the Economics Class.

The Labor History class is the class in which the students learn how and under what conditions the first labor unions were formed and also of the political efforts of labor and their

College

"A place to
live and learn"



A corner in the school library—who says that co-education doesn't promote study?

failures. We are informed as to when and where the first strikes were pulled off and why they were or were not successful. Something is learned about those labor unions which were once in existence such as the Molly Maguires, the Knights of Labor, etc.; and something is learned about those labor unions still in existence such as the I.W.W., the A. F. L., the CIO, and others.

The class which deals with the I.W.W., its formation, principles, and activities, is the class in Industrial Unionism. Here the students learn what kind of an organization the I.W.W. really is, and the reasons for joining it.

Next we have the Public Speaking Class. Here the students learn the basic principles of public speaking and how to put their thoughts across to other people. The students get up and speak on various subjects, usually dealing with the present day system or the information obtained in the other classes.

The Sociology Class studies the social institutions and the social forces of the present day, such as: the state, religion, language, the moral code, the family, etc. We learn how these institutions originated and how the capitalist class uses them to take advantage of the working class.

In the Journalism Class, just as in the Public Speaking Class, students learn how to convey their thoughts to others. They learn the basic principles of writing articles for labor papers.

The Organization Methods Class and the Conduct of Meetings Class teach the students how to become organizers for the I.W.W. and how to conduct meetings with the proper parliamentary procedure.

Arithmetic, English, and Finnish Classes are held to give the students the necessary information about these subjects, so that they will not be handicapped in their other subjects and will be able to impart the knowledge they do have, to others.

The Tutorial Class is a training class for those who are interested in becoming teachers at such schools as Work Peoples College.

Besides having the classes I have mentioned, the W.P.C. holds Open Forums every Friday afternoon. In these forums the students themselves give the lectures, participate in the debates, the symposiums, and the discussions. Interesting and very educational subjects are discussed. Some of the subjects students have discussed at these forums are: "Is Industrial Democracy a Possibility?"; "Can Women be Revolutionary?"; "Can the Workers Manage Industries?"; and others. These forums are beneficial to the students for two reasons: they learn things they had not known of or thought about before, and they train themselves to speak before audiences.

All in all, Work Peoples College is the place for the workers to become educated, to become class conscious, and to learn about the only organization for them, the I.W.W.

“War Is Here”

By

ERLAND HYTTINEN



ROOSEVELT WANTS \$1,300,000,000 FOR NAVY BUILDING PROGRAM—JAPAN SAYS SHE WANTS PEACE—OFFERS TO STAY OUT OF YANGTZE BASIN IN RETURN FOR UNDISPUTED POSSESSION OF FIVE NORTHERN PROVINCES—MUSSOLINI AND HITLER WANT MORE BABIES FOR BIGGER AND BETTER WARS—UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN INDIGNANT OVER REFUSAL OF JAPAN TO DISCLOSE NAVAL PROGRAM.

Such are the headlines that stare us in the face. As Photohistory says: “War is Here!”

To top it off, people accuse the Chinese and Japs and Fascist mercenaries of savagery. Well, that's where they're wrong. There has never been an instance of wholesale killing or war among savage peoples. In a society where everything was shared in common it was impossible to find any reason for going to war. The savages were free to appropriate the gifts of nature without hindrance from anyone. There was no need for navies or armies of policemen. The Eskimos are about the best instance of savages left. Civilization has not yet changed their long established ways. They have no word for war, and they never scold or swear. The women are on an equal footing with the men, social grades are unknown, and all property is held in common. When a seal, a bear, or some other good thing is to be had, the whole tribe helps to consume it. They have no form of organized government, and no armed forces. If a man's wife dies, other men of his tribe raise no objection if their wives console the poor widower, and so a good time is had by all. Now, how in the devil can anyone compare the hordes of our modern mass murder mechanism with these savages?

War is so much here that nobody bothers to

declare it. Neither in Spain, nor Ethiopia, nor China did anyone come out with any such open declaration as “Dear Hi Lee Sell Asee, I, Benito Mussolini, special mouthpiece for the ruling class of Italy, now hereby in the name of Christ and civilization declare war upon you, your people, and your country, so help you!” No; they just went over and started fighting and killing people, and left the country in ruins. Right now, should you become the victim of civilization, you would most likely find the dead Ethiopians, Chinamen, Japs, Moors, Italians, Germans and Spaniards holding a conference with St. Peter and all admitting that they got to heaven just as fast, and maybe faster, than they would have, had they been killed in a regularly declared war.

But why all this fighting? Some say it is for new markets; some, that it is for the defense of old ones. But look at the casualties of the world war:

- 12 million killed in battle.
- 20 million wounded
- 10 million homeless
- 23 million dead from disease and famine.

How can all these dead, wounded and homeless furnish an increased market? Dead people don't buy. So that reason must be dropped. The only

market it creates is that of destruction—destruction of the necessities of life, destruction of the means of destruction, destruction of human cannon-fodder. So today the leaders of mankind advocate the production of more cannon fodder. At a recent conference in Washington, D. C., on "Better Care for Babies and Mothers," James Roosevelt gave the official New Deal slant:

"The best national defense we can have are proper children growing up under proper care."

New York City's supposedly fiery and progressive Mayor La Guardia said:

"Take the patriotic approach. The nation has an interest in every expectant mother because her child may be a boy. Even if it isn't, it at least is the potential mother of future boys."

While such policies are being advocated, it might be a good thing to practice a little birth control, eh?

Another reason given for war is to get colonies, to provide room for this forced increase in the population. Italy has subjugated Ethiopia; but as yet Mussolini has not sent his excess population over there, even though he still does advocate more babies. In fact, there are more Italians, it is said, within two miles of Cherry Street, New York City, than in all the Italian colonies combined.

In the last world war the colonies went to such countries as Great Britain, France, the United States and other countries that had no need for colonies. If Japan proceeds to conquer China, we can expect to see these same great powers demand their cut. But it is rather perplexing what they will get out of it, for without war, they already exploit its resources and its labor power. Wars change the boundary lines and put one flag instead of another over the mines and factories; but property rights—especially of corporations—are usually respected. It is cheaper to buy than to take by war.

It's rather perplexing to find a good reason why war is here. The fact is that it is here; and instead of writing more about it, it would be better to do something about it. Toward the end of the last world war, the working class did start doing something about it, and that's probably why the damn thing ended. Revolution swept Russia. In Austria the workers got rid of the Hapsburgs. In Germany they sent the Hohenzollerns flying. In Hungary there was a liberal democracy, then the Bolshevik regime of Bela Kun which lasted four months before the allied armed forces crushed it and re-established the rule of the land-owners. It has all ended in fascism, but still while it lasted it provided many a nightmare for the plunderbund that thrives on war. The threat of revolution remains the most effective deterrent to war, even though the erstwhile revolutionists are resurrecting Woodrow Wilson's battle cry of "Make the World Safe for Democracy."

What are we, the working people who constitute the majority of people the world over, going to do about it? Are we going to furnish the barons of industry with more cannon fodder for the next great war? Are we meekly to become puppets flung at each other's throat? Are we going to travel thousands of miles to kill other working men with whom we have no quarrel? I say we should declare war—but it should be war on the capitalist system—and the slogan should be that of Karl Marx:

"Workers of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to gain."



REVOLT OF THE BROTHERHOOD

By Covington Hall

In 1907 the lumber workers from one end of the South to the other walked out of the mills and woods, went home and sat down. It was a mass spontaneous movement caused by a steep cut in wages with a lengthening of hours by the lumber companies. The wages were already low and the hours unbearably long, but, as the workers had no organization, the lumber barons expected no resistance to their ruthless action. So, when the workers walked out, the barons were taken by surprise. The mass demonstration was something hitherto unheard of in the South. Fearing, seemingly, to terrorize the workers back onto the jobs, the barons began a campaign of soft-soaping. They told the desperate workers, "The times are so hard we are not making any money at all; but, if you will return to work, we will restore the old wages and hours just as soon as business improves." The barons did neither. They simply lied, as usual. But the uneducated workers, trusting them, went back to work.

Before the walkout ended, however, the A.F. of L. rushed into several large lumber towns and "organized" them into Federal Labor Unions, none of these "unions" having any connection with each other. Further, the usual A.F. of L. policies were applied to the situation, as a result of which nothing was accomplished for the workers and the Federal unions soon disbanded.

In only one town, Lake Charles, La., did the workers put up anything like a real fight. Here there were at the time, about 90 Socialists and IWW's. All took an active part in the resistance to the cuts in wages and lengthening of hours. All knew something about labor organization and revolutionary theories. Being activists, they formed a militant nucleus around which the masses mobilized and fought. As a result, the Lake Charles workers held the 10-hour day but lost about 25 cents a day on their wages, the wages of unskilled labor then being about \$2.00 per day. The news of this partial victory spread and, of course, tended to make the outraged workers still more restless.

Uncle Pat

Then in 1908 Pat O'Neal—"Uncle Pat," all of us affectionately called him—a veteran leader of

the Arkansas Coal Miners and member of the Western Federation of Miners, came to Leesville, La., which is in the heart of the Louisiana-Texas lumber country, and launched a weekly paper, "The Toilers." In this paper, Uncle Pat supported the Socialist party and called on the lumber workers to organize in the IWW. He also spoke in the surrounding territory. As a result of his agitation two or three IWW Unions were organized. One of these had as a member Arthur Lee Emerson, who afterwards, with Jay Smith and others, organized the Brotherhood of Timber Workers in 1910. But before the Brotherhood was organized the IWW Unions started by Uncle Pat had faded away, seemingly.

The dissatisfaction and the spirit awakened, however, still remained, and when the Brotherhood sprang up, it spread like a prairie fire through Louisiana and parts of Texas. In its first year more than 30,000 members were initiated and again the barons were taken by surprise. But this time they used no soft-soap. A bitter struggle immediately began which lasted for three long years before the Brotherhood, which in 1912 had affiliated with the IWW as the Southern District of the Forest and Lumber Workers I.U., was crushed by the united power of the Lumber Trust, the Santa Fe Railroad and the States of Louisiana and Texas.

In the course of the revolt the workers were, in 1911, locked out for seven months, fifty of the largest mills closing down. This lockout ended in July. During its continuance whole families were reduced to three meals a day of cornbread and molasses. The barons were sure they had taught the workers a "good lesson," but by that time the workers had learned more and more of the IWW, the barons aiding in this by denouncing them from the beginning as "IWW atheists." All this accomplished for the barons, however, was to make the workers want to hear more about the IWW an organization the barons seemed to dread so and the more they learned of it the more determined they were to join. They sent fraternal delegates to the General Convention in 1911 and affiliated in April, 1912.

Barons War Against I.W.W.

I am running a little ahead of my story, though. So, back to the 1911 lockout. Instead of being effectively tamed by the terrible experience, as the barons hoped, the workers came back still fighting, still demanding an increase in wages and shorter hours and, in addition, the cutting out of the many grafts worked on them, plus a demand for control of doctor, hospital and insurance fees.

Gradually wages were advanced and hours shortened until the IWW had forced wages of unskilled up to \$2.50 for a 9-hour day, wages to be paid in United States currency instead of in "commissary money."

But in achieving these and other reforms, the Union in the Southern District had to keep up a relentless fight, so that its membership was gradually worn down and lost. Between 5,000 and 7,000 of its most militant members, white and colored, were blacklisted out of the lumber country. In spite of all this the union men fought on, trying to rebuild the Forest and Lumber Workers Industrial Union.

Terror was turned loose on the devoted band of militants still in the field. Civil war practically reigned over all central and western Louisiana and parts of east Texas. Everybody was armed. The barons flooded the country with gunmen recruited by the infamous Burns Detective Agency. The lives of all officers of the union, of its active members and of known sympathizers were daily in peril, not only from Burns gunmen but from vigilante organizations made up of hostile merchants, preachers and other townsmen who styled themselves "Good Citizens' Leagues." These "Leagues" committed many outrages against union men. It was these forces that finally brought on the battle between the Forest and Lumber Workers and Union Farmers on our side and those of the Lumber Trust at the little sawmill town of Grabo, La., on July 7, 1912. This battle is known in Louisiana as the "Grabo Riot."

We Go to Carson

About three weeks before it was fought, I was billed to speak in Carson, La., a lumber town owned by the "Four C's" Coal and Lumber Co. of Missouri. Only 12 men showed up to make the march to Carson, all expecting trouble that day. Emerson was not present on this trip, but Ed Lehman—"Old Brave," we all nicknamed him—his right-hand man in organizing, was with us and in charge. To reach Carson we had to pass through the Long-Bell town of Bon Ami ("Good Friend"), three miles south of DeRidder, where we had mobilized our platoon.

About halfway to Bon Ami, we were met by Deputy Sheriff Kelly of the Long-Bell Lumber Co. He wanted to know, "Are you all the IWW's?" We informed him that we were. Next he asked,

"Who is the speaker?" "I am," I said. Next he wished to know "if you are going to speak in Bon Ami?" We told him, "No." "Oh," he laughed, "so you are going to pass us up." We told him a meeting had not been advertised in Bon Ami, but in Carson, but that if they wished a meeting we would be glad to come and stage one for them. With that he turned his buggy and drove rapidly toward Bon Ami.

When we reached the outskirts of the town, all the company's "commissary soldiers," as the Jacks styled them, were drawn up on the baseball ground awaiting us. They took our pictures and as we proceeded, they fell in behind and around us beating tincans and shields together, beating on small circular saws and yelling at the top of their voices. In a dump cart behind the carryall in which Lehman, myself and other of the boys were leading our parade, they had a tremendous circular saw rigged up that men in the cart were pounding with bolts about two feet long. It was "a regular pandemonium," only worse. This infernal noise kept up until we reached the Grabo road, where we met the strikers from there. We then felt easier, for now our numbers about equalled theirs.

Between Bon Ami and Carson there was then a strip of woods about a mile wide. While passing through it, a sudden silence fell over all. The yelling and beating of saws and tincans ceased. We could not understand. Neither could Deputy Sheriff Kelly and Woods Foreman Martin of the Long-Bell Co., who were leading the opposing parade. Both got out of their autos two or three times and looked back to see what had happened.

We did not know until after the row was over. The famous "Leather Breeches" Smith, who was out in the woods evading a warrant for his arrest on a charge of "intimidating" scabs at Grabo, had suddenly stepped out of the forest, gotten into one of our wagons facing the dump cart carrying the big saw and promptly ordered everybody to shut up and cease the racket. "It makes me nervous," he said, "and I don't want to kill any of you scabs today, much as I'd like to." They all shut up, Smith having the reputation of, not only being a "desperate man," but "crazy" to boot.

Smith hopped out of the wagon on the edge of the woods, telling the Lumber Trust crowd: "Don't you tap a saw or let out a yell until you get to Carson. If you do, I'll hear of it and I'll slip up some night and shoot you in your bed." With that he disappeared. They neither tapped nor yelled until we entered Carson, more than a mile away.

"Long Live the Brotherhood"

When we arrived in Carson about 150 farmers were there to back us up and also about 150 more of the barons' men. Our crowds were now about equal in numbers and practically all armed.

When I rose to speak I couldn't hear myself

think, much less talk. Lehman and I decided to turn the speaking into a "Hurrah parade," marching with all our crowd in wagons and on foot up one street and down another, all of us yelling as loud as we could: "Long live the Brotherhood! Long live the Brotherhood!" All over Carson and Bon Ami we did this, ripping their crews all to pieces.

I was ashamed of my race that day. Both at Carson and Bon Ami the mill owners had been ordered to remain in their houses with doors closed and blinds drawn, not to come out under penalty of discharge and blacklist and not to sell or to give us so much as a glass of water. This order the "freeborn Anglo-Saxons" obeyed, all except one, who was promptly discharged.

But at Carson, they had to force the Negroes back into their houses at the points of guns and while I was attempting to speak a Mexican woods crew of about 40 men passed back of us through the woods. As soon as we saw them we jerked off our hats and waving them, yelled: "Long live the Brotherhood!" Every Mexican's big Stetson came off and as far as we could hear them, came back the cry: "Vivas la Brudderhoud! Vivas la Brudderhoud!" Then, in Bon Ami, about 30 Italians were gathered on the porch of the last house we passed. As our carryall passed it, all of us waved our hats to them, crying: "Long live the Brotherhood!" And as far as we could hear, came the answering cry: "Vive le Brudderhoud! Vive! Vive le Brudderhoud!" On that battle cry ended our march to Carson.

The "Grabo Riot"

Shortly after our "tin-canning," Wm. D. Haywood came into Louisiana on a lecture tour. He was then in the Socialist party and traveling under the auspices of the famous magazine, *The International Review*, of which the beloved little rebel Mary E. Marcy was editor. Haywood spoke at several points in the lumber country for the Brotherhood. Big audiences greeted him at DeRidder, Lake Charles and Merryville, all then Union strongholds, especially the last.

Just prior to Haywood's meeting in DeRidder, the Socialist party had arranged a meeting at Carson for George Creel, who was covering the South as a star reporter for *The National Ripsaw*, published at St. Louis and edited by Frank and Kate Richards O'Hare, Phil Wagner and Henry M. Tichenor, the great poet-agnostic. Emerson was asked to announce this meeting. Before Haywood spoke, he did so, calling it in such a manner that, should anything happen and Creel not show up, Emerson would be compelled to take his place.

Well, the "something" happened. A hotel keeper at whose joint Creel was stopping attempted to assassinate him. In his effort to escape (he was fired at twice) Creel fell off a porch and bad-

ly injured himself. Emerson had to substitute for him.

The day of the meeting came, but instead of the 12 men who met with Lehman in DeRidder about three weeks before, around 800 men, women and children showed up to take part in the march. (Emerson could always bring out more than any of the rest of us, being then "a natural born" leader of men. There was no trouble along the line of march to Carson and, there, nothing on-toward occurred except that they were also "tin-canned" and prevented from being heard.

On the march back to DeRidder, which was one of the union's sub-headquarters, however, runners who had been sent ahead to spy out the land, came back and told Emerson that gunmen were laying in wait in the strip of woods, previously referred to, to "shoot up" his wagon when it appeared. To avoid trouble, Emerson ordered the marchers to swing off and enter DeRidder via the Grabo road. About 400 of the 800 followed him, the rest keeping on straight to DeRidder.

When the parade reached Grabo they halted to rest and eat lunch. After eating they decided to "hold a speaking." "Doc" Havens opened the meeting and was not interrupted, but when Emerson rose and began to talk it was only a few minutes when guns began to glaze from the office, commissary and other points on the grounds. When Emerson saw that the gunmen were going to fire, he raised his hand and cried: "No! No! Don't shoot!" But they did, firing at Emerson, determined to kill him even if they had to kill three young girls standing beside him in the wagon. One of these girls, Doris LeBlue, made one of our star witnesses in the trial. She was only 17, but bore herself so well that she made a tremendous impression on the jury.

Seeing that the fight was at last on, our boys left the wagons. At one time, according to Lehman and others, the Wobblies were being fired on from four different directions by foes much better armed than were our men. The lumber trust rushed its allied gunthugs from all the surrounding towns. But in spite of being outnumbered by better armed foes, the Wobblies held their ground and finally charged the office of the Grabo Lumber Company, driving the gunmen pell-mell before them.

That ended the battle and enabled the union men to retreat to DeRidder unmolested. Once there, Emerson made a talk to the workers and advised them to go home and wait developments, refusing to lead a crowd of around 1,000 men who had gathered, demanding that he lead them in an attack on the offending lumber trust towns. This crowd milled around for some time, began a march on Bon Ami, Carson and Longville, but being without a leader, finally disbanded.

Haywood and I had gone to New Orleans. On the night of the evening of the riot he was speaking in the Odd Fellows Hall for the Socialist par-

ty. He had gotten about half way through his speech when reporters called me and told me a "terrible riot had taken place at Grabo; 15 or 16 men have been killed and an unknown number wounded."

I walked up to the stage and gave Bill the news. He quietly announced it to the audience and went on with his talk as if nothing but the expected had happened. Later on in the night, in his hotel room, he was, however, very nervous and disturbed.

As for myself, I all but collapsed, for there lay dead at Grabo two of our finest boys, Decatur Hall and Uriah Martin, the last being only 20 years old and one I loved from the jump. Good old Joe Ferro was mortally wounded, taken to Lake Charles, placed in a hospital; then when he showed signs of improvement, taken to the infamous jail to die in agony. So we lost three dead and there were many wounded, among them Louis Brown, who had been shot with a copper-jacketed bullet, a ball which poisons a wound. How many the lumber trust lost, no one ever knew, though it is certain they had more dead men than the Burns gunman Vincent, whose body they left on the battlefield in order to enable their grand jury to charge the unionists with "conspiracy to murder."

Wholesale Arrests

Starting the day following the battle, the sheriffs began rounding up the union men and their sympathizers they had long been "laying to get." As a result of this roundup, 58 lumber workers and allied working farmers were arrested and jailed. Then came the indictment. Sixty-four were indicted, but four escaped arrest, among them the famous "Leather Breeches" Smith, who was murdered later on during the trial by the notorious "deputy sheriff" gunman, Del Charlan at Merryville.

Indicted for "conspiracy to murder," with prohibitive bonds demanded for their release on bail, our boys had to lay in the foul Lake Charles jail date of the battle, July 7th, 1912, to about October 1st, when the trial began.

Their arrest, the heavy bonds demanded, and the all through the broiling Louisiana summer, from the outrageous treatment they received in prison shook the State of Louisiana from center to circumference. For weeks after Grabo the lumber country was on the verge of insurrection. No one knew when a match would be thrown in "the powder magazine" and explode it. The union men worked hard to prevent this. Lehman always afterwards swore this was one of our greatest mistakes, saying, "only something like that could civilize the Lumber Barons, and we worked our fool heads off to stop it. Hell!" I'm inclined now to agree with him. So are many others. But it is too late now, for the forests are gone and the barons safe in the cities with their loot.

The Trial

Having no data with me, I must depend solely on memory, hence I cannot give any except a few exact dates. The trial, however, opened about October 1st, 1912, Judge John S. Overton presiding, but with the Burns Detectives practically running the court, directing the prosecution, or "persecution," as the Jacks insisted on calling it.

The first act of the Court was to separate Emerson, Lehman and seven others from the 58 under indictment and send them to trial as "ring-leaders" of the revolt. As the 58 had been indicted under one indictment and, as under Louisiana law, only the Defense could ask for a separation, this act of Judge Overton was a flagrant violation of the legal rights of all the indicted men. Our lawyers strenuously protested the violation, but Judge Overton was adamant, saying that with the number of "peremptory challenges of jurors for cause possessed under the law by the Defense and State that a jury could not be impaneled in all Louisiana to try the 58 all in one group."

To this Judge Hunter, our leading lawyer, said: "May it please your honor, we are not responsible for the mistakes of the Prosecution." Overton admitted this and that he was violating the law, but, nonetheless ordered the nine to trial, refusing even to grant a delay of two weeks which the Defense asked to take his ruling to the Supreme Court of the State. All our lawyers could then do was to proceed with the case as best they could before a hostile Court.

That Judge Overton was hostile was shown throughout the long trial, which lasted a little over a month. Time after time he came to the assistance of the Prosecution when our lawyers had them beaten to a frazzle. One instance that showed Overton's gross partiality was when the notorious Kinney, local manager of the Burns Agency, entered the Court, took a seat at the Prosecution table with a list of all prospective jurors in Calcasieu parish, then the largest county in the United States, ready to help pick the trial jury.

Kinney was not a lawyer and, so, had no right at the table. Nonetheless, it took three long days of hot arguing before the Defense attorneys were able to force Overton to order Kinney from among the prosecutors. The man, Overton, who did his best to send our boys to the pen or the gallows then is the same Overton who is now United States Senator for Louisiana. Running for this office in 1932, he campaigned the State weeping over "the sufferings of the poor people of Louisiana," sufferings he and his kind are entirely responsible for.

The trial got under way and, throughout the month, sensation after sensation occurred. As the trial went against them the Lumber Trust and the Burns crowd went wild. They threatened the lives of all of us, going so far in this as to threaten even Judge Hunter, our leading counsel, one

of the most popular lawyers in the State. They arrested C. L. Filigno, E. F. Doree and Clarence Edwards, then our ablest organizers still in the field and jailed them under a charge of "intimidating witnesses," an offense the Burnsmen alone had been guilty of, but no Burnsmen were ever jailed.

They were especially after Edwards who had been greatly instrumental in gathering evidence for the Defense. Edwards' work here was truly remarkable, for, though he had never done any detective work, he put it all over Burns. The discomfited Burns agents, to excuse themselves with the Lumber Barons, got up the story that we had "hired the American Detective Agency and had 100 sleuths in the field." It was a great compliment to Fellow-worker Edwards, and he deserved it fully.

Solidarity Wins

What really won the trial for us was the magnificent solidarity shown by the entire labor movement of Louisiana and the surrounding states. For once we forgot that we were IWW's, AFL's, Railway Brotherhoods and Farmer Unionists. The entire Movement lined up behind the nine endangered men in a solid and unbreakable wall of labor, a wall that the enemy tried time after time to breach, but in vain.

General Organizer George Speed of the IWW commented on this wonderful solidarity time after time.

Repeatedly the barons sent emissaries among the unionists whispering what the IWW "intended to do to the AFL, the Railway Brotherhoods and Farmers," which was to destroy them. But all they got was this answer: "This is no mere IWW fight. It is Class War and, by God, we know it!"

Then, in the last weeks of the trial, they sent out whisperers to discourage the unionists by urging the futility of hoping to clear the accused. "They (the nine on trial) are going to hang," they said. "We be damned if they do," emphatically answered the workers. "Well, they are sure going to the penitentiary," asserted the Burnsmen. "We be damned if they are," came

back the workers. "Well, they are going to be convicted. You can't prevent that." "Maybe so," said the workers. "You can convict them. You can do anything in your rotten courts. But they are not going to hang and they are not going to the penitentiary."

"What do you mean?" asked the buffaloes Burnsmen and Barons. "Well, if you want to know," said the workers, "we mean just this: the minute we get the news of their conviction over the wires we are marching on Lake Charles with our guns and rifles, burning sawmills and lumber yards as we come. And that ain't all. God Almighty will see more Burns Detectives, Gunmen Deputies and Sawmill Managers and Lumber Barons hanging to pine trees an' telegraph poles than he ever saw in one place before in all His life. That's what we mean. Go ahead and convict them."

As this came up from the rank and file of all the unions and not down from their officers; and as the whole State was again facing insurrection, the message from the ranks up had a tremendous effect on the enemy. In the last two or three weeks of the trial they made no visible effort to convict the boys. Militant solidarity freed them, as it will yet free the Working Class.

The jury retired at last to consider its verdict. They left the courtroom about 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon. It was about an hour later when their verdict was given out. It was unanimous for acquittal, the jurors telling us that we need not have put a single witness on for the Defense after the Burns detectives had testified for the Prosecution; that their first, or trial ballot, had been unanimous for acquittal. Eight of the twelve jurors fraternized with us at the great meeting called in the Carpenter's Hall that night to celebrate the victory. All the unions were there. All of us had forgotten we ever belonged to anything else than the working class.

All during the trial, good old Charlie Cline was a tower of strength to the Defense and a right bower to me in publicity work.

(To be continued)



BUTTE

By
MONTANA SLIM



The "Anaconda" crushes a victim

It was in the spring of 1925. Copper mines were operating at their greatest capacity. Newcomers were pouring into Butte. Mike Finnegan, a rugged individualist from the old sod, was one of them.

He arrived in town about noon. On his face was a look of surprise and disappointment as he looked over the town from the railroad station. The town was dirty and disorderly, with old and unpainted shacks of different sizes cluttered all over.

With a suitcase in each hand he made his way up Wyoming Street and soon arrived on Broadway. He walked into a cheap hotel to get a room. There he left his suitcases and inquired about getting work in the mines. The hotel clerk told him he would have to go to the Butte Mutual Labor Bureau on Copper Street to apply for a rustling card.

At the rustling card office he met the manager, George W. Lentz. "Are you a miner?" was the first question.

"Are you an I.W.W., and do you believe in the principles of the I.W.W.?"

Finnegan said: "No, I am not."

"Give this man a card," said Lentz to one of his assistants.

After he had answered a few questions about his age, weight, beneficiary, etc., he was given a rustling card which read:

"This is to certify that Mr. Michael Finnegan is hereby recommended for employment by the Butte Mutual Labor Bureau." Nine o'clock the following morning, with a rustling card in his pocket, he went to the Tramway mine to rustle for a job. About one hundred and forty men were standing in line when he got there.

For three hours he stood in the line before the foreman came to hire the men he wanted. The line moved so slowly with the foreman hiring a man from here and there, mostly picking out the men that he knew. About an hour later Mike was at the front of the line. He asked the foreman, "any show for a miner."

"Give me your card," said the foreman. He

looked very closely at the card and when he saw that it was a new card he said, "Where have you worked in the mines?"

"In Miami, Arizona," was the answer.

"Go sign up at the timekeeper's office right away, and come out at six o'clock tonight," said the foreman.

That afternoon he went to the boarding houses in town and rustled up a place to eat and sleep. Around four-thirty, he ate his supper and started to the mine. There he got a locker for himself and then he went to see the assistant foreman. The assistant foreman was a big and husky two hundred pound man and he looked like a horse when he was leaning against the gallows frame.

On the Job

With a loud voice he said to the Irishman, "Go down to thirty-one hundred into O five stope."

The Iristman waited at the shaft until the station tender yelled, "Thirty-one hundred." He stepped into the cage and went down over three thousand feet into the "richest hill in the world."

On thirty-one hundred the cage came to a stop. Mike got off the cage and went to fill up his water sack and at the same time inquired about O five stope. The miners told him to ask the "jigger boss" about it. He went over to the jigger boss and said "Where is O five stope?"

The jigger boss said, "Come on I'll take you up there." They started along the main line and Mike began to feel kind of warm. Mike told the jigger boss, "Jesus, but it's not down here."

"This isn't anything yet," said the jigger boss, "but wait till you get your working place and you'll know what heat is."

They walked along the hot drift for about fifteen minutes before they got to their destination. When they finally got there, the first thing Mike did was to pour sweat out of his boots.

"You'll find the powder house and the toilet car along that drift," said the jigger boss, pointing with his hand toward another drift going off at an angle from the one that they were in.

Mike peeled off pretty near all of his clothes except his under shirt and overalls. Then he started the climb of seven floors to the stope. The manway was so hot that Mike almost suffocated before he got into the stope. When he finally got there he sat in front of the fan bag to cool off and get his wind back. (A fan bag is a rubberized tubing used to blow cold air into the stopes).

He sat in the stope for awhile and was pretty well cooled off when his partner came in. Mike went up to the stranger and introduced himself. They talked for a while about themselves and Mike found out that his partner was Slavonian. He was a husky little chap for his size, probably weighed around one hundred forty pounds and he was about five feet six inches tall.

The usual custom in the mines is that one man drills one day and the other man drills the next day, so these two men decided that Mike would drill today and the Slavonian would muck. The Slav gave a few instructions to his new partner: "The 'widow maker' is out there and you can get some oil from the station."

"What is a widow maker?" Mike asked in his surprise.

"I guess you haven't worked on this hill before," said the Slavonian. He explained that the widow maker was a rotator buzzy used to drill holes in the stopes and it made lots of widows.

Mike started the long journey to the station again to get some oil. He was cursing in the heat. "How in the hell can that little runt stand this heat?" He made the trip to the station and his clothes were all soaking wet when he got back to the stope. He was somewhat amazed at the

little Slav, because he wouldn't even stop to get his wind but just kept on mucking in that terrible heat.

After considerable swearing and sweating and after breaking a few bits and steel, Mike got a couple holes in the ore. Just as he was trying to pry out steel that had stuck in the hole, the shifter happened to come into the stope.

"What the hell kind of a miner are you when you stick a steel in ground like this?" he bellowed.

"I can't help it if they stick. This machine is that worn out that it won't give enough water."

"Well if you don't get that round in and blast you can go up and drag 'er," said the shift boss as he left the place.

Mike got pretty busy when he heard this and he kept pounding away with his widow maker. The Slav was a little wiser for he didn't work quite so hard. At noon the mucker had the muck all cleaned out even though he wasn't in so much of a hurry as Mike. Mike had twelve holes drilled when the Slav hollered to him, "Lunch time, Mike!"

They climbed down to the sill to eat their lunch. They rustled a few dry laggings and ate their lunch and then they laid down to take their afternoon nap.

The men woke up as they heard the motor crew came to pull the chutes about a half an hour later. Back into the stope they climbed for three more hours of hard work. At the end of the shift they had the holes drilled, loaded, and one set of timber was standing. At four o'clock sharp they spit the holes and started for the station. On their way to the station they met the shifter.

"Did you get that round in?" he asked.

"Yep—we did," answered Mike.

At the station the men were shivering from the cold because their clothes were all wet. They had to wait for about a half an hour before the cage came to hoist them to the surface. Once again on surface after a hard day's work, the men dragged their weary bodies to the dryhouse to take a shower and change into their dry clothes.

After a good hot supper Mike went straight to his room and slept like a log until the alarm clock began its "sweet chimes." He dreaded the idea of going into that hole again but he thought it would be the only thing he could do under the circumstances.

With his appetite pleased with hotcakes he started the one mile walk to the mine. In the dryhouse he began to feel disgusted again as he took his diggers from the locker and they were stiff from the sweat. The other miners gave him some good advice on how to keep them from getting that way. They said, "Wash them good every night and they will be a lot better to put on in the morning."

In the lamp house the shifter said, "Get the

muck out and put in two sets of timber and a fourth steel round."

"Blowing In"

For several days the men kept on working this way. On a Tuesday the measure man came to measure the place. He cheated a quite a bit when he measured it but just the same the men had twelve hundred feet for breaking, eleven hundred and fifty for mucking and eight hundred feet for timbering.

That evening the two miners looked at the "Ouija board" to see what they had made on their contract. Contract A 84 showed seven dollars and seventy-four cents. When Mike saw this he said, "By golly it pays to work hard for that much money."

The following Friday was pay day. Mike went to the pay office with his pay slip and got his check. He wandered along Park street wondering where he should cash his check. At the swinging doors of the Crown he stopped and decided that he would cash his check here.

"Care to have a drink," said the bartender.

"Well maybe it wouldn't hurt me," said Mike as he strolled over to the crowded bar. He took a drink and then he noticed his partner at the bar and yelled, "Hey you! Come over and have a drink with me, Pete."

"Sure, said Pete as he came staggering toward Mike.

They stood at the bar until the wee hours of the morning taking a drink every now and then, and then they would try their luck on the tables only to lose a few dollars of their hard earned money at every attempt to win a little.

It was three o'clock when Mike left the saloon for the "Rose Garden" to see the "girls." He finally got to the "garden," and there he started talking kind of loud. After a few minutes of yelling in the "garden" a cop came along and picked up Mike and brought him to the station.

"Ten days," said the judge at the hearing on the following morning.

Mike served his ten days and vowed that he would never again get drunk. On a Monday morning Mike got out of the can and he went straight to the mine office to see if his time was still good. But the timekeeper said, "She's in."

Feeling kind of downhearted as he heard this, Mike began to stroll toward the card office. The big shot at the card office said, "What was wrong with the place when you quit so soon?"

"The place was good but I started drinking and the shifter turned my time in," said Mike bowing his head in shame.

"Well that's O. K. Here is your card, go and rustle yourself another job."

For several weeks Mike kept this up. He worked for about a week or until the next pay day and

then he would drink for a while again. Finally one morning when he went after his rustling card, he was called into the "Kangaroo court."

Outside of the courtroom he had to wait while they kangarooed another victim. Mike was sitting close to the door and he happened to hear every word that was said during the trial in the courtroom.

"Why did you quit your last job?" demanded the manager.

"It was too damn hot and the shifter was a helluva guy," said the miner.

"Why did you quit all your other jobs?"

"Because every one of those places was so damn rotten that a man couldn't work in them," was the answer.

"You are a member of the IWW aren't you?" demanded the big shot.

"I have been for the last twelve years," said the Wobbly.

"Well get this straight; you don't have to come here for your card anymore. This company doesn't want any of you damn IWW's around. You're blacklisted! Get out!" yelled the manager.

Mike began to get kind of shaky when they called out his name but just the same he went in the courtroom. "You quit your job four times this month, didn't you?" was the first question he was asked.

"Yes," answered Mike in an unsteady voice.

"Why did you quit so often? Are you one of those IWW's that aren't satisfied with their places, too?" said the manager.

Slave's Reward

"I got drunk every pay day and the shifter would always turn my time in," answered Mike.

"Well you're all right. Here's your card. Next case," yelled the big shot. Mike went out feeling that he was damned lucky not to be a Wobbly.

The years slowly passed and Mike kept on working in the mines and going on his benders every week-end. Once in a while he would hurt himself and that would make him stay sober for a while. He began losing weight pretty fast and his face kept on getting paler as the years went by.

It was eleven years after he had come to Butte that he went to the hospital for a thorough examination. "You have the miner's consumption," said the doctor, "and I would advise you that you take it very easy the rest of your life."

Mike was sitting in an easy chair in his room with his life slowly ebbing away. He was thinking about things, chewing the cud of his memory. The day he went to the Kangaroo Court flashed before him. He remembered how the Wobbly had been blacklisted, and how lucky he had felt that he wasn't one of them. He coughed for all that the doctor had told him not to. "Damn it," he asked himself, "Who was it that was lucky that day—the fellow that got blacklisted or the fellow who didn't?"

THE STORY OF THE SANDHOG

By Harry Monkkonen

A tall, rawboned shift boss stood leaning over the railing around the mouth of the shaft, waiting for the cage to come up. When it was hauled level, the first mud-dripping miner stepped on the ground, inhaled some fresh air, and announced enthusiastically: "Did we ever make the footage!"

"How many feet this shift, Jack?"

"Plenty. Enough to beat every miner from here to the coast," proudly boasted the sandhog, wiping the sweat off his face and coughing violently.

"Wait till my crew gets down there. Watch their smoke!" replied the foreman, and sauntered over to the dryhouse.

This was my first sight of a tunnel job. I looked at the sandhogs and wondered how life was deep underground. Now, I had a chance to see, for tonight was to be my first time down the sewer. I went over to the dryhouse to get my slicker.

"All set? Well, get goin', you sewer-rats!" The gawd-all-mighty foreman was speaking.

Thirty miners came trooping out of the dryhouse, grim smiles on their lips. They wore overalls. Their legs were encased in long hip-boots that made a thudding sound as they walked towards the shaft. Their heads were helmeted with red metal hats gleaming in the spotlight that shone from the roof of the compressor house.

The men were of all races. Most of them were short and squarely built. Their teeth flashed out of the gloom of their faces as they laughed and kidded each other.

I was in the second cage. "I forgot to say good-bye to Ma," laughed one, a stout, powerful man with a merry dark face and little eyes. Another man smiled and proudly stuck out his hairy chest, "Footage—or bust!"

In a few moments the cage stopped; we had reached the bottom of the tunnel. Here the crew separated. Some went towards the east lock and others to the west lock, for the tunnel was being mined in two directions. I was to go to the east lock. The cage creaked up and down like an old oaken bucket until all the men were hauled down. We paused for a short time while the lock tender decompressed the air lock. The air chamber was fifteen feet high, fifteen feet wide, and eighteen feet long. Whew! That lock tender was decompressing the air lock in a hurry—the doctor said

twenty seconds flat, when it should have taken from three to five minutes.

"Hi gang!" he greeted us.

We piled into the air lock and closed the door.

"Everyone ready?" The tender's hoarse voice cracked, and with a quick jerk he released the air, his eyes intently watching each sandhog. And too, every sandhog was watching every other, waiting to see if his companion was fortunate enough to get through the lock. Some of the men held their noses and blew to keep their ears open while others stood there calmly and swallowed frequently. I remembered how terrified I was when the air was released.

"Better watch yerself, kid" a man close to me said. "Ef yer ears clog, maka squawk."

"Why?" I asked, blowing my nose several times.

"Vell, ya ain't goin' to get through that vay. Ef dey plug up, dey hurt."

One man next to me seemed to have that trouble. "Fer God's sake, turn the damn thing off!" he yelled.

The lock tender shut off the air valve. All eyes were focused upon the man. He held his nose and blew; he swallowed and gave a few short, violent kicks. No use. He was stuck. He shook his head at the tender who turned his valve to decrease the pressure. Some one yelled: "Git the 'ell out of here, you jelly-fish! Cream puff!" When the tank was completely decompressed again, the man walked out. A doctor was waiting for him outside to take him up to the surface and give him immediate treatment.

The door was closed again. The tender proceeded to release the air. This time all were fortunate in getting through.

On the average it took from two to three minutes to be completely compressed, if no trouble arose among the men. But due to the dampness in the lock when the men are decompressed many catch colds which cause some trouble. If a sandhog had even the slightest headcold the company forbade him to enter the air lock. The air pressure in the tunnel was approximately twelve pounds. When the pressure in the lock equaled the pressure in the tunnel, the door leading into the tunnel automatically opened.

When we reached the heading, the night crews evinced the joy of relief that their shift was at

end. They greeted us, laid down their tools, and began hustling back to the lock.

"Let's try like hell to beat the other crew's record," bellowed the shift boss.

It was pitiful to see how those scissorbills reacted to the bosses' propaganda and how they strove for greater footage than that of the crew that preceded them.

Hitting the Highball

The Walter W. Magee Construction Company had the contract, and theirs was a "highball" system. We went on shift for eight hours. There were three shifts in this tunnel. The morning shift started at 8:00 A. M., and came off at 4:00 P. M.; the night at 4:00 and off at 12:00 P. M. The shift I was on, the "graveyard shift," started at 12:00 and knocked off when the morning shift came on at 8:00. Every two weeks we changed shifts and there had to be a re-learning of all our appetites and physiological functions.

My working partner called me to come up to the heading. He was huge and strong, with great tattooed fists and arms. His bull neck supported a hard, weather-beaten face. His mass of hair was white and wild as spray. He said he was a German.

"You'll neffer make the record mit all dat standin' 'round," he told me.

It was all hustle and bustle in the heading. It was a continual round of "highball." After the miners were finished running the hammers, the muckers came in and bedlam was let loose. Everyone was running around like mad, looking out for greater production. The bosses did not have to say a word; the slaves were out for a record. All grabbed their tools, compressed air power drills, jackhammers, jacks, and shovels and began work in earnest. The miners slaved hard to break the record for the number of "plates" put on in one shift; the muckers wrenched their backs to get out more cars of muck than the previous shift.

After I had been working two weeks, the company put on a contest to see how many plates each miner could put on per shift. A month later they put the bonus system in effect. To get the bonus the workers had to mine more footage than the amount set by the company. They cared nothing about killing themselves—they were out for a bonus. They were unable to see that speed-up competition between shifts was just another way of gouging profits from their hides. They fell over each other trying to be the first done. They cared not a damn about their health. Despite the fact that there was only twelve pounds of compressed air on this job, the effects on the workers were disastrous. That seemed not to bother the slaves any, for they continued to work after they had contracted the "bends," or even after their ears had clogged. *Pain meant nothing to them but the bonus did!*

After a man had put eight hours in this badly

ventilated tunnel (hot air was all one breathed) he felt as if he had just come through a wringer. In the tunnel there was invariably a lot of dust that the sand-hog "ate." The company preferred the dry-hammer method. Every movement of the hammer, every explosion (if there were any) stirred up sand rock, and made more dust. Even the cars that ran up and down carrying muck and sand rock on very narrow tracks stirred up dust in their passage. The mucker, shovelling sand into the cars, raised clouds of dust. All this was in a confined space, and practically choked the workers.

After Shift

After the shift was over we entered the lock again and were decompressed. We shuffled out of the lock, our faces black as sinister masks, our bodies dripping sweat, and stooped in weary curves. We went to the wash-house and washed off the dirt and mud. They had a bulletin board with a chart depicting the progress made each day in the tunnels. I could see some of the apes run over to see what the other shifts had done and a look of consternation came over their faces when they saw that they did not have as many feet as the others.

Many times I had come off shift at 8:00 A. M. with a raging headache, my ears ringing, and spots dancing before my eyes. When I arrived home, my trouble started. When I sat down to breakfast (and how I love to eat) my appetite was not there. When I drank my coffee it was like sipping turpentine. The ham and eggs tasted like roots garnished with sand.

Bonus or Death?

Two months later while on shift duty, a man next to me began to cough very violently and keeled over. An emergency call was sent to the doctor. The man was taken into the lock, revived, and then decompressed and brought to the surface. No one knew what was the trouble with him. After the shift was put in, I sauntered over to the doctor's office to inquire about the man who had fainted.

"Doc, what was the matter with Joe?" I asked.

"I don't quite know as yet, Harry. He might have silicosis."

"What's that?"

"All underground workers have silicosis or miner's consumption to some degree. That is not true tuberculosis, though the symptoms are similar. It is merely an accumulation in the lung tissue of quantities of fine sand particles which have sliced through the walls of the air passages. Silicosis paves the way for, and invariably induces, true tuberculosis, sooner or later, unless the man quits his job."

"Well, can't anything be done to prevent the sand particles from entering the lungs?"

"Yes, to some extent. Some companies, Butler Brothers for instance, provide the workers

with respirators. But even these are insufficient to keep the fine dust out."

I talked with the doctor for some time. I learned some other facts regarding tunnel construction work. Men, particularly in the heading, worked in cramped positions and in very bad light. Miners' nyastagnus, a disease of the eyes, and also a trembling of the face and hands, was prevalent.

This is the life of the sandhog. The hoosiers are more than willing to meet any sort of catastrophe. They are eager to enter the tunnel and to slave for their masters. Few sandhogs have a social outlook. They are all out to beat their fellow workers and get more bonus for themselves.

What should be done?

A powerful union could easily force higher wages from the companies, and also force installation of dust-laying devices and better ventilation in the tunnels. If the miners made a powerful union of the General Construction Workers Industrial Union 310 of the IWW they could do much. High wages (miners got \$10.95 and muckers got \$7.70, but living was expensive), and abolition of contract work, would wipe out many of the evils the tunnel workers suffer.

They need a fight. At present, their first need is sound organization. The union which exists among the miners, muckers and other sewer

workers does not afford even the protection of its name to as much as five per cent of the workers. No wonder—it is the American Federation of Labor. This organization has been organizing the sewer workers in the St. Paul-Minneapolis unit. Despite their success in some instances in raising wages and shortening the hours, it has clearly proven that it has not the power to protect and preserve those wages. Is it any wonder? It is not a rank and file organization.

Here is an instance to prove that this union is not a real labor union, but an organization controlled by the bosses and the union officials. On one job in St. Paul the workers went out on strike for higher wages. In the height of the strike, when workers had shown that they had the power to win, the AF of L officials secretly signed an agreement with the contractors, settling at the company's wage scale. The union's officialdom ordered the workers to go back to work. When labor's solidarity was at its peak, it was knifed in the back by AF of L scabbery.

They need direct action. These workers can be organized into the One Big Union of the IWW. Right now they are divided by craft pride or skill. These divisions, the speed-up competitions and antagonism toward nationalities, cannot be kept alive forever. A little energetic agitating—and who knows?



A PRAYER TO LUCIFER

By Covami

God of Light Bearers, known of old,
God of the Rebels, free and bold,
Sound forth thy trumpet! Let us hear
Its silver notes ring far and clear!

In this stricken, slave-cursed world,
Let now thy thunderbolts be hurled;
In freedom's name, for truth and right,
God of my fathers, hurl the light!

Send out once more thy clarion call,
"Life to the brave! Death to the thrall!"
God of the Rebels, lead thine own,—
Behold the Bond Lord on thy throne!

Breathe on them thy mighty breath;
To mutiny stir the doomed to death;
To revolution or their graves,
God of my fathers, call his slaves!

From liberty's unconquered halls,
From out their grand and rugged walls,
In freedom's name, for truth and right,
God of the Rebels, hurl the light!

REVOLUTION WITH MUSIC

By BILL NIEMI

Every work of art, everything of beauty created by man expresses revolt, even though it be unconsciously, against the ugliness and injustice of his social system.

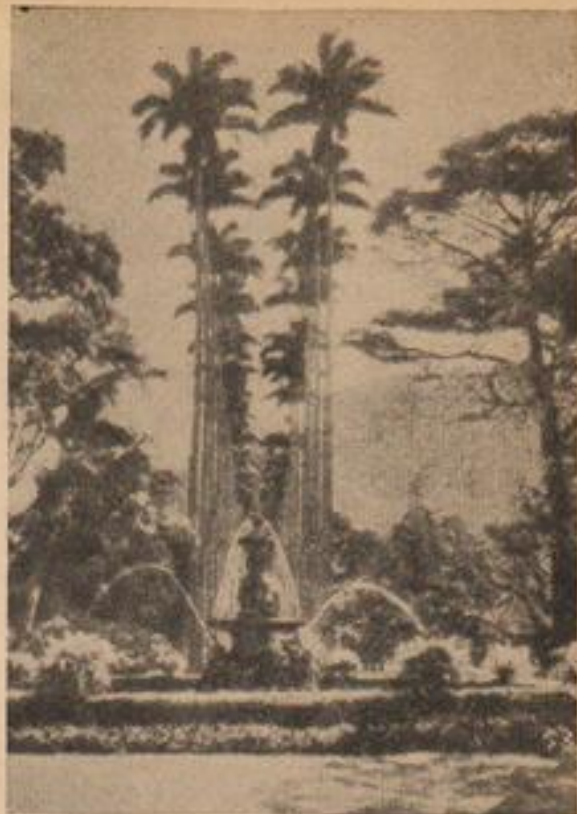
"All art is propaganda. It is universally and inescapably propaganda; sometimes unconsciously, but often deliberately, propaganda."—Upton Sinclair.

The Standard Dictionary defines propaganda, "Effort directed systematically toward the gaining of support for an opinion or course of action." Therefore, isn't all art propaganda? Certainly it is the aim of every artist to have his fellow men approve of, and support the opinion, course of action, or idea he tries to portray, in whatever manner he interprets it, be it through music, painting, poetry, or writing.

In the field of music we have had very efficient propagandists in the persons of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Wagner, Verdi, and many others. They were artists who saw injustice but were not, in many cases, free to fight against it by means other than music.

Perhaps the most famous of all music centers is Vienna. In the beginning of the nineteenth century it was a "Vienna of discreet conversations, of toned down pleasures, and grey ro-cocco palaces in which there always seemed to be dwelling a mystery," says Richard Specht in his "Beethoven, As He Lived."

It was Emperor Franz's Vienna. Franz was a tyrant who made Vienna into the gloomiest po-



lice state in the world. The spy and the informer prospered, and the narrow-minded censorships suppressed all who dared come out with the truth. The police censorship always "knew best," and drastically punished those who ventured a word against the existing order of government. Painters and writers either prostituted their art or lived in solitude, or perhaps mildly satisfied their feelings by limitedly burlesquing some of the less important events of the day. There were some who turned to music and used that as a safety valve for the inner feelings and emotions they weren't free to express otherwise, for with music they were able to express everything they felt. Deep mysteries were transferred to the staves of music paper, as were the satires and mimicries of the king's court and the political merry-go-round. Through this outlet they tried to arouse the people to demand the rights and pleasures they were entitled to but did not enjoy.

To this terrific political pressure Specht attributes Vienna's fame as a musical center. Counter-pressure against the deadening authorities led to the encouragement of music. It obviously could not be that all painters, writers, and artists that were not musicians turned to music, but those who were able to, found freedom of expression in music—and music as a whole was thus encouraged.

Those that could, heard in the works of Bach and Mozart the suppressed truth, and "had any-

body at that time had the eyes to look on Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in this way, and to realize its whole revolutionary power, its vehement call to fight for liberty and humanity, and its challenging cry of victory—he would the very next day have suffered arrest or exile."

Richard Wagner was openly a revolutionist. Wagner first tried pushing reform measures to right the wrong, but he soon recognized its obvious impossibility, and to him there seemed to be nothing left but revolution. In his book "Opera and Drama" Wagner says, "I do not consider true art possible until politics cease to exist," and he chose revolution as the course to make politics cease. However, he did not limit himself merely to his genius in writing basically revolutionary music. He became an active revolutionist and a member of secret societies. Before one of these societies Wagner delivered a fiery address which was printed as a newspaper "extra." "In it he demanded, besides general suffrage, nothing less than the complete abolishment of the aristocracy as well as of the standing army." (Finck: "Wagner and His Works"). He also took part in street fights and only by flight escaped a long prison sentence.

Needless to say, Wagner's work suffered greatly during his time. The immortal "Tannhauser" was not performed in Paris until twelve years after the time it was first offered. In Berlin, "Tannhauser" was refused for being "too epic." For "Lohengrin" he had to wait *forty-two years*.

Preparations were being made to show "Rienzi" for the King of Prussia's birthday, and when Wagner arrived to superintend rehearsals he was greeted in a lukewarm manner. The local press then began to make personal attacks and injurious insinuations. "Rienzi" was foredoomed. Certain political catchwords such as "liberty," "fraternity," and the like were censored by the management and finally the opera was postponed until a more suitable time—when the court did not attend. The opera made a tremendous hit with the miscellaneous people composing the large audience, but the popularity lasted only for the day, for no one influential enough to make the performance a "success" was present. Even the "General-Musikdirector" thought it fit to leave town just for this occasion.

Often when his works (which he had to publish himself, assisted financially by a close friend) were sent to producers they were mailed back without even being opened. On some occasions hirelings were spread throughout the audience during a Wagner opera to hoot and ridicule the performers and the opera.

And thus was his art received—art coming from the pen of a revolutionist.

* * *

When Verdi's "Rigoletto" was about to be put on, the police ordered certain phrases in the libretto to be changed and they said that the performance could not go on unless the king in the opera was changed into some other character. The King was made into a duke of a petty town and the undesired phrases were left out; the opera turned out to be a big hit.

Orsini attempted his bombing of Napoleon and wife when the rehearsals were under way on Verdi's "Gustavo III." Verdi received orders again from the police. This time he was told to adapt his music to entirely different words. At first, when he refused, a revolution nearly broke out in Naples. People were parading the streets and gathering under Verdi's window shouting "Viva Verdi!" (Italians take opera as much to heart as Americans take baseball). Finally he was persuaded to rewrite the libretto, and he rechristened it "Masked Ball." As a result this turned out to be one of his greatest successes.

* * *

These few instances summarized here serve to give some idea of the part the great masters of music have played in trying to rouse the masses into fighting injustice. Surely their work was nothing but propaganda, and undoubtedly other composers of that period tried to pervert the truth by glorifying and immortalizing the rulers so that the people would look upon them with awe. Ironically enough, the works of Beethoven and Wagner reached the class of people against whom these artists produced their propaganda more than the class they sought to arouse. People of the latter class sacrificed a great deal when they climbed into the "garlic gallery" to enjoy the more profound work of artists. Because of economic conditions, their work could not possibly reach the great masses as did the songs composed to divert the minds of the people from the truth, songs written to stir the emotions of the people and make them cry for battle, songs justifying conquest and wars where millions were killed, but out of which only a few, not "over there," profited by.

"It was Napoleon who said that if he could write a country's songs he would not care who wrote its laws."

Still, artists like Beethoven and Wagner worked under tremendous pressure, and if they did not succeed in overthrowing their oppressors, they at least produced unsurpassed works of art in the attempts.

They also, with music, tried to "Fan The Flames Of Discontent."



Mary Marcy on the CIO

The late Mary Marcy, one of the foremost of American economists, must have had visions of the CIO in her early days, for in the Industrial Union Bulletin of November 16, 1907, she has a little poem, entitled "OUR LEADER."

There was a College Graduate
Who had a Noble Brow;
We thought that he knew Everything,
Was It!
It!
It!

He said that if he hadn't come
To teach the workers HOW
We never should have progressed
A little BIT!
Bit!
Bit!

He volunteered to LEAD us
And he handed him the job.
He wanted so to Help
The Cause ALONG!
Along!
Long!

And he wrote a little booklet
And sold it to the Mob,
And showed us where "the Plutocrats
Were Wrong!"
Wrong!
Wrong!

And so our Leader pondered
With proud and thoughtful mien
Devising ways and thinking out
A PLAN!
Plan!
Plan!

No lines were writ so closely
That he couldn't read BETWEEN
As a really, truly, GENIUS
Always CAN!
Can!
Can!

One day he went a-walking
In his absent-minded way,
A-thinking of a speech he had
In VIEW!
View!
View!

On a lonely railroad crossing
'Twas a passing freight, they say
That cut his Massive Cerebellum
Right in TWO!
Two!
Two!

I thought the sun would darken
And daylight turn to Night
And I didn't hope for Pay Day
Any More,
More!
More!

But we found we didn't need him
To Sit and Boss the Fight,
And our Wages were nine-fifty
As Before,
Fore!
Fore!

The Wheels kept on revolving
And the Factory Whistle blew,
And our Stomachs forced us ever
In the Game!
Game!
Game!

The sun is really shining,
And it's quite a comfort too,
With the Struggle going onward
Just the Same!
Same!
Same!



★

Book Reviews

★

THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS

By C. C. FURNAS

Reynal and Hitchcock—\$3.00

"The Next Hundred Years" by C. C. Furnas is not only an interesting story on science's work in the past, and its "unfinished business," but an achievement in literary humor as well. Furnas is a professor of chemical engineering at the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University. He is an experienced technician, and one possessed of a social outlook. He sees the advantages as well as the disadvantages of a machine civilization, and is much concerned, in the way professors sometimes get concerned, with what man will do with his leisure in a new society.

"The replacement of men by machines has only begun. I am all for the machine, and I am certain that eventually it will reach its fullest possible development, that the mountainous social problems will be solved and that the world will be an infinitely more satisfactory place in which to live because of it. We are a long way from that now and are progressing with disgusting slowness. We have never learned to synchronize the purpose of our lives with the purpose of the machines. The purpose of the machines, if they have any, is to do more things and to do them more quickly than would be possible without them, but they are merely used to make more money or as weapons to beat the other fellow. The problem is one of adjustment. It is one of the Things Undone; one of the Big Things to do," writes Furnas.

And in writing of eugenics, he notes pointedly, "competent investigators estimate that it takes at least 30 generations to establish a true-breeding strain of definite characteristics in anything as complicated as animals. If we go back 30 generations we are looking into the Crusades. Were Peter the Hermit, Walter the Penniless, Somebody the Shirtless, who were the acknowledged leaders of that time, competent to predict the type of men needed in the twentieth century? Perhaps they would have done better than chance has done, but I have a feeling that if they had had eugenic

authority we would now have more Billy Sundays in our midst than we could absorb."

Furnas may not be as daring as Veblen in his conclusions but he has the edge on Veblen for humor. But Furnas' work is full of revolutionary implications, make no mistake about that. He has been the champion of the two-hour working day or the twelve hour week for several years now, and advances some sound arguments for its possible realization, even though he laughs while he argues.—Trochet.

PROLETARIAN JOURNEY

By FRED E. BEAL

Hillman-Curl—\$2.50

Far too many books there are extolling Russian Five Year Plans that get completed in three years, and it is refreshing to come upon a tome that fearlessly informs us that all is not rosy in Russia. "Proletarian Journey" is just such a refreshingly informative book. It is the autobiography of Fred E. Beal, erstwhile Communist, who first came into prominence in the labor movement as a publicity writer during the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. In the spring of 1929 Beal was thrust more prominently into view by his activity in the textile strike that took place in the little mill town of Gastonia in North Carolina.

Beal and six others were arrested, tried and sentenced for the death of Police Chief Aderholt who died in his attempt to rout pickets from their tent colony. The decision of the court was appealed on the grounds that the seven convicted were sentenced to serve from seventeen to twenty years not because of the crime it was alleged they committed, but because of the radical reputations they were said to bear.

While out on bond pending decision on the appeal, Beal and his colleagues skipped off to Russia where they thought their radical reputations would place them in good stead.

After four years in Russia, Beal returned to the United States to write criticisms he couldn't utter in Stalinland where free speech and open

forums are as scarce as baby teeth in the oral cavity of an octogenarian. His writing brought threats from the Communist Party of America, a body whom he feared more than the police who were sniffing his trail.

"Proletarian Journey" is a good cathartic for those radicals who still suffer from mental indigestion caused by a monotonous diet of Leninist-Stalinist-Trotskyist theory regarding the "dictatorship of the proletariat." It will rob them of their illusion that the state will "wither away" once it comes under the domination of such a dictatorship. It will show them plainly enough that Stalin's regime belongs unequivocally in the category of other totalitarian dictatorships that are not disguised with socialistic labels.

It is not difficult to understand why workers who have wrought a revolution in a technologically

backward country must sacrifice their desires for a higher standard of living in order to lay aside surpluses needed to create greater productive capacity, but what is difficult to appreciate is that in a country arrogating to itself the labels of socialism, the workers have so little to say about what they shall produce and how they shall live, even after they have achieved an industrial productive capacity that rivals the world. Social control of the means to produce is a farce in Russia, if it is not a lie.

Such studies of Russia as "Proletarian Journey," however subjective, offer a warning to American workers that the road to economic freedom is not through the treacherous and soggy cow-paths of the "dictatorship of the proletariat," but along the broad highways of rank and file industrial unionism.—Trochet.



THE GANDY DANCERS

By GRAHAM ROBINSON

Two ragged individuals walked into an employment shark's office. Outside banners announced that good jobs could be had if you had the cash. Groups of idle men were standing on the sidewalk talking about how bad conditions were.

"Yes, sir, would you boys like to ship out on an extra gang?" asked a heavy-set man behind the counter. "It's a steady job and the fare is free."

The two men each plunked down a silver dollar at the request of the shark, and without any further questions signed their names in a book. They were each handed a ticket and told to be at the depot at 7 o'clock that evening.

"I just got to get a job of some kind, Slim," said Joe as he tightened up his belt another notch. "I can't keep the wrinkles out of my stomach on coffee an'."

When they arrived at the depot they found a motley array of men loaded down with packsacks, bedrolls, and bags. They were herded into a passenger coach and were soon off on their journey.

Early in the morning the train came to a halt, and the conductor hollered "All out!" They were met by a bullock who had directed them over to the camp which consisted of a string of boxcars

with doors and windows. After running around and waking up all the men in camp, they finally found the empty bunks and were soon asleep.

They were awakened in a few hours by the clanging of iron, and everybody got up for breakfast. Soon a large bunch of men were lining up in front of the dining cars. When the gong rang there was a scramble to get in at the chuck. The men were grabbing right and left and hollering at the flunkies for more chuck. Nothing was left for those who came in late to eat. The flunkies were nearly running their legs off to satisfy the hungry men.

After breakfast the foreman blew a whistle and all the men climbed on the speeder. After a ride of a few miles they arrived at the place for work. Immediately there was a rush to grab the smallest shovels.

During the morning the new men were so anxious to be at work again that they did not notice the boss continually looking down their necks and telling them to hurry up. He was probably thinking of the bonus he would get for doing the most work.

When the day's work was over the men spent

their evening loafing around the bunk cars. Two ganders were talking:

"Well I guess that fellow that slept in the top bunk had his stake made. He left for town this morning. Shorty, the fellow that slept underneath him blew his top on the job this afternoon and walked in from the job."

"Well Joe, this outfit is sure haywire."

"I'll say it is. They get you on the job half an hour early, and bring you home half an hour late, so that they will be sure that you do a good day's work."

"This rotten chuck has put my stomach on the bum. The hotcakes are like sweatpads, and the beef is like shoelather. To make milk they put one can of milk into five gallons of water."

"Well Slim, you can't expect much from jungle cooks who have to cook in a kitchen that looks more like a blacksmith's shop."

"Say, Joe, do you know that the company takes about half of our paycheck. This bunk car is too crowded, and the blankets are all lousy and ragged. Is it any wonder that these guys blow their money in for booze when they go to town?"

"Well Slim, I know this outfit is haywire, but I'm only going to stay here for a few days, just

long enough to make a ten dollar bill. I guess it will take me nine days to make that. Then I'll go to town and get a good job, I wouldn't be out here, only I blew my last stake in with the bartender and the Chinaman, and I forgot to buy myself some new clothes."

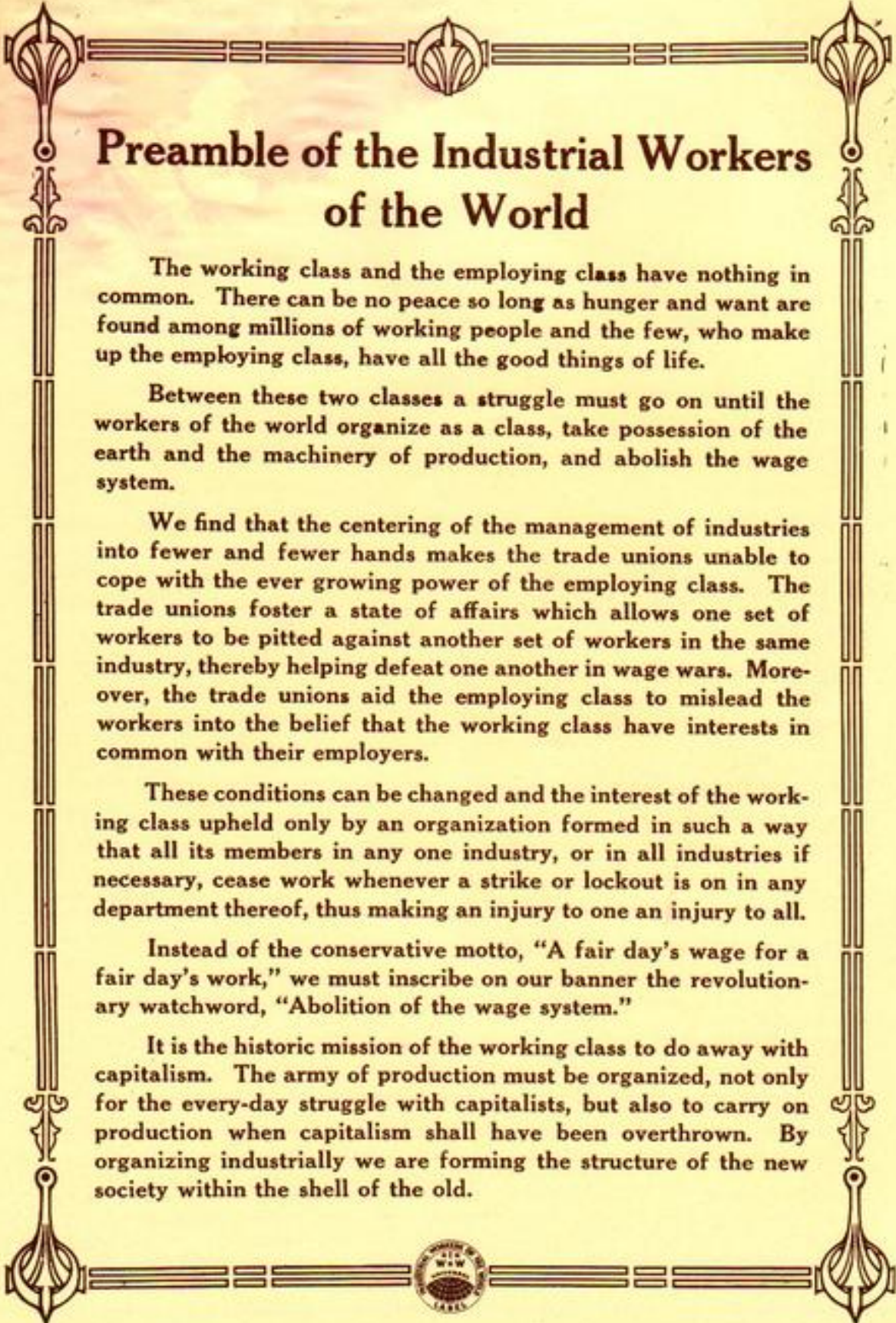
"Yes, that's why this outfit is no good. You fellows come out here and complain about the conditions to the man next to you but when the boss comes around you keep quiet. Then you quit and say that you are never going to come back to one of these gandy outfits again. Quitting a job does not make it any better. The only thing to do is to stick to the job and organize."

"Well, Slim, some of those I.W.W.'s were around here last week, and they tried to organize the men, but I told them that they were not strong enough, and that they couldn't organize these hoosiers. But they got my sympathy, and if they get strong enough, I think I'll join them."

"Well, Joe, I think the only thing to do is to join now, don't you think so?"

"You had better blow out the light and let's hit the hay, we got a hard day's work ahead of us tomorrow."





Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



"Save the Light!"



Workers' Education

is a light that Plutocracy would be glad to blow out. We are exploited only because we are enslaved. We endure slavery only because of the docility bred of ignorance.

Mr. Plutocrat has every reason to look at the feeble flicker of working class education, and say: "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

It is the mission of Work Peoples College to make the working class more dangerous. This issue of the One Big Union Monthly has been prepared by the students of this school, and the reader may judge for himself to what extent the school has succeeded in its purpose.

This summer there will be the usual four weeks course for boys and girls. Send yours for a splendid vacation that will leave them with a better understanding of revolutionary industrial unionism. From December to April next winter there will be the usual opportunity for workers to study economics, sociology, history of the labor movement, and various other subjects that will make them more useful in spreading the light of working class education. Terms will probably be \$30 per month for room, board and tuition. Write for further information to Box 39, Morgan Park Station, Duluth, Minn.