

Preface

"We have been naught, we shall be all," sang the delegates to the founding convention of the Industrial Workers of the World in Chicago in 1905. The socialists, anarchists, trade unionists, and revolutionaries who met to lay the groundwork for One Big Union formed one of the first social movements in this country to develop an extensive literature and lore all its own. The Wobblies sang their songs of savage mockery and sardonic humor. They laughed grimly at the evils of the world. They used their songs, poems, stories, anecdotes, skits, language, and visual symbolism to transmit their own values within the structure of a society they wished to change.

Combining elements of Marxian and Darwinian thought, the I.W.W. ideology envisaged a utopian society consisting of one big industrial union which would abolish capitalism and the wage system and create a social order in which all good things of life would be meted out to workers with complete justice. "The I.W.W. was a fighting faith," wrote Wallace Stegner in the preface to his novel *The Preacher and the Slave* (Boston, 1950). "Its members were the shock troops of labor. . . . It existed for the prime purpose of making the first breaches in the resistance of entrenched industry so that later organizations could widen and deepen them."

Yet, as Stegner also pointed out, "no thoroughly adequate history of the I.W.W. exists. The stand-

ard histories are factual and doctrinal summaries, valuable for the record of the I.W.W.'s organization and activities . . . but lacking in the kind of poetic understanding which should invest any history of a militant church."

This anthology is an attempt to bring together the history of the I.W.W. as told by the Wobblies themselves. It is a story of their strikes, free-speech fights, trials, and riots, of militancy and martyrdom, of sacrifices and suppression, of epic struggles for a One Big Union and a Cooperative Commonwealth which would be free of class and nationality distinctions.

The I.W.W. message was spread through tracts and pamphlets, newspapers, and magazines, and thousands of copies of the "little red songbook"—started by the Wobblies about 1909. In 1920 historian Paul F. Brissenden listed close to sixty official and semiofficial I.W.W. periodicals which had been published by that date. Many of them were in foreign languages—Swedish, Finnish, Hungarian, Lithuanian, Russian, Flemish, Yiddish, Italian, and Spanish—published in American cities to meet the needs of the ethnic groups whose members carried Wobbly red membership cards. One of the newspapers was published in London, another in Australia, another in South Africa—countries where I.W.W. branches had been started by sailors and marine transport workers who spread the O.B.U. message to other lands.

Through the dedicated efforts of Jo Labadie and Miss Agnes Inglis, many of the I.W.W. newspapers, pamphlets, and songbooks have been collected in the Labadie Collection of Labor Materials in the University of Michigan Library. In 1911 Charles Joseph Antoine Labadie, of French and American-Indian descent, gave the University of Michigan a remarkable accumulation of pamphlets, periodicals, leaflets, and other material dealing chiefly with anarchism but including information on labor unions and various economic and political reform movements. Labadie, whose great great grandfather was a Potawatomie chief and whose father for many years served as interpreter for the Jesuits among the Indian tribes of Michigan and Indiana, was then sixty-one. He had been a printer, editor, and publisher, an early organizer for the Knights of Labor, and Greenback-Labor Party candidate for mayor of Detroit. He was one of the original founders of the Detroit Council of Trades, helped to form the Michigan Federation of Labor, and served two terms as its president. Drawn to anarchism in the 1880's, he became known throughout Michigan as "the gentle anarchist," about whom R. C. Stewart, a University of Michigan librarian, wrote: "He was first and foremost a good neighbor, a humanitarian, who despised man's cruelty to man and fought it with such moral and intellectual resources as he had in his keeping" (*Michigan Alumnus Quarterly Review*, May 10, 1947).

In 1917 Miss Agnes Inglis, who was born in Detroit in 1870 of wealthy and socially prominent parents, learned that the Labadie Collection was lying in boxes in the University of Michigan Library. Although she was not a trained librarian, Miss Inglis, who had worked at Chicago's Hull House and Detroit's Franklin Settlement, volunteered to put the collection in order. Over the years Miss Inglis added to the scope and value of the collection, acquiring many rare historic items through her extensive correspondence with individuals and institutions around the world.

The material for this anthology was taken from over twenty I.W.W. and socialist periodicals in the Labadie Collection, as well as from the files of clippings, scrapbooks, songbooks, and boxes of

pamphlet materials. Although the I.W.W. organized among many trades in the United States and abroad, the material in this book focuses on four groups of I.W.W. members: textile, agriculture, lumber, and mining workers who were active in different geographic areas of this country. All of the items are by I.W.W. members or by writers whose work was published in the I.W.W. press.

Finding biographical material about the writers has been an extremely difficult task, and many of them remain unknown except for the names with which they signed their songs, poems, stories, and articles. For most Wobblies, the Movement was more important than the record of the lives of individual members. Also, as Nels Anderson pointed out in *The Hobo* (Chicago, 1923), most migratory workers made a point of not inquiring into the background and past life of a new acquaintance or associate. This cult of anonymity extended to the manner in which many Wobblies signed their contributions to the I.W.W. press: "J.H.B., The Rambler," "Card No. 34528," "Denver Dan," "Red," or simply, "A Wob." When I asked Ben Williams, the first editor of the I.W.W. newspaper *Solidarity* about I.W.W.-poet August Wahlquist, whom he had met several times, Williams could describe Wahlquist only as "a big Swede" who frequently dropped into the I.W.W. editorial office in Cleveland about 1913, helped address and mail out copies of *Solidarity* during his visits, and rolled out his bedding at night in the small back room.

It is hoped that this collection will be a starting point for additional research into the literature and lore of the I.W.W. that will explore its impact on American society. In addition, I hope that it may serve as a long overdue tribute to Jo Labadie and Agnes Inglis, as well as attract additional materials of interest and importance to labor history archives that have been started at several universities in different areas of the country.

I owe a debt of gratitude to many persons in many cities who have helped with this anthology. My thanks go also to the many librarians who helped at various stages of research: Edward Weber and Miss Marjorie Putnam in the Labadie Collection, Mrs. Louise Heinze at the Tamiment Institute Library in New York City, Mrs. Hazel

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I owe a great debt of appreciation to several persons who read the manuscript and made knowledgeable and insightful suggestions: Dr. Sidney Fine of the University of Michigan, my Washington friends Henry Fleisher and Henry Zon, Carl Keller, the present editor of the I.W.W. *Industrial Worker*, and Fred Thompson, author of *The I.W.W.: Its First Fifty Years* (Chicago, 1955).

My debt to folklorist Archie Green cannot be measured. Professor Green generously shared with me many items from his own collection, suggested material that I might otherwise have overlooked, put me in contact with many persons who were of help in providing information, patiently read the manuscript, and made many valuable suggestions. His work with me has made a major contribution to this book. My thanks go also to Page Stegner, who permitted me to quote from his unpublished manuscript, "Protest Songs of the Butte Mines," to Peter Stone, Richard Brazier, Ben and Rose Williams, Carlos Cortez, Chuck Doehrer, Ted Frazier, John Forbes, Aino Thompson, Herb Edwards, Phyllis Collier, and Olga Winstead Peters,

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I am especially grateful to *School Arts* magazine for permission to reprint "Modern Hieroglyphics," to Mr. Alex Hillman for permission to reprint the section from Fred Beal's *A Proletarian's Journey* (New York: Hillman-Curl, 1937), to E. Clemente Publishers for permission to reprint the poems by Arturo Giovannitti from *The Collected Poems of Arturo Giovannitti* (Chicago: E. Clemente, 1962), and to the editors of *Western Folklore* for permission to reprint the version of "Fifty Thousand Lumberjacks" which appeared in *California Folklore Quarterly*, I (1942).

A very special debt of gratitude goes to my husband, Hy Kornbluh, and our own three rebels, Peter, Jane, and Kathe, whose intense interest, encouragement, and enthusiasm made this book very much a part of our family life during the past two years.

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The Industrial Workers is organized not to conciliate but to fight the capitalist class. . . . The capitalists own the tools they do not use, and the workers use the tools they do not own.

EUGENE V. DEBS

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Chapter 1

One Big Union: The Philosophy of Industrial Unionism

At 10 A.M. on June 27, 1905, William D. Haywood, then secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, walked to the front of Brand's Hall in Chicago, picked up a piece of loose board and hammered on the table to silence the whispers in the crowded room.

"Fellow Workers," he said to the delegates and spectators in the room, "This is the Continental Congress of the Working Class. We are here to confederate the workers of this country into a working-class movement in possession of the economic powers, the means of life, in control of the machinery of production and distribution without regard to capitalist masters."¹

In the audience were nearly 200 delegates from thirty-four state, district, and national organizations—socialists, anarchists, radical miners, and revolutionary industrial unionists. They were united in opposition to what they called "the American Separation of Labor's" craft unionism, conservative leadership, and nonclass-conscious policies, and by their desire to establish an industrial labor organization that would ultimately overthrow the capitalist system and create a "co-operative commonwealth" of workers.

On the speakers' platform were Eugene Debs, leader of the American Socialist Party, Haywood, and Mother Mary Jones, a little lady of seventy-five with curly white hair and gray eyes, who had been a labor agitator for almost half a century. Other well-known delegates were Daniel De Leon, the sharp-tongued, erudite leader of the Socialist

Labor Party; A. M. Simons, editor of the *International Socialist Review*; Charles O. Sherman, general secretary of the United Metal Workers; William E. Trautmann, editor of the United Brewery Workers' German-language newspaper; Father Thomas J. Hagerty, a tall, black-bearded Catholic priest who edited the American Labor Union's *Voice of Labor*; and Lucy Parsons, widow of one of the anarchists condemned to death following the 1886 Chicago Haymarket riot.

Rapidly expanding machine technology, the growth of large-scale corporate enterprise, and the class-war character of many industrial struggles west of the Mississippi had led to several previous attempts to organize workers into industrial unions and to oppose the conservative orientation of the American Federation of Labor. Shaken by crushing strikes in Colorado and Idaho, leaders of the Western Federation of Miners which broke from the A.F.L. in 1897, formed first the Western Labor Union, then the American Labor Union to strengthen their organization and broaden their base of support.

Late in 1904, W.F.M. leaders initiated a meeting in Chicago of six radical spokesmen to consider plans for a new national revolutionary union. They invited thirty prominent socialists and labor radicals to meet for a secret conference in the same city on January 2, 1905. The invitation expressed hope that the working classes if correctly organized on both political and industrial lines were capable of successfully operating the country's industries.²

The January Conference, as it came to be known, was held for three days in a hall on Lake Street often used by the Chicago anarchists. Most of those invited were present. They drafted a manifesto, an analysis of industrial and social relations from the revolutionary viewpoint, which spelled out labor's grievances, criticized existing craft unions for creating a skilled aristocracy, and suggested "one big industrial union" embracing all industries" and "founded on the class struggle."³

Printed in great quantities, the Industrial Union Manifesto was sent around the country. All workers who agreed with the document's principles were invited to attend a convention in Chicago's Brand's Hall on June 27, 1905, to found a new, revolutionary working-class organization.

The Western Federation of Miners was the most important organization represented in this founding convention. Others were the Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance; the American Metal Workers Industrial Union; and a few former A.F.L. locals. Individuals came from the Socialist Labor Party and Socialist Party.

"Big Bill" Haywood, chairing the sessions, a massive, stoop-shouldered man, had been a cowboy, homesteader, and miner. Blinded in one eye in a mine accident, Big Bill left the Silver City, Utah, mines at the turn of the century to become an organizer for the Western Federation of Miners and the Socialist Party. He was, as historian Foster Rhea Dulles has phrased it, "a powerful and aggressive embodiment of the frontier spirit." From the start of the convention Haywood expressed his interest in organizing the forgotten unskilled workers, those without votes and without unions.

"I do not care a snap of my fingers whether or not the skilled workers join the industrial movement at this time," Haywood shouted at the meeting. "We are going down into the gutter to get at the mass of workers and bring them up to a decent plane of living."⁴

Speaker after speaker rose to elaborate the theme that since machinery was rapidly eliminating the craftsman's skill, it was necessary to organize workers made unskilled by advancing technology into integrated industrial unions paralleling the integrated structure of modern industry. This was vital to wage effective war on the great combinations of capital. To the philosophy of industrial unionism, an essentially American contribution to labor theory and practice, the I.W.W. added a

new concept: that industrial unions would become the basis for a new social order.

For ten days the delegates debated issues and voted on resolutions and a constitution. Although they were united in opposition to capitalism and craft unionism, they were divided as to the tactics of bringing about an end to capitalism and the wage system.

Secretary to the constitution committee was Father Thomas J. Hagerty, a Catholic priest from New Mexico who had been converted to Marxism even before his ordination in 1892. Suspended by his archbishop for urging Telluride miners to revolt during his tour of Colorado mining camps in 1903, his formal association with the church ended at this time, although he insisted that he was still a priest in good standing. Hagerty, who helped frame the Industrial Union Manifesto and composed the chart of industrial organization ("Father Hagerty's Wheel"), is also credited with authoring the famous Preamble to the I.W.W. constitution with its provocative opening sentence, "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common."⁵

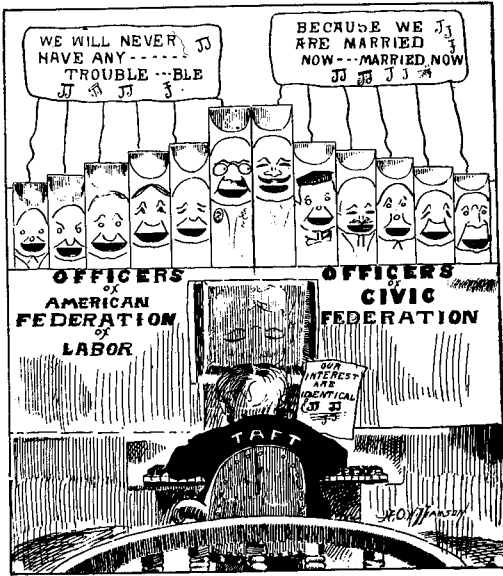
For much of the convention, debate focused on the political clause of the Preamble whose second paragraph, as presented by the constitution committee, read: "Between these two classes [capital and labor] a struggle must go on until all the toilers come together on the political as well as the industrial field, and take and hold that which they produce by their labor through an economic organization of the working class without affiliation with any political party."

For the most part, the western delegates were against "political action at the capitalist ballot box"; as itinerant workers, many had never voted in a public election. In addition to their antagonism to all types of politicians, they feared that the Socialist Labor Party and the Socialist Party would dominate the new organization and ultimately use the I.W.W. as a political adjunct.

Daniel De Leon, making the longest speech in favor of the political clause, argued that political action was "a civilized means of seeking progress." He emphasized the Marxist position that "every class struggle is a political struggle." It was necessary, however, he stated, "to gather behind that ballot, behind that united political movement, the Might which alone is able, when necessary, 'to take hold.'"⁶

When the political clause came to a vote, it was

The Employers' Pipe Organ



Solidarity, November 5, 1910.

sustained by a sizeable majority, yet the controversy over direct vs. political action led to major cleavages in the I.W.W. which came to a head three years later at the 1908 convention.

The constitution and resolutions passed during the first convention attempted to link the immediate struggles of workers with a class-conscious, revolutionary aim. Any wage earner could be a member of the new organization regardless of occupation, race, creed, or sex. To the I.W.W. it "did not make a bit of difference if he is a Negro or a white man . . . an American or a foreigner."⁷ An immigrant with a paid-up union card in his own country was eligible for immediate membership. Initiation fees and dues were set very low.

Labor-management contracts were viewed as an interference with labor's only weapon—the strike. Contracts were also rejected because they hampered workers from declaring strikes at the most critical times for employers. The "social general strike" was recommended as the most effective weapon to overthrow the capitalist system, and May 1 adopted as the Labor Day of the new organization. Militarism was condemned, and membership could be denied anyone who joined the state militia or police.

The constitution provided that the structure of the I.W.W. would prepare for the eventual establishment of the trade-union state. Thirteen centrally administered industrial departments composed of unions of closely related industries were proposed. In this way, when the "one big strike" was called, and won, the I.W.W. would have control of each of the major industries of the country. Socialism would be established through action by workers at the point of production, and thus, "the army of production [would] be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown."⁸

An I.W.W. poet was to make this philosophy enduring with his famous stanza from the labor hymn, "Solidarity Forever":

In our hands is placed a power greater than
their hoarded gold;
Greater than the might of armies magnified a
thousand fold.
We can bring to birth a new world from the
ashes of the old,
For the Union makes us strong.⁹

Less than six months after the first I.W.W. convention Frank Steunenberg, the anti-union, ex-governor of Idaho, was killed by a bomb as he opened the gate to his house during the Christmas holidays. Within a few days after Steunenberg's murder, police arrested a man who called himself Harry Orchard (born Albert E. Horsley) and turned him over to James McParland, head of the Denver Pinkerton Agency and a "consultant" to the Colorado Mine Owners' Association. Orchard confessed to the murder, as well as twenty-six other crimes which he claimed had been plotted by a radical "inner circle" of the Western Federation of Miners. Several weeks later, Idaho officials without warrants, seized Charles Moyer, W.F.M. president; Bill Haywood, W.F.M. secretary; and George Pettibone, a blacklisted miner turned small businessman. The men, arrested individually at night, were taken by a special railroad car to Boise, Idaho, charged with the murder of Steunenberg, and put in the death cells of the federal penitentiary.

The Haywood-Moyer-Pettibone case outraged the I.W.W., other labor organizations, and the labor and radical press. Frantic activity focused on raising thousands of dollars to defend the prison-

ers. Rallies in large cities netted enough money to engage Clarence Darrow and other prominent attorneys. Agitation in labor and radical newspapers resulted in improved treatment for the prisoners, including their transfer to cells in the county jail.

Fifteen months after his arrest, the trial of Haywood began in Boise on May 9, 1907. Defense lawyer Darrow was matched against prosecuting attorney William Borah, the Idaho attorney who was later to become a powerful senator from that state. In a brilliant courtroom performance, Darrow exposed Harry Orchard as a perjurer, produced witnesses to contradict his statements, and charged that McParland of the Pinkerton Agency had deliberately "fixed" Orchard's confession to throw blame for the murder on the W.F.M. The jury found Haywood, the first to be tried, not guilty. Moyer and Pettibone were later acquitted and released. Orchard was sentenced to be hanged, with a recommendation for clemency.

Haywood left Idaho a popular hero. Turning down lucrative offers from theater managers to lecture about his prison experiences, he toured the large cities, preaching the gospel of industrial unionism to hundreds of thousands of workers.

However, despite the emergence of Haywood as a national labor figure, the Idaho trial was a paralyzing blow to the newly organized I.W.W., which had invested tremendous funds and energy in contributing to the defense. Ideological factionalism and personality disputes split the new organization in the tense first years of its

existence. Dissension developed almost immediately between the members who favored the tactics of direct economic action and those who advocated political action. Describing his views, direct-actionist Vincent St. John wrote:

The first year was one of internal struggle for control by these different elements. The two camps of socialist politicians looked upon the I.W.W. only as a battleground on which to settle their respective merits and demerits. The labor fakirs strove to fasten themselves upon the organization that they might continue to exist if the new union was a success.¹⁰

Quarrels erupted in a chaotic 1906 convention held while Haywood and Moyer were in prison. The "wage slave delegates" led by Daniel De Leon, William Trautmann, and Vincent St. John opposed the "conservative" faction, which included I.W.W. president Charles Sherman and most of the delegates from the Western Federation of Miners. In the process Sherman was charged with misdirected use of funds, removed from office, and the office of president was abolished. W.F.M. delegates bolted the convention and control of the organization remained with the "revolutionists."¹¹

At their 1907 convention, the Western Federation of Miners voted overwhelmingly to withdraw from the I.W.W., whose revolutionary views had tinged the national newspaper publicity of the Idaho trials. Growing increasingly more conservative, the miners' federation was to rejoin the

Masthead of Solidarity—letters are formed from tools.

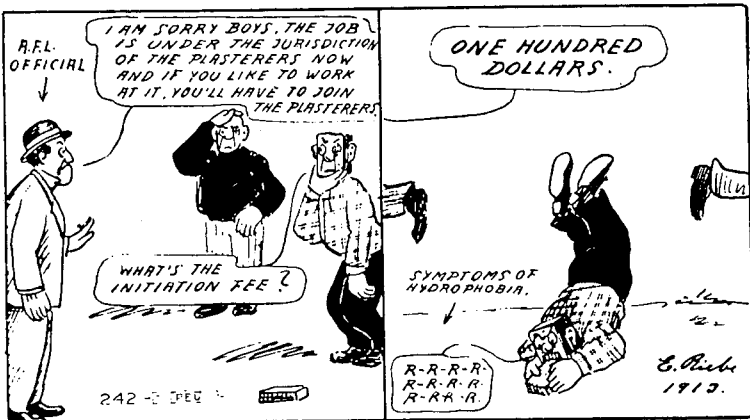
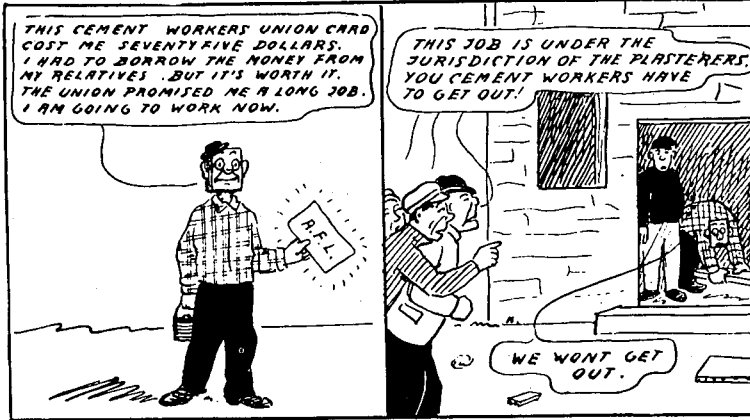
ONE BIG UNION NOW AND FOREVER. IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT OF THE SOCIAL MAELSTROM OF THE WAGE SYSTEM

VOLUME FOUR No. 8 WHOLE No. 164 NEW CASTLE, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1913. SIX MONTHS, 50 CENTS. \$1.00 PER YEAR

IN HFKIMER JAIL P. R. SECTION MEN STRIKE ROSS KILLS STRIKER

Mr. Block

He Learns Something About Craft Jurisdiction



A.F.L. four years later. Meanwhile, it fired Bill Haywood who had been going around the country agitating for class solidarity, militant direct action, and a new social order. Vincent St. John, a W.F.M. executive board member, stayed with the I.W.W. in spite of the withdrawal of the miners' federation. The stage was set for the final clash between the direct and political actionists.

Despite organizational schisms, across the country from Tacoma, Washington, to Skowhegan, Maine, the message of "One Big Union" stimulated strikes among loggers, miners, smeltermen, window washers, paper makers, silk workers, and streetcar men. Wobblies staged the first sitdown strike in America at the Schenectady, New York, plant of the General Electric Company in December 1906. In the frontier town of Goldfield, Nevada, where Vincent St. John had been a zealous organizer, an I.W.W. strike won a minimum of \$4.50 a day for most of the cooks, waiters, and bartenders. In Portland, Oregon, the I.W.W. helped win a nine-hour day and a wage increase for sawmill workers and dramatized itself as a new force on the industrial scene of the Pacific Northwest.

Led by Jack Walsh, a former Socialist Party soapboxer, some twenty of these vigorous Westerners—loggers, sawmill workers, and seasonal harvest hands—beat their way across country to Chicago, to attend the 1908 I.W.W. convention. Traveling in freight cars, and camping in hobo jungles, these men, who were dressed in denim overalls, black shirts, and red bandanna neckerchiefs, held I.W.W. propaganda meetings along the way, selling I.W.W. pamphlets and song cards to finance their expenses.

In Chicago members of the "Overalls Brigade" numbered about twenty of the twenty-six delegates in a convention whose delegate strength was reduced because of membership splits and the 1907 financial depression. De Leon was offended by their lack of sophistication and little knowledge of socialist theory. He dubbed them the "rabble" and the "bummery" because of their singing of "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" at convention sessions and accused them of trying to make the I.W.W. a "purely physical force body." "Most of them," he noted soon after the convention, "slept on the benches on the Lake Front and received from Walsh a daily stipend of 30 cents. This element lined the walls of the convention."¹²

In turn, the Westerners joined Trautmann and St. John in ousting De Leon from the convention

on the parliamentary technicality that he was a delegate to the convention from a union other than his own. De Leon and his followers withdrew to set up a rival I.W.W. with headquarters in Detroit, which became a propaganda arm of the Socialist Labor Party. In 1915 it changed its name to the Workers International Industrial Union and was finally dissolved in 1925. As editor of the S.L.P. newspaper, *The Weekly People*, De Leon continued until his death in 1914 to attack the anarcho-syndicalists, "labor-fakers," craft unionism, and Samuel Gompers.

One of the first actions of the 1908 convention delegates after De Leon's ouster struck out all reference to political activity from the Preamble. Detached from both the Socialist Party and Socialist Labor Party influence, the pragmatic Westerners helped in the next few years to shape the fundamental long-range policies of the I.W.W. The goal was industrial democracy in a worker-controlled, cooperative commonwealth. The basic tactic to achieve it would be the weakening of the capitalist system through "action at the point of production" which would form "the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."¹³ The vehicle would be the One Big Union which, when strong enough, would carry through a general strike of all workers in industry to abolish the wage system, take over the means of production, and establish the new social order.

"We have been naught, we shall be all," sang the delegates to the 1905 founding convention.¹⁴ Inspired by the social idealism of the Manifesto and Preamble and the militant spirit of the Western rank-and-filers, the radical documents, slogans, songs, and poems by Wobblies in the years to come reflected the antiauthoritarian, anarchistic thrust set in that epochal 1908 convention.

They have taken untold millions that they never
toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a single
wheel could turn;
We can break their haughty power, gain our
freedom when we learn—
That the Union makes us strong.¹⁵

A NOTE ON SOURCE CITATION

The source cited in the note to each selection is the earliest date I have found the item in print in an I.W.W. publication. Many of the items were

frequently reprinted in the I.W.W. press and a large number of the songs have been included in other editions of the I.W.W. songbook after their first appearance. The latest edition of the I.W.W. songbook is the twenty-ninth. It was issued in 1956 in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization. I have marked with an asterisk those songs and poems which were selected for inclusion in the twenty-ninth edition. The addition and deletion of various songs and poems from the songbooks over the years would make an interesting, and valuable folklore study.

1

In January 1905 about thirty prominent socialists and labor radicals met in Chicago to lay the groundwork for a new industrial union. They included Eugene Debs, A. M. Simons, and Ernest Untermann from the Socialist Party; Charles Moyer, Bill Haywood, and John O'Neil from the Western Federation of Miners; Clarence Smith and Daniel McDonald from the American Labor Union; and Frank Bohn representing the Socialist Labor Party and Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance. The meeting drafted a Manifesto, spelling out labor's grievances and calling for an organization that would help overthrow the capitalist system. Father Thomas Hagerty, a Catholic priest who shortly before the Manifesto conference had become the editor of the Voice of Labor, the publication of the American Labor Union, is credited with taking a leading role in writing the Manifesto. The Manifesto was signed by those present at the January meeting and sent to all unions in the United States and to the industrial unions in Europe. A discussion of the "Origin of the Manifesto" was printed in the Proceedings of the First Convention of the Industrial Workers of the World (New York, 1905).

MANIFESTO

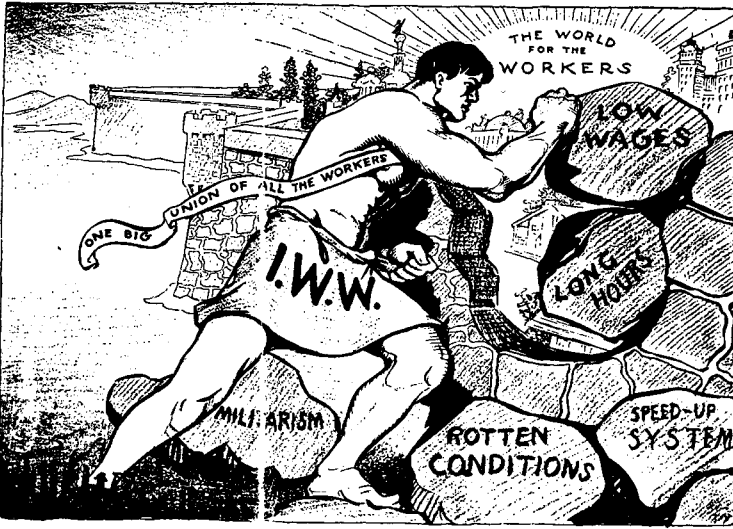
Social relations and groupings only reflect mechanical and industrial conditions. The *great facts* of present industry are the displacement of human skill by machines and the increase of capitalist power through concentration in the possession of the tools with which wealth is produced and distributed.

Because of these facts trade divisions among laborers and competition among capitalists are

alike disappearing. Class divisions grow ever more fixed and class antagonisms more sharp. Trade lines have been swallowed up in a common servitude of all workers to the machines which they tend. New machines, ever replacing less productive ones, wipe out whole trades and plunge new bodies of workers into the ever-growing army of tradeless, hopeless unemployed. As human beings and human skill are displaced by mechanical progress, the capitalists need use the workers only during that brief period when muscles and nerves respond most intensely. The moment the laborer no longer yields the maximum of profits, he is thrown upon the scrap pile, to starve alongside the discarded machine. A *dead line* has been drawn, and an age-limit established, to cross which, in this world of monopolized opportunities, means condemnation to industrial death.

The worker, wholly separated from the land and the tools, with his skill of craftsmanship rendered useless, is sunk in the uniform mass of wage slaves. He sees his power of resistance broken by craft divisions, perpetuated from outgrown industrial stages. His wages constantly grow less as his hours grow longer and monopolized prices grow higher. Shifted hither and thither by the demands of profit-takers the laborer's home no longer exists. In this helpless condition he is forced to accept whatever humiliating conditions his master may impose. He is submitted to a physical and intellectual examination more searching than was the chattel slave when sold from the auction block. Laborers are no longer classified by differences in trade skill, but the employer assigns them according to the machines to which they are attached. These divisions, far from representing differences in skill or interests among the laborers, are imposed by the employers that workers may be pitted against one another and spurred to greater exertion in the shop, and that all resistance to capitalist tyranny may be weakened by artificial distinctions.

While encouraging these outgrown divisions among the workers the capitalists carefully adjust themselves to the new conditions. They wipe out all differences among themselves and present a united front in their war upon labor. Through employers' associations, they seek to crush, with brutal force, by the injunctions of the judiciary, and the use of military power, all efforts at resistance. Or when the other policy seems more profitable, they conceal their daggers beneath the Civic



Solidarity, April 28, 1917.

Federation and hoodwink and betray those whom they would rule and exploit. Both methods depend for success upon the blindness and internal dissensions of the working class. The employers' line of battle and methods of warfare correspond to the solidarity of the mechanical and industrial concentration, while laborers still form their fighting organizations on lines of long-gone trade divisions. The battles of the past emphasize this lesson. The *textile* workers of Lowell, Philadelphia and Fall River; the *butchers* of Chicago, weakened by the disintegrating effects of trade divisions; the *machinists* on the Santa Fe, unsupported by their fellow-workers subject to the same masters; the long-struggling *miners* of Colorado, hampered by lack of unity and solidarity upon the industrial battle-field, all bear witness to the helplessness and impotency of labor as at present organized.

This worn-out and corrupt system offers no promise of improvement and adaptation. There is no silver lining to the clouds of darkness and despair settling down upon the world of labor.

This system offers only a perpetual struggle for slight relief within wage slavery. It is blind to the possibility of establishing an industrial democracy, wherein there shall be no wage slavery, but where the workers will own the tools which

they operate, and the product of which they alone will enjoy.

It shatters the ranks of the workers into fragments, rendering them helpless and impotent on the industrial battle-field.

Separation of craft from craft renders industrial and financial solidarity impossible.

Union men scab upon union men; hatred of worker for worker is engendered, and the workers are delivered helpless and disintegrated into the hands of the capitalists.

Craft jealousy leads to the attempt to create trade monopolies.

Prohibitive initiation fees are established that force men to become scabs against their will. Men whom manliness or circumstances have driven from one trade are thereby fined when they seek to transfer membership to the union of a new craft.

Craft divisions foster political ignorance among the workers, thus dividing their class at the ballot box, as well as in the shop, mine and factory.

Craft unions may be and have been used to assist employers in the establishment of monopolies and the raising of prices. One set of workers are thus used to make harder the conditions of life of another body of laborers.

Craft divisions hinder the growth of class con-

sciousness of the workers, foster the idea of harmony of interests between employing exploiter and employed slave. They permit the association of the misleaders of the workers with the capitalists in the Civic Federations, where plans are made for the perpetuation of capitalism, and the permanent enslavement of the workers through the wage system.

Previous efforts for the betterment of the working class have proven abortive because limited in scope and disconnected in action.

Universal economic evils afflicting the working class can be eradicated only by a universal working class movement. Such a movement of the working class is impossible while separate craft and wage agreements are made favoring the employer against other crafts in the same industry, and while energies are wasted in fruitless jurisdiction struggles which serve only to further the personal aggrandizement of union officials.

A movement to fulfill these conditions must consist of one great industrial union embracing all industries,—providing for craft autonomy locally, industrial autonomy internationally, and working class unity generally.

It must be founded on the class struggle, and its general administration must be conducted in harmony with the recognition of the irrepressible conflict between the capitalist class and the working class.

It should be established as the economic organization of the working class, without affiliation with any political party.

All power should rest in a collective membership.

Local, national and general administration, including union labels, buttons, badges, transfer cards, initiation fees, and per capita tax should be uniform throughout.

All members must hold membership in the local, national or international union covering the industry in which they are employed, but transfers of membership between unions, local, national or international, should be universal.

Workingmen bringing union cards from industrial unions in foreign countries should be freely admitted into the organization.

The general administration should issue a publication representing the entire union and its principles which should reach all members in every industry at regular intervals.

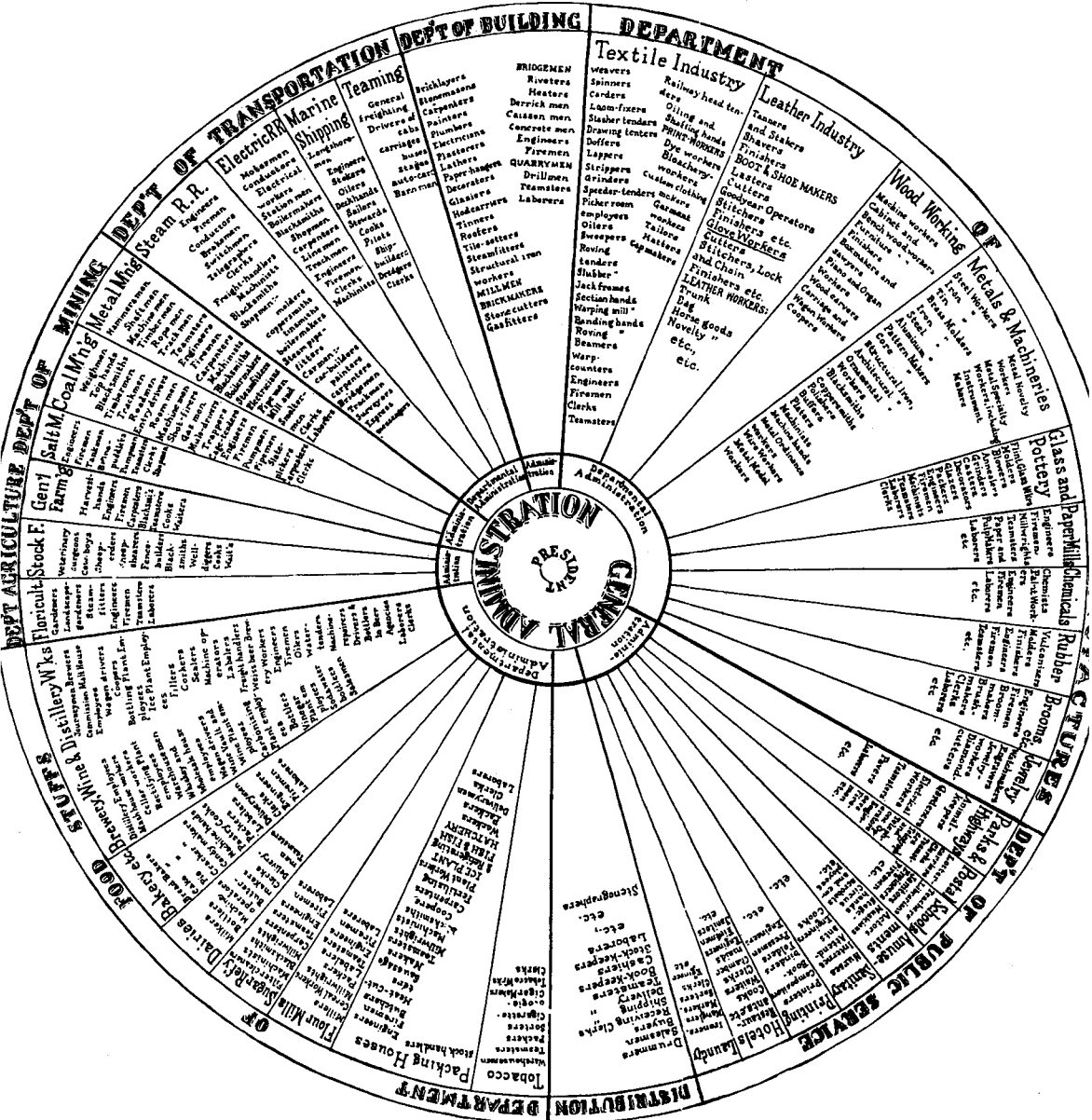
A *central defense fund*, to which all members contribute equally, should be established and maintained.

All workers, therefore, who agree with the principles herein set forth, will meet in convention at Chicago the 27th day of June, 1905, for the purpose of forming an economic organization of the working class along the lines marked out in this Manifesto.

Representation in the convention shall be based upon the number of workers whom the delegate represents. No delegate, however, shall be given representation in the convention on the numerical basis of an organization unless he has credentials—bearing the seal of his union, local, national or international, and the signatures of the officers thereof—authorizing him to install his union as a working part of the proposed economic organization in the industrial department in which it logically belongs in the general plan of organization. Lacking this authority, the delegate shall represent himself as an individual.

Adopted at Chicago, January 2, 3 and 4, 1905.

A. G. SWING
 A. M. SIMONS
 W. SHURTTLEFF
 FRANK M. MCCABE
 JOHN M. O'NEIL
 GEO. ESTES
 WM. D. HAYWOOD
 MOTHER JONES
 ERNEST UNTERMANN
 W. L. HALL
 CHAS. H. MOYER
 CLARENCE SMITH
 WILLIAM ERNEST TRAUTMANN
 JOS. SCHMIDT
 JOHN GUILD
 DANIEL McDONALD
 EUGENE V. DEBS
 THOS. J. DE YOUNG
 THOS. J. HAGERTY
 FRED D. HENION
 W. J. BRADLEY
 CHAS. O. SHERMAN
 M. E. WHITE
 WM. J. PINKERTON
 FRANK KRAFFS
 J. E. FITZGERALD
 FRANK BOHN



Thos. J. Nagerty

Father Hagerty's "Wheel of Fortune"

2

In the Voice of Labor (May 1905) Father Thomas J. Hagerty graphically illustrated the structure of the new organization that would eventually become the basis of a new industrial society. The chart which was shaped in the form of a wheel, included every wage earning occupation then in existence. Hagerty divided them into eight departments: Manufacture, Public Service, Distribution, Food Stuffs, Agriculture, Mining, Transportation, and Building. The major departments formed the periphery of the wheel and their subdivisions constituted the spokes which led to a hub titled General Administration. School teachers, librarians, nurses, chambermaids, salesmen, and landscape gardeners were included in the chart. In his article on "Thomas J. Hagerty, the Church, and Socialism" in Labor History (Winter 1962), Professor Robert E. Doherty called the chart the most comprehensive scheme of labor organization ever envisaged. A.F.L. President Samuel Gompers dubbed it "Father Hagerty's Wheel of Fortune."

FATHER HAGERTY'S "WHEEL OF FORTUNE"

The Structure of the Industrial System

A labor organization to correctly represent the working class must have two things in view.

First—It must combine the wage-workers in such a way that it can most successfully fight the battles and protect the interests of the working people of today in their struggle for fewer hours, more wages and better conditions.

Secondly—It must offer a final solution of the labor problem—an emancipation from strikes, injunctions, bull-pens and scabbing of one against the other.

Study the Chart and observe how this organization will give recognition to control of shop affairs, provide perfect Industrial Unionism, and converge the strength of all organized workers to a common center, from which any weak point can be strengthened and protected.

Observe, also, how the growth and development of this organization will build up within itself the structure of an Industrial Democracy—a Workers' Co-Operative Republic—which must finally burst the shell of capitalist government, and be the agency by which the workers will operate the industries, and appropriate the products to themselves.

One obligation for all.

A union man once and in one industry, a union man always and in all industries.

Universal transfers.

Universal emblem.

All workers of one industry in one union; all unions of workers in one big labor alliance the world over.

3

As secretary to the constitution committee of the first I.W.W. convention in June 1905, Father Haggerty was influential in framing the original Preamble to the I.W.W. constitution. Dissension arose at the meetings over the sentence, "Between these two classes a struggle must go on until all the toilers come together on the political, as well as on the industrial field, and take and hold that which they produce by their labor through an economic organization of the working class, without affiliation with any political party." Haggerty was among the group which opposed political socialism. In a convention speech he said, "The Ballot Box is simply a capitalist concession. Dropping pieces of paper into a hole in a box never did achieve emancipation of the working class, and in my opinion it never will."

Although the Preamble, with its controversial political clause was adopted at the 1905 convention and published in the Proceedings of the First Convention of the I.W.W. (New York, 1905), subsequent additions and changes were made in it at the 1906 and 1908 conventions. In 1906, the clause, "we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old," was inserted, and in 1908, following the split with Daniel De Leon's group which favored political action, the controversial sentence was dropped from the Preamble. In its place was substituted, "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."

Hundreds of thousands of copies of the 1908 Preamble were printed over the years by the I.W.W. and distributed throughout the world. The Preamble is printed in every I.W.W. publication and songbook. With its provocative first sentence, "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common," it has been one of the organization's most influential propaganda pieces. In his autobiography, Wobbly: The Rough and Tumble Story of an American Radical (Chicago, 1948), Ralph Chaplin wrote, "The Preamble came first in our affections. It was at once our Declaration of Freedom and the Tablets of the Law. Exploited, homeless, voteless, frequently jobless, and always kicked about from pillar to post, the American migratory worker nailed the I.W.W. Preamble to the masthead and took his stand against

the great and powerful of the earth to work out his economic and social destiny without benefit of respectability or law. . . . That was what the unrestrained exploitation and injustice of the early decades of the Twentieth Century did to us."

PREAMBLE

as adopted by the 1905 I.W.W. Convention

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 all the toilers come together on the political, as well as on the industrial field, and take and hold that which they produce by their labor, through an economic organization of the working class without affiliation with any political party.

The rapid gathering of wealth and the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands make the trades unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class, because the trades unions foster a state of things 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. The trades unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These sad conditions can be changed and the interests 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 lock-out is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

4

The Preamble to the Constitution of the Industrial Workers of the World as amended appeared in the Proceedings of the 1908 I.W.W. Convention in the I.W.W. Industrial Union Bulletin (November 7, 1908).

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 management of the 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.

5

"*Workingmen, Unite,*" and the following song, "*The Banner of Labor,*" were first published in the I.W.W. press in the Industrial Union Bulletin (October 24, 1908) under the headline, "Songs Sung by the Industrial Union Singing Club on Their Trip Across Country to Convention." The Industrial Union Singing Club, no doubt, was made up of the men, led by J. H. Walsh, who traveled by freight trains from Portland to the 1908 I.W.W. convention in Chicago.

E. S. Nelson, who wrote "*Workingmen, Unite,*" was a Swede who was active in the Northwest in

the eight-hour day campaign. He wrote two popular I.W.W. pamphlets, *The Eight Hour Day*, and *An Appeal to Wage Earners: A Statement of I.W.W. Principles and Methods*. The author of "*The Banner of Labor*" is unknown. Both songs were included in the first edition of the I.W.W. songbook.

WORKINGMEN, UNITE!*

By E. S. NELSON

(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,
And some of you are sad;
You cannot see your enemy,
The class that lives in luxury.
You workingmen are poor,—
Will be forevermore,—
As long as you permit the few
To guide your destiny.

Chorus:

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?
It is outrageous—has been for ages;
This earth by right belongs to toilers,
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,
But they have lots of "gall."
When we unite to gain our right,
If they resist we'll use our might;
There is no middle ground,
This fight must be one round,
To victory, for liberty,
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!
We must put up a fight,
To make us free from slavery
And capitalistic tyranny;
This fight is not in vain,
We've got a world to gain.
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool?
And serve your enemy?

6

THE BANNER OF LABOR

(Tune: "Star Spangled Banner")

Oh, say, can you hear, coming near and more near
The call now resounding: "Come all ye who
labor?"

The Industrial Band, throughout all the land
 Bids toilers remember, each toiler's his neighbor.
 Come, workers, unite! 'tis Humanity's fight.
 We call, you come forth in your manhood and
 might.

Chorus:

And the *Banner of Labor* will surely soon wave
 O'er the land that is free, from the master and
 slave.

The blood and the lives of children and wives
 Are ground into dollars for parasites' pleasure;
 The children now slave, till they sink in their
 grave—
 That robbers may fatten and add to their treasure.
 Will you idly sit by, unheeding their cry?
 Arise! Be ye men! See, the battle draws nigh!

Long, long has the spoil of labor and toil
 Been wrung from the workers by parasite classes;
 While Poverty, gaunt, Desolation and Want
 Have dwelt in the hovels of earth's toiling masses.
 Through bloodshed and tears, our day star
 appears,
Industrial Union, the wage slave now cheers.

7

"*Union Scabs*" appeared as an article in the *I.W.W. Industrial Union Bulletin* (March 14, 1908) and was made into a pamphlet by the organization around 1910. It was advertised in the January 22, 1910, issue of *Solidarity* as a "red-hot satire on the Craft Union methods."

Oscar Ameringer (1870-1943) was a socialist writer and editor who had come to the United States from Germany at age fifteen. A member of the American Federation of Musicians, he organized for the *Knights of Labor* before editing a series of publications which included *The Labor World*, *the Voice of the People*, *the Oklahoma Pioneer*, *the Illinois Miner*, and *the American Guardian*. He was active in Socialist Party politics, and in 1912 was the Socialist Party candidate for governor of Wisconsin. He was the author of many colorful and earthy pamphlets and articles, including *Socialism: What It Is and How to Get It* (Chicago, 1908) and *The Life and Deeds of Uncle Sam* (1909).

Ameringer included "*Union Scabs*" in his autobiography, *If You Don't Weaken* (New York, 1940).

UNION SCABS

By OSCAR AMERINGER

There are three kinds of scabs: the professional, the amateur and the union scab.

The professional scab is usually a high-paid, high-skilled worker in the employ of strikebreaking and detective agencies. His position is that of a petty officer's in the regular scab army.

The amateur scab brigade is composed of bums, riff-raff, slum dwellers, rubes, tramps, imbeciles, college students and other undesirable citizens.

The last, and by far the most important class is the union scab.

Professional scabs are few and efficient. Amateur scabs are plentiful and deficient, and union scabs both numerous and capable.

The professional scab knows what he is doing, does it well and for the sake of the long green only.

The amateur scab, posing as a free-born American citizen, who scorns to be fettered by union rules and regulations, gets much glory (?), little pay and when the strike is over he is given an honorable discharge in the region where Darwin searched for the missing link.

The union scab receives less pay than the professional scab, works better than the amateur scab and don't know that he is a scab.

He will take a pattern from a scab pattern-maker, cast it in a union mold, hand the casting to as lousy a scab as ever walked in shoe leather, and then proudly produce a paid-up union card in testimony of his unionism. Way down in his heart he seems to have a lurking suspicion that there is something not altogether right in his action, and it is characteristic of the union man who co-operates with scabs that he is ever ready to flash a union card in the face of innocent bystanders.

He don't know that the rose under any other name is just as fragrant; he don't know that calling a cat a canary won't make the feline warble, and he don't know that helping to run the shop while other workers bend all their energies in the opposite direction is scabbing. He relies on the name and seeks refuge behind a little pasteboard card.

When a strike is declared it becomes the chief duty of the organization to effect a complete shut-down of the plant. For that purpose warnings are mailed, or wired, to other places, to prevent working men from moving to the afflicted city.

Pickets are stationed around the plant or fac-

tory, or harbor, to stop workers from taking the places of the strikers. Amateur scabs are coaxed, persuaded, or bullied away from the seat of the strike. Persuasion having no effect on the professional strikebreaker, he is sometimes treated with a brickbat shower. Shut down that plant, shut it down completely, is the watchword of the striker.

Now while all these things are going on and men are stopped in ones and twos, a steady stream of dinner pail parades pours through the factory gate. Why are they not molested? Oh! they're union men, belonging to a different craft than the one on strike. Instead of brickbats and insults it's "Hello, John; hello, Jim; howdy, Jack," and other expressions of goodfellowship.

You see, this is a carriage factory, and it's only the Amalgamated Association of Brim Stone and Emery Polishers that are striking, the Brotherhood of Oil Rag Wipers, the Fraternal Society of White Lead Daubers, the Undivided Sons of Varnish Spreaders, the Benevolent Compilation of Wood Work Gluers, the Iron Benders' Sick and Death Benefit Union, the Oakdale Lodge of Coal Shovelers, the Martha Washington Lodge of Ash Wheelers, the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Oilers, the Engineers' Protective Lodge, the Stationary Firemen, the Portable Firemen, the F. O. O. L., the A. S. S. E. S. Societies have nothing to do with the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polishers.

At the next regular meeting of those societies, ringing resolutions endorsing the strike of the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polishers will be passed. Moral support is pledged and five dollars' worth of tickets are purchased for the dance given by the Ladies' Volunteer and Auxiliary Chore for the Benefit of the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polishers.

The whole thing is like beating a man's brains out and then handing him a headache tablet.

During a very bitterly fought molders' strike in a northern city the writer noticed one of the prettiest illustrations of the workings of plain scabbing and union scabbing.

A dense mass of strikers and sympathizers had assembled in front of the factory awaiting the exit of the strikebreakers. Out they came, scabs and unionists in one dark mass. Stones, rotten eggs and other missiles began to fly, when one of the strikebreakers leaped on a store box and shouted frantically: "Stop it, stop it, for C——'s

sake, stop it; you are hitting more unionists than scabs; you can't tell the difference."

That's it. Wherever scabs and union men work harmoniously in the strike-breaking industry all hell can't tell the difference.

To the murky conception of a union scab, scabbing is only wrong when practiced by a non-union man. To him the union card is a kind of scab permit that guarantees him immunity from insults, brickbats and rotten eggs.

After having instructed a green bunch of amateur scabs in the art of brimstone and emery polishing all day, he meets a striking brother in the evening and forthwith demonstrates his unionism by setting up the drinks for the latter.

Union scabbing is the legitimate offspring of craft organization. It is begotten by ignorance, born of imbecility and nourished by infamy.

My dear brother, I am sorry to be under contract to hang you, but I know it will please you to hear that the scaffold is built by union carpenters, the rope bears the label, and here is my card.

This is union scabbing.

8

In The Call (May 6, 1920), a British Socialist Party weekly, Jim Connell (1872-1929) recalled how he had written "The Red Flag" in 1889. He said that he had been inspired by the London Dock Strike of 1889, the work of the Irish Land League, the Russian Nihilist movement, and the hanging of the Chicago anarchists following the Haymarket bombing of 1887. He wrote most of "The Red Flag" on a fifteen-minute train ride between Charing Cross and New Cross. It was first published in the 1889 Christmas issue of Justice, a British socialist publication. Connell, who was secretary of the Workmen's Legal Friendly Society, described himself in Who's Who as "sheep-farmer, dock labourer, navvy, railwayman, draper, lawyer (of a sort), and all the time a poacher."

"The Red Flag" became the official anthem of the British Labour Party and has continued to be popular in England until the present time. On August 1, 1945, it was sung in the British House of Commons following the Labour Party victory in the Parliamentary elections.

Connell composed the verses to the tune of "The White Cockade," a Jacobite song. It was later sung to the tune of "Maryland" ("Tammen-

baum") which, Connell wrote, is really an old German Roman Catholic hymn. "The Red Flag" was first published in the I.W.W. press in the Industrial Union Bulletin (July 25, 1908) and was included in the first edition of the I.W.W. song-book. It is one of the most popular and well-known radical songs in this country.

THE RED FLAG*

By JIM CONNELL

The People's flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

Chorus:

Then raise the scarlet standard high
Beneath its folds, we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round! the Frenchman loves its blaze,
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults, its hymns are sung,
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;

It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place;
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered, swear we all,
To bear it onward till we fall,
Come dungeons dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn!

9

B. L. Weber, the author of this song which first was printed in the Industrial Worker (December 29, 1910) may have been Bertram Lester Weber, who was a member of the artistic Bohemian group of radicals and writers active in Chicago in the 1920's. Former I.W.W. acting secretary-treasurer, Peter Stone wrote: "He was a habitue of the 'Dill Pickle Club' and a friend of Dr. Ben Reitman under whose supervision he worked as a clerk in the Chicago Health Department. He had some local reputation for debates in Newberry Square and poetry in praise of the Walt Whitman philosophy" (letter to J. L. K., February 3, 1964).

Solidarity, May 19, 1917.

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EVERETT PRISONERS RELEASED

ONWARD TO VICTORY! THE WORKERS' WAR IS FOR EMANCIPATION.

COMMERCIAL CLUB CHEATED OF ITS PREY

EVERETT PRISONERS RELEASED

INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM

ONWARD TO VICTORY! THE WORKERS' WAR IS FOR EMANCIPATION.

COMMERCIAL CLUB CHEATED OF ITS PREY

A. F. OF L. SYMPATHY

By B. L. WEBER

(Tune: "All I Got Was Sympathy")

Bill Brown was a worker in a great big shop,
Where there worked two thousand others;
They all belonged to the A. F. of L.,
And they called each other "brothers."
One day Bill Brown's union went out on strike,
And they went out for higher pay;
All the other crafts remained on the job,
And Bill Brown did sadly say:

Chorus:

All we got was sympathy;
So we were bound to lose, you see;
All the others had craft autonomy,
Or else they would have struck with glee
But I got good and hungry,
And no craft unions go for me.
Geel! Ain't it hell, in the A. F. of L.
All you get is sympathy.

Bill Brown was a thinker, and he was not a fool,
And fools there are many, we know.
So he decided the A. F. of L.
And its craft divisions must go.
Industrial Unions are just the thing,
Where the workers can all join the fight;
So now on the soap box boldly he stands,
A singing with all of his might:

Chorus:

All we got was sympathy;
So we were bound to lose, you see;
All the others had craft autonomy,
Or else they would have struck with glee
But I got good and hungry,
And no craft unions go for me.
Geel! Ain't it hell, in the A. F. of L.
All you get is sympathy.

10

The first edition of the I.W.W. songbook included a "Song for 1910." This version, "A Song for 1912" appeared in the third edition. It was unsigned.

A SONG FOR 1912

Long in their bondage the people have waited,
Lulled to inaction by pulpit and press;

Hoping their wrongs would in time be abated,
Trusting the ballot to give them redress.
Vainly they trusted; a high court's decision
Swept the last bulwark of freedom away;
The voice of the people is met with derision,
But a people in action no court will gainsay.

Chorus:

Then up with the masses and down with the
classes,
Death to the traitor who money can buy.
Co-operation's the hope of the nation,
Strike for it now or your liberties die.

Hark to the cries of the hungry and idle,
Borne on the breezes from prairie to sea;
Patience their fury no longer can bridle,
Onward they're coming to die or be free.
Hear and grow pale, ye despoilers of virtue,
Corporate managers, masters of slaves.
Fools, did ye fancy they never could hurt you?
Ye were the cowards and they the braves.

Hail to the birth of the new constitution—
Laws that are equal in justice to all.
Hail to the age of man's true evolution,
Order unfolding at Liberty's call.
Buried forever be selfish ambition,
Cruel fomentor of discord and strife;
Long live the commonwealths, Hope's glad fruit-
tion,
Humanity rises to news of life.

11

William Trautmann, former editor of the German language newspaper of the United Brewery Workers, was one of the six men who laid plans in 1904 for the organization of the I.W.W. At the 1906 and 1908 I.W.W. conventions he was a key figure in the expulsion of I.W.W. President Charles Sherman and in the factional fight with Daniel De Leon. At the 1908 convention, Trautmann was elected general organizer. In 1912 he withdrew from the Chicago I.W.W. to join De Leon's Detroit-based group, the Workers International Industrial Union. By 1923, according to historian Mark Perlman (Labor Union Theories in America, Evanston, 1958), he seemed to advocate works council and workers' education movements, endorsed Walter Rathenau's New Society, and Woodrow Wilson's concept of democracy in the shop. Trautmann was the author of several im-

portant I.W.W. pamphlets, including, Why Strikes Are Lost, published in Chicago about 1911.

WHY STRIKES ARE LOST

By WILLIAM TRAUTMANN

After a tremendous epidemic of strikes a few years ago, conflicts expressive of a general discontent finding its outlet in vehement eruptions, but ending only with a pitiful exhaustion of vitality, there seems to be at present a relapse all around. "The workers have gone to sleep" thinks the superficial observer and the uninformed outside world.

This seems, indeed, to be the truth. However, a relapse in numerical strength would amount to little: economic depression could be attributed as the cause.

But deplorable would it be if there were in reality a relapse in the aggressive attitude, in the revolutionary feelings of the workers.

This spirit of revolt manifesting itself a few years ago in somewhat rough actions and expressions seemed to mark the beginning of a general awakening of large masses of workers, and yet there seems to be nothing left of the spontaneous, widespread tendency of revolt.

For this there must be reasons. Such powerfully exploding forces cannot be destroyed altogether, or be dammed in by repressive measures.

Time flies quickly; here and there one hears again of rapid flaring up, of a volcanic eruption of accumulated discontent, but in most of the cases it is only a last flicker of a light before it goes out altogether.

If occasionally larger bodies of workers become involved in these demonstrations of revolt, politicians and labor (mis)leaders are quickly on hand to suggest termination of the conflict, with the promise of speedy arbitration. These leaders of labor often even threaten to engage union strikebreakers if the workers refuse to obey their mandates. In some cases the places of striking workers have been filled by other members of these so-called unions so as to suppress any rebellion against the leaders and the capitalist class whom they serve. But seldom is anything more heard of the results of such conciliatory tactics, or of any determined stand on the part of the workers to enforce the terms of such settlements. Their power once crushed after having been exercised with the most effective precision, also destroys

their confidence; and the organization through which they were able to rally the forces of their fellow workers for concerted action disappears.

After an apparent awakening of three or four years' duration (1901 to 1905), during which some of the largest conflicts were fought on American soil, a general indifference superseded the previous activity. A lethargy prevails now, even to the extent that many workers with eyes still shut are marching into the pitfalls laid for them. Blindfolded by false theories they are being prevented from coming together into organization in which the workers would be able to profit from the lessons of the past, and prepare for the conflicts with the capitalist class with better knowledge of facts and more thoroughly equipped to give them better battle.

In the period mentioned the general clamor for an advance in wages, and the shortening of the workday, had to find its expression. Prices of the necessities of life had been soaring up, as a rule, before the workers instinctively felt that they, too, had to make efforts to overcome the increased poverty attendant upon increased prices for life's necessities. Powerless as individuals, as they well knew, they were inclined to come together for more collective and concerted action. With great displays and much oratory the beauties and the achievements of such action on craft union lines, as exemplified by the American Federation of Labor and the eight independent national Brotherhoods of Railway Workers, were presented to them.

Not knowing better, seeing before their eyes immediate improvement of their conditions, or at least a chance to advance the price of their labor power in proportion to the increased cost of living, the workers flocked into the trades unions in large numbers. At the same time the relative scarcity of available workers in the open market, at a period of relative good times, forced the employers of labor to forestall any effort to cripple production. Consequently, in the epidemic of strikes following one another, the workers gained concessions. Such concessions, however, were as much the combined result of a decreased supply of labor to an increasing demand, as to the spontaneously developed onrush into the trade unions.

One thing, also, contributed largely to the success of these quickly developed strikes. The workers would come together shortly before walking out of the shops. In the primary stage of organiza-

tion thus formed they knew nothing of craft distinctions. Unaware of what later would be used as a barrier against staying together, they would usually strike in a body and win in most cases. Anxious to preserve the instrument by which alone they could obtain any results, they found in most cases that certain rules were laid down by a few wise men in bygone years, which were to govern the organizations and force them to admit to, or reject from membership, anyone who did not strictly fit into the measure of "craft autonomy."

What Is Craft Autonomy?

It is a term used to lay down restrictive rules for each organization which adheres to the policy of allowing only a certain portion of workers in a given industry to become members of a given trade union. Formerly, as a rule, a craft was determined by the tool which a group of workers used in the manufacturing process. But as the simple tool of yore gave way to the large machine, the distinction was changed to designate the part of a manufacturing process on a given article by a part of the workers engaged in the making of the same.

For instance, in the building of a machine the following crafts are designated as performing certain functions, namely:

The workers preparing the pattern are pattern-makers.

The workers making cores are core makers.

The workers making molds and castings are molders.

The workers molding the brass bearings are brass molders.

The helpers working in the foundry are foundry helpers.

The workers preparing and finishing the parts of machines are machinists.

The workers polishing up the parts of machines are metal polishers.

The workers assembling the parts of machines are assemblers.

The workers putting on copper parts are copper-smiths.

The workers putting on the insulation parts are steamfitters.

This line of demarkation could thus be drawn in almost every industry.

Now these various crafts, each contributing its share in the production of an article, are not linked together in one body, although members

of these crafts work in one plant or industry.

They are separated in craft groups. Each craft union zealously guards its own craft interests. The rule is strictly adhered to that even if the protection of the interests of a craft organization is detrimental to the general interests of all others no interference is permitted. This doctrine of non-interference in the affairs of a craft union is what is called "craft or trade autonomy."

Evil Effects of Craft Autonomy

Now, as observed in the beginning, a body of workers, only recently brought together, may walk out on strike, before they have learned to know what craft autonomy implies. In such cases they usually win. As soon as they begin to settle down to do some constructive or educational work, to keep the members interested in the affairs of the organization and prepare for future conflicts with the employers, they learn to their chagrin that they have done wrong in allowing all to be together.

They are told that they had no right to organize all working at one place into one organization. The splitting-up process is enforced, trade autonomy rules are applied, and what was once a united body of workers without knowledge of the intricate meaning of "autonomy" is finally divided into a number of craft organizations.

The result is that no concerted action is possible in the conflicts following. Many a time the achievements of one strike, won only because the workers stood and fought together, are lost in the next skirmish. One portion of workers, members of one craft union, remain at work, while others, members of another trade union, are fighting either for improved working conditions, or in resistance against wrongs or injustice done them by the employing class.

Take, for example, the first street car workers' strike in San Francisco, in the first year of Mayor Schmidt's administration. Not only were all motormen, conductors and ticket agents organized in one union, but the barnmen, the linemen and repairers, and many of the repair shop workers enlisted in the union, also the engineers, the firemen, the electricians, the ashwheelers, oilers, etc., in the power stations. They all fought together. The strike ended with a signal victory for the workers; this was accomplished because the workers had quit their work spontaneously. But hardly had they settled down to arrange matters for the

future, and to make the organization still stronger, when they found themselves confronted with the clamor of "craft autonomy rules."

They were told that the electricians in the power houses, linemen and line repairers had to be members of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. The workers heard to their amazement that the engineers had to be members of the International Union of Steam Engineers.

The firemen, ashwheelers and oilers were commanded to withdraw at once from the Street Car Employes' Union, and join the union of their craft. The workers in the repair shops were not permitted under trade autonomy rules to form a union embracing all engaged therein. They had to join the union of their craft, either as machinists, molders, polishers or woodworkers, and would not be permitted to be members of any other organization. *They are restrained by the rules of craft autonomy from being members of a union embracing all in the industry, even if they had chosen to remain members by their own free choice. They were not allowed to think that their place would be in such an organization through which the best results with the least of sacrifices for the workers could be obtained.*

In the second strike of street car workers in 1907 the absolute failure, the complete disaster, was solely due to the fact that the workers, separated in several craft groups, could not strike together and win together. Similar cases, by the hundreds, could be enumerated to show what grave injuries craft autonomy inflicts upon the workers. And if the investigator will follow the investigation of facts and underlying causes, he will be surprised to see how the employers take advantage of this dividing-up policy. He will see how the capitalist gleefully helped to pit one portion of the workers against others in the same or other industries, so that the latter, while kept busy fighting among themselves, had no time nor strength to direct their fights against the employers and exploiters.

The most striking example was given recently in the two strikes of street car workers in Philadelphia. In July 1909, they went on strike. Only a portion of them were then organized. But the workers all made the fight a common cause of all. Not only did workers on the subway lines begin to quit, but also the power house workers in several stations walked out, shutting off the power, thus forcing the company to make a settlement.

The Philadelphia street car lines are controlled by the same corporation that operates and owns the lines in San Francisco, in Pittsburgh, in Cincinnati, in Louisville, in Detroit, and other cities, the Elkins-Widener-Dolan Syndicate. The same trick was played in Philadelphia as in San Francisco after the first victorious contest. The separation process began. The power-house men, members of the National Union of Steam Engineers and the Brotherhood of Stationary Firemen, 1,800 of them, according to Tim Healy, one of the head labor fakirs of these organizations, and the electricians were tied down by contracts.

The street car company forced the second strike in February, 1910, and of course the craft union engineers, the union firemen, and the union electricians remained at work, protecting their craft union interests.

When, in the course of rapidly developed events, it was found necessary to call a general strike in all industries, what was the real result? The A. F. of L. unions who had declared the strike were the ones to ignore the strike orders. They had to protect their "contracts," by order from the national labor lieutenants. The Brewery Workers, the Printers, the Molders, later the Cigarmakers, and scores of other "union men" scabbed it on their own order, while the *big bulk of unorganized again responded nobly.*

Now that the real facts are known it is ascertained that out of approximately 320,000 wage workers in that city, 45,000 responded to the strike call, of whom there were 32,000 so-called "unorganized" workers, or partly organized in independent unions or in the Industrial Workers of the World. The balance, 13,000, were either building trades workers, who were not working anyway at the time of the strike order, or were members of radical, progressive unions.

But the body of approximately 45,000 workers, organized in the A. F. of L. unions, who had issued the strike call, remained at work, protecting their contracts. *The real union-made scabs*—the 1,800 union engineers, firemen, electricians, in the power houses—failed to respond; they *union-labeled scabs* by order of the labor lieutenants! And all other street car workers in other cities, where the same syndicate operates the street car service, remained at work, although a farcical general strike was pulled off, so as to discredit forever the general strike idea.

In the Baldwin Locomotive Works thousands

of so-called "unorganized" workers had gone out in response to the general strike call. They were ready to form an organization embracing all in that industry. First they were urged not to insist on having *one union*. Their reply was: "Either all into one, or none at all!"

Finally, in a meeting attended by most of the "great" leaders of the strike, they were promised a charter as "Baldwin Locomotive Workers' Association"; but at the moment that the promise was made, William Mahon, "president of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Car Employes," A. F. of L., turned around and remarked: "They can be assorted to their respective craft unions after this strike is over." (Authentic reports, corroborated by editorials in the Philadelphia Tageblatt, the official organ of the German Trades Union Council of Philadelphia.)

What more is needed to convince the workers of the reason: "Why Strikes Are Lost"?

The Sacredness of Contracts

"Perhaps the workers, although compelled in most of the cases to adhere to the outlined plan of organizing in craft unions, would have made common cause with other crafts in any one industry in their conflicts with the capitalists, if they had realized that the defeat of one ultimately meant the defeat of all"—such may be said in rebuttal.

But with the separation from other groups of workers a craft or sectarian spirit was developed among members of each of the trade organizations. A spirit manifested itself, and does so now, in their relations to other groups of workers as well as to the employers of labor. "Gains at any price" even at the expense of others, has become the governing rule. The rule of "non-interference" made sacred by the decrees of those who blantly pose as leaders of labor, permitted one craft union to ride roughshod over the others. "Let us go ahead; the devil take the hindmost," has drowned the old idea of the "injury to one is the concern of all." Woe to anyone who would try to throw himself against this current. He will be drowned and buried under mud thrown upon him by all the vultures and vampires.

A great victory is proclaimed in print and public when one or the other of such craft organizations succeeds in getting a contract signed with an individual employer, or, what is considered still better, if it is consummated with an association of employers in a given industry. But actu-

ated by that sectarian spirit these contracts are considered to be inviolable. Not so much by the employers, who will break them any time when it will be to their advantage; but by the workers who are organized in craft unions. Imbued with their sectarian ideas, by the terms of such a contract they are in duty bound to protect the interests of the employers if the latter should have controversies with other craft unions. Thus the workers consent to being made traitors to their class.

Small wonder, therefore, that in that period between 1901 and 1905, the time that these lessons and conclusions are drawn from, the employers were able to check first, then to retard, and finally to paralyze the workers in any efforts to secure by their organized efforts permanently improved conditions in their places of employment. The employers, supported by such lieutenants of labor as Gompers, Mitchell, Duncan and others (as they were rightly called by Marcus Aurelius Hanna when he organized the Hanna-chist Civic Federation), would harp continually on the sanctity of contracts with some of the craft unions, while at the same time slaughtering piece-meal other craft unions with whom they were in conflict.

Of the thousand and odd strikes that took place in that period and since, none bears better testimony of the impotency of the craft unions; not one has presented better proof of the shameless betrayal of working class interests than the gigantic strike of workers in the meat packing and slaughter houses in Chicago, Omaha and other places in the country.

A Horrible Example

The meat wagon drivers of Chicago were organized in 1902. They made demands for better pay and shorter hours. Unchecked by any outside influence, they walked out on strike. They had the support of all other workers in the packing houses. They won. But before they resumed work the big packing firms insisted that they enter into a contract. They did. In that contract the teamsters agreed not to engage in any sympathetic strike with other employes in the plants or stockyards. Not only this, but the drivers also decided to split their union into three. They then had the "Bone and Shaving Teamsters," the "Packing House Teamsters," and the "Meat Delivery Drivers."

Encouraged by the victory of the teamsters, the other workers in the packing houses then started

to organize. But they were carefully advised not to organize into one body, or at the best into one National Trades Union. They had to be divided up, so that the employers could exterminate them all whenever opportunity presented itself.

Now observe how the dividing-up process worked. The teamsters were members of the "International Union of Teamsters." The engineers were connected with the "International Union of Steam Engineers." The firemen, oilers, ash-wheelers were organized in the "Brotherhood of Stationary Firemen." Carpenters employed in the stockyards permanently had to join the "Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners." The pipe and steam fitters were members of another "National Union." The sausage makers, the packers, the canning department workers, the beef butchers, the cattle butchers, the hog butchers, the bone shavers, etc., each craft group had a separate union. Each union had different rules, all of them not permitting any infringements on them by others. Many of the unions had contracts with the employers. These contracts expired at different dates. Most of the contracts contained the clause of "no support to others when engaged in a controversy with the stockyard companies."

The directory of unions of Chicago shows in 1903 a total of 56 different unions in the packing houses, divided up still more in 14 different national trades unions of the American Federation of Labor.

What a horrible example of an army divided against itself in the face of a strong combination of employers. This was best displayed in the last desperate and pitiful struggle of the stock yard laborers against the announced wage reduction from 17 to 16 cents an hour in 1904.

These oppressed workers, mostly Poles and Lithuanians, who have so often helped others when called upon, could have reasonably expected the support at least of those who were working with them in the same industry.

Nor would their expectations have failed of realization, if the other workers had been given a free hand.

No wage worker, if he has any manhood in him, likes to be a strikebreaker of his own free will. That there are thousands of strikebreakers in America is due to the discriminative rules of the American Federation of Labor unions. Due also to the high initiation fees, as high as \$500.* But the history of strikes proves that where no

restrictive measures are enforced, the workers in one plant instinctively make common cause; they stand together in every conflict with their employers.

Not so when the lash of a sacred contract is held over their head. The breaking of a contract, in most of the cases, means suspension from the union. It means that the union agrees to fill the places of men or women who suspend work in violation of contracts. This is so stipulated in most of the agreements with the employers. In more than one case labor leaders have helped the employers to fill the places of the rebellious workers.

Now in that strike of butcher workmen in the stock yards they looked to the engineers, the firemen and others to quit their jobs. They expected the teamsters to walk out in their support as the latter themselves had gained their demands only by the support of all. And really all the members of these craft unions were prepared and ready to lay down their tools. The strike would have been won within 24 hours if all had stood together. The employers realized that. They sent for their labor lieutenants. Over 25 labor leaders conjointly helped to force the workers back to their stations. Drivers already walking out were told to return or their places would be filled by other union men. The engineers were commanded to abide by their contract with the companies. Union printers, members of the Typographical Union, employed in the printing plants of the stock yards, were escorted every day through the picket lines of the poor strikers with permit badges pinned to their coats, issued by their union, so that the strikers' pickets would not molest these "licensed" strikebreakers. These aristocrats of labor even looked down with contempt on the men and women whom an ill fate compelled to be slaves of the magnates of

* This amount is charged by the National Association of Green Bottle Blowers. In August, 1908, there was held in the city of Paris, France, an international congress of delegates of the ceramic trades. Delegates from the Green Bottle Blowers' Association of America were present. They were requested to at least waive that initiation fee for union men from other countries, at the same trade. To this the delegates of the Green Bottle Blowers' Association replied with the withdrawal of their two delegates, and with the announcement that they would work for the increase of that initiation fee to \$1,000 for anybody who wants to get work in that industry. (See records published in Paris.) Dennis Hayes, the General President of that Association, is fourth Vice President of the American Federation of Labor.

"Packingtown." All appeals to the manhood of these union strikebreakers were in vain. Stronger than their sense of duty and of solidarity in the struggle of members of their own class, was the "iron gag and chain of craft union non-interference." *The contracts* were the weapons in the hands of the capitalists, by which the craft unionists were forced to wear the stigma of strikebreakers. They were made union scabs at the moment when concerted action would have pulled down the flag of boastful, defiant triumph from the palaces of the bosses, and would have raised up the banner of working class victory on the miserable pest houses in which men and women and children are compelled to drudge for a pitiful, miserable existence. Yes! these were the weapons used by the meat barons of America to ultimately extinguish all unions of workers in their employ.

The capitalists could not defeat the workers, not they! The craft unionists, forced by the lieutenants of the employing class—because most of the craft union leaders are indirectly their servants—defeated themselves. They shattered not only their own hopes, but the hopes, the confidence, the aspirations of thousands and tens of thousands, who had thought, after all, that unionism meant: "Solidarity, Unity, Brotherly Support in Hours of Strike and Struggle."

This is why and how the workers lost! Not only in Packingtown, but in almost every industrial place of production in that period referred to. That was the way the employers did, and still do, rally their forces in their successful efforts to defeat labor. By slashing piecemeal the Giant, tied hand and foot by a paper contract, they throttled him, threw his members out of joint, so that his enormous strength could not be used against his oppressors. Oh, but they would not kill him, oh, no! He who is so useful to them to create everything, so that they who do nothing may abound in luxury and debauchery; he must only be kept in his cage, within his dungeon where he drudges in the sweat of his brow, bent over in blunt indifference, carrying stupidly his burden, the weight of a world that depends on him for its existence. Believing that he is eternally condemned to be a slave he perishes and falls by the wayside when his usefulness for the master class ceases. In "Organized Labor," John Mitchell, one of the "great leaders," begins his first sentence with the words: "The workers never hope to be more than wage earners."

Craft unionism, fostered by the American Federation of Labor, has made him the pathetic wage slave, always contented to be no more than a wage slave, with no higher ideals and sublime hopes for a better life on earth.

Can you hear the curses and condemnation, intermingled with the outcries of despair when the burdens become too heavy? Not so much hatred is expressed against those and their class who Shylock like, only ask for and take their good pound of flesh, as against the vampires who suck the life blood of the workers, destroy their hopes and energies, stultify their manhood! The labor traitors who live and dwell in debaucheries akin to the masters', whose pliant dirty tools they are, more than any other force are responsible that the workers have so often lost their battles for a higher station in life.

Labor Vultures

They, whether their names be Gompers, Mitchell, Duncan, Tobin, Golden, Grant Hamilton, or what else, are the vultures, because they exist only by dividing the workers and separating one from another. They have been and are doing the bidding of the master class. Upon them falls the awful curse of a world of millions. They have made America the land of the lost strikes—the land where from the mountains and the hills, and in the plains and vales resound the echoes of the curse of an outraged working class. They are the dark forces that the world should know as the traitors, the real malefactors, the real instigators of the appalling defeats and betrayals of the proletarians. The land in which the depravity of these vultures has driven thousands back into despair and distrust, and aroused their suspicion—thousands who only lost because they placed implicit confidence in those who were agents of their oppressors—thousands who never were shown what they had come together for—thousands who had confided, only to be betrayed, to be thrown back into the desert from where there is no escape from the penalty for blind confidence: all those hundreds of thousands have lost faith in the ability of their own class to release themselves from the grasp of the oppressors. But what does it concern the labor leaders? It is on these conditions that they are allowed to exist in their debaucheries, to continue their destructive work in the interests of the capitalists.

This great country furnishes the most valuable

object lesson to the working class movement of the universe. Let us hope, let us trust, that the workers everywhere may profit from the tragedies of this land, so that, enlightened by such experiences, they may throw their efforts into one cause and so enable the proletariat to free themselves from the chains of economic slavery and prepare themselves for the historic mission, for the real, final struggle, for their industrial freedom, the only freedom worth while fighting for.

12

Although this poem frequently appeared in the I.W.W. press over Ralph Chaplin's name, in his autobiography, Wobbly (Chicago, 1948), Chaplin claimed that it was written by a West Virginia miner, Elmer Rumbaugh. He wrote: "The only convert I made for the 'One Big Union' idea was Elmer Rumbaugh, a young, hard bitten miner, blind in one eye as the result of a mine accident. . . . 'Rummy' afterward joined the I.W.W. and remained true to the faith until his dying day. He was very much interested in writing labor songs. One of these, 'Paint 'Er Red,' in time became a proletarian classic."

"Paint 'Er Red" was first published in the Huntington, West Virginia, Socialist and Labor Star (January 24, 1913), while Chaplin was the editor. On November 7, 1914, it was published in Solidarity. The song was used by the prosecution in several federal and state trials of I.W.W. members during World War I period as proof of the organization's revolutionary intent.

PAINT 'ER RED

By RALPH H. CHAPLIN

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia")

Come with us, you workingmen, and join the rebel band—
Come, you discontented ones, and give a helping hand,
We march against the parasite to drive him from the land,
With *One Big Industrial Union*.

Chorus:

Hurrah! hurrah! we're going to paint 'er red!
Hurrah! hurrah! the way is clear ahead—

We're gaining shop democracy and liberty and bread
With *One Big Industrial Union*.

In factory and field and mine we gather in our might,
We're on the job and know the way to win our hardest fight,
For the beacon that shall guide us out of darkness into light,
Is *One Big Industrial Union!*

Come on, you fellows, get in line; we'll fill the boss with fears;
Red's the color of our flag, it's stained with blood and tears—
We'll flout it in his ugly mug and ring our loudest cheers
For *One Big Industrial Union!*

"Slaves," they call us, "working plugs," inferior by birth,
But when we hit their pocketbooks, we'll spoil their smiles of mirth—
We'll stop their dirty dividends and drive them from the earth—
With *One Big Industrial Union!*

We hate their rotten system more than any mortals do,
Our aim is not to patch it up, but build it all anew,
And what we'll have for government, when finally we're through,
Is *One Big Industrial Union!*

13

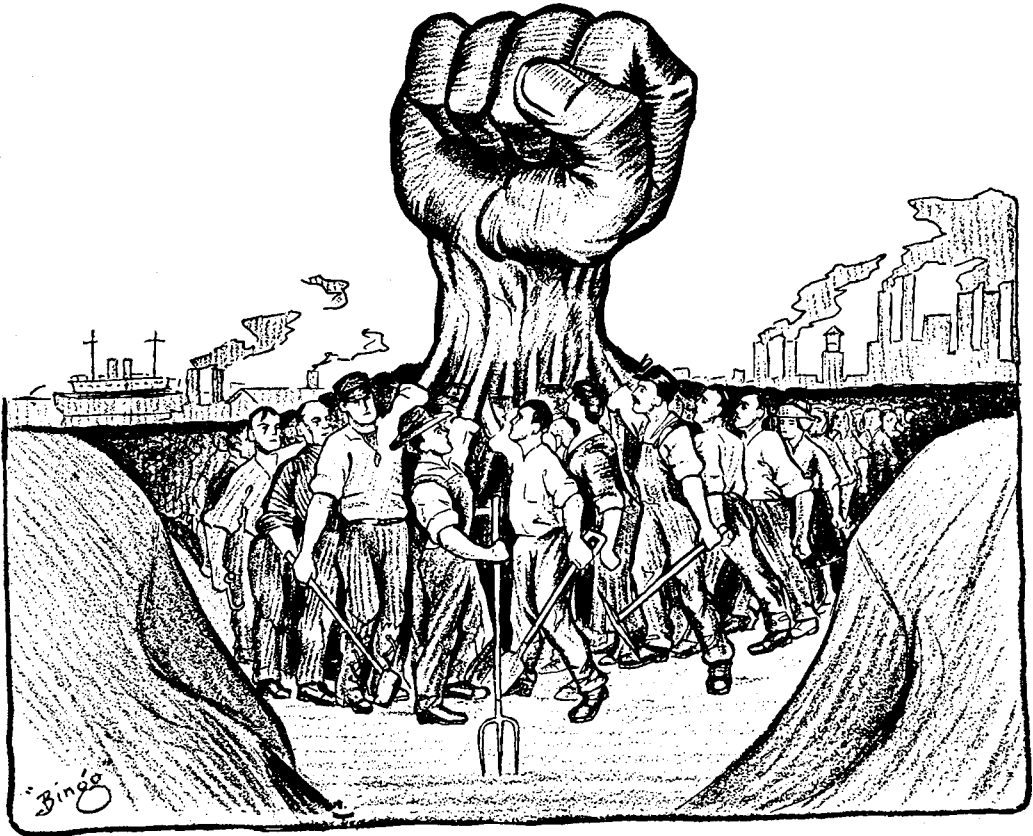
"One Big Industrial Union" by George G. Allen appeared in the seventh edition of the I.W.W. songbook.

ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION*

By G. G. ALLEN

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another song.
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the throng
Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,
To *One Big Industrial Union*.



Solidarity, June 30, 1917. The Hand That Will Rule the World—One Big Union.

Chorus

Hooray! Hooray! The truth will make you free.
 Hooray! Hooray! When will you workers see?
 The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,
 Is One Big Industrial Union.

How the masters holler when they hear the
 dreadful sound
 Of sabotage and direct action spread the world
 around;
 They's getting ready to vamoose with ears close to
 the ground,
 From One Big Industrial Union.

Now the harvest String Trust they would move to
 Germany.
 The Silk Bosses of Paterson, they also want to flee

From strikes and labor troubles, but they cannot
 get away
 From One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,
 We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union
 Man;
 You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,
 With One Big Industrial Union.

Chorus

Hooray! Hooray! Let's set the wage slave free.
 Hooray! Hooray! With every victory
 We'll hum the workers' anthem till you finally
 must be
 In One Big Industrial Union.

14

John Brill set these verses to the hymn tune, "Take It to the Lord in Prayer." It was printed in the ninth edition of the I.W.W. songbook.

DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK*

By JOHN BRILL

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?
Are there lots of things you lack?
Is your life made up of misery?
Then dump the bosses off your back.
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?
Are you living in a shack?
Would you have your troubles scattered?
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?
Loaded like a long-eared jack?
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder
And dump the bosses off your back?
All the agonies you suffer,
You can end with one good whack—
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—
And dump the bosses off your back.

15

"Solidarity Forever," the best-known union song in this country, was composed by Ralph Chaplin (1887–1961), an artist, poet, pamphleteer, and one of the editors of Solidarity, the Industrial Worker, and other I.W.W. publications. Chaplin, a commercial artist, joined the I.W.W. in 1913. In his autobiography he wrote that the idea for "Solidarity Forever" came to him while he was editing a labor paper in West Virginia during the Kanawha Valley coal mining strike. He wrote the stanzas in January, 1915, while lying on his living-room rug in Chicago. In Wobbly, he recalled, "I wanted a song to be full of revolutionary fervor and to have a chorus that was ringing and defiant."

"Solidarity Forever" appeared in Solidarity (January 9, 1915). Since that time it has become, according to Joe Glazer and Edith Fowke (Songs of Work and Freedom, Chicago, 1960), "in effect, the anthem of the American labor movement."



Ralph Chaplin.

Brown Brothers photo.

Chaplin was one of the most prolific of Wobbly songwriters and poets. Some of his I.W.W. poems are collected in privately printed books: When the Leaves Come Out (1917) and Bars and Shadows (1919).

SOLIDARITY FOREVER!*

By RALPH CHAPLIN

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the workers'
blood shall run,
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath
the sun.
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble
strength of one?
But the Union makes us strong.

Chorus:

Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
Solidarity forever!
For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy
parasite
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush
us with his might?
Is there anything left for us but to organize and
fight?
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities
where they trade;
Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless
miles of railroad laid.
Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the
wonders we have made;
But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours
and ours alone.
We have laid the wide foundations; built it sky-
ward stone by stone.
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never
toiled to earn.
But without our brain and muscle not a single
wheel can turn.
We can break their haughty power; gain our
freedom when we learn
That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their
hoarded gold;
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a
thousand-fold.
We can bring to birth the new world from the
ashes of the old,
For the Union makes us strong.

16

Ralph Chaplin's song "The Commonwealth of Toil" was printed in the fourteenth edition of the I.W.W. songbook. It was composed to the popular melody, "Nellie Grey."

THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL*

By RALPH CHAPLIN

(Air: "Nellie Grey")

In the gloom of mighty cities
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,
And our masters hope to keep us
Ever thus beneath their heels,
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

Chorus

But we have a glowing dream
Of how fair the world will seem
When each man can live his life secure and free;
When the earth is owned by Labor
And there's joy and peace for all
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten
Cringing meekly at their feet.
They would stand between each worker and his
bread.
Shall we yield our lives up to them
For the bitter crust we eat?
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're
dead?

They have laid our lives out for us
To the utter end of time.
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?
Shall we let them live forever
In their gilded halls of crime
With our children doomed to toil beneath their
goad?

When our cause is all triumphant
And we claim our Mother Earth,
And the nightmare of the present fades away,
We shall live with Love and Laughter,
We, who now are little worth,
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

17

Titled "The Cry of Toil," this poem first appeared in the I.W.W. press in the Industrial Union Bulletin (April 18, 1908). It was credited to Rudyard Kipling. Following that date it was reprinted many times in I.W.W. periodicals, titled "We

We Have Fed You all A Thousand Years



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PEL G.B.

**Poem by an unknown Proletarian
Music by Rudolph Von Liebich**

**Pub. by I.W.W. Educational Bureau
Chicago, U.S.A**

Have Fed You All for a Thousand Years," and either signed "anonymous" or "by an unknown proletarian." About 1916 the verses were set to music by Rudolph von Liebich of the Chicago General Recruiting Union, and the sheet music was advertised in I.W.W. newspapers. The poem was included in John Mulgan's Poems of Freedom (London, 1938), under the title "Labour," and is also printed in Marcus Graham's An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry (New York, 1929) with the comment that it is a parody of a poem by Rudyard Kipling.

WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A
THOUSAND YEARS*

Poem—By AN UNKNOWN PROLETARIAN

We have fed you all for a thousand years
And you hail us still unfed,
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth
But marks the workers' dead.
We have yielded our best to give you rest
And you lie on crimson wool.
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! We have paid it in full!

There is never a mine blown skyward now
But we're buried alive for you.
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now
But we are its ghastly crew.
Go reckon our dead by the forges red
And the factories where we spin.
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth
Good God! We have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—
For that was our doom, you know,
From the days when you chained us in your fields
To the strike of a week ago.
You have taken our lives, and our babies and
wives,
And we're told it's your legal share;
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth
Good God! We have bought it fair.

18

Harry Kirby McClintock (1883-1957), a pioneer radio hillbilly who was known to thousands as "Haywire Mac," is an important figure in hobo, Wobbly, and hillbilly folk tradition. In an interview with John Greenway reported on in his

American Folksongs of Protest (Philadelphia, 1953) McClintock claimed to have been a busker in the I.W.W. band of musicians organized about 1908 by J. H. Walsh in Portland to rival Salvation Army bands in attracting crowds to streetcorner propaganda meetings. During his long and colorful career, McClintock worked as a railroad switchman in South Africa and bummed his way to London to attend the coronation of Edward VII in 1902. He was a civilian mule skinner in the Spanish American War, and had also made his way to China at the time of the Boxer Rebellion.

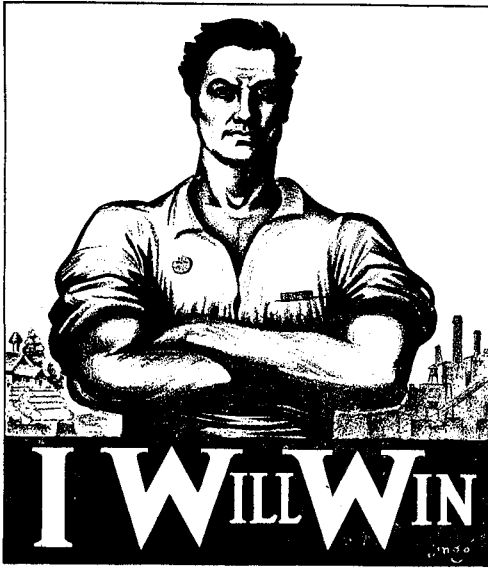
In 1925 San Francisco radio station KFRC hired him for the "Blue Monday Jamboree." He then moved to the "Happy Go Lucky Hour" network show, worked for awhile in Hollywood, and returned to San Francisco's "Breakfast Gang" show on which he played and sang until 1955, two years before his death. He was a member of ASCAP and Local 6 of the Musicians' Union.

"Hymn of Hate" was printed in Solidarity (January 1, 1916).

HYMN OF HATE

By HARRY MCCLINTOCK

For the sailors that drown when your ill found
ships go crashing on the shore,
For the mangled men of your railroads, ten thousand
a year or more,
For the roasted men in your steel mills, and the
starving men on your roads,
For the miners buried by hundreds when the fire
damp explodes,
For our brothers maimed and slaughtered for your
profits every day,
While your priests chant the chorus—"God giveth
—and God hath taken away."
For a thousand times that you drove back when
we struck for a living wage,
For the dungeons and jails our men have filled
because of your devilish rage.
For Homestead and for Chicago, Coeur D'Alene
and Telluride,
For your bloody shambles at Ludlow, where the
women and babies died,
For our heroes you hanged on the gallows high to
fill your slaves with awe,
While your Judges stood in a sable row and
croaked, "Thus saith the law."
For all of the wrongs we have suffered from you,
and for each of the wrongs we hate,



Solidarity, August 4, 1917.

With a hate that is black as the deepest pit, that is
steadfast and sure as fate.
We hate you with hand, and heart, and head, and
body, and mind, and brain.
We hate at the forge, in the mine and mill, in the
field of golden grain.
We curse your name in the market place as the
workman talks with his mate,
And when you dine in your gay cafe the waiter
spits on your plate.
We hate you! Damn you! Hate you! We hate your
rotten breed.
We hate your slave religion with submission for its
creed.
We hate your judges. We hate your courts.
We hate that living lie,
That you call "justice" and we hate with a hate
that shall never die.
We shall keep our hate and cherish our hate and
our hate shall ever grow.
We shall spread our hate and scatter our hate 'till
all of the workers know.
And The Day shall come with a red, red dawn;
and you in your gilded halls,
Shall taste the wrath and the vengeance of the
men in overalls.
The riches you reaped in your selfish pride we
shall snatch with our naked hands,

And the house ye reared to protect you shall fall
like a castle of sand.
For ours are the hands that govern in factory,
mine and mill,
And we need only to fold our arms, and the whole
wide world stands still!
So go ye and study the beehive, and do not quite
forget,
That we are the *workers* of the world and we have
not spoken—yet.

19

"Dublin Dan" Liston who wrote "Dan McGann" and "The Portland Revolution" was the proprietor of the famous "Dublin Dan's" bar in Butte, Montana, the hangout for many colorful union personalities in that mining town. Liston was a member of the I.W.W. as well as the A.F.L. Bar-tenders' Union. On his death in 1942 in San Francisco, an obituary in the *Industrial Worker* (January 31, 1942) read:

"His song, 'The Portland Revolution,' is one of the standbys of the I.W.W. songbook. Perhaps he should be remembered for his gift of popularizing some of the obscure phrases of his Dublin childhood and giving them world-wide currency. . . . The most apt way of describing the economic level of the worker is the phrase by Dublin Dan, 'he hasn't a pot in which to spit or a window to throw it out.'"

"The Portland Revolution" refers to a waterfront strike in 1922 in Portland, Oregon, when the I.W.W. Marine Transport Workers' Union, organized in 1913, and the A.F.L. International Longshoreman's Union struck when waterfront employers announced that hiring would be done through a company employment agency rather than through the union list system.

Sung to the tune, "The Portland County Jail," the verses were printed in the twenty-fifth edition of the I.W.W. songbook. "Dan McGann" was printed in the twenty-first edition of the I.W.W. songbook.

DAN MCGANN

By DUBLIN DAN

Said Dan McGann to a foreign man,
Who sat with him on a bench:
"Let me tell you this," and for emphasis,
He flourished a Stillson wrench,

"Don't talk to me of the bourgeoisie,
 Don't open your lips to speak
 Of the socialist or the anarchist,
 Don't mention the bolshevik.

"I've heard enough of your foreign stuff,
 I'm as sick as a man can be
 Of the speech of hate, and I'm telling you straight,
 That this is the land for me;
 If you want to brag, take a look at our flag,
 And boast of its field of blue,
 Boast of the dead whose blood was shed
 For the peace of the likes of you.

"I'll have no more," and he waved once more
 His wrench, in a forceful way,
 "Of the cunning creed of the Russian breed,
 But I stand for the U. S. A.
 I'm sick of your fads and your wild-eyed lads,
 Don't flourish your flag so red,
 Where I can see—or at night there'll be
 Tall candles around your head.

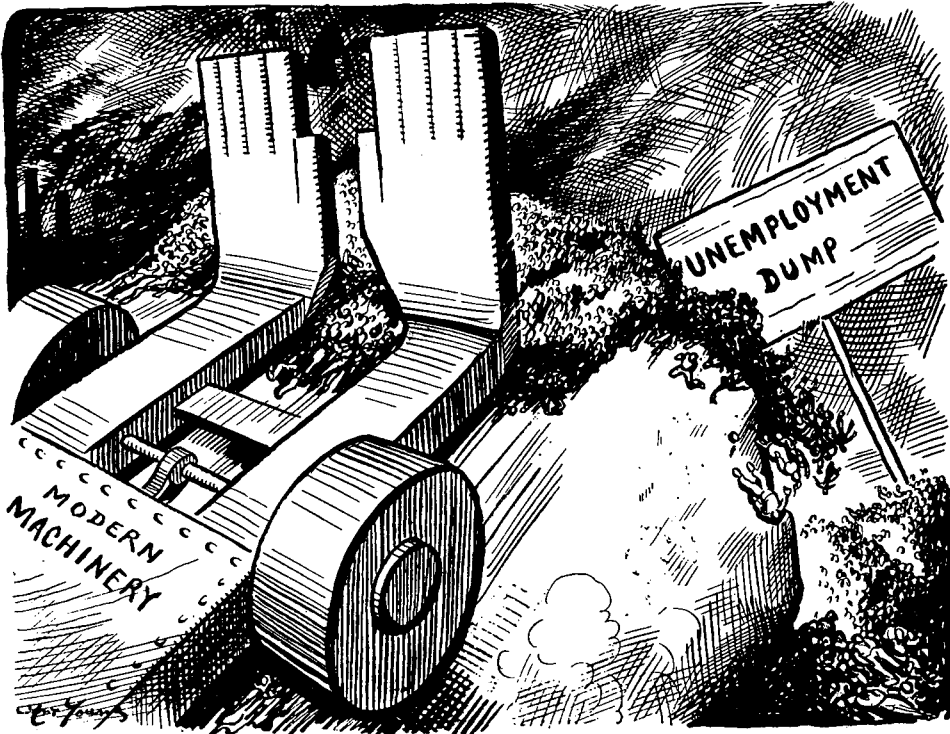
"So tip your hat to a flag like that
 Thank God for its stripes and stars,
 Thank God you are here, where the roads are
 clear,

Away from the kings and czars,
 And don't you speak of the bolshevik,
 I'm sick of that stuff, I am—
 One God, one flag, that's the creed I brag,
 I'm boosting for Uncle Sam."

Reply

The "foreign" man looked at Dan McGann,
 And in perfect English, said:
 "I cannot see, for the life of me,
 What you have got in your head.
 You boast and brag 'bout the grand old flag
 And the foes you put to rout,
 When you haven't a pot in which to spit,
 Or a window to throw it out.
 You howl and kick about the bolshevik,
 The anarchist and Wob—

Industrial Pioneer, August 1924.



You defend this rotten system when
You don't even own your job.

"Immigration laws would be 'jake' with you
If they kept out the Russian Finn,
The German Jew, and the Frenchman too,
And just let the Irish in;
You're full of that religious bunk
And the priest on your life has a lease—
You're not even blest, like some of the rest,
With the sense that God gave geese;
You're a rank disgrace to the human race,
You're one of those grand mistakes,
Who came from the land, from which I understand,
St. Patrick drove the snakes.

"The boss told you, and you think it's so,
And I guess it is at that,
That your head is a place on the top of your face,
Which is meant to hold your hat.
If a thought ever entered your ivory dome—
Which I am inclined to doubt—
You would not rest till you'd done your best
To drive the 'foreigner' out.
You kick about the strangers here,
But you give no reason why—
And without these so-called 'foreigners,'
How would you get by?"

"You're working for an Englishman,
You room with a French Canuck,
You board in a Swedish restaurant
Where a Dutchman cooks your chuck;
You buy your clothes from a German Jew,
Your shoes from a Russian Pole,
And you place your hope in a dago pope,
To save your Irish soul.
You're an 18-carat scissorbill,
You're a regular brainless gem—
But the time's at hand when you'll have to stand
For the things you now condemn.

"So throw away your Stillson wrench,
You booster for Uncle Sam,
For the language you use, when you're full of
booze,
Doesn't scare me worth a damn—
Go fight and be damned, for your glorious flag,
And the boss who is robbing you;

One Union Grand, that's where I stand;
I'm boosting the O. B. U."

20

THE PORTLAND REVOLUTION*

By DUBLIN DAN

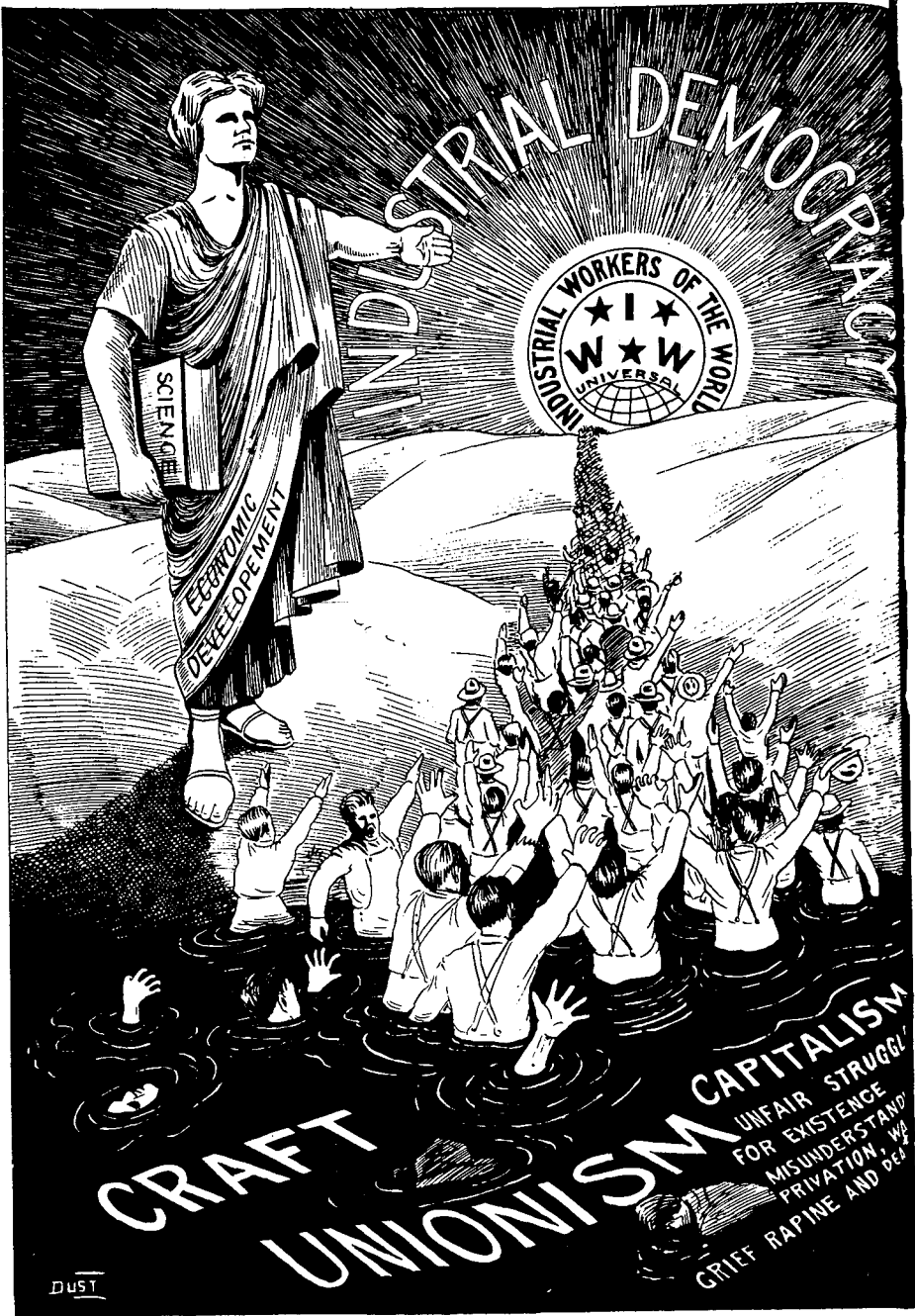
The Revolution started, so the judge informed the
Mayor,
Now Baker paces back and forth, and raves and
pulls his hair,
The waterfront is tied up tight, the Portland news-
boy howls,
And not a thing is moving, only Mayor Baker's
bowels.

A call went out for pickets, you should see the
railroad yards,
Lined up with honest workers, all displaying
"Wobbly Cards,"
It made no difference to those boys, which
industry was hit,
They all were fellow workers, and they meant to
do their bit.

When they arrived in Portland, they went right to
their hall,
And there and then decided a meeting they would
call,
The chairman was elected, when a thing built like
a man,
Informed them that they must finish up their
meeting in the can.

They were ushered to the court room, bright and
early Tuesday morn,
Then slowly entered "Justice," on his face a look
of scorn,
Some "Cat" who had the rigging, suggested to his
pard,
"Here a chance to line up "Baldy," so they wrote
him out a card.

When he spied the little ducat, his face went white
with hate,
And he said, "I'll tell you once for all," this court
won't tolerate
You "Wobblies" coming in here, and he clinched
his puny fists,



'Cause Mayor Baker has informed me that an emergency exists.

"Bring forth the prisoners, officer, we'll stop this thing right here.

You state your name, from whence you came, and what you're doing here.

You don't belong I. L. A. or M. T. W.

Now what I'd like to find out is, how this strike concerns you?

The One Ten Cat then wagged his tail, and smiled up at the "law,"

He said, "I am a harvest hand," or better known as "Straw,"

I'm interested in this wheat, in fact I'm keeping tabs,

I'm here, to see, twixt you and me, t'ain't loaded by no scabs.

The One Ten Cats were jubilant, the fur flew from their tails,

"His Honor" rapped for order, and the next man called was "Rails,"

I belong to old "Five Twenty," I'm a switchman in these yards,

And I'm here to state, we'll switch no freight,

'Cause we've all got red cards.

We're here to win this longshore strike, in spite of all your law,

That's all I've got to say, except, we're solid behind "Straw."

The logger then was next in line, he stood just six feet six,

"One Twenty," that's where I belong, the "Wobblies" call us "Sticks."

All red cards cut this lumber, also loaded it on flats,

And we won't see it handled by a bunch of "Legion Rats."

Old "Baldy" then was furious, I could see his pride was hurt,

When a Three Ten "cat" informed him, that his moniker was "Dirt."

He said, "Your honor, Listen, we have taken this here stand,

Because we all are organized in 'One Big Union Grand.'

"An injury to one, we say's an injury to all, United we're unbeatable, divided, we must fall, Your jails can't crush our spirit, you're already wise to that,"

When "Baldy" rapped for order, and cut off the Three Ten Cat.

He said, let me get straightened out, I'm in an awful mix,

For "Shorty" plainly says he's "dirt," and "Slim" belongs to "sticks."

Now "Blackie," he belongs to "rails" and "Whitey" says he's "straw,"

And all of you seem to have no respect for "law."

Now I can't send you men to jail, I can't find one excuse,

I'll wash my hands of this damn'd mess, and turned the whole bunch loose,

Then "dirt" and "sticks" walked arm in arm, with "flirts" and "skirts" and "rails,"

While the One Ten Cats brought up the rear, fur flying from their tails.



There was an Indian preacher who went to college and eked out an existence on the side by preaching. Somebody said to him, "John, how much do you get paid?"

"Oh, only get paid \$200.00 a year."

"Well, that's damn poor pay, John."

"Well," he said, "Damn poor preach!"

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN
in *Sabotage* (Cleveland:
I.W.W. Publicity Bureau,
April 1915), p. 8.

Chapter 2

With Folded Arms: The Tactics of Direct Action

Vincent St. John, who called the fourth I.W.W. convention to order on September 21, 1908, had been a farm worker, printer, upholsterer, and miner. Experiences with the grim economic and social realities of Western frontier industrial life shaped his militant philosophy. His leadership in the Goldfield strike and his organizing ability in local situations won him the support and affection of the Western delegates who called him "Vint" or "The Saint."

St. John saw the class struggle as a brutal fact of everyday life. In 1914 he told the Senate Industrial Relations Commission:

[employers] take us into the mills, before we have even seen the semblance of an education, and they grind up our vitality, brain and muscular energy into profits, and whenever we cannot keep pace with the machine speeded to its highest notch, they turn us out onto the road to eke out an existence as best we can, or wind up on the poor farm or in potter's field.¹

With De Leon barred from the convention, the "straight industrialists," who had considered De Leon a "pope" and an "intellectual," elected St. John general secretary-treasurer, a key position which he held until 1914. William Trautmann, who in 1904 was one of the six men instrumental in organizing the I.W.W., was elected general organizer.

The direct-actionists discounted working-class political action for a number of reasons. For one

thing, it had no meaning for a large portion of the working class—women, migrants, aliens, Southern Negroes—who were unable to vote. But more fundamentally, the direct-actionists questioned the value of reforms gained through the state, since the capitalist government, as St. John phrased it, "was a committee to look after the interests of the employers."² In a class war in which "all peace as long as the wage system lasts is but an armed truce,"³ sheer economic power alone would decide economic and social questions between conflicting forces.

The tactics of direct action found expression during the next few years in various forms of pressure applied by I.W.W. members through strikes, free speech fights, boycotts, and demonstrations. An I.W.W. publication defined the term "direct action" this way:

Direct action means industrial action directly by, for, and of the workers themselves, without the treacherous aid of labor misleaders or scheming politicians. A strike that is initiated, controlled, and settled by the workers directly affected is direct action. . . . Direct action is combined action, directly on the job to secure better job conditions. Direct action is industrial democracy.⁴

On the industrial scene, these tactics were applied effectively in a number of stoppages during this period, especially in the 1909 strike at McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania, a Pittsburgh suburb.

Here, over 6000 employees of the Pressed Steel Car Company, an affiliate of the United States Steel Corporation, struck spontaneously for better working conditions and an end to a speed-up system. Most of them were immigrants from many countries. Ignored by the A.F.L. union officials, they readily accepted encouragement and leadership from I.W.W. organizers.

An unknown committee of strikers determined strike strategy. When the "Black Cossacks," as the club-wielding troopers of the Pennsylvania Constabulary were called, injured over 100 strikers in repeated charges on meetings and picket lines, the strike leaders warned that they would fight back. They threatened that a "Cossack" would be killed or injured for every worker killed or maimed.

When a striker was killed, 5000 sympathizers representing fifteen nationalities marched in the funeral procession, and the strikers made good their threat. Ten days later a fight broke out with troopers as the strikers returned home from a meeting; a brief gun battle left four strikers and three troopers dead.

In the first issue of *Solidarity*, an I.W.W. newspaper started in 1909 at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, in the heart of the steel district, general organizer William Trautmann reported: "Then the chief of the Cossacks called off his bloodhounds. After that, no striker or deputy was killed. Organized and disciplined 'physical force' checked violence and wanton destruction of life at McKees Rocks."⁵ With the strikers freely picketing the factories, they finally won their demands.

The victory at McKees Rocks won better working conditions, brought an end to some of the notorious company abuses for the strikers, and enhanced the reputation of the I.W.W. In addition, the organization used the strike as a vehicle of agitation against the capitalist system and as a tactic to strengthen working class solidarity. Strikes were part of the guerilla warfare against the employer, which would eventually overthrow the capitalist system. In the words of one I.W.W. propagandist:

Strikes are mere incidents in the class war; they are tests of strength, periodic drills in the course of which the workers train themselves for concerted action. This training is most necessary to prepare the masses for the final "catastrophe," the general strike which will complete the expropriation of the employers.⁶

The general strike was viewed in the broadest sense as the peaceful taking over of the means of production, once the workers had been organized and capitalism had proved its inefficiency. It would be brought about, said Haywood and other I.W.W. organizers, by the "folded arms" of the workers. "When we strike now, we strike with our hands in our pockets," Haywood told a reporter for the magazine, *World's Work*, in 1913. "We have a new kind of violence, the havoc we raise with money by laying down our tools."⁷

This philosophy was eloquently voiced by I.W.W. organizer Joseph Ettor, addressing the Lawrence textile strikers at the Franco-Belgian Hall on January 25, 1912. He said:

If the workers of the world want to win, all they have to do is recognize their own solidarity. They have nothing to do but fold their arms and the world will stop. The workers are more powerful with their hands in their pockets than all the property of the capitalists. As long as the workers keep their hands in their pockets, the capitalists cannot put theirs there. With passive resistance, with the workers absolutely refusing to move, lying absolutely silent, they are more powerful than all the weapons and instruments that the other side has for attack.⁸

Until the time of the general strike, Ettor held, workers must be inspired with a sense of class solidarity and militancy.

In line with I.W.W. philosophy, no contracts would be recognized after a strike was won. Only temporary "truces" could be effected on the "battlefield of capital and labor." As St. John wrote in his much circulated pamphlet, *The I.W.W.: Its History, Structure, and Methods*: "There is but one bargain that the Industrial Workers of the World will make with the employing class—complete surrender of the means of production."⁹

This philosophy was forcefully expressed in one of the many Wobbly songs on the general strike:

Why do you make agreements that divide you
when you fight
And let the bosses bluff you with the contract's
"sacred right"?
Why stay at work when other crafts are battling
with the foe;
You all must stick together, don't you know?
Tie 'em up! Tie 'em up; that's the way to win.
Don't notify the bosses till hostilities begin.

Don't furnish chance for gunmen, scabs and all their like;

What you need is One Big Union and the One Big Strike.¹⁰

Wobblies "tied up" their bosses by assorted forms of harassment on the job, undertaken when other efforts proved ineffective. This was called "sabotage," or "conscientious withdrawal of efficiency." It proved to be the most controversial concept affecting the organization.

The tactics of direct action evolved from the nature of working conditions of the I.W.W. membership. In many cases, unable to finance long-term strikes, the unskilled laborers resorted to short decisive actions. It was impossible to maintain a picket line across thousands of miles of Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota wheat fields. But it was possible for the Wobblies to leave threatening signs: "\$3.00 a day—shocks right side up; \$2.00 a day, shocks upside down."¹¹ Intermittent strikes, strikes on the job, and "sabotage" were means of gaining practical concessions quickly, as well as part of the long-term battle to weaken the capitalist system.

The word "sabotage" was first used officially by French labor organizations in 1897, when anarchist Emile Pouget reported to the Confédération Générale du Travail (CGT) about the earlier Scottish practice called "ca'canny," meaning to "go slow" or "soldiering." The etymology of the word has been summarized by Waldo Browne in *What's What in the Labor Movement* (1921):

Derived from the French word sabot, meaning a wooden shoe, this term is often supposed to have originally denoted the idea of stalling machinery by throwing a wooden clog into it. Probably its more direct derivation is from the French verb saboter, meaning to bungle or to botch; while some find its origin in the French expression, "Travailler à coups de sabots," meaning to work as one wearing wooden shoes, often applied to lazy or slow-moving persons.¹²

I.W.W. historian Fred Thompson relates that in France, long after the industrial workers had started wearing leather shoes, the peasants, who were frequently used as strikebreakers, still used wooden sabots. The peasants were called "saboteurs" in much the same way as the word "hayseed" is used in this country. When the defeated strikers returned to work, they expressed their

discontent by bungling their work in the same manner as the inexperienced, clumsy strikebreakers. Their efforts were called "sabotage."¹³

Whatever its origin, sabotage in I.W.W. terms aimed, as pamphleteer Walker C. Smith wrote, "to hit the employer in his vital spot, his heart and soul, or in other words his pocketbook."¹⁴ It included actions which would disable machinery, slacken production, spoil the product, or reduce company profits by telling the truth about a product. In her pamphlet *Sabotage* (1915), Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, an I.W.W. organizer from 1906 to 1917, much later a leader of the Communist Party, wrote:

Sabotage means either to slacken up and interfere with the quantity, or to botch in your skill and interfere with the quality of capitalist production so as to give poor service. It is something that is fought out within the walls of the shop. Sabotage is not physical violence; sabotage is an internal industrial process. It is simply another form of coercion.¹⁵

The word sabotage appeared in the I.W.W. press for the first time in *Solidarity* (June 4, 1910) in a report of a strike of 600 Chicago clothing workers who had walked out of Lamm and Company when one of their coworkers was dismissed. The article stated that when scabs were brought into the clothing factory, "workers in other firms where the material for the strike-bound firm was made, 'sabotaged' their work to such perfection" that the company yielded to almost all the strikers' demands.¹⁶ Organizer Trautmann advised the strikers to go back to work and use "passive resistance" methods of getting the discharged worker rehired.¹⁷

The controversy over the term sabotage was dramatized in the 1912 convention of the Socialist Party when a resolution was passed aimed at disqualifying for Socialist Party membership anyone who "opposes political action or advocates crime, sabotage, or other means of violence as a weapon of the working-class to aid in its emancipation."¹⁸ The resolution was an outgrowth of the schism between the right and left wing over politics vs direct action, a rift which had been growing since soon after the Party's organization early in the century. It hit at Bill Haywood who, as a Socialist Party executive board member, had been a delegate to the 1910 congress of the Second International in Europe and had come home

to America to lecture on the need for "socialism with its working clothes on,"¹⁹ militant direct action, and the general strike. In February 1913 Haywood was recalled from his post as executive board member and expelled from Socialist Party membership. He continued to be one of the best-known and most popular Wobbly leaders.

According to Haywood, literature dealing with sabotage was circulated in the I.W.W. from about 1913 to 1917, although translations of radical European articles had appeared in the I.W.W. press since 1910. Some of the pamphlets sold by soap-boxers or distributed at meetings were written by I.W.W. members, privately printed, and did not represent the official views of the organization.²⁰ The growing argument over the relation of sabotage to violence led the 1913 I.W.W. convention to adopt a resolution which stated in part: "The program of the I.W.W. offers the only possible solution of the wage question whereby violence can be avoided, or at the very worst, reduced to a minimum."²¹ The following year, the I.W.W. convention resolved that its speakers recommend to all workers the curtailing of production "by slowing down and sabotage."²²

However, bold rhetoric continued to dramatize industrial evils, and the wooden shoe symbol for sabotage appeared widely in Wobbly song, prose, and illustration between 1913 and 1918. Some editions of the Wobblies' little red songbook carried the verse:

If Freedom's road seems rough and hard,
And strewn with rocks and thorns
Then put your wooden shoes on, pard,
And you won't hurt your corns.²³

Sabotage symbols of a wooden shoe and a black cat appeared constantly in Wobbly illustrations and cartoons. Stickers and circulars showed a hunched black cat showing its claws. The words "sab cat," "kitten," "fix the job," were used to suggest or threaten striking on the job, sabotage, and direct action.²⁴

Whether or not I.W.W. members practiced lawlessness and violence would be difficult to determine at this time, but many investigators conclude that such reports were exaggerated. After spending several months in the West studying the I.W.W. for a series of articles which appeared in the New York *Evening Post* in February and March 1918, writer Robert Bruere found no evidence that the men in the lumber camps were guilty of sabotage as had been charged.

"Won't we be taking [the lumber camps] over one of these days, and what sense would there be in a destroying what is going to belong to us?" one Wobbly lumberjack asked him.²⁵

Bruere reported on February 16, 1918, that western lumber owners admitted to the President's Mediation Commission in Seattle that "the peculiar reputation for violence and lawlessness which has been fixed upon the I.W.W. was largely the work of their own ingenious publicity agents."²⁶ The report of the President's Mediation Commission in 1917 declared that for many Wobblies, I.W.W. membership represented a "bond of groping fellowship" and the unrest in the lumber camps was "at bottom . . . the assertion of human dignity."²⁷

In a 1919 memorandum regarding persecution of the radical labor movement in the United States the National Civil Liberties Bureau stated:

The common charge of violence to achieve the organization's purpose has not been proved in a single trial. Not a single fact has been proved against the organization which could not have been proved with equal force against any aggressive A.F.L. union—with the single exception of the publication of radical literature expressing revolutionary ideas of the struggle of labor.²⁸

An extensive 1300-page study of criminal syndicalism laws by E. F. Dowell at Johns Hopkins University in 1939 concluded:

The evidence made available in the course of this study leads to the conclusion that from 1912, or earlier, until 1918, the I.W.W. undoubtedly advocated in its publications sabotage in the sense of disabling or injury of property to reduce the employers' profits or production, and then ceased this advocacy in 1918. Although there are contradictory opinions as to whether the I.W.W. practiced sabotage or not, it is interesting to note that no case of an I.W.W. saboteur caught practicing sabotage or convicted of its practice is available.²⁹

Bold free speech fights which brought the impact of the organization to the doorstep of many communities across the country, militant strikes, revolutionary theories, and inflammatory propaganda resulted in legal and illegal attempts to suppress the organization. Its success in organizing rebellions of immigrant factory workers, the expansion of its membership in the mines, lumber

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1911

ATE—ORGANIZE—FIGHT FOR THE EIC

PARLIAMENTARIANISM [WHICH?] DIRECT ACTION



ORGANIZE ON THE JOB WHERE YOU ARE ROBBED

OSTER REPLIES TO ROBERT RIVES LA MOI

SOCIALIST AND SYNDICALIST plot in "The Socialist Party." What matters? SOCIALIST ASSISTANCE
 IN FR... what country... The later news... box of the

forests, and midwestern harvest fields led to a savage opposition in the press which made no attempt to separate rhetoric from reality and frequently exaggerated the "Wobbly menace" to create a dramatic news story and an eye-catching headline. Although the I.W.W. proved far less extreme in its actions than in its words and conducted strikes notably lacking in violence, the members were individually persecuted by federal and state governments, and the organization was violently condemned.

In the attack on all radicalism in the second and third decade of the twentieth century, the Wobblies were characterized first, as wild, bomb-throwing industrial terrorists, then as German saboteurs financed by the kaiser's gold, and, finally, as fanatic Bolsheviks plotting to sovietize the United States.

Communities across the country took literally the title and words to a vigorous Wobbly song, "Paint 'Er Red," offered by the prosecution in many courtroom trials as evidence of "revolutionary intent":

We hate their rotten system more than any
mortals do,
Our aim is not to patch it up, but build it all
anew,
And what we'll have for government, when
finally we're through,
Is *One Big Industrial Union*.³⁰

1

James H. Walsh, who wrote this account of the trip of twenty Westerners to the 1908 I.W.W. convention in Chicago, was a Socialist Party member who had worked in Alaska before becoming an I.W.W. soapboxer and organizer in the Portland area. The men whom he led to Chicago were dubbed "the Bummers" by Daniel De Leon from their singing of the ribald verses of "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." Walsh was a leader in the I.W.W. campaign against employment "sharks," which led to the Spokane free speech fight in 1909. This article appeared in the Industrial Union Bulletin (September 19, 1908).

I. W. W. "RED SPECIAL"
OVERALL BRIGADE

On Its Way Through the Continent.—Along the Campfires.—Great Success in Propaganda.—Thou-

sands Listen to the Speakers.—The "Special" Leaving a Red Streak Behind It.—Contributions Liberal.—Gompers and His Satellites Furious with Rage!

Well, we're in the yards, gathered together at the water tank. In order to know if all are present, we have numbered ourselves. The numbers run from one to nineteen, Mrs. Walsh making twenty. A switchman is seen and he informs us where our "Special car" will be found. The train is late however, and we are delayed a few hours. "Fly Cops" are pretty busy in the yards. They are watching their master's property that some hobo may not break a sacred seal and pile into a car where valuable merchandise is stored.

Two blasts of the locomotive whistle are heard and the train is starting on its journey, and simultaneously nineteen men, all dressed in black overalls and jumpers, black shirts and red ties, with an I.W.W. book in his pocket and an I.W.W. button on his coat, are in a "cattle car" and on our way.

In a short time a glim (lantern) appears and the brakeman jumps into the car. His unionism is skin-deep. He belongs to the B. of R. T., but never heard of the class struggle. He is unsuccessful, however, in the collecting of fares, and we continue our journey.

Our first stop, where we expect to hold a meeting is Centralia, and when about half way there, "our car" is set out. There is only one now left in the train to ride on. It is an oil car, so nineteen men will be found "riding" on that car as soon as the train starts. Being delayed for a few hours again, while the train is being transferred across the ferry, we are hovered around the first campfire toward the wee sma' hours of morning. At last two short blasts of the whistle are heard, and all are aboard. It is only a short distance to our destination and the train is whirling along at passenger speed. The morning is turning cold and spitting a little rain, but all are determined to stick to the car, when again, appears the brakeman and tells us we cannot ride since daylight has come, but he is informed that we must get to Centralia. He insists we'll get off at the next stop, but we fail to get off, and in a few minutes we arrive at our first stop.

It is early Sunday morning, and we are off to get a cup of coffee, after which we will congregate around the camp fire in the "jungles." The

morning is bright and all are sleeping on the jungle grass, with our arms for pillows, and coats for covers.

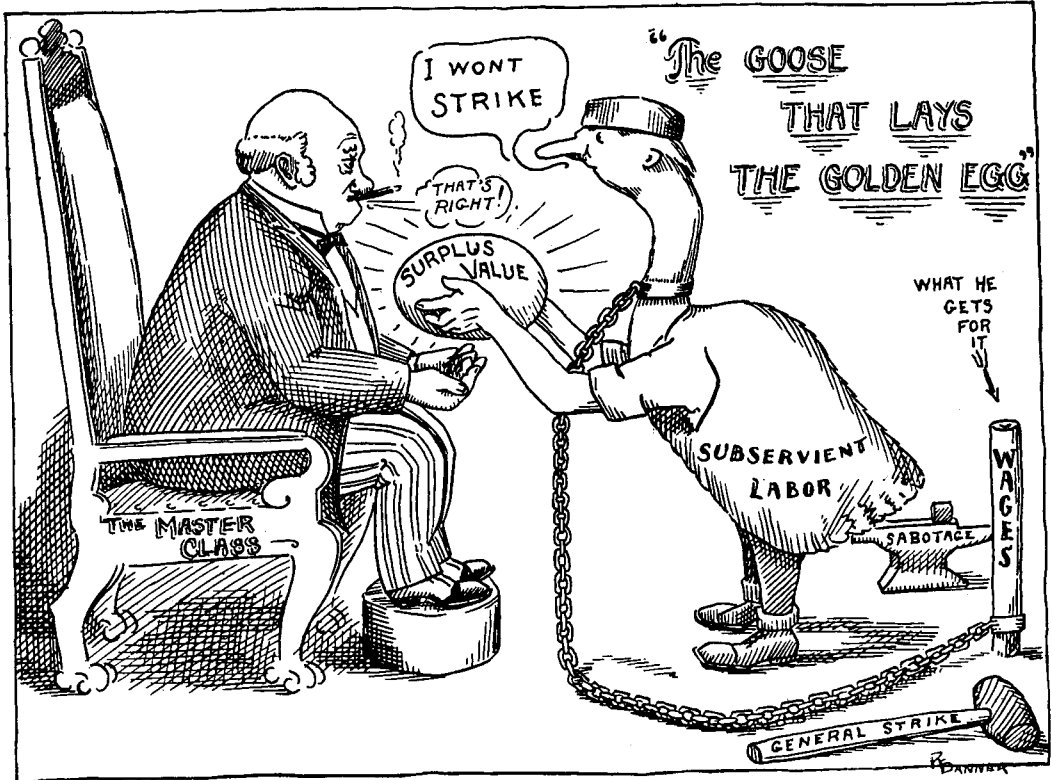
About noon we are all up and wending our way toward the depot; here we meet Mrs. Walsh and the whole "bunch" congregates. The rubber-necks of the little country city are all stretched on us. Later in the day the "To Night Bells" are distributed and at 8 P.M., we find a good crowd at the park to listen. They all like the songs and close attention is given to the lecture. The literature sales are fair, the collection fair and the songs sell like hot cakes.

We have finished our first propaganda meeting, and taking all in all, it is a grand success. Now, for the next date which is Tacoma. The train committee has ascertained that "our special car" will

not leave until 2 A.M., so off to the camp fire again. The time has arrived for departure and we are again on our way. Another brakeman appears and after a conference he decides to let us ride. A few minutes later he appears again with two large watermelons. We are in an empty coal car, but the train is making passenger time. A long blast of the whistle tells us that we are near Tacoma. Now for a few blocks' walk and we are at the I.W.W. hall. The bills are being distributed and a big meeting is expected. The street is packed and a great meeting is the result. The sale of literature is good, the collection is fair, and again the songs sell like hot cakes. Four new members are secured for the Tacoma local.

Having finished our work here, we are ready for a start toward Seattle. On arrival in the yards,

Industrial Worker, February 13, 1913.



WHY SHOULD WORKERS PRODUCE FOR IDLERS?

we find a "train ready." We are off, but on arrival at Meaker Junction, we find a walk in store for us of eight miles, in order to catch a train that will land us in Seattle in time for a propaganda meeting. The eight miles is undergoing repair work, and the Italians are on strike, so you can imagine what a beautiful roadbed we have to "hike" over in the night.

The trip has been made and luckily we strike another train ready to land us in Seattle. We find "our special car," and several hobos are in it. They are telling of the bad "shack" (brakeman) on the train who packs a big gun and makes the "boes" get. The shack arrives with a big gun. He is a small man, but says in a gruff voice: "Get out of here! Every G— d— one of you," and the strangers in the car all pile out. Three of our bunch step up to him to tell him that we are all union men, and desire to get to Seattle. He is not a union man and again gives the command that we must get off. At this juncture the whole bunch is awakened and told that we must get off and that the shack has a gun. The command is given, "call the roll!" The roll is called, and as they sound their numbers from one to nineteen the brakeman turns white and meekly says: "I did not know this." He piles out and we are on our way. In Seattle we held several good meetings and then departed for the east. We met a very nice train crew apparently, out of Seattle. They claimed to all be union men, but they proved to be cheap dogs of the railroad. Fearing such a large bunch, they telegraphed ahead to Auburn Junction for a force to take us off. When we arrived at the junction we were surrounded by a band of railroad officials—the papers stated there were 25—when we were covered by guns and told to unload. We were marched to jail and held over night. In the morning the writer was separated from the bunch, but finally we were all turned loose. Being separated, we did not learn until evening where each and all were. However, all except the writer had gotten back to Seattle, and secured the services of Attorney Brown, to take up the case, should it become necessary. It was not necessary. The boys held a street meeting in Seattle, and part started from there for Spokane, over one road, and the rest over another road.

We continued our work of propaganda without missing a single date, and all re-united at Spokane, where we held several good meetings. Leaving Spokane, we took in Sandpoint, Idaho, and then rambled into Missoula, Montana, where we had

some of the best meetings of all the places along the route.

We put the "Starvation Army" on the bum, and packed the streets from one side to the other. The literature sales were good, the collections good, and the red cards containing the songs sold like hot cakes.

At Missoula, Mont., we have completed two full weeks' work on the road. We left Portland with 20 members. We lost 4 of them, but we picked up one at Seattle, and two at Spokane, so our industrial band is practically the same as when we started.

There are "Mulligan Bunches" all along the road. We had scarcely gotten out of the city limits of Portland, when we saw the camp fires of the "boes" along the road, and we have never, as yet, been out of sight of those camp fires. In fact, the further east we get, the more numerous appear to be the "boes." On investigation, we find that the "Mulligan Bunch" is not composed of pick and shovel artists alone, but that all kinds of tradesmen can be found among them.

There is still three weeks between us and the Fourth Annual Convention, and we expect to be in Chicago by that time. So far we have made every place on schedule time, and we hope to keep up the record.

The receipts from the sale of literature and collections for the first week, were \$39.02, and the second week was \$53.66, a total of \$92.68. Of course, do not imagine that this is all profit, for it's necessary to buy a passenger ticket for the wife of the writer, and as we are carrying 160 pounds of excess baggage—literature—these receipts are eaten into at a lively rate.

This may not be a "Red Special," but it is leaving a red streak behind it. All fellow workers can get a meal at our special car—the jungles—free of charge. Many a poor, hungry devil has been fed by the boys around the camp fires.

In the above money of literature and collections, the song sales are not counted. The boys in the bunch have that money to themselves. It runs from two or three dollars to eleven dollars per night.

It is time for another street meeting, and so I must close to join the revolutionary forces on the street, who are now congregating, after a big feed in the jungles.

Yours for the I. W. W.,

J. H. WALSH,
National Organizer.

2

Vincent St. John (1873-1929) was one of the founders of the Western Federation of Miners and a member of its general executive board until 1907, a founder of the I.W.W. and its general secretary from 1908 to 1914. Son of a Wells Fargo pony express rider, St. John had been president of the Telluride Miners Union (W.F.M.) during the epic Colorado miners strike of 1903-4; president of the Burke Miners Union during the struggles of the Coeur d'Alenes; and leader of the I.W.W. in the Goldfield, Nevada, miners' strike of 1907. Detectives of the Colorado Mine Owners' Association once said of him: "St. John has given more trouble in the past year than any twenty men. . . . If left undisturbed, he would have the whole district organized in another year."

St. John left the I.W.W. in 1914 to become a prospector in New Mexico, and as self-employed, automatically ceased to be a member of the I.W.W. A chronic bronchial condition which contributed to his death was said to be the result of a mine disaster at Telluride, Colorado, when St. John led a rescue party into a smoke-filled mine to bring out the wounded and the bodies of twenty-five miners who had choked or smothered to death. St. John was one of the best loved of the I.W.W. leaders. In a tribute to him published in Industrial Solidarity (July 17, 1929) after his death, I.W.W. organizer Joseph Ettor wrote: "When the true story of labor's efforts across the past thirty years . . . is written, the Saint must be the heart of it."

Political Parties and the I.W.W. was a widely circulated pamphlet published by the organization's Publicity Bureau about 1910.

POLITICAL PARTIES AND THE I. W. W.

By VINCENT ST. JOHN

I am in receipt of many inquiries relative to the position of the I.W.W. and political action. One fellow worker wants to know, "How is this revolutionary body going to express itself politically?" and "is it going to hop through the industrial world on one leg?"

A little investigation will prove to any worker that while the workers are divided on the industrial field it is not possible to unite them on any other field to advance a working class program.

Further investigation will prove that with the

working class divided on the industrial field, unity anywhere else—if it could be brought about—would be without results. The workers would be without power to enforce any demands. The proposition, then, is to lay all stress in our agitation upon the essential point, that is upon the places of production, where the working class must unite in sufficient numbers before it will have the power to make itself felt anywhere else.

Will it not follow that, united in sufficient numbers at the workshops and guided by the knowledge of their class interests, such unity will be manifested in every field wherein they can assist in advancing the interest of the working class? Why then should not all stress be laid upon the organization of the workers on the industrial field?

The illustration used by our fellow worker in which he likens the economic organization to a one-legged concern because it does not mention political action, is not a comparison that in any way fits the case. As well might the prohibitionist, the anti-clerical, or any other advocate of the many schools that claim the worker can better his condition by their particular policy, say that because the declaration of principles of the economic organization makes no mention of these subjects, the I.W.W. is short a leg on each count.

The Preamble of the I.W.W. deals with the essential point upon which we know the workers will have to agree before they can accomplish anything for themselves. Regardless of what a wage worker may think on any question, if he agrees upon the essential thing we want him in the I.W.W. helping to build up the organized army of production.

The two legs of the economic organization are *Knowledge* and *Organization*.

It is impossible for anyone to be a part of the capitalist state and to use the machinery of the state in the interest of the workers. All they can do is to make the attempt, and to be impeached—as they will be—and furnish object lessons to the workers, of the class character of the state.

Knowing this, the I.W.W. proposes to devote all of its energy to building up the organization of the workers in the industries of the country and the world: to drilling and educating the members so that they will have the necessary power and the knowledge to use that power to overthrow capitalism.

I know that here you will say: what about the injunction judges, the militia and the bull pens? In answer, ask yourself what will stop the use of

these same weapons against you on the political field if by the political activity of the workers you were able to menace the profits of the capitalist?

If you think it cannot be done, turn to Colorado where in 1904 two judges of the supreme court of that state, Campbell and Gabbert, by the injunction process assumed original jurisdiction over the state election and decided the majority of the state legislature, the governorship and the election of the United States senator.

Turn to the Coeur d'Alenes where the military forces of the United States put out of office all officials who would not do the bidding of the mining companies of that region.

Turn to Colorado, where a mob did the same thing in the interest of the capitalist class.

The only power that the working class has is the power to produce wealth. The I.W.W. proposes to organize the workers to control the use of their labor so that they will be able to stop the production of wealth except upon terms dictated by the workers themselves.

The capitalists' political power is exactly the measure of their industrial power—control of industry; that control can only be disputed and finally destroyed by an organization of the workers inside the industries—organized for the every day struggle with the capitalists and to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown.

With such an organization, knowing that an injury to one member of the working class is an injury to every member of that class, it will be possible to make the use of injunctions and the militia so costly that the capitalist will not use them. None of his industries would run except for such length of time as the workers needed to work in order to get in shape to renew the struggle.

A stubborn slave will bring the most overbearing master to time. The capitalists cannot exterminate a real labor organization by fighting it—they are only dangerous when they commence to fraternize with it.

Neither can the capitalists and their tools exterminate the working class or any considerable portion of it—they would have to go to work themselves if they did.

It is true that while the movement is weak they may victimize a few of its members, but if that is not allowed to intimidate the organization the employers will not be able to do that very long.

Persecution of any organization always results in the growth of the principle represented by that

organization—if its members are men and women of courage. If they are not, there is no substitute that will insure victory.

The I.W.W. will express itself politically in its general convention and the referendum of its members in the industries throughout the land, in proportion to its power.

The work before us is to build up an organization of our class in the field wherein our power lies. That task must be accomplished by the workers themselves. Whatever obstacles are in the way must be overcome, however great they seem to be. Remember that the working class is a great class and its power is unbounded when properly organized.

The sooner all the members of the working class who agree with this program lend their efforts to bring it about—by joining the I.W.W.—the sooner will the struggle be ended in spite of all the machinations of the capitalist and his judges and armies.

We are forced, however, to point out the limitations of political action for the working class in order that the workers be not led into a cul de sac by the politician, and because of that lose all idea of ever being anything but slaves for generations to come.

This we can only do by devoting our entire effort in the work of organization and education to the industrial field.

To those who think the workers will have to be united in a political party, we say dig in and do so, but do not try to use the economic organization to further the aims of the political party.

3

Born in Salt Lake City, Bill Haywood (1869-1928) went to work in the mines at the age of nine. He joined the Western Federation of Miners in 1896 and was active as an executive board member and as secretary-treasurer of that organization until 1907. One of the founders and the best known of the I.W.W. leaders, he became its secretary-treasurer for 1916-18. In September 1917 he was arrested and convicted under the Federal Espionage Act. In 1920, while out of Leavenworth Penitentiary on bail, he fled to the Soviet Union where, for a time, he was a leader of the American Kuzbas Colony in Siberia. He died in Moscow in 1928 after writing his memoirs, which he titled Against the Current. They were published

as Bill Haywood's Book by *International Publishers* (New York, 1929).

Haywood wrote several pamphlets and numerous articles. He was one of the I.W.W.'s most famous lecturers. In *World of Labour* (London, 1913), G. D. H. Cole said: "Haywood could make himself understood by a crowd that did not know a word he said, merely by waving his arms and shouting." On Haywood's death, an obituary in the *Nation* (May 30, 1928) called him "as American as Bret Harte or Mark Twain."

Haywood's pamphlet *The General Strike* (Chicago, n.d.), published by the I.W.W., was a summary of a speech he gave in New York City on March 16, 1911.

THE GENERAL STRIKE

By WILLIAM HAYWOOD

I came to-night to speak to you on the general strike. And this night, of all the nights in the year, is a fitting time. Forty years ago to-day there began the greatest general strike known in modern history, the French Commune; a strike that required the political powers of two nations to subdue, namely, that of France and the iron hand of a Bismarck government of Germany. That the workers would have won that strike had it not been for the copartnership of the two nations, there is to my mind no question. They would have overcome the divisions of opinion among themselves. They would have re-established the great national workshops that existed in Paris and throughout France in 1848. The world would have been on the highway toward an industrial democracy, had it not been for the murderous compact between Bismarck and the government of Versailles.

We are met to-night to consider the general strike as a weapon of the working class. I must admit to you that I am not well posted on the theories advanced by Jaures, Vandervelde, Kautsky, and others who write and speak about the general strike. But I am not here to theorize, not here to talk in the abstract, but to get down to the concrete subject whether or not the general strike is an effective weapon for the working class. There are vote-getters and politicians who waste their time coming into a community where 90 per cent of the men have no vote, where the women are disfranchised 100 per cent and where the boys and girls under age, of course, are not

enfranchised. Still they will speak to these people about the power of the ballot, and they never mention a thing about the power of the general strike. They seem to lack the foresight, the penetration to interpret political power. They seem to lack the understanding that the broadest interpretation of political power comes through the industrial organization; that the industrial organization is capable not only of the general strike, but prevents the capitalists from disfranchising the worker; it gives the vote to women, it re-enfranchises the black man and places the ballot in the hands of every boy and girl employed in a shop, makes them eligible to take part in the general strike, makes them eligible to legislate for themselves where they are most interested in changing conditions, namely, in the place where they work.

I am sorry sometimes that I am not a better theorist, but as all theory comes from practice you will have observed, before I proceed very long, that I know something about the general strikes in operation.

Going back not so far as the Commune of Paris, which occurred in 1871, we find the great strike in Spain in 1874, when the workers of that country won in spite of combined opposition against them and took control of the civil affairs. We find the great strike in Bilbao, in Brussels. And coming down through the halls of time, the greatest strike is the general strike of Russia, when the workers of that country compelled the government to establish a constitution, to give them a form of government—which, by the way, has since been taken from them, and it would cause one to look on the political force, of Russia at least, as a bauble not worth fighting for. They gave up the general strike for a political constitution. The general strike could and did win for them many concessions they could gain in no other way.

While across the water I visited Sweden, the scene of a great general strike, and I discovered that there they won many concessions, political as well as economic; and I happened to be in France, the home of all revolutions, during the strike on the railroads, on the state as well as the privately owned roads. There had been standing in the parliament of France many laws looking toward the improvement of the men employed on the railroads. They became dissatisfied and disgruntled with the continued dilatory practices of the politicians and they declared a general strike.



PALMIST: "There is a Man Following You With a Bludgeon."
CAPITALIST: "Yes, Yes! What Else Do You See?"
PALMIST: "Nothing But Your Finish!"

Industrial Worker, March 27, 1913.

The demands of the workers were for an increase of wages from three to five francs a day, for a reduction of hours and for the retroaction of the pension law. They were on strike three days. It was a general strike as far as the railroads were concerned. It tied up transportation and communication from Paris to all the seaport towns. The strike had not been on three days when the government granted every demand of the workers. Previous to this, however, Briand had issued his infamous order making the railroaders soldiers—reservists. The men went back as conscripts; and many scabs, as we call them over here (I don't know what the French call them; in England they call them "blacklegs"), were put on the roads to take the places of 3,500 discharged men.

The strike apparently was broken, officially declared off by the workers. It's true their demands had all been granted, but remember there were 3,500 of their fellow-workers discharged. The strikers immediately started a campaign to have

the victimized workers reinstated. And their campaign was a part of the general strike. It was what they called the "grève perlée," or the "drop strike"—if you can conceive of a strike while everybody is at work; everybody belonging to the union receiving full time, and many of them getting overtime, and the strike in full force and very effective. This is the way it worked—and I tell it to you in hopes that you will spread the good news to your fellow-workers and apply it yourselves whenever occasion demands—namely, that of making the capitalist suffer. Now there is only one way to do that; that is, to strike him in the place where he carries his heart and soul, his center of feeling—the pocketbook. And that is what those strikers did. They began at once to make the railroads lose money, to make the government lose money, to make transportation a farce so far as France was concerned. Before I left that country, on my first visit—and it was during the time that the strike was on—there were 50,000 tons of freight

piled up at Havre, and a proportionately large amount at every other seaport town. This freight the railroaders would not move. They did not move it at first, and when they did it was in this way: they would load a trainload of freight for Paris and by some mistake it would be billed through Lyons, and when the freight was found at Lyons, instead of being sent to the consignee at Paris it was carried straight through the town on to Bayonne or Marseilles or some other place—to any place but where it properly belonged. Perishable freight was taken out by the trainload and sidetracked. The condition became such that the merchants themselves were compelled to send their agents down into the depots to look up their consignments of freight—and with very little assurance of finding it at all. That this was the systematic work of the railroaders there is no question, because a package addressed to Merle, one of the editors of "*La Guerre Sociale*," now occupying a cell in the Prison of the Saint, was marked with an inscription on the corner, "Sabotagers please note address." This package went through posthaste. It worked so well that some of the merchants began using the name of "*La Guerre Sociale*" to have their packages immediately delivered. It was necessary for the managers of the paper to threaten to sue them unless they refrained from using the name of the paper for railroad purposes.

Nearly all the workers have been reinstated at the present time on the railroads of France.

That is certainly one splendid example of what the general strike can accomplish for the working class.

Another is the strike of the railroaders in Italy. The railroaders there are organized in one great industrial union, one card, taking into membership the stenographers, train dispatchers, freight handlers, train crews and section crews. Everyone who works on the railroad is a member of the organization; not like it is in this country, split up into as many divisions as they can possibly get them into. There they are all one. There was a great general strike. It resulted in the country taking over the railroads. But the government made the mistake of placing politicians in control, giving politicians the management of the railroads. This operated but little better than under private capitalism. The service was inefficient. They could make no money. The rolling stock was rapidly going to wreck. Then the railroad

organizations issued this ultimatum to the government, and it now stands: "Turn the railroads over to us. We will operate them and give you the most efficient service to be found on railroads in any country." Would that be a success for the general strike? I rather think so.

And in Wales it was my good fortune to be there, not to theorize but to take part in the general strike among the coal miners. Previous to my coming, or in previous strikes, the Welsh miners had been in the habit of quitting work, carrying out their tools, permitting the mine managers to run the pumps, allowing the engine winders to remain at work, carrying food down to the horses, keeping the mines in good shape, while the miners themselves were marching from place to place singing their old-time songs, gathering on the meeting grounds of the ancient Druids and listening to the speeches of the labor leaders; starving for weeks contentedly, and on all occasions acting most peaceably; going back to work when they were compelled to by starvation. But this last strike was an entirely different one. It was like the shoemakers' strike in Brooklyn. Some new methods had been injected into the strike. I had spoken there on a number of occasions previous to the strike being inaugurated, and I told them of the methods that we adopted in the West, where every man employed in and around the mine belongs to the same organization; where, when we went on strike, the mine closed down. They thought that that was a very excellent system. So the strike was declared. They at once notified the engine winders, who had a separate contract with the mine owners, that they would not be allowed to work. The engine winders passed a resolution saying that they would not work. The haulers took the same position. No one was allowed to approach the mines to run the machinery. Well, the mine manager, like the mine managers everywhere, taking unto himself the idea that the mines belonged to him, said, "Certainly the men won't interfere with us. We will go up and run the machinery." And they took along the office force. But the miners had a different notion and they said, "You can work in the office, but you can't run this machinery. That isn't your work. If you run that you will be scabbing; and we don't permit you to scab—not in this section of the country, now." They were compelled to go back to the office. There were 325 horses underground, which the manager, Llewellyn, complained about

being in a starving condition. The officials of the union said, "We will hoist the horses out of the mine."

"Oh, no," he said, "we don't want to bring them up. We will all be friends in a few days."

"You will either bring up the horses now or you will let them stay there."

He said, "No, we won't bring them up now."

The pumps were closed down on the Cambria mine. 12,000 miners were there to see that they didn't open. Llewellyn started a hue and cry that the horses would be drowned, and the king sent the police, sent the soldiers and sent a message to Llewellyn asking "if the horses were still safe." He didn't say anything about his subjects, the men. Guarded by soldiers, a few scabs, assisted by the office force, were able to run the pumps. Llewellyn himself and his bookkeeping force went down and fed the horses.

Had there been an industrial organization comprising the railroaders and every other branch of industry, the mines of Wales would be closed down to-day.

We found the same condition throughout the West. We never had any trouble about closing the mines down; and could keep them closed down for an indefinite period. It was always the craft unions that caused us to lose our fights when we did lose. I recall the first general strike in the Coeur d'Alenes, when all the mines in that district were closed down to prevent a reduction of wages. The mine owners brought in thugs the first thing. They attempted to man the mines with men carrying sixshooters and rifles. There was a pitched battle between miners and thugs. A few were killed on each side. And then the mine owners asked for the soldiers, and the soldiers came. Who brought the soldiers? Railroads manned by union men; engines fired with coal mined by union men. That is the division of labor that might have lost us the strike in the Coeur d'Alenes. It didn't lose it, however. We were successful in that issue. But in Leadville we lost the strike there because they were able to bring in scab labor from other communities where they had the force of the government behind them, and the force of the troops. In 1899 we were compelled to fight the battle over in a great general strike in the Coeur d'Alenes again. Then came the general strike in Cripple Creek, the strike that has become a household word in labor circles throughout the world. In Cripple Creek 5,000 men were

on strike in sympathy with 45 men belonging to the Millmen's Union in Colorado City; 45 men who had been discharged simply because they were trying to improve their standard of living. By using the state troops and the influence of the Federal government they were able to man the mills in Colorado City with scab millmen; and after months of hardship, after 1,600 of our men had been arrested and placed in the Victor Armory in one single room that they called the "bull-pen," after 400 of them had been loaded aboard special trains guarded by soldiers, shipped away from their homes, dumped out on the prairies down in New Mexico and Kansas; after the women who had taken up the work of distributing strike relief had been placed under arrest—we find then that they were able to man the mines with scabs, the mills running with scabs, the railroads conveying the ore from Cripple Creek to Colorado City run by union men—the connecting link of a proposition that was scabby at both ends! We were not thoroughly organized. There has been no time when there has been a general strike in this country.

There are three phases of a general strike. They are:

- A general strike in an industry;
- A general strike in a community;
- A general national strike.

The conditions for any of the three have never existed. So how any one can take the position that a general strike would not be effective and not be a good thing for the working class is more than I can understand. We know that the capitalist uses the general strike to good advantage. Here is the position that we find the working class and the capitalists in. The capitalists have wealth; they have money. They invest the money in machinery, in the resources of the earth. They operate a factory, a mine, a railroad, a mill. They will keep that factory running just as long as there are profits coming in. When anything happens to disturb the profits, what do the capitalists do? They go on strike, don't they? They withdraw their finances from that particular mill. They close it down because there are no profits to be made there. They don't care what becomes of the working class. But the working class, on the other hand, has always been taught to take care of the capitalist's interest in the property. You don't look after your own interest, your labor power, realizing that without a certain amount of provision you

can't reproduce it. You are always looking after the interest of the capitalist, while a general strike would displace his interest and would put you in possession of it.

That is what I want to urge upon the working class; to become so organized on the economic field that they can take and hold the industries in which they are employed. Can you conceive of such a thing? Is it possible? What are the forces that prevent you from doing so? You have all the industries in your own hands at the present time. There is this justification for political action, and that is, to control the forces of the capitalists that they use against us; to be in a position to control the power of government so as to make the work of the army ineffective, so as to abolish totally the secret service and the force of detectives. That is the reason that you want the power of government. That is the reason that you should fully understand the power of the ballot. Now, there isn't any one, Socialist, S. L. P., Industrial Worker or any other workingman or woman, no matter what society you belong to, but what believes in the ballot. There are those—and I am one of them—who refuse to have the ballot interpreted for them. I know, or think I know, the power of it, and I know that the industrial organization, as I stated in the beginning, is its broadest interpretation. I know, too, that when the workers are brought together in a great organization they are not going to cease to vote. That is when the workers will *begin* to vote, to vote for directors to operate the industries in which they are all employed.

So the general strike is a fighting weapon as well as a constructive force. It can be used, and should be used, equally as forcefully by the Socialist as by the Industrial Worker.

The Socialists believe in the general strike. They also believe in the organization of industrial forces after the general strike is successful. So, on this great force of the working class I believe we can agree that we should unite into one great organization—big enough to take in the children that are now working; big enough to take in the black man; the white man; big enough to take in all nationalities—an organization that will be strong enough to obliterate state boundaries, to obliterate national boundaries, and one that will become the great industrial force of the working class of the world. (Applause.)

I have been lecturing in and around New York now for three weeks; my general topic has been

Industrialism, which is the only force under which the general strike can possibly be operated. If there are any here interested in industrial unionism, and they want any knowledge that I have, I will be more than pleased to answer questions, because it is only by industrial unionism that the general strike becomes possible. The A. F. of L. couldn't have a general strike if they wanted to. They are not organized for a general strike. They have 27,000 different agreements that expire 27,000 different minutes of the year. They will either have to break all of those sacred contracts or there is no such thing as a general strike in that so-called "labor organization." I said, "so-called"; I say so advisedly. It is not a labor organization; it is simply a combination of job trusts. We are going to have a labor organization in this country. And I assure you, if you could attend the meetings we have had in Philadelphia, in Bridgeport last night, in Haverhill and in Harrison, and throughout the country, you would agree that industrialism is coming. There isn't anything can stop it. (Applause.)

Questions by the Audience

Q.—Don't you think there is a lot of waste involved in the general strike in that the sufferers would be the workers in larger portion than the capitalists? The capitalist class always has money and can buy food, while the workers will just have to starve and wait. I was a strong believer in the general strike myself until I read some articles in *The Call* a while ago on this particular phase.

A.—The working class haven't got anything. They can't lose anything. While the capitalist class have got all the money and all the credit, still if the working class laid off, the capitalists couldn't get food at any price. This is the power of the working class: If the workers are organized (remember now, I say "if they are organized"—by that I don't mean 100 per cent, but a good strong minority), all they have to do is to put their hands in their pockets and they have got the capitalist class whipped. The working class can stand it a week without anything to eat—I have gone pretty nearly that long myself, and I wasn't on strike. In the meantime I hadn't lost any meals; I just postponed them. (Laughter.) I didn't do it voluntarily, I tell you that. But all the workers have to do is to organize so that they can put their hands in their pockets; when they have got *their* hands there, the capitalists can't get theirs in. If the

workers can organize so that they can stand idle they will then be strong enough so that they can take the factories. Now, I hope to see the day when the man who goes *out* of the factory will be the one who will be called a scab; when the good union man will stay in the factory, whether the capitalists like it or not; when we lock the bosses out and run the factories to suit ourselves. That is our program. We will do it.

Q.—Doesn't the trend of your talk lead to direct action, or what we call revolution? For instance, we try to throw the bosses out; don't you think the bosses will strike back?

Another thing: Of course, the working class can starve eight days, but they can't starve nine. You don't have to teach the workingman how to starve, because there were teachers before you. There is no way out but fight, as I understand it. Do you think you will get your industrialism through peace or through revolution?

A.—Well, comrade, you have no peace now. The capitalist system, as peaceable as it is, is killing off hundreds of thousands of workers every year. That isn't peace. One hundred thousand workers were injured in this state last year. I do not care whether it's peaceable or not; I want to see it come.

As for starving the workers eight days, I made no such program. I said that they could, but I don't want to see them do it. The fact that I was compelled to postpone a few meals was because I wasn't in the vicinity of any grub. I suggest that you break down that idea that you must protect the boss's property. That is all we are fighting for—what the boss calls his "private property," what he calls his private interest in the things that the people must have, as a whole, to live. Those are the things we are after.

Q.—Do the Industrial Unionists believe in political action? Have they got any special platforms that they support?

A.—The Industrial Workers of the World is not a political organization.

Q.—Just like the A. F. of L.?

A.—No.

Q.—*They* don't believe in any political action, either, so far as that is concerned.

A.—Yes, the A. F. of L. does believe in political action. It is a political organization. The Industrial Workers of the World is an economic organization without affiliation with any political party or any non-political sect. I as an Industrialist say

that industrial unionism is the broadest possible political interpretation of the working-class political power, because by organizing the workers industrially you at once enfranchise the women in the shops, you at once give the black men who are disfranchised politically a voice in the operation of the industries; and the same would extend to every worker. That to my mind is the kind of political action that the working class wants. You must not be content to come to the ballot box on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, the ballot box erected by the capitalist class, guarded by capitalist henchmen, and deposit your ballot to be counted by black-handed thugs, and say, "That is political action." You must protect your ballot with an organization that will enforce the mandates of your class. I want political action that counts. I want a working class that can hold an election every day if they want to.

Q.—By what means could an Industrial Unionist propagate Industrial Unionism in his organization of the A. F. of L.? He would be fired out and lose his job.

A.—Well, the time is coming when he will have to quit the A. F. of L. anyway. And remember, that there are 35,000,000 workers in the United States who can't get in the A. F. of L. And when you quit you are quitting a caste, you are getting back into your class. The Socialists have been going along maintaining the Civic Federation long enough. The time has almost arrived when you will have to quit and become free men and women. I believe that the A. F. of L. won't take in the working class. They don't want the working class. It isn't a working-class organization. It's a craft organization. They realize that by improving the labor power of a few individuals and keeping them on the inside of a corral, keeping others out with initiation fees, and closing the books, and so on, that the favored few are made valuable to the capitalists. They form a little job trust. It's a system of slavery from which free people ought to break away. And they will, soon.

Q.—About the political action we had in Milwaukee: there we didn't have Industrial Unionism, we won by the ballot; and while we haven't compelled the government to pass any bills yet, we are at it now.

A.—Yes, they are at it. But you really don't think that Congressman Berger is going to compel the government to pass any bills in Congress? This Insurgent bunch that is growing up in the coun-

try is going to give you more than the reform Socialists ever asked for yet. The opportunists will be like the Labor party in England. I was in the office of the *Labor Leader* and Mr. White-side said to me: "Really, I don't know what we are going to do with this fellow, Lloyd-George. He has taken every bit of ground from under our feet. He has given the working class more than the Labor party had dared to ask for." And so it will be with the Insurgents, the "Progressives" or whatever they propose to call themselves. They will give you eight-hour laws, compensation laws, liability laws, old-age pensions. They will give you eight hours; that is what we are striking for, too—eight hours. But they won't get off the workers' backs. The Insurgents simply say, "It's cruel, the way the capitalists are exploiting the workers. Why, look! whenever they go to shear them they take off a part of the hide. We will take all the wool, but we will leave the hide." (Laughter.)

Q. (By a woman comrade)—Isn't a strike, theoretically, a situation where the workingmen lay down their tools and the capitalist class sits and waits, and they both say, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" And if they go beyond that, and go outside the law, is it any longer a strike? Isn't it a revolution?

A.—A strike is an incipient revolution. Many large revolutions have grown out of a small strike.

Q.—Well, I heartily believe in the general strike if it is a first step toward the revolution, and I believe in what you intimate—that the workers are damn fools if they don't *take* what they want, when they can't get it any other way. (Applause.)

A.—That is a better speech than I can make. If I didn't think that the general strike was leading on to the great revolution which will emancipate the working class I wouldn't be here. I am with you because I believe that in this little meeting there is a nucleus here that will carry on the work and propagate the seed that will grow into the great revolution that will overthrow the capitalist class.

4

Born in a slate-quarry town in Maine, Ben Williams (1877-1964) started working at the age of eleven in his older brother's print shop in Nebraska. As Williams wrote: "The Western farmers' revolt was in full swing with the Farmers' Alliance. My brother supported the movement in his paper,

and as a result, got all kinds of radical publications on exchange. Before my twelfth year, I was introduced to all the social philosophies—anarchism, socialism, communism, direct legislation, and Alliance programs . . . absorbing the idea of a New America and a better world" (letter to J. L. K., October 24, 1963).

Williams worked his way through college by typesetting and teaching in a one-room school-house, joined the Socialist Labor Party in 1904, and became one of its lecturers and publicists. He became an I.W.W. member in 1905, shortly after the founding convention, and started soap-boxing and organizing for the One Big Union idea. He edited several issues of the I.W.W. Industrial Union Bulletin before it failed for lack of funds in 1909. When a new I.W.W. publication, Solidarity, started in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, during the 1909 McKees Rocks steelworkers' strike, Williams became its typesetter and then editor, continuing at this until 1917. Williams who read French fluently, translated many articles by French radicals and published them in Solidarity during this period.

His article on sabotage appeared in Solidarity (February 25, 1911).

SABOTAGE

By BEN H. WILLIAMS

Sabotage ranges all the way from "passive resistance" at one extreme to violent destruction of property at the other. It does not include the destruction of machinery in every instance. In the case of "passive resistance" for example, as shown on the government owned railways of Austria, the workers simply obeyed the LAWS OF THE NATION governing traffic to the letter. They took no risks, they observed signals, they did exactly what the law told them to do. As a consequence, the railways were congested with rolling stock and traffic was practically impossible outside of 24 hours. No destruction of property occurred. That was "legal sabotage" and far from being "of no value," it resulted in getting the men what they wanted.

Again, we see numerous examples of violent destruction of property in craft union strikes in this and other countries. In the early days of English trade unionism, this form of sabotage was employed as a regular system and proved effective under conditions then prevailing. (See Charles

Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place.") In the present state of the workers' superstitious reverence for property (which they do not understand their masters have taken from them) this form of sabotage may be of doubtful value, and often reacts upon the workers with disastrous effect.

Then, once more, we have that form of sabotage now being employed by the workers on the French railways, in which a studied plan is being carried out to "ball up" the service and put it in such a state of demoralization that the employers, public and private, will have to reinstate the workers discharged during the recent general strike. This "pearled sabotage" has proven more effective and terrifying even than the general strike itself; and unlike the latter, it is one-sided, costing the workers nothing and causing enormous losses to the capitalist enemy.

Here then we come to the real point on this question of sabotage: it is a WAR MEASURE, made necessary by the nature of the class struggle.

In the case of individual or craft violence, such for example as the blowing up of a bridge manned by scab labor, or the destruction of a machine in a factory, the understanding or recognition of the class war may be wholly lacking. In that case, the act may be condemned not only by the capitalist, but by the working class as well.

But in the case of "pearled sabotage," above described, the war measure is apparent. Here the workers deliberately set about to harass their employers by a systematic and well-disciplined plan of campaign. They proceed upon the ever-new principle that "everything is fair in war" and that the weapon they have chosen will bring their masters to terms. . . .

Sabotage, resulting in impairing the traffic or property of a railway system is always "immoral" from a capitalist's standpoint because opposed to his interests. On the other hand, discharging and blacklisting 3,000 railway employees for their activity in a strike is "immoral" from the workers' standpoint; and sabotage becomes a "moral weapon" to remedy that condition. The social democrat who balks at sabotage on the ground that it is an "immoral weapon" in the class war, views that war from the standpoint of the capitalists. Sabotage as a weapon of warfare against the employers is no more "immoral" than taking the first of May as a holiday without asking the bosses for it. Both are manifestations of class instinct and power on the part of the workers. With

the possible exception, of course, of a purely individual act of revenge or reprisal which may produce more harm than good. . . .

"Sabotage," though a new word, is as old as the labor movement. It is now assuming new and complex forms in line with the development of that movement. Viewed as a war measure, sabotage has great possibilities as a means of defense and aggression. It is useless to try to argue it out of existence. We need not "advocate" it; we need only to explain it. The organized workers will do the acting.

5

This article by Frank Bohn, a Socialist Labor Party member and publicist who joined the I.W.W. in 1908, appeared in Solidarity (May 18, 1912).

SOME DEFINITIONS:

DIRECT ACTION—SABOTAGE

By FRANK BOHN

Direct Action:—Of all the terms made use of in our discussion during the last six months, this has been the most abused. By direct action is meant any action taken by workers directly at the point of production with a view to bettering their conditions. The organization of any labor union whatever is direct action. Sending the shop committee to demand of the boss a change of shop rules is direct action. To oppose direct action is to oppose labor unionism as a whole with all its activities. In this sense, the term has been used by those who made use of it down to the time of the late controversy. It was the misuse of this expression by the comrades who oppose class-labor unionism which has caused so much uneasiness in the Socialist Party. When we come to the question as to what direct action shall be taken and when and how—that is for the organization on the job to determine. For the Socialist Party to try to lay down rules for the conduct of unions or one union in this matter would be as ridiculous as for the Socialist Party to seek to determine what the workers shall eat for breakfast. It is the business of the Socialist Party to organize and conduct political education activity. This does not imply, however, that in a lecture dealing with unionism conducted by the Socialist Party, these matters shall not be discussed. On the contrary, it is of the highest

importance that the Socialist Party shall keep its membership informed through its press and its lecture courses of the latest developments in the field of labor.

Sabotage:—Sabotage means “strike and stay in the shop.” Striking workers thus are enabled to draw pay and keep out scabs while fighting capitalists. Sabotage does not necessarily mean destruction of machinery or other property, although that method has always been indulged in and will continue to be used as long as there is a class struggle. More often it is used to advantage in a quieter way. Excessive limitation of output is sabotage. So is any obstruction of the regular conduct of the industry. Ancient Hebrews in Egypt practiced sabotage when they spoiled the bricks. Slaves in the South practiced it regularly by putting stones and dirt in their bags of cotton to make them weigh heavier. An old cotton mill weaver in Massachusetts once told me that when baseball was first played, the boys in his mill stuck a bobbin in the running gear of the water wheel and so tied up the shop on Saturday afternoon that they could go and see the ball game. . . . When the workers face a specific situation, they will very likely continue to do as their interests and intelligence dictate.

6

This short story by Bert Willard appeared in the International Socialist Review (August 1912), three months after the Socialist Party convention at Indianapolis adopted an amendment to the Socialist Party constitution that “any member of the party who opposes political action or advocates crime, sabotage, or other methods of violence as a weapon of the working class to aid in its emancipation, shall be expelled from membership in the party.”

FARMER JONES ON PARTY PROBLEMS

By BERT WILLARD

“I see by the papers that the Comrades at Indianapolis have placed the official taboo on Sabotage; hereinafter, same is not to be given kindly mention in consecrated circles on penalty of excommunication,” said Farmer John, as he laid the

Daily upon the kitchen table, and spat in the general direction of the wood box.

“Well, I declare,” exclaimed Mary Jane. “There ain’t no tellin’ what them Comrades will be doin’ next. Like as not we’ll be electin’ a President. But what on earth is that Sabotage?”

“I ain’t a knowin’ just exactly what it is, Mary Jane, tho’ I’ll admit I’ve been tryin’ mighty hard to find out.”

“Land sakes, is it that bad? Somethin’ that’s agin’ the law and the gospels and common decency?”

“I couldn’t exactly say. As near as I can make out from readin’ the party papers, it all depends on whether you’re for it, or whether you’re agin’ it.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. If you’re for it, it ain’t half bad; and if you’re agin’ it, it’s simply horrible.”

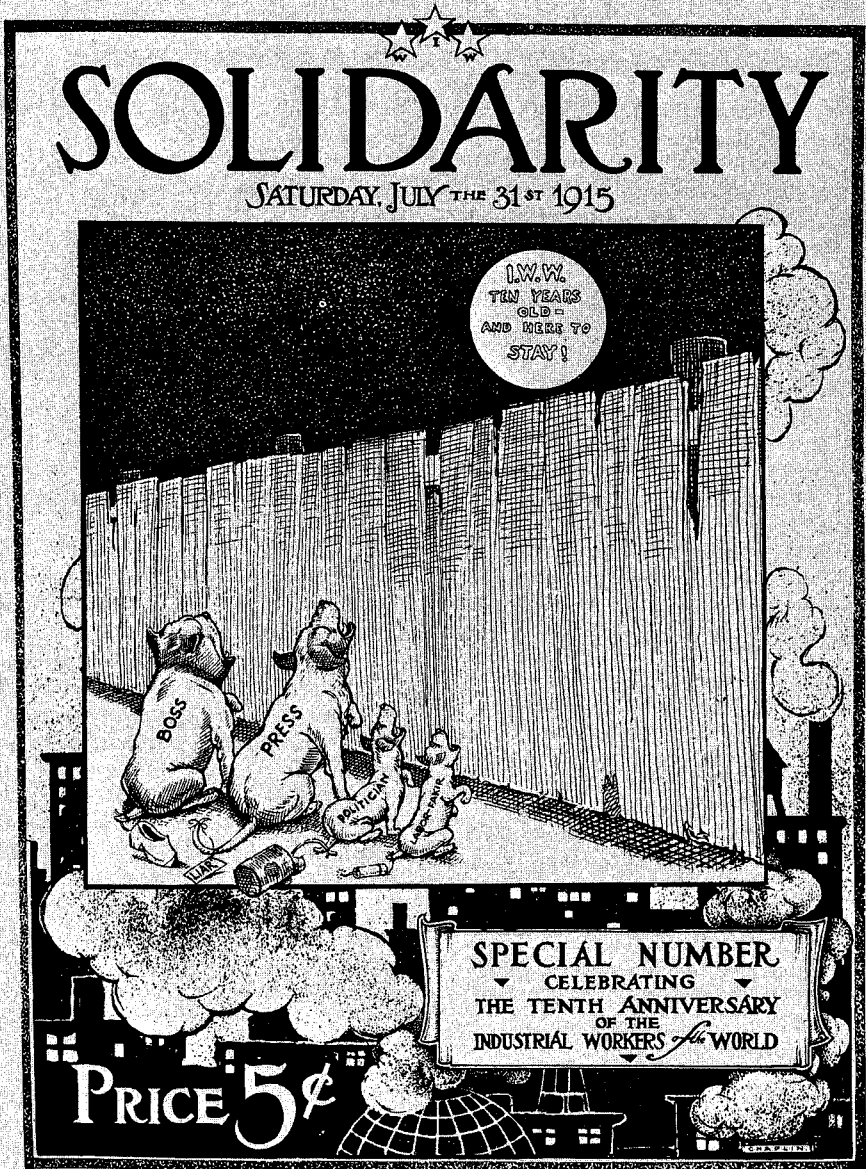
“Well, now that sounds plumb reedicalous to me, and me bein’ a Comrade, too. I reckon some of them high-brow Comrades fixed it that way so’s they could have something to argy about. But are we for it, or are we agin’ it?”

“I ain’t a’sayin’ nothin’, replied John. “If we violate the party creed, we will have to take the consequences; and I’ve been payin’ dues too long to be courtin’ excommunication. I was just thinkin’ tho’, that it’s a mighty long way between theory and practice; and when you’re theorisin’ you may think one thing is right and proper, but you’d think entirely different when you came to practicin’.

“For instance: Fifteen, twenty years ago a lot of us one-gallus squirrel turners from Missouri, Arkansaw, Texas, and ‘joinin’ ranges, was settlin’ up the Cheyenne country of Oklahoma. Settlers had been slow about comin’ into that country, owin’ to the fact that the report had been circulated that them parts was the national habitat and rendezvous of the coyote, prairie dog, rattlesnake, horse thief, cut-throat, etcetera and soforth, and not what might be called a salubrious climate for nesters with wimmen and kids.

“Howsumever, the cowmen were soon looseherding their cattle over them prairies and when us nesters arrived on the scene, we found that the cattlemen had apportioned the range among themselves, and had it all fenced. All goverment land, too, and strictly agin’ the law to fence goverment land; but shucks, what’s the law between friends?”

“The cattlemen naturally resented the presence of us settlers on their domains—nesters have a



FRANK P. WALSH, Chairman U. S. Industrial Relations Commission, Writes On,
"My Impressions of the Witnesses and Their Testimony"

way of plowin' the ground and ruinin' the grass, you know. The cowmen would tell us we couldn't raise nothin' in them parts; no use tryin'. We'd have droughts and floods and hailstorms and hot winds and frosts and sand storms and grasshoppers and cyclones and chinch bugs; besides nothin' wouldn't grow, and it was no healthy place for nesters nohow. Which same wasn't exactly what you might call encouragin'.

"Notwithstandin' all these calamities, natural and imported, us nesters would stay, and we'd live—somehow; mostly on cornbread, sow-bellie and bean soup. We'd go barefooted through cactus, prickly-pear, and rattlesnakes; and we'd wear our old overalls as long as they would hang together. In some bachelor establishments I knowed of, a ragged shirt and a red bandaner was full dress.

"But we lived—somehow. Come fall, we would have little patches of corn, all cut and shocked as pretty as you please. Then some bright night we would be sleepin' peacefully, pleasantly dreamin' we were floatin' gently on a sea of bean soup, in which huge slabs of sow-bellie was disportin' themselves gaily, when we'd hear the rustle of cattle in the corn, and would wake up all standin'. We'd take to corn field just as we stood, and it would be 'Whoop!' 'Hi-ye-ii!' 'Git out a here you durned critters!' until broad daylight. On examinin' the fence we would find that the wires had been cut in a dozen different places.

"Well, we'd repair the fence and mozey off down to the store and post office, where we'd meet Sid Smith just drivin' in, and we'd orate as follows:

"'Mornin', Sid.'

"'Mornin', John.'

"'Fairish day.'

"'Yep, needin' rain.'

"'How's things over your way?'

"'O, so so. How's everything with you?'

"'O, I ain't complainin' none. Whatcha been doin' this mornin'?"

"'Fixin' fence.'

"'Fence down?'

"'Yep. Sumpin' tore it down last night.'

"Other nesters would come in with the same story, and it would be whispered around that about half a dozen of Wilkin's cowboys had been seen hangin' around on the creek, at just about dusk the even' before.

"Well, everything would be quiet for about a week. We wouldn't be gittin' no rest, sleepin' with

one ear open, until we'd hear the cattle in the corn again. We'd chase 'em out, then we'd get the old shotgun and as soon as one of them steers got back inside the fence we'd kerbang! and Mr. Steer would tear out of that corn field like all possessed. It wouldn't take more than four or five shots until that bunch of cattle would up-tail and across country. We'd go back to bed then, cause we knowed *them* steers wouldn't be back *that* night.

"We wouldn't much more than get in bed when we would hear boom! boom! over at one of the neighbors. In a few minutes it would be boom! boom! in another direction. We would then go to sleep, peaceful and quiet like, and wouldn't wake until the sun was an hour high. Looking out over the prairie, we would see five or six steers lyin' all stretched out as tho' they wasn't carin' for nothin' or nobody.

"We just couldn't stop to fix the fence that morning, but would mozey down to the store the first thing, to get the news; and, as usual, would arrive just as Sid Smith was drivin' in. After some and sundry discoursin' on the past, present, and possible future condition of the weather, I'd remark, casual like:

"'Thought we heard some shootin' over your way last night, Sid.'

"'So,' Sid'd say. 'Wife 'lowed as how she heard some shootin' over your way last night, too. And do you know, when I got out this mornin' I noticed five or six steers layin' around over there, as tho' somepin' was a-ailin' of 'em.'

"'Well, the neighbors would keep comin' in until there wouldn't be whittlin' material to go 'round, when old Wilkins'd ride up, lookin' as pleasant as a grizzly bear, and we'd say.

"'Mornin', Mr. Wilkins.'

"'Mornin',' he'd growl.

"'Fairish day,' we'd say, real caam like.

"'Wilkins'd grunt.

"'Needin' rain,' we'd remark next, tryin' to be agreeable.

"'Wilkins'd grunt again.

"'What's them over there?' he'd growl, pointin' at them steers.

"'Mr. Wilkins,' we'd say, 'we reckons them's steers. They's been layin' there for sometime. We ain't never been over to em.'

"'Umph!' he'd growl, beginning to shake. 'Six of 'em there! And five here! And eight yonder! And my riders tell me there's more of 'em over there!'

"'Yes, six, Mr. Wilkins,' we'd say, 'it shore 'peers

like it was gettin' mighty onhealthy for range steers in these parts.'

"Wilkins'd look like he was about ready to explode.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Wilkins,' we'd continue, 'we notices the coyotes are gittin' that fat they're too triffin' lazy to get out of a feller's way!

"Wilkins'd shore enough explode at that, and he'd ride off in a 'lope, bellerin' sumpin' that sounded like 'Damn!' with all the trimmings.

"Us nesters would start home then, feelin' so good we'd be whislin' 'Beautiful Land,' to beat the band. In four or five days the news would be circulatin' in the air that old Wilkins had sold out slick and clean, and was going to Old Mexico.

"Now, I ain't a-sayin' that us nesters was practisin' Sabotagè—that depends on whither you're for it, or whither you're agin it, I reckon—and if we'd been settin' around in easy chairs, blowin' smoke-wreaths at the chandelier, and theorisin', I reckon we'd agreed that killin' them steers was wrong, and showed disrespect for capitalist property laws. But us farmers didn't theorise none. We didn't think about it; besides we didn't have time. We was too busy tryin' to make a living. All that we thought of was: them steers were destroying our corn, there seemed but one way of stopping 'em, we took that way *and saved our crops!*

"And we didn't call it Sabotage, nor 'other methods of violence,' nor destruction of property—we called it *Justice!*

"Now the moral of this here yarn is this: It's a mighty long way between theory and practice; and when you're theorisin' on a full stomach, you hain't the least idea what you'd do if you was practicin' on an empty one.

"But as I said 'afore, I ain't a sayin' nothin'. I've been payin' dues too long to be courtin' excommunication. Then we names the ante and you will have to put up if you want to set in the game. However, there are some things I don't understand, and one of them is, 'Why should working-men be penalized for participatin' in the class conflict?'

"The road to the co-operative commonwealth ain't mapped, and we will have to blaze our own trail. Some will think we ought to go this way, some will say we should turn that way, others will declare the correct route lies straight ahead; at times, a few will think we are off the road entirely, but we will find the way through. For we'll

get there, Mary Jane, you can bet your boots on that; and once there, law-zee! what a time we will have tellin' of the adventures we had a-comin'!"

7

This unsigned poem was printed in the New Orleans I.W.W. paper The Lumberjack (July 10, 1913). This paper, edited by Covington Hall, was published by the I.W.W. National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers, Southern Division.

SAW MILL "ACCIDENTS"

By THE WOODEN SHOE KID

What's the trouble with that saw?
The carriage is out of line;
And don't it beat you maw
How the hands kill time?

The engine is running hot,
That pump needs packing again;
I heard the boss say "I've got
A hell of a bunch of men."

The fireman can't keep steam,
The carriage has jumped the track;
I wonder what does it mean,
Machinery acting like that?

Lordy! Hain't this awful bad,
That shipping clerk is a sight!
He sent the timber to Bagdad,
Which should have gone to Cavite.

The old mill is running in debt,
I think the boss is getting wise;
He came to me and said, "Jet,
What's the matter with them guys?"

I says, "Old cuss, you know full well,
That through your hellish greed;
You have given these men hell,
And kept them ever in need.

"They are awake at last,
Have donned their wooden shoes,
If you don't come clean, fast,
You'll get a case of blues."

Now slaves these words are true—
This weapon you always own—

If we our duty each will do,
Each will win a home.—Amen.

8

This poem signed by Joe Hill was first printed in Solidarity (June 27, 1914), under the title, "The Rebel's Toast." It later appeared, unsigned, in several pre-World War I editions of the I.W.W. songbook.

THE REBEL'S TOAST

By J. HILL

If Freedom's road seems rough and hard,
And strewn with rocks and thorns,
Then put your wooden shoes on, pard,
And you won't hurt your corns.
To organize and teach, no doubt,
Is very good—that's true,
But still we can't succeed without
The Good Old Wooden Shoe.

Now He Understands The Game

Solidarity, November 11, 1916.



9

This song by Ralph Chaplin appeared in Solidarity (February 21, 1914), and in the seventh edition of the I.W.W. songbook.

HEY! POLLY

By RALPH CHAPLIN

(Tune: "Yankee Doodle")

The politician prowls around,
For worker's votes entreating;
He claims to know the slickest way
To give the boss a beating.

Chorus

Polly, we can't use you, dear,
To lead us into clover;
This fight is ours and as for you,
Clean out or get run over.

He claims to be the bosses' foe,
On worker's friendship dotting.
He says, "Don't fight while on the job,
But do it all by voting.

Elect ME to the office, boys,
Let all your rage pass o'er you;
Don't bother with your countless wrongs,
I'll do your fighting for you."

He says that sabotage won't do,
(It isn't to his liking)
And that without *his* mighty aid
There is no use in striking.

He says that he can lead us all
To some fair El Dorado,
But he's of such a yellow hue
He'd cast a golden shadow!

He begs and coaxes, threatens, yells,
For shallow glory thirsting.
In fact he's just a bag of wind
That's swollen up to bursting.

The smiling bosses think he'd like
To boodle from their manger;
And as he never mentions *Strike*,
They know there is no danger.

And all the while he spouts and spiels,
He's musing undetected,
On what a lovely snap he'll have
When once he is elected.

10

The words and the music of this song, which is sometimes called "Tie 'Em Up," were written by George G. Allen and appeared in Solidarity (October 14, 1916). Nothing is known about the author. It is one of the few I.W.W. songs for which the author wrote both the words and the music.

THE ONE BIG STRIKE

Words and Tune by G. G. ALLEN

Now we have no fight with members of the old
A. F. of L.
But we ask you use your reason with the facts we
have to tell.
Your craft is but protection for a form of property,
And your skill that is your property you're losing,
don't you see.
Improvements on machinery take tool and trade
away,
And you'll be among the common slaves upon
some fateful day.
Now the things of which we're telling you we are
mighty sure about;
O, what's the use to strike the way you can't win
out?

Chorus

Tie 'em up, tie 'em up; that's the way to win;
Don't notify the bosses 'till hostilities begin.
Don't let them use their gun-men, scabs and all
their like,
What you need is One Big Union and the One Big
Strike.

Why do you make agreements that divide you
when you fight
And let the bosses bluff you with a contract's
"sacred right,"
Why stay at work when other crafts are battling
with the foe,
That your interests are identical it's time that you
did know.

The day that you begin to see the classes waging
war
You will join the biggest tie-up that was ever
known before.
With the General Strike in progress and all
workers stand as one
There will be a revolution—not a wheel shall run.

Chorus

Tie 'em up, tie 'em up; that's the way to win;
Don't notify the bosses 'till hostilities begin.
Don't let them use their gun-men, scabs and all
their like,
What you need is One Big Union and the One Big
Strike.

11

This song by Ralph Chaplin appeared in the eighth edition of the I.W.W. songbook. In his autobiography, he wrote: "My 'Sab Cat' symbolized the 'slow down' as a means of 'striking on the job.' The whole matter of sabotage was to be thrashed out thoroughly at our trial. . . . The prosecution used the historic meaning of the word to prove that we drove spikes into logs, copper tacks into fruit trees, and practiced all manner of arson, dynamiting, and wanton destruction. . . . We had been guilty of using both the 'wooden shoe' and the 'black cat' to symbolize our strategy of 'striking on the job.' The 'sabotage' advocated in my cartoons and stickerettes was summed up in the widely circulated jingle:

*'The hours are long, the pay is small
So take your time and buck 'em all.'*"

A series of cartoons by Chaplin appeared in Solidarity and the Industrial Worker in 1915-16, showing a clean-cut, virile young Wobbly led by a black cat into the harvest fields, toward the rising sun of industrial unionism, and into the mines and lumbercamps. Some of Chaplin's captions on the cartoons read: "Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! Come to Your Minnesota Milk! It's Your Fight! Get on the Job! Mee-oo-ow!" As labor folklorist Archie Green has written: "The black cat is an old symbol for malignant and sinister purposes, foul deeds, bad luck, and witchcraft with countless superstitious connections. Wobblies extended the black cat figure visually to striking on the job, direct action, and sabotage" ("John Neuhouse: Wobbly Folklorist," Journal of American Folklore, Vol. 73, No. 289).

THAT SABO-TABBY KITTEN

By RALPH H. CHAPLIN

(Tune: Dixie Land)

You rotten rats go and hide your faces,
I'm right here, so hunt your places,
Hurry, now! wonder how? M E O W—
SABOTAGE!
The tiger wild in his jungle sittin'
Never fights like this here kitten.
Hurry, now! wonder how? M E O W—
SABOTAGE!

Chorus:

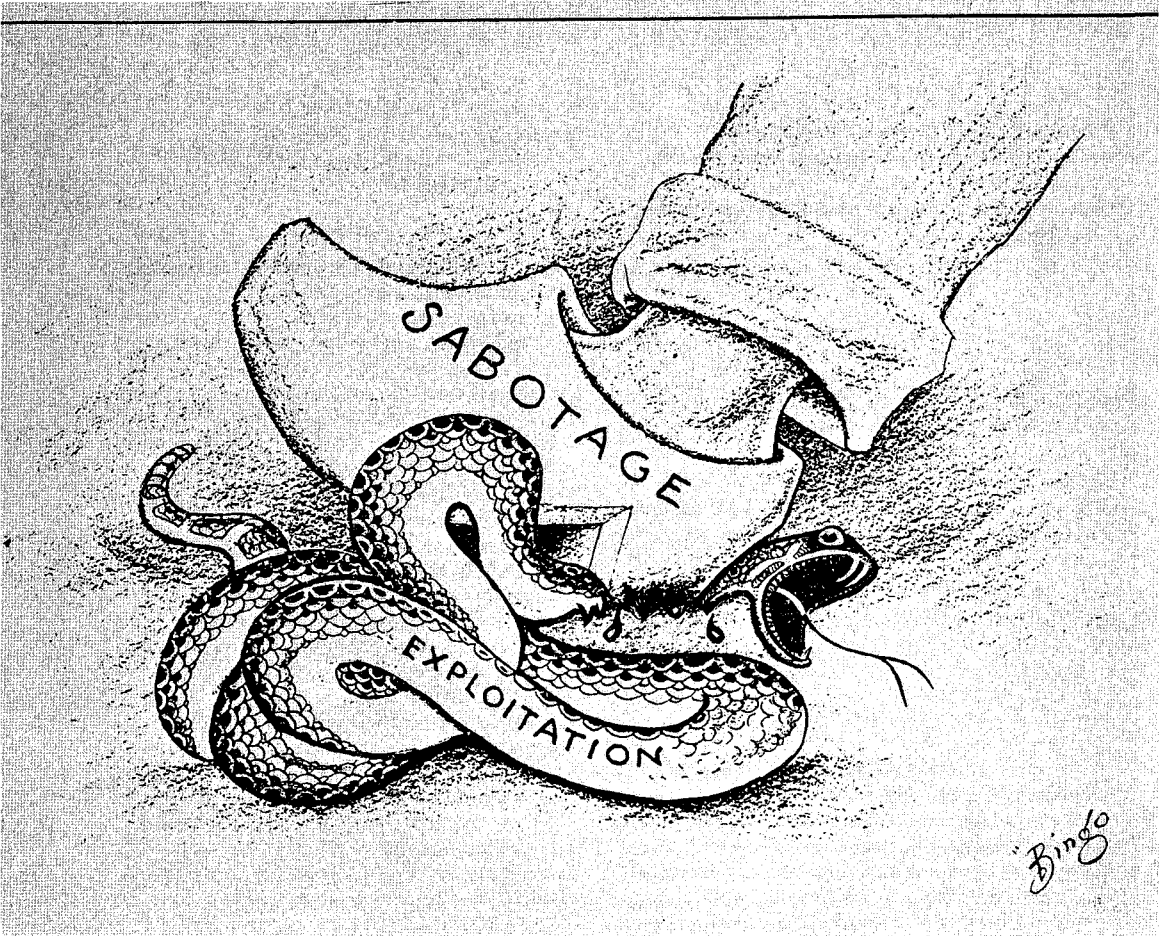
O, the rats all hate and fear me; meow! M E O W!
The softest paw can be a CLAW!
They seldom venture near me.
Hurrah! they saw your Sabo-tabby kitten!

The boss has cream for his lordly dinner,
Feed him milk and make him thinner!
Hurry now! wonder how? M E O W—
SABOTAGE!
If you are down and the boss is gloating,
Trust in me instead of voting.
Hurry now! wonder how? M E O W—
SABOTAGE!

On every wheel that turns I'm riding,
No one knows, though, where I'm hiding.
Hurry now! wonder how? M E O W—
SABOTAGE!
The fight is tough and you can't see through it?
Shut your traps and a cat will do it.
Hurry now! wonder how? M E O W—
SABOTAGE!

Lawyers have no bunk to fill me,
Cops and soldiers cannot kill me.
Hurry now! wonder how? M E O W—
SABOTAGE!
Step on things that the bone-heads bow to,
Come with me and I'll show you how to.
Hurry now! wonder how? M E O W—
SABOTAGE!

This world should have but free men in it,
Let me show you how to win it,
Hurry now! wonder how? M E O W—
SABOTAGE!



DON'T WEAR SABOTS; IT HURTS THE SNAKE

Perch will I on the System's coffin,
 On the hearse they take it off in,
 Hurry now! wonder how? M E O W—
 SABOTAGE!

12

Folklorist Archie Green analyzed these verses in the Journal of American Folklore (Vol. 73, No. 289). He wrote: "Parasites and plutes were known to all the Wobblies as the enemy—the master class. The sab-cat was the symbol of sabotage. . . . The kitten in the wheat was the black cat's offspring—the rock in the sheaf to break the threshing machine gears, the match on the phosphorus in the bundle to fire the stack. The kitten was not turned loose often—some Wobblies contend not at all—and the song may have been sung as much to appeal for cream for kitty as to incite action." Green cites I.W.W. member and song collector John Neuhouse as claiming that the "Kitten in the Wheat" was sung to the tune, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." These verses appeared in Solidarity (June 23, 1917), and were cited in the Literary Digest (April 19, 1919) as an example of I.W.W. use of sabotage symbols.

I.W.W. songwriter Richard Brazier has pointed out the similarity between the third stanza of "The Kitten in the Wheat" and the lines of the British ballad, "Shall Trelawney Die," in an interview with Archie Green (New York, December 1960):

*"And have you picked the where and when
 And shall Trelawney die?
 There's fifty thousand Cornish men
 Shall know the reason why."*

THE KITTEN IN THE WHEAT

By SHORTY

A sab-cat and a wobbly band,
 A rebel song or two;
 And then we'll show the Parasites
 Just what the cat can do.

And have you fixed the where and when
 That we must slave and die?
 Here's fifty thousand harvest men
 Shall know the reason why!

The sab-cat purred and twitched her tail
 As happy as could be;

They'd better not throw "wobs" in jail
 And leave the kitten free.

From early spring till late in fall
 We toil that men may eat.
 And "all for one, and one for all."
 Sing wobblies in the wheat.

The sab-cat purred and twitched her tail
 And winked the other way;
 Our boys shall never rot in jail,
 Or else the Plutes will PAY.

You shall not keep them in the pen
 Or send them forth to die,
 Or fifty thousand union men
 Shall know the reason why!

13

According to Peter Stone (letter to J. L. K., February 3, 1964): "Red Doran was a West Coast soapboxer who had quite a following in Seattle in 1916-18. By trade he was an electrician, but he would rather soapbox or give 'chart talks' than work at the trade. After his release from Leavenworth, he became a spieler for 'Painless Parker' (commercial dentist) in San Francisco during the early 1920's." Doran was also the author of the undated I.W.W. leaflets, Big Business and Direct Action (Lumber Workers Industrial Union No. 500) and Law and the I.W.W. (Chicago, I.W.W. Publishing Bureau).

This selection from Doran's testimony during the Chicago trial was taken from The Case of the U.S.A. vs. William D. Haywood et al. (Chicago, 1918).

TESTIMONY OF
J. T. (RED) DORAN

Q.—Did you ever discuss the question of sabotage at any of your meetings?

A.—Why, I have explained what sabotage was, yes, sir.

Q.—Well, tell us briefly what you have said on that subject.

A.—Well, I explained that sabotage did not mean destruction of property. Sabotage meant the withdrawal of efficiency, industrial efficiency, and told the workers that they practiced sabotage

in the interest of their bosses, and illustrated the thing this way:

I said, for instance, down here in California, there is a little colony, what they call Little Landers Colony. It was located at the base of a hill, and at the top of this hill there was an extensive water supply, but in order to conserve that water it was necessary to build a dam. Now the privilege of building the dam was under the competitive system and the dam was known as the Ottay dam. Men went down on that job and it was a slave job right. They kept them on the jump all the time. Naturally, under the competition condition, contractors have to cheat on materials. They have to get the contracts, they have got to live, they cheat on materials, they squeeze and pinch here and there as the circumstances permit, so no one questions the fact but what a concrete dam could be built so solidly that nothing could take it out. I illustrate, by the Chinese wall as it stands today. We could duplicate that; we have the materials, but it is not done, and the reason it is not done is because of this competitive program, and the conditions under which it is operated, but it is the slaves themselves who actually practice the sabotage. Here is a fellow wheeling cement. At the instruction of his foreman he cheats a little on the cement; his gravel is not clean cut and clear. The sand is of a poor or inferior grade and the concrete, when it is poured in there is not what it should be. The consequence is that after a time, as in the case of this Ottay dam, the dam bursts—a storm came along, an unusual storm, that is granted—a storm came along and it burst this dam and the water flowed down off this mountain and drowned out all of these settlers in the low land at the base of the hill, their little one acre farms were ruined; their stock was gone; their homes scattered to the desert in every direction.

Now I explained that the workers had practiced sabotage in the interest of the bosses' profits, but that the I.W.W. said, "Go on that job and put so much cement in there, put so much clean stone in there, put so much stuff in there that they can have all the storms that it is possible to brew in southern California and that dam will still stand and there will be no loss of life or property.

On the other hand, I spoke of an incident that occurred in Jersey; I was doing some electrical work in a building one day, one of these little bungalows out in the suburbs, and a fellow was spending some time on the door sill, a carpenter, and he was making a pretty close fit of things,

as is necessary if you want protection against the weather in that country, and the boss came along, the real estate man came along and he said, "Holy smoke, man, you are putting in an awful lot of time on that doorsill; you have got to get a wiggle on." This carpenter turned to him, and he said, "Why, man alive, I am only trying to make a good job out of this thing; I am putting in a door sill here as it should be put in; I want to make a house fit to live in." The real estate man said, "Fit to live in! What are you talking about, I am not building this house to live in, I am building it to sell."

And so the same way with my work as an electrical worker. I get a job in competition with other workers, and speed, efficiency,—speed-efficiency, profit-efficiency was the gauge.

I went in to do my work. I had to eat; I had to shoot her in just as I was told to shoot her in. Of course, there were rules and regulations supposedly governing the installation, but nevertheless, I had to pinch and squeeze everywhere, and the consequence was, as a result of speed work and conditions, I had to do the best I could to get done. The idea was to get done. Electrical fires are reported all over the United States; millions of dollars worth of property destroyed because some man has practiced sabotage in the interest of the masters. We I.W.W.'s say, we electrical workers can do a good job; you muckers can do a good job. Do it. Practice sabotage in the interest of the safety and security of society. It was along those lines that I spoke of sabotage.

I spoke too of the bosses' sabotage, or, rather the commission merchants' sabotage. I told of an instance down here in Ohio, we were building a line across the country one time, and I was boarding with a farmer who put a lot of us up, we were building the line through there and he boarded us, took us as boarders temporarily, and he had a lot of sheep-nose apples, and I noticed—of course, I don't know much about those kind of things,—I noticed he had them covered over with screening, chicken screening, and I asked what that was for, and he said that was to keep the hogs from killing themselves, and the cattle from killing themselves with these fine apples. I said, "Why, goodness, man, these kind of apples, they are fine; why don't you ship them into town, it is not very far into Cleveland, why don't you ship them into town?" "Why," he said, "ship them into town, I couldn't get the price of the barrels for the apples."

I continue then, and explain that I was in New York shortly afterwards and saw children on the street passing these fruit stands wishing and desiring apples apparently from their attitude, and here was an abundance of apples going to waste, because the farmer, after having done all of the hard work necessary to raising them, could not get over the sabotage practiced by the middleman and those who operate this produce game, could not get over that. Impeding production in the interest of profits, simply meant a dead loss to him. I have seen the same thing in California, —fruits of all kinds going to waste; I have seen field after field of spuds, where farmers would not even take the trouble of taking them up. One case down here in Castorville, sitting at the depot one day, and across from the track was a fine patch of spuds, I did not know who this fellow was alongside of me. I said, "That is a fine looking patch of spuds." He said, "It is a fine patch of spuds, and the spuds are fine too. They are these Salina potatoes, the kind of potatoes that have made the S. P. famous, according to their advertising," but he says "they will never be picked, they will never be gathered." I said, "They won't, what are you talking about?" "Well," he said, "They won't." I didn't believe him. I questioned him a little further, and found that he owned the potatoes. I said, "Do you mean to tell me, man, that fine field of spuds is not to be gathered?" He said, "That is exactly what I mean." He said, "If I gather those spuds and pay 7 cents," I think he said, "for a sack, and put them on the car, they offer me 56 or 58 cents for them." He says, "I cannot pick them for that and I cannot sack them for that; they are going to waste." I was waiting for a train. I got into Oakland. The thing kind of shocked me and I said to my wife when I got home, I said, "Have you bought any spuds lately?" She said, "Yes." I said, "Where did you get them?" She said, "I got them down to the market." I said, "In what quantity?" She said, "I got a sack." "What did they cost?" "\$2.25." Oakland was 80 miles on a railroad away from this town; that is also on his railroad. I explain along those lines that sabotage was practiced by the workers in the interest of the masters, and sabotage did not mean violence, did not mean destruction of property; that it was silly to talk of destruction of property when we had to recreate it, if it was a social requisite, and so on.

Q.—Did you ever advocate driving spikes into logs?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—Cutting logs short?

A.—No, sir, although—

Q.—Is that sabotage?

A.—That mere fact of cutting a log short would not be destruction of property. Cutting the log short now, that is an idea that prevails, yet it is not true—

Mr. Nebeker: This is not responsive, if the Court please. The witness should not be permitted to make an argument on every question asked. I object to it.

Mr. Christensen: Q.—Why isn't cutting logs short, sabotage?

A.—Because the only thing they succeed in doing by cutting logs short is in disorganizing the orders that the companies have. They do not waste any material which is just like the hog. All of the log is used. It is simply, if they have orders for certain sized material, it may tend to disorganize their order system; that is all, but there is no loss, no unusual loss attendant.

Q.—Did you ever say anything on the subject of fouling a gear or a line?

A.—No. You mean—well, I heard this witness here say something about fouling a line.

Q.—Well, did you ever—

A.—Say anything like that?

Q.—Make any comment about a line?

A.—Absolutely nothing of that kind.

Q.—Is that sabotage?

A.—Certainly not.

Q.—What is it?

A.—That is murder.

14

The following note (about 1920) by Miss Agnes Inglis (1870-1952) was included in her "Sabotage" folder in the I.W.W. files in the Labadie Collection. The daughter of a wealthy Michigan family, Miss Inglis for many years devoted her time to the Labadie Collection of Labor and Radical Materials donated to the University of Michigan Library in 1911 by an anarchist printer, Joseph Labadie. On Miss Inglis' death in 1952, her long-time friend, the writer John Nicholas Bffel, wrote in the Industrial Worker (April 25, 1952): "Her connection with the library was rather informal but effective. She kept her own hours, worked quietly, intensively. . . . She accepted no wages . . . always, she lived simply and economically. Her one stipulation, which was

readily granted, was that she be allowed enough money to acquire occasional new acquisitions for the Labadie Collection, and to cover express charges on gifts, and that she have ample use of the University Library's facilities for binding newspapers, periodicals, and pamphlets and any necessary rebinding of books. . . . Long before Joe Labadie died in 1933, he had the satisfaction of knowing that a tireless friend was carrying on where he had left off and that the scope and value of his gift to posterity was widening and growing because of her ceaseless effort. . . . She managed to acquire a great many rare and valuable historical items without purchase, getting them as gifts through diplomatically worded letters to individuals and institutions throughout the United States and abroad."

A personal friend of many radicals throughout the country, Miss Inglis kept close touch with social movements in the Detroit-Ann Arbor area. Her correspondence and notebooks in the Labadie Collection are filled with accounts of meetings she attended, social causes to which she contributed, and friendships she made through her contacts with radical organizations.

NOTE ON SABOTAGE:
THE CASE OF JOHN MAHONEY

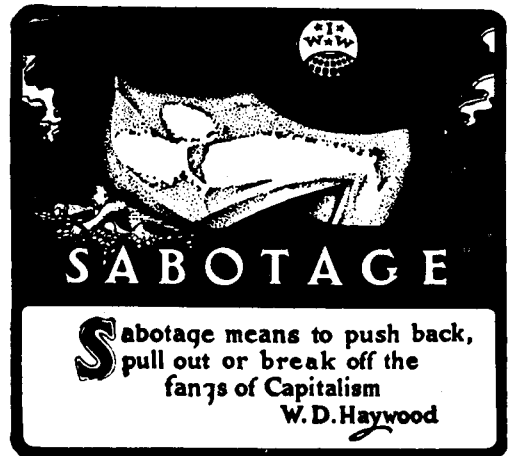
By AGNES INGLIS

It was at the time they were "ruthlessly wrecking the 14 stories of the luxurious Hotel Pontchartrain" that I met one of I.W.W. boys on the street. His name was John Mahoney. As I met him his

face impressed me. He looked very thoughtful and sad. He said to me "What do you think I am working at now?" I said I didn't know. He said "I'm working at a job wrecking the Hotel Pontchartrain. Just think of it! Here the workers build that beautiful building and they haven't even homes to live in themselves. And now they are being told to pull it down in order to build a big bank-building. It's a beautiful building. I call that "Sabotage!" says John Mahoney. . . .

I never forgot John Mahoney. He was an I.W.W. The Board of Commerce men would have said, "The awful I.W.W.! They believe in sabotage." But here was an I.W.W. He was a nice thoughtful, earnest man and an ardent I.W.W. He dreamed of a world in which workers had homes fit to live in! But workers do not have homes fit to live in. They build such things as the Hotel Pontchartrain and then are told to tear it down and then they build the First National Bank on the same spot of ground. And workers dream of a new society and are accused of practicing "sabotage."

Sabotage. . . . I never hear the word without thinking of John Mahoney. I've never thought of that word since without his tired and sad face flashing before me as he said "I call that 'sabotage!'"—And back of him I see the workers' homes. . . .



*He built the road,
With others of his class he built the road.
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad.
He walks and walks and walks and walks,
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.*

The Industrial Worker (April 23, 1910).

Chapter 3

Riding the Rails: I. W. W. Itinerants

Songs to fan the flames of discontent were sung by Wobblies on picket lines, in free speech demonstrations, in I.W.W. halls, around hobo jungle fires—wherever Wobbly rebels gathered to agitate for a new world built “from the ashes of the old.”

Early in 1914 when Carleton Parker, a University of California sociologist who pioneered in psychological studies of casual labor, reported on the acute conditions under which California migrants lived, he wrote that about half of the 800 men whom he interviewed “knew in a rough way the—for them curiously attractive—philosophy of the I.W.W. and could also sing some of its songs.”¹

“Where a group of hoboes sit around a fire under a railroad bridge, many of them can sing I.W.W. songs without the book.”²

“The book” that Parker referred to was the little red songbook started by the Spokane branch of the I.W.W. about 1909. It contained the provocative subtitle, “Songs of the Workers, On the Road, In the Jungles, and In the Shops—Songs to Fan the Flames of Discontent.” Over thirty known editions from 1909 to 1968 have included more than 175 songs.³

Folklorist John Greenway has called the little red songbook, “the first great collection of labor songs ever assembled for utilitarian purposes. . . . Historically, it is of first importance as a record of a conscious effort to carry economic and social discontent to the singing stage. . . . In the field of folksong scholarship, the I.W.W. songbook is significant for its preservation of original com-

positions which potentially are folk material.”⁴

The Spokane local of the I.W.W. was situated at the crossroads of the Northwest. Its members included lumberjacks, construction workers, harvesters, ice cutters, and railroad section hands—seasonal workers who circulated the message of One Big Union.

J. H. Walsh, a Socialist Party member who had been active in Alaska, was one of the spark plugs of the local. Described as a “go-getting type, full of pep and energy and ideas,”⁵ he led the “Overalls Brigade” from Portland to the 1908 Chicago convention. Walsh introduced the idea of recruiting members by preaching revolutionary industrial unionism from a soapbox. To rival Salvation Army bands in attracting crowds for Wobbly street-corner meetings, he organized a red-uniformed I.W.W. band which for a short time traveled through the Northwest. Parodying Salvation Army gospel hymns and popular songs, the band developed its own repertoire of Wobbly verses sung to well-known gospel and popular melodies. Several of these were printed on pocket-sized colored cards which were sold to the crowd for a nickel a piece. Four of the songs, “Hallelujah, I’m a Bum,” “Where the Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way,” “When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder,” and “Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?” were printed in a ten-cent leaflet.

Authorship of the popular “Hallelujah, I’m a Bum” was claimed by a Spokane local member, Harry (“Haywire Mac”) McClintock, a former

tramp entertainer, who said he composed it to the tune of a gospel hymn he sang as a boy soprano in his church choir in Knoxville, Tennessee.⁶ At least one of the other three songs in the leaflet was written by English-born Richard Brazier, a prolific parodist, who had drifted down to Spokane from a construction job in British Columbia. Brazier submitted twenty other songs to a local union song committee set up by Walsh, who decided that there was enough talent among the membership to expand the song leaflets into a Wobbly songbook.⁷

The first edition, published about 1909, contained twenty-five songs including "The Marseillaise," "The Red Flag," the Bum song, sixteen parodies by Brazier, and several others. Two of the songs, "Workingmen Unite" and "The Banner of Labor," had been sung, and perhaps composed, by members of the Industrial Union Band as the "Overalls Brigade" called itself, on the way to the 1908 convention in Chicago.⁸ The contents of the little red book dramatized the ideas of the Preamble, which was printed in each copy, and reflected the spirit, humor, and experiences of the Western migrants. In general, the songs vindicated the hobo status of the segment of industrial life that Haywood called "labor at the bottom," the floating fraternity of seasonal workers.

In 1908 the nation had come through a financial panic; unemployment in all trades was close to 36 percent.⁹ Low wages and periodic unemployment forced millions to drift from one industrial center to another looking for work.

Moving across country, the itinerant workers harvested crops, sawed trees, cut ice, built roads, laid railroad ties. In the Midwest, they followed the ripening crops from Kansas to the Dakotas. On the West Coast, they gathered the fruit, hops, and grain, canned the fruit and vegetables of California, Washington, and Oregon, and found whatever out-of-season employment possible. Most of them "beat their way" by freight car from one place to another, and railroad companies estimated that there were half a million hoboes riding the rails, walking the tracks, or waiting at railroad junctions to catch onto a train, at any one time. Carleton Parker noted, "This group might be called a fraction of the migratory millions actually in transit."¹⁰

Riding the "rattlers" (freight cars) was dangerous.¹¹ From 1901 to 1905, almost 24,000 trespassers were killed on the railroads and over 25,000

were injured.¹² Railroad police, whose job it was to keep hoboes off the trains, frequently pursued, beat, and terrorized the trespassers and the "shacks" (brakemen) threw them off trains. The migrant was often arrested as a "vag" (vagrant) and given the brutal third degree or "sixty days" in the county jail. Sometimes the town police, or "clowns" as the migrants called them, ordered the vagrants to "leave town by the next train," rather than clutter up the county jails at the taxpayers' expense. Caught between the town "clowns" and the railroad "bulls," the migrant had little respect for law and the administration of justice. These experiences, as Nels Anderson wrote, "sometimes put fear into his heart but do not reform him."¹³

Although the I.W.W. was as active in other parts of the country as it was in the West, the image of the "typical" Wobbly became that of a migratory or seasonal worker without close family ties. In Carleton Parker's 1914 study of California migrants, close to 80 percent were under age forty, and 55 percent had left school before age fifteen. Nearly 70 percent gave their occupation as "floating laborers" and 37 percent expressed radical views on politics.¹⁴

Parker concluded that the I.W.W. can be profitably viewed only as a psychological byproduct of the neglected childhood of industrial America.¹⁵ He characterized the American I.W.W. as "a lonely hobo worker, usually malnourished and in need of medical care [who was] as far from a scheming syndicalist, after the French model, as the imagination could conceive."¹⁶ His mind was "stamped by the lowest, most miserable labor conditions and outlook which American industrialism produces."¹⁷

Rexford Tugwell in his article, "Casual of the Woods," also pictured the migrant as "a rather pathetic figure . . . wracked with strange diseases and tortured by unrealized dreams that haunt his soul."¹⁸

Yet I.W.W. publicity made the distinction that although the migrant's situation was degrading, he himself was not degraded. An article in *Solidarity*, November 21, 1914, stated:

The nomadic worker of the West embodies the very spirit of the I.W.W. His cheerful cynicism, his frank and outspoken contempt for most of the conventions of bourgeois society, including the more stringent conventions which masquerade under the name of morality, make him an

admirable exemplar of the iconoclastic doctrine of revolutionary unionism. . . . His anomalous position, half industrial slave, half vagabond adventurer, leaves him infinitely less servile than his fellow worker in the East. Unlike the factory slave of the Atlantic Seaboard and the Central States, he is most emphatically not "afraid of his job."

His mobility is amazing. Buoyantly confident of his ability to "get by" somehow, he promptly shakes the dust of a locality from his feet whenever the board is bad, or the boss is too exacting, or the work unduly tiresome, departing for the next job even if it be 500 miles away. Cost of transportation does not daunt him. "Freight trains run every day" and his ingenuity is a match for the vigilance of trainmen and special police. No wife or family encumber him. . . . Nowhere else can a section of the working class be found so admirably fitted to serve as the scouts and advance guards of the labor army. Rather they may become the guerillas of the revolution—the francs-tireurs of the class struggle.¹⁹

The I.W.W. migrant was called a hobo, as distinguished from a tramp or a bum. As Dr. Ben Reitman explained it, "The hobo works and wanders, the tramp dreams and wanders, and the bum drinks and wanders."²⁰ The word hobo may have originated from the term "hoe boy," a seasonal farm worker. It was just one of the colorful words developed by the migrants to describe the members of the different seasonal occupations. "Snipes" and "jerries" laid railroad sections; "splinter bellies" did rough carpentry work; "pearl-divers" washed dishes; "sewer hogs" dug ditches; "skinner" drove mules; "muckers" shoveled dirt, rock, and gravel from mines or excavations; "timber wolves" or "timber beasts" felled trees; "gandy dancers" tamped ties on the railroads and frequently worked with "banjos" (short-handled shovels), "muck sticks" (long-handled shovels), or "anchors" (tamping picks).²¹

But probably the I.W.W. migrant was most frequently called a "bindle stiff" or "bundle stiff" who was said to be "packing his balloon," that is, carrying his blanket in a roll. In I.W.W. and hobo speech, the words "stiff" and "working stiff" were commonly applied to all casual or migratory workers, and especially to I.W.W. members.

Between jobs, "bindle stiffs" congregated in

hobo "jungles" (hobo camps) or on the "main stem," or "skid row" of a town or city. A hobo jungle was usually near a railroad junction point, close enough to a town for those hoboes who needed to "bum lumps" (ask for handouts), yet far enough away from the attention of town police. A good place for a jungle included shade trees, room to stretch a number of blanket rolls on the ground, water for cooking, and wood to keep the fire going.

The jungle was a social institution with its own rules, regulations, mores, and division of labor. It was a catalyst of hobo culture and traditions. Harry Kemp, the hobo poet, wrote about such a camp in 1911:

It is often a marvel of cooperation. Discarded tin cans and battered boilers are made over into cooking utensils and dishes. Each member contributes to the common larder what he has begged for the day. There is usually in camp someone whose occupational vocation is that of cook, and who takes upon himself, as his share of the work, the cooking of meals. Stews are in great favor in trampdom and especially do they like strong, scalding coffee. Usually the procuring of food in such a camp is reduced to a system such as would interest economists and sociologists. One tramp goes to the butcher shop for meat, one goes to the bakers for bread, and so forth. And when one gang breaks up, its members are always very careful to leave everything in good order for the next comers. They will even leave the coffee grounds in the pot for the next fellow so that he can make "seconds" if he needs to. These things are part of tramp etiquette, as is also the obligation each new arrival is under to bring, as he comes, some wood for the fire.²²

Jungle crimes included lighting a fire at night that might attract railroad or town police, "hijacking" (robbing) other men while they slept, leaving pots dirty after using them, neglecting to rustle wood for the fire, and damaging or stealing any jungle equipment. A guilty hobo would be thrown out of camp forcibly.

The men gathered around the fire made a good audience for news and rumors about road and job conditions: police, employment "sharks," and town officials. No attempt was made to pry into one another's background or personal relations;

a man's past was his own affair. Usually, the men in a jungle welcomed all who arrived, regardless of race or nationality. At times, however, in permanent I.W.W. jungles, the Wobblies excluded anyone not carrying a red I.W.W. membership card.

A gallon of wine or a jug of cheap whiskey frequently led to impromptu entertainments. Often, long epic poems were composed and recited on the spot. Some became hobo "classics" which many committed to memory. Often humorous, these songs and poems highlighted the adventures and perils of hobo life. Frequently, they protested against the social order, such as these verses from "The Sheep and the Goats" by Bill Quirke, one of the most popular of hobo writers:

Say, mate, have you ever seen the mills
Where the kids at the loom spit blood?
Have you been in the mines when the fire damp
blew,
Have you shipped as a hand with a freighter's
crew,
Or worked in a levee flood?

Have you rotted wet in a grading camp
Or scorched in a desert line?
Or done your night stint with your lamp,
Watching the timbers drip with damp
And hearing the oil rig whine?

Have you had your pay held back for tools
That you never saw or could use?
Have you gone like a fool with the other fools
To the bosses' saloon where the strong arm rules
And cashed your time for booze?

I do no kicking at God or Fate—
I keep my shoes for the road—
The long gray road, and I love it, mate—
Hay-foot, straw-foot—that's my gait,
And I carry no other man's load.

I don't mind working to earn my bread
And I'd just as soon keep straight.
But according to what the preacher said,
I'm a ram and I've missed the gate.
But I'm joggin along and joggin ahead,
And perhaps I'll find it, mate.²³

Although they could pick up information in the jungle or on the main stem about jobs and job con-

ditions, for the most part, hoboes obtained work through employment agencies, which brought together the men with the jobs and the men looking for work. Usually, the agencies were in the "flop house" districts of cities which the migrants frequented between jobs. The employment agent's "office" was more than likely an almost bare store front with a table and one or two chairs for furniture. Outside, a large blackboard announced a list of needed labor. The agent, called the "shark" or "mancatcher," usually kept no books, except one small enough to fit into his pocket. Nels Anderson wrote about such agents in 1922: "Their records are not merely inadequate; they are a joke."²⁴

Working on commission, the labor agents charged either the worker, the employer—or both, and raised their fees to either party according to the demand for workers or the demand for jobs. Wobblies protested against the high costs of buying jobs, charges for jobs that sometimes did not exist, and the practice of fee-splitting between the "shark" and a foreman who would fire members of a work crew after their first pay check, and replace them with another group of "suckers" who had bought the same jobs and shipped out to the camp.

Wobblies joked that the employment sharks had discovered perpetual motion—one work crew on the job, one crew going to the job, and one crew leaving it.²⁵

Another type of employment agency was the boarding company which would contract with employers of seasonal labor to provide crews of men throughout the needed employment period. Boarding companies made their profits from the high prices they charged workers for room and board. Scanty food, often of the poorest quality, and bad sleeping quarters with no bathing facilities, led one Wobbly to write that he was "housed worse than a beast and treated like a dog."²⁶

Frequently, after the migratory worker had accumulated a certain sum of money, known as a "stake," he quit the job if it offered unpleasant conditions and drifted off to the road or to the city. Carleton Parker's investigation in 1914 revealed that road tradition often fixed the amount of the stake, and indirectly, therefore, the period of employment. With his money, the hobo would retreat to a jungle, and, "adding his daily quarter or half dollar to the 'mulligan fund,' live on until the stake is gone. If he tends to live further on

the charity of the new comers he is styled a 'jungle buzzard' and cast forth."²⁷

Off the job, the city life of the hobo was graphically described in these verses from "The Boe's Lament" by an unknown writer:

O! Lord, you know I'm "down and out,"
Forever forced to roam about,
From town to town, from state to state
Not knowing what may be my fate.

And frequently I have no bed
On which to rest my weary head;
And when at times I have the price,
I find it full of bugs and lice.

You know the stem is often bad
Of course that always makes one mad,
For it means that one must carry
"The banner" in the night so airy.

Now Lord, this is no idle joke
For I am "down and out" and "broke."
I have not got the gall to beg,
And not the nerve to be a "yegg."

Unless one has the ready cash
For "coffee an neckbones," or "hash,"
For "liver," "stew," or just "pigs feet,"
He surely has no chance to eat.

Now Lord, I've often times been told
That Heaven's streets are paved with gold.
To me that does not seem quite fair,
When millions here are in despair.

Behold your creatures here below—
These multitudes who have no show,
From their cradles to their graves
Their doom is that they must be slaves.²⁸

The stem, which this writer hinted was "so often bad," provided very little in the way of recreation for the hobo besides the bars and the brothels. The I.W.W. hall was one of the few places that he could find companionship, a place to rest and make a meal, pick up some books and pamphlets, and exchange ideas. Carleton Parker called I.W.W. halls "a social substitute for the saloon."²⁹ The Wobbly headquarters usually included a kitchen, where a large pot of mulligan simmered on the stove and an enamel coffee pot was kept full. Radical literature was available for

all to read. Often there was a piano, put to use by a Wobbly who picked out popular tunes and led some singing of Wobbly favorites. At Saturday night smokers, the men improvised propaganda skits in the style of current vaudeville shows.

In the jungles, on the jobs, and while lounging around the I.W.W. hall, the I.W.W. hobo frequently read avidly. Jack London was a favorite novelist and his book, *The Iron Heel*, was popular. Works on sociology, economics, politics, and history were also widely read. I.W.W. lists of recommended reading, printed in *The Industrial Worker* and *Solidarity*, suggested books by well-known socialists, anarchists, and other left-wing writers.

Besides reading books on the problems of labor, Wobblies learned about theories of changing the social order from the I.W.W. soapboxers. Between jobs, hoboes gathered in certain city areas, such as "Bughouse Square" in Chicago, Pershing Square in Los Angeles, and Union Square in New York City, to listen to lectures on biology, eugenics, psychology, sociology, politics, and economics.

Big Jim Thompson was among the most famous of many well-known Wobbly orators and certain to gather a crowd. One of his better-known, and often repeated stories, compared a young worker in the capitalist system to an automobile. "How about your children?" he would ask, and then continue:

When they get to be wonderful young men and women with their eyes brightly shining like the headlights on a new car, and with their veins and arteries like the wiring on a new car, and their hearts beating without a murmur like the smooth running of new engines, then the capitalists say to the proud parents, "We want to use your children to produce wealth for us and our children!" . . . The parents ask, "What are our children going to get for the use of their bodies during the precious years of their lives?"

Answer, "Gas and oil." A mere living wage. The endless chain that starts and ends with work. Every increase in the productivity of labor, every invention, every victory of science and triumph of genius in the line of industrial progress only goes to increase the wealth of a parasite class. This is wage slavery, the foundation of capitalism.³⁰

Other soapboxers frequently prefaced their speeches by some crowd-attracting technique.



The "Blanket Stiff"

He built the ROAD—
With others of his CLASS, he built the road,
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,
Chasing a JOB, spurred on by HUNGERS good.
He walks and walks, and wonders why
In H—L, he built the road.

Jack Phelan, called the silver-tongued boy orator of Wobblies, would mount the box and start yelling, "I've been robbed! I've been robbed!" When enough of a sympathetic crowd gathered to help him, he would start, "I've been robbed by the capitalist system!"³¹

Another soapboxer, an outdoor lecturer in the Spokane area, had been a circuit preacher in the South. Dressed as an old Southern colonel in a longtailed black coat and a soft-brimmed black hat, he would drawl softly:

This is my text tonight, Fellow Workers. It's about the three stars. They're not the stars of Bethlehem. They're better than the stars of Bethlehem. The stars of Bethlehem lead only to Heaven which nobody knows about. These are the three I.W.W. stars of education, organization, and emancipation. They lead to pork-chops which everybody wants.³²

Hobo songs and poems seldom talked about love or beauty, yet curiously enough, Dick Brazier, author of so many of the verses in the little red songbook, told labor folklorist Archie Green:

. . . the West was a wide open country, the open spaces really existed. There was plenty of room to move around in, and there were scenes of great grandeur and beauty, and there were journeys to be made that took you to all kinds of interesting sections of the country. That's the feeling we all had. I think that's one of the reasons we kept on moving as much as we did. In addition to searching for the job, we were also searching for something to satisfy our emotional desire for grandeur and beauty. After all, we have a concept of beauty too, although we were only migratory workers.³³

I

For over sixty years, the song, "Hallelujah I'm a Bum" has been a popular American folksong. It was sung by soldiers during the Spanish-American War, by marchers in Coxey's Army, by Northwest loggers, construction workers, and harvest stiffs who attended the 1908 I.W.W. convention, and by the unemployed from coast to coast during the depression of the 1930's. In 1927 Carl Sandburg included it in his collection of folksongs, *The American Songbag*, as a popular hobo song whose author was unknown. By the late 1920's when over a dozen music publishers had issued

sheet music of the song, Harry ("Haywire Mac") McClintock, who recorded the song in 1926, charged that they were infringing on his copyright.

John Greenway, in his book *American Folk-songs of Protest* (Philadelphia, 1953) has a detailed account of McClintock's claim to the authorship of the song. Mac claimed that about 1897 he put new words to the hymn tune "Hallelujah, Thine the Glory," sometimes called "Revive Us Again," a song which he had learned while a boy choir singer in a church in his hometown of Nashville, Tennessee. He called it originally, "Hallelujah On the Bum" and, as he was bumming around the country, added new verses to the song. Greenway quotes McClintock, "The jungle stiffs liked the song and so did the saloon audiences, most of whom had hit the road at one time or another, and the rollicking, devil-may-care lilt of the thing appealed to them." He sang the song to soldiers at an army training camp in Tennessee during the Spanish-American War, and in their travels they helped popularize the verses around the country.

"Hallelujah On the Bum" was printed in the *I.W.W. Industrial Union Bulletin* (April 4, 1908). It was one of the four songs printed on colored cardboard folders which were sold for ten cents by the organization before the start of the first *I.W.W. songbook* about 1909. The *I.W.W. One Big Union Monthly* (March 1938) included an article, "Birth of a Song Hit," on the background of "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum."

HALLELUJAH ON THE BUM

(Tune: "Revive Us Again")

O, why don't you work
Like other men do?
How in hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

Chorus:

Hallelujah, I'm a bum,
Hallelujah, bum again,
Hallelujah, give us a handout—
To revive us again.

O, why don't you save
All the money you earn?
If I did not eat
I'd have money to burn.

Chorus:

O, I like my boss—
He's a good friend of mine;
That's why I am starving
Out in the bread-line.

Chorus:

I can't buy a job,
For I ain't got the dough,
So I ride in a box-car,
For I'm a hobo.

Chorus:

Whenever I get
All the money I earn,
The boss will be broke,
And to work he must turn.

Chorus:

Hallelujah, I'm a bum,
Hallelujah, bum again,
Hallelujah, give us a handout—
To revive us again.

2

This song, composed to the tune of "Meet Me in St. Louis, Louie," was printed in the third edition of the I.W.W. songbook. Its author, English-born Richard Brazier, emigrated to Canada in 1903 at the age of twenty. He worked on farms, on railroad construction gangs, and in a blacksmith shop. He came to Spokane in 1907, joined the I.W.W., and contributed about sixteen songs to the first edition of the I.W.W. songbook. In an interview with folklorist Archie Green, Brazier told how I.W.W. organizer J. H. Walsh started the idea of the little red songbooks: "[Walsh suggested] let's form a song committee; let the membership get together and elect their representatives to a song committee. Decide whether they want a different format, and have a real songbook out of it or go along with the cardboard song cards business." When asked how he went about composing a song, Brazier answered: "At that time there was a lot of popular songs on the market. This was the era of the sentimental ballad, mostly, and a few humorous songs. Well, I . . . attended a lot of vaudeville shows . . . every saloon had a little vaudeville show of its own with these . . . sing and dance girls. . . . And I'd go down there

and listen to a lot of singing, and if I heard a song that had a tune that I liked, I'd memorize the tune, then I would work on picking words to fit the tune. . . . The melody was all important."

Brazier became secretary of the joint locals in Spokane, and in 1916, he was elected to the executive board of the I.W.W. He settled in New York City following his release from Leavenworth Penitentiary in 1923, where he had served five years of his sentence along with other I.W.W. prisoners charged with violating the espionage law. He has continued contributing poems and songs to the Industrial Worker.

MEET ME IN THE JUNGLES,
LOUIE

By RICHARD BRAZIER

Louie was out of a job,
Louie was dead on the hog;
He looked all around,
But no job could be found.
So he had to go home and sit down.
A note on the table he spied,
He read it just once, and he cried.
It read: "Louie, dear, get to hell out of here
Your board bill is now overdue."

Chorus:

Meet me in the jungles, Louie,
Meet me over there.
Don't tell me the slaves are eating,
Anywhere else but there;
We will each one be a booster,
To catch a big, fat rooster;
So meet me in the jungles, Louie,
Meet me over there.

Louie went out of his shack,
He swore he would never come back;
He said, "I will wait, and take the first freight,
My friends in the jungles to see;
For me there is waiting out there,
Of a mulligan stew a big share.
So away I will go and be a hobo,
For the song in the jungles I hear."

Chorus:

Meet me in the jungles, Louie,
Meet me over there.
Don't tell me the slaves are eating,
Anywhere else but there;

We will each one be a booster,
 To catch the scissor Bill's rooster;
 So meet me in the jungles, Louie,
 Meet me over there.

3

These verses by Richard Brazier appeared in the third edition of the I.W.W. songbook.

THE SUCKERS SADLY GATHER

By RICHARD BRAZIER

(Tune: "Where the Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way")

Oh! The suckers sadly gather around the Red
 Cross office door,
 And at the job sign longingly they gaze;
 They think it's time they shipped out to a job once
 more,
 For they haven't bought a job for several days.
 So inside they go and they put down their dough—
 "We have come to buy a job from you," they
 say.
 The employment shark says, "Right; I will ship
 you out tonight,
 Where the silvery Colorado wends its way."

Chorus

Now those suckers by the score
 Are hiking back once more,
 For they didn't get no job out there, they say;
 So to town they're hiking back
 O'er that bum old railroad track,
 Where the silvery Colorado wends its way.

The Hoboes quietly gather 'round a distant water
 tank,
 While the Bulls are safely resting home in bed,
 And they sadly sit and ponder on the days when
 they ate pie,
 And occasionally some moldy punk instead.
 But now they're living high when a chicken coop
 is nigh,
 For the ranchers send them chicken every day,
 So to the jungles they skidoo to dine on chicken
 stew
 Where the silvery Colorado wends its way.

Chorus

There's a Bo 'neath every tree,
 And they are happy as can be,
 For the chewings 'round that place are good,
 they say.
 For they have chicken galore
 And they know where there is more,
 Where the silvery Colorado wends its way.

4

This was one of the four songs printed on a folded colored card which I.W.W. members sold for ten cents in the Northwest area around 1907-08. It was sung to the tune of "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" and was printed in the third edition of the I.W.W. songbook. Its author is unknown.

MY WANDERING BOY*

(Tune: "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?")

Where is my wandering boy tonight,
 The boy of his mother's pride?
 He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,
 Or else he is bumming a ride.

Chorus:

*Oh, where is my boy tonight?
 Oh, where is my boy tonight?
 He's on the head end of an overland train—
 That's where your boy is tonight.*

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,
 But his clothes are a sight to see.
 He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.
 "Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

*Oh, where is my boy tonight?
 Oh, where is my boy tonight?
 The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,
 That's where your boy is tonight.*

"I was looking for work, Oh Judge," he said.
 Says the judge, "I have heard that before."
 So to join the chain gang far off—he is led
 To hammer the rocks some more.

*Oh, where is my boy tonight?
 Oh, where is my boy tonight?
 To strike many blows for his country he goes,
 That's where your boy is tonight.*

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,
Let him play the old game if he will—
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,
So long's he's a wage slave still.

*Oh, where is my boy tonight?
His money is "out of sight."
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes.
Here's luck!—to your boy tonight.*

5

This unsigned song was included in the third edition of the I.W.W. songbook. A later edition of the songbook cites the tune as "Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread."

OUT IN THE BREAD-LINE

Out in the bread-line, the fool and the knave
Out in the bread-line, the sucker and slave,
Coffee and doughnuts now take all our cash,
We're on the bum and we're glad to get hash.

Chorus:

*Out in the bread-line, rain or the sunshine
We're up against it today,
Out in the bread-line, watching the job-sign,
We're on the bum, boys, today.*

The employment office now ships east and west,
Jobs are quite scarce—they are none of the best;
The grub it is rocky—a discount we pay,
We are dead broke, and we'll have to eat hay.

Chorus:

We are the big bums, the hoboos and "vags,"
O, we look hungry, our clothes are all rags,
While a fat grafter, sky pilot or fake,
Laughs at our troubles and gives us the shake.

Chorus:

O, yes, we're the suckers, there's no doubt of that,
We live like dogs, and the boss he gets fat,
God help his picture taken once we get wise,
He'll be the bum and we'll be the swell guys.

6

This biblical parody appeared in the Industrial Worker (July 2, 1910).

THE FLIGHT INTO CALIFORNIA

By W. METCALF

Chapter 12

(1) And it came to pass in the city which is called Dunsmuir, which is near the Mount which is called Shasta.

(2) As we tarried in the wilderness which is called the jungles.

(3) We came upon a man lying by the roadside who had been set upon by thieves

(4) And robbed of many shekels by the employment thieves in the city which is called Portland, in the land of Oregon.

(5) Wherefore we gave him gump mulligan and bread and much good advice

(6) That he might return from whence he came and join the I.W.W. and cast out devils.

(7) That man may not be robbed of man for a job's namesake.

(8) As we journeyed on our way taking neither wallet nor staff, but only overalls and labor power, that we might serve the master for the lousy dollar

(9) We came unto the place which is called Cottonwood, a Sabbath day's journey from Red Bluffs.

(10) There by the River we beheld many man servants.

(11) And we went unto their camp, saying:

(12) Repent ye, for the rule of craft unions neareth an end. And as we spoke unto them they marveled, saying:

(13) Who are these men? that they cast out Comperite devils in the name of Industrial Unionism?

(14) And they were sore afraid, lest the master behold them listening to the Gospel of I.W.W.-ism.

(15) And seeing their plight, we went our way rejoicing.

(16) And it came to pass as we went our way, casting out Patriotic and Political Devils, that we came unto the City which is called Sacto, where were multitudes of people.

(17) And we spake unto them, saying:

(18) Man gets but little here below, and if ye would that ye have more,

(19) Strike not at the ballot box

(20) Lest ye strike it with a great axe and cast it forth into outer darkness, where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of political freaks' teeth.

(21) But organize into the Union which is called of man I.W.W. for your own sake.

Chapter 13

(1) Wherefore we took ourselves apart from the multitude and came unto the city which is called Stockton.

(2) Where dwelleth one called Bill which is surnamed Scissor, and seeing him sore afflicted with patriotic leprosy we administered unto him much Industrial Unionism.

(3) Saying unto him, Go thou into the harvest and work for a dollar,

(4) And when the harvest is ripe and thy lord needeth thee sorely

(5) Strike for two dollars, saying unto thy lord:

(6) Behold, thy fruit goeth unto the devil, pay us two dollars or great shall be the destruction thereof.

(7) As we journeyed forth we passed by a Roman soldier which is called of men State Bull.

(8) Casting out Blanket Stiffs for his job's sake. And all these things that the words of Industrial Unionism might be fulfilled—that man owneth not his job, and he is a wage slave, anyhow.

7

This article appeared in Solidarity (June 3, 1911).

A VOICE FROM THE JUNGLES

By TYLER WILLIAMS

(Special to Solidarity)

Sheridan, Wyoming, May 24

I was at Crawford, Nebraska, last week doing a little eight-hour talk; also looking for a master. Things were quiet, and there was a featherweight "Bill Sunday" in town so I thought I would go over and hear him spout. People said he was fine.

AN IDENTITY OF INTEREST

Industrial Worker, July 16, 1910.



Brother Farmer



Brother Farm Hand

After the head sky pilot had delivered his message on the "prodigal son" and a pretty girl sang "Where Is My Wandering Boy?" (I wanted to tell her that there was a bunch of them down in the jungles but I kept quiet), the head spouter announced that those prodigal sons and daughters who wanted to return to the father could manifest their desire by coming up and shaking his delicate hand. While he continued his call from the platform he also told the good Christians to go out and speak to their friends personally. Well, a parson struck me and here is where the fun begins. He shook my hand and I said "How-da-do." He didn't say whether he was well or not but asked me whether I would not like to go up and take a stand for God? I asked him how he knew I hadn't already. Then he said "Oh, have you?" and I told him that I had not. He asked if I didn't want to, and I said "No." Of course, he inquired why and I answered that my body was giving me more trouble just then than my soul was. Then he said "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and all these things will be added." The dialog continued about as follows:

Hobo—That is good news for a hungry man. If you will guarantee me three square meals, a bed and a good job, I will go.

Parson—It is no trouble to find work; but as to a good job, you will have to prove yourself. I work. I never have any trouble finding employment.

Hobo—Your hand feels like it has been some time since you have hurt yourself. And as to proving myself, I will have to have a chance first. Could you tell me where I would find a job?

Parson—Why yes. There is a bureau for that purpose here.

Hobo—I have been there. There are a dozen jobs on the board and one inside. The rest have been taken if they ever existed. The shark wants \$2.00 for the job he has—a farm job at \$25.00. I can see where the farmer and the shark will win and I would lose. The bureau did not know whether I would have to sleep in the barn or not, and presumed I would have to work more than eight hours. Now, would you advise me to take that job?

I knew these guys were pretty liberal with their advise.

Parson—Well— er— yes; under the existing circumstances I would.

Hobo—I see that you are about as much concerned

about my business as you are about my soul. What you would like to have me do is give my heart to God and my life to the boss.

Parson—Ah, my boy, you are making a grave mistake. The good book says: "God is not mocked," and "Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord."

Hobo—He is worse than I am. I don't want any revenge. All I want is the goods. If I wanted revenge I would burn up half the box cars and bridges along the pike.

Parson—I hate to hear you talk that way.

Hobo—It does me good.

Just then the brother up front says "Let us pray." My friend looked relieved and I felt grieved.

8

Titled "You Had Better Stay Away," this unsigned song appeared in the Industrial Worker (March 21, 1912). It was subsequently collected by George Milburn, printed in his The Hobo's Hornbook (New York, 1930), and cited without source as an I.W.W. song. It also appeared in an undated booklet, Hobo Ballads (Cincinnati: Hobo College Press Committee) in the files of the Labadie Collection.

EVERYWHERE YOU GO

Things are dull in San Francisco,
On the hog in New Orleans,
Rawther punk in cultured Boston,
Famed for codfish, God and beans.

On the fritz in Kansas City,
Out in Denver things are jarred;
Hear 'em beefing in Chicago
That the times are getting hard.

Same old hooley in St. Looie;
And all the more in Baltimore;
Coin don't rattle in Seattle
Like it did in days of yore.

Jobs are scant around Atlanta,
All through Texas it is still
And there's very little stirring
In the town of Looieville.

There's a howl from Cincinnati,
New York City, Brooklyn, too;
In Milwaukee's foamy limits
There is little work to do.

In the face of all such rumors,
 It seems not far wrong to say
 That no matter where you're going,
 You had better stay away.

9

George Milburn in The Hobo's Hornbook (New York, 1930) cites these unsigned verses as an I.W.W. song. Titled "Society's Bums," the poem appeared in the Industrial Worker (July 25, 1955), signed by "Denver Din" Crowley. It was also included in an undated booklet, Hobo Ballads, titled "The Bum on the Rods and the Bum on the Plush." Its original source is not known.

THE TWO BUMS

The bum on the rods is hunted down
 As the enemy of mankind,
 The other is driven around to his club
 Is feted, wined and dined.

And they who curse the bum on the rods
 As the essence of all that's bad,
 Will greet the other with a winning smile,
 And extend the hand so glad.

The bum on the rods is a social flea
 Who gets an occasional bite,
 The bum on the plush is a social leech,
 Blood-sucking day and night.

The bum on the rods is a load so light
 That his weight we scarcely feel,
 But it takes the labor of dozens of men
 To furnish the other a meal.

As long as you sanction the bum on the plush
 The other will always be there,
 But rid yourself of the bum on the plush
 And the other will disappear.

Then make an intelligent, organized kick,
 Get rid of the weights that crush.
 Don't worry about the bum on the rods,
 Get rid of the bum on the plush!

10

In The Hobo's Hornbook, George Milburn wrote that Jim Seymour, a frequenter of "Bughouse

Square" (Newberry Square) in Chicago, was one of the hobo's favorite poets. Seymour's poem, "The Dishwasher," which first appeared in the I.W.W. press in the Industrial Worker (May 1, 1913) has been frequently reprinted in I.W.W. publications at the request of readers.

THE DISHWASHER

By JIM SEYMOUR

Alone in the kitchen, in grease-laden steam,
 I pause for a moment, a moment to dream,
 For even a dishwasher thinks of a day
 Wherein will be leisure for rest and for play;
 And now that I pause o'er the transom there floats
 A stream of the Traumeri's soul-stirring notes,
 Engulft in a blending of sorrow and glee
 I wonder that music can reach even me.

For now I am thinking, my brain has been stirred,
 The voice of a master the lowly has heard,
 The heart-breaking sob of the sad violin
 Arouses the thoughts of the sweet "might have
 been";
 Had men been born equal the use of the brain
 Would shield them from poverty, free them from
 pain,
 Nor would I have sunk in the black social mire
 Because of poor judgment in choosing a sire.

But now I am only a slave of the mill
 That plies and remodels me just as it will,
 That makes me a dullard in brain-burning heat
 That looks at rich viands, not daring to eat;
 That lives with its red, blistered hands ever stuck
 Down deep in the foul indescribable muck
 Where dishes are plunged, seventeen at a time,
 And washt!—in a tubful of sickening slime!

But on with the clatter, no more must I shirk,
 The world is to me but a nightmare of work;
 For me not the music and laughter and song,
 No toiler is welcomed amid the gay throng;
 For me not the smiles of the ladies who dine,
 No warm, clinging kisses begotten of wine;
 For me but the venting of low, sweated groans
 That twelve hours a night have installed in my
 bones.

The music has ceased, but the havoc it wrought
 Within the poor brain it awakened to thought
 Shall cease not at all, but continue to spread



United Press International, Inc., photo.

Demonstration of unemployed, Union Square, New York City, 1913.

Till all of my fellows are thinking or dead.
 The havoc it wrought? 'Twill be havoc to those
 Whose joys would be nil were it not for my woes.
 Keep on with your gorging, your laughter and jest,
 But never forget that the last laugh is best.

You leeches who live on the fat of the land,
 You overfed parasites, look at my hand;
 You laugh at it now, it is blistered and coarse,
 But such are the hands quite familiar with force;
 And such are the hands that have furnished your
 drink,
 The hands of the slaves who are learning to think,
 And hands that have fed you can crush you as well
 And cast your damned carcasses clear into hell!

Go on with the arrogance born of your gold,
 As now are your hearts will your bodies be cold;
 Go on with your airs, you creators of hates,
 Eat well, while the dishwasher spits on the plates;
 But while at your feast let the orchestra play
 The life-giving strains of the dear Marseillaise
 That red revolution be placed on the throne
 Till those who produce have come into their own.

But scorn me tonight, on the morn you shall learn
 That those whom you loathe can despise you in
 turn,
 The dishwasher vows that his fellows shall know
 That only their ignorance keeps them below.
 Your music was potent, your music hath charms,
 It hardened the muscles that strengthen my arms,
 It painted a vision of freedom, of life—
 Tomorrow I strive for an ending of strife.

11

Ralph Chaplin sent the manuscript of this poem to Miss Agnes Inglis, who included it in a file of his poems and cartoons in the Labadie Collection. On the manuscript Chaplin wrote that it was composed after a group of homeless men, led by Frank Tannenbaum, had been thrown out of the Church of St. Alphonsus in New York City in March 1914. Tannenbaum, a bus boy, who had come to the United States in 1905 from Austria, asked a Father Schneider if his group of 250 unemployed homeless men could find shelter in the church. The police arrived and evicted the men. Tannenbaum was charged with vagrancy and sentenced to Blackwell's Island. On his release from prison a year later, he took an undergraduate degree at

Columbia University and, later, a Ph.D. at Brookings Institute. A member of the History Department at Columbia University, he has written books on Latin American economic history as well as on criminology and prison reform.

THE PRIEST

By RALPH CHAPLIN

The night we came from out the drifting snow,
 The winds were bitter and the streets were drear;
 Who mocked us when we had no place to go?

We gaunt eyed men had watched the blizzard
 grow—
 The ghastliest and wildest of the year—
 The night we came from out the drifting snow.

But how could God's anointed ever know
 How driving Hunger hovers ever near!
 Who mocked us when we had no place to go?

We knew your piety for empty show,
 But still your pillared church was warm with
 cheer
 The night we came from out the blinding snow.

Some day an earth uprooting storm may blow
 Your mighty temples full of screaming fear!
 Who mocked us when we had no place to go?

Then you'll remember how you scoffed at woes
 And met a plea for shelter with a sneer!
 The night we came from out the drifting snow
 Who mocked us when we had no place to go?

12

Charles Ashleigh came to the United States from England as a youth in 1910 and returned there in the early 1920's after a decade spent as an I.W.W. member, organizer, writer, and "class war prisoner." His semi-autobiographical novel, The Rambling Kid (London, 1930) describes some of his teen-age experiences bumming around the country as a hobo and a Wobbly. After a prison term in Leavenworth, Ashleigh was deported as an enemy alien to England. His poems have appeared in The Masses, The Liberator, Century Magazine, and the Little Review, and several were included in Genevieve Taggard's anthology, Maydays (New York, 1925). Mr. Ashleigh left the

I.W.W. for the Communist Party and describes himself, currently, as "a worker in the cause of British-Soviet friendship" (letter to J. L. K., March 24, 1964). He is a contributor to the British Daily Worker.

THE FLOATER

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

"For East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." So sang a poet, referring to the great and almost unbridgeable gulf which divides the western peoples from those of the Orient. Judging from the mass of confusion and misconception apparent in the references made by a number of our eastern would-be sympathizers of a certain type, the migratory worker of the Pacific states is as little understood by the easterner as is the inscrutable Oriental by the son of the Occident. This was very vividly suggested to me recently by a friend of mine—a western hobo agitator, strong of body and clear of mind, who has contributed much to the development of class consciousness among the floaters of the coast. "That crowd back East thinks we western stiffers are all bums because we beat the trains," said he. "They haven't the savvy to distinguish the difference between the Bowery bum and the casual laborer of the West. Hence all this stuff about the 'bummery,' etc." This gave me furiously to think; and with much force was brought home to me the wide difference existing between the living and working conditions of the proletariat of the East and that of the West, and particularly of the Pacific coast.

In the East the first and most obvious feature which strikes the western observer is the permanence of industry. It is true that there are periodical crises which necessitate the laying off of hands, but the industries are territorially *stationary*. There are huge and complex aggregations of machinery, necessitating numerous minutely distinct functions for the processes of production, which are performed by whole populations of industrial wage earners who reside for their whole lifetime, or at any rate for periods extending into years, in the same district. In the steel industry, in the textile industry, and others of like magnitude, it is nothing out of the ordinary for several generations of workers to have lived always in the same spot and to have worked always at the same process—allowing for changes implied by the improve-

ment of machinery—and to have sold their labor-power to the same boss.

In the eastern industries women and children are employed. It is common for a whole family to be working in the same mill, plant or factory. This makes for family life; a debased and deteriorated family life, it is true, lacking in all the pleasant and restful features usually associated with that term, but, nevertheless, marriage, the procreation of children and some amount of stability are assured by the conditions of industry. On the other hand, the nerve-and-body-racking, monotonous nature of the work, the close and unhealthy atmosphere, and, sometimes, chemical poisoning or other vocational diseases, and the speeding-up system, all make for loss of nervous and physical vitality and the creation of bodily weaklings.

As we journey westward we mark a change. We leave the zone of great Industry and enter country in which capitalism is still, to some extent, in the preparatory stage. We come to the source of one of the great natural resources—lumber—and to that portion of the country where the railroads are still busily extending their complex network and where agriculture on a large scale is a leading factor in economic life.

All of these three principal occupations of the unskilled worker of the Pacific coast—lumber, construction work and agriculture—are periodical in their nature. A mighty wave of fertility sweeps up through the various states into British Columbia, drawing in its wake the legions of harvest workers. In California and Oregon, the ripening of fruits brings an army of labor to the scene. The construction of railroads, aqueducts and other signs of an onward-marching capitalism, employs temporarily thousands of laborers, teamsters and the like. The same is true of the lumber industry, which is also conditioned by natural processes.

The result of this is the existence on the coast of an immense army of unskilled or semi-skilled workers, of no fixed abode, who are forever engaged in an eternal chase for the elusive job; whose work takes them away from the towns to the hills or plains or forests, for varying periods. Forever over the great western country are they traveling, seeking this or that center of temporary activity, that they may dispose of their labor-power.

The Pacific coast is the country of the bindle or blanket-stiff. On the construction jobs the workers sleep in tents. In the lumber camps they are

housed in bunkhouses, rude frame structures with tiers of bunks, something similar to the forecabin of a wind-jammer on a large scale. In these bunkhouses the men wash and dry their clothes, smoke and play cards, and generally divert themselves within the small limits of their time and location. The atmosphere is anything but fresh, and vermin are usually abundant, the wooden material of the bunks rendering it easy for the nimble and voracious creatures to secrete themselves. In many camps the men are engaged in a perpetual warfare against lice. The sleeping quarters for agricultural workers consist of barns, sheds or probably the open field. Bedding is rarely provided in lumber camps and never in construction camps and on harvest work. Therefore, the worker is compelled to follow literally the advice of the founder of Christianity and "take up his bed and walk." The inevitable burden of the migratory worker is a roll of blankets, slung by a cord around his shoulders. Many hotels in the coast towns, knowing the vermin-infested state of the camps, refuse to allow blankets to be brought into the premises, and they are therefore stacked up in the cheap saloons during the stay in town of their owner.

Employment agencies play an important and predatory role in the life of the floater. A large agency will take complete control of the recruiting of labor for some big job, shipping numbers of men out each day to the scene of action from their branches in various towns. Fees ranging from one to three dollars are charged the applicant for unskilled positions. It is a well-known fact, although, by reason of the underground support of the powers that be, hard to prove in specific cases, that there is often collusion between the agencies and the petty bosses by which a constant stream of men are kept coming and going, to the mutual enrichment of the agent—or "shark," as we prefer to term him—and the "straw boss." Nothing is easier for a foreman than to discharge quantities of men on trumped-up charges after a brief period of work and thus provide more fees for his agent friends in town.

A prominent feature of every coast town of any size is the "slave market," or "stiff town," composed of a varying number of streets or blocks, according to the size of the town and its strategic position as a recruiting center for labor. As you walk down the street, you notice that the loungers are all "stiffs." Sun-tanned, brawny men, most of

them in early manhood or in the prime of life, dressed in blue overalls or khaki pants and blue cotton shirts, in the lumber country in mackinaws and high, spiked-soled boots, are standing in knots around the doors of the employment sharks, watching the requirements chalked up on the blackboards displayed outside. In some of the larger agencies the office will seat a couple of hundred men, who wait patiently for the employe who appears at intervals and shouts out the news of some particular job for which men are needed. Then comes a rush! The slave market is in full swing! Numbers of disconsolate ones may also be observed who have not the price of a job and who are waiting in the hope of obtaining that much-desired thing—a free shipment. There may be a dozen such offices in two or three blocks. This is also the quarter of cheap restaurants, where a meal—of adulterated, worthless food—may be bought for ten or fifteen cents. Fifteen or twenty-cent lodging houses are also plentiful, most of them crawling with vermin, and there is an abundance of barrel houses, where the slave gets an opportunity of drowning his miseries in oblivion by "blowing in" his "stake" on rot-gut whiskey or chemical beer. Above all this wave the flaunting banners of the military, marine and naval recruiting offices, offering a desperate refuge for the jobless, homeless, starving worker; vultures hovering over the swamp of poverty, ready to sweep down upon some despairing victim, probably some confiding lad lured to this country by booster-fed visions of the "Golden West." The ostensible recruiting officers are the gaily uniformed, upright-standing men standing invitingly outside their offices; the real recruiting officers are the vampires of hunger and unemployment.

The wholesale firing of men by foremen, the arduous nature of the work, and the temporary nature of the employment, keep the worker constantly in motion. He does not usually have enough to pay his fare, if he is to exist at all in the town whilst waiting for the next job. Therefore, the only alternative is to beat the trains. This is also the only method of following the harvests over the wide stretches of country, where to pay a fare would be impossible usually and ruinous always. Hoboing is, therefore, the universal method of traveling among the migratory workers of the Pacific coast.

The railroad tracks are alive, at certain periods of the year, with men tramping the ties, under the

burning sun, with heavy bundles of blankets upon their backs. The worker cannot usually travel as fast as the professional "tramp," who beats the fast passengers. His unwieldy pack makes it difficult for him to negotiate anything but a freight, although some of them achieve wonders of agility in the "making" of a "blind" or even the "rods," when hampered by their bedding. On the outskirts of practically every town may be seen the "jungles," or camp, where the meal, purchased—or, if needs be, begged—in the town, is cooked. A supply of cooking utensils is nearly always to be found in the "jungles." Primitive utensils, it is true, formed with much ingenuity out of preserve, oil or lard cans. Besides the large stew can, there is always the "boiling up" can, in which shirts and underclothes are sterilized—an inevitable feature of the incessant campaign against the plague of body lice.

The meal over, if it be winter, a huge fire is built up and, with the approach of dusk, blankets are spread, and these soldiers of western industry, out of whose sinews and brain the enormous wealth of the West is distilled, settle down for a night of fitful slumber, broken by the cold, the necessity of attending to the fire, and the arrival of newcomers. In the morning the long walk down the track is resumed or a train is boarded with caution and concealment. There are constant wrangles with the brakemen, who frequently demand a money contribution in return for the permission to ride, with the alternative of jumping off (oh, Solidarity, thy name is null among the railroaders of the West!), and the unceasing, gnawing fear of arrest for vagrancy or of a beating up by the railroad police in the yards of the town of destination. It would be hard to estimate the number of workers who in one year are sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment, usually accompanied by hard labor, for the crime of trespassing on the property of the railroad companies. Yet no other method of traveling is possible for them. The risk of imprisonment, or of rough physical handling by the yard police is an integral part of their lives. Can we wonder that among them is fast growing a spirit of passionate rebellion? To make strong men, who work out in the open air and who preserve a certain spirit of rude independence, slink for fear of the armed bullies of the city or railroad police, and to be stigmatized as bums and ne'er-do-wells by canting, ignorant magistrates, is a certain method of fostering and

stimulating that revolt which is already smoldering in the consciousness of the workers of the Pacific states.

And, for all this labor and suffering, what reward? The average wage of the worker in the lumber camps is \$2.75 or \$3 per day of ten hours. From this, five dollars weekly is deducted for board, often of the rottenest kind. A hospital fee of one dollar per month is also compulsorily charged by the company for medical attention of a very indifferent nature and for a hospital which, in many cases, is non-existent. The truck system flourishes in camps of all kinds, the distance from the nearest town obliging the worker to purchase from the camp store, where he is charged exorbitant rates for his goods.

It must be remembered also that this work is by no means permanent, and that the savings of one job must be applied to tide the worker over until the next. Construction workers receive an average of \$2.25 per day, from which 75 cents is daily deducted for board, or \$5.25 per week. Here the hospital graft also prevails. If a worker remain only two days in a camp, the dollar is extorted. The work is from sun-up to sun-down. Somewhat larger wages are paid for agricultural work during the harvest rush, but the work is at breakneck speed and for extremely long hours, and lasts only for a short term.

The effects of the life lived by the slaves of the domain ruled by the Southern Pacific railroad and the lumber trust are, in many ways, disastrous. The striking feature of the Pacific country is that it is a man's country. Conditions render it impossible for the worker to marry. Long terms in isolated camps produce the same phenomena of sex perversion as exist in the army, navy and the monastery. The worker is doomed to celibacy with all its physical and moral damaging results. The brothel in the town, between jobs, is the only resort.

Yet the arduous physical toil in the open air does not have the same deteriorating effect as does the mechanical, confined work of the eastern slave. The constant matching of wits and the daring needed for the long trips across country have developed a species of rough self-reliance in the wandering proletarian of the West. In health and in physical courage he is undoubtedly the superior of his eastern brother. The phenomenal spread of the propaganda of the I.W.W. among the migratory workers indicates that this great mass, so

long inarticulate, are at last beginning to realize their economic oppression and to voice their needs. The size of the local membership is an uncertain gauge in that territory of ever-moving fluid labor. Certain is it that around nearly every "jungle" fire and during the evening hours on many a job in the great westland, the I.W.W. red songbook is in evidence, and the rude rebel chants are lustily sung and discontent expressed more and more definitely and impatiently.

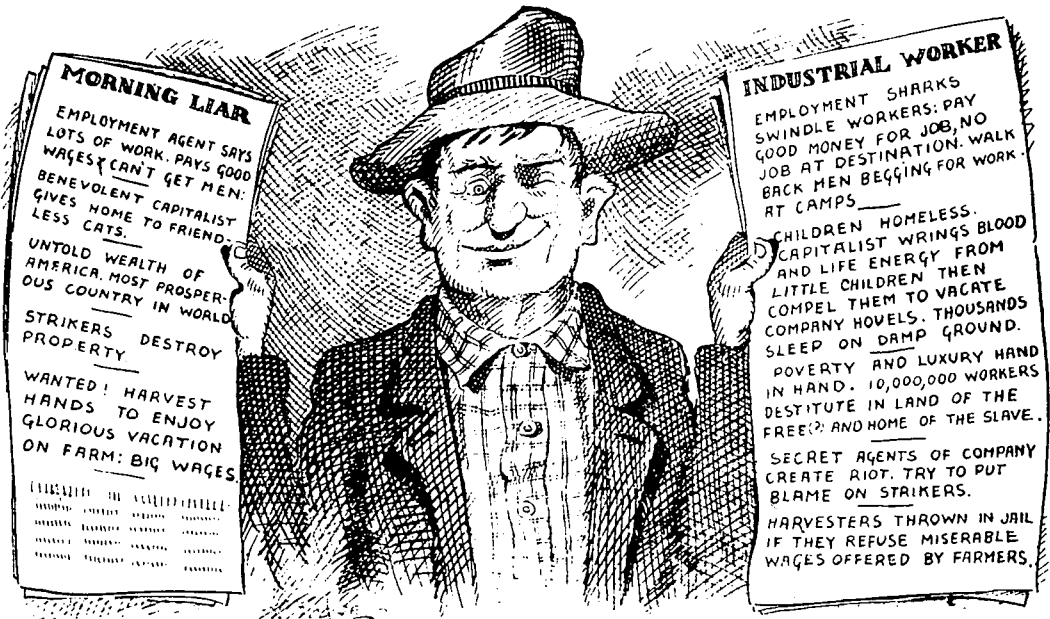
The free speech fights of San Diego, Fresno, Aberdeen and Spokane, the occasional strike outbursts in the lumber country, the great railroad construction strike in British Columbia and the recent tragedy of Wheatland are all indications that the "blanket stiff" is awakening. It was indeed an unpleasant surprise to the masters of the bread in the booster-ridden West when the much-despised tramp worker actually began to assert himself. The proud aristocrats of labor had also long stood aloof from them, considering them worthless of organizing efforts. And, then, sud-

denly, lo and behold, the scorned floater evolved his own movement, far more revolutionary and scientific than his skilled brother had ever dreamed of! From the lumber camps, from the construction camps, from the harvest fields, water tanks, jails and hobo campfires came the cry, ever more insistent, of the creator of western wealth. And, marvel of marvels, summit of sublime audacity, the cry of the flouted wanderer was not merely for better grub, shorter hours and simple improvements, but, including these things and going beyond them, he demanded, simply and uncompromisingly, the whole earth—the Product of his Toil!

More power to you, western brother! Go to it! And may you continue the good work and agitate and organize until you have builded up for yourself a mighty force that shall bring you your reward, the ownership of industries, and transform the vaunted, slave-driving mockery of the "Golden West" into a workers' land that shall really deserve the name.

WHICH PAPER DO YOU SUPPORT?

Industrial Worker, July 23, 1910.



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This poem, signed J.H.B. the Rambler, appeared in the Industrial Worker (November 1916).

THE MIGRATORY I. W. W.

By J. H. B. THE RAMBLER

He's one of the fellows that doesn't fit in,
You have met him without a doubt,
He's lost to his friends, his kith and his kin,
As he tramps the world about.

At night he wanders beneath the stars
With the mien of an ancient seer,
And often he's humming a few sweet bars,
Of a Rebel song soft and clear.

Yes, he's one of the breed that never fits,
And never a dollar can glean,
He's one that a scornful world requites,
As simply a might-have-been.

But deep in the heart of his hungry soul,
Tho' the smug world casts him out,
There burns like the flames of a glowing coal,
The fires of love devout.

Of a world in which all may live,
And prosperity be for all,
Where no slave shall bow to a parasite's greed,
Or answer a master's call.

14

T-Bone Slim, whose real name was Matt Valentine Huhta, was one of the most famous and popular of I.W.W. writers. Captain of the Hudson River barge "Casey," he was drowned in 1942 while on duty for the New York Trap Rock Corporation. He was a member of the Barge Captain's Local No. 933-4 A.F.L., as well as of the I.W.W. His obituary account in the Industrial Worker (October 24, 1942) comments: "While there have been few working-class writers in our time better known than T-Bone Slim, little was known about the man himself, even to those with whom he worked or who crossed his trail and stopped for a chat with him in his frequent tours of observation about the country. . . . Having lived almost a full life of anonymity, Fellow Worker Huhta died that

way and was buried that way. We have an idea that's the way he wanted it to be." The nickname "Slim," which Huhta took as part of his pen name, was a common "moniker" for hobos. Several Wobbly poems and articles refer to Christ as "Jerusalem Slim."

"The Mysteries of a Hobo's Life" appeared in the seventeenth edition of the I.W.W. songbook.

THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBOS
LIFE *

By T-BONE SLIM

(Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me")

I took a job on an extra gang,
Way up in the mountain,
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss put me driving spikes
And the sweat was enough to blind me.
He didn't seem to like my pace,
So I left the job behind me.

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train
And around the country traveled,
The mysteries of a hobo's life
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west
And the "shacks" could never find me.
Next morning I was miles away
From the job I left behind me.

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"
Who were known as Industrial Workers.
They taught me how to be a man—
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch
And now in the ranks you'll find me,
Hurrah for the cause—To hell with the boss!
And the job I left behind me.

15

"The Popular Wobbly," which first appeared in the I.W.W. magazine One Big Union Monthly (April 1920), continues to be one of the best known of T-Bone Slim's poems, as well as one of the most popular I.W.W. songs. It was printed in

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the seventeenth edition of the I.W.W. songbook. The song has recently been adapted by members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in a collection of civil rights sit-in songs, We Shall Overcome, edited by Guy and Candy Carawan (New York, 1963).

"THE POPULAR WOBBLY"*

By T-BONE SLIM

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be
And I've never done them harm that I can see,
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in
the can,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras-cal-i-ty
But I can't see why they always pick on me,
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a
ram:
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me.
And he held his gun where everyone could see,
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my
union card—
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,
And I plainly saw we never could agree,
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to
say,
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,
And he locked me up and threw away the key—
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me.
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea—
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in
my sleep,
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me
When I'm gone into the land that is to be?
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my
heart,
Will the roses grow wild over me?

Nothing is known about the author of "The Outcast's Prayer," which appeared in the Industrial Worker (July 23, 1921), although in style and content it is very similar to "The Lumberjack's Prayer" by T-Bone Slim (Chapter IX).

THE OUTCAST'S PRAYER

O Lord, we come to thee this day and seek thine assistance. We ask Thee to rectify some of the great evils that exist in this old world that Thou hast created, and to remove the causes of misery, starvation, privation, degeneration and poverty in the land of the free and the home of the brave. For the life of a workingman is burdened with many troubles and a large roll of blankets.

And we ask Thee to aid him, that he may connect with three meals a day and not have to eat yesterday's breakfast for supper the day after tomorrow. Give him Thy protection, O Lord, that he may not fall foul of Judge "Humpty-Dumpty," who dreams in gloating glee of the victims he has sent to the louse-infested cells of an unsanitary prison. Deliver us from the greed and graft that exist in this nation and from the parasites who neither toil nor spin, but bedeck their persons with finery until they glitter in the gloaming like a rotten dog salmon afloat in the moonlight.

O Lord, help us; for we have criminals, paupers and hordes of industrial cannibals, whom we call business men, who draw their salaries and convictions from the same source. Verily, our institutions are badly mixed; for we have thieves and theologians, Christians and confidence men. Also prisons and politicians, scabs and scallawags, traces of virtue and tons of vice. We have trusts and tramps, money and misery, Hoover and hunger, salvation and soup, and hypocrites who expect to pave their way into heaven by begging old pants, coats and hats and selling them to the poor, thereby helping to spread disease and vermin.

Rid us, we pray Thee, of the employment sharks that are licensed by our government to charge workingmen for a job and have contractors fire them the next day. Men are sent to jail for not having the means of support, and to the chain gang for not having the price of a job. Deliver us from a country where man is damned for the dollar and the dollar is deemed the man; where

the press is paid for suppressing the truth and gets rich by telling lies.

Protect us, O Lord, and deliver us for the Grocer's Association holds us up while poverty holds us down. Deliver us from those who make canned beef out of sick cows, mules and horses, and corpses out of those who eat it; and may the price of hamburger, beef stew, waffles and "holey" doughnuts come down and our wages come up to meet them, and may we be permitted to fill up on these luxuries three times a day; for to be without them causes great pain in our gastric regions.

And, O Lord, we do not understand why poodle dogs have private baths and are attended by maids and valets, are shampooed, manicured and kissed, fed on choice steaks and drink cream, while thousands of little children live out of garbage cans. Christ never said: "Suffer little poodle dogs to come unto me."

O Lord, we ask Thee to have mercy on the blanket stiffs, such as railroaders, loggers, muckers and skimmers; and may they be permitted to make at least seven dollars and six-bits before they get fired; and may their mulligan be of better class and contain no more old shoes, gum boots and scrap iron; and contain no insects that might discommode and may their blankets rest lightly on their blistered backs. May the farmer plant his spuds more closely to the railroad track, and his chickens roam close to the jungles, and we will be ever grateful to Thee!

AMEN!

JESUS REPLIES

I've heard your prayer, O Scissor-bill,
It sounds like hokum and goulash and swill
You say that you pray and work like a mule
You're not a worker but Henry Ford's tool.
You thank me for working 12 hours a day,
Why blame it on me—I never made you that way.
You scoff at the rebel and lynch him 'till dead
But I was an outcast and they called me a "Red."
You call me Christ Jesus with intelligence dim
But I was a Rebel called Jerusalem Slim.
And my brothers: the outcast, the rebel and the
tramp,
And not the religious, the scab or the scamp
And of all creatures both filthy and drab,
The lowest of all is the thing called *scab*.
So pray thou no longer for power or pelf—
I cannot help him who won't help himself!

17

Many I.W.W. members, bumming their way from one job to another, were familiar with these signs of the road. An article "They Also Believe in Signs" appeared in the School Arts Magazine (May 1923). It said: "Possibly you have discovered that if your family is not averse to giving food to a hungry wayfarer, you are frequently visited by such men, while your next door neighbor may never be visited. Why is it? Jeff Davis, 'King of the Hobos' (and International President of the 'Hoboes' Society) has compiled the set of symbols seen [below] on the page. While the average person may not notice the signs, they are written on his fence, gatepost, or even his doorstep. To the knights of the road they stand out as blazing letters. Water-tanks, railway bridges, stations, and roadside fences bear the glad tidings and the wise wanderer always heeds them. If you have an influx of these visitors, look at your gate or fence post. You may discover one of your modern hieroglyphics and decide that the ancient Egyptians were not so old-fashioned after all."

MODERN HIEROGLYPHICS



Hostile town - bulls' (police) eyes open	Give money here - the circles denote coins
Slow burg - bulls' asleep	Jail - go there for bed
Dry town - inverted dipper.	Cheap town - poor wages, etc.
Many blind pigs - dipper up.	Good bulls - treat hobo right.
Many handouts - station sign	Six months jail - here
Good for handout - gate sign	Hostile cops - police bracelets
Dog sign - four legs and tail	Good restaurant - feed for dish washing
Woodpile - meal if you chop enough	Mission - good for feed and "flop" (bed)

This anecdote, typical of those told around a jungle fire, appeared in the *Industrial Pioneer* (April 1924) and was reprinted in the *Industrial Worker* (October 25, 1961). It was also collected by folklorist B. A. Botkin from I.W.W. soapboxer Arthur Boose in Portland, Oregon, and included in Botkin's *Treasury of American Anecdotes* (New York, 1957).

Arthur Boose (1878-1959), known affectionately as "Old War Horse Boose," was a well-known Wobbly organizer and soapboxer. A bachelor whose hobby was painting mountain landscapes, Boose joined the I.W.W. in 1909 after attending lectures on economics at the Milwaukee Free Thinkers Hall. During the next nine years he organized Minnesota miners, Oklahoma oil workers, and Northwest lumberjacks into the I.W.W. He was jailed for five years in Leavenworth Penitentiary following the 1918 federal trial in Chicago of I.W.W. defendants.

Boose spent his last years in Portland, Oregon, selling I.W.W. newspapers, pamphlets, and songbooks. An essay about his life, "The Last of the Wobblies," appears in Stewart Holbrook's book, *Little Annie Oakley and Other Rugged People* (New York, 1948).

HOW HE MADE IT NON-UNION

On one occasion a non-union man entered a butcher shop to purchase a calf's head. As the butcher was about to wrap it up for him the customer noticed the union shop card.

"Say, is that a union calf's head?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir," answered the butcher.

"Well, I am not a union man and I don't want union meat," said the customer.

"I can make it non-union," said the meat man, picking it up and retiring to the back room. He returned in a few minutes and laid the head on the counter with the remark, "It's all right now."

"What did you do to make it non-union?" asked the prospective buyer.

"I simply took the brains out of it."

Ralph Winstead (1894-1957) was the ablest of the I.W.W. short story writers. Born in Spokane, Washington, the son of a prospector, Winstead

worked at odd jobs throughout his youth to supplement his father's erratic earnings. At nineteen, he homesteaded by himself on the Queen Charlotte Islands and, later, worked in mining and logging camps and on construction jobs. About 1918, he was secretary of a coal miner's local union in the Northwest, and shortly after became an active member of the I.W.W. Lumber Workers' Union No. 120. He wrote his first stories at a logging camp outside Seattle.

Winstead worked on the editorial staff of the *Industrial Worker*, edited the *One Big Union Monthly* for several months in 1921, and soon after became the editor of a trade magazine, *The American Contractor*. He was employed by the N.R.A., the W.P.A., and the LaFollette Committee. In 1949 he came to Detroit to investigate the shooting of U.A.W. President Walter P. Reuther.

Winstead wrote a series of *Tightline Johnson* stories in 1920-23, which appeared in I.W.W. publications. In loggers' language, the expression "to tightline" has two meanings, "to hoist" and "to harass." Winstead invented the character of the Wobbly, *Tightline Johnson*, and wrote about Johnson's experiences as a migrant and smelterman, coal miner, and lumberjack. "*Tightline Johnson Goes to Heaven*" appeared in the I.W.W. magazine *Industrial Pioneer* (July 1923), signed with Winstead's pseudonym.

TIGHTLINE JOHNSON GOES TO HEAVEN

By WILLIAM AKERS

Floppin' is done by the best people. It is an institution highly developed by the human race and is frequently indulged in by tired business men, cow-eyed stenographers and loggers with stag pants. It is the one thing that every man, woman and child enjoys more of than anything else that they get.

Where does a stiff find any more high-class sensations than comes to him just after rollin' in to a fine well-thrown together bunk, piled high with fluffy blankets, clean sheets, one of those double-ribbed, triple-plated, pressure-packed twenty-layers-rolled-into-one sort of mattresses,—all landed together on top of a fast feedin' set of springs in a bugless paradise?

Echo answers—"Where?"

Herb Hoover has come out strong for standardization. Me and him are unanimous on this proposition. Of course, Herb has devoted a lot of attention to fields that never interested me. His idea for instance to make only seventeen kinds of bricks bloom where a hundred and ninety cluttered up the roadside before, never aroused any undue enthusiasm in my hyphenated Scotch-Irish-Scandinavian-American heart. Somehow I always felt safer with a little heavy confetti laying round handy.

But the principle is sound. Reduce the varieties. And right here is where Herbie finds Tightline Johnson ready to do a Horatius at the Bridge with him any old time.

There is too many varieties of beds, bunks and flops. My idea is this: let's start right in and reduce the species down to about ten kinds, but all of these ten kinds to be built according to the best and most scientific plans and specifications.

I would allow skid-way to take care of any sappy notions as to outward appearance and the like. If anybody is goin' to die happier because they have a bunk all faked up like a Louie Quince, help 'em along, says I.

And this pet idea of mine has sound practical points to it that would interest any profound capitalist in the market for elbow grease, providin' these said employers had not been in the lumber business so long that the knot on top of their spinal columns had degenerated into punky butt stock.

I speak from practical experience. How is a good and willing slave goin' to give his master his undivided attention when a lumpy flop and last year's crop of fill-or-busters join hands to divert him from his proper rest?

I am with Herbie right down to the ground of his Native Oregon. I don't believe in anything extreme. Far be it from me to hint that a gold decorated bedstead, equipped with the finest auxiliary box spring mattress, supplemented with Belfast linen sheets, brocaded Astrachan blankets and a hand worked and embroidered Irish lace coverlet, should be installed for every logger that ever threw a spiked hoof on top of a bit of round stuff.

No Sir! I ain't one of these Kerenskies that want nothing less than a Czar's bed to sleep in. Not that I am sayin' anything against 'em, mind. I remember one time when I had the flop of a life time in just such a bunk.

* * *

It was down in the heart of the steel country during the early days of the renaissance of the Ku-Klux-Klan. Normalcy and the American Defense Society had the country by the throat. To be a foreigner was as popular them days as the corner bootlegger is during a general strike of the I.W.W.

When lots of these ignorant Europeans were asked the original question—"If you don't like this country why don't you go back where you came from?" it was surprising to find so few who could dig up a real convincing answer. The more they thought it over the more determined they got to follow the Goulds and the Astors over to Europe. So they were pullin' out by the thousands every day.

Me—I came rollin' into this vacation ground from Cleveland in the dead of winter. I was hooked up inside of a coal gondola on the Pan-handle. Me and a couple of chunks of cast iron had been makin' impressions on each other and on the shack all afternoon.

This shack was one of these temperamental cusses. Must have had an unhappy home life, he was that restless and nervous. He chased me off of that string about ten times into the snow rollin' down from the chill breezes of Lake Erie.

The further south we got the colder the wind became. The exercise kept my blood flowin' freely but my ideas of the human race was becoming more and more pessimistic. I thought to myself that Schopenhauer could have written a real masterpiece if he had taken that trip.

After dark it became easier for me and harder for the shack and he got real nervous. When we pulled up to a water tank at Ambridge, about fifteen miles out of the Pitt itself, he went and brought up reinforcements. Two gunmen of the American Bridge Company rallied to save the system and they run me out of that car and up along the bank of the Ohio River like Three Finger Jack on the trail of a lost soul with a ten dollar bill.

I was always inclined to lean towards the idea that efficiency among the lower classes was enhanced by periods of unemployment, and the way these two gun men extended themselves sure cinched the argument. Here was two specimens of a class as low down as can be found and they were sure overworkin' themselves for no other reason at all so far as I could see.

After headin' upstream for a ways I decides to sprint off to my left up the side hill. The leg that I busted in the log jam at the Mary's, out in Idaho,

was in no shape for a marathon and I realized that I had to look for cover pretty pronto.

I must of run about a mile up that hill when I came to a brush hedge, stretched out along a road. I gallops along when I hear a flivver poppin' in my rear. I hears a hail and glancing back I spies the lizzie pickin' up my gladhanders. So havin' a firm idea that I was unable to compete with modern machinery by hand I finds me a nice crotch in the hedge and highclimbed it and boosted myself over.

I gave the once over to about four big back yards, each surrounded by a prickly hedge which I was just gettin' the proper hang of the way to bounce over, when they played out on me and I could see nothin' but a road on the other side of the last one. Alexander and me felt just alike regardin' new worlds to conquer.

There was only one thing to do and that was to look for a flop real handy.

* * *

In my mind back yards is always connected with some kind of houses, barns and the like. I soon located the back building in this shebang. It was a brick garage and had a door on it like the Union Trust Company's safe.

The house was one of these big nifty summer dumps where the hand-outs are pretty certain if a guy can get by the gardener or the lawn-mower pusher. I thinks to myself that nothing can look more lonesome than a summer cottage in the winter time and pinches my ear to see if I was bit. Sure enough, I found it frosted even after my hurdle race. Here was a hell of a fix.

There flashed into my mind the picture of a man I had seen when I was a little kid. He had both legs off at the hip and was out advertisin' artificial limbs. Both his had been froze off.

I decided that I would have a hard time seein' America first if I lost my legs all on account of two Steel Trust sluggers. I looks over this dump loomin' up alongside in the snow light.

There was a big balustraded porch on one whole side of it constructed in a pleasin' architectural style. French windows looked out on to the upper porch. Now it stuck in my mind, from seein' a few movies, that French windows are duck soup to the heroic burglar that is out to swipe back the jewels which rightfully belong to the daughter of the old man. So I qualifies for a degree in porch climbin' and ten years in the big house and tries my luck.

Sure enough, by just nickin' a piece of glass out of one corner of those panels I could reach thru and open the thing up. I stepped in, after pushing open the shutters. I lighted a match and the first thing that I seen was a big cut-glass fruit dish sittin' on the sideboard. I grabbed this like Damon receivin' Pythias and dashed out to the porch and filled it up with snow. I took it in and closed up the shutters and lit up one of the candle sticks.

At one side of the room was a bed the like of which would set an Oregon balloonist to pinchin' himself. But I paid scant attention to it then.

I flipped off my clothes and shoes and rubbed that snow into my skin for fair. A bath before retiring is wonderful for the complexion I was once told and I have been run out for repeatin' it in every loggin' camp from the Hammond outfit up to Ocean Falls. A snow bath and a rub down on a great towel that felt like a spring cushion sure set me up in business.

I climbed into a pair of pink pajamas, took a couple of wraps about myself with a plutocratic bath-robe and, armed with the candle stick set out to explore the house.

Me bein' the son of an old-time prospector and havin' done a little mushin' and pannin' myself, the ideas of hospitality in vogue amongst us sourdoughs has always struck me as bein' fair and square. Many is the time some snowshoe pushin' traveler has moved into my cabin when I was out and helped himself to the grub, livin' strictly up to the code by whittlin' shavin's and washin' the dishes before mushin' on next mornin'. And the same had been done by myself.

So here, thinks I, is an opportunity to introduce some fine healthy customs into an effete society. I finds a pantry stocked with can openers, tinned asparagus tips, oysters, corn, tomatoes, crackers and a big hunk of imported French cheese with little blue sections scattered thru it. It sure all tasted good to me.

I carried the cans down cellar and cleaned up the pantry—then I took my candle and went back to my bedroom.

"Call me early, James!" says I to myself as I blew out the candle and jumped into bed.

Boys, I am here to tell you that that was some bunk. It was so comfortable that I went to sleep quicker than Old Shuteye, the Burns stool pigeon, who was supposed to be the miners' checkweighman down at the Indiana Number 3.

And I had one of the finest dreams that was ever produced by a Welch rabbit.

* * *

I was floatin' up thru a pinkish sort of sky with a feelin' of easy gracefulness like that displayed by the choir leader of United Presbyterian Church.

I flitted hither and thither and I thinks to myself—"This system of ramblin' around sure is keen. Wonder why I never thought of it before."

By and by I came to a landin'. It looked just like a chunk out of the West Kootenais—anywheres away up in the hills above timber line. A lot of rocky bluffs and a little level piece with thick mountain grass springin' up.

I strolled along but my hat blew off and I had to chase it and push it down solidly. I wondered if it would leave a red crease across my forehead.

Suddenly I was in a field of mountain blossoms and ahead of me was a big gate like they have in Garfield Park in Chicago—all built up out of flowers and trailing vines and hedges.

I started to walk thru when a funny old guy, with a beard like a Jewish rabbi, bounced out and wiggled his beard at me.

"Who are you?" he asked sadly, like an employment clerk during hard times.

"Tightline Johnson," said I.

"Look him up in the book," he sang over his shoulder to a couple of skinny looking angels who were sittin' on tall stools and were draped over a slant topped desk.

I stood and gawped about me. It was a funny lookin' dump. Little paths run every which way between small grass plots. They were made out of black sand just like I had shoveled up on the Stikine in British Columbia when I was muckin' the stuff into placer cradles for the Guggenheims.

A little cupid came bouncin' over with a card from an index file in his hand. Old Whiskers looked at it and shook his head.

"Mr. Tightline Johnson," he said, "you have a very bad record. It doesn't seem possible that we can let you into the Kingdom of Heaven. Very black. Very black. You have done so many things that you should not have done. You have neglected so many things that should have been done."

"Break it gently," says I. "When did they cut the wages?"

"In Heaven," he said, "there are no wages. But your case is very doubtful. I can not let you in on

my own authority. You must come before the judgment throne."

"That's all right," says I. "Lead me up to the squeeze. I never liked to talk to straw bosses anyway."

The fat cupid bounced out with another card in his hand and gave it to me. I looks at it and says to the old fellow who was leadin' me along:

"Say, old timer, was you ever in Butte?"

"That sinful place! Never!"

"Well, don't get peeved. I was just wonderin' where you picked up this rustlin' card idea. I thought that system had been knocked in the head everywhere's except around the copper kings' sweat boxes. Even Gary himself is strong for the idea that each man has a sacred right to work and look for a place if he wants to. Come alive! Your outfit must be way behind the times."

"Hush!" says he, "we approach the presence!"

The old fellow took me before a grandstand bigger than the Stadium of the University of Washington that I once busted fog on. There was thousands of dim white figures sittin' in this grandstand lookin' on. Out in front on a nifty little stage was a big fellow with whiskers and wings and a long flowin' robe.

My conductor left me standin' on one side and went up and whispered in the big fellow's ear. About half a hundred court room hangers-on was sittin' and standin' around and they all give me the once-over with the same kind of expressions that I saw on the faces of a gang of reformers who came thru the Kansas City Can when I was being kept in cold storage there so as not to interfere with the beneficent work of the High-jacks. It sure was a wet lookin' outfit. I punches the nearest one in the ribs and asks, "Who is the main push up there anyway?"

"You are now in the presence of the most high God!" says he.

So I looked again.

"Tightline Johnson!" God booms out. "You are here! Advance to the foot of my throne. I would speak with thee."

So I mopes up.

* * *

"Johnson," he said, in his deep full tones that reminded me of Harry Feinberg singin' love songs in the Tacoma County jail,—"Johnson, I gave to you many gifts. They have been abused. I granted you many instincts. They have been perverted,

twisted, crushed, or are still dormant in your breast.

"To you I granted the great instinct of sex.—The record of your life shows much of loose living, of neglect of those love-hungry women who may have longed for consolation and affection. You have produced no children. That instinct which I gave to you, which would have uplifted you into the glory of life and love, you have allowed to drag you into the mire, to torture your nights and to pollute your days.

"I gave you gregariousness so that you might live together with your fellows, leaning upon them and lending them aid in time of social need. I gave you gregariousness so that mankind could live in harmony and peace together,—the common needs of this instinct binding the whole world in chains of interdependence and human love. You have separated yourself from the run of human beings. Along the highways and by-ways of the world you have chosen to live. Far from your kind I have seen you in the hills and mountains,—away from all the average humanity I have seen you with a few of your outcast tribe building camp fires along the sides of city dumps and railroad tracks. I have seen you rambling carelessly with defiant head erect from logging camp to logging camp refusing to settle down in company with your fellows, refusing to hearken to the promptings of sexual and gregarious urges.

"You were sent forth with a soul stored with a measure of self pride in order that you might never demean yourself before your fellow creatures, in order that in every task, in every trial you would always stand forth at the peak of your accomplishment—in the height of your ability and shining glory. Yet I have seen you walk thru the filthy places of the cities clad in rags. I have seen you turn your back on offered positions which would elevate you to posts where you would in a full measure be able to gratify the urges of my great gifts. Rather than ride upon soft cushions you have hung at the peril of your very life upon the rods and the blinds of passenger trains or violated the laws of your fellow men by riding in cars constructed to carry freight.

"Acquisitiveness was given you in order that those things which were deemed worthy might appeal to you and cause you to exert yourself in order to acquire them. This great blessing of mine would have caused you to save the product of

your toil, to have labored mightily and with all the cunning of hand and brain in order to gain from the storehouse of nature the wealth that lies there for your kind. What have you cared to acquire? Nothing but hard hands and calloused feet. The joys of accumulation which are known even to the tiny ant and the happy skipping squirrel are passed by untasted by you. You have scorned my gifts!

"That great instinct of workmanship which distinguishes man from most of the beasts has been restrained by you with a throttling hand. You have cast slurs at the joy of creative effort, the pleasant upsurge of pure feeling at a task well done. You have scorned the speedy workman, have abjured the creative instincts and have defied the very well springs of my life-giving and precious offerings! Think you that there is room for you here, Tightline Johnson? No! A thousand times NO!!"

A great silence fell on the assembly.

Thinks I to myself, "Kangarooed again, by God!"

There was a commotion at the entrance to the judgment hall. A tall slender figure clad all in white with hair the soft color of gold and eyes that looked like those of a married man with a family who has just got the sack because he had the guts to carry a red card.

Said he: "Father! Would you cast this fellow worker out, without giving him a chance to speak? Let us ask him why he has done these things. The ways of humans seem strange to us from here, yet I who have been amongst them, am full of compassion for those that err. Pray—let him whose hands and feet are calloused speak, that we may know what is in his heart."

"Johnson!" said God to me. "Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"I've got a mouthful," says I.

"When I was just a kid about three times the size of that cherub over there I went to work in a lead smelter. Over in the Coeur d'Alenes. They set me on the feed floor dumpin' charge cars into the furnace. An old Swede was workin' alongside who had been leaded twice. One of his hands was fixed so he could only use the fingers for a hook, from the other one he had the use of three. His feet were lumpy. His knees knocked. The lead had him right. Every move was a squeak. He was done.

"The only thing that Swede ever thought about was gettin' a few dollars to get out of that lead poisonin'. And he worked—like a fool.

"At every pay day the company men would coax him into the bar and have one drink before he left. 'Come on, you old Scandahoovian grave cheater!—Have one on me,' they would say. 'Hell, there is many a wallop in the old boy yet—Hey?'

"For Andy Anderson was a man that knew charges. The smell of the smoke told him more than a chemist would ever find out and the company wanted to keep him, even tho it was killin' him by inches. Other men would not stay with the job, so if they could just keep Andy broke—just get him drunk—the trick was turned.

"Two pay days passed me on the job—interested in the work, tryin' to learn, just achin' to find out the why and how of things. But none of my money went over the bar. I did not spend it with the tin-horns or the chippies that the company brought in to keep us flat. No! I wanted to save my money in that hell hole—so that I could get out and learn something about what makes the wheels go around. I was crazy about machinery. I wanted to study and to have the know. And I was just a kid then, fellow worker.

"Do you think the Idaho Smelters gave a damn about that? What were they thinkin' about me anyway? They seemed to have track of Andy. How about the Kid—Johnson? They had their eye on me all right.

"This outfit run the company store. They sold the tobacco, the clothes, and shoes and operated the saloon. They handed over the booze, they operated the pool tables and over the hill they had the string of crib houses where the girls were brought in about pay day.

"They run the boardin' house—they run everything.

"They had their eyes on me all right. I wasn't spendin' all the money I made. Towards that money I was tighter than alum. You see I had instincts all right and I was tryin'—By God—I was tryin'.

"And what did those psalm readin' directors and flunkies of directors do? When they found that I had some money ahead of the game they laid me off for two weeks. Yes, fellow worker—gave me the sack for fourteen days so that I would have to spend my money either in camp with the company or on the road lookin' for another job, and jobs was hard them days.

"Was you ever turned loose in a smelter camp with nothin' to do for fourteen days but wait till your lay off was over? Did you ever get up in a smelly dirty bunkhouse out of a tier of bunks three high, along a wall where twenty-one men slept—seven men lengthwise and three deep? Did you ever listen thru a long night to men with the lead eatin' into their lungs and hear 'em spit out on the floor—a chunk of lung each crack? Would it drive you to drink or wouldn't it, now—I ask you straight?

"Well, it didn't drive me! I was young and I was determined that I would save money and get out to where I could learn something else than to mix a charge car by the smell of the smoke. I didn't want to have my fingers curl up in me! I didn't want to have dagger pains in every joint of my body till they reached my heart and stopped the works!

"And neither did Andy. I went back on the floor with Andy when my time was up and I still had money ahead. I still was holdin' out on the company—and they knew it.

"Two weeks after I went back to work we was paid off again. I had nothin' comin' for they took it out for my board. Andy was decoyed and tanked up again. Oh! Yes! I saw the whole thing—and I couldn't help it. But next night when Andy and I came on the Graveyard shift together I turned double trick, for the old man was down and out. Sweatin' and puffin' I pushed the buggies for both of us.

"At three o'clock in the mornin' I knocked off to throw in a gulp of black coffee and a couple of bites of sinker from my lump. When I came back on the feed floor Andy was gone. And I knew that Andy had taken his last big smell of the smoke. Leanin' over into the charge I could see an outline of his bones down below in the colored flames.

"I ran like mad to the furnace boss. But he said he dasset blow out the furnace. So at the last the company got back even the lead that had been eatin' into Andy's bones and playin' tag thru Andy's veins.

"I could never face a feed floor again. I was done.

* * *

"Before I got another job I was flat broke. Could I write home and tell my mother that I was already a bum beatin' my way on freight cars to every place where I heard of a job? I ask you, fellow worker, could you do that?"

"When after many months I did get some money—after I did find a place in the damnable profit makin' machinery of business and sent for her—she was dead!

"Died of a broken heart, they said, while I was grabbin' armfuls of box cars lookin' for a job—at anything, for anything—except chargin' a lead furnace.

"Did that ever happen to you? Was you ever in a fix like that? Better think it over, fellow worker—seems like somethin' was wrong. Some said—hard luck. But I cut my eye teeth on that hard luck—I seen it from every side. It is worse than that.

"I had an instinct of solidarity! I had a feelin' swell up inside me at a job well done. And it was these feelin's that made a rebel out of me. I want to show my solidarity to my fellow workers at every chance by puttin' my shoulder to the wheel and helpin' them to make things better so that no other kid will have to go thru the mill that me and millions more like me has bucked up against. I got enough workmanship in me to know that a system that is slung together in such a haywire manner has had some damn poor mechanics on the job.

"I am Tightline Johnson and any bull of the woods will tell you that Tightline may be a hard-boiled wobbly but he wears no chinwhiskers as a fog buster and can handle a yarder with any man that walks on two legs. Just ask 'em and see. And what I can do with a yarder in the way of nursin' it along and makin' the parts run easy and smooth, me and the rest of us wobs has been tryin' to do with the system of production and distribution of the things we make.

"Because I am a rebel against the slave-drivin' system that takes all that a man produces and gives him no chance in life unless he lines up and fights—because I have shown my fellow workers how and why to line up—they have made an out-

cast and an outlaw out of me. Every gunman's hand is against me. Every scab and fink hates me and all that are like me.

"They have kept me on the bum. They have driven me from camp to camp—blacklisting my name from Ketchikan to Eureka, Calif. They have thrown me into jails—hunted for me with ropes in their hands—hired an army of stoolpigeons and spies to sneak out the secrets of my organization when we have no secrets to hide. They have sent hundreds of my best friends and the whitest men that were ever born—have sent them into prison because they have ideals.

"I ask you is a man who is living such a life and fighting such a battle in a position to take on a wife? Can one whose very freedom is in jeopardy every day and every hour bring peace and happiness into a love life? Is it treating a girl fair to call up in her the tender feelings of love only to tear her heart to bits with fear and perhaps leave her weepin' with the little ones when they send you to the big house?

"I never walked a dirty street by choice. I never went into a brothel by preference.

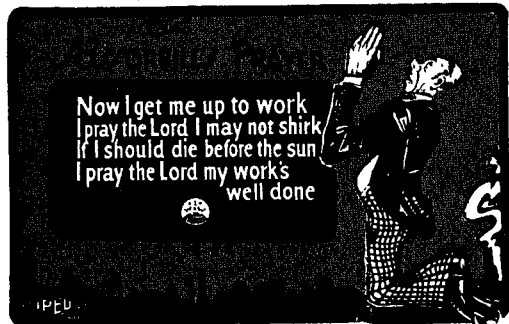
"I have trembled at the thought of a sweet woman's arms clasped about me in love. I have stood with my throat choked with a string of burning lumps—outside of some bourgeois's home, and watched a while the antics of the clean children playin' on the lawn.

"You sit up there and tell me I am not wanted! You sit up there and say that I am a waster of my natural gifts! How would you act and what would you do? Just answer me that!"

And do you know the old geezer broke down and cried like a baby.—

* * *

And when I woke up it was mornin'



Hanging is none too good for them. They would be much better dead, for they are absolutely useless in the human economy; they are the waste material of creation and should be drained off into the sewer of oblivion there to rot in cold obstruction like any other excrement.

Editorial, *San Diego Tribune*
(March 4, 1912).

Chapter 4

Soapbox Militants: Free Speech Campaigns 1908-1916

"Foot loose rebels . . . come at once to defend the Bill of Rights." Such a call went out in the fall of 1909 from I.W.W. organizers in Missoula, Montana, a small, attractive university town midway between lumber and mining areas in the western part of the state.

The Missoula free speech fight was one of about thirty such struggles conducted by the I.W.W. from 1907 to 1916. Wobblies campaigned for the right to agitate on city streets, not to defend a constitutional principle or to attract publicity, but to publicize extortionist practices of labor agents and to recruit members in the "slave market" sections of cities where migrants gathered between jobs. Their soapbox speeches sounded seditious, unpatriotic, immoral, and threatening to business and commercial circles, and municipal authorities were quick to pass ordinances prohibiting I.W.W. speech-making on the streets.

Such was the case in Missoula when the city council aimed to squelch I.W.W. activities by making street speaking illegal. In answer, hundreds of Wobblies arrived by boxcar to assert their rights to free speech on soapboxes and street corners throughout the town. Soon the crowded jails clogged municipal machinery, and high costs of supporting extra police and extra prisoners led harassed town officials to rescind the ordinance and release the Wobblies. A pattern had developed, as historian Paul Brissenden points out, of "sullen nonresistance on the part of the Wobblies, and of wholesale jailings by authorities."¹

Across the country the boldness and intransigence of the rebels exasperated town officials, aroused wrath and frequent violence from respectable town burghers, and frequently turned the free speech campaigns into bitter, bloody fights. To the Wobblies, however, the free speech campaigns were a unique direct action technique, a means of educating workers to the class struggle, and a practical necessity in countering community opposition to organizing the One Big Union.

The Missoula victory was a prelude to the I.W.W.'s major free speech fight in Spokane the following year. Spokane was in the center of the "Inland Empire" of eastern Washington and western Idaho, a region rich in agriculture, mining, and lumber. The most pressing grievance of the thousands of migratory workers who shipped out of Spokane was the way they were fleeced by employment sharks.

Beginning in 1908, I.W.W. organizers mounted soapboxes directly in front of Spokane employment agencies and urged workers, "Don't buy jobs." They crusaded for a boycott of agencies and demanded that employers hire directly through the union hall.

In turn, the employment firms organized themselves into the Associated Agencies of Spokane which pressured the city council to ban all street meetings after January 1, 1909. For a time the I.W.W. obeyed the ordinance which was applied to other organizations as well. When the ruling

was amended to exempt religious groups such as the Salvation Army, the Wobblies decided to fight back.

On October 28, after I.W.W. organizer Jim Thompson was arrested for soapboxing, the *Industrial Worker* sent out a call, "Wanted—Men to Fill the Jails of Spokane." A follow-up letter was sent to all I.W.W. locals: "November 2nd. Free Speech Day. All lovers of free speech are asked to be in readiness to be in Spokane on that date. . . . It is of course needless to add that the meetings will be orderly and no irregularities of any kind will be tolerated."²

A five-month campaign defying the street ban began November 2, 1909. On that day, thousands of Wobblies marched from the I.W.W. hall on Front Avenue to court mass arrest.

Speaker after speaker mounted soapboxes to say "Fellow Workers," before being pulled down by the police, arrested, charged with disorderly conduct, and lodged for thirty days in jail. Frank Little, an I.W.W. organizer who had also been in Missoula, was sentenced to thirty days at the rock pile for reading the Declaration of Independence from a platform. Not all the I.W.W. members were able speakers. Many suffered from stage fright. A story is told about the Wobbly who stood on the soapbox, started, "Fellow Workers," and then in panic yelled, "Where are the cops!"³

By the second day, at least 150 Wobblies were in prison. By the end of the month, over 600 were herded in crowded cells on rations of bread and water. When they protested, the police closed all ventilation in the jail and turned on the steam heat. Bill Haywood later told a 1914 Senate Investigating Committee that several died from first being put into the "hot box" and then, while in a weakened conditioned, third-degreed in ice-cold cells.⁴

When the jail became full, an abandoned, unheated schoolhouse was used as a prison. The *Spokane Press* reported:

Members of the I.W.W. who are confined in the Franklin School as prisoners were marched to the central police station yesterday for their bath. Word of their coming spread, and crowds of people lined Front Avenue, intent on getting a view of the men. On their return, the crowd had increased and citizens bombarded the prisoners with a shower of sandwiches wrapped in paper, oranges, apples, and sacks of tobacco.⁵

The chief of police arrived to confiscate the food, and the men returned to their prison rations of half a loaf of bread a day and no smokes.

Police brutality and treatment of the prisoners aroused protest from the community and throughout the state. All goods coming from Spokane were boycotted by the Coeur d'Alene district of the Western Federation of Miners. The Socialist Party of Washington issued a report condemning police brutality. The A.F.L. Spokane Central Labor Council unanimously voted to demand a repeal of the street ban ordinance.

One after another, eight editors of the Spokane *Industrial Worker* got out an issue and were arrested. The *Industrial Worker* was moved to Seattle after police confiscated all the copies of the December 10 issue in which I.W.W. organizer Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, who had tried to delay her arrest by chaining herself to a lamp post, reported that the sheriff used the women's section of the jail as a brothel, with the police procuring customers and the sheriff pocketing the profits.

Early in March 1910 the struggle concluded when the mayor and law-enforcement officials, tired of using tax money to pay over \$1000 a week to maintain extra police and prisoners, agreed to negotiate with an I.W.W. committee. They recognized the organization's right to rent a hall, publish a newspaper, and organize through street meetings. The free speech prisoners were released. The licenses of nineteen of the most notorious employment agencies were subsequently revoked and later investigations into the practices of employment agencies led to regulatory legislation.

Between 1909 and 1913, there were at least twenty major I.W.W. free speech fights throughout the country. All of them involved the right of the organization to recruit members at street meetings. The most important of these was in Fresno, California, where Frank Little, a veteran of the Missoula and Spokane free speech struggles, had organized a new local of unskilled fruit workers in the San Joaquin Valley.

According to the December 31, 1910, issue of the *Oakland World*, trouble started in Fresno when a contractor who found difficulty getting enough low-paid workers to construct a dam outside the city, complained to the Fresno chief of police that his labor shortage was due to I.W.W. agitators. Alarmed by the presence of Wobblies in the community, the *Fresno Herald and Democrat* wrote: "For men to come here with the ex-

press purpose of creating trouble, a whipping post and a cat-o'-nine tails well seasoned by being soaked in salt water is none too harsh a treatment for peace breakers."⁶

In May 1910, Frank Little reported to the *Industrial Worker* that police were breaking up I.W.W. meetings and arresting members on charges of vagrancy. Three months later when Little was arrested and put in jail on a twenty-five-day sentence of bread and water, he telegraphed the national office in Chicago to send help for a free speech campaign.

"Foot loose rebels" from all parts of the country arrived to test the ban on street speaking and fill the jails. Over 150 Wobblies rode the rails from Portland to the Oregon-California state line, and then to avoid arrest by railroad police, left the train to walk the rest of the way to Fresno through a snowstorm in the Siskiyou Mountains. The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* reported that an army of 100 unemployed men had left that city to march on Fresno and expected their forces to number about 1000 when they reached California. The *Denver Post* wrote in February that plans had been made in Colorado to recruit 5000 men to start for Fresno in the spring.

As the San Francisco *Call* of March 2, 1911, stated about the Fresno struggle:

It is one of those strange situations which crop up suddenly and are hard to understand. Some thousands of men, whose business it is to work with their hands, tramping and stealing rides, suffering hardships and facing dangers—to get into jail. And to get into that one particular jail in a town of which they have never heard before, in which they have no direct interest.⁷

The Fresno jail was filled with singing, shouting rebels. At one point, to protest their bread and water diet, the Wobblies staged a soapbox demonstration through the bars of their cells, addressing an audience that had congregated outside the prison. They took turns lecturing about the class struggle and leading the singing of Wobbly songs. When they refused to stop, the jailor sent for fire department trucks and ordered the fire hoses turned full force on the prisoners. The men used their mattresses as shields, and quiet was only restored when the icy water reached knee-high in the cells.

The threat of the arrival of thousands more free speech volunteers terrified the city officials into

rescinding the ban on street speaking in March 1911. The prisoners were released in small groups every few hours. They made their ways to Wobbly headquarters, collected their belongings, and went to look for jobs outside the city. Few stayed around to exercise their rights to speak on the streets. They left Fresno singing a new verse to "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum":

Springtime has come and I'm just out of jail
Without any money, without any bail.⁸

A few months after the Fresno prisoners were released, employers in San Diego presented a petition to their city council to prohibit street meetings and speeches in the business district of that city. In January 1912, following a period of hysteria over the dynamiting of the anti-union Los Angeles *Times* and the courtroom confession of the McNamara brothers, the San Diego council banned street speaking in the midtown district.

On the day the ordinance became effective, over 2000 members of a newly formed Free Speech League composed of anarchists, socialists, I.W.W. members, single taxers, and some A.F.L. union members paraded through the San Diego business district to defy the ban. Within the week, several hundred were in jail, charged with having violated the ruling. The March 4, 1912, issue of the *San Diego Tribune* called for the shooting or hanging of all men in the jails which, they claimed, "would end the trouble in an hour."⁹ Fire department hoses were used to disperse a street meeting held in front of the prison on March 10 to protest the inhuman treatment of the jailed free speech volunteers. Arrests continued as new arrivals to the city—some 5000 in the next few months—took up the cudgels to intensify defiance.

Besides the intimidation of the prisoners inside the jails, local businessmen organized vigilante committees which terrorized community leaders sympathetic to the free speech campaign. In collusion with the police, the vigilantes would seize prisoners released from jail in the evening, load them into cars, drive out of town, and after beating and clubbing them, warn them not to return to San Diego. The editor of the *San Diego Herald* who opposed these actions was also kidnapped at night by vigilantes and beaten outside the city limits. *Solidarity* published the sworn affidavits of some of these victims. I.W.W. member John Stone testified that on March 22, 1912, after being arrested and detained at the police station for ten

hours, he was released at midnight, and forced into a waiting automobile:

We were taken out of the city, about twenty miles, where the machine stopped. Then one of the escorts said to me, "Look at me, who are you?" At the same time, a man in the rear struck me with a blackjack several times on the head and shoulders; the other man then struck me on the mouth with his fist. The men in the rear then sprang around and kicked me in the stomach. I then started to run away; and heard a bullet go past me. I stopped at about a hundred feet and turned around. . . . Joseph Marko, whom they started to beat up . . . stood in the light coming from the second machine. I saw him knocked to the ground several times, and he gave several loud screams. He shortly after came up to where we were and we . . . hid in a little gully close by until the machine went by us. After which we returned and camped for the night under a large tree close to where we had been assaulted. In the morning, I examined Joe Marko's condition and found that the back of his head had been split open and a large amount of blood had flowed to such an extent as to cover his coat, vest, and shirt with blood.¹⁰

Anarchist Emma Goldman, who came to San Diego to lecture during this time, reported:

The Vigilantes raided the I.W.W. headquarters, broke up the furniture, and arrested a large number of men found there. They were taken to Sorrento to a place where a flag pole had been erected. There the I.W.W.'s were forced to kneel, kiss the flag, and sing the national anthem. As the incentive to quicker action, one of the vigilantes would slap them on the back which was a signal for a general beating. After these proceedings, the men were loaded into automobiles and set to San Onofre, near the county line, placed in a cattle-pen with armed guards over them, and kept without food or drink for eighteen hours. The following morning they were taken out in groups of five and compelled to run the gauntlet. As they passed between the double line of vigilantes, they were belabored with clubs and blackjacks. Then the flag-kissing episode was repeated, after which they were told to "hike" up the track and never come back. They reached Los Angeles

after a tramp of several days, sore, hungry, penniless, and in a deplorable physical state.¹¹

Miss Goldman's anarchist companion, Dr. Ben Reitman, was tarred and feathered by San Diego vigilantes who stuffed filth in his ears and nose, tore off his clothes and burned the letters I.W.W. into his back with a lighted cigarette.

In response to demands from several California organizations to investigate the charges of vigilante activity, Governor Hiram Johnson sent businessman Colonel Harris Weinstock to San Diego. City officials refused to cooperate with the investigation. Nevertheless, based on hearings held in April, Weinstock reported: "Local commercial bodies have encouraged and applauded the acts of these so-called vigilantes."¹² Testimony revealed "needless brutality on the part of police officers." Many I.W.W. members and sympathizers "had been taken out of the city . . . and there subjected to an inhuman beating by a body of men part of whom were police officers, part constables, and part private citizens."¹³

Weinstock called attention to the "passive resistance" of the protesters and the lack of violence or drunkenness among the I.W.W. members. Governor Johnson issued a statement supporting Weinstock's report and sent the California district attorney to San Diego to enforce the law. No prosecutions of the vigilantes were made.

Gradually, the free speech prisoners were released from jail. A smallpox epidemic hit the city prison in June, and some of the men were given short sentences in the county jail. Others were released on parole. Throughout the summer of 1912 there was a drop in violence directed at the I.W.W. members, and by September 1912 the I.W.W. held its first undisturbed rally since the beginning of the San Diego campaign. It was a meeting to protest the imprisonment of I.W.W. leaders Joe Ettor and Arturo Giovannitti jailed in Lawrence, Massachusetts, during an I.W.W. strike of textile workers 3000 miles away.

A decade of free speech fights came to a dramatic climax in the tragedy of November 5, 1916, in Everett, Washington, where the I.W.W. had been agitating along with striking sawmill workers of the Shingle Weavers Union. When the I.W.W. organizers opened a hall in Everett, a port city on Puget Sound, the city's sheriff and local police responded with savage opposition. I.W.W. soapboxers were arrested, beaten, and

deported from town, many with broken limbs and internal injuries.

On October 30, forty-one Wobblies, mostly young loggers and lumberjacks, arrived by boat from Seattle I.W.W. headquarters, intending to lend support for the free speech crusade. Sheriff McRae and his deputies rounded them up at the Everett docks, drove them to a park on the outskirts of town, and forced them to run the gauntlet between rows of deputies who beat them with spiked bats. Everett citizens were shocked at the amount of dried blood found on the grass the following morning. A public protest rally addressed by Wobbly organizer Jim Thompson attracted 2000 sympathetic townspeople who felt that Sheriff McRae had gone too far.

On November 5, 1916, a delegation of 250 singing Wobblies left Seattle for Everett on a regular passenger boat, the "Verona." An additional group of I.W.W. members, plus other passengers, boarded a second boat, the "Calista," which also sailed regularly between the two cities. As the "Verona" approached the Everett docks with the Wobbly passengers singing "Hold the Fort," shooting broke out from Pier Two, where Sheriff McRae and some 200 armed vigilantes had been tipped off to the boat's arrival by Pinkerton agents in Seattle. Shooting continued for about ten minutes. At least five I.W.W. members were killed and thirty-one were wounded; it was said that additional bodies were later found washed up on a nearby beach. The toll for the Everett vigilantes: nineteen wounded and two dead.

The "Verona," sailing back to Seattle, warned the second ship to return. At the Seattle docks, nearly all the Wobblies on both boats were arrested. Seventy-four were charged with the murders of the Everett vigilantes and secretly removed at night from Seattle to the Everett county jail.

The two-month trial which began in March 1917 focused on the inflammatory propaganda of the I.W.W. as well as on Tom Tracy, the first of the defendants, who was charged with firing the first shot from the "Verona." The I.W.W. defense lawyer demanded a reenactment on the Everett docks of the November 5 tragedy. This demonstrated that it was impossible to identify any passenger from the shore and, furthermore, that the Everett vigilantes, milling around the piers, were likely to have been in each other's line of fire. The court acquitted Tracy and released the seventy-three other defendants.

The Tracy trial was won in the courts but lost in the press. Wobbly propaganda, submitted as evidence by the prosecution, produced community shivers, newspaper headlines, and still another public picture of I.W.W. members as futile bomb-throwing anarchists. The news of the trial swept the fear of internal violence onto the doorsteps of many American communities and presented an image of a domestic enemy attacking American values of industrial peace and property. A decade of vigorous, uncompromising I.W.W. free speech activity ended as America entered the war to battle kaiserism in Europe and radicalism in its own backyard.

1

John Panzner (1883-), a retired automobile worker, wrote these memoirs for the Writer's Group Journal (September 1959), issued by the West Side U.A.W. Retired Workers' Center in Detroit. Panzner, a sheet-metal worker who joined the I.W.W. in San Francisco in 1905, was a national organizer for the I.W.W., active in recruiting Northwest lumberjacks, and a strike leader of the Minnesota miners in the Mesabi Range in 1916. Following his 1923 release from Leavenworth Penitentiary, where he served a five-year sentence with other I.W.W. defendants convicted of violating the Federal Espionage Law, Panzner returned to his birthplace, Detroit. He joined the U.A.W. in 1933, was secretary-treasurer of the Hupp Local, and retired in 1952 from the Chevrolet plant and U.A.W. Local 235.

THE SPOKANE FREE SPEECH

FIGHT - 1909

By JOHN PANZNER

Before telling you the story of the Spokane free speech fight, I must say a few words about the situation in the west at that time. West of the Mississippi River, there were about two million migratory workers, sometimes called hobos. They harvested the wheat, corn, hay and picked the fruit and even planted most of the crops. They built railroads, dams, powerhouses. They did the logging in the woods.

The employers were ruthless. The conditions on the job were bad. You had to bring your own blankets, sleep in tents or bunk houses and many of them were full of lice and bed bugs. Cock-

roaches were in the cook houses and kitchens. Most of the men did not stay long on the job, and when the jobs were finished, thousands were laid off. So you see there always was a big unemployed army, floating from job to job or looking for a job, or waiting for a new job to open up. They had no families. Most of them did not belong to any church. They did not stay long enough in any town so that they could register and vote. They were considered outcasts in the community. Only when labor was badly needed were they welcomed.

The AFL trade unions were strong in the big cities like San Francisco, but no attempts were made to organize these nomads. The only exceptions were the small mining camps where the Western Federation of Miners were well organized. They had higher wages, better living conditions, and more freedom or civil rights because they had been organized long enough and had the power. So the IWW tried to organize these migratory workers into industrial unions instead of trade unions. Because they had low wages, we had to charge low dues. The human material was good, but the odds were against us. When you slept and ate on the company property, you had no civil rights.

In Spokane, Washington, we had a hall and four local unions. There was a street full of employment offices where the employment shark would sell you a job for a dollar. The lumberjacks, construction workers and agricultural workers would come to town and spend their money in the red light districts, saloons, restaurants and lodging houses. When they got broke or nearly broke, they would try to get another job.

It was hard and dangerous to go on company property to get new members. The easiest way to get new members was by holding street meetings. Some time in 1908, the city government stopped all street meetings. The case was taken to court by the local unions, but the judge pigeon-holed the case, so in the fall of 1909, the local unions planned to win free speech by direct action.

The plan was to call for volunteers to speak on the streets in violation of the city ordinance. If we were arrested, we would go to jail until all of the jails were full. A joint meeting of the four locals was held and a committee of ten was selected from the floor of the meeting. These ten went into the office of the secretary and picked a committee of five to be the fighting committee.

They in turn each picked one alternate to take their place in case of arrest. The alternates were to appoint other alternates. All names were to be kept secret. Every five or ten volunteers would go on the streets and speak. When they were arrested, they would go before the judge, plead guilty and go to prison.

It was about in November of 1909, that Walter T. Nef and I jumped a freight train in Portland, Oregon, and we got there in time for the meeting. I was put on the fighting committee.

It must have been the month of November, 1909 when Nef and I arrived in Spokane, because the struggle went on all winter. At one time, we had the city jail, the county jail, the Franklin School House full, and a United States' fort had eighty-five prisoners in it. The rank and file who spoke on the streets got thirty days for violation of the city ordinance, the leaders got six months in the county jail under the state conspiracy law.

We made no effort to keep out of jail. Our aim was to fill the jails, so when the judge would ask us if we were on the committee, we would gladly admit it. The police closed our hall and confiscated our weekly newspaper, the *Industrial Worker*.

While awaiting for our trial in the city jail, the state prisoners were put in one row of cells on one side of the cell block, and the city prisoners, who were convicted for speaking on the streets, were across the hallway on the other side of the cell block. They were starting to serve their thirty day sentences, but they refused to go out and work on the rock pile, so they were put on "bread and water" and kept locked in their cells.

We, who were the leaders awaiting trial were being fed "steak and fried potatoes" and other such foods, so we the leaders went on a "hunger strike." It took a lot of will power, but when they brought our food, we threw it out through the bars on the floor of the hallway. There were steaks, potatoes, bread, coffee and tin plates and cups all over the floor.

After eight days of the hunger strike, the outside committee sent word that we must stop the hunger strike because some of us were getting sick. A few die-hards held out for thirteen days.

As soon as we were tried under the state conspiracy law, we were given six months each and sent to the county jail. One of the characters in the free speech fight was a young man who came there as a reporter for a Seattle weekly paper, the official organ of the United Wage Workers

Party of the state of Washington. This was a splinter group that had left the Socialist Party. His name was William Z. Foster. He joined the IWW, spoke on the street and was sentenced to thirty days in jail. He served his term in the Franklin School House on bread and water. A German society offered the IWW the use of the German Turner Hall and defied the police to close up the hall.

Our committee sent to Chicago to the general headquarters for an out-state speaker for a meeting in the Turner Hall. They sent a beautiful Irish girl. Her name was Elizabeth Gurly Flynn. She had just married a guy by the name of Jones, the head of the Dill Pickle Club in Chicago.

Private invitations were sent out for the meeting in the Turner Hall, thus making it a private meeting and not public. They did not raid the meeting, but arrested our speaker after the meeting. The Women's Club of Spokane was aroused. They raised \$5,000 for bail and got her out. Her case never came to trial. Public opinion began to turn. The newspapers claimed that one of our members was clubbed to death in his cell by the police. The powerful German Society and the Women's Club were on our side.

After we had been in the county jail about four months, the city government made an offer which was a big victory for us. We were to be allowed four street corners for meetings. All the police department asked was that we give them notice when and where the meetings were to be held.

The mayor released all of the city prisoners at once, but we were in the county jail and had to wait a few days until the governor's pardon arrived. Everything seem peaceful in Spokane after the free speech fight was over, but when I got back to Portland, Oregon, the headlines in the papers said that the Chief of Police Sullivan had been slain by someone with a shotgun on the porch of his home.

The papers tried to blame the IWW, but to our surprise, Judge Mann who had sentenced us, defended the IWW and said he knew they did not do it, that the chief had many enemies. The murder was never solved. Thus ends the story of one of the many free speech fights in the United States.

2

This account of the march on Fresno, California, made by I.W.W. members from the Pacific Northwest who were determined to take part in the

Fresno free speech campaign, was printed in Solidarity (April 8, 1911). Nothing is known about its author, E. M. Clyde.

THE MARCH ON FRESNO

Graphic Account of the Free Speech Invasion
From the North*Solidarity:*

Acting under instructions of a committee composed of the following members of the "Fresno Relief Brigade"—Fred Meyer of L. U. 178, Tom Pearson of 434, C. F. Miller of 432, E. M. Clyde of 432, C. W. Mison a non-member, I herewith submit a report covering the most essential features of the celebrated "march on Fresno."

On the evening of Feb. 13, 1911, 47 men left Seattle bound for Fresno to assist the fellow workers who were contesting for the right to speak upon the street of that city. We were joined by others along the way, so on leaving Portland on the 15th we numbered 112, two having left us here to go by boat. About 20 of this number were members of the Socialist Party, and a very few were members of no organization.

We came from Seattle to Portland in different groups and some encountered considerable difficulty in getting over the road so we concluded that in the future we would remain in one body.

We organized ourselves and elected an executive committee with supervisory powers, a secretary-treasurer to receive and disburse all money, a committee on trains whose duty was to learn the most suitable trains to ride, running time, etc. Their usefulness suddenly ceased at Ashland, Ore., however.

We had our cook with assistants; we had a well organized police system with Joe Risik of L. U. 92 as chief, but the most important department of all was no doubt our hospital corps which we organized at Hornbrook, Calif. S. Mortimer of L. U. 380 made a most efficient Chief Medical Director, as he has spent many years in hospital service, and the success of the trip was due in a great measure to the able manner in which he cared for the sick and disabled. He at all times carried a medicine chest supplied with the ordinary remedial agents such as bandages, liniments, caustics, antiseptics, sterilizers, etc. The doctor was the busiest man of the entire party and the attention given the sick was equal or even superior to that received in many hospitals. The hospital also included 10 men who brought up the

rear to see that no one should be left unaided should they become exhausted.

At Ashland, Oregon, Feb. 17th, the S. P. railroad refusing to permit us to ride further, we began our memorable march which ended at Chico, Calif., March 7th.

The distance covered on foot was 244 miles. On passing over the Siskiyou mountains we reached an elevation of 4,000 feet and broke a trail through 3 feet of snow over the State road into Hornbrook. On this trip one of our party (the operator) had his feet so badly frozen that it became necessary to send him to the hospital.

Getting over this hill we encountered no more snow until we reached Weed. At Steinman in the Siskiyou and at Weed we were compelled to spend the night by campfires on the side hill where the ground was covered with snow. Sleep, or even rest, was impossible.

At Sisson the elevation is 3,554 feet, and the snow was deeper than at any other place. Here we were picked up by the May Roberts Theatrical Co., and our fares were paid into Dunsmuir, 14 miles, where we attended the show in a body and were supplied with coffee and sandwiches at the expense of Miss Roberts. She had our pictures taken with her troupe and the R. R. and city police in the group. Later when we met her in Redding she donated \$15 to our "jungle" fund.

The police force of the Southern Pacific railroad consists of 120 men which they had scattered along in the towns through which we passed, but as we made them no trouble many of them became quite friendly with us, but they always found that the more questions they asked the less they knew about us.

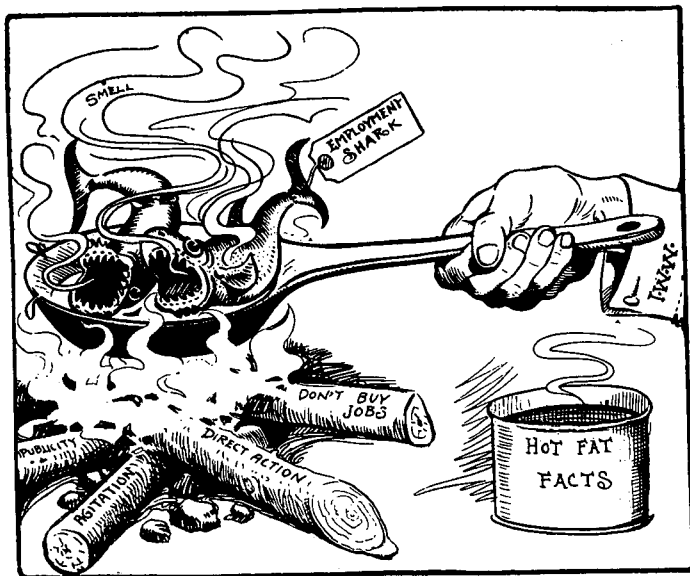
On March 5 we arrived in Chico where we received the first official notice that the fight had been won. On the 7th we disbanded, as our presence was no longer needed in Fresno.

Yes, we made slow progress during the trip. The pace was set by the rear guard who were determined that no one should be deserted along the way. Some of our number could easily have made 40 or 50 miles a day while it was difficult for others to make 20 and 25 miles.

We held meetings in all the towns along the way and gained the sympathy and assistance of the citizens, who donated money, clothing and food.

We laid great stress upon the eight hour day and made it a feature of the trip. Red Bluff, Calif., was the only town along the line to show a spirit of hostility. At Redding our hostess was Mrs. Clineschmidt, of the Temple Hotel, who fed all of us while there (5 meals) and furnished many with beds for the two nights.

I will not dwell upon the suffering, hardship



and exposure endured, but will simply say that but few of our number were prepared for a trip of this kind. Some were lightly dressed, others nearly barefooted.

Many feet were blistered and bleeding. Over the hills we were hungry, tired and sleepy. Once over the hills it was constantly raining, through which we traveled the last 100 miles.

At no time did we allow strangers to come among us, although they tried to break in on different occasions.

At the time of disbanding we had 96 at the meeting, which was nothing short of marvelous when it is considered that they were brought together on a day's notice and many of them had no previous experience in organizations. This was 16 short of our number on leaving Portland, but a number of those who left us went ahead and reached Fresno.

It has often been asked, "Why did you not split up into small parties so you could ride the trains?" We had before us the fact that many small parties previously trying to make Fresno never reached there. Should we have split up we would not have received the support and assistance of the citizens, the police would have continually arrested and driven us out of the towns. The result would have been that but few would have reached Fresno.

True, there was some friction and dissension among us, but at no time was it permitted to obscure the real purpose of the trip, and each of the 96 expressed regret that we should not continue on into Fresno.

It is impossible for me at this time to give a financial statement, as I have not the books, but approximately \$250 was collected and disbursed besides food and clothing.

It may be asked, "Would you undertake a similar trip in the future?" I believe this entire 96 would respond to a call of necessity, but we hope that no such call will be made for trivial or insufficient reasons.

Now that the Fresno fight is won let us all get busy on the eight hour day.

E. M. CLYDE

Seattle, Washington.

3

This article on the 1911 Aberdeen free speech fight appeared in the One Big Union Monthly

(March 1919). In his ninety years "Stumpy" Payne (1869-1963) had been a carpenter, farm hand, farmer, railroad man, and owner of a small stump ranch, as well as I.W.W. organizer and a former editor of the Industrial Worker. He was the only I.W.W. member who attended both the 1905 founding convention and the I.W.W. convention of 1955. In July 1955 Payne served a six-month term as editor of the Industrial Worker. He was eighty-five.

In a tribute to Payne which appeared in the Industrial Worker (October 23, 1963) editor Carl Keller wrote: "He was a serious rebel with an amount of dignity and urbanity that was rare. He remained a dedicated Wobbly to the end of his days."

THE MAINSPRING OF ACTION

By C. E. PAYNE

In the fall of 1911 occurred the Aberdeen, Washington, Free Speech fight. Altho shorter than many of the contests of this character that took place thruout the West shortly before and after that time, it was, while it lasted, one of the most bitterly contested struggles in which the organization took part. Also, it was by all odds the most clean-cut victory that was won by the organization in struggles of this character.

One phase of the fight that has not to my knowledge been touched upon was the psychology of the men who took part in it at the time the final and winning attack was made to regain the use of the streets for purposes of agitation. I had an exceptional opportunity to observe this state of mind, which for a better term may perhaps be properly called a religious fervor.

I had been for some time the secretary for the Free Speech Committee, and had been in the town for about six weeks before the evening of January 10, 1912, when the grand rush was made to use the streets for "free speech." As I had the correspondence of the Committee in hand at the time, I was ordered not to take any part in the demonstration for that night. However, some one had been making it his business to find out my business, and this, together with my interest in the proceedings, made a change in the program, and this change gave me the opportunity to observe this psychological phenomenon.

The demonstration was timed for 6:00 P.M.,

when it was figured the members of the Citizens' Club would be at supper, and it was thought this would give some of the men a chance to make a few minutes' talk before they could be arrested. Fifteen men had been selected to make the first attack. The manner of selecting them was by refusing to permit any one to speak unless he plainly stated that he would speak anyhow, permit or none. The Committee had decided that fifteen should be the number, but seventeen was the number that actually took part in the "speaking."

Wishing to be able to make a first-hand report of what took place on the streets, I went among the crowd, which in a few minutes after six o'clock had grown to some 3,000 persons, all eager to see the demonstration. These were gathered around the principal street corner, but there was no one in the center of the street. By common consent this was left entirely to the participants in the battle.

The first speaker would have been able to hold a crowd with a speech of half an hour or more had he been allowed the time, but he was arrested and hustled off to jail within less than two minutes after he had shouted "Fellow Workers." No sooner had he been taken thru the crowd toward the jail by two members of the Citizens' Club, than another man stepped out from the crowd and began, "Fellow Workers!" This man's voice had the twang of the Down East Yankee, and his bearing was that of a descendant of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower.

Following him came a short, swarthy German, evidently from the Schwartzwald. "Mein Fellow Vorkers! Schust you listen by me while I tells you sometings!" But what that "something" was he could not tell before he was seized and hustled in the wake of the other two. After the German came a large, raw-boned Irishman with the brogue of the ould sod thick on his tongue. "Fellow Workers! Oi'm not much of a spaker, but Oi don't suppose Oi'll be allowed to talk long, anyhow." That was all the speech he was allowed to make before he too was led away.

Next in line was an Italian who shouted the regular greeting of "Fellow Workers," spoke a few rapid fire words and was taken towards the jail. From another part of the crowd a five-foot man with the unmistakable rolling gait of a sailor sprang to center of the cleared street, shouted "Fellow Workers," and had time enough to make perhaps the longest "speech" of the evening. "I have been run out of this town five times by the Citizens' Club, and every time I have found my

way back. This proves conclusively that the world is round." But when he had gone thus far with his remarks he was seized and half carried toward the jail. Behind the sailor came a lumber jack, no talker, but a power in the woods where men hold their place by strength and nerve. "Fellow Workers! There is one of the Citizens' Club fellows over there. He is going to arrest some one." The man pointed out at once made a run for the lumber worker, and he too was taken to jail.

Thus came one after another, made the common salutation of "Fellow Workers," started to talk and generally managed to say but a few words, when he too was hustled to the jail. The entire demonstration was over in less than half an hour and the crowd began to disperse. It was while leaving the scene of the demonstration that I was approached from behind by two men who came one on either side of me, and with the remark, "Oh, say! The chief wants to see you," they led me to the jail.

My arrest was the last one of the night. After being searched and questioned by the police, I was put in the "tank" with the rest of the "free speech fighters." My reception was the heartiest demonstration of welcome I have ever received. Their joy seemed to be combined with an appreciation of the joke on me, but it was none the less hearty.

After the greetings had been made, and things became comparatively quiet, I was able to look about me and see at close range the manner of men they were. Outwardly, they were of the careless, happy-go-lucky sort to whom *dolce far niente* appeared to be a more appropriate motto than any other that could be selected. Not one had any ties of kindred, job or financial interest in the town. Most of them had never been in the place before. Perhaps a majority never would have been there had not some member of the I.W.W. flashed the word over the country that he and others were denied the rights they claimed. Many of them would never be there again.

Here they were, eighteen men in the vigor of life, most of whom came long distances thru snow and hostile towns by beating their way, penniless and hungry, into a place where a jail sentence was the gentlest treatment that could be expected, and where many had already been driven into the swamps and beaten nearly to death by members of the Citizens' Club for the same offense that they had committed so joyously tonight. All had

walked the three miles from Hoquiam in a rain to take part in the demonstration that all confidently felt would mean that they would be sent to jail until midnight, and then be driven into the swamps with clubs and guns, and that perhaps some of them would be killed, as had nearly been the case with others before them. Yet here they were, laughing in boyish glee at tragic things that to them were jokes.

One man said, "This is cold after the orange groves of California." The man he spoke to replied, "It is not as cold as the Canadian railways." One man remarked, "The snow in the Rockies is a fright," to which another replied, "It don't be worse than the Siskyouss."

A ponderous German recited the Marxian battle cry. Two men compared notes on their arrests, and laughed gleefully at some joke on a policeman. One boy who had taken a "vacation" from college to attend the Free Speech fight had composed a "yell," and this was frequently shouted with all their power. "Who are we? I.W.W., don't you see! First in war, first in peace, first in the hands of the Aberdeen police. Rah! Rah!! Rah!!! I.W.W." As the city council had been called into extra session to consider the situation, and their meeting hall was just above the tank where we were locked in, there was always extra emphasis put on the "I.W.W." for their benefit.

But what was the motive behind the actions of these men? Clearly, they would take no part in the social, political or economic life of the town, after the fight was over. No place in the country could treat them worse than Aberdeen was trying to treat them. Why were they here? Is the call of Brotherhood in the human race greater than any fear or discomfort, despite the efforts of the masters of life for six thousand years to root out that call of Brotherhood from our minds? Is there a joy in martyrdom that the human race must sense at times to make its life complete? Must humanity ever depend on the most despised of its members for its most spiritual gifts? Is it among the working class that we may see the fulfillment of the prediction that there shall be no Greek or Barbarian, no Scythian or Parthian, no circumcision or uncircumcision, but all one? These things have I often pondered as the result of the twenty-two hours in the Aberdeen jail.

4

These unsigned verses were printed in the Industrial Worker (May 1, 1912).

WE'RE BOUND FOR SAN DIEGO

(Tune: "The Wearing of the Green")

In that town called San Diego when the workers
try to talk
The cops will smash them with a say and tell 'em
"take a walk."
They throw them in a bull pen, and they feed
them rotten beans,
And they call that "law and order" in that city, so
it seems.

Chorus

We're bound for San Diego, you better join us
now.
If they don't quit, you bet your life there'll be an
awful row.
We're coming by the hundreds, will be joined by
hundreds more,
So join at once and let them see the workers are
all sore.

They're clubbing fellow working men who dare
their thoughts express;
And if old Otis has his way, there's sure to be a
mess.
So swell this army, working men, and show them
what we'll do
When all the sons of toil unite in *One Big Union*
true.

We have put the town of Aberdeen with others on
our map;
And the brass bound thugs of all of them were
handy with the "sap";
But the I.W.W.'s are boys who have no fears
And we'll whip old San Diego if it takes us twenty
years.

5

This remarkable speech by I.W.W. member Jack Whyte, immediately after being sentenced to jail during the 1912 San Diego free speech fight, first appeared in Solidarity (August 24, 1912). It was subsequently reprinted several times and quoted

by J. G. Brooks in *American Syndicalism*, The I.W.W. (New York, 1913).

On release from jail, six months later, Whyte went to Akron, Ohio, where he helped organize rubber workers during an I.W.W. strike in 1913. A speaking tour was announced in Solidarity (June 23, 1913). The article said, "He has a pleasing personality; is young, virile, and full of the fire of rebellion. While not lacking in enthusiasm, his speeches are replete with sanity and construction. He makes the workers see the meaning of industrial organization and its necessity."

"HIS HONOR" GETS HIS

The following is a stenographic report of Jack Whyte's speech before Judge Sloan, of the superior court of San Diego County, California, on being asked why sentence should not be passed. He was fined six months and is now at San Diego County jail on a bread and water diet. He is a member of Local 13, I.W.W., and was arrested on a conspiracy charge in the recent San Diego Free Speech Fight.

There are only a few words that I care to say and this court will not mistake them for a legal argument, for I am not acquainted with the phraseology of the bar nor the language common to the court room.

There are two points which I want to touch upon—the indictment itself and the misstatement of the prosecuting attorney. The indictment reads, "The People of the State of California against J. W. Wright and Others." It's a hideous lie. The people in this court room know that it is a lie; the court itself knows that it is a lie, and I know that it is a lie. If the people of the state are to blame for this persecution, then the people are to blame for the murder of Michael Hoy and the assassination of Joseph Mikolasek. They are to blame and responsible for every bruise, every insult and injury inflicted upon the members of the working class by the vigilantes of this city. The people deny it and have so emphatically denied it that Governor Johnson sent Harris Weinstock down here to make an investigation and clear the reputation of the people of the state of California from the odor that you would attach to it. You cowards throw the blame upon the people, but I know who is to blame and I name them—it is Spreckles and his partners in business and this court is the lackey and lickspittle of that class,

defending the property of that class against the advancing horde of starving American workers.

The prosecuting attorney, in his plea to the jury, accused me of saying on a public platform at a public meeting, "To hell with the courts, we know what justice is." He told a great truth when he lied, for if he had searched the innermost recesses of my mind he could have found that thought, never expressed by me before, but which I express now, "To hell with your courts, I know what justice is," for I have sat in your court room day after day and have seen members of my class pass before this, the so-called bar of justice. I have seen you, Judge Sloane, and others of your kind, send them to prison because they dared to infringe upon the sacred rights of property. You have become blind and deaf to the rights of man to pursue life and happiness, and you have crushed those rights so that the sacred right of property shall be preserved. Then you tell me to respect the law. I do not. I did violate the law, as I will violate every one of your laws and still come before you and say, "To hell with the courts," because I believe that my right to life is far more sacred than the sacred right of property that you and your kind so ably defend.

I do not tell you this in the expectation of getting justice, but to show my contempt for the whole machinery of law and justice as represented by this and every other court. The prosecutor lied, but I will accept his lie as a truth and say again so that you, Judge Sloane, may not be mistaken as to my attitude, "To hell with your courts, I know what justice is."

6

When he wrote this poem which appeared in the International Socialist Review (February 1917), Charles Ashleigh was publicity agent for the I.W.W. Everett Defense Committee. He gave the oration at the memorial service for the men killed on board the "Verona."

The song, "Hold the Fort," sung by Wobblies on the "Verona," has a long history which is traced by Joe Glazer and Edith Fowke in Songs of Work and Freedom (Chicago, 1960). The title of the song comes from a Civil War incident when Union troops, trapped in a fort near Atlanta, Georgia, were signaled by flags from mountain to mountain, "General Sherman says hold fast. We are coming." A popular evangelist, Philip Bliss, used

IS IT ABOUT TO STRIKE?



Industrial Worker, October 1, 1910.

the anecdote as the theme for a gospel hymn he composed in 1870, and another evangelist, Ira Sankey, introduced it to England during a lecture tour a few years later. Late in the nineteenth century, members of the British Transport and General Workers Union wrote a parody of the hymn which they sang during strikes and demonstrations. In this country, members of the Knights of Labor also composed a parody:

Storm the fort, ye Knights of Labor,
 Battle for your cause;
 Equal rights for every neighbor,
 Down with tyrant laws!

The Wobblies popularized the parody of the hymn written by the British Transport Workers Union, and "Hold the Fort" has since become a well-known union song in this country, included in many labor union songbooks.

EVERETT, NOVEMBER FIFTH*

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

(" . . . And then the Fellow Worker died, singing 'Hold the Fort.' . . ."—From the report of a witness.)

Song on his lips, he came;
 Song on his lips, he went;—
 This be the token we bear of him,—
 Soldier of Discontent!

Out of the dark they came; out of the night
 Of poverty and injury and woe,—
 With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light,—
 Song on their lips, and every heart aglow;

They came, that none should trample Labor's right
 To speak, and voice her centuries of pain.

Bare hands against the master's armored might!—
A dream to match the tolls of sordid gain!

And then the decks went red; and the grey sea
Was written crimsonly with ebbing life.
The barricade spewed shots and mockery
And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.

Yet, the mad chorus from that devil's host,—
Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng,—
Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast,—
Could not out-shriek one dying worker's song!

*Song on his lips, he came;
Song on his lips, he went;—
This be the token we bear of him,—
Soldier of Discontent!*

7

Walker C. Smith, the author of this article which appeared in the International Socialist Review (December 1916), was described in the Seattle Post Intelligencer (November 14, 1919): "Walker C. Smith has been identified with the I.W.W. since it first began spreading its propaganda in Seattle and has functioned in all capacities from paper boy, office clerk, stump speaker, writer and editor, to acting head of the organization in the Northwest. A common figure on Washington Street in the days when soap box oratory was at its height, he openly led the movement until recent years when war placed the organization in a belligerent position. . . . Smith was associate editor of the Industrial Worker, official organ of the I.W.W. for several years, and later became editor of that publication, holding the position when the Pigott Printing Concern from which the paper was being published was wrecked and further publication of the paper stopped."

Smith was the author of The Everett Massacre: A History of the Class Struggle in the Lumber Industry (Chicago, 1918) and several I.W.W. pamphlets, including Sabotage: Its History, Philosophy, and Function (Spokane, 1913) and War and the Workers (Cleveland, n.d.).

THE VOYAGE OF THE VERONA

By WALKER C. SMITH

Five workers and two vigilantes dead, thirty-one workers and nineteen vigilantes wounded, from four to seven workers missing and probably

drowned, two hundred ninety-four men and three women of the working class in jail—this is the tribute to the class struggle in Everett, Wash., on Sunday, November 5. Other contributions made almost daily during the past six months have indicated the character of the Everett authorities, but the protagonists of the open shop and the antagonists of free speech did not stand forth in all their hideous nakedness until the tragic trip of the steamer Verona. Not until then was Darkest Russia robbed of its claim to "Bloody Sunday."

Early Sunday morning on November 5 the steamer Verona started for Everett from Seattle with 260 members of the Industrial Workers of the World as a part of its passenger list. On the steamer Calista, which followed, were 38 more I.W.W. men, for whom no room could be found on the crowded Verona. Songs of the One Big Union rang out over the waters of Puget Sound, giving evidence that no thought of violence was present.

It was in answer to a call for volunteers to enter Everett to establish free speech and the right to organize that the band of crusaders were making the trip. They thought their large numbers would prevent any attempt to stop the street meeting that had been advertised for that afternoon at Hewitt and Wetmore avenues in handbills previously distributed in Everett. Their mission was an open and peaceable one.

The Seattle police, knowing that I.W.W. men had been jailed, beaten and deported from Everett, singly and in crowds, during the past six months, without committing a single act of personal violence in retaliation, made no attempt to detain the men, but merely telephoned to the Everett authorities that a large number had left for that city. Two Pinkerton detectives were on board the Verona, according to the police and to members of the I.W.W. The capitalist press of Seattle and Everett claim that all the I.W.W. men were armed "to the teeth." On behalf of the I.W.W. some have made the counter claim that the men were absolutely unarmed, as was the case in all former "invasions." Deputy Prosecuting Attorney Hellsell, King County, who is assisting the prosecutor of Snohomish County, has stated in an interview that the number of armed workers was between eighteen and twenty-five. This would mean that less than ten per cent of the men were armed even were the higher figure a correct one.

Following the receipt of the telephone message from Seattle, Sheriff Donald McRae cleared the Municipal dock—owned by the city of Everett—of all citizens and employes, and after the erection of a temporary barricade of heavy timbers, the several hundred gunmen, scabs, militiamen, ex-policemen and other open shop supporters who had been deputized to do vigilante duty, were stationed at points commanding any incoming boats. These semi-legalized outlaws were provided with high power rifles, side arms and many rounds of ammunition. It has been reported that a machine gun was in readiness for service on the dock. Scabs located on the Everett Improvement dock, lying to the south of the Municipal dock, also had a part to play. The scene was set, and the tragedy of the Verona was about to be staged.

As the Seattle boat swung up to the wharf shortly before 2 o'clock the I.W.W. men were merrily singing the English Transport Workers' strike song, "Hold the Fort":

We meet today in Freedom's cause,
And raise our voices high,
We'll join our hands in union strong,
To battle or to die.

Chorus

Hold the fort for we are coming,
Union men be strong.
Side by side we battle onward,
Victory will come.

Look, my comrades, see the union
Banners waving high.
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;
Hear the bugle blow,
By our union we shall triumph
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But we will not fear.
Help will come when'er it's needed,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

When the singers, together with the other passengers, crowded to the rail so they might land

the more quickly, Sheriff McRae called out to them:

"Who is your leader?"

Immediate and unmistakable was the answer from every I.W.W.:

"We are all leaders!"

Angrily drawing his gun from its holster and flourishing it in a threatening manner, McRae cried:

"You can't land here."

"Like hell we can't!" came the reply from the men as they stepped toward the partly thrown off gang plank.

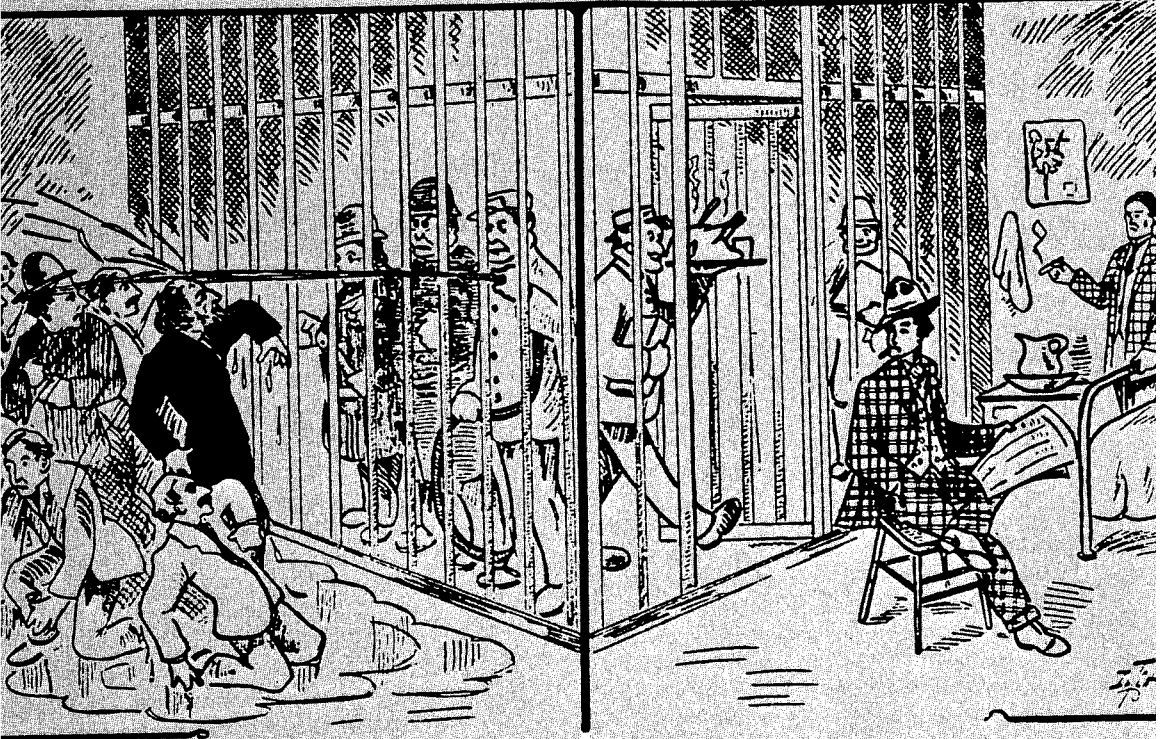
A volley of shots sent them staggering backward and many fell to the deck. The waving of McRae's revolver evidently was the prearranged signal for the carnage to commence.

The few armed men on board, according to many of the eye-witnesses, then drew revolvers and returned the fire, causing consternation in the ranks of the cowardly murderers barricaded on the dock. Until the contents of their revolvers were exhausted the workers stood firm. They had no ammunition in reserve. The unarmed men sought cover but were subjected to a veritable hail of steel jacketed soft-nosed bullets from the high power rifles of the vigilantes. The sudden rush to the off-shore side of the boat caused it to list to about thirty degrees. Bullets from the dock to the south and from the scab tugboats moored there apparently got in their destructive work, for a number of men were seen to fall overboard and the water was reddened with their blood. No bodies were recovered when the harbor was dragged the next day. On the tugboat Edison, the scab cook, a mulatto, fired shot after shot with careful and deadly aim at the men on the off-shore side of the boat, according to the Pacific Coast Longshoreman, the official I.L.A. paper. This man had not even a deputy badge to give a semblance of legality to his murders. That the gunmen on the two docks and on the scab boats were partly the victims of their own cross fire is quite likely.

After ten minutes of steady firing, during which hundreds of rounds of ammunition were expended, the further murder of unarmed men was prevented by the action of Engineer Ernest Skelgren, who backed the boat away from the dock with no pilot at the wheel. The vigilantes kept up their gunfire as long as the boat was within reach.

On a hilltop overlooking the scene thousands

The Constitution Guarantees Freedom of Speech. RATS!



Water Cure for Workers

Turkey for Pimps

of Everett citizens witnessed the whole affair. The consensus of their opinion is that the vigilante mob started the affair and are wholly responsible.

Many angry citizens made demonstrations against the vigilantes as they left the dock with automobiles containing the corpse of gunman Lieut. C. O. Curtis, who had fallen early in the fight, and twenty wounded vigilantes, among whom were Jeff Beard, Chief Deputy Sheriff and former Sheriff of Snohomish county, who later died in the hospital, and Sheriff McRae with three bullet wounds in his legs. The recovery of some of the gunmen is still in doubt.

Mrs. Edith Frenette, who was later arrested in Seattle together with Mrs. Joyce Peters and Mrs. Lorna Mahler, is held on the allegation that she tried to throw red pepper in the eyes of the sheriff and then drew a revolver to shoot him as he was being removed from the dock. Mrs. Frenette was out on \$1,000 bail on an unlawful assembly charge made by the Everett authorities.

An Everett correspondent, writing to the Seattle Union Record, official A. F. of L. organ, makes the following statement of the temper of the people:

"Your correspondent was on the street at the time of the battle and at the dock ten minutes afterward. He mingled with the street crowds for hours afterwards. The temper of the people is dangerous. Nothing but curses and execrations for the Commercial Club was heard. Men and women who are ordinarily law abiding, who in normal times mind their own business pretty well, pay their taxes, send their children to church and school, pay their bills, in every way comport themselves as normal citizens, were heard using the most vitriolic language concerning the Commercial Club, loudly sympathizing with the I.W.W.'s. And therein lies the great harm that was done, more menacing to the city than the presence of any number of I.W.W.'s, viz., the transformation of decent, honest citizens into beings mad for vengeance and praying for something dire to happen. I heard gray-haired women, mothers and wives, gentle, kindly, I know, in their home circles, openly hoping that the I.W.W.'s would come back and 'clean up.'"

Terrorism and chaos reigned in Everett following the tragedy. Over six hundred deputies patrolled the streets. A citizen who slipped into the prohibited area claims that he overheard a group of panic stricken citizen-deputies say: "We must

stick together on this story about the first shot from the boat."

Certain officials called for the state militia and, without investigating, Governor Lister ordered mobilization and soon some of the naval militiamen were on the scene. Some militiamen, knowing that the call practically amounted to strike duty *refused to go to the armory.*

The Verona, with its cargo of dead and wounded, steamed toward Seattle, meeting the Calista four miles out from Everett. Captain Wyman stopped the Calista and cried out through his megaphone, "For God's sake don't land. They'll kill you. We have dead and wounded on board now."

In Seattle large bodies of police—with drawn revolvers—lined the dock awaiting the return of the two steamers. At 4:40 P.M. the Verona reached the dock and the first words of the I.W.W. men were, "Get the wounded fellows out and we'll be all right." The four dead members, their still bodies covered with blankets, were first removed from the boat and taken to the morgue. Police and hospital ambulances were soon filled with the thirty-two wounded men, who were taken to the city hospital. The uninjured men were then lined up and slowly marched to the city jail. The thirty-eight men taken from the Calista were placed in the county jail.

A competent physician is authority for the statement that Felix Baran, the I.W.W. man who died in the city hospital, would have had more than an even chance of recovery had he been given proper surgical attention upon his arrival in the hospital.

Up to this writing no inquest has been held over the five dead fellow workers.

The Seattle I.W.W. has been denied the bodies and unless relatives come forward to claim them the men will be buried as paupers. A request that the I.W.W. be allowed to hold a public funeral for the four men met with a denial. It was claimed that the display of these men to the general public would tend to incite a riot and disorder. The even hand of capitalist justice is shown by the fact that at the same time this ruling was made the funeral of gunman C. O. Curtis took place in Seattle with Prosecuting Attorney Alfred H. Lundin as one of the pallbearers. This funeral was held with military honors, Lieut. Curtis having been in the officers' reserve corps of the National Guard of Washington, and formerly of the Adjutant General's staff.

A hastily gathered coroner's jury in Everett viewed the bodies of gunmen C. O. Curtis and Jeff F. Beard, and retiring long enough to put their instructions in writing had laid these deaths at the door of the I.W.W.—“a riotous mob on the steamer Verona.” The Seattle Central Labor Council on November 8 characterized the inquest as a farce and appropriated \$100 for a complete investigation. They also demanded that a fair and exhaustive inquest be held, with full examination of all available witnesses.

The men in jail were held incommunicado for several days and were not allowed even the prison bill of fare—being given only bread and coffee. Mayor H. C. Gill, being aware of the fact that the public generally were sympathizing with the men, directed that they be placed upon the regular prison diet, and that they be allowed to see relatives and friends. He also saw personally to the comfort of the prisoners by providing them with 300 warm blankets and an assortment of tobacco. In an interview which appeared in a Seattle paper the mayor made the following statement:

“In final analysis it will be found that these cowards in Everett who, without right or justification, shot into the crowd on the boat, were murderers and not the I.W.W.'s.

“The men who met the I.W.W.'s at the boat were a bunch of cowards. They outnumbered the I.W.W.'s five to one, and in spite of this they stood there on the dock and fired into the boat, I.W.W.'s, innocent passengers and all.

“McRae and his deputies had no legal right to tell the I.W.W.'s or any one else that they could not land there. When the sheriff put his hand on the butt of his gun and told them they could not land, he fired the first shot, in the eyes of the law, and the I.W.W.'s can claim that they shot in self-defense.”

Speaking of the men in jail, Gill said:

“These men haven't been charged with anything. Personally I have no sympathy with the I.W.W.'s. The way I have handled them here in the past ought to be proof enough of that, but I don't believe I should have these men tortured just because I have them in jail.

“If I were one of the party of forty I.W.W.'s who was almost beaten to death by 300 citizens of Everett without being able to defend myself, I probably would have armed myself if I intended to visit Everett again.”

The mayor charged that Everett officials were inconsistent in their handling of this situation. He said that they permit candidates for office to violate the city ordinances by speaking on the streets and yet run the I.W.W.'s out of town if they endeavor to mount a soap box.

“Why hasn't a Benson supporter just as much right to speak in the streets as a McBride or a Hughes supporter?” said Mayor Gill.

Passenger Oscar Carlson was at the very front of the Verona when the firing commenced. He now lies in the city hospital with a number of serious bullet wounds. His affidavit has been taken. In an interview he speaks of the I.W.W. attitude on the voyage to Everett as follows:

“I never expected to have any shooting. All I heard was ‘They may not let us land.’ I didn't hear any threat of violence—it seemed funny. I was not acquainted and knew but two by sight only.”

Although in a weakened condition, Carlson stated that he saw no guns and continued the interview long enough to say, “I tell you as it comes to me now, it seems one shot came from the dock first, then three or four from the other side, then all sides at once.”

Ernest Nordstrom, another passenger, practically substantiates all of Carlson's statement.

As was to be expected, the entire capitalist press united in their opposition to the I.W.W.'s in this fight. Their tactics have embraced everything from outright lies to the petty trick of placing the words “Jew,” “Irish,” etc., after the names of I.W.W. men in their newspaper references in order to create the idea that the whole affair is the work of “ignorant foreigners.” To combat these capitalist forces there are in the immediate vicinity three official organs of the A. F. of L., the Industrial Worker, the Northwest Worker of Everett and the Socialist World of Seattle. These are weekly papers, but the publicity they have already given the case is swinging public opinion to the side of the workers.

To arrive at an understanding of the tragedy of the Verona some knowledge of the events that preceded it is necessary.

Everett has been in a more or less lawless condition ever since the open shop lumber men imported thugs and scabs to break the shingle weavers' strike of six months ago. Union men were beaten and one picket was shot in the leg. Demands for organization brought the I.W.W. on

the scene. Headquarters were opened and street meetings started to inform the Everett workers of conditions in the mills and in the northwest lumber industry generally. Obeying orders from the Commercial Club, the I.W.W. hall was closed by the police. Speakers were arrested and deported. Members of the I.W.W. from Seattle, some of them striking longshoremen, aided the shingle weavers in the maintaining of their picket line. Deportation entirely without legal process continued for some time. On September 9 Sheriff McRae and a bunch of vigilantes fired a volley of shots at the launch Wonder and arrested the captain, together with twenty I.W.W. men who were on board. Meanwhile the police were raiding the I.W.W. hall and all of those arrested were taken to jail, where they were severely beaten. Jury trials were denied and finally the prisoners were turned over to the vigilante mob, who clubbed them and illegally deported them. These tactics continued for some time, and increased in their intensity to such an extent that the citizens of Everett, some ten or fifteen thousand in number, gathered in a protest meeting on September 20. There were speakers representing all factions of the labor revolutionary movement, as well as citizens who had come to tell of the beatings they had received at the hands of the vigilantes.

Then, on October 30, occurred an outrage greater than all the preceding ones—an outrage exceeded only by the wanton murder of the I.W.W. men on the steamer Verona. Forty-one I.W.W. men, entirely unarmed and accused of no crime, were taken from a boat on which they were passengers, and at the point of guns, were searched and abused by a mob of deputized drunks. They were then thrown into automobiles and with armed guards, who outnumbered them five to one, were taken to a lonely country spot, where they were forced to run the gauntlet of the vigilantes who rained blows upon their unprotected heads and bodies with saps, clubs, pickhandles and other weapons. In this mob of 200 fiends were lawyers, doctors, business men, members of the chamber of commerce, "patriotic" militiamen, ignorant university students, deputies and Sheriff McRae. As a result of a peaceable attempt to assert a constitutional right, forty-one members of the I.W.W. were sent to Seattle hospitals, with injuries ranging from dangerously severe bruises to broken shoulders.

The answer of the I.W.W. to this damnable act

of violence and to the four months of terrorism that had preceded it was a call issued through the *Industrial Worker* for two thousand men to enter Everett, there to gain by sheer force of numbers that right of free speech and peaceable assemblage supposed to have been guaranteed them by the constitution of the United States. Then came the tragedy on the steamer Verona.

The prosecution made its first legal move on Friday, November 10, when forty-one men were singled out, heavily handcuffed and secretly transported to Everett. They are charged with first degree murder. The other men are held on the technical charge of unlawful assembly, pending the filing of more serious charges.

The defense of the men will be undertaken by lawyer Fred H. Moore, assisted by Judge Hilton, Arthur Leseuer, Col. C. E. S. Wood and local Seattle attorneys, according to present advices.

The prosecution is backed by the Chamber of Commerce, the Commercial Club, the Employers' Association, the Lumber Trust and other upholders of the open shop. These men will stick at nothing to convict the prisoners so as to cover the murders committed by their hirelings.

An immediate and generous response is the only means of preventing a frame-up and wholesale conviction of these men. They have fought their class war. Are you game to back them up financially? Let your response go at once to the

DEFENSE COMMITTEE,

Box 85, Nippon Station, Seattle, Wash.

8

This one-act skit, privately printed by the author, Walker C. Smith, is included in the I.W.W. files in the Labadie Collection. Former I.W.W. acting secretary-treasurer Peter Stone writes: "I believe it was during the Everett Trial that we put on the mock trial. Both Fred Moore and George Vanderveer, the real defense attorneys, were in the audience. The occasion was one of the regular monthly smokers that we in Seattle put on to help out on expenses. The smokers consisted of four three-round boxing bouts; a voluntary professional performer; a propaganda talk by James P. Thompson or Kate Sadler, and usually a propaganda sketch. These sketches were reasonable facsimiles of a one-act play, but more often than not they were built around scenes in the 'jungles.' The format consisted of at least one 'hoosier' to

bring up the standard cliches against unions and the I.W.W. in particular, and the Wobblies answering these arguments, sometimes interspersed with a Wobbly song or two. . . . The occasion on which Walker Smith's kangaroo court was put on was just such a smoker, preceded by three boxing bouts" (letter to JLK, February 3, 1964).

THEIR COURT AND OUR CLASS

A One Act Sketch

By WALKER C. SMITH

Scene—A Courtroom, with a judge, clerk, sheriff, prosecuting attorney, prisoner, prisoner's counsel, three witnesses, jurymen, spectator and messenger boy.

Place—Everett, Wash.

Time—Early in 1917.

JUDGE (*enters Courtroom from his chambers after all others are in proper position. He takes his seat.*)

COURT CLERK—Hear ye! Hear ye! The dishonorable Court of Snohomish County is now in session. (*Turns to jury, who rise*). Do you solemnly swear to hear no evidence in this case favorable to the accused and to render a verdict of Guilty? (*pause*) Before this dishonorable court comes now the case of the City of Everett, State of Degradation, plaintiff, versus A. WISE WOBBLY, defendant; and (*monotone*) Therefore, to wit and whereas and in the manner heretofore described and all other statements to the contrary notwithstanding, the defendant, A. WISE WOBBLY, stands arraigned and accused and is arraigned and accused before the dishonorable Bar of this Court of Injustice in that he did feloniously and with malice aforethought and otherwise with deliberation cause the death and demise of A. MUTT and B. JEFF, to wit, by dodging, twisting, turning, shifting and otherwise evading bullets intended for his person and by so doing in the manner heretofore described did cause said bullets to enter the persons of the said Mutt and Jeff thus slaying, murdering, killing, putting to death, taking the life and otherwise bringing about the decease of the aforesaid Mutt and Jeff.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY (*stepping pompously forward*) As an amendment to this charge, your Honor, I wish * * *

COURT CLERK (*interrupting*) Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY (*angrily*) Certainly not! Why, I'm the prosecuting attorney in this case!

CLERK (*humbly*) My mistake. Of course you won't.

PRISONER'S COUNSEL (*addressing the Court*)—I move, your Honor, that the indictment be dismissed as vitally defective in that it lacks the constitutionally required number of "whereases," and has a misplaced comma in the third line.

JUDGE (*after due reflection*) Motion denied; exceptions granted.

PROSECUTOR—In opening this memorable case I wish to emphatically state that we have such overwhelming evidence that it will be entirely unnecessary for me to say more than a few brief words to you gentlemen of the jury—you six good men and true who represent the sum total of the intelligence of the universe and who have sworn to uphold the noble motto of Snohomish County "In Lumber We Trust." In the name of the fair women of this great state, I ask you gentlemen of the jury to remember that each one of you has a dear mother who used to hold you in her arms and kiss your little feet and therefore it is your manifest duty to bring in a verdict of GUILTY against this defendant who would tear down the palladium of our liberties and destroy the inalienable right of the scab to work long hours for short wages. Shall we haul down the Stars and Stripes that now float proudly o'er the county jail? Shall we admit that the Statue of Liberty is hollow and the Liberty Bell is cracked? Did our brave boys in yellow give their lives in vain during the Spanish-American war against Armour's pork and beans? I appeal to that lofty spirit of patriotism which should swell the bosom of every property owner, gentlemen of the jury,—it is unpatriotic and un-American to bring in a verdict of NOT GUILTY when a working man is on trial. Look at the hardened prisoner, gentlemen! He has callouses on his hands! I tell you he is as guilty as Hell! (*pause*) I will now call my first witness, a man who has furnished the guiding spirit to our noble Commercial Club, whose thoughts control our daily press, whose philosophy supports our entire social system, and whose ideas pervade the whole history of jurisprudence—Mr. Ananias.

CLERK—Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you Jesus?

(*Witness assents.*)

PROSECUTOR—Mr. Ananias, will you kindly state to this dishonorable court exactly what you do and do not know about this violent I.W.W. invasion into peaceful and law-abiding Everett?

ANANIAS—In Everett, Washington, on Sunday, November fifth, Nineteen hundred Sixteen, at 2 P.M., with about 300 others, I was on the Municipal Dock lying down behind * * *

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—Object! your honor, the witness by his own admission is in the habit of lying.

JUDGE—Objection overruled! That is why the witness is here!

PROSECUTOR—Tell the court what you saw from your reclining position on the dock.

ANANIAS—I saw the Verona steam up to the dock and there was a crowd of I.W.W.'s on board. This man (*indicating the prisoner*) was one of the leaders.

PROSECUTOR—How do you know he was a leader?

ANANIAS—Because they were ALL leaders. (*Continuing story*) Cold chills ran down my spine * * *

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—Object, your honor, the spine is not in evidence.

JUDGE—Objection overruled. Proof of a spine is not necessary. The witness is acting for the state. (*To witness*) Proceed.

ANANIAS—As I was saying, cold chills ran down my back when I saw this mob, armed to the teeth (*general gasp from all present and low cries of Oh! Oh!*) armed to the teeth with 250 copies of the little red song book, 6 copies of the Industrial Relations Commission Report and four chair legs. (*Looks of horror on faces of jurymen*) This man (*indicating prisoner*) had a song book in one hand and a chair leg in the other and when he finished singing the I.W.W. battle hymn "Hold the Fort!" he cried out in a loud voice, "Give me Liberty or give me Death!" There was no liberty in Everett to give him, so the deputies started to give him death. I saw him *deliberately* dodge several bullets from the Improvement dock to the South and these bullets struck and killed Mr. A. Mutt and Mr. B. Jeff. The other men also dodged, but they were not so fast and we got five of them and wounded

a lot of others. The shooting from the other dock made it kind of dangerous.

PROSECUTOR—You are of the opinion, then, that the defendant is guilty?

ANANIAS—Of course, I am. He is a member of the I.W.W.

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—I move that all this testimony be stricken out on the ground that it is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, and that the jury be instructed to remember that they never heard it.

JUDGE—The Court declares a recess to take the matter under advisement and to get a drink. The sheriff will see that no one favorable to the defendant be allowed to speak to the jury, and will shoot the prisoner if he attempts to talk at all.

(*Judge turns his back and takes a drink. Sheriff takes a flask from his hip and refreshes himself. Prosecutor slips each jurymen a cigar. Clerk piles books on Judge's desk and Judge peruses same.*)

JUDGE (*rapping on desk*) Following the celebrated precedent set by Chinwhiskers, Justice of the Peace in Sagebrush Township, State of North Dakota, Anno Domini 1863, see Reports and Digests, North Dakota Revised Statutes, 1864 to 1865, in the case of John Farmer versus Roughneck, in which evidence was stricken on the ground that an idea was introduced; reaffirmed in the case of Scissor versus Rebel in which evidence of the respondent was thrown out because he said what he meant and meant what he said, Federal Proceedings, volume 213, year 1862: therefore I rule that the portion of the evidence regarding the killing and wounding of workers be stricken out and that the jury dismiss it from their minds under penalty of Contempt of Court.

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—Mr. Ananias, you admit that you were lying on the dock. Are you not doing the same in this court-room?

ANANIAS—(*flustered*) Y-Yes.

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—That is all!

PROSECUTOR—I will now call my next witness, the famous defective, William J. Arson.

CLERK—Do you solemnly swear not to tell the truth or anything like the truth, so help you God?

(*Witness assents.*)

PROSECUTOR—Kindly tell the court, Mr. Arson, just

what misinformation you have gathered together in regard to this Everett affair.

ARSON—I was at the City Dock when the Verona pulled in and I seen this here prisoner and he had a stick of wood in one hand and a dangerous lookin' book in the other, so help me O'Higgins. He was singin' "Onward Christian Soldiers" in an incendiary and riotous tone of voice. We started shootin' at him and so did our men on the Improvement dock. I seen him duckin' the bullets and two of the deputies was killed. Lots of shootin' was did, but we killed only five of them fellows on the boat. I reckon we had been drinkin' too much and our aims was poor. Of course the men on the boat was armed.

PROSECUTOR—You state that the men on the Verona were armed. Were they *better* armed than the deputies on the docks?

ARSON—Sure they was. We had only guns and bullets and booze on our side and the I.W.W. fellows was armed with Truth and Courage and Solidarity.

PROSECUTOR—Mr. Arson, you state that five men on the Verona were killed. When did you first learn of this fact?

ARSON—On the evenin' of November 5th in the Commercial Club we all got together to fix up our stories and a telegram come in from Seattle sayin' five was dead and twenty-five wounded on the boat. We all jumped up and down and yelled "Goody! Goody! We got five of them!" I tell you us detectives and scabs and open-shoppers was sure some happy at the good news.

PROSECUTOR—Are you sure, Mr. Arson, that this story is correct in all its details?

ARSON—Sure I am. Ain't I done rehearsed it enough times!

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—Mr. Arson, you state that the defendant was singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" while the preceding witness stated under oath that he was singing "Hold the Fort." Which one of you is lying?

ARSON—Both—I mean neither. It's the same song only different. It's called the "Marseillaise," and it says: "To arms! To arms! Ye brave!" Mr. Prosecutor and Judge, your honor, I object to the insinuatin' questions of this here attorney. My hearin' ain't very good, nohow, and I don't understand music.

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—This means in plain English—

PROSECUTOR—Object!! Your honor! I object!!

JUDGE—'Bjection s'tained.

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—Mr. Arson, do you believe in Capital Punishment?

ARSON—Of course! It was good enough for my father and I reckon it's good enough for me.

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—Do you understand the nature of an oath, Mr. Arson?

ARSON—Sure! Ain't I heard Sheriff McRae talk to the I.W.W. prisoners?

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—Mr. Arson, your testimony is worthless. You have sworn to tell the truth and yet you have addressed the Judge as "Your Honor." Take the witness, Mr. Prosecutor.

PROSECUTOR—Mr. Arson, I understand that you were slightly wounded in this affair. Here is one of your photographs. For the benefit of the jury please mark the exact spot in which you were wounded. (*Hands Arson photograph.*)

ARSON—(*After looking at photograph*) I can't mark it on this here picture, this is a front view.

PROSECUTOR—(*Disgusted*). That is all, Mr. Arson. (*Addresses Court*).

Together with the testimony thus far given on behalf of the Lumber Trust, gentlemen of the jury, I call to your attention the fact that the men who founded this glorious country came here to worship God in their own way and to *force* others to do the same and this proves the guilt of the accused. In the sainted name of Anthony Comstock, I ask you to vote Guilty! Think of the ragged and starving soldiers at Valley Forge who were forced to steal in order to repeal the tax on tea; then consider that this prisoner and his 73 associates have had free board and steam heat in the cozy cells of our magnificent jail at the expense of the poor and struggling taxpayers of this beautiful community. This prisoner has failed to appreciate all the efforts Society has made in his behalf. We have given him municipal ownership of the city dock and of the jail and still he persists in asking for more wages and shorter hours. Why, he even wants to get *all* the wealth he produces! Where would that leave *you*, gentlemen of the jury? You would have to work for an *honest* living! Actually work! Can you doubt that the prisoner is guilty, gentlemen of the jury?

PRISONER (*Leaping to his feet*)—Justice! Justice! I demand Justice!

JUDGE (*sternly*)—Silence! The prisoner forgets. that he is in a court room.

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—I regret this outburst on the part of my client. By nature he is a quiet man. This explosiveness—this inflammatory utterance—comes from the fact that there has been too much saltpetre in his mush.

JUDGE—I accept your explanation and will not sentence the prisoner to jail.

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—As the Persecutor has presented so weak a case I will bring forward but one witness before calling my client to the stand. Mr. Everett True.

CLERK — Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth, God help your soul—I mean so help you God?

(*Witness assents.*)

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—Kindly tell the Court just what you know of this affair in Everett.

TRUE—I am a citizen of Everett. At the time of this outrage I was on a hill overlooking the dock. The deputies opened fire upon the unarmed men without warning. Shots came from two different docks and from a tugboat. Men fell to the deck and others sought cover. I think the deputies who were shot are the victims of their own cross-fire. I am not a member of the I.W.W. nor of the Commercial Club. I favor a federal investigation of the entire affair.

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—That is all, Mr. True. Cross-examine the witness, Mr. Persecutor.

PROSECUTOR—Mr. True, are you sure that you saw what you described and what was your age on your last birthday? Answer yes or no!

TRUE (*indignantly*)—I—

PROSECUTOR—Answer yes or no, sir!

TRUE (*spluttering with partly suppressed rage*)—
I—I—

JUDGE—(*sternly*). You must answer the question yes or no!

TRUE (*appealing to Judge*)—How can I—

JUDGE—Ten days for aggravated contempt of court. Commit the witness.

(*Sheriff drags struggling witness from the stand.*)

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—I object, your honor! I object!

JUDGE—Objection overruled!—Do you wish to stand in contempt yourself?

I.W.W. Spectator (*coming forward*). Give me twenty days, you old fraud. I have twice as much contempt for you as True has!

(*Commotion in court room. Sheriff throws inter-rupter out of room.*)

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—At this point I wish to introduce as evidence an interview with Hi Gill, Mayor of Seattle, as published in that notorious labor-hating sheet—*The Seattle Times* of Nov. 8th, (*Reads clipping*)

MAYOR GILL SAYS I.W.W. DID NOT
START RIOT

*Seattle Executive Places Blame for Sunday
Tragedy on Citizens of Everett—
Gives Prisoners Tobacco*

Providing the I.W.W.'s whose attempted armed invasion of Everett last Sunday resulted in seven deaths and injuries to forty-nine persons, with every comfort possible, Mayor H. C. Gill yesterday afternoon personally directed the carrying of 300 warm blankets and an assortment of tobacco to the 250 prisoners now held in the city jail.

In this manner Gill replied to criticism in Seattle and Everett for not having stopped the I.W.W.'s from going to the Snohomish County city. He supplemented this today by assailing Sheriff Donald McRae, of Snohomish County, and the posse of special deputies who met the invading I.W.W.'s at the boat.

"In the final analysis," the mayor declared, "it will be found these cowards in Everett who, without right or justification, shot into the crowd on the boat were the murderers and not the I.W.W.'s.

Calls Them Cowards

"The men who met the I.W.W.'s at the boat were a bunch of cowards. They outnumbered the I.W.W.'s five to one, and in spite of this they stood there on the dock and fired into the boat, I.W.W.'s, innocent passengers and all.

"McRae and his deputies had no legal right to tell the I.W.W.'s or anyone else that they could not land there. When the sheriff put his hand on the butt of his gun and told them they could not land, he fired the first shot, in the eyes of the law, and the I.W.W.'s can claim that they shot in self-defense."

Mayor Gill asserted the Everett authorities have no intention of removing the I.W.W.'s now in jail here to Snohomish County.

"They are afraid to come down here and get them," he declared, "because Everett is in a state of anarchy and the authorities don't know where they're at."

Asked what he would have done at Everett Sunday when the I.W.W.'s appeared at that city, the mayor said he would have permitted them to land.

"After they had been allowed to come ashore," he said, "I would have had them watched. Then if they violated the law I would have had them thrown in jail. There would have been no trouble that way."

No Fight in Seattle

"Because Everett has been reduced to a state of anarchy by their high-handed methods of dealing with this situation it is no reason they are going to attempt to bring their fight down in Seattle, at least while I am mayor.

"If I were one of the party of forty I.W.W.'s who was almost beaten to death by 300 citizens of Everett without being able to defend myself,

I probably would have armed myself if I intended to visit Everett again.

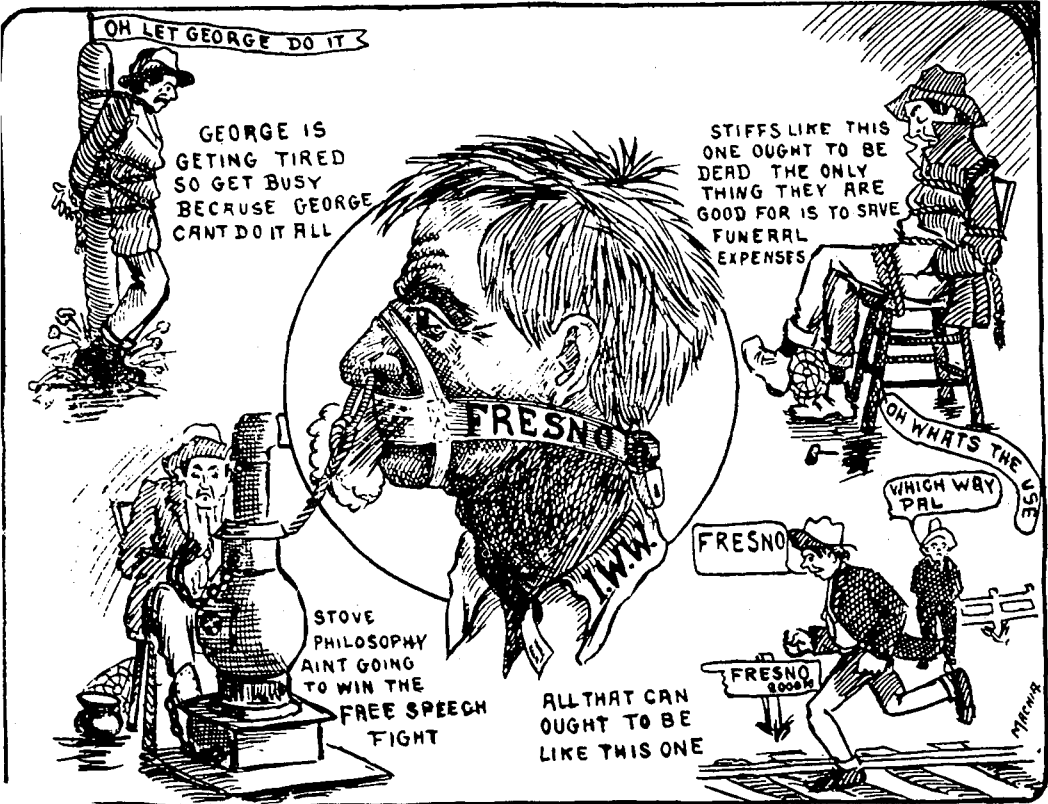
"If the Everett authorities had an ounce of sense, this tragedy would have never happened. They have handled the situation like a bunch of imbeciles, and they have been trying to unload these men onto Seattle. You don't see any disturbances here, because we don't use nickel methods."

The mayor charged that Everett officials were inconsistent in their handling of this situation. He said that they permit candidates for office to violate the city ordinances by speaking on the streets and yet run the I.W.W.'s out of town if they endeavor to mount a soap box.

(Pause)—The defendant, Mr. A Wise Wobbly will now please take the stand.

WOBBLY (Answering clerk's rigamarole) I affirm!

Industrial Worker, February 2, 1911.



PRISONER'S COUNSEL—Kindly state to the Court, Mr. Wobbly, your version of the outrage on Bloody Sunday.

PROSECUTOR—I object, your Honor!

JUDGE—State your objections to the Court.

PROSECUTOR—This is Snohomish county and according to *our* theory of law and order a workingman is always Guilty until he is proven innocent. Therefore the prisoner should be cross-examined before he is allowed to make his statement.

JUDGE—The point is well taken. Examine the accused, Mr. Prosecutor.

PROSECUTOR—Mr. Wobbly, by the testimony of two unimpeachable witnesses I have proven that you were singing two different songs at the same time. What have you to say on this point?

WOBBLY—I was not singing at all, Mr. Prostituting Attorney, I was merely reciting the Declaration of Independence.

PROSECUTOR—Nonsense! Nonsense! I don't believe you know the Declaration of Independence. How does it start?

WOBBLY—"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 the 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—"

PROSECUTOR (*interrupting*)—That's enough! That's enough! You know it all right!! (*pause*) Mr. Wobbly, will you tell the Court whether or not you were armed at the time the Verona docked.

WOBBLY—I had a piece of wood in my hand.

PROSECUTOR—Describe the wood.

WOBBLY—It was only a small piece.

JUDGE (*angrily*)—You must be more explicit! What size was this wood? Was it as long as my head?

WOBBLY (*reflectively*)—Yes, a little longer than your head *but not nearly so thick!*

JUDGE (*clearing his throat*)—H'mm! Prisoner at the Bar, have you anything further to say for yourself?

WOBBLY—Yes, Judge, I think you should be thankful that I'm here.

JUDGE (*surprised*)—How do you make that out?

WOBBLY—Well—suppose all the agitators and pick-

ets and union men and socialists and anarchists and birth control advocates were to strike and quit agitating—what would you judges do for a living?

PROSECUTOR (*trying to cover the Judge's confusion*)—Mr. Wobbly, what is your nationality?

WOBBLY (*proudly*)—I.W.W.

PROSECUTOR—Then you are not a patriot? Wouldn't you fight for the country?

WOBBLY—Certainly not! I live in the city!

PROSECUTOR—I mean to ask whether you would fight for your native land?

WOBBLY—I don't own any land. The I.W.W. is fighting all the landlords for all the land and all the employers for all the machinery of production. (*makes a move toward Prosecutor*) If you own any land I'll fight you for it!

PROSECUTOR (*hastily*)—Take the defendant in rebuttal.

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—Mr. Wise Wobbly, will you please tell the Court in as few words as possible just what made you decide to go to Everett on the steamer Verona on Sunday, November fifth?

WOBBLY (*whimsically*)—I could talk better if I had a soap box.

COUNSEL (*sternly*)—Tell your story, Mr. Wobbly.

WOBBLY—I am a member of that ever-increasing rebel army which is marching against the Masters of the Bread. I believe in, and am willing to fight and to die for the principle of free speech, free press, free assemblage, and the right to organize Labor into a solid industrial body that will wage the every day battles of the workers and will manage industry when capitalism shall have been overthrown. I am an I.W.W. and proud of it! For six months the tools of the Lumber Trust in Snohomish county have beaten, robbed, deported and abused all workers who did not favor the open shop and the closed mouth. Finally a mob of citizen deputies illegally seized 41 members of my class and after taking them to the outskirts of Everett beat them so brutally that many of them had to be sent to the hospital. Then, with many others, I decided to go to Everett to gain the right to speak and organize. I thought that a body of several hundred men, with a strong sentiment already in their favor in Everett would be able to speak without interference because of their numbers and strength. I went on the Verona with more than 250 others and



WORSE AND MORE OF IT

"MOVE ON" FOR SPEAKERS, LATER WILL INCLUDE PICKETS

altho we were unarmed, our greeting from the "keepers of the peace" was a hail of bullets that killed five of our brave fellow workers and wounded over thirty others. Then on our return to Seattle we were arrested and I am the first of seventy-four to be tried for first degree murder. The only crime I am guilty of is loyalty to the working class! I am innocent of murder but I am guilty of solidarity!! Convict me for that if you dare!!!

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—That is all. I rest my case.

JUDGE—My instructions to the jury, gentlemen, is that you disregard all evidence favorable to the accused and remain faithful to your trust—the Lumber Trust. When rendering your verdict, bear in mind that a Court is a place where justice is dispensed—with. It is your duty to vindicate the fair name of our Commercial Club and to keep the pillars of society from crumbling, and by so doing you will be able to hire your wage slaves much more cheaply in the future. * * *

MESSENGER BOY—Telegram for Prosecuting Attorney!

JUDGE (*continuing as Prosecutor signs for and reads telegram*)—Gentlemen of the jury, as I see before me your six countenances distinguished by that supreme sagacity which is the proud birthright of every freeman born or naturalized under the starry flag of this great republic, I know that you will not disregard my instructions. I instruct you to bring a verdict of—

PROSECUTOR—(*In trembling voice*)—Judge, your honor, read this telegram!

JUDGE (*reading telegram aloud*)—“*The I.W.W. strongly organized in the lumber camps and mills, and in allied industries, will inaugurate an immediate general strike in case a verdict of Guilty is rendered in the Everett trial.*”

JUDGE (*turning to jury*)—As I was saying, gentlemen, it is your duty to bring in a verdict of—**NOT GUILTY!**

FOREMAN OF JURY—(*Rises and receiving nods of assent from members of jury, addresses the court*)—The final evidence in this case is so conclusive that we are forced to render a verdict of *Not Guilty!*

(*Sheriff removes handcuffs and chains from prisoner.*)

PRISONER'S COUNSEL—I move for the dismissal of the seventy-three cases pending and demand

the immediate discharge of all prisoners from custody.

JUDGE—Motion granted! Prisoners discharged!! Court dismissed!! Oh Lord, give me a drink, quick!!

WOBBLY (*holding chains and handcuffs aloft*)—*See what Solidarity of Labor has done!!! . . . (Drops chains and handcuffs to floor with a crash as curtain falls.)*

(Finis)

9

This account of the prison experiences of seventy-four I.W.W. defendants following the "Tragedy of the Verona" was one of a series of retrospective articles published in the Industrial Worker during 1945-46. This article appeared in the Industrial Worker (October 30, 1946).

JAILS DIDN'T MAKE THEM WEAKEN

By JACK LEONARD

*One of the 74 Everett Victims Tells How
With Battleship and Solidarity
They Improved the Jail*

It has been suggested to me many times, that I write my personal experiences and reactions while confined in the Snohomish county and King county jails after our arrests on the first degree murder charges November 5, 1916.

The history of the events leading up to and including November 5, 1916, has been written much better than I could hope to do. The things we did to amuse ourselves; the humorous situations that arose, the bewilderment of the jailers at a group of prisoners who insisted upon and received, finally, respect from them; the lifting of authority as far as the prisoners' welfare was concerned, or the administration of all matters within the tanks and cells was concerned—these things have just been mentioned as something incidental to the trial itself.

The 74 represented a remarkable cross section of the working class, more remarkable because it was so representative. There was an Irishman from Ireland, another of Irish extraction but born

in U.S.A., an English Jew, a Russian Jew and an American Jew. (All by birth, none as far as I know professing.) There were at least two from Australia. The age of the 74 ranged from a 16 year old boy to men approaching 60. There were migratory workers and resident workers; and some of them had worked at so many different jobs and at such a variety of crafts, that I honestly believe that given the tools and materials, they could have built a city complete with all utilities. In education so far as I have any knowledge none had gone to college. (Perhaps that is why Anna Louise Strong said that we reminded her of college students.)

There were as many kinds of personalities and temperaments as there were individuals. This then is the group I was to spend months with, before and during the trial of Thomas Tracy.

As was customary in those days, we migrants seldom had occasion to use the names by which our births were or were not registered, and mine had been changed from John L. Miller to J. Leonard Miller to Jack Leonard. The last seemed to stick, like burrs to a water spaniel.

As we were being booked at the Seattle city jail I got my first chuckle as the booking sergeant said: "The Leonard family is damn well represented here tonight," especially as I knew the man's name he was registering was really Leonard and since Leonard had become my moniker that was what I was going to give.

Shortly after this I was shoved into what is known as a tank with so many men that there was not enough floor space for us all to lie down. We soon managed this by having the first row lie down, the second row would lay head and shoulders on the hips of the first row, the third row heads and shoulders on the hips of the second row and so on.

The Battleship

This went on with a bread and coffee diet for a few days until we were sufficiently organized to "Build a Battleship." I do not know how the expression "Build a Battleship" originated, but to those who have not participated or witnessed such a demonstration by a bunch of determined *Wobblies*, I'll say but emphatically, you have missed something.

The building was not too suitable as it was built of concrete. The jail was several floors above the street and was divided into several tanks, so that it was hard to work in perfect concert with

all groups. First we sang a few songs to warm up. Then in our tank we all huddled in the center and locked arms, and at the count of three we would all jump up from the floor and of course our combined weight would fall upon the floor at the same time. Being one of the "constructors" I cannot say for sure, but I have been told, that the building actually rocked as tho it were in an earthquake. The jailers first threatened to turn the fire hose upon us. We invited them to do so as we intended to keep on until we furnished them with a hole in the floor for the water to run out. They changed from an attitude of command to one of pleading. They told us of our dying fellow workers in the hospital below. We told them that those men would be cheered rather than depressed by our action. The jailers called the Chief of Police and the Chief of Police called the Mayor of Seattle. The Mayor agreed that we should have better food and tobacco be distributed, and things arranged so that we could at least lie down and be furnished with blankets.

Not many days afterwards we were charged by an information filed by the prosecutor of Snohomish County with first degree murder, that is 41 of us. Later 33 more were so charged.

Three Fingers

We 74 were supposed to be the "leaders." Hell, we had already informed them at the dock in Everett on November 5, that we were all leaders, so in order to get 74, just as many as the Snohomish County jail would hold, they placed some one in a padded cell—no I am not kidding—and he chose us by sticking three fingers thru a hole for yes and two fingers for no. Some picker, two at least were not members at all; some had just lined up. I had been a member less than four months and mostly by accident. Some of ability were chosen. The rest were known because of their activities for the organization.

Now as I mentioned before we were of all temperaments and as the information was read to the first 40, one fainted. Some were sarcastic enough to tell the prosecutor that they thought the charge might be something serious, some jeered, some were indignant, but before the prosecutor could leave we were all singing the "*Red Flag*" or "*Solidarity Forever*."

A couple of nights later we were taken to Everett by interurban which then ran from Seattle to Everett. The Mayor of Seattle asked if sufficient

protection had been provided for us at Everett. I did not hear the reply. But Seattle police rode in the car with us part of the way.

When we arrived in Everett we were placed in the upper tank which had 40 bunks, so one of our number had to sleep in the corridor between the cells. These cells were small, so small that there were two bunks, one over the other hung on hinges and chains to each wall, with an aisle just wide enough for a man to squeeze thru. The sanitary facilities consisted of a bucket for each four men within the cells, one toilet in the corridor, a slop sink where we washed our faces and a shower bath.

Everett's New Jail

For some time we were all but one locked in the cell at night with no access to the toilet. The food was even by jail standard terrible. We were some time getting organized, but from the first we had a jail committee which was elected every week. This committee saw that the portion of the jail which we used was kept clean and dished out what food was given to us. They were the only ones who would speak to the jailers. No one could serve on this committee the second time until each had served upon it once. Needless to say the jailers, who had been used to, and had encouraged the old kangaroo court system, were puzzled. How could they play favorites, or get stool pigeons or otherwise play one prisoner against the other, or who could they pick for the fall guy?

Now when we entered this jail it was so new that it shone. It was supposed to be escape proof. Hardened steel floor and ceiling, hardened steel bars, about four inches wide and $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick. It had a locking system which was worked by levers from outside the corridors, but inside the building. We could see that the jailers were proud of their jail.

Our breakfast in the morning was mouldy half cooked mush. One morning it was so bad that it looked as if some one had defecated into it. The committee served it into the pie pans provided for us to eat from, and then called a meeting to see what was to be done with it. We voted upon it and, as agreed, one man after another took his pan and threw the contents thru the bars at the end of the corridors and frescoed the walls and carpeted the stairs with it. Oh, their beautiful jail.

For supper we had stew or beans. If there was ever any meat in the stew, no one to my knowl-



Solidarity, April 21, 1917.

edge ever discovered it. It consisted of carrots, turnips and spuds on two occasions. We did the same thing with the stew as we did with the mush. Then one night they served us with sour beans, that is beans that had been cooked and had spoiled. We did not discover this until most of them had been eaten up. During the night we were all seized with cramps and diarrhea. That night all of the buckets and the toilet were in constant use. All thru the next day, the jailer received such a thorough and constant cussing that they left us locked in our cells until the next morning, thereby laying keel for another "Battle-ship."

Taking Some Liberty

Some one found that there was about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch slack in the locking mechanism. Now here is a lesson in organized or concerted action. Each four men in each of five cells on the two sides of the corridor all threw their weight against this slack, gaining a little each time, until nine of the ten doors upstairs were forced open far enough for us to get into the corridor. Then we took blankets, rolled them into a rope, and sprung the angle irons on one side of the door until they were never able to lock them while I was there.

Down stairs where the 33 others were kept, they had a bath tub. There was only a cold water tap to the tub. The water was heated by first filling

the tub and then turning on the steam thru the pipe that ran down into the filled tub.

They were not able to get as many doors opened in the lower tank at first as we did in the upper tank, but those that got into the lower corridor somehow unscrewed this pipe and pried the doors to the locking system open. These doors were just above the cell doors. Then they unscrewed the bolts on the horizontal locking levers and by prying, twisting and bending, pulled the levers out of their place and onto the floor. This allowed those still in the cells to open the cell doors and come into the corridor.

You are probably asking what were the jailers doing all this time? Well the first thing that they did was to grab all the guns and run into the street. We were all locked into the corridors, but they were not sure whether we intended to stay there or not, and were not going to be present to say good-bye if we decided to leave. They didn't come back until they called the sheriff.

Time for Beef

Meanwhile some one discovered a barrel of corn beef out in the passage way, and tore a strip from a blanket and bent a nail into a hook. The hook was tied to the strip of blanket and thrown so it would catch on the rim of the barrel. The barrel was upset and the corn beef was drawn into the cell and part of it sent via the blanket strip and bent nail to the upper tank. Our sink had a steam pipe to heat water also, so when the sheriff and deputies came into their jail, we were steam cooking corned beef in the sink. The sheriff felt very badly about the damage to his brand new jail. So did the taxpayers. It cost over \$800 to repair it.

This was the act by which we notified the sheriff who was actually in control. It was explained to him that if better food and treatment were not immediately forthcoming, he could expect not only a re-occurrence of what had just been done, but a more thorough job next time.

As one of the Irish put it: "We'll tear your damned jail down brick by brick and camp by bonfire till ye build another, then tear it down too until ye learn how to feed and treat us." That night we had our first meal that was fit to eat. Next morning we were served with corn flakes with white instead of blue milk and bacon, and coffee that we could drink without holding our nose.

Who Runs This Jail?

They allowed us to have a phonograph after this and I was elected to take it to the lower tank when some one wanted music, and play the records for them. I also played the records in the upper tank. One day I was called to play the phonograph in the lower tank. I called the jailer. He let me take the phonograph and records down the stairs, but said that I would not be allowed to go in. I called for the committee for that week in the lower tank and told them what the jailer said. This forced things right out in the open. The jailer was asked, but not gently, "Who in the hell do you think is running this jail? Now you open that door and let him come in with that phonograph, or send down to Sumner Iron Works for some more boilermakers. If he don't come in you are going to need them." The door was opened and I went in and stayed until everybody had heard all the records they wished to hear. After that it was understood by the jailers that they could either be as decent as their jobs permitted or call the boilermakers.

There were two round steel posts running from the floor of the lower tank thru the ceiling of the lower tank and the floor and up to the ceiling of the upper tank. We used to sing and march in step around these posts. I don't think the jailers or sheriff ever realized what that was doing to their steel jail. I wonder if they knew that soldiers marching across a bridge are always told to break step.

Page Ripley

As I have been reading what I have just written I find a couple of errors. We were not 74 to start with. One of our number who had been wounded on the boat Verona did not join us until he was brought from the hospital. Another found that he was named in the information. He went first to the chief of police in Seattle, and then to the sheriff of King County. Each telephoned to the Snohomish county authorities, and got the old run around. This man accused of first-degree murder had to pay his own fare to Everett to be arrested by the ones who accused him! Page Mr. Ripley.

During all of this time we were not neglecting our education. This was just after the tenth convention of the I.W.W. and changes in the constitution were to be voted upon. The old constitution

and the proposed changes were discussed article by article and section by section as it stood, and as it would be after the changes were made. We called meetings with a new chairman each time. This taught parliamentary procedure to all of us. We exchanged our experiences in the class struggle, in free speech fights, in the harvest fields and on the jobs generally. We read and studied the organization literature when it became available. We sang our songs and the popular songs of the day, especially the verse from "Don McRae":

"Oh Don McRae you've had your day;
 Make way for freedom's host
 For labor's sun is rising soon
 Will shine from coast to coast,
 And when at last, the working class
 Shall make the masters yield
 May your portion of the victory be
 A grave in Potter's Field."

We played games together and pranks upon each other. Oh, yes we were human beings. There were differences of opinion and a little quarreling, no one of course was allowed to strike another. These were all of a personal nature, but, let any issue arise between any one of us and the jailers, then we were at once united and all personal differences forgotten.

An amusing thought comes to me here. One of us whenever he quarreled, and he quarreled frequently, used to put the name of the one he quarreled with in a note book. He was going to fight with each as soon as we were released. I hope he kept that book as my name was in it. What a laugh we could have together, and how glad he would be to meet those same guys now!

Back to Seattle

The trial was set for March 5, 1917. As all the judges in Snohomish county had shown prejudice, the defense had obtained a change of venue to King county. In February I was transferred to the King county jail at Seattle. I was to be a witness in the trial. There were twenty-five in all who came as witnesses to Seattle. A week or so after we left Everett the jailers must have thought that because the number of prisoners left there was smaller, the spirit had changed. An argument came up between the Wobblies and the jailers. The jailers brought in the fire hose and wet down the jail. The Wobs mopped up the water with

Snohomish county mattresses. Even if the jailers won, they lost.

Before we left Everett, we were taken before the judge to plead. Some of those who could raise beards, spent weeks trimming their beards so that the shape would match the one grown by the judge who was to hear us plead. These of course pushed their way into the front row where the resemblance could not be missed. The judge missed the sarcasm and seemed to be flattered that his whiskers were a source of derision.

I am not trying to keep this article in chronological order as I am writing entirely from memory and without notes, so if I should remember something which I think should be inserted, but happened previously to something already mentioned, I can do so without rewriting the whole article.

No Kangaroo

When we arrived at the King county jail in Seattle, we were scattered through several tanks. The first thing done by the other prisoners was to call the Kangaroo court to order. Believing in the freedom of speech and assembly even by prisoners in jail, we listened to the whole proceedings. When they had finished they were told firmly and with emphasis, that we as members of the I.W.W. would neither be governed by its rules nor be a party to it. We explained to them that we had a committee system and that so far as the I.W.W. members were concerned we intended to continue it. Seeing our determined stand the kangaroo court waived any claim of authority so far as we were concerned. As in all kangaroo courts, the kangaroo judge and sheriff were inflicting fines and manual jobs on all incoming prisoners. These fines were supposed to be equally distributed among the prisoners, but generally the larger portions were kept by the judge and the sheriff. It was not long until the other prisoners saw the difference between governing themselves and being dictated to by a clique.

In Seattle some of the various religious bodies would visit the jail. All through Sunday morning we would have to listen to wheezy portable organs, and off key voices of men and women in the last stages of galloping decrepitude. Then they would tell us about sin, and its terrible results and consequences. In fact they knew so much about sin, that we were sure they were experts in all its branches.



Memorial services held at Mt. Pleasant Cemetery for the Everett victims May 1, 1917.

After the noisy ones left, the mental healers came in. Their theme was that everything we heard, saw, felt, smelt or tasted was myth. The jail and its inhabitants as far as I could gather were just conditions of the mind along with everything else. I wonder if any of them have ever been on the wrong end of a policeman's club. Hungry as jail grub kept us, this did not improve our appetite, so we began to hold services of our own. Mostly the same tunes, but oh the difference in words! There was as much difference in the manner of singing, as there was in the words. Our singing taught defiance, not obedience to our masters.

Well the religionists and the jailers protested. We were asked if we would not give to them the same rights we demanded for ourselves. The obvious reply was that we didn't lock them up and make them listen to us. I am not sure what the reason was but soon after this most of us were placed in one tank, where we could set up our committee system again.

Making Trials Cost

We had all demanded separate trials, and under the laws of the state of Washington we were entitled to separate trials. The state chose for its first victim Thomas H. Tracy, who had been Secretary of the Everett Local of the I.W.W. The outcome is history. One of the 74, a little less noble than Judas tried to help send his fellow workers to prison. His appearance and entrance was like the hero in a ten cent melodrama. When asked if he had seen any one armed on the Verona, he pointed his finger at arm's length and pointed not to Tracy but to another of the 74 and said, "There is the man." After examination of scores of prosecution witnesses and their cross examination by the defense, no one was sure who had killed the deputy we were accused of killing. Those of us who discussed it in jail were convinced that he had stopped a bullet fired by his own side.

The defense witnesses who were held in jail found out that the longer the trial lasted, the more

it would cost Snohomish county. So we agreed that when we were under cross examination by the prosecution to make our answers delay the proceedings as much as possible. The prosecution helped us unintentionally by trying to discredit us as persons. They had no hope of destroying the force of our testimony. Once a witness was asked during cross examination where he had come from, when he came to Seattle. He mentioned Yakima where he had stayed one day, Spokane, several towns in Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Iowa and Nebraska. It all contributed to the delay. Then he was asked how he came into Omaha. "Rode in." "On what?" "On a train." "What kind of a train?" "Railroad train." "What kind of railroad train?" "Steam train." "Was it a passenger train or a freight train?" Here the defense lawyer got in an objection which was sustained. The prosecutor had learned so much geography that he must have forgotten what he wanted the jury to find out in the first place, so he excused the witness.

No Fugitives

While the trial was going on some of the prisoners in Everett were taken for a walk for exercise. On one of these occasions the deputy who was escorting them started to walk away from them. He was called back and told by the prisoners to return them to the jail as they did not know the way.

In Seattle when any of the I.W.W. prisoner witnesses were taken out of the jail for glasses, dentistry or other treatment, the deputies escorting them more than once left them in various of-

fices in which they were being fitted or treated, knowing that none would try to escape. Why should we? Hadn't we been chosen as witnesses? We hardly thought of ourselves as individuals and gauged our actions by the value they would be to the defense, the organization and the working class. We did not feel this as those who profess religious conviction by some sort of sudden revelation, but by the association with one another and the realization that the group and the thing that the group stood for were far more important than the individual.

Acquittal

The trial finally came to an end on May 5, 1917, with the acquittal of Thomas H. Tracy. The Lumber Barons and shingle manufacturers of the Pacific Northwest had had their Roman Holiday. They had also had a belly full of murder trials. Snohomish county was broke. The I.W.W. was stronger in membership and strength on the job. It had built up a prestige with which to carry on the lumber strike of 1917.

All names except those of the writer or Thomas H. Tracy have been omitted, not with any intention to slight them. Most of them need no mention for they for years at least were useful and active in the Class Struggle.

This is a story of a group. I have not forgotten the fellow worker who would rather be returned back to a prison from which he had escaped than be used by the prosecution; nor have I forgotten the lump in my throat when we tried to sing "Solidarity" for him in token of goodbye.



Tomorrow I expect to take a trip to the planet Mars and, if so, will immediately commence to organize the Mars canal workers into the I.W.W. and we will sing the good old songs so loud that the learned star-gazers on earth will once for all get positive proof that the planet Mars really is inhabited. . . . I have nothing to say for myself only that I have always tried to make this earth a little better for the great producing class, and I can pass off into the great unknown with the pleasure of knowing that I never in my life double-crossed a man, woman or child.

JOE HILL to editor Ben Williams
Solidarity (October 9, 1915).

Chapter 5

Joe Hill: Wobbly Bard

On November 19, 1915, Joe Hill, a thirty-three year old Wobbly writer, was killed by a five-man firing squad in the prison yard of the Utah State Penitentiary. Circumstantial evidence supported the allegation that he had shot and killed a Salt Lake City grocer on January 10, 1914. His guilt is still a matter of dispute.

Before he was finally executed, the Joe Hill case had involved President Wilson, the acting secretary of state, the Swedish ambassador to the United States, Samuel Gompers, the daughter of the president of the Mormon Church, and thousands of persons around the world who staged protest demonstrations and sent letters appealing for his release.

Hill had been a member of the I.W.W. for probably only three years before he was arrested for murder in Salt Lake City. He, more than any other one writer, had made the I.W.W. a singing movement. He was the author of dozens of Wobbly songs which were printed on song cards and published in the *Industrial Worker, Solidarity*, and in the little red songbook. They had tough, humorous, skeptical words which raked American morality over the coals.

Joe Hill's songs swept across the country; they were sung in jails, jungles, picket lines, demonstrations. I.W.W. sailors carried them to other countries. Wobblies knew their words as well as they knew the first sentence to the I.W.W. Preamble.

Yet, little is known about Joe Hill before he

joined the I.W.W. about 1910, since he drifted from job to job like most single migrants. He chose to be reticent about the facts of his life, and when a friend wrote to him in prison asking for some biographical data, Hill scoffingly replied that he was a "citizen of the world," and his birthplace was "the planet, Earth."¹

In fact, Joe Hill was a Swede, born Joel Emmanuel Haaglund, who came to the United States about 1901 at the age of nineteen. It was claimed that he learned English at the YMCA in his hometown and as a seaman on freighters running between Sweden and England. By 1910, he was an I.W.W. member, active around the port of San Pedro, California, and in the next three years took part in the San Pedro dock workers' strike, the San Diego free speech campaign, and an abortive revolution in Tia Juana, which aimed to make Lower California into a commune.

The date of Hill's arrival in Utah is unknown. It is estimated that he was there about a month before grocer Morrison's murder. His supporters claimed that he was "framed" by the Copper Trust and the Mormon Church because he helped organize workers at the United Construction Company at Bingham, Utah, who won a strike in 1913. He may have come in answer to the call from Utah's I.W.W. Local 69 to stage a free speech fight. He was unemployed at the time of his arrest and rooming with his friend, Otto Applequist, at the home of some Wobblies, the Eselius brothers, in Murray, a suburb of Salt Lake City.

On Saturday night, January 10, 1914, at about 10 P.M., J. B. Morrison was closing his grocery, helped by his sons, Alving and Merlin. Two men, masked with red bandannas, broke into the store, rushed toward Morrison with their revolvers drawn, and fired. One of them shouted, "We've got you now."² Fourteen-year-old Merlin later testified that he ran to the rear of the store while his older brother reached for their father's revolver, lying on a shelf near the icebox, and fired once before being shot down by the bandits who then rushed from the store. Alving died immediately; his father died later that night without regaining consciousness. Witnesses testified that as one of the men ran out the door he clutched his chest and said, "Oh, God, I'm shot."³ Spots of blood were found in the alley at the rear of the building, although no blood was found in the store.

Morrison had spent a number of years as a policeman on the Salt Lake City force, and had told a newspaper reporter that he was afraid of reprisal from two men whom he had arrested. He was quoted in a news story as saying, "I have lived to regret that I ever was a member of the force."⁴ He had been threatened twice before by bandits. In 1903 he had frustrated an attempted robbery by shooting at his assailants. Four months before his death, his store was broken into again by two armed men. At the trial Merlin testified that his father had loaded his gun "just before the men came in."⁵

About two hours after the Morrison shooting, Hill arrived at the office of Dr. F. N. McHugh, about five miles from Morrison's store. He was bleeding heavily from a bullet wound in his left lung. As McHugh helped Hill remove his blood-soaked coat, a shoulder holster containing an automatic pistol fell from his clothes. Hill explained that he had been shot in a quarrel over a woman. He asked the doctor to keep the incident quiet since he wished to protect the woman's reputation. Noting that the bullet had passed through Hill's body, McHugh treated the wound. A colleague drove Hill to the Eselius home.

McHugh reported Hill's visit to the police and agreed to cooperate in apprehending him. Three days later, he visited Hill at the Eselius home to treat the wound and drugged him in the process. A drowsy Hill was aroused soon after by four policemen, who broke into his room with drawn revolvers. One fired a shot which grazed Hill's

shoulder and went through his right hand. Although he was in critical condition from his lung and hand wounds, Hill was put into a solitary cell at the county jail rather than into the prison hospital. He was charged with the murder of John and Alving Morrison and imprisoned for five months awaiting trial.

Long before the trial, the Salt Lake City press and police had found Hill guilty. The San Pedro chief of police forwarded information about Hill's alien status and I.W.W. membership. It made good copy. The newspapers published Hill's "crime record" on January 24 and kept up a barrage of articles vilifying the man and the organization. His lawyers later claimed, "The main thing the state has against Hill is that he is an I.W.W. and *therefore sure to be guilty*. Hill tried to keep the I.W.W. out of it . . . but the papers fastened it upon him."⁶

Confusion and contradiction marked the testimony of witnesses during the trial which started June 10, 1914. None of the witnesses, including Merlin Morrison, identified Hill as one of the men who entered the grocery store. Although the bullet which had wounded Hill had passed through his body, leaving a jagged hole in the back of his coat, no slug was found during a search of the store. The bullet holes in Hill's coat were four inches lower than those in his body and his lawyers claimed that Hill's hands were over his head when he had been shot by the assailant. Dr. McHugh had seen only the handle of Hill's automatic pistol, and Hill claimed that he had tossed the gun away after leaving the doctor's office. Since the gun could not be found, it was never proven that Hill had fired the fatal shots.

Hill repeatedly refused to testify or give more information about his movements the night of January 10. He declined to give the names of the persons involved in the quarrel which he maintained to his death was the reason for his wound. He would say nothing about his roommate, Otto Applequist, suspected as the second gunman, who disappeared from Salt Lake City the night of the murder and was never found.

In a dramatic outburst during the courtroom trial Hill publicly fired his lawyers, two attorneys who had volunteered to defend him without charge. Hill claimed that they were not cross-examining the state's witnesses nor objecting to leading questions from the district attorney. Against Hill's wishes, the judge brought the law-

yers back into the case as "friends of the court." Hill tried again to discharge his lawyers and attempted to conduct his own defense. Toward the end of the trial, the I.W.W. hired O. N. Hilton of Denver, Colorado, a prominent labor lawyer who had defended members of the Western Federation of Miners.

Ten days after the trial began, despite irregularities and unanswered questions, Hill was declared guilty and sentenced to be executed. Hill and the I.W.W. maintained that he had not had a fair trial.

At a time when defense funds were needed for many I.W.W. prisoners around the country, Hill was singled out for special help. An appeal for funds in the April 18, 1914, issue of *Solidarity* stated that Hill was "one of the best-known men in the movement, beloved by all who knew him," and went on to say:

Now there is not one in this organization that can say he does not know this man. For wherever rebels meet, the name of JOE HILL is known. Though we do not know him personally, what one among us can say he is not on speaking terms with "Scissor Bill," "Mr. Block" or who has not heard the "White Slave" or listened to a rendering of the famous "Casey Jones" song and many others in the little red songbook?⁷

Early in 1915, a special Joe Hill edition of the I.W.W. songbook was sold to raise money for his defense.

Characteristically, Hill's twenty-two months in prison were spent serving the "Organization." Along with a voluminous correspondence, he continued producing articles, poems, and songs which filtered through the union's channels and which

Industrial Worker, April 24, 1913.



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were used to raise money on his behalf. In letters to other Wobblies, he expressed concern about the costs of carrying his defense to higher courts. To his lawyer, O. N. Hilton, he wrote: "I'm afraid we'll have to let it go as is . . . because I cannot expect my friends to starve themselves in order to save my life."⁸ To Haywood he wrote: "I can see where money can be used to a great advantage at present by the Organization and there is no use to be sentimental about it, Bill; we cannot afford to let the whole organization go bankrupt just on account of one individual."⁹ Similar letters were sent to Ed Rowan, secretary of Salt Lake's Local 69, and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.

As Hill's appeal made its way through the Utah courts, efforts to save him snowballed into national and international proportions. When the Utah Supreme Court turned down his appeal in July 1915, over 10,000 letters were received in the state capitol protesting the decision. Fearing an influx of Wobbly agitators, officials doubled the guards at Hill's prison and ordered machine guns placed at the entrance. Since some of the letters contained threats, the homes of Governor Spry and other state officials were put under heavy guard. Ironically, the only act of violence during this time was the shooting of an unarmed Wobbly soapbox speaker by a Salt Lake City police captain.

When the Board of Pardons met on September 18 to consider the case, Hill again refused to tell how he had been shot. Nevertheless, he insisted on having a new trial. The Board of Pardons refused to change the date of execution set for thirteen days later by the Utah Supreme Court. This touched off a series of demonstrations and intercessions which destined the Joe Hill case to be a cause célèbre in United States' history.

Thousands of letters, resolutions, and petitions from all parts of the world were received at the state capitol asking Governor Spry to pardon Hill or commute his sentence. A committee of California women and Virginia Snow Stephen, the daughter of the president of the Mormon Church, appealed to the Swedish minister to the United States to intervene and to ask for a reprieve since Hill was still a Swedish citizen. Because of the large amount of mail the State Department had been receiving and the international implications of the case, the United States' acting secretary of state also urged the governor to grant a reprieve.

Convinced that Hill had not had a fair trial,

the Swedish minister contacted President Wilson the day before the scheduled execution. Wilson telegraphed Governor Spry asking for a postponement of the execution until the Swedish minister had had a chance to present his view of the case. After a meeting with the Board of Pardons, Spry replied to Wilson: "We have found no reason whatever why clemency should be extended."¹⁰ He agreed to a stay of execution until the next Board of Pardons' meeting, sixteen days later.

On October 18, despite a direct plea for clemency from the Swedish minister, the Utah Board of Pardons denied a commutation of sentence to life imprisonment. Two days later, Hill was re-sentenced to die in a month and a day.

Hundreds of groups in the United States and abroad organized protest meetings, passed resolutions, and mailed petitions to Utah officials, President Wilson, and the press. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Mrs. J. Sergeant Cramm, wife of a member of the New York Public Service Commission, had a short interview with President Wilson, who promised to intercede again. A.F.L. President Samuel Gompers sent the Utah governor and Board of Pardons a resolution passed by the thirty-fifth annual A.F.L. convention in San Francisco, urging them to stop the execution and grant a new trial. Gompers telegraphed President Wilson to help save Hill's life, since there was so much doubt concerning the case.

For the second time, President Wilson wired Governor Spry asking for a thorough reconsideration of Hill's sentence. Utah officials and the state press resented this meddling, which, they claimed, was "unworthy, based on misconception and, if successful, would destroy the usefulness of the state's courts. . . ." ¹¹ Spry replied firmly to Wilson: "A further postponement at this time would be an unwarranted interference with the course of justice."¹²

This time, all efforts on Hill's behalf failed. On his last day, Hill wired Bill Haywood: "Goodbye, Bill. I die like a true blue rebel. Don't waste any time in mourning. Organize."¹³ A second telegram to Haywood read: "It is only a hundred miles from here to Wyoming. Could you arrange to have my body hauled to the state line to be buried? I don't want to be found dead in Utah."¹⁴

Haywood replied: "Goodbye, Joe. You will live long in hearts of the working class. Your songs will be sung wherever workers toil, urging them to organize."¹⁵

On the afternoon before the execution, Hill was interviewed by a reporter from the Salt Lake City *Tribune*. During the interview, Hill scribbled "My Last Will," a poem which he gave, together with his silk neck scarf, to Ed Rowan, who visited him that evening. His last letter was to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.

In Utah a condemned man had his choice—to be hung or to be shot by a firing squad. Hill chose to be shot. Legend has it that he shouted the order, "Fire," to his executioners. The next morning, a *New York Times* editorial wondered whether Hill's death "left an opening for people to make a hero of him" and might make "Hillstrom dead more dangerous to social stability than when he was alive."¹⁶

Joe Hill was given a martyr's funeral. Following funeral services in Salt Lake City, his body was shipped to Chicago. There, an estimated 30,000 sympathizers attended the funeral and marched through the streets to the cemetery. His ashes were put into small envelopes and scattered to the winds "in every state of the union and every country of the world" on May Day 1916.

Immediately after Hill's execution, Governor Spry vowed in a press conference to rid Utah of the "lawless element," stop street speaking, and "use the militia . . . if necessary to clear the state. . . ." ¹⁷ Virginia Snow Stephen was fired from the faculty at the University of Utah for her support of Hill, and lawyer O. N. Hilton, who gave the funeral address in Chicago, was disbarred in Utah.

There are too few facts known to separate adequately the legend of Joe Hill from the man. Chaplin wrote that Hill neither smoked, drank, nor was a ladies' man; he was noted for his generosity and frequently "gave away his last rice."¹⁸ On the other hand, Mac McClintock, who only met Hill two or three times, claimed he remembered him as a "real life Raffles" in a conservative blue suit and black tie, who, if he was a criminal, "robbed from the robbers."¹⁹ But no one, recalled Mac, ever saw Hill get into a fight.

Hill's songs and writings articulated the simple Marxism of the I.W.W. Preamble and the Wobbly philosophy of "direct action." His article, "The People," complained sardonically of the attitudes of national politicians. He criticized the "ruling class" for their selfishness and lack of morality in human relations. He shared with other Wobblies

the sentiment that "war certainly shows up the capitalist system in its right light. Millions of men are employed at making ships and others are hired to sink them. Scientific management, eh wot?"²⁰ On the struggle for existence, he remarked:

Self-preservation is, or should be, the first law of nature. The animals when in a natural stage are showing us the way. When they are hungry they will always try to get something to eat or else they will die in the attempt. That's natural; to starve to death is unnatural.²¹

Yet he was perceptive enough to understand that "as a rule, a fellow don't bother his head much about unions and theories of the class struggle when his belly is flapping up against his spine."²²

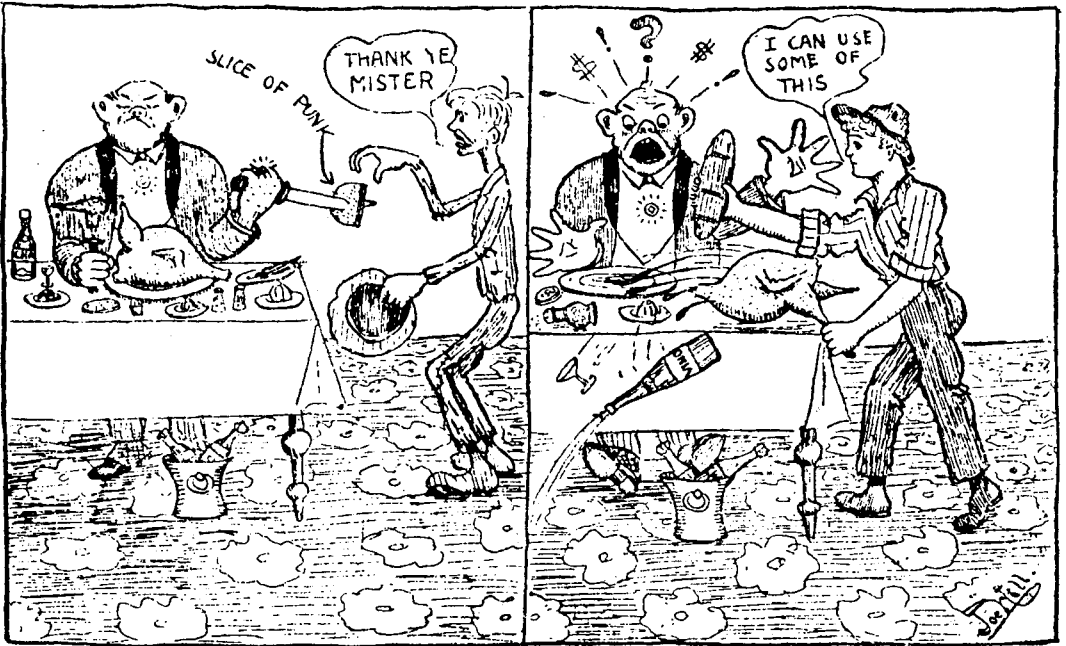
Within the I.W.W. his songs were recognized for their inspiration and recruiting value because he articulated the frustrations, hostilities, and humor of the homeless and the dispossessed. As one member of the organization put it:

How did Joe Hill come to write such songs as that? How did he know how the workers on the Fraser River felt? How did he know how it felt to have your pay envelope short of the price of two loaves of bread so you went out on the streets with the workers from the textile mills of Lawrence. . . . Wherever Joe Hill was he somehow felt like the workers and he wrote for them a song. . . . How astonishing! People from all parts of the world, all speaking different dialects and all singing the same song.²³

A lyrical description of Hill's songs was voiced by Ralph Chaplin who wrote:

[they are] as coarse as homespun and as fine as silk; full of lilting laughter and keen-edged satire; full of fine rage and finer tenderness; simple, forceful and sublime songs; songs of and for the worker, written in the only language that he can understand and set to the music of Joe Hill's own heart.²⁴

Hill was eulogized by I.W.W. writers Ralph Chaplin, Covington Hall, Cash Stevens, Henry George Weiss, T-Bone Slim, and many others. His songs continued to be sung all over the world. "The Preacher and the Slave" and "Casey Jones" became American folk songs, and "pie in the sky," a slogan for a generation in the 1930's. Hill, the man, became a legend compared to Paul Bunyan, John Henry, Johnny Appleseed, and other folk



AS IT WAS

AS IT IS

One Big Union Monthly, November 1919.

heroes—preserved by novelists, playwrights, poets, and researchers. His story has inspired more writing than any other labor hero.

In 1947, Wallace Stegner wrote that Joe Hill's biography in Dos Passos's 1919 and Earl Robinson's ballad "I Dreamed I Saw Joe Hill Last Night,"

. . . have built Joe Hill into a folk hero, almost the number one labor martyr and legend. . . . People have made him into a Galahad, a hero, and a martyr, and they have done so because he gave them the opportunity, he offered the leads. He had what none of the other dozens of eligible martyrs had—imagination, a flair. His curtain line was magnificent: "Don't waste any time in mourning. Organize!" He died for a cause, for a principle, for a woman's honor, for the things that fire the imagination, and the world-wide scattering of his ashes was a fitting finale. That symbolic act fertilized both the movement his songs served and the legend of labor's songster.²⁵

Most recently, writer Barry Nichols has called Joe Hill "the Twentieth Century's first egg-head, heman folk hero."²⁶

Wobblies, socialists, communists, A.F.L.—C.I.O. members transcend sectarian differences to sing Joe Hill's songs and share his lore. The man and the martyr have combined into a continuing legend of "the man who never died."

I

"The Preacher and the Slave," sometimes called "Pie in the Sky" or "Long-Haired Preachers," is considered Joe Hill's masterpiece. It was printed in the third edition of the I.W.W. songbook and sung to the hymn tune, "Sweet Bye and Bye." Twelve years after Hill's death, Carl Sandburg included it in his collection, *The American Songbag* (New York, 1927). The song quickly became a part of American folk tradition. Henry F. May in his book, *The End of American Innocence* (New York, 1961), wrote: "Here, if anywhere, was

a clear breach with timidity, moralism, and the whole manner and content of the standard American culture. 'Long-haired preachers' try to tell us what's right and wrong, but turn out to offer only 'pie in the sky.'"

THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE*

By JOE HILL

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;
But when asked how 'bout something to eat
They will answer with voices so sweet:

Chorus:

*You will eat, bye and bye,
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.*

The starvation army they play,
They sing and they clap and they pray.
Till they get all your coin on the drum,
Then they tell you when you are on the bum:

Chorus:

*You will eat, bye and bye,
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and pray, live on hay,
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.*

Holy Rollers and jumpers come out,
They holler, they jump and they shout.
Give your money to Jesus they say,
He will cure all diseases today.

If you fight hard for children and wife—
Try to get something good in this life—
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries unite,
Side by side we for freedom will fight:
When the world and its wealth we have gained
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

Last Chorus:

*You will eat, bye and bye.
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;*

*Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.*

2

"Casey Jones—The Union Scab" is said to have been written by Joe Hill in 1911 during a strike of shop workers on the Southern Pacific Railroad in San Pedro, California, when engineers and some other skilled craft workers continued to operate the trains. Hill's parody is set to the popular "Casey Jones" song about the brave engineer who stuck to the wheel of his train. Barrie Stavis, in the introduction to *The Man Who Never Died* (New York, 1954), wrote: "Joe Hill's song writing career was launched. The song helped to hold the strikers together. It was sung by the men on the picket line and by those who were clubbed and thrown into jail. It was printed on colored cards, about the size of a playing card, and sold, the proceeds going to the strike fund. Overnight the song became famous. Migratory laborers carried it on their lips as they moved across the nation; sailors carried it across the ocean."

Two articles by folklorists Duncan Emrich and William Alderson on Joe Hill's "Casey Jones" appear in the *California Folklore Quarterly* (Winter 1942, p. 293 and pp. 373-76).

The song was printed in the fourth edition of the I.W.W. songbook.

CASEY JONES— THE UNION SCAB*

By JOE HILL

(Tune: "Casey Jones")

The Workers on the S.P. line to strike sent out a
call;
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike
at all;
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the
bum,
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out
of plumb.

Chorus:

*Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;
Casey Jones was working double time;
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,
For being good and faithful on the S.P. line.*

The Workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this strike?"

But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."

Then some one put a bunch of railroad ties across the track,

And Casey hit the bottom with an awful crack.

Chorus:

*Casey Jones hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones broke his blessed spine,
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,
He took a trip to heaven on the S.P. line.*

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,

He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S.P. freight."

"You're just the man," said Peter; "our musicians went on strike;

You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Chorus:

*Casey Jones got up to heaven;
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,
Just like he did to workers on the S.P. line.*

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.

The Angels Union No. 23, they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Chorus:

*Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying,
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh, fine;
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulpher—
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line."*

3

"Coffee An'" was printed in the fourth edition of the I.W.W. songbook.

COFFEE AN'

Composed by J. H. of the I.W.W.

(Tune: "Count Your Blessings")

An employment shark the other day I went to see,
And he said, "Come in and buy a job from me,

Just a couple of dollars for the office fee,
But the job is steady and the fare is free."

Chorus:

*Count your pennies, count them one by one,
And you'll plainly see how you are done,
Count your pennies, take them in your hand,
Sneak into a Jap's, and get your coffee an'.*

I shipped out and worked and worked and slept in lousy bunks,
And the grub it stunk as bad as forty-seven skunks,

When I slaved a week the boss he said one day,
"You're too tired, you are fired, go and get your pay."

Chorus.

When the clerk commenced to count, Oh, holy gee!
Road and school and poll tax and the hospital fee,
Then I fainted and I nearly lost my sense
When the clerk he said, "You owe me fifty cents."

Chorus.

When I got back to town with blisters on my feet,
There I heard a fellow speaking on the street,
And he said, "It is the workers' own mistake,
If they stick together they get all they make."

Chorus.

And he said, "Come in and join our union grand.
Who will be a member of this fighting band?"
"Write me out a card," says I, "By gee!
The Industrial Workers is the dope for me."

Chorus:

*Count your workers, count them one by one,
Join our union and we'll show you how it's done.
Stand together, workers, hand in hand.
Then we'll never have to live on coffee an'.*

4

The Industrial Worker (April 11, 1912) included a news story on a strike of construction workers on the Canadian Northern Railroad which reported, ". . . the main thing that caused the walk-out was the foul conditions of the camps in which the men were herded." Four weeks later an article in the Industrial Worker (May 9, 1912) stated,

"The strikers on the Canadian Northern are singing songs as they carry on the strike. The songs are said to be the work of Fellow Worker J. Hill. Lack of space prevents the publication of more than one of them."

WHERE THE FRASER RIVER FLOWS *

(Tune: "Where the Shannon River Flows")

Fellow workers, pay attention to what I'm gonna mention,
For it is the fixed intention of the Workers of the World,
And I hope you'll all be ready, true-hearted, brave and steady,
To rally round the standard when the Red Flag is unfurled.

Chorus:

Where the Fraser River flows,
Each fellow worker knows,
They have bullied and oppressed us,
But still our Union grows.
And we're going to find a way, boys;
For shorter hours and better pay, boys;
And we're going to win the day, boys;
Where the Fraser River flows.

For these gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty actors,
And they're not our benefactors, each fellow worker knows.
So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,
And we will show no white feather, where the Fraser River flows.

Now the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps he's fetching,
And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.
But why their mothers reared them, and why the devil spared them,
Are questions we can't answer, where the Fraser River flows.

5

"Mr. Block," published in the *Industrial Worker* (January 23, 1913), was the first of a group of

eight new Joe Hill songs printed in that paper during the following four months.

Sociologist Carleton Parker, investigating the 1913 hop-pickers' strike on the Durst Brothers' ranch in Wheatland, California, wrote in his report on the Wheatland Riot that the sheriff and his deputies fired into a group of 2000 strikers who were singing "Mr. Block" (The Casual Laborer and Other Essays, New York, 1920). The song was inspired by Ernest Riebe's popular series of "Mr. Block" cartoons which appeared in *Solidarity*, *Industrial Worker*, and other I.W.W. publications.

MR. BLOCK *

By JOE HILL

(Tune: "It Looks to Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.
And Block thinks he may
Be President some day.

Chorus:

Oh, Mr. Block you were born by mistake,
You take the cake,
You make me ache.
Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake,
Kindly do that for liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.

They shipped him to the desert and dumped him with his truck,
But when he tried to find his job he sure was out of luck.
He shouted, "That's too raw,
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.
He said, "I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L."
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman right."

Sam Gompers said, "You see,
You've got our sympathy."

Election Day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,
But after the election he got an awful shock,
A great big Socialist Bull did rap him on the block.
And Comrade Block did sob,
"I helped him to his job."

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to
state;

He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly
gate.

He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,
I'd like to meet the Asterbilts and John D. Rocke-
fell."

Old Pete said, "Is that so?"
You'll meet them down below."

6

"Scissorbill," one of Joe Hill's most popular songs,
was printed in the *Industrial Worker* (February
16, 1913).

SCISSOR BILL *

By JOE HILL

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble round the country anywhere you
will,

You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.
He's found upon the desert, he is upon the hill,
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest
face,

While all the cops they chase him out of every
place.

Chorus:

*Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.*

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the
booze,

He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the
Chink!

Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he could only
think.

And Scissor Bill he says: "This country must be
freed

From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol-
durn Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the son-of-a-gun.

Chorus:

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin';

Scissor Bill, he says "I hate a Coon";

Scissor Bill is down on everybody

*The hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the
moon.*

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,

He says he never organized and never will.

He'll always be satisfied until he's dead,

With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.

And Bill, he says he gets rewarded thousand fold,

When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.

But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll
tell.

If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

Chorus:

Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,

Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"

Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,

Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

7

Joe Hill's article, "The People," appeared in the
Industrial Worker (March 6, 1913).

THE PEOPLE

By J. HILL

"The People's flag is deepest red." Who are the
people?

"God knows" Taft stands for "the people." If
you don't believe it just read the "Los Angeles
Crimes" and you will find out that, next to Gen-
eral Debility Otis, Taft is the greatest man in the
country. Yes, Fatty stands for the people all right
—when he is standing, but he is sitting down most
of the time.

And "Teddy da Roos," who used to peddle the
Bull Moose, is also very strong for "the people."

Some time ago he wasn't so strong and then it was that he invented a policeman's riot club filled with spikes. It would crush the skull of a wage slave with one blow. Yes, "Teddy da Roos," he is strong for "the people."

And Woodhead Wilson, he is for "the people" too. This is what he said in one of his speeches: "Why shouldn't the children of the workingclass be taught to do the work their parents are now doing?" Of course, he meant to say "Why shouldn't the children of the rich be taught to rob the class their parents are now robbing?" And he is going to give "the people" free silver, he says, but if a working stiff wants any silver he has to peel off his coat and hop to the stormy end of a No. 2.

When the Red Flag was flying in Lower California there were not any of "the people" in the ranks of the rebels. Common working stiff and cow-punchers were in the majority, with a little sprinkling of "outlaws," whatever that is.

"The people" used to come down there on Sunday in their stinkwagons to take a look at "The wild men with their Red Flag" for two-bits a look. But if the Mexican or the Indian regiment happened to be a little overjoyed from drinking "mescal" and took a notion to have a bit of sociable target practice, or to try to make buttonholes for one another without taking their clothes off,

then "the people" would almost break their legs to get to their stinkwagons and make a bee-line for the "Land of the Graft and the Home of the Slave."

Well, it is about time that every rebel wakes up to the fact that "the people" and the workingclass have nothing in common. Let us sing after this "*The Workers' flag is deepest red*" and to hell with "the people."

8

Set to the Stephen Foster tune, "My Old Kentucky Home," this song first appeared in the Industrial Worker (March 6, 1913).

WE WILL SING ONE SONG*

By JOE HILL

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,

The horny-handed son of the soil,
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,

They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

One Big Union Monthly, November 1919.



Mr. Highbrow: "These wars are terrible. Here they have shot a hole in this 2,000-year old painting."

Mrs. Highbrow: "Oh! Horrors! How thoughtless of that commander not to order some peasants to stand in front of it during the battle."

Chorus:

*Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;
Then we'll sing one song of the Workers' Common-
wealth
Full of beauty, full of love and health.*

We will sing one song of the politician sly,
He's talking of changing the laws;
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,
While he's living from the sweat of your brows.
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,
She's scorned and despised everywhere,
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and
dine
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and
sleek,
He tells you of homes in the sky.
He says "Be generous, be lowly and be meek
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you
die."

Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged
tramp,
He carries his home on his back;
Too old to work, he's not wanted round the camp,
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,
They're taken from the playgrounds and
schools.

In tender years made to go the pace that kills,
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and spools.
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union
Grand.

The hope of the toiler and the slave,
It's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

9

*This song first appeared in the Industrial Worker
(March 6, 1913).*

WHAT WE WANT

By J. HILL

(Tune: "Rainbow")

We want all the workers in the world to organize
Into a great big union grand
And when we all united stand
The world for workers we'll demand

If the working class could only see and realize
What mighty power labor has
Then the exploiting master class
It would soon fade away.

Chorus

Come all ye toilers that work for wages,
Come from every land,
Join the fighting band,
In one union grand,
Then for the workers we'll make upon this earth a
paradise
When the slaves get wise and organize.

We want the sailor and the tailor and the lumber-
jacks,
And all the cooks and laundry girls,
We want the guy that dives for pearls,
The pretty maid that's making curls,
And the baker and staker and the chimneysweep,
We want the man that's slinging hash,
The child that works for little cash
In one union grand.

Chorus

We want the tinner and the skinner and the
chamber-maid,
We want the man that spikes on soles,
We want the man that's digging holes,
We want the man that's climbing poles,
And the trucker and the mucker and the hired
man,
And all the factory girls and clerks,
Yes, we want every one that works,
In one union grand.

10

*Joe Hill set these verses to the popular Civil War
song, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are March-
ing." It was published in the Industrial Worker
(May 22, 1913), and included fourteen years later
in Sandburg's The American Songbag.*

THE TRAMP*

By JOE HILL

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are
Marching")

If you all will shut your trap,
I will tell you 'bout a chap,

Don't take my Papa
away from me
Song-Picture from the War.

Words and Music by
JOE HILL



Owned by the



1001 W. Madison St. Chicago, Ill.

That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;
 He was not the kind that shirk,
 He was looking hard for work,
 But he heard the same old story everywhere.

Chorus:

*Tramp, tramp, tramp keep on a-tramping,
 Nothing doing here for you;
 If I catch you 'round again,
 You will wear the ball and chain,
 Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.*

He walked up and down the street,
 'Till the shoes fell off his feet.
 In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,
 And he said "How do you do,
 May I chop some wood for you?"
 What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

(Chorus)

'Cross the road a sign he read,
 "Work for Jesus," so it said,
 And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"
 And he kneeled upon the floor,
 'Till his knees got rather sore,
 But at eating time he heard the preacher cry—

(Chorus)

Down the street he met a cop,
 And the copper made him stop,
 And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?
 Come with me up to the judge,"
 But the judge he said, "Oh, fudge,
 Bums that have no money needn't come around."

(Chorus)

Finally came that happy day,
 When his life did pass away,
 He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died.
 When he reached the Pearly Gate,
 Santa Peter, mean old skate,
 Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly
 cried:

(Chorus)

In despair he went to Hell,
 With the Devil, for to dwell,
 For the reason he'd no other place to go.
 And he said, "I'm full of sin,
 So for Christ's sake let me in!"
 But the Devil said, "Oh beat it, you're a 'bo."

(Chorus.)

*Joe Hill set these verses to the gospel hymn tune,
 "There Is Power in the Blood." The song was
 printed in the fifth edition of the I.W.W. song-
 book.*

THERE IS POWER IN A UNION*

By JOE HILL

(Tune: "There Is Power in the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,
 Then join in the grand Industrial band;
 Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,
 Then come! Do your share, like a man.

Chorus:

*There is pow'r, there is pow'r
 In a band of workmen,
 When they stand hand in hand,
 That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r
 That must rule in every land—
 One Industrial Union Grand.*

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,
 And live in a shack, way in the back?
 Would you have wings up in heaven to fly?
 And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"
 Then join in the grand Industrial band;
 If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,
 Then come! Do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,
 Then don't organize, all unions despise,
 If you want nothing before you are dead,
 Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come all ye workers, from every land,
 Come join in the grand Industrial band,
 Then we our share of this earth shall demand.
 Come on! Do your share, like a man.

*These verses appeared in the Industrial Worker
 (May 29, 1913).*

STUNG RIGHT*

By JOE HILL

(Air: "Sunlight, Sunlight")

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job
 one day,
 I saw a sign that thousand men were wanted right
 away,
 To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's
 fleet,
 I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big
 sheet.

Chorus

Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,
Stung right, stung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;
When my term is over, and again I'm free,
There will be no more trips around the world for
me.

The man he said, "The U.S. fleet, that is no place
 for slaves,
 The only thing you have to do is stand and watch
 the waves."
 But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me
 from my snooze,
 To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the
 captain's shoes.

One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to
 shout,
 I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him
 down and out;
 They slammed me right in irons then and said,
 "You are a case,"
 On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven
 days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you
 something nice,
 All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some
 exercise."
 He made us run for seven miles as fast as we
 could run,
 And with a packing on our back that weighed a
 half a ton.

Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with
 Spain,
 And many of the boys in blue were in the battle
 slain,

Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by
 any means,
 The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's
 Pork and Beans.

13

*"Nearer My Job to Thee" was printed in the sixth
 edition of the I.W.W. songbook and set to the
 tune, "Nearer My God to Thee."*

NEARER MY JOB TO THEE

Words by J. H. of the I.W.W.

Nearer my job to thee,
 Nearer with glee,
 Three plunks for the office fee,
 But my fare is free.
 My train is running fast,
 I've got a job at last,
 Nearer my job to thee
 Nearer to thee.

Arrived where my job should be,
 Nothing in sight I see,
 Nothing but sand, by gee,
 Job went up a tree.
 No place to eat or sleep,
 Snakes in the sage brush creep.
 Nero a saint would be,
 Shark, compared to thee.

Nearer to town! each day
 (Hiked all the way),
 Nearer that agency,
 Where I paid my fee,
 And when that shark I see
 You'll bet your boots that he
 Nearer his god shall be.
 Leave that to me.

14

*This article by Joe Hill was published in the Inter-
 national Socialist Review (December 1914).*

HOW TO MAKE WORK FOR
THE UNEMPLOYED

By JOE HILL

Much has been written lately about various new
 ways and tactics of carrying on the class struggle
 to emancipate the workers from wage slavery.

Some writers propose to "organize with the unemployed"; that is, to feed and house them in order to keep them from taking the jobs away from the employed workers. Others again want to organize a Gunmen Defense Fund to purchase machine guns and high powered rifles for all union men, miners especially, that they may protect themselves from the murderous onslaughts of the private armies of the master class. Very well; these tactics MAY be perfectly good, but the question arises: Who is going to pay for all this?

Estimating the unemployed army to be about five millions in number and the board bill of one individual to be five dollars a week, we find that the total board bill of the whole unemployed army would be twenty-five million dollars per week.

The price of a machine gun is about \$600 and a modern high-power rifle costs from \$20 to \$30. By doing a little figuring we find that fifty million dollars would not be sufficient to buy arms for the *miners*, let alone the rest of the organized workers. Every workingman and woman knows that, after all the bills are paid on pay day, there is not much left to feed the unemployed army or to buy war supplies with.

What the working class needs today is an inexpensive method by which to fight the powerful capitalist class and they have just such a weapon in their own hands.

This weapon is *without expense* to the *working class* and if intelligently and systematically used, it will not only *reduce the profits of the exploiters*, but also *create more work for the wage earners*. If thoroughly understood and used more extensively it may entirely eliminate the unemployed army, the army used by the employing class to keep the workers in submission and slavery.

In order to illustrate the efficacy of this new method of warfare, I will cite a little incident. Some time ago the writer was working in a big lumber yard on the west coast. On the coast nearly all the work around the water fronts and lumber yards is temporary.

When a boat comes in a large number of men are hired and when the boat is unloaded these men are "laid off." Consequently it is to the interest of the workers "to make the job last" as long as possible.

The writer and three others got orders to load up five box cars with shingles. When we commenced the work we found, to our surprise, that every shingle bundle had been cut open. That is,

the little strip of sheet iron that holds the shingles tightly together in a bundle, had been cut with a knife or a pair of shears, on every bundle in the pile—about three thousand bundles in all.

When the boss came around we notified him about the accident and, after exhausting his supply of profanity, he ordered us to get the shingle press and re-bundle the whole batch. It took the four of us ten whole days to put that shingle pile into shape again. And our wages for that time, at the rate of 32c per hour, amounted to \$134.00. By adding the loss on account of delay in shipment, the "holding money" for the five box cars, etc., we found that the company's profit for that day had been reduced about \$300.

So there you are. In less than half an hour's time somebody had created ten days' work for four men who would have been otherwise unemployed, and at the same time cut a big chunk off the boss's profit. No lives were lost, no property was destroyed, there were no law suits, nothing that would drain the resources of the organized workers. But there WERE results. That's all.

This same method of fighting can be used in a thousand different ways by the skilled mechanic or machine hand as well as by the common laborer. This weapon is always at the finger tips of the worker, employed or unemployed.

If every worker would devote ten or fifteen minutes every day to the interests of himself and his class, after devoting eight hours or more to the interests of his employer, it would not be long before the unemployed army would be a thing of the past and the profit of the bosses would melt away so fast that they would not be able to afford to hire professional man-killers to murder the workers and their families in a case of strike.

The best way to strike, however, is to "strike on the job." First present your demands to the boss. If he should refuse to grant them, don't walk out and give the scabs a chance to take your places. No, just go back to work as though nothing had happened and try the new method of warfare.

When things begin to happen be careful not to "fix the blame" on any certain individual unless that individual is an "undesirable" from a working class point of view.

The boss will soon find that the cheapest way out of it is to grant your demands. This is not mere theory; it has been successfully tried more than once to the writer's personal knowledge.

Striking on the job is a science and should be

taught as such. It is extremely interesting on account of its many possibilities. It develops mental keenness and inventive genius in the working class and is the only known antidote for the infamous "Taylor System."

The aim of the "Taylor System" seems to be to work one-half the workers to death and starve the other half to death. The strike on the job will give every worker a chance to make an honest living. It will enable us to take the child slaves out of the mill and sweat-shop and give their unemployed fathers a chance to work. It will stop the butchering of the workers in time of peace as well as in time of war.

If you imagine "Making Work for the Unemployed" is unfair, just remember Ludlow and Calumet and don't forget Sacramento where the men who were unable to get work had their brains beaten out by the Hessians of the law and were knocked down and drenched to the skin with streams of ice-cold water manipulated by the city fire department, where the unemployed were driven out of the city and in the rain only to meet the pitchforks of the farmers. And what for? For the horrible crime of asking the governor of California—for A JOB!

This is the way the capitalist class uses the working class when they can no longer exploit them—in the name of Law and Order. Remember this when you MAKE WORK FOR THE UNEMPLOYED!

15

Joe Hill composed the words and the music to this song, which appeared in the ninth edition of the I.W.W. songbook.

WORKERS OF THE WORLD,
AWAKEN!*

By JOE HILL

Workers of the world, awaken!
Break your chains, demand your rights.
All the wealth you make is taken
By exploiting parasites.
Shall you kneel in deep submission
From your cradles to your graves?
Is the height of your ambition
To be good and willing slaves?

Refrain:

*Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!
Fight for your own emancipation;
Arise, ye slaves of every nation
In One Union Grand.
Our little ones for bread are crying,
And millions are from hunger dying;
The means the end is justifying,
'Tis the final stand.*

If the workers take a notion,
They can stop all speeding trains;
Every ship upon the ocean
They can tie with mighty chains;
Every wheel in the creation,
Every mine and every mill,
Fleets and armies of the nation
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,
Men and women, side by side;
We will crush the greedy shirkers
Like a sweeping, surging tide.
For united we are standing,
But divided we will fall;
Let this be our understanding—
"All for one and one for all."

Workers of the world, awaken!
Rise in all your splendid might;
Take the wealth that you are making,
It belongs to you by right.
No one will for bread be crying,
We'll have freedom, love and health
When the grand red flag is flying
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

16

These verses set to the popular tune "Ta-Ra-Ra Boom De-Ay" appeared in the ninth edition of the I.W.W. songbook. Prosecuting attorneys in some of the federal and state trials used the song as evidence of I.W.W. intent to commit acts of sabotage if the workers' requests for better working conditions were not granted.

TA-RA-RA BOOM DE-AY

By JOE HILL

I had a job once threshing wheat, worked sixteen
hours with hands and feet.

And when the moon was shining bright, they kept
me working all the night
One moonlight night, I hate to tell, I "accidentally"
slipped and fell.
My pitchfork went right in between some cog
wheels of that thresh-machine.

Chorus:

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
It made a noise that way,
And wheels and bolts and hay,
Went flying every way.
That stingy rube said, "Well!
A thousand gone to hell."
But I did sleep that night,
I needed it all right.

Next day that stingy rube did say, "I'll bring my
eggs to town today;
You grease my wagon up, you mutt, and don't
forget to screw the nut."
I greased his wagon all right, but, I plumb forgot
to screw the nut,
And when he started on that trip, the wheel
slipped off and broke his hip.

Second Chorus:

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
It made a noise that way.
That rube was sure a sight,
And mad enough to fight;
His whiskers and his legs
Were full of scrambled eggs:
I told him, "That's too bad—
I'm feeling very sad."

And then that farmer said, "You turk! I bet you
are an I-Won't-Work."
He paid me off right there, By Gum! So I went
home and told my chum.
Next day when threshing did commence, my
chum was Johnny on the fence;
And 'pon my word, that awkward kid, he dropped
his pitchfork, like I did.

Third Chorus:

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
It made a noise that way,
And part of that machine
Hit Reuben on the bean.
He cried, "Oh me, oh my;
I nearly lost my eye."

My partner said, "You're right—
It's bedtime now, good night."

But still that rube was pretty wise, these things
did open up his eyes.
He said, "There must be something wrong; I think
I work my men too long."
He cut the hours and raised the pay, gave ham
and eggs for every day,
Now gets his men from union hall, and has no
"accidents" at all.

Fourth Chorus:

Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!
That rube is feeling gay;
He learned his lesson quick,
Just through a simple trick.
For fixing rotten jobs
And fixing greedy slobs,
This is the only way,
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

17

While Joe Hill was in prison, his friend Sam Murray wrote from California, asking him to compose a song about widespread unemployment during the 1913-14 depression in San Francisco. Hill replied: ". . . when I make a song I always try to picture things as they really are. Of course a little pepper and salt is allowed in order to bring out the facts more clearly. If you send me that sheet music and give me some of the peculiarities and ridiculous points about conditions in general . . . I'll try to do the best I can." Murray sent Hill the music to, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and Hill wrote this parody. Printed on song cards, it was sold for a nickel to raise money for Joe Hill's defense. On March 22, 1915, Joe Hill wrote to Sam Murray: "Yes, that Tipperary song is spreading like the smallpox they say. . . . The unemployed all over the country have adopted it as a marching song in their parades, and in New York City they changed it to some extent so as to fit the brand of soup dished out in N. Y. . . ." ("Last Letters of Joe Hill," Industrial Pioneer, December 1923).

The first version printed here is taken from an early song card included in the Joe Hill files in the Labadie Collection. The second version appeared in the twenty-fifth edition (1933) of the I.W.W. songbook.

IT'S A LONG LONG WAY DOWN
TO THE SOUPLINE

By JOE HILL

Bill Brown came a thousand miles to work on
Frisco Fair
All the papers said a million men were wanted
there
Bill Brown hung around and asked for work three
times a day,
'Til finally he went busted flat, then he did sadly
say,

Chorus

It's a long way down to the soupline.
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way down to the soupline
And the soup is weak I know.
Good-bye, good old pork chops.
Farewell beefsteak rare,
It's a long, long way down to the soupline,
But my soup is there.

II

Bill Brown saw a big fine house, he knocked upon
the door,
But they told him that they only helped the
"worthy poor,"
Guess I'll have to live on sunshine in the Golden
West,
Said Billy Brown, and then he joined the chorus
with the rest.

III

There's a whisper round the town among "the men
of means,"
That they would be glad to give the Fair to New
Orleans,
And when all is over many sharks with faces long,
Will line up at the ferry and then sadly hum this
song.

Chorus

18

IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN
TO THE SOUPLINE*

By JOE HILL

Bill Brown was just a working man like others of
his kind.

He lost his job and tramped the streets when
work was hard to find.
The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers
kept his dough,
And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where
he'd go:

Chorus

It's a long way down to the soupline,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way down to the soupline
And the soup is thin I know.
Good-bye good old pork chops,
Farewell beefsteak rare;
It's a long, long way down to the soupline,
But my soup is there.

So Bill and sixteen million men responded to the
call
To force the hours of labor down and thus make
jobs for all.
They picketed the industries and won the four-
hour day
And organized a General Strike so men don't
have to say:

Chorus

The workers own the factories now, where jobs
were once destroyed
By big machines that filled the world with
hungry unemployed.
They all own homes, they're living well, they're
happy, free and strong,
But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little
song:

Chorus

19

*On February 13, 1915, Joe Hill wrote to Sam Mur-
ray: ". . . have been busy working on a song
named 'The Rebel Girl' (Words and Music) which
I hope will help to line up the women workers in
the OBU" ("Last Letters of Joe Hill"). In 1916,
Bill Haywood had the song copyrighted.*

THE REBEL GIRL*

(Words and Music by Joe Hill)

There are women of many descriptions
In this queer world, as every one knows,

Some are living in beautiful mansions,
 And are wearing the finest of clothes.
 There are blue-blooded queens and princesses,
 Who have charms made of diamonds and pearl;
 But the only and Thoroughbred Lady
 Is the Rebel Girl.

Chorus

*That's the Rebel Girl. That's the Rebel Girl.
 To the working class she's a precious pearl.
 She brings courage, pride and joy
 To the Fighting Rebel Boy.
 We've had girls before
 But we need some more
 In the Industrial Workers of the World,
 For it's great to fight for freedom
 With a Rebel Girl.*

Yes, her hands may be harden'd from labor
 And her dress may not be very fine;
 But a heart in her bosom is beating
 That is true to her class and her kind.
 And the grafters in terror are trembling
 When her spite and defiance she'll hurl.
 For the only and Thoroughbred Lady
 Is the Rebel Girl.



20

Joe Hill wrote "My Last Will" during an interview in his cell with a reporter from the Salt Lake City Herald Tribune on the afternoon before his execution. The reporter later wrote that he had questioned Hill, "What disposition are you going to make of your effects, your little trinkets and personal belongings . . . ?" "I really have nothing to dispose of," replied Hillstrom. "As for trinkets, keepsakes and jewelry, I never believed in them nor kept them about me. But I have a will to make, and I'll scribble it. I'll send it to the world in care of Ed Rowan and my I.W.W. friends" (Barry Stavis, *The Man Who Never Died*, New York, 1954).

Soon after Hill's death, "My Last Will" was published in the *International Socialist Review* (December 1915), and in the ninth edition of the *I.W.W. songbook*. Bill Haywood included it in a letter to all I.W.W. locals instructing them to scatter Hill's ashes to the winds on the following May 1.

MY LAST WILL*

By JOE HILL

My will is easy to decide,
 For there is nothing to divide.
 My kin don't need to fuss and moan—
 "Moss does not cling to rolling stone."

My body?—Oh!—If I could choose,
 I would to ashes it reduce,
 And let the merry breezes blow
 My dust to where some flowers grow.

Perhaps some fading flower then
 Would come to life and bloom again.
 This is my last and final will.
 Good luck to all of you,

JOE HILL

Photograph of Joe Hill taken by International News Service on the eve of his execution.

United Press International, Inc., photo.



Sheet music of Joe Hill's "The Rebel Girl."

THE REBEL GIRL

Words & Music by
JOE HILL

Tempo di Marcia

With spirit

There are wo - men of man - y de - scrip - tions In this queer world as eve - ry one
Yes, her hands may be hard - en'd from la - bor And her dress may not be ver - y

knows Some are liv - ing in beau - ti - ful man - sions And are wear - ing the
fine But a heart in her bo - som is beat - ing That is true to her

fin - est of clothes There are blue blood - ed queens and prin - cess - ess Who have
class and her kind And the graft - ers in ter - or are trem - bling When her

charms made of dia - monds and pearl But the on - ly and tho - rough - bred
spite and de - fi - ance shell hurl For the on - ly and tho - rough - bred

la - dy Is the Reb - - el Girl.
 'a - dy Is the Reb - - el Girl.

That's the Reb - el Girl, That's the Reb - el Girl To the work - ing

class she's a pre-cious pearl She brings cour - age pride and joy

To the fight - ing Reb - el Boy We have girls be - fore but we

need some more in the In - dust - rial work - ers of the world For it's great to

fight for free - dom With a Reb - - el Girl.

The Rebel Girl 2

21

Eight years after Hill's death his friend Sam Murray submitted these letters to The Industrial Pioneer. They were published in that magazine in December 1923.

THE LAST LETTERS OF JOE HILL

I notice that the Pioneer is going to publish a sketch of the life of Joe Hill in the November issue, so thought you might be able to use some of the letters I have and which were written by him while he was under sentence of death. These letters, to a great extent, show that peculiar spirit which enabled Joe to bear up so well under the enormous strain, while all the forces of both sides of the struggle were being marshaled—one to take his life, the other to save him.

I had been with Joe in Lower California, but had seen nothing of him and heard little, as I had been spending my time in an out-of-the-way place till August, 1914, when I arrived in Frisco and received the latest news relative to his case from a fellow worker who had just left Salt Lake.

If you could get a little poem he wrote a little while before he was shot, entitled "The Bronco Buster," and inspired by a picture of "Buster" Flynn on a pony sent to him by Gurley Flynn, it will shed some light on the love Joe always had for freedom and the untamable spirit that refuses to surrender it.

SAM MURRAY, SU-410.

I

Salt Lake City, Sept. 15, 1914.

Dear Friend and Fellow Worker:

Yours of Sept. 9 at hand. Glad to hear that you are still alive and kicking and back on the firing line again.

So, you tried to imitate Knowles, the Nature Freak, and live the simple life. It might be all right for a little while, as you say, but I am afraid a fellow would get "simple" of getting too much of the simple life.

Well, I guess the wholesale butchery going on in Europe is putting the kibosh on everything, even the organization work, to some extent. As a rule a fellow don't bother his head much about unions and theories of the class struggle when his belly is flapping up against his spine. Getting the wrinkles out is then the main issue and everything else, side issues. That's human nature or animal

instinct rather, and any amount of soapboxing will not change it. The man who coined the phrase "War is hell" certainly knew what he was talking about. Well, Sam, old boy, I guess Van has told you everything about my case and I think he knows more about it than I do, because he has been around here and on the outside. I am feeling well under the circumstances and I am fortunate enough to have the ability to entertain myself and to look at everything from the bright side. So there is nothing you could do for me, Sam. I know you would if you could.

Well, with best wishes to the bunch in Frisco, I remain, Yours for the OBU.—*Joe Hill.*

p.s. Is Jack Mosby in Washington yet or did he leave?

II

Salt Lake City, Dec. 2, 1914.

Dear Friend and Fellow Worker:

Received your letter and should have answered before, but have been busy working on some musical composition and whenever I get an "inspiration" I can't quit until it's finished.

I am glad to hear that you manage to make both ends meet, in spite of the industrial deal, but there is no use being pessimistic in this glorious land of plenty. Self preservation is, or should be, the first law of nature. The animals, when in a natural state, are showing us the way. When they are hungry they will always try to get something to eat or else they will die in the attempt. That's natural; to starve to death is unnatural.

No, I have not heard that song about "Tipperary" but if you send it as you said you would I might try to dope something out about that Frisco Fair. I am not familiar with the actual conditions of Frisco at present; and when I make a song I always try to picture things as they really are. Of course a little pepper and salt is allowed in order to bring out the facts more clearly.

If you send me that sheet music and give me some of the peculiarities and ridiculous points about the conditions in general on or about the fair ground, I'll try to do the best I can. Yours for the OBU.—*Joe Hill.*

III

Salt Lake City, Feb. 13, 1915.

Friend and Fellow Worker:

Should have answered your letter before, but have been busy working on a song named "The Rebel